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SPEECHES,
CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.,
OF THE LATE
DANIEL S. DICKINSON,
OF NEW YORK.

INCLUDING :

ADDRESSES ON IMPORTANT PUBLIC TOPICS; SPEECHES IN
THE STATE AND UNITED STATES SENATE, AND IN SUP-
PORT OF THE GOVERNMENT DURING THE REBEL-
LION; CORRESPONDENCE, PRIVATE AND
POLITICAL (COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY MRS. DICKINSON), POEMS (COL-
LECTED AND ARRANGED BY
MRS. MYGATT), ETC.

EDITED, WITH A BIOGRAPHY, BY HIS BROTHER,
JOHN R. DICKINSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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DICKINSON'S SPEECHES.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE GREAT UNION MASS MEETING, HELD IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, April 20, 1861.

[This monster meeting was the first great popular demonstration in support of the government, after the fall of Fort Sumter; and while it gave expression to the loyal sentiments of those who participated in its action, it did much more. Its stirring utterances exerted a powerful and decisive influence in forming, marshalling, and arousing to action the public opinion of the North. Numbers who loved the country felt themselves embarrassed by party associations, and were looking on with doubt and uncertainty; and most were struck with wonder and indecision by the very audacity of the opening scenes of the rebellion. The scope of its motives and consequences were but imperfectly appreciated. But the key-note of loyalty rung out clear and strong from Union Square, and the effect was magical. It settled at once the question as to a divided North, and gave assurance that the government would be sustained and rebellion subdued.]

There were six principal stands for speakers, each organized with presiding officers, occupied by eloquent and patriotic orators, and surrounded by dense masses of earnest and loyal people. Mr. Dickinson made the opening address from that facing the statue of Washington, at which General Dix presided. General Anderson, with several of his officers, just returned from Fort Sumter, was present on the stand. The brave, gallant, and eloquent Colonel Baker, who subsequently fell at Ball's Bluff, was one of the speakers.

Whoever had the fortune to participate in this scene in the great national drama, enacted amid general gloom and apprehension,—to witness the deep regret at what had been, the earnest wish that the impending evil might be averted,—but still the patriotic exaltation and the earnest resolve that pervaded the vast multitude as it separated, and its individual members retired to their several posts of duty and of action, will not, while life remains, forget the grand, solemn, and inspiring spectacle.]

I AM invited, Mr. President, and my fellow-citizens, to attend and address this meeting, held, in the language of its call, "without regard to previous political opinions or associations, to express our sentiments in the present crisis in our national affairs, and our determination to uphold the government of our country, and maintain the authority of the Constitution and Laws."—I embraced the opportunity with alacrity, and have travelled two hundred miles, and upwards, this morning, that I might do so, for I look with extreme apprehension and alarm upon the danger which threatens us as a whole, recently a united people. I would know no sections in this great material heritage of freedom, which stretches from ocean to ocean, from the far frozen north to where prevail the gentle breezes of the tropics; no divisions or strife among or between children of a common father, and brothers of the same household; but the demon of discord has inaugurated his fearful court in our midst, and the crisis is to be met like every other vicissitude.

A somewhat extended service in the national councils, at a period of unusual interest, gave me an opportunity for much and mature reflection, upon the relations between the North and the South; upon the duties each section owed to itself and the other, and to the cause of free government, under a hallowed compact, under the constitutional guaranties secured, and that fraternal regard which, by every consideration that could influence civilized and Christian men, each section and its people should at all times cultivate toward the other. I have looked upon all, as regards the Union, its value and its preservation, as the inheritors of the same catholic faith; and though scattered over an area so vast, divided into sections, subdivided into numerous States, and the two sections committed to different systems of industry, as united in one great interest, as essential to each other to promote the common enjoyment, and as bound together to the same great and immortal destiny. None of these views of what should, and ought to, and might have been, have been changed; but recent unfortunate events have served to confirm them beyond the shadow of a doubt, and to increase regrets that efforts costing so little, and of such incalculable value, could not have been put forth before it was too late.

But now, in common with every lover of his country, I am called to lament that we should be aroused from the dream of

a people's security, happiness, and glory, by a conflict of blood. Until recently, I had hoped that time, and a returning sense of patriotism, a recurrence to the scenes and trials of the Revolution, a thought of the great names and greater memories of those who wrought out the liberties we have possessed and should enjoy, and above all, a sense of duty we owed to ourselves, to each other, to our country and its constitution, to our descendants, to the cause of liberty throughout the earth, would bear this great question far above and beyond the field of vitiated and demoralized politics, and save the Union; not in mere form, but the Union of our fathers, in the spirit of the constitution; the Union purchased by the blood poured out at Lexington, and Saratoga, and Yorktown; the Union of the great spirits of '76, the Union of the Stars and Stripes, which, though torn and disfigured, is dearer than ever; the Union over which every patriot in every section can exclaim, in the language of the British poet, "With all thy faults, I love thee still!" the Union which can never be destroyed in the affections of the American people. Yes,

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

But these anticipations have not been and are not to be realized.

Six months since, we were enjoying unexampled success; now, ruin runs riot over this fair land, and all for madness. Numerous States have passed ordinances of secession from the Union, and have seized the federal property within their reach; they repudiate and disown its authority, assault its flag, and defy its power; have deliberately, and with an overpowering force, attacked and reduced a partially garrisoned and unoffending fortification, because they seemed to regard the gallant Major Anderson, with his loyal men, who reposed in peace, a kind of minister plenipotentiary of the United States, near, and rather too near the government of South Carolina, and now they threaten, as is asserted upon what seems good authority, to march against the Federal Capital. Troops marching to its defence have been murdered, and war is therefore upon us, with all its terrible realities; a civil, intestine war, against and between brethren!

It were profitless to inquire for original or remote causes ; it is no time for indecision or inaction ; it is no time for crimination or recrimination, or for reviving partisan issues ; it is no time to inquire whose hand holds the helm or who placed him there, if as prescribed by the constitution ; nor by what name he is known in the political jargon of the day. But the only inquiry should be, Does he propose to steer the good Ship of State according to the chart of the constitution, between the Scylla and Charybdis which threaten her pathway ; and will he uphold the Constitution and administer the laws with the firmness, justice, and forbearance, with a wisdom, mercy, and discretion, becoming the Chief Magistrate of such a people, in such an exigency ? And if he does that, and that only, he should be, and will be, triumphantly sustained ; not by political parties extant or obsolete, nor time-serving politicians, but by the patriotic pulsations of the great popular heart. Our troubles are chargeable as well to a demoralized sentiment as to sectional disturbance. The country is cursed with the "cankers of a calm world and a long peace ;" rank with mean ambition ; swarming with office-hunters and plethoric with treasury-mongers. Like the plagues of Egypt, they have filled the beds and boards and kneading-troughs of the Republic, and poisoned the very fountains of political morality.

My desires and efforts, and anxieties and prayers, have been for peace ; that everything might be yielded that could be, consistently with a nation's dignity and honor (and our great Republic can yield much to a portion of its erring people), rather than provoke or even permit a conflict of hostile forces ; and even yet, I invoke the benign spirit of conciliation ! But the government must arm ; and that in a manner commensurate with its vast resources, and becoming the lamentable occasion ; yet it should put on its armor for preservation, not for destruction ; not for aggressive war, but for defensive peace ; not for subjugation or coercion, but to arrest tumult, lawlessness, and disorder ; not to despoil others, but to keep its own ; to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to vindicate the laws ; to put down insurrection, and to repel invasion ; to maintain the power and dignity of the nation and preserve its flag inviolate ; to save, if saved it can be, the Union, already dis-severed, from the final overthrow and destruction with which

it is menaced. The contemplation of even the most brilliant successes upon the field of blood, brings me in this controversy only heart-sickness and sorrow ; for I cannot forget that it is a war between those who should have loved and cheered and consoled each other along the bleak and desolate pathway of life's perilous pilgrimage, and that we may say of him who falls in the wicked and unnatural strife :

“ Another's sword has laid him low ;
Another and another's,
And every hand that dealt the blow,
Ah me ! it was a brother's.”

But I would assert the power of the government over those who owe it allegiance and attempt its overthrow, as Brutus put his signet to the death-warrant of his son, that I might exclaim with him, “ Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free.” I would defend our government, and its territory, and its citadel, that we may not weep like women over that we failed to defend like men.

In this fraternal strife, let us by no means forget the numerous patriotic hearts at the South, that beat responsive to the Union sentiment. How long and how faithfully they have endured ; how much of assault and contumely they have withstood ; what interests, political, social, and material, they have sacrificed ; how long and how faithfully they have buffeted the angry waves which have beat around them ! They have loved and cherished the Union, and have clung with a deathlike tenacity to the pillars of the constitution, to uphold and sustain it ; and may God bless them. Let us remember them in this, the evil day of our common country, and do nothing to cast impediments in the way of their patriotic progress and endurance.

The action of our own noble State may be potential in the gloomy crisis. She has power, and must interpose it ; wealth, and must proffer it ; men, and must rally them to duty ; and should employ her mighty energies to silence this accursed din of arms and tumult and murder, at an early moment, in the name of the constitution and the Union, of justice, forbearance, humanity, and peace.

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

And this commercial emporium of the western hemisphere, the offspring of free government and unrestricted enterprise, under a glorious Union ; where the elements of trade concentrate and are diffused ; great in natural advantages and material wealth ; great in architectural magnificence and commercial renown ; great in an active and enterprising population, in the arts and sciences, in her institutions of religion, charity, and learning ; but greater in her mighty moral energies for good, when the waves of madness heave mountain high, and threaten universal destruction. She can, in the plenitude of her power, speaking with united voice, do much to silence the war-whoops which Christian civilization has borrowed, in this day of light, from savage barbarism. She can do much to roll back and calm the agitation of the waters with the stern commands of peace. Then let her stretch forth her strong arm in support of the constitution and the Union. Let her sustain the government in its lawful authority ; in upholding inviolate our glorious flag, emblem of a glorious Union ; in defending its territory, in preserving the Union, if possible, from further disruption and destruction, and in reclaiming, by its measures of justice and wisdom, every disaffected State to the Union it once loved, and cherished, and adorned. And if, when all efforts at conciliation have failed, and the surges of intestine passions shall run more madly still, and armed forces must meet for destruction upon the field of battle ; when it is covered with the dead and dying, and the shrieks of the wounded are ascending to heaven ; let us be able to exclaim with Cæsar, when he saw the fields of Pharsalia strewn with his fallen countrymen, “They would have it so !”

The States of the South alleged common grievances against the Free States, and suggested the necessity of further guaranties. There was a large and powerful party in the Free States in sympathy with them in this demand ; and if all the Southern States had moved with solemn deliberation, and in concert, it is obvious that satisfactory guaranties would have been provided, and civilization and Christianity and freedom have been spared the disgrace which must disfigure the page

of history, so long as ink shall stand a faithful sentinel on paper; and darken the dreamy shadows of tradition, when history shall have faded away. But some rushed hastily to pass ordinances of secession without waiting for the concert of aggrieved sisters, or even the sanction of their own people; some seized the federal property within their reach, and armed for avowed conflict, and menaced the federal government, and thus reduced all chances for conciliation, either for restoration or final peaceful separation. One irritation has provoked another; one false and impetuous movement has initiated another, until all rational hope of peace has left us, I fear, forever; and we must drink, drink to the dregs, the cup prepared for us. There was nothing in the relations of the two sections, unfortunate as they were, which ever rendered a resort to arms either justifiable or necessary; and the inauguration of war, over questions capable of pacific adjustment, will be condemned and execrated wherever civilization finds a resting-place; and the widow's wail and the orphan's tears will haunt the last moments of his existence who produced it.

For myself, in our federal relations, I know but one section, one Union, one flag, one government. That section embraces every State; that Union is the Union sealed with the blood and consecrated by the tears of the revolutionary struggle; that flag is the flag known and honored in every sea under heaven; which has borne off glorious victory from many a bloody battle-field, and yet stirs with warmer and quicker pulsations the heart's blood of every true American, when he looks upon its stars and stripes wherever it waves. That government is the government of Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Jackson; a government which has shielded and protected not only us, but God's oppressed children, who have gathered under its wings from every portion of the globe; a government which, from humble beginnings, has borne us forward with fabulous celerity, and made us one of the great and prosperous powers of earth. The Union of these States was a bright vision of my early years, the pride of my manhood, the ambition of my public service. I have sacrificed upon its altar the best energies and choicest hopes of a life checkered by vicissitudes and trial. I had believed the contemplation of its beauties would be the companion of approaching age, and the beguiler

of my vacant and solitary hours. And now that its integrity is menaced, its fair proportions disfigured, it is still dear to my heart, as a great fountain of wisdom, from which incalculable blessings have flowed. I have rejoiced with it in its hey-day of success and triumph, and will, by the grace of God, stand by it in its hour of darkness and peril, and by those who uphold it in the spirit of the constitution. When the timid falter and the faithless fly; when the skies lower, the winds howl, the storm descends, and the tempests beat; when the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, the waves dash, and the good ship Union creaks and groans with the expiring throes of dissolution, I will cling to her still as the last refuge of hope from the fury of the storm; and if she goes down, I will go down with her, rather than revive to tell the story of her ignoble end. I will sustain that flag of Stars and Stripes, recently rendered more glorious by Anderson, his officers and men, wherever it waves—over the sea or over the land. And when it shall be despoiled and disfigured, I will rally around it still as the Star-Spangled Banner of my fathers and my country; and so long as a single stripe can be discovered, or a single star shall glimmer from the surrounding darkness, I will cheer it as the emblem of a nation's glory and a nation's hope! And could I see again my beloved and bleeding and distracted country all peacefully reposing beneath it, as in days gone by, I could almost swear, with the devoted Jephtha, that infatuated leader of the hosts of Israel, that "I would sacrifice to the Lord the first living thing of my household that I should meet on my return from victory!"

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES AT AMHERST COLLEGE, MASS., June —, 1861.

WE are admonished by “the Divinity that stirs within us,” as well as by all history and experience in human affairs, that there are principles which can never be subverted, truths which never die. The religion of a Saviour, who at his nativity was cradled on the straw pallet of destitution ; who in declaring and enforcing his divine mission was sustained by obscure fishermen ; who was spit upon by the rabble, persecuted by power, and betrayed by treachery to envy, has, by its inherent forces, subdued, civilized, and conquered a world ; not by the tramp of hostile armies, the roar of artillery, or the stirring airs of martial music, but by the swell of the same heavenly harmonies which aroused the drowsy shepherds at the rock-founded city of Bethlehem, proclaiming in their dulcet warblings, “peace on earth and good will toward men ;” not by flashes of contending steel, amidst the bad passions of the battle-field, the shrieks of the dying and the flames of subjugated cities, but by the glowing light which shot athwart the firmament and illumined the whole heavens at his advent. Thus was ushered in that memorable epoch in the world’s eventful history, the Christian era ; an era which closed one volume in the record of man’s existence, and opened another ; which drew aside the dark curtain of death and degradation, exhibiting to life’s worn and weary pilgrim along the wastes of ignorance and barbarism, new domains of hope and happiness for exploration and improvement ; new fields for him to subdue and fertilize and reap, and new triumphs for him to achieve in the cause of human regeneration. And let him who fails to estimate the priceless value of this divine reformation, in a temporal sense alone, contrast the condition of man, wherever Christian civilization has travelled, with a people groping

amidst the degrading darkness of idolatry, or bowing beneath some imposture still more heaven-daring and impious.

Second only in interest and importance to the religion of Him who spake as never man spake, is that system of political truth which proclaims the doctrine of man's equality, and elevates him in the scale of being to that dignity of station which Heaven destined him to fill. For untold centuries, despotism and king-craft had asserted dominion over the world's masses. Every attempt to break the fetters which held a people in vassalage had resulted in riveting them more securely upon the limbs of servitude. Labor had groaned under the exactions, and the spirit had prayed long and fervently for deliverance, but in vain. The failure to correct organizations so false and vicious and cruel, and to restore the power swayed by the tyrannic few to the plundered many, had been written in human blood, until

“Hope for a season bade the world farewell.”

But our fathers, imbued with the spirit of freedom which a free respiration of the air of the New World inspired, and goaded to desperation by the exactions of oppression, rolled the stone from the door of the sepulchre, where crucified and entombed liberty was slumbering, and it arose in light and life, to cheer and bless and give hope to the down-trodden humanity of earth, to emancipate the immortal mind from the slavery by which it was degraded. They asserted the simplest yet sublimest of political truths, that all men were created equal. They arraigned at the bar of a Christian world, trembling, tyrannous, stultified legitimacy, while asserting its impious dogma of Heaven-descended rulers, and they repudiated and laughed to scorn the fraudulent theories, base pretensions, and vain ceremonials of its political hierarchy. They declared in its broadest sense the right of man's self-government, and his capacity for its exercise; and sought release from a proud and haughty monarchy that they might enjoy upon this continent a nation's independence, and found a system which recognized the equality of men, in which their theories should be established. They trusted the future of their “lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor” to the chances of a great experiment; and while the

timid faltered, the treacherous betrayed, the mercenary schemed, and the unbelieving derided, far-seeing patriotism pressed forward with an eye of faith, upon its mission of progress, until hope gave place to fruition; until expectation became success; until the most formidable power of earth learned the salutary lesson, that a proud nation, mighty in armed men, and strong in the terrible material of war by sea and by land, could not conquer the everlasting truth. The experiment, so full of promise and yet so threatened with dangers, became an accomplished fact. Like a grain of mustard, sown in a subdued faith, it shot upward and became an overshadowing tree, so wide-spread and luxuriant that the birds of the air could rest in its branches. Would that none of evil omen had ever taken refuge there.

Thus was planted the germ of liberty in this holy land of freedom. It was nurtured in the warm heart's blood of patriots, and watered by the tears of widows and of orphans; but for a time it was tremulous and slender, and like a frail reed it bowed before every breeze. Oh, what invocations ascended to Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," for that cherished shoot, that the "winds of Heaven might not visit it too roughly." With the fathers of the Revolution, it was remembered at the morning and evening sacrifice. "When its leaves withered they mourned, and when it rejoiced, they rejoiced with it." But those who planted it, and watched over its spring-time with more than a father's solicitude, have gone up to loftier courts, and repose under the fadeless foliage of the tree of life. The gray-haired minister who craved for it God's blessings, has been wafted away like the prophet of old, in a chariot of fire, and the children who sported together on the grass beneath it, now slumber with their fathers. The last revolutionary soldier who rejoiced in its pride, and told with tears its early trials, "shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won," has been mustered into the service of his Lord and master, where the tramp of cavalry and the shock of armies, the neighing of chargers and the blast of bugles shall be heard no more. But the slender shoot of other times has become a giant in the world's extended forest. Its roots have sunk deep in earth; its top has stretched beyond the clouds, and its branches have spanned the continent; its form is grace-

ful, its foliage bright and beautiful, and its fruits have carried gladness to every quarter of the globe. The oppressed of other lands, finding, like the wearied dove, no rest amid the old world's desolation, have conquered the holiest instincts of the soul, the love of early home, of birth-place, of the streams of childhood, of the graves of their beloved dead, and have sought a gathering-place of affection under its protecting branches. Here they have reposed in peace and plenty and fancied security, from the struggles which cursed their native land. No groans of oppression are heard beneath it, no deadly malaria sickens in its shade, but its sheltering influences, refreshing as the dews and genial as the sunshine, have blessed and cherished all.

Ah! what government has so protected its children, so ennobled man, so elevated woman, so inspired youth, so given hope and promise to budding childhood, so smoothed the descent of dreary age; has so guarded freedom of conscience, so diffused intelligence, so fostered letters and the arts, so secured to all "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" The triumphs of freedom, moral and material, under this new dispensation, have excelled the hope of the most sanguine. From three our population has increased to thirty millions, from thirteen feeble colonies along the Atlantic slope to thirty-four powerful States, with numerous others in the process of formation and on their way for admittance to the Union. Two strong European powers have withdrawn from the continent, leaving us the fruits of their possessions. Great and prosperous States and cities and towns, teeming with the elements of enterprise and social culture, and abounding with institutions of religion and learning, have arisen as if by magic on the far distant Pacific, where we have only paused, lest to cross it might put us on our return voyage and bring us nearer home; and the river which the ambition of our early history essayed to fix for our western limit now runs nearest our eastern boundary. Numerous aboriginal nations have been displaced before the prevailing current of our arts and arms and free principles. He who listens may hear the pattering feet of coming millions; and whoever will look back upon the past and forward upon the future must see that there are further races for us to civilize, educate, and absorb, and that new triumphs await us in the cause of progress

and civilization. Thus have we passed from infancy to childhood, from childhood to robust and buoyant youth, and from youth to vigorous manhood; and with an overgrowth so superabundant we should neither be surprised nor alarmed that we have provoked foreign envy as well as unwilling admiration; that cankers of discontent are gnawing at our heartstrings, and that we are threatened with checks and trials and reverses.

The continent of North America presents to the observing mind one great geographical system, every portion of which, under the present facilities for intercommunication, may be more accessible to every other than were the original States to each other at the time the confederacy was formed. It is destined at no distant day to become permanently the commercial centre, when France and England will pay tribute to New York, and the Rothschilds and the Barings will sell exchange on Wall street at a premium. And it requires no romantic stretch of the imagination to believe that the time is at hand, when man, regarding his own wants, yielding to his own impulses, and acting in obedience to laws more potent than the laws of a blind ambition, will ordain that the continent shall be united in political as well as natural bonds, and form but one great Union—a Free, Self-Governed, Confederated Republic, exhibiting to an admiring world the results which have been achieved for man's freedom and elevation in this western hemisphere.

In ordinary times, a correct taste would suggest that upon occasions like the present all subjects of political concern, however measured by moderation and seasoned with philosophy and historic truth, should be left for discussion to some appropriate forum, and those only considered which are more in sympathy with the objects of the societies of Amherst; but when the glorious edifice which protects and shelters all is threatened with the fate of the Ephesian dome, the patriotic scholar, before he sits down to his favorite banquet, will raise his voice and nerve his arm to aid in extinguishing the flames, that he may preserve to posterity institutions without which all the learning of the schools would be but mockery, and give place to violence and ignorance and barbarism. This is emphatically a utilitarian and practical age, and when the foundations upon which the ark of our political safety rests are threatened; when rebellion is wafted on every breeze, and the rude din of arms greets us on

either hand, menacing our very existence as a great and prosperous people, letters as well as laws may sympathize with the danger and become silent in our midst.

Bad government is the foe of knowledge. Under its destructive reign, learning is neglected, ignorance is honored and commended, and free opinion is persecuted as an enemy of state. Its schools are military despotisms, and the dungeon, the rack, and the gibbet are its teachers. Under its haughty sway, the energies of mind are bowed and broken, the spirit subdued and restrained in its search for sustenance, and literature and the sciences droop, languish, and die. This glorious Union is our world; while we maintain its integrity, all the nations of the earth must recognize our supremacy and pay us homage; disjointed, forming two or more fragmentary republics, we shall deserve and receive less consideration than the states of Barbary. And now that it is threatened with destruction, let us as one people, from the North and the South, the East and the West, rising above the narrow instincts of parties and associations, relume our lamps of liberty as the vestals replenished their sacred fire, though not extinguished, from the rays of the morning sun. Let us renew our covenant, and swear upon the holy altars of our faith to maintain and defend it and its glorious emblem, the stars and stripes, so replete with pleasing memories; and if there are any who distrust their own firmness, and fear that they may be seduced, or may fall out by the wayside, or be frightened from their purpose, let them, like Fernando Cortez, destroy the means of retreat behind them, that they may remain faithful to the end.

When the sunlight of the last autumn was supplanted by the premonitions of winter, by drifting clouds, and eddying leaves, and the flight of birds to a milder clime, our land was emphatically blessed. We were at peace with all the powers of earth, and enjoying undisturbed domestic repose. A beneficent Providence had smiled upon the labors of the husbandman, and our granaries groaned under the burden of their golden treasures. Industry found labor and compensation, and the poor man's latch was never raised except in the sacred name of friendship or by the authority of law. No taxation consumed, no destitution appalled, no sickness wasted, but health and joy beamed from every face. The fruits of toil, from the North and the

South, the East and the West, were bringing to our feet the contributions of the earth; and trade, which for a time had fallen back to recover breath from previous over-exertion, had resumed her place "where merchants most do congregate." The land was replete with gladness, and vocal with thanksgivings of its sons and daughters, up its sunny hill-slopes and through its smiling valleys, out upon its vast prairies, along its majestic rivers, and down its meandering streamlets; and its institutions of religion and learning and charity echoed back the sound.

"But bringing up the rear of this bright host,
A spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder clouds above some coast,
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved.
His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost;
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And where he gazed, a gloom pervaded space.

Yes, in the moment of our country's triumphs, in the plentitude of its pride, in the heyday of its hope, and the fulness of its beauty, the serpent which crawled into Eden and whispered his glozing story of delusion to the unsuspecting victim of his guile, unable to rise from the original curse which rests upon him, sought to coil his snaky folds around it and sting it to the heart. From the arts and the enjoyments of peace we have plunged deep into the horrors of civil war. Our once happy land resounds with the clangor of rebellious arms, and is polluted with the dead bodies of its children; some seeking to destroy, some struggling to maintain the common beneficent government of all, established by our fathers.

This effort to divide the Union and subvert the government, whatever may be the pretence, is, in fact, a dangerous and daring crusade against free institutions. It should be opposed by the whole power of a patriotic people, and crushed beyond the prospect of a resurrection; and to attain that end, the government should be sustained in every just and reasonable effort to maintain the authority and integrity of the nation; to uphold and vindicate the supremacy of the Constitution and the majesty of the laws by all lawful means; not grudgingly sus-

tained, with one hesitating, shuffling, unwilling step forward to save appearances, and two stealthy ones backwards to secure a seasonable retreat; nor with the shallow craft of a mercenary politician, calculating chances and balancing between expedients; but with the generous alacrity and energy which have a meaning, and prove a loyal, a patriotic, and a willing heart. It is not a question of administration but of government; not of politics, but of patriotism; not of policy, but of principles which uphold us all; a question too great for party; between the Constitution and the laws on one hand, and misrule and anarchy on the other; between existence and destruction.

The Union was formed under the Constitution by an association of equals; like the temple of Diana, every pillar which upholds its arches was the gift of a sovereign; not a sovereign created by man's usurpation, and serving upon gala-days to exhibit to plundered subjects the diadems and diamonds and gorgeous trappings of royalty, but of a sovereign people, created in the image of their Maker, and bearing in their bosoms the crown jewels of immortality. In the administration of its government, and in the relations of its members with each other, each and every one is entitled to complete equality; the right to enjoy unmolested all the privileges of the compact, in their full length and breadth, in letter and in spirit. Whenever and wherever there has been a departure from this plain and just stipulation, in theory or in practice, in either section; or where either party has employed means or agencies calculated to disturb or irritate or annoy the other, there has been error and cause of grievance which demand redress and restitution; and when rebellion has sheathed its sword and lowered its front, and the obligations of the Constitution are again recognized by all who owe it obedience, may every true friend of the Constitution and Union unite in a common purpose and an earnest effort in seeing that there remains no just cause of complaint unredressed in any portion of the confederacy. But there has been no grievance alleged which, if true, could justify armed rebellion and disunion. The Constitution, with defects and imperfections from which human creations are inseparable, bears upon its bosom remedies for every abuse which is practised in its name, and power to punish every violation of its salutary provisions; and those who are unable to "bear the ills they

have," should invoke its spirit rather than "fly to others which they know not of." And the government, though it has by no means been exempt from maladministration throughout its eventful history, has been less arraigned for injustice than any government on earth. Time and patience and a sense of popular justice, the ebbs and flows and currents of opinion, would have proved a corrective of all serious causes of disturbance. But efforts to divide the Union and destroy the government, besides being intrinsically atrocious, instead of correcting the alleged grievances, are calculated to aggravate them more than an hundred fold, and, if successful, to close a day of humanities, hope and promise in this refuge of liberty, in blood and darkness. No one denies to an oppressed people the right of revolution as the last dreadful resort of man seeking emancipation when all other efforts have proved unavailing—never to be entered upon except as a terrible necessity. But secession is a bold and bald and wicked imposture with its authors; a chimera, an illusion, and cheat with those who are betrayed into its support; and it exhibits the worst features of the basest despotism in enforcing obedience to its reign of terror. It is but a synonym for disunion by violence, under the pretence of rights reserved to States, and must have sprung, like the voluptuous goddess, from froth, so little of right or reason or remedy or good sense is there in or about it; though, like the contents of her mystic girdle, it promised to its votaries a surfeit of hidden pleasures.

The attempt to liken this wicked and corrupt rebellion to the American Revolution requires an assurance of brass sufficient to reconstruct the Colossus of Rhodes. While the colonies were petitioning for a redress of grievances, war was precipitated upon them by the British crown to compel their submission and silence. While Congress was canvassing the alleged grievances of a portion of the States of the confederacy, and while its legislation upon the subject of the Territories was proceeding in harmony with their professed wishes, members representing such aggrieved States withdrew, and precipitated disunion in hot haste, before the result of proposed conciliatory efforts could be ascertained; as though they feared, if they awaited the development of events in progress, they might be more seriously aggrieved by a redress of grievances! The col-

onies had neither support nor sympathy nor representation in any department of the British government, but they persevered in their efforts to obtain justice and recognition so long as a single ray of hope gave promise, and until they were silenced by the presence of British troops, and were compelled to submit to slavery and degradation, or appeal to the last refuge of an oppressed people—the arbitrament of the field. They claimed no false or fabricated reading of the British constitution which enabled them to sever their connection with the crown and avoid the responsibility of revolution, but they manfully took their stand upon the *ultima ratio* of nations. They received a world's sympathy, because their revolt was an imperious necessity, and heaven smiled upon their efforts for deliverance and independence. But if they had connived at the accession of the selfish, perverse, and bigoted George to the crown, that they might be able to complain of the reigning monarch, and, above all, if they had controlled the ministry and held a majority in Parliament, and had vacated their seats and had yielded up the power to their opponents, and had then cried out oppression, to cover schemes of political ambition, they would have both deserved and received, instead of sympathy or confidence or countenance, the scorn and contempt of christendom.

The Declaration of American Independence, the modern Magna Charta of human rights, evolved the idea, so cheering to the cause of freedom and yet so startling to monarchy, that governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that although governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes, yet when they became subversive of the ends for which they were established, and “when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinced the design to reduce them under *absolute despotism*, it was their right, their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.” But it nowhere declares that a knot of conspiring politicians, foiled in their schemes of ambition and plunder, and chafing under disappointment, like a tiger cheated in his foray, may, without the popular support or sympathy, but in defiance of both, assert that the election of a political opponent, whose success they might have prevented, is a sufficient cause for rebellion, or that a party or an interest which has the

majority in both branches of the representative government, and is protected by the opinions of the judiciary of the nation, can withdraw, so as to give its opponents the power, and then set on foot a rebellion, and seek to destroy an edifice which stands as the last best hopes of man, because they fear that they may be visited with political oppression! Those who practise such shallow devices before the world in the latter part of the nineteenth century should remember that they but copy the stupid instincts of the bird which buries its head in the sand, and then indulges the conceit that its ungainly body is concealed also. Whatever causes of disturbance and disaffection existed between the North and the South, the public judgment has rendered its verdict upon abundant evidence, and with extraordinary unanimity; deciding that such formed a remote and feeble element in inducing disunion, but that it was a foregone conclusion with those who urged it forward; darkly designed and deliberately determined, for the purpose of securing personal *éclat* and self-aggrandizement, rather than of securing rights and privileges to an oppressed section of people.

“Order is heaven’s first law.”

It is coeval with being. No people, civilized or savage, ever existed without a government for their guidance and regulation. Beasts of the field and forest, birds of the air, fishes of the sea, and insects which inhabit all, form their colonies and associations, and arrange themselves in obedience to some recognized rule; and even inanimate objects obey with unerring certainty, the hand which guides them. Nor do the lights of history, the lessons of experience, or the flickering shadows of tradition tell of a government, which voluntarily and by design planted the seeds of its own decay in its bosom, or provided for its own destruction and overthrow, by committing its life and destiny to other hands. The constitution forming the Union and erecting its government was an emanation of *the people of the United States*. It was adopted, as declared in its preamble, “to form a more perfect Union, to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, to promote the general welfare and to secure the blessings of liberty to the people who ordained it, and their posterity.” But if the instrument which

formed the more perfect Union with becoming solemnity, contemplated its dismemberment and overthrow by the withdrawal of all or any of the States therefrom, at the pleasure of their capricious politicians, it remained a most imperfect and pitiable Union still. If the justice it established was but temporary; if the domestic tranquillity it insured was for the time being only; if the common defence it provided for was until some of the States should withdraw from the Union and make war upon it; and if the blessings of liberty it secured to posterity were upon condition that those who enjoyed them should not wish to subvert the liberty thus secured by armed force; then our boasted constitution, which has been hailed throughout the earth as one of the wisest emanations of man, and enjoys a world-wide fame for its humane provisions and lofty conceptions of statesmanship, should be scouted as a fraud, a delusion and an imposture; possessing much more sound than substance, and carrying by design in its own bosom the seeds of its dissolution. But no sentence or word or syllable can be found in the federal constitution, sustaining an idea at once so puerile and monstrous. It provides for the admission to the Union of new States, but not the withdrawal therefrom of those already members. To gain such admission the State must apply to Congress with a constitution republican in form; and, upon an act of Congress authorizing such admission, duly approved and signed by the President of the United States, such State becomes a member of the Confederacy. If one State, being thus admitted, can withdraw at pleasure by passing an act or ordinance of secession, and cancel a solemn covenant by one party alone, which it required two to make, and in which both remain interested, any or all may do the same, and the rich harvest of liberty and its attending blessings, which our forefathers professed to secure to posterity, may prove a barren and a blasted field, when those for whom it was designed prepare to reap their inheritance.

It is a familiar principle of law, that a repealing statute, itself repealed, revives and puts in full force the former law. So long then as Congress permits its several acts for the admission of the revolted States to the Union, to stand, according to secession law and logic, these States can go out and in at pleasure; and if they may withdraw by an ordinance of their own,

by the same rule Congress may expel them by repealing its act of admission. To go out of the Union, as they insist, they have only to pass an act or ordinance of secession, without the knowledge, privity, or consent of the government of the Union. To return they would have only to repeal it. They can then go out when it suits principle, and return when it favors interest; or they can alternate, like migratory birds, with the seasons, hatching disunion in the confederacy and rearing it without; and as thus far its managers have, in most instances, generously relieved the people of participation in the matter, the destruction of old governments, and the erection of new ones, would occasion little inconvenience.

The war goddess, according to mythology, and that is an authority not easily refuted, leaped fully armed from the brain of Jove; but stranger still, the founders of the government of the Southern Confederacy leaped fully armed, with high sounding titles of official station, from their own, and brought their government with them; an emanation neither suggested nor approved by the popular voice, but the creation of those who, like the renowned Peter Brush, wanted "something to have rather than something to do," and almost universally repudiated wherever opportunity has been afforded. A government purporting to be of the people, without permitting them to have a voice in constructing it; without a "local habitation;" of departments in the abstract, and offices with more titles than duties; a President without an election, a Treasury without money or sources of revenue, a navy without ships, a Post-office without mails, a Minister of Foreign Relations, whose relations abroad decline to acknowledge the connection, a department of the Interior representing a nature-aborred vacuum, an Attorney-general without law, and a Patent office which, in the absence of other business, should issue letters securing the exclusive right of this new-fledged confederacy to those who invented it, for its extraordinary novelty rather than its acknowledged utility, that it may be preserved to after times in the world's curiosity shop, with Law's scheme of banking, the moon-hoax of Locke, and Redheffer's perpetual motion.

The advocates of the right of secession, in claiming that a State, after its solemn admission and while enjoying the protection and participating in the fruits of the Union, may at its

pleasure and by its own act secede, to be consistent, should hold that a nation may at pleasure withdraw from its treaty obligations without previous provision or consent of the other side; that one who has conveyed an estate and received the consideration, may resume it when it suits his necessity or convenience; that the husband or wife may repudiate the marriage obligation without detriment or a disregard of marital faith; and, in short, that a covenant made by two parties, and in which both are interested, may be cancelled by one. The right thus to secede must rest upon a political free love, where States unequally united may, on discovering their true affinities, dissolve the first connection and become sealed in confederate wedlock to their chosen companions during pleasure; and the authors of the discovery should go down to posterity as the Brigham Youngs of modern confederacies.

Most events of modern times find their parallel in early history; and this attempt to extemporize a government upon the elements of political disquietude, so that, like sets of dollar jewelry, every person can have one of his own, does not form an exceptional case. When David swayed the sceptre of Judah, the comely Absalom, a bright star of the morning, whose moral was obscured by his intellectual light, finding such amusements as the slaying of his brother and burning the barley fields of Joab too tame for his ambition, conceived the patriotic idea of driving his father from the throne, of usurping the regal authority and relieving the people, unasked, from the oppressions under which he had discovered they were groaning. Like modern demagogues, he commenced with disaffection; advised all who came with complaints, that, from royal inattention, no one was deputed to hear them; greeted those who passed the king's gate with a kiss, that he might steal away their hearts; he lamented that he was not a judge in the land, so that any one who had a cause or suit might come to him, and he would do him justice. Under pretence of going to Hebron, the royal residence in the early reign of David, to pay his vows (for he was as conscientious in the matter of vows as Herod), he raised a rebellious army, and sent spies through the land to proclaim him king and reigning in Hebron, when the trumpet should sound upon the air. The conspiracy, says sacred history, was strong, and the rebellion was so artfully contrived, so stealthily

inaugurated, that it gave high promise of success. The king, although in obedience to the stern dictates of duty he sent forth his armies by hundreds and by thousands to assert and maintain his prerogative, exhibited the heart of a good prince and an affectionate father, in beseeching them for his sake to deal gently with the young man, even Absalom; and when the conflict was over, his first inquiry, with anxious solicitude, was, Is the young man Absalom safe? And yet, this ambitious rebel, in raising a numerous and powerful army, and endeavoring to wrest the government from the rightful monarch, would doubtless have claimed, according to modern acceptation, that he was acting from high convictions of duty; from a power of necessity; and fighting purely in self-defence. And when the great battle was set in array in the wood of Ephraim, where twenty thousand were slaughtered, and the wood devoured that day more than the sword devoured, there was evidently nothing that he so much desired, when he saw exposure and overthrow inevitable, as to be *let alone*. But that short struggle subdued the aspirations, and closed forever the ignoble career of this ambitious leader in Israel;—a warning to those who would become judges before their time, or be made kings upon the sound of a trumpet, blown by their own directions. Let all such remember the wood of Ephraim, the wide-spreading branches of the oak, the painful *suspense* which came over the author of the rebellion, the darts of Joab, and the dark pit into which this prince of the royal household was cast for his folly, and wickedness, and treachery. And when those charged with the administration of our government send forth its armies by hundreds and by thousands to maintain and vindicate the constitution and the Union of our fathers, may they imitate the example of the wise king of Judah, and beseech the captains of the hosts to deal gently with the young Absaloms of secession, and by all means inquire for their safety when their armies have been completely routed, and the rebellion put down forever.

Secession, either peaceable or violent, if crowned with complete success, can furnish no remedy for sectional grievances, real or imaginary. It would be as destructive of Southern as of Northern interests, for both are alike concerned in the maintenance and prosperity of the Union. It would increase every

evil, aggravate every cause of disturbance, and render every acute complaint hopelessly chronic. Look at miserable, misguided, misgoverned Mexico, and receive a lesson of instruction. She has been seceding, and dividing, and pronouncing and fighting for her rights, and in the self-defence of aggressive leaders, from the day of her nominal independence; and she has reaped an abundant harvest of degradation and shame. No President of the Republic has ever served the full term for which he was elected, and generally, had his successor had more fitness than himself, it would have occasioned no detriment. When the population of the United States was three millions, that of Mexico was five, and when that of the United States is thirty, the population of Mexico is only eight; and while the United States has gained the highest rank among the nations of the earth, by common consent, Mexico has descended to the lowest. Her people have been the dupes and slaves and foot-balls of aspiring leaders, mad with a reckless and mean ambition; inflated with self-importance and conceit, and destitute of patriotism or statesmanship. But as a clown with a pick-axe can demolish the choicest productions of art, so can the demagogue overthrow the loftiest institutions of wisdom. Thus has poor, despised, dwarfed, and down-trodden Mexico been crushed under the iron heel of her own insane despoilers; a memorable but melancholy illustration of a people without a fixed and stable government; the sport of the profligate and designing, the victims of fraud and violence.

Southern States along the free border had felt most seriously all the injury and irritation produced by inharmonious and conflicting relations between them and their brethren of the North; and yet the people of these States shrunk from the remedy of secession as from the smoke of the bottomless pit. They saw in it nothing but swift and hopeless destruction; and believed that the desire for disunion had originated more in ultra ambitious schemes, than in a determination to protect their peculiar system of domestic servitude from encroachment. But States with which the heresy originated and had been cherished had long revelled in dreamy theories and vague notions of benefits which would flow to them from a dissevered Union; and madly hastened to destroy the fabric of their fathers before it could be rescued. The most sordid passions of men, seeking

indulgence of their appetites in the promised land of secession, lent their absorbing stimulants to urge forward the catastrophe. Avarice clanked her chains for the necessitous and mercenary, and fortunes sprung up unbidden, on either hand, to greet them, seeking masters and service. Ports and harbors, and marts and entrepots rushed in upon their heated imaginations, as they heard in the distance the knell of the Union tolling; they beckoned, and the contributions of a world's commerce was poured into their lap by direct trade, and universal expansion came over all the votaries of disunion, as if by magic. "The three-hooped pot had ten hoops," and what was "Goose creek once was Tiber now." Mammon erected his court, and they heard the clinking of gold in the world's exchequer, as it accumulated at the counters of their exchange. Ambition kindled her torch, which, like the bush in Horeb, burned and was not consumed; and rank and place and station, and stars and garters, and the gew-gaw trappings of nobility were showered in promiscuous profusion; wreaths of laurel adorned the brows of the brave, and the devotees of pleasure danced to the music of the secession sackbut and psaltery and harp, "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

Though sectional feeling had, after many years of profitless conflict, culminated, and the wise and union-loving were engaged in restoring friendly relations, under circumstances more favorable to success than thirty years of struggle had furnished; and though Congress was organizing the Territories without restriction upon domestic institutions, yet the time for disunion, so long invoked, had come; and one State, so far as in her power, sundered the bonds that made her a member of the Union before the result of the presidential election had been declared by Congress. They turned their backs upon friends and sympathizers; denounced laggards in the cause; declared their repudiation of the constitution; and applied the torch to the temple of free government and the Union with as little solemnity as they would have repealed an act of ordinary legislation. The property of the United States, by sea and by land, was seized, and the government was defied and menaced by armed forces and avowed preparation for war; other States followed, in form if not in substance, by the action of politicians if not people, some half willing, others more than half

forced; those who should have stood with sleepless zeal upon the ramparts of the constitution, ingloriously surrendered their posts, and the reign of anarchy was thus inaugurated in our once happy land. All this increased, and seriously, too, the embarrassments which surrounded the question. But still the spirit of the times, the voice of the people in every section, South as well as North, demanded peace; that abstractions should be laid aside, that every substantial cause of grievance should be redressed, and that the interests of a great and prosperous nation should not be disturbed, nor the moral sense of the world shocked by a conflict of arms amongst brethren. There was yet hope that the cup of intestine war might, in mercy, be permitted to pass. The report of the first hostile gun which was discharged, however, proclaimed to the world that all chances of peaceful adjustment were over, that "Heaven in anger, for a dreadful moment, had suffered hell to take the reins;" that Pandora's box was open again, and the deadliest plagues known to earth let loose to curse it; but, as of old, with that repository of evils, hope yet smiled at the bottom. Argument and opinion were thrust aside for violence and blood, with deliberate preparation. Is it strange that the natural elements sympathized with the occasion, as the intelligence was flashed through the land?

A sheet of cimmerian darkness, near midnight, hung like a death-pall over earth, the winds moaned heavily, like the wail of spirits lost, doors creaked and windows clattered, driving currents and counter-currents of sleet and rain descended like roaring cataracts; but the hoarse and startling shriek of the news-boy, rising above all with the appalling cry, "The bombardment of Fort Sumter,"

"Gave signs of woe
That all was lost."

The blood-fiend laughed loud, the evil genius of humanity clapped his hands in triumph, monarchy "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," but Liberty, bathed in tears, was bowed in shame, for the madness of her degenerate children! But the first flash of artillery kindled anew a flame of patriotic devotion to country, which will burn with a pure and constant glow,

when the lamp of mortal existence shall pale and flicker in death. Its first reverberations upon the air aroused a slumbering love of our constitution, of the Union, and of the cherished emblem of all, the stars and stripes, which will not again seek repose until the roar of hostile guns shall be silenced. It started to their feet, as if by a common impulse, twenty millions of freemen, to guard the citadel of their faith from destruction, as war was driving his ebon car upon his remorseless mission.

This civil intestine war is one of the most fearful and ferocious that ever desolated earth, and its authors will be cursed, when the atrocities of Bajazet and Tamerlane and the Khans of Tartary and India and other despoilers of the earth shall be forgotten. It is a war between and amongst brethren. Those whose eyes should have beamed in friendship now gleam in war; those who close in the death-struggle upon the battlefield were children of the same household and nurtured at the same gathering-place of affection, baptized at the same font, and confirmed at the same chancel:

“They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one house with glee;”
* * * *

“Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Round the same parent knee.”

But while we express deep humiliation for the depravity of our kind, and are shocked and sickened at a spectacle so revolting, we should not abandon the dear old mansion to the flames, even though kindled by brethren who should have watched over it with us and guarded it from harm. And while we should not raise our hand to shed a brother's blood, we may turn aside his insane blow, aimed at the heart of the venerated mother of all. And if a great power of Europe, with or without the aid of other nations, is disposed to sympathize with rebellion, and believes this government and this people can be driven, by the menace of foreign and domestic forces combined, to avoid the curses of war, let her try the experiment. But when they come, to save time and travel, let them bring with them a duly-executed quit-claim to the Union, for such portions of the North American Continent as they have not surrendered to it in former conflicts, for they will have occasion

for just such an instrument, whenever their impertinent interference is manifested practically in our domestic affairs.

Conspicuous in this strange passage of the New World's history is the secession of Texas. A State with extended territories and the right to form four more States from them without restriction, south of the old Missouri line; a State requiring the protection of the federal government to guard it from marauding savages and other hostile bands; a State which was never wronged by a northern State, nor by the government of the Union, in theory or in practice. This State was the last Southern State gathered under the flag of the Union, admitted in 1845, more as a Southern than a Northern measure; admitted too, under peculiar circumstances, after a most memorable struggle, and in the highest branch of the National legislature by a single vote.

“ Sir John of Hynford, 'twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For this good deed permit me, then,
A word to these misguided men.”

I would say to the people of Texas and the whole South—not those who seek to maintain, but those who labor to destroy the Union—you have widely mistaken both the temper and the purpose of the great body of people of the free States in the present crisis. In this unnatural struggle which your leaders have forced upon them, they seek only to uphold and maintain and preserve from destruction a government which is a common inheritance, and in the preservation of which you are equally interested. They seek not to despoil your State, nor to disturb your internal relations, but to preserve the Union which shelters and protects all, and vindicate the constitution which is especially your only defence against aggression—is both your sword and shield. They war not upon your peculiar system of domestic servitude, nor will they; but they admonish you in a spirit of kindness, that during this brief struggle its friends and advocates have been its worst enemies, and have furnished arguments against it which will weaken its foundations, when the denunciations of its most persistent anti-slavery foes are forgotten forever. You arraign the people of the free States for rallying around the government of the Union, of

which a few months since you were members, sustaining it yourselves; and which at the time of your alleged secession, had experienced no change beyond one of political administrations. You rebuke those who stood with you through good and evil report in defence of the constitution, and all its guaranties, in its dark days of trial, when menaced only by opinion, for sustaining it now, when it is assailed by armed forces; and insist that, after having defended that sacred instrument so long and so faithfully, they are bound to assist in its overthrow—a system of law, logic and morality, peculiar to disunion ethics alone. You repudiate the constitution with no sufficient cause of revolution; for all the alleged causes of grievance, as stated, were insufficient to justify it; and proclaimed a dissolution of the Union, defied and dishonored its flag, and menaced the government by denouncing actual war. You seized by violence its fortresses, armories, ships, mints, custom-houses, navy yards, and other property, to which you had not even a pretence of right, and threatened to take possession of the National Capital. You bombarded Fort Sumter, a fortress of the United States, garrisoned as a peace establishment only, and in a state of starvation, from batteries which the United States, in its extreme desire for peace, permitted you to erect for that purpose, under the guns of the same fortification, a proceeding never heard of before, and never to be repeated hereafter; bombarded it, too, because the flag of the Union under which your fathers and yourselves had fought with us the battles of the constitution, a flag which a few days previously you had hailed with pride; because the stars and stripes, the joy of every American heart, full of glowing histories and lofty recollections, which was floating over it according to the custom of every nation and people under Heaven, was hateful in your sight. The Athenians were tired of hearing their great leader called the Just, and consigned him to banishment. You were annoyed at the sight of the noblest emblem which floats under the sun; when unfurled, where by your consent and for a consideration too, the government of the United States held exclusive jurisdiction, and where it properly belonged, and for this you commenced a war promising to be more ferocious and exterminating throughout the Republic than was the atrocious decree of Herod in a single village. Sumter was not erected for the

exclusive defence of the harbor of Charleston, but for the purpose of preventing a foreign enemy from making a lodgment there, and from that point levying successful maritime war upon New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans and other towns and cities. And the unfriendly relations, which sprung up between the Southern States and the government of the Union, made its retention and occupation more necessary than before.

You will not consent that the general government, the government of the whole people, should march forces over the "sacred soil of a State" of the Confederacy, to maintain its own dignity and authority, to check rebellion and save the Capital from conflagration and its archives from destruction; but you should stand admonished that there is no soil sufficiently sacred under the broad ægis of the constitution to shelter armed rebellion or secret treason, and that the government of the United States has not only full right and lawful authority to march its forces over every inch of territory between the St. Lawrence and the Pacific, to stop the progress of enemies, foreign or domestic, to put down rebellion, to arrest those who despoil its property, or resist the execution of the laws, but it is its first and most solemn duty to do so. Should the general government enter a State for the purpose of interference with its domestic policy, it would be usurpation and an unwarrantable invasion; a neglect to employ its power to enforce its constitutional prerogative would be a culpable disregard of official obligation. You profess to defend your home-hearths, your firesides, your porches, your altars, your wives and your children, your household gods, and those resolves sound well indeed, even in the abstract; but practically the defence will be in time when they are assailed, or at least threatened. And you may rest with the assurance, that, when either of these sacred and cherished interests shall be desecrated or placed in danger or in jeopardy from any vandal spirit upon the globe, you shall not defend them alone; for an army from the free States mightier than that which rose up to crush your rebellion, "aye a great multitude, which no man can number," will defend them for you. But the issue must not be changed nor frittered away. Sumter was not your home-hearth, Pickens your fireside, Harper's Ferry your porch, the navy yards your altars,

the custom-houses and post-offices and revenue cutters your wives and children, nor the mints your household gods! The government has no right to desecrate your homes, nor have you the right to seize upon and appropriate to yourselves, under any name however specious, what is not your own, but the property of the whole people of the United States; not of those in array against it as enemies, defying its laws, but those who acknowledge and defer to its authority.

You desire peace. Then lay down your arms, and you will have it. It was peace when you took them up; it will be peace when you lay them down. It will be peace when you abandon war and return to your accustomed pursuits. Honorable, enduring, pacific relations will be found in complete obedience to the provisions of the constitution, and not in their violation or destruction. The government is sustained by the people, not for the purpose of coercing States in their domestic policy; not for the purpose of crushing members of the confederacy because they fail to conform to a federal standard; not for the purpose of despoiling their people, and least of all not for the purpose of disturbing or in any degree interfering with the system of Southern servitude; but for the sole and only purpose of putting down an unholy, armed rebellion, which has defied the authority of the government and seeks its destruction; and in this their determination is taken with a resolution compared with which the edicts of the Medes and Persians were yielding and temporary. When the government of our fathers shall be again recognized, when the constitution and the laws, to which every citizen owes allegiance, shall be observed and obeyed, then will the armies of the constitution and the Union disband by a common impulse, in obedience to an unanimous popular will. And should the present or any succeeding administration attempt to employ the authority of the government and people to coerce States, or mould their internal affairs in derogation of the constitution, the same array of armed forces would again take the field, but it would be to arrest federal assumption and usurpation, and protect the domestic rights of the States.

War is emphatically, and more especially a war between brethren, a disgrace to civilization; and any war is a drain upon the life-blood of a nation, and originates in wrong. Evil spirits give power to evil men for its inauguration, that amidst conflicts

of blood they may cast all down to the dark regions where the waves of oblivion will close over them. Its evils cannot be written, even in human blood. It sweeps our race from earth, as if heaven had repented the making of man. It lays its skinny hand upon society, and leaves it deformed by wretchedness and black with gore. It marches on its mission of destruction through a red sea of blood, and tinges the fruits of earth with a sanguine hue, as the mulberry reddened in sympathy with the romantic fate of the devoted lovers. It "spoils the dance of youthful blood," and writes sorrow and grief prematurely upon the glad brow of childhood; it chills the heart and hope of youth; it drinks the life-current of early manhood, and brings down the gray hair of the aged with sorrow to the grave; it weaves the widow's weeds with the bridal wreath, and the land, like Rama, is filled with wailing and lamentation. It lights up the darkness with the flames of happy homes. It consumes, like the locusts of Egypt, every living thing in its pathway. It wrecks fortunes, brings bankruptcy and repudiation, and blasts the fields of the husbandman; it depopulates towns, and leaves the cities a modern Herculaneum. It desolates the fireside and covers the family dwelling with gloom, and an awful vacancy rests, where, like a haunted mansion,

"No human figure stirred to go or come,
 No face looked forth from shut or open casement;
 No chimney smoked; there was no sign of home
 From parapet to basement.

No dog was on the threshold, great or small,
 No pigeon on the roof, no household creature,
 No cat demurely dozing on the wall,
 Not one domestic feature."

It loads the people with debt, to pass down from one generation to another like the curse of original sin. Upon its merciless errand of violence it fills the land with crime and tumult and rapine, and it "gluts the grave with untimely victims and peoples the world of perdition." In the struggle of its death throes, it heaves the moral elements with convulsions, and leaves few traces of utility behind it to mitigate its curse; and he who inaugurates it, like the ferocious Hun should be denominated

the scourge of God ; and when his day of reckoning shall come, he will call upon the rocks and mountains to hide him from popular indignation.

But with all its attending evils, this Union cannot be yielded to its demands nor to avoid its terrors ; even though, like the Republic of France, we may exchange for a time "liberty, equality, fraternity," for infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Nor are tame and timid measures the guaranties of peace. It is as much the nature of faction to be base as of patriotism to be noble ; and a divided Union, instead of securing peace, would present constant occasion for conflict and be a fruitful source of war. Let the rabble cry of divide and crucify go on from the throat of faction ; and the cold and calculating political Pilates wash their hands and proclaim their innocence, while their souls are stained with guilt and crime for urging it forward ; but let the faithful, conscious of their integrity and strong in truth, endure to the end. Ruthless as is the sway and devastating as is the course of war, it is not the greatest of evils nor the last lesson in humiliation. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." In its currents of violence and blood it may purify an atmosphere too long surcharged with discontent and corruption and apostasy and treachery and littleness ; and prove how poor a remedy it is for social grievances. It may correct the dry rot of demoralization in public station, and raise us as a people above the dead level of a mean and sordid ambition. It may scatter the tribe of bloated hangers-on, who seek to serve their country that they may plunder and betray it ; and above all it may arouse the popular mind to a just sense of its responsibility, until it shall select its servants with care and hold them to a faithful discharge of their duties ; until deficient morals shall be held questionable, falsehood a social fault, violations of truth a disqualification, and bribery a disgrace ; until integrity shall be a recommendation, and treason and larceny crimes.

Can a Union dissevered be reconstructed by the arrangement of all parties concerned in its formation ? No ! When it is once destroyed, it is destroyed forever. Let those who believe it can be, first raise the dead, place the dimpling laugh of childhood upon the lip of age, gather up the petals of May flowers and bind them upon their native stems in primeval freshness amidst the frosts of December, bring back the wither-

ed leaves of autumn and breathe into them their early luxuriance, and then gather again the scattered elements of a dis-severed Union, when the generous spring-time of our republic has passed away, and selfishness and ambition have come upon us with their premature frosts and "winter of discontent." Shall we then surrender to turbulence and faction and rebellion, and give up the Union with all its elements of good, all its holy memories, all its hallowed associations, all its blood-bought history ?

" No ! let the eagle change its plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom."

But do not give up the Union ! Preserve it to "flourish in immortal youth," until it is dissolved in the "wreck of matter and crash of worlds." Let the patriot and statesman stand by it to the last, whether assailed by foreign or domestic foes ; and, if he perishes in the conflict, let him fall like Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, upon the same stand where he preached liberty and equality to his countrymen. Preserve it in the name of the Fathers of the Revolution, preserve it for its great elements of good, preserve it in the sacred name of liberty, preserve it for the faithful and devoted lovers of the constitution in the rebellious States—those who are persecuted for its support, and are dying in its defence. Rebellion can lay down its arms to government—government cannot surrender to rebellion.

Give up the Union, "this fair and fertile plain, to batten on that moor!" Divide the Atlantic, so that its tides shall beat in sections, that some spurious Neptune may rule an ocean of his own ! Draw a line upon the sun's disc, that it may cast its beams upon earth in divisions ! Let the moon, like Bottom in the play, show but half its face ! Separate the constellation of the Pleiades and sunder the bands of Orion ! but retain THE UNION.

Give up the Union, with its glorious flag, its stars and stripes, full of proud and pleasing and honorable recollections, for the spurious invention, with no antecedents but the history of a violated constitution and of lawless ambition ? No ! let us stand by the emblem of our fathers :—

" Flag of the free heart's hope and home
By angels' hands to valor given,

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in Heaven."

Ask the Christian to exchange the cross with the cherished memories of a Saviour's love, for the crescent of the impostor, or to address his prayers to the Juggernaut or Josh instead of to the living and true God! but sustain the emblem your fathers loved and cherished.

Give up the Union? NEVER! The Union shall endure, and its praises shall be heard, when its friends and its foes, those who support and those who assail, those who bare their bosoms in its defence, and those who aim their daggers at its heart, shall all sleep in the dust together. Its name shall be heard with veneration amidst the roar of Pacific's waves, away upon the rivers of the North and East, where liberty is divided from monarchy, and be wafted in gentle breezes upon the Rio Grande. It shall rustle in the harvest, and wave in the standing corn, on the extended prairies of the West, and be heard in the bleating folds and lowing herds upon a thousand hills. It shall be with those who delve in mines, and shall hum in the manufactories of New England, and in the cotton-gins of the South. It shall be proclaimed by the stars and stripes in every sea of earth, as the American Union, one and indivisible. Upon the great thoroughfares, wherever steam drives and engines throb and shriek, its greatness and perpetuity shall be hailed with gladness. It shall be lisped in the earliest words, and ring in the merry voices of childhood, and swell to Heaven upon the song of maidens. It shall live in the stern resolve of manhood, and rise to the mercy-seat upon woman's gentle availing prayer. Holy men shall invoke its perpetuity at the altars of religion, and it shall be whispered in the last accents of expiring age. Thus shall survive and be perpetuated the American Union, and when it shall be proclaimed that time shall be no more, and the curtain shall fall, and the good shall be gathered to a more perfect union still, may the destiny of our dear land realize the poetic conception:—

"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."

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A UNION MASS MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF
WYOMING COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, HELD AT TUNKHANNOCK,
August 19, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Amid all the diversity of sentiment in our land, there is one subject upon which we can agree, and that is, that our country is in a most lamentable condition—our government threatened with disruption, our Constitution with subversion, and our institutions with overthrow. We are met here for the purpose of discussing the great interests of a common country, and of determining what becomes us in an exigency so trying and so fearful. I meet you here not to discuss slavery or anti-slavery, democracy or republicanism. Though an old-line democrat, “brought up at the feet of Gamaliel,” and adhering with tenacity to the principles of democracy through an active life, I come not to speak to you upon political partisan subjects. I come to discuss a matter that concerns our Union—our nationality—one that rises far above any or all party interests or issues.

We have a duty before us, fellow-citizens, far greater than that of the fathers of the Revolution. They were oppressed by tyranny, and they sought to throw off the shackles of a despotic monarchy. They hoped that a great and free government would spring up from their patriotic efforts, but the most sanguine never imagined that one so replete with good would be the fruit of their beginning. What with them was hope, with us is fruition. They planted, and we have reaped. Their experiment has become a great success, and we are enjoying, or might enjoy, such blessings as Heaven never before vouchsafed to mortal men. But a conspiracy has appeared; strife and division are at our doors; and it becomes us now to see whether

the fruits of this great and beneficent Union must be lost or can be preserved.

It were needless to go back to review dead and buried issues. There is a great fact staring us in the face, and with that we have to deal. It matters not whether the origin of our difficulties was North or South, or East or West—the question is, how shall they be dealt with and disposed of? In every government, and especially in every free government, political parties will arise; and it is well that it should be so. So far from being a curse, when restrained within legitimate bounds they are a blessing. The strife of parties, like the agitation of the natural elements, purifies the moral atmosphere, and gives life and vigor and freedom to our institutions; but there are some questions too great, some too small, for the exercise of political parties; and we have many duties to discharge in the various relations of life that do not appertain to political affairs, which we should come together and discharge as American citizens; as brethren of one tie; without inquiring whether we belong to this, or to that, or the other division of political parties. When we assemble around the grave of a neighbor, and hear those words that have riven so many hearts, “earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes;” the strifes of passion are hushed in the bosom, and we remember only that we are men—inquiring not what were the political views of the dead or living. At midnight you hear the cry of “Fire!” You rush into the street, and find your neighbor’s dwelling in flames. It is found that in the terror of the moment a mother has left her infant in the chamber. The flames hiss through every crevice, the cinders crackle, the rafters tumble, but another and another make the attempt, till at last one seems to be lost in the flames! Every eyeball is strained, every heart palpitates, every breath is hushed, every muscle stands out like whip-cord, and all believe he has perished; but finally he reappears, and restores the loved one to its swooning mother; the shout of exultation greets him from all, but no one inquires to what political party he belongs. When the citadel of our country is menaced; when the edifice that Washington and Franklin and their associates erected is in flames; it becomes us, whatever may have been our political proclivities before, to rise above all other considerations, and to keep this citadel from destruction.

I cannot afford to turn away from my duty because a political opponent is acting with me, nor to stay back from my duty because a political friend deserts me. No; I must go on and discharge this great obligation. I hold it to be the first duty of every citizen, of every party, to aid in restoring—if restored it can be—this great and good government.

Previous to the last political election, this country was at peace with the world, and in the enjoyment of greater privileges than any other government on earth; there was no people so blessed in every ramification of society. This mighty sea of happy faces before me testifies to the fact that they have been and are in the enjoyment of civil and religious freedom. And so it was from the North to the South, and from the East to the West; with over thirty millions of people, unoppressed by government, but every one enjoying the fruit of his own industry, and literally "none to molest or to make him afraid." Then, what cause is there for this great commotion? Why is it that one portion of this country is in arms against another? Let us inquire the cause of complaint first, and see if we can prescribe a remedy afterward.

We all agree that the difficulty is most serious. But what is the true way of remedying it—of putting down what I shall term a rebellion? And we can all agree that the rebellion is either right or wrong; justifiable or unjustifiable—to be approved or condemned, as a whole. If it is right for a portion of the country to take up arms against this government, it is right to sustain such action; and if wrong, it should be put down by the whole power of the loyal people. There is no half-way house in this matter—no tarrying-place between sustaining the government, and attempting its overthrow. There is no peace proposition that will suit the case until the rebellion is first put down. And, were I in favor, or disposed to tamper with this rebellion, or aid or countenance it, I would go and take up arms with those who are in arms sustaining it. Because, if it is right for them to take up arms, it is right for them to have armed aid and assistance. If they are wrong, if they are guilty of treason, and murder, and arson, then they should be overthrown by the whole power of the government, and put down so that no resurrection day will ever dawn on rebellion again. I am one of those who, in former years, thought

that sectional controversy put in jeopardy the well-being of the Union; but I think now, as then, that there never was a sectional cause of controversy that justified this, or any armed rebellion. I believe this rebellion did not arise out of sectional agitation, but from blind, wicked, restless ambition. And I believe it is the duty of every man, woman, and child, to raise an arm against it to crush it. Our Constitution and Union is never to be sacrificed. I believe in the integrity of the Union; I believe in the integrity of the Constitution; I believe in sustaining both by the power of the government.

But they say: "You would not coerce a State?" No; I would not coerce a State. I have said I would not; first, because it is impracticable; because you cannot coerce a State. Second, because it would be unjust to coerce a State in its domestic policy, if it could be done. But you may coerce rebellion in a State, until you give that State an opportunity to act through its loyal citizens in discharge of its duties to the Union. And I would coerce rebellion wherever I could find it. You may not coerce a community, but you may coerce its thieves and murderers. You may coerce State criminals, and thus enable the State and its loyal citizens to fulfil their relations in the government of the Union. If we can sustain our Union, if we can uphold our Constitution, it is not by compromising with rebellion; it is by putting down rebellion, and making our compromise with fidelity. And of all men living, a democrat is the last man who can take a stand against the constitution of his country. A democrat must live and move and have his being in the Constitution. He cannot live outside of nor in opposition to it. He must stand by the Constitution in all its parts. It was that doctrine that gave the democratic party its power and ascendancy in the times of Jefferson, of Madison, and of that old hero, Andrew Jackson. Just in proportion as the democracy have wandered from the Constitution, just in the same proportion have they gone down before the assaults of their opponents. And if they had been faithful, and stood fully up to their own doctrines, all the abolition parties of the earth, and all the republican parties of the earth, and all the combined powers of the earth could never have put down the old democratic party. I have ever believed in the justice of democracy, and I believe in it to-day as much as ever; and therefore I believe it to be my

duty to stand upon the ramparts of the Constitution and defend it from all foes, whether they come from the North, the South, the East, or the West. My fellow-democrats, presuming there are any such in my hearing, suppose Breckinridge had been elected, and Sumner and Garrison and Wendell Phillips and the abolitionists of the New England States generally had started a rebellion against the authority of the United States, what would I have done? I would have done as I am doing now. I would have tried to animate my countrymen to put them down by force of arms. Now why not treat Southern rebellion just as you would have treated Northern rebellion, Eastern rebellion as you would Western rebellion, and wherever rebellion comes from, put it down forever? That is my doctrine. I have stood by that doctrine in olden times, and I stand by it now; and if that doctrine goes down, I will go down with it.

There were causes of irritation between the sections, I admit. I deprecated them, and labored long and earnestly to quiet and get rid of them; but it was not done. Those causes of irritation, although they might have suggested to the Southern States to request becoming guarantees, never justified armed rebellion in any shape or manner. And what were they? The only real, practical cause of irritation was the non-execution of the Fugitive Slave Law; but that did not affect the Cotton States, so called. Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, and perhaps one or two other States, were the only ones ever injured by it. The Cotton States never lost a fugitive slave from the time of their existence to this day. To be sure, there was the question about Territories, but it was entirely ideal, a mere abstraction, and not a real grievance; but if it had been, they had the Supreme Court and a majority of both branches of Congress, and thus practically had control of the question. The fugitive slave question was the only practical one, therefore, which annoyed them, and that was not the cause of the rebellion. What State first seceded? South Carolina began to scrape lint before the presidential votes were counted. She had no practical grievance whatever. Look at Virginia. Though politicians cajoled, cheated, and defrauded, and bullies held bowie-knives to the throats of her citizens to coerce rebellion, it was a long time before they could compel that State into any thing like secession. And when they did so nominally, the

State government was revolutionized—one part withdrew from the other and organized a separate government, rather than allow it to go into the bottomless pit of secession. Maryland, when she gets a chance, votes against it. Missouri—her citizens are pouring out their blood like water and their treasure without stint, rather than be drawn into secession. Look at good old Kentucky, where her Governor and Senators have labored to take her out of the Union—after all attempts to seduce her from her fidelity to the Constitution, she gives more than sixty thousand majority for the Union. Now I inquire of all citizens in the free States, especially my democratic fellow-citizens, whether they are troubled about the integrity of Kentucky, whether they think it is necessary to stay up the hands of rebellion in Kentucky, so emphatically condemned there? I repeat, that the only practical cause of dissension was the fugitive slave question; and that appertained to States that could only be drawn or dragooned into the folly of secession. General Butler has had this question on his hands. As long as the Constitution was acknowledged, all conservative citizens admitted that it was the duty of the free States to restore the fugitive who was fleeing from the service of his master. General Butler has found the restoration of fugitives impracticable in many cases. The master had thrown off the Constitution. What was the result? He was obliged to receive hundreds of “contrabands” and retain them. I do not know what he is going to do with them; but I suppose something as the Irishman was going to do in the case of the Widow Maloney’s pig. “Did you steal Widow Maloney’s pig, Patrick?” asked the priest at confession. “That I did.” “What made you? Think what you will do, you heretic, in the great day when I shall be there, and you will be there, and the Widow Maloney will be there, and the pig will be there.” “And will your Reverence be there?” “Yes.” “And the Widow Maloney there?” “Yes.” “And the pig there?” “Yes.” “Well, I should say, Widow Maloney, take your pig!” Now, I do not know but General Butler is going to take as long a credit as did the Irishman. But when we have a Constitution, and acknowledge its force, I have no doubt but every just citizen will be in favor of seeing it complied with.

I have just as much confidence in the masses of the South-

ern people as in the masses of the Northern people. Both are alike. The masses are honest. To be sure, their institutions, their habits of life, their means of communication, render them mere excitable, more easily influenced by, and more relying upon their leaders for public information, and therefore more liable to be misled than the people of the North. Nevertheless, I have confidence in the Southern people; and the result of the great conflict in Kentucky assures me that the Southern heart is, with the people, sound to the core. Though terrified into seeming secession, with the exception of one or two States I am well satisfied that, if the question of union or disunion were submitted to the people to-day, an overwhelming vote would be given for the Union and its Stars and Stripes. Every indication has shown that. Whenever there has been an election in any Southern State, and a fair opportunity given, you have seen that the Union sentiment has prevailed. It is by military power, by threats, intimidation, destruction, murder, and arson, that they have succeeded in forcing onward the cause of secession. In some States, as, for instance, Louisiana, they never submitted the question to the people at all. It is a base humbug of Davis, Cobb & Co. to place themselves in power. The election of a political opponent was never a cause of secession or for a resort to force; and if those secession leaders had opposed Mr. Lincoln's election, from the time of the Charleston Convention, with half the pertinacity and force that I did, he would not have been elected. I charge in all my public speeches that they connived at that election; and the same has been charged home upon them by their own people in the South. Their time had come. Secession must be forced upon the South, or they would be ruined. They remind one of little boys who want to ride a horse. Those in the city get them a hobby-horse, and they can ride that. Country boys get astride of a stick, and ride that. This knot of office-seekers, failing to get a real horse to ride, or even a hobby, have mounted this poor stick of a Southern Confederacy and are riding that. It is just such ambition as caused the angels in heaven to rebel. It was not because we had not a good government, but because they could not rule it.

Call them democrats, or entitled to the sympathy of democrats, with arms in their hands against their government and

their hands red with the blood of our murdered citizens! They are enemies of their country; they are traitors to the flag and the Constitution, and as such I arraign them in the name of the Constitution and the Union. I arraign them in the name of civilization; I arraign them in the name of Christianity; I arraign them in the name of the fathers of the Revolution, who poured out their blood to gain the liberty transmitted to us; I arraign them in the name of the soldiers who marched barefoot to secure our blood-bought liberty; I arraign them in the name of the holy memories of the women of the Revolution, whose pure and gentle hearts were crushed and broken in the great struggle for freedom, independence, and nationality. In the great day of account, the savage Brant and more savage Butler, that deluged the beautiful valley of the Wyoming with blood, will stand up white in their crimes in comparison with the men who now attempt to divide and destroy this Union. The ferocious instincts of the savage taught him that he might be doing a duty to his people; but these men were born in a land of civilization, and baptized in the name of the Trinity, and they should be held to account for the abuse of the trust which has been confided to them. Who are these men, in arms against the government—in arms against the Union? They are men who have been educated at its expense, been laden with its honors, been pampered at its treasury. If we perish, we may say with the poet over the stricken eagle:

“Keen were his pangs, yet keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.”

If the Union is stung to the heart, it must be a melancholy reflection that we have reared the men who do it; that we have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against the institutions of their country; and like the demented Lear, we shall learn

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.”

We have seen by the action of the Border Southern States

that it is not their intention to permit this Government to be subverted. Every crime known in the catalogue of depravity, from treason to larceny, has been committed by the secession leaders, in attempting to drive them into rebellion. How can these men be sustained by any one; with hands dripping with blood—not only the blood of Northern, but of Southern citizens; and why? Because a Northern candidate was elected to the Presidency for four years, whose election they might have prevented—but connived at—they will hazard a whole country, so far as temporal existence is concerned, to gratify present personal pique and feed a mean ambition. Whoever sustains them, I will not. Whoever cries peace, I will not. Whoever cries compromise with them, I will not. I am for peace, but I am for making peace with the loyal citizens of the South—the loyal citizens of Kentucky, and of Missouri, too, who have sent that modern Nebuchadnezzar, Claiborne F. Jackson, to grass.

It is asked, in repetition, can you coerce a State? I say no; you cannot. You might as well coerce the sun to shine or the stars to twinkle; but you can punish individuals, few or many, who rebel against the Laws and Constitution of the Union. Can you coerce a neighborhood to be honest? No; but you may punish its criminals. The general government and the governments of the several States were designed to be in harmony in the exercise of separate but not inconsistent functions. We, as citizens of our respective States and also of the Union, hold twofold relations, and, under the admirable division and limitation of powers which characterize our system, owe distinct allegiance to each. The government of the Union, in its prescribed sphere, is supreme, and there is nothing in the abused and perverted principle of State sovereignty, or within the reach of State action, that can absolve its citizens from their allegiance and the obligations it imposes. No one can, under plea of State authority, justify armed rebellion in opposition to the Union and the Constitution of his country.

But Mr. Lincoln, it is said, forsooth, has violated the Constitution in conducting his Administration! Very well; there is a day of reckoning to come with him and his advisers. But it is one thing to violate the Constitution in defence of your country, and quite another to violate it in endeavoring to sub-

vert it. If my Democratic or Republican friends, "or any other man," are disposed to call the President to account (and I am not his defender), I merely beg, when they get through with him, that they will just inquire whether Mr. Jefferson Davis & Co. have gone strictly according to the Constitution of the United States? I have the impression that instituting a pretended government within the boundaries of the United States; that stealing the treasures of our government, its ships, arsenals, mints, &c.; betraying its command; firing upon its fortifications; organizing piracy upon the high seas, and a long list of other and kindred acts are slight infringements of the Constitution, and may require examination. I want my constitutional friends to come along with me, and when they get the Administration all regulated and on the constitutional track, look at this matter a little; for it seems it requires attention. I know not whether Mr. Lincoln has observed the Constitution; indeed, for all the purposes of resisting the rebellion, I care not. It is due to him to say, however, that he has seemed to be, in good faith, attempting to put down the rebellion. He has not done all things as I would have done them, because I would have multiplied his men by about four, and where he has struck one blow I would have struck a dozen. Therefore I do not agree with him in that respect. When the day comes we can have a settlement with him, for he is to be held, with all other public officers, to a strict account. But I would not do even that under the smoke of an enemy's guns. Let us see first that the rebellion is put down. And when that is done, I am ready to ask how it has been done.

I do not propose to yield this Union, or any part of it, to the so-called Confederate government that has been made up in the Southern States. It is no government, and there is nothing in the shape of a government, under it, over it, in it, or around it. Like a boy's training, it is all officers. It is made up thus: You shall be President of the Congress, and I will be President of the Confederacy; you shall be Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I will be Secretary of the Treasury. Doubtless, very well; satisfactory enough. If they had kept it to themselves, no one would have objected to their strutting in their stolen plumage. But it has arrayed itself against our Union and nationality, and it is time for the people of the United States to put their hands

upon it in earnest, and to maintain the government of the Constitution.

The *habeas corpus* (a hard kind of a name for a writ, but one which a lawyer or a Dutchman finds little difficulty in pronouncing), it is said, has been suspended and abused. Well, I think it is because some have written so much about it, while they knew so little. It simply means, "to have the body." A prisoner is alleged to be improperly imprisoned; and, in order that the case may be inquired into, a petition is presented to a judge, and the judge allows the writ, and the prisoner is brought up, and the person who holds him is bound to make a return. If the prisoner is illegally detained, the judge orders him to be discharged; if rightfully imprisoned, he remands him. That is all there is about it. It is simply a civil writ. But there is an old maxim, as old as Julius Cæsar would have been had he lived, "*inter arma leges silent*"—that is, *the laws are silent in the midst of arms*. Here is the question: an individual is imprisoned; some friend gets out a *habeas corpus*, and he is brought up, and the case is inquired into. And whoever interferes with, or obstructs that writ, is guilty of a great moral and legal wrong, and incurs a heavy penalty. But in time of war it is a different matter. Here it is found that a man is preparing to blow up a fortress, or betray an army to the enemy. The officer in command arrests, and sends him to a fort, with orders that he be strongly guarded, because he is known to be a traitor, and in the confidence of traitors and enemies. A lawyer sues out a writ of *habeas corpus*. But what is the result? It cannot be served, and the prisoner cannot be procured; they cannot see him unless the judge's tongue is longer than the soldier's bayonet. Would any one, if he was commanding at Fortress Monroe, Fort McHenry, or anywhere else, where he was surrounded with treason and traitors at every step, because a judge sent a writ of *habeas corpus*, give up a traitor who was endangering the safety of his command and the interest of his country? No man can pretend it for a single moment; it is one of the terrible necessities of war. And if I were in command, and had good reason to believe that I had possession of a traitor, and no other remedy would arrest treachery, I would suspend the writ and the culprit too. General Jackson had the hearts of the American people more than

any man of modern times. And why? Because he met great necessities like a man. He didn't go, in times of stringent necessity, to demonstrate problems from musty precedents, but when a man wanted hanging, he hung him first and looked up the law afterwards. There are times and occasions when this is the only way to do in dealing with treason. The civil law affords no adequate remedy. While you are discussing the question the country may be ruined, the Capitol in flames, the archives destroyed. When the war is over we may examine and see if any one has incurred a penalty for suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*. General Jackson paid his fine, but not till after he had put down both foreign foes and domestic traitors.

So long as there is a citizen South that demands the protection of this government, it is our duty to protect the government of the Union for his sake. And when there is none, it is our duty to maintain it; for politically, geographically, socially, and commercially, it is one in every sense; it is utterly impossible for this government to be divided without utter destruction to both sections. When you attempt to divide the North and the South, you must do the same between the East and West. Then all will go to pieces, and our country will become a second Mexico—and worse than Mexico; because we have ten times more material for mischief and destruction. A military despotism will be inaugurated when you permit this rebellion to triumph.

But some cry, "we are in favor of peace." So was I for negotiating a peace until a fortification was fired upon by rebel artillery, and then I bade adieu to all expectation of peace until conquered over rebellion. I say there is no peace until you can put down rebellion by force of arms; and when every other man, woman, and child has acknowledged in the United States the independence of the revolted States, to those with arms in their hands, I will still oppose it, and will speak against it for my own gratification when no others will hear me. We must stand by the Union. Fellow-citizens, the language of Andrew Jackson was: "The Union must and shall be preserved." What would General Jackson have done had he been at the helm to-day? He would have hanged the traitors higher than Haman. You may make peace with the loyal men of the South, and there is the place to make it. But how will you do it with

rebellion? Go with the agreement in one hand and a revolver in the other, and ask the Confederacy to take its choice? If there are any you can treat with, they are the loyal citizens of the South—those that are persecuted for the sake of their government—those that love the Constitution and are willing to die in its defence,—when they are restored to position by conquering rebellion. All should strive together for this good end; men should bare their bosoms in battle; women implore, in the name of Heaven, that the blessings of the Union may return; and children raise their little hands to curse this rebellion as a ferocious monster, that has come to dim with blood and tears the lustre of their birth-star.

I believed, when the evening of the last Presidential election had closed down, that I should claim exemption and an honorable discharge from the active discussions of the day. I congratulated myself that I should once more enjoy repose in the quiet of my home and in the pursuit I loved. But this question of government or anarchy has risen, and I find it my duty to raise my voice at the demands of my fellow-citizens, until turbulence is hushed, or is crowned with triumph. Are you in favor of war? No; but I am in favor of putting down war by force of arms. I am opposed to war and in favor of obtaining peace by putting down the authors of the war. I am in favor of peace; but I am in favor of the only course that will insure it—driving out armed rebellion, and negotiating with loyalty!

When this country commences to die, it will die rapidly. When this nation is given up to disruption, it will go to swift destruction. Rome, to be sure, was three hundred years dying; but its physical powers were greater than ours, its moral force less, its nervous energy less acute than ours. When we fall, we shall go down in blood and darkness; but not in tears, for the dying never weep. Nero, the last and worst of the Cæsars, sung to his harp while his capital was in flames; Tamerlane, to signalize his brutal ferocity, reared a monument of seventy thousand human skulls; Attila declared that the grass should never grow where the hoof of his war-horse trod; Hyder Ali left the Carnatic black with ashes and desolation;—but he who destroys the American Union will be a greater curse than all or either. And “the foe, the monster Brant,” who fell upon and slaughtered the defenceless women and children of this

lovely valley, will be more approved in history by men, and be a truer man in the sight of God, than the despoilers of our late happy Union. Shall the fell destroyers of this beautiful fabric be permitted to accomplish their infernal errand, and shall they be aided in this work of evil by the cry of peace? Let none escape under this shallow pretension. Solomon, the wise king of Judea, spared not the murderous Joab, though he fled for refuge to inclosures of the Tabernacle, and clung for protection to the horns of the altar—he slew him there. And a cry of peace, to be negotiated with armed traitors, should serve as a city of refuge to none.

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

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

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

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

I know there are some who fear the warlike power of the rebellious States. They had a great deal of power for good; but they have a great deal less than they imagined, or is generally supposed, for evil. We are a good deal slower in waking up, but when waked up we are a good deal more in earnest. The tone of the rebel press is exceeding braggart in regard to its men and its victories. It reminds me, when I hear of their self-lauded prowess, of the showman who spoke of the great capacity of the animal he was exhibiting: “Ladies and gentlemen,” said he, “this is the royal Bengal tiger, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, and fourteen more from the tip of his tail back to the tip of his nose, making, in all, twenty-eight feet.” I think their estimates about their forces and capacity are just about as liberal, and they are to be looked at accordingly. Nevertheless, they have great elements of mischief, and if Satan himself had been sent on earth to scourge mankind, and to cover the land with desolation, he could not have performed his mission more successfully than by assuming the shape of a rebel demagogue, and preaching secession.

Now I have a clear and well-defined and distinct theory of what I would do with this matter to attain peace. I do not know that this government can ever be brought back to where it was before, in the enjoyment of all its relations; but I believe it can be. In population, wave succeeds wave in generations, as wave succeeds wave upon the ocean, and the men of to-day pass away to-morrow. I believe it can be brought back, not by fostering rebellion; but by treating it as treason, robbery, and murder. And, if this government ever can be saved, it must be by a summary chastisement and overthrow of rebellion, so that the loyal people of the Southern States can come forward and administer the government of those States as before. Who is the missionary that is going with his peace prop-

ositions? What is he going to say? What will he say to this party in rebellion? It is a pretty thing to talk about, and for the designing to dupe the North with; it is a very awkward thing to reduce to practice.

If you drive out rebellion, you will have a loyal people South as well as North. Then they will all do what Virginia, Missouri, and Maryland are trying to do, and what Delaware and Kentucky are doing. Are there any men here who want this Union divided? Then do not sympathize with treason in any form of gender, number, person, or case, in any of its ramifications. Hunt it like a ferocious monster wherever you find it. Are there any who wish this matter let alone, to perfect the rebellion so causelessly commenced?

“ Who would be a traitor knave?
 Who would fill a coward's grave?
 Who so base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee.
 Who for *Union and for Law*
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me.”

That is, let him fight for the Union, the whole Union, and nothing but the Union. Let every American citizen, instead of crying “peace, peace, when there is no peace,” rally upon the ramparts until Secession is silenced—until the roar of its artillery has ceased. Then we shall have peace—enduring, perpetual peace; and as monsters are seldom born of the same generation, we shall have no more of this secession in the present century or in the next. This government is the government of the American people. It is ours to use, ours to enjoy, but it is not ours to subvert. We are trustees, and charged with sacred responsibilities. All we have to do is to bask in the sunshine of its blessings. But cursed be the unholy ambition of that man who attempts to destroy it. I regard him and will treat him as a traitor to his kind.

It will be time enough to contend as to who shall administer the government when we are sure we have one to administer. He who is not for the government is against it. I have determined to fight this battle out, on no political grounds, but

upon the constitutional ground of my fathers. There I will stand, and animate my countrymen to stand with me, and when once we shall have peace restored—when we shall have put down rebellion, when we shall have encouraged fidelity, and prosperity shall again greet us, then let us ascertain if any part of any State is oppressed, if any individual is wronged, if any are deprived of their rights, and see that equal and exact justice is extended to all.

This is a great crisis, not only in our affairs but in the affairs of human liberty. The Angel of Freedom, after coursing over the wide expanse of waters in the Old World, found no rest for the sole of her foot until she hovered here. Here is her resting-place. God of my fathers, oh, protect her! Let us go forward to this great work of preservation, not as members of political parties, but as American citizens, bound to carry out the work our fathers begun, by the exercise of every energy, moral and material. Here is our glorious Ship of State, with its ensign streaming, its Stars and Stripes beaming of hope, carrying gladness wherever seen by the true-hearted, and we hail it as the noblest emblem of earth. Heaven bless that noble ship.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A UNION MASS MEETING, HELD AT CORTLAND,
NEW YORK, September 3, 1861.

WE come here, fellow-citizens, not as democrats, not as republicans, not as abolitionists, not as "native Americans;" we come here as the people. Seeing that the enemy is at the gates of our common citadel, seeing that armed rebellion is threatening us with destruction as a nation, we come together to stay up the hands of the government and cling to the pillars of the constitution, swearing, in our faith, if these institutions fall we fall with them. The question is not "who is at the head of this administration?" and I shall not inquire whether his name be Abraham Lincoln or Andrew Jackson. He is the people's representative in the government, and, for those who like him and confide in him, it is their duty to do all they can to sustain him, and for those who do not, it is their duty to do much more. Those who believe that he and his administration are adequate to the great occasion, can rejoice in the pride of their strength; those who believe they are not should come forward, call upon their Hercules, and put their shoulders to the wheel. I shall not adopt your political principles, if you are a party opponent, as many of you are, and I do not ask you to adopt mine; but I ask you to go with me in a great and common duty, which concerns us all alike, to shield the government, first from rebellion and destruction, and then, if there is a question between us as to who shall govern it afterwards, we will discuss that on another day. I go for the preservation of this government; I would cleave him down, as Samuel did Agag, who undertakes to destroy it; and it is of little consequence to me whether its enemy is in arms, or whether he is aiding the armed; whether he is a rebel or an aid to rebellion; whether he points the fatal weapon at the bosom of his fellow-man, or

aids and encourages another to do so; whether he applies the torch to the capitol of our country, and attempts to burn it to ashes and destroy its archives, or is an apologist, and connives at and encourages it under the tongue of peace. I have earned what little reputation I enjoy before the public by standing by the constitution, and I intend to stand by it as long as there is one single shred of it left, and whether it is assailed by opinion or by arms, by North or by South, by one class or another, I care not. He is the foe to the government who assails it, and *my* foe, and I dare him to a trial of the strength of the constitution and the Union before the people.

The very existence of the institutions under which we live is threatened, and there are but two sides to the question. One is in their favor and the other is against them. There can be no doubt of the result of this matter if properly prosecuted; and we are embarrassed more to day by attempts to connive at the rebellion, within our own borders, than we are at the rebellion itself. For there is strength enough and power enough of men and money and material and determination to crush this rebellion to the very earth, where it deserves to be, and must be, crushed. There is no other way to deal with it. The administration has unquestionably put forth its best efforts. I am not the chosen defender of the administration. I am its political opponent, when I act politically; but in emergencies like this I intend to rise above political considerations entirely.

I change no political opinions. I say political opinions have nothing to do with the question that is pressing upon us, one way or the other. It is not who shall be tenant at the capital. It is not who, as the chosen agent of the people, shall govern this great nation. It is, "shall it be preserved for any party to govern?" Now none shall escape from this issue. There are no slippery and filthy stepstones by which political office-seekers can crawl away from it, either up or down. It is a question of existence, our existence as a country and a nation; and he who is not for maintaining that existence is for destroying it. The administration came in with a thousand embarrassments around it; corruption and treason in every department to the very lips; military officers betraying their command; naval officers stealing their ships; officers in the mint and in the custom-houses, and in every department, stealing its

property or turning it over to the enemy; and a new administration, with a new cabinet, coming in as a party administration, having only the confidence of a part of the people, had all kinds of embarrassments upon its hands. So far as they have done what is commendable, I commend them for it. If they have not done all I would myself have done under like circumstances, if they have been remiss in any degree, it is the province of the people to call them to an account, and ask them to administer the government so as to put down the rebellion at the earliest moment.

The sin that most easily besets the American people is politics. Everything is desecrated by politics in this country. Like the frogs, and lice, and locusts of Egypt, it comes up into the bed, the oven, and the kneading-trough. We eat, and drink and sleep on politics; and if I should find a traitor to heaven and earth, and wish for a name to curse the knave, I would call him a mean, managing, grog-shop politician. Even in the matter of this great crisis, there is an attempt going forward to raise a political party upon it. "Why don't you rally to sustain this government?" you ask. "Why, those abolitionists kindled this fire." "Well, what difference does that make? Does it burn any more than if democrats had kindled it." The question is, how can we arrest the flame, not who kindled it? Your church is on fire, and you are summoned to save it. It is burning rapidly and threatening the destruction of the dwelling beside it, so that

"The blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood."

But the Baptists say that the Methodists set the fire, and the Presbyterians say the Baptists set it, and the Methodists say that both the others set it, or might have prevented it, and no one will endeavor to extinguish the flames! What a spectacle for a Christian people! We hear the cry of "fire," and the engines rattling, and the cry of alarm rises from all, but the great majority hang back and say, "I didn't set it on fire. I told them that building would get on fire if they didn't look to it, and I shan't help put it out." But I hold it is of no consequence how the fire came; the edifice is burning. It is not

Mr. Lincoln's house, but belongs to the American people—not only to the present generation, but to generations to come throughout the long pathway of future time.

But there is an attempt going on now in the honored name of democracy, to make political capital out of this question of the nation's life or death, in order that scurvy politicians may ride into office upon it, or have an organization that they can manage. It is not the work of the democratic party. I repudiate it for the democracy up and down, and in every other sense; but it is the effort of a set of selfish and self-constituted meddlers—the Mrs. Cunninghams of the democratic party, who are in labor with their bogus baby, that they may claim the democratic inheritance. They seek to inaugurate a party on the assumption that the President of the United States is not conducting this war according to the constitution. They have laid out a constitutional chart, upon which they ask him to travel, turning his toes to the true constitutional angle, and taking every step according to the constitution. I expect those administering the government to go according to the constitution; but have my own views of what is the constitution and what the rebellion, and of what is the duty of the administration in putting down the rebellion; and I have an idea what I would do in putting it down, if I had charge of it.

The constitution is a great landmark, and not a bill of particulars. Every power given by the constitution directing a thing to be done, always implies the power to do it. If the constitution erects a government, it presupposes its maintenance by all the usual and ordinary means within the reach of that government; and in times of war, and of rebellion, there is a power arising from the very necessity of the case that controls the whole question; and when you hear the small-beer politician prating upon the idea of unconstitutionality, ask him, in the first place, whether he thinks it exactly constitutional for men to go into the United States Senate, into the House of Representatives, and into the army and navy, and, after taking a solemn oath, in the presence of Almighty God, that they will "support the constitution of the United States," and, while that oath is yet warm on their lips, to engage in raising a rebellion against that constitution? And when he has answered that, tell him that if there is perjury in hell, it is that kind of

oath-taking and oath-breaking. I say that the administration—any administration; I don't care whether it is one of my choice or one of my opposition—has the right, and it is its duty to do everything, according to the laws of war, necessary for the maintenance of our government; and if they do not do it, I will be one for dealing with them and holding them answerable as traitors themselves.

Now, it is supposed that there is no war power except that which arises out of and is prescribed by a written constitution. There is a power upon which the constitution stands; that lies beneath the constitution, and rises above it, and is round about it on either hand. It is the great law of self-preservation; for communities, nations, and states, as well as for individuals. It is as old as civilization. It had not its origin in the constitution. It arises in the very necessity of the existence of civil government. Away with the idea of the necessity of having a written guaranty for everything the President may do to preserve the government. I say it is a part of his oath to stand by and save the country, and employ such means as he believes will be effectual for the purpose; and if he does not do this he deserves to be impeached. This is the law of all nations, and has always been.

But there is a law of *habeas corpus*, and that has been invaded, and the President has violated it, and has not allowed some traitor to be released, and has suspended the writ. He has done exactly right; and I did say a while ago if I could not have arrested the treachery I would have suspended the offender as well as the writ; and I have not changed my opinion much since. What an idea it would be! Here is a rebellion in Baltimore or in Missouri, and a traitor in league with the enemy, and by his conduct is about to cause our armies to be sacrificed; our very government in danger; its existence imperilled; the lives of a large number of persons in jeopardy. He is known to be a traitor—morally known. He has been tracked out and ascertained, and yet he must be brought up before a judge and examined; and if there is not legal, technical evidence against him, he must be discharged; and if government are not satisfied they must appeal, and get it up before a court that may sit and may not at some future time, and enter upon a litigation as protracted as the chancery suit in Bleak House.

The law of war acts right up to the necessities of the occasion; it brings men up to time, and treats them practically and according to the emergencies of the case. But to suspend the "liberty of the press." Oh! how bad that is, to have the press suspended! The "liberty of the press!" Say anything on the subject of the government to those who sympathize against it, and "liberty of the press" is the first thing you hear. The press has liberty enough; and here let us examine into this befogged question a little. The liberty of the press is a great and sacred right and blessing. But it is a right no greater than individual liberty, nor than many other rights. The liberty of the press is to be enjoyed so long as it does not aid in the destruction of the government; so long as it is an engine for good, and not for evil; so long as it is an element for preservation, and not for destruction. The idea is the most idle, foolish, and mischievous that ever existed, to allow an infernal machine of treason to exist and work its errand of mischief, because it is a "press." The liberty of fire is a great right. We could not do without it. It is necessary for warmth, for the preparation of food, for propelling machinery, and for a thousand purposes, and every one has a right to enjoy it. But one comes at the dark and fearful hour of midnight, and, with a torch, passes from dwelling to dwelling, and lights up the darkness of midnight with the flames of happy homes. He is arrested, and says, "You deprived me of the liberty of fire! What a tyrannous and abominable government! Fire is free, and I am merely using this right guaranteed to me by the Constitution, and now I am deprived of it! What a tyrannous government to deprive a citizen of the liberty of fire!" The right of implements of husbandry, too, is a great right. In our wooded country the right of wielding the axe is a great right. But suppose an individual should use the axe, instead of for cutting wood or splitting rails, for splitting his neighbor's head open? He would be deprived of that liberty, and then he might cry out "What tyranny!" The right of the axe is sacred. Every man must have that right. The right of individual liberty is one of the most sacred rights under heaven; far above the right of the press and every other right. Yet, when a man converts himself from the enjoyments

of true manhood to the destruction of his neighbor's property, you put him in prison.

Now, when you hear this idle parrot prate about the "liberty of the press," tell him it is to be enjoyed so long as it upholds right, but it is not to be an engine of destruction, going about on merciless errands. In my opinion Mr. Lincoln ought to have laid his hand upon a great many treasonable journals which he has not done. A more abominable abuse never existed. If Satan should be let loose after his confinement of a thousand years, he could not do more mischief than these miserable treasonable journals. I am for strong measures when they are clearly required. I did not learn my democracy in the school of management or lobby trickery. I learned it at the bar of Andrew Jackson's court, where it was synonymous with patriotism; where it was taught that true democracy was not inconsistent with true duty; where its first declared duty was to uphold the Constitution, and, in the language of the Son of Man, "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that be God's." This is true democracy.

Any democrat who undertakes to embarrass the administration, whether he loves or hates it, in such a crisis as this, is no democrat and no good citizen, and ought to be put up as a monument for scorn to point her slow, unmoving finger at. His genuineness as a patriot and supporter of his country and its cause must be about equal to that of the old Revolutionary soldier I have heard of in the interior of Pennsylvania. The inhabitants of the place had determined on having a Fourth of July celebration, of the old-fashioned, spread-eagle kind, and looked for a man, for a Revolutionary soldier to give interest to the occasion, and finally succeeded in finding one, a venerable old German. He was brought a great distance and placed upon the platform near the orator, who waxed grandly eloquent upon the patriotic deeds of the surviving hero; and at the close of the oration he was desired to give some of his personal recollections of the war. "You," said the president, "must have known Washington?" "Yes, I knew him." "Where did you meet him?" "At Trenton." "Were you in the battle?" "Yes, I surrender to Washington." "You surrender to Washington! How was that?" "*I vas von Hessian!*"

Now, I think when you hear of a Democrat embarrassing the administration at such a time as this, when you inquire his history, you will find he was "*von Hessian*."

These Hessian Democrats are distressed for fear I am going to turn black Republican, or Abolitionist, or something; particularly those gentlemen that were out at Buffalo in '48. They are so much afraid of black Republicans and Abolitionists now, that they cannot act with them in arresting rebellion. These very men, some of them, had my name published so long in black letters, for standing by the Constitution then, that I am not so much afraid of what is black as they seem to be. I think it will be well for them to review their own history. I have fought the Republicans all my days, and will again when I please; but when they will go with me to put down rebellion in arms against the government, I will go with them. I do not regard my political virtue so weak that I am afraid to test it. Captain Marryatt tells of a lady at a boarding-school that went into the parlor, and seeing a gentleman, came running out, crying—"a man, a man!" And so it is with these politicians. They are afraid they will get too near a black Republican and lose their Democracy in spite of themselves. But history and a somewhat enlarged experience have taught me that it is not always the most virtuous that make the most parade of their virtue.

The great cry now is "Peace." They say, "There must be peace." We are all in favor of peace. I don't doubt but that many honest men, Democrats and others, think it attainable by negotiation with rebels; but any one who will look at it with half an eye can see that it is impossible. What is this matter we are treating of? It is one of the most formidable, causeless, and wicked rebellions that has ever occurred since Satan's revolt in heaven. A greater army is attempting on this continent to overthrow the government than has ever been on the continent before; and those who are attempting to put it down are met in the field by the stolen weapons of the United States; by the officers who have been laden with the honors and had their military education at the expense of the American people. And they are attempting to do what? To dissolve this holy Union; to destroy forever the government of Washington. And who are attempting to aid them? I do not refer to men who march

by their side, for they are comparatively entitled to consideration for their manhood; but men are among us every day crying "peace," and sowing the insidious disease of sympathy with rebellion among the people. This very press is outraging the feelings of every true man and defying the government; and when our arms meet with reverses and the enemy prevails over us, then it is that they rejoice. Stand up, Mr. Apologist for secession! and let us see whether you can face an indignant people. In what work are you engaged? Attempting to destroy the government of your fathers! "I am not trying to do that. I am in favor of Peace." Every woman widowed by this rebellion has a right to look upon you, sir, as the murderer of her husband. Every orphan may look upon you as the guilty destroyer of its natural protector. The loyal citizen, too, looks upon you as one who aids and abets treason, and furnishes aid and comfort to the enemy. Your hands are red with the blood of murdered citizens. Ah, in this brief war how many have been sent down with violence and butchery to the grave! How many bitter, unavailing tears have been shed! How many pure and gentle hearts have been crushed and broken! And still you cry peace, when you know there is no peace! Come, take arms in your hands, and stand on the side of rebellion, and point your bayonets at the breasts of your own brethren here, or else help us to put it down. You will stand as men with men, and be no more guilty in the sight of God to take arms against us than to encourage others to do so. The party that attempts to do this ought to sink beyond the reach of help or resuscitation. Any party will be consigned to infamy that cannot lay aside its politics in such a crisis; and should the Democratic party, with all its ancient renown, attempt to organize upon opposition to this war, or by giving it a left-handed support, there would not be enough left of leaders or followers for finger-boards to point to the burial ground where the whole party will be engulfed together.

The Federalists of 1812 formed one of the most powerful parties that ever existed. There has never been such a galaxy, and, I may say, aristocracy of talent in the country as was in the old Federal party. But they were swept away, so that, like the servants of Job, there was scarce one left to tell of their destruction. They opposed the war of 1812, and there never

was a war more shabbily conducted than that was for a long time. Mr. Madison's administration had not comprehended the great exigencies of the case. The Capitol was actually seized by British troops. Our towns were burned and our flag disgraced by the enemy, and we were scarcely less disgraced by the conduct of the war in various quarters. The Federalists opposed themselves to that war, but with not a thousandth part of the wickedness of those who oppose the war to crush this rebellion; and yet they were swept away, and not a single vestige of that once proud party left remaining. If it be material to ascertain why this was so, the solution will be found in the fact that they were opponents of the country and the government in a great crisis in their existence. The Tories of the Revolution had a vivid experience of a similar kind. Execration will forever follow them. The Tories of to-day can plainly read their doom in the story of the Tories of the Revolution, and in that of the Federalists of 1812. But it is of greater importance for us who desire to sustain the country, to know how we can meet the great exigencies of the occasion. We cannot acquit ourselves by half-way measures—by half supporting and half opposing; a kind of mermaid support, half woman and half fish. It must be whole-souled, and go to the whole extent. If it is intended to put this rebellion down, it must be taken strong hold of, and it is the duty and the high privilege of the American people to put it down, and put it down forever. "Treat with it and make liberal propositions of peace." These have become the catch-words of the day—"I am in favor of prosecuting the war and of maintaining the Union, but I would at the same time make the most liberal propositions of peace."

Now let us see. Suppose there was a riot in Cortland, and a hundred men were engaged in the destruction of property. You call the magistracy together. They all come out and attempt to quell the riot, but their force is inadequate, and they call out the military power. But the magistracy instruct them: "Go and put down the riot. It is in arms against us. It is threatening life and property and carrying on destruction. Put it down; but at the same time make it the most liberal offers of peace." You send an officer to arrest a murderer. His hands are red with blood, but you tell the officer: "We are

opposed to murderers;—go and arrest him, but make him the most liberal propositions of peace.” That is the argument of it. I wonder if they suppose they can hold a position on such a niche as that? Yes; liberal offers of peace, to an army in the field, of hundreds of thousands of men, in sight of the Capitol, with their guns levelled upon it; destroying life and property, and committing every crime, political and moral, that can be found in the catalogue of depravity. I might possibly consent to drop some of their leaders a line, but there would be a noose at the end of it. I am for just such propositions of peace as have been made to them at Hatteras by Butler and Stringham. Stringham is a very good name. I am quite willing it should be Stringthem. That is the only proposition that they can understand or appreciate, and the only proposition that can or ought to be made.

We must go with a great deal more leniency, because they are our “brothers!” But are they for that reason authorized to murder us and destroy the common citadel of the family household? No! meet them at once. It is much easier to defend the door-sill than the hearth-stone. It is better to fight the battle at the porch than at the altar. Settle the question there, and let it be disposed of there. Those men mean disunion and nothing else. They have meant it for a great number of years. They care no more now about the questions that have divided parties in regard to slavery than I care for nudity in the Feejee Islands. They are determined, and had rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. If they could not govern the whole country, they meant to govern part, we are told, and have forced us to try the question of national existence by the terrible arbitrament of the sword. And yet when they are engaged in this causeless rebellion, to treat them with great leniency, and go with the most liberal propositions of peace! An old Revolutionary soldier, who was accustomed to walk with an *espontoon*, which he had carried in the war—a long staff with a sharp instrument, like a knife, at one end—was assailed one day by a ferocious dog, and bitten. Failing to drive the dog away, he turned the sharp end of the weapon and run him through. The owner of the dog cried out angrily, “What made you kill my dog?” “Because,” said the soldier, “he bit me and threatened my life.” “Why did you not keep him off with the

other end of your weapon?" "I should," said the soldier, "if the dog had come with the other end at me."

Now, if they had only come to us with liberal propositions of peace, we could have gone to them in the same way; but when they come with fire and sword and war and threatening, there is no other way to meet them but with corresponding weapons and in a manner to ensure their overthrow. We must either conquer or they must. It is a question between government, on the one hand, and treason and rebellion on the other; and you may weigh it out as many times as you will; you may pretend to erect political parties on it; but after generations and the judgment of Heaven will hold him responsible who undertakes to aid this rebellion in any shape or manner. "They are entitled to consideration!" Why? If they had staid in Congress they would, with the conservatives of the North, have held the majority, and of course the power of the legislative department; but they meant to avail themselves of the election of an opposition President as a pretence to dissolve this government, and erect a military monarchy; for that is what they would have in their despotism; and that is the very question we have to deal with. Mark their whole course. Trace it from the springing of this upas tree that has diffused its malaria far and near, North and South. Examine it in all its parts; and you will find there is nothing in or about it, but what breathes contagion, and is rank with death and destruction. Woe be to the politician who undertakes to jeopard the existence of the government by paltering in a double sense with this great question! It is not a question between the North and South. It is one between government and rebellion.

There is no people more loyal than a large majority of those of the Southern States themselves, when you take the revolver from their ears and the bowie knife from their throats. Has Virginia yielded?—poor old State—a portion of her people have been bullied, dragooned, and defrauded into secession, and no sooner is that done than she rises like the Phoenix from her ashes, and reorganizes a government faithful to the Union. Did they yield in Missouri? No. General Fremont has been under the necessity of proclaiming martial law to protect the citizens from pillage and destruction. In Kentucky do they yield? No. Look at the mighty majority there of 60,000. There they met

secession in the face. Look at the speeches of Holt and Crittenden, and at the vote there, and see what you find. Go with me for a single moment to the State of Tennessee and take one act that is a specimen of the whole of this rebellion. We all remember Andrew Jackson and his glorious history, and the great services he performed for his country, and how he crushed this serpent of rebellion when it attempted to rear its hideous head in his day. In the early days of Andrew Jackson, and through all the agitations of his life, there was one found who never forsook him. One man, somewhat his junior in age, a lawyer like himself, who went with him to fight the Indians on the borders; who was with him at New Orleans, and accompanied him in subduing the Spanish in Florida; who was with him through all trails, and went by his side with a friendship like the friendship of David and Jonathan. That man passed on through all these conflicts, and being found honest, capable, and faithful, was placed on the Supreme Bench of the State of Tennessee. From there he was finally transferred to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. In the mean time he had grown to be aged;—twenty years more of frost had silvered his head than has silvered mine, yet he remained in his exalted position as one of the justices of the highest tribunal of the American Union. Holding his circuit according to the Constitution and laws in the State of Missouri, it became his duty to charge the grand jury on the subject and crime of treason; and he did charge them, as any lawyer will say, and as required by his oath, truly. When he returned to his native Tennessee, where he had lived his long and honorable life; where he had buried Andrew Jackson; where he had discharged the various duties of soldier, officer, lawyer, and judge, and where he found his aged partner on a sick-bed, almost gasping out her last life-breath, he was warned to resign his office or leave the State. The old man of upwards of 80 years, and who was bound there to his State, to his home, by so many recollections, rather than yield his life to brutal violence, was forced to fly to some city of refuge where he might find safety. That man was John Catron, of the United States Supreme Court. And these are the men that our peace politicians desire to have treated with “liberal propositions of peace!” Are they alone to blame? No! Those who write, and print, and circulate sentiments in

sympathy with them, and hold conventions and peace meetings, and practice treason under that name, are as responsible as they. I condemn them all together; and the judgment of Heaven will condemn them all together; and the indignant people will cry out against them together, for they are all the same in kind.

My friend tells me there is something to be said about taxes. Taxes are at all times burdensome, but they are vastly more burdensome without a government than they are with one. In our present case it will be a great deal better to be taxed a half, or even to the full amount of all we possess, if we can maintain our ground, than to have the ploughshare of ruin driven over the whole, and destroy property and government together. I tell you, my fellow-citizens, as a man who has had some experience, and devoted himself somewhat to thought on these questions, that when once you let rebellion succeed in a popular government there is an end of the whole matter; and after that show me the most wealthy man in a community, and I will show you one who has the power of hand to get and keep by the law of main force. Let this rebellion succeed and you will have every other kind of rebellion down to that where, if a vagabond wants your horse, he will take it in spite of you, and there will be no law to help you. The rule will be that "he may take who has the power, and let him keep who can." Are the taxes going to be formidable? Certainly! Who is to blame? Those who have inaugurated the rebellion, or those who are trying to subdue it? I confess I thought we had come to a degenerate time; that there was little of true life or patriotism left in the country, and I do not, for myself, regret this war; it has taught me that there is a popular heart; for I see the people rise in their majesty and cast aside the miserable shackles of politics, and I would like to see a party, however strong, strong enough to hold me on such a question. It must not be made of secession leather, or I will rend it as Samson did the seven green withes. Who objects to taxes? An individual here and there who, not being well informed, thinks if he can have peace it will raise the price of butter. But he who complains of taxes, at such a time as this, is no friend of his country; and when you see a man cry out against the taxes to support such a war, you may believe that Judas Iscariot is

laughing in his sleeve to think he was not living in this day, for he would surely have been underbid. No! let every man bare his bosom to the shafts of this great battle. Let him comprehend it in all its vastness, and see that these men in rebellion mean destruction and nothing else, and that their aiders and abettors are no better than they.

Let them know they are to have no aid from the North and they will ground their arms. But let them think there is a party here to help them, and they will fight forever. You who cry out for peace should go for a vigorous prosecution of the war, for that is the shortest and only sure way to peace. Throw ten men in where there is but one now, and prosecute it with a vigor becoming this great people. None of us need change our political sentiments. We can go together in this, for it concerns all. But those who are determined, who have made up their minds to oppose their government, there is no use in talking to, I know. "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, yet will his foolishness not depart from him," and the same of a secessionist. I talk to those who wish to commune together, that we may compare ideas and determine how to best act. My theory is clear and plain—that you must put down rebellion and treat with fidelity. I had a letter, a few days since, from a gentleman in Kentucky, whom I never saw, but with whom I have sometimes corresponded. He said, "We wish to know what you are going to do in the North. In Kentucky we are prepared to fight out rebellion and put it down forever; but we are told that you in the North are going to give way and put in propositions for peace." I wrote him back, "In my opinion, so long as there is a loyal citizen, so long as there is a dollar at the North, so long will this war be prosecuted, until this infernal rebellion is put down." You can't change a man's mind who won't be convinced, but you may arrest treason in its thousand walks, and bring it to the judgment of an indignant people.

This question is becoming more and more understood. Men are meeting together to commune upon it; woman at the altar is pouring forth her gentle and availing prayer, and children are raising their hands against the monster that has come to curse them and dim the lustre of their rising star. Let us all act together, and see if we cannot have one occasion where we

can rise above the party questions of the day. As for myself, I am enlisted for the war. I will call upon my fellow-citizens far and near to go with me in this great battle of opinion, and see if this country can be sustained and this government upheld, if these glorious Stars and Stripes can float over the sea and land throughout the long tracks of future time, to gladden the many millions who are to come after us. Shall we permit this government to be destroyed? No, I say, never! Let us stand up like men to this great occasion, and let him who fails or falters be called, as he deserves, a traitor.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A UNION MASS MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF
TOMPKINS AND THE ADJOINING COUNTIES, HELD AT ITHACA,
N. Y., September 7, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—That there should be a free government, founded upon this continent, wherein no king-craft should bear sway, and where the people themselves should be sovereign, our fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. They staked all upon a great issue, and stood the hazard of the die. They asserted the great, the simple, the sublime truth that men were created free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; and that among them were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. After having evolved that great idea, so easily understood by all, they marched through peril and hardship, barefoot and over frozen ground, that they might establish and defend and maintain the liberty and the freedom that they had asserted. Go back with me to the issues of that eventful period—not merely in the history of this continent, but in the history of the world, such as man had never before, nor has elsewhere seen; and we find that they laid the foundations of this government broad and deep upon that solid rock of eternal truth, and adorned with all the learning and statesmanship of modern times; and especially they taught that man is a sovereign being. They denied the impious divine right of kings; they alleged and maintained that every people should govern themselves; and, after having asserted the sublime truth, they went forward upon the untried future, to work out the great experiment. It was an experiment and hope to them; it is realization and fruition to us. The great fact has been established, and its results have sped far beyond what they had anticipated or imagined. The little cloud no bigger

than a man's hand has brought the sound of abundance of rain. The sparse colonies that struggled along upon the Atlantic slope have grown to be more than thirty free and prosperous States, not confined to the limits which even those great men and greater minds believed would be prescribed, but have leaped over the Mississippi; scared the eagle from his crag on the Rocky Mountains, and have only paused where the Pacific's wave rolls on the golden sands of California. From the St. John, on the northeast, by a line of coast nearly four thousand miles long, they stretch to the Rio Grande in the southwest, and from Lake Superior in the far north to where the Gulf breezes breathe odors of tropical fragrance; embracing twenty-five degrees of latitude and nearly sixty of longitude, covering the great central and southern portions of the temperate zone upon this continent. The tree of liberty, which our fathers planted in this goodly heritage, has shot deep its roots; its trunk towers in majesty on high, and so widespread are its branches, that all the children of the earth may come and subsist on its fruits, or refresh themselves in its shade:

“Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.”

The institutions established in such disinterested heroism, and going forward with a progress that has astonished the world, and wrung from it unwilling admiration, are now threatened with destruction. Is it by a foreign foe? No; they have stood the thunder-storm and defied the world in arms; and now are to be destroyed, if destroyed they must be, by the insidious worm of ambition that is gnawing at their heart. Those who have been reared under this government; who have been pampered at its treasury; upon whose brows have been wreathed its choicest laurels, are now seeking to tear its very heart-strings. And we are told that they are brethren, and that therefore we must not contend with them. Yes, they are our brethren. But shall we stand tamely by and see them bathe their hands in the blood of our revered mother? No: she must be defended at all hazards from these murderous paricides. And the crime is the greater and more heinous because

they are brethren. If they were remorseless savages, or prowling Arabs, they might have a better apology to offer. But they are attempting to overthrow her who gave them existence, and nursed them on the lap of indulgence; who fostered and trusted them, and placed arms in their hands to defend her, with which they attempt to destroy her. Yes, they are our brethren. But they are not the first beings who have rebelled. There was rebellion even in heaven—blind, heedless, haughty, dark ambition caused Satan to rebel there. For just about the same cause is this rebellion brought upon us, and the end will be the same. Those who instituted it will be hurled down to darkness and chains forever by an indignant and outraged people.

When this rebellion reared its snaky head the whole American people trembled. We felt the earth throb and heave and beat as with the convulsion of a mighty volcano. I found it perhaps more difficult than many, so far as personal convenience or considerations were concerned, and personal and political friendships, domestic relations and kindred associations could influence, to take ground against it. Many years in the Senate of the United States, friendships had grown up, and the course of public affairs had clustered around me Southern sympathies, which gave me a position in the Southern States that few men in the North or South held. For myself, therefore, I found it most difficult and painful to sever these ties. But in a patriotic sense I did not find it difficult at all. With the very booming of the first gun fired upon Sumter, I declared in a moment that I was in the field against the rebellion. The first news told me there would be a meeting in New York to sustain the government and the Union. I hastened there to declare my sentiments, that I might summon my friends to imitate my example. I believed then that I had the hissing, devilish, disunion serpent by the neck, and now I know I have. When I see such an assemblage as this, it tells me more, it speaks to the heart more eloquently than all the tongues of preachers and orators, than all the lessons the press can give; it tells me that the popular heart is sound to the core. I see before me and all around me trembling old age leaning upon his staff; stalwart manhood, with strong muscles in his arm; youth, ready to bare his bosom in battle; woman, with her gentle and anxious

face, pleading for her country ; maidens, trembling, fearing that some great calamity awaits their happy family ; and little children, with their curious, inquiring eyes, wishing to know why this vast concourse, and why that old man with white hairs talks so earnestly on the subject in which they intuitively feel danger, but do not fully comprehend. Ah ! my fair-haired boy, it is that the government may be saved for you ; that its blessing of liberty may not be wrested from you ; that your little eyeballs may not be blasted and seared, nor your hearts wrung with this accursed destroyer, disunion ! that no evil shall come to blight these fair and fertile fields. I have the monster disunion, as the infant Hercules had the serpent, by the throat. Let it hiss on ; let it struggle, with its convoluted folds ! I have it. Let it writhe in deathlike contortions, if it can, from my hold. I grasp it in the name of the people ; in the name of liberty and hope and law ; in the name of humanity ; and I will strangle it forever, before I release it.

What are all the miserable party ties of the day worth compared to such a government as ours ? Parties shoot up from the government. Government does not spring up from them. Party platforms, party ties, and all that relates to parties, are as the idle wind unless you have a government for them to stand upon. And when your government stands fairly and firmly, then it is that parties may take their rise and make their issues. And then they may be useful—useful to watch each other in a free government, useful to purify the political atmosphere which they sometimes pollute, useful as a part of the machinery of a government founded on an independent constitution. I feel strong in the pride of my position ; not of myself, but as your representative and as the representative of the national sentiment. I have stood in the high places of the land—in senates and in forums, with its great and honored names, its Clays, its Websters, its Bentons, and its Calhouns—and I feel that I stand on higher ground to-day, as a free American citizen vindicating the integrity of our government against traitors and their rebellion, than ever before. Funky politicians and bastard democrats fear that I am going to my political funeral. Well, I shall have, from present appearances, a pretty handsome procession, and shall not want them for mourners. You know perfectly well what have been my political antecedents. It is not

material for present purposes. I hold this question to have nothing to do with political affairs one way or another. And I know of no man—no Abolitionist so ultra, nor Republican so hostile, no American so bigoted, nor Democrat so detestably faithless, but I will go with him to perform this great work, if he will go in good faith, as I would go in performing any other work involving the existence of my country. I lay aside my politics; I ask you to lay aside yours. I shall not go to you, politically; I do not ask you to come to me; and any one who will attempt to manufacture politics out of this matter, or drag political parties into it, is no patriot—is a schemer, and little better than those who assail the country with arms. As for the administration, it was not of my choosing; but I care nothing for that. Where it is right, I mean to sustain it; where it is strong, I mean to aid it; where it is not strong, I will help it to be stronger. And it is the duty of every good citizen to stay up the hands of the administration in order that it may do its whole and its perfect work. Suppose your village was on fire; your public edifices and your beautiful dwellings burning or threatened with the flames, and your fire department should come out, endeavoring to arrest the conflagration. But some say the engineer is not qualified; he is unfit and inefficient, and the department incapable, and we will let the village burn. Are you a madman? Why, for heaven's sake, let us help them. Hand along the buckets; take hold there and work the engine; raise the ladder and mount to the roof, and try to arrest the destruction! So in this, our national peril, we hear it said that Mr. Lincoln and his administration are not able to conduct the government successfully. For the sake, then, of all we hold dear in the present and our hopes of the future, let us take right hold and help—not attempt to discourage and embarrass them. It is my position, that every friend of the administration should help, and that every opponent of the administration should help twofold. All should take hold and perform this great work; not as Democrats, not as Republicans, not as Americans, not as Abolitionists, nor anything else, except as American citizens; having a destiny, a country, a heritage that concerns us all.

But there is an attempt to engraft political parties upon this disturbance. Shame that it should be so. Look around, and

see what a government we have ; see what these upturned faces display ; they tell that it is a land of refinement, of industry, independence, and of religion. Look upon these happy homes, these cultivated fields, upon these sunny slopes ; look upon this silver lake, and these streams that sleep along the peaceful valley like molten silver. Whence came all this cultivation and quiet prosperity, these happy people, these institutions of learning and of religion ; whence these spires that point to heaven, telling of the sentiments in which they were erected ? Why is it every one is protected here in the rewards of his own industry ? It is because of a good government. And when we look out upon all this and see it menaced, shall we not exclaim—

“ Is this the land our fathers loved ?
 The freedom which they toiled to win ?
 Is this the soil on which they moved ?
 Are these the graves they slumber in ?
 Are we the sons on whom are borne
 The mantles which the dead have worn ? ”

And if this is the land of our fathers ; if we are wearing their mantles, in the name of heaven, let us preserve what they have in such generous patriotism bequeathed to us. How cowardly, how treacherous in us, if we were to destroy or enable others to destroy this government. Divide this Union ! Commence by dividing, and all is lost. Sever the human frame, and then ask the head and the lower limbs to perform their functions as before. Let a great rebellion succeed, you must let lesser rebellions from every quarter succeed ; from State to State, from county to county, from town to town, down to your very school districts, until finally every house shall be divided against itself. If you tolerate the great rebellion, and reward it with success, you must the little one ; you will find no good stopping-place afterwards.

I do not mean to give personal offence to any, and regret that I find myself differing from old and early and valued personal and political friends ; arraigning those who have acted with me in former times. But it is no time for honeyed words or phrases ; it is no time for sugar-coated pills ; you must give medicine that will take effect, and pretty thoroughly too. We are told by our friend who has just spoken, that there has lately

been a convention called a Democratic party convention. I do not understand it, and I take all the papers. [A voice—"You do not take *The Daily News*?"] No, I do not take *The News*. I do not agree with my friend entirely. I understood him to object to *The Daily News*. I think rebel secessionists ought to have a *noose* daily until only loyal men remain. Now I know there has been a convention held lately. I heard of it. But I do not call it Democratic. It was presided over by a very respectable gentleman, who made a speech upon the occasion. And I was exceedingly glad, for he is highly esteemed, to hear that he was true on General Jackson's Mayville road veto; that his opinion of the tariff of 1830 was sound; that he was in favor of the removal of the deposits by General Jackson; and of the sub-treasury of Mr. Van Buren's administration. And if he had given his views on the discovery of the art of printing, the invention of gunpowder, the application of steam, and the telegraph, he would have pleased me still more, for these matters were quite as material and applicable. Now as to the convention. The managers would not accede to the proposition made by the Republicans, to hold a joint convention and ignore all party divisions during the war. Although their call was to everybody who would come in and meet with them, of all political shades, they declined the proposition of the Republicans on the ground of principle. You must know that these managers never depart from principle (except for interest): that they are greatly concerned about principle. I do not believe one of them slept a wink that night after the Republican proposition, fearing the loss of *principle!* And I think they did right in not acceding; because it might well be that if they should ever get well mixed in with the Republicans, especially the Abolition wing, they never would know themselves again so as to get out. They never could have assorted themselves out again. It has been inquired in some secession quarters, why in my speeches I do not abuse Abolitionists and Republicans more. It is this: First, in meetings without distinction of party, where members of all meet, I think it would be in bad taste. In the next place, I cannot talk against Abolitionists without hitting the present Democratic managers, who were at the Buffalo convention in 1848; and I am afraid they would deem it personal and as aimed at them if I should speak of Abolitionists.

I am not going to abuse the Democratic leaders, though spurious and recreant; I do not think it would reform them; and though I am for a union of the masses, I am not going to hurt their feelings, as they are very sensitive upon political subjects. But let us look at their resolutions. The State Committee, a few days since, fulminated a kind of decree to the faithful; what they call in Russia a ukase; what the Pope, I suppose, would call a bull. And this committee, in their great attachment to principle, said that while they were in favor of the war and in favor of the Union, and were very great Union men too, that you must always carry wherever you go and hold out to armed rebellion "liberal propositions of peace." You might point a bayonet at a rebel, but you must put a liberal proposition of peace at the end of it. And if you fired a cartridge, you must at least wad your gun with a proposition of peace, and so ram it down. That was their great principle; they must stand upon that principle, and they therefore could not meet the Republicans nor any other interest in general convention, nor lay aside all party considerations and prosecute this war, unless it was at all times accompanied with liberal propositions of peace. They took their stand upon this ground of principle, and called their convention at Syracuse upon that plan. They went before the people on that issue of propositions of peace—their own people I mean—few and far between, to be sure; yet there were some people who were about as far behind the times as the president of that convention, who supposed these men were so near honesty that if honesty had the small-pox they might possibly be exposed. And in that they were mistaken. So the little big men went all around into their county caucuses, shut themselves up in close rooms where none could see in, showing they were ashamed of themselves. They passed pattern resolutions for peace, according to the rules and regulations of the State Committee, and went to Syracuse to prove their fealty. When they got there, a change came over the spirit of their leaders' dreams. Those liberal propositions of peace that had been so material, a few weeks, yes, a few days and hours, before, were all a-begging. And they undertook to take the fence position, like a rooster in a windy day trying to keep balance, and doubting on which side to fall off, if either. Their liberal propositions of peace had oozed out suddenly like

Bob Acres' valor. Do any of you know where they got the medicine that cured the peace disease so suddenly? I think I could guess it, if I were to try! No patent medicine has ever worked such speedy and miraculous cures. Dr. Stoppelfunk's Febrifuge, Moffatt's Vegetable Life Pills, Dalley's Pain Extractor, nor the Mother's Relief has ever worked such marvels, with the original Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla thrown in. And there never has been any mending by Spalding's prepared glue equal to the efficacy of this anti-secession curative. Find out the author, and his fortune is made. He can get a certificate from the leaders of the Syracuse Convention as follows:

"SIR: I was recently so much afflicted with secession sentiments that I was inclined to make liberal propositions of peace to infamous armed rebels—so much so that I was unable to sleep nights, and was unable to seem to be an honest man. But one package of your invaluable medicine restored me in the space of two days to perfect health, so that I can be on both sides of this question, as well as any other!"

But what resolutions did they pass? Look at them. Like the description of the serpent's train,

"They wire in and wire out,
And leave the people still in doubt
Whether the snake that made the track
Was going south or coming back."

They failed to come quite up to the mark, and did not dare to keep quite away from it. They handled it as though they were afraid it would burn their fingers. They passed one resolution, however, which must not go unnoticed. I do not believe all that I read in the newspapers, but if they passed it as published, it was a perfect insult to a portion of their members, and as a friend of the leaders I wish to vindicate them:

"*Resolved*, That we hold next in guilt to the faction which has risen in arms against the country, the politicians of the North, who, for years, have organized and sustained a system of agitation, tending and intending to alienate the different sections of the country and to stir up between them an irrepressible conflict, based upon their domestic institutions, which it was declared would only terminate in the universal predominance of one section over the other."

Now I say that was meanly personal. They knew perfectly well, whoever smuggled that through the Convention, that their leaders and controlling spirits were all at Buffalo in 1848, with Fred Douglass and other abolition delegates, and they knew it was pointed at them. They never should have passed it. I agree with the resolution that this class of men did most mischief, but it was unfair to go and say it just now, and to bring that chicken home to roost in the Syracuse Convention, when they had as much as they could struggle with otherwise. I can never forgive them! Not I!

Mr. Lincoln has been much censured because he has suspended the *habeas corpus*, and interfered with private right, and curtailed the liberty of the press, and done various other things of which complaint is made. Now, as his opponent, I sustain him in the very acts they condemn. His act that I approve of most is his suspending the Habeas Corpus, and I uphold him in arresting the voice of a traitorous press which was attempting to foster and encourage and stimulate treason. I agree to his arresting and consigning to prison those villains who are acting as spies and are attempting to destroy our government. I sustain him fully and cheerfully in it. He has ample authority for it. It is a war-power, nothing more nor less. A wicked, treasonable rebellion fastens a terrible war on the government, and then whines itself and gets others to whimper for it, because traitors are arrested and baffled. Mr. Lincoln would have deserved impeachment if he had not exercised these powers. They were exercised by Gen. Jackson, and they have been exercised by every military commander who has had treachery and treason to deal with in the history of the world. What, pray, is the *habeas corpus*? It is a civil writ, and nothing more. I take a man before a judge to see if he is unlawfully imprisoned; if he is unlawfully imprisoned he is set at liberty; if lawfully, he is sent back to prison. That is a civil writ, and a civil remedy. But there is a power that is called a war-power, that does not rise up out of the constitution. When a government is erected it is presupposed that that government has all the powers of self-preservation; like an individual, it has the right of self-defence. The government is not obliged to lie down and die because it cannot find a clause in the constitution to authorize it to preserve its existence. It is

the first instinct of a government, as an individual, to seek self-preservation. When a man is assaulted, does he inquire what particular statute and section authorizes him to protect himself? No; he uses every means that God and nature have put into his hands for defence. And when a government is assailed, it defends itself; and if it does not defend itself it deserves to be overthrown. Now the war-power of the government is as old as civilization. Smith, an early British writer on martial law, speaks thus of the power of war:

“ Martial law is the law of war, that depends on the just but arbitrary power and pleasure of the King.* For, though he doth not make any laws but by common consent of Parliament, yet in time of war, by reason of the necessity of it, to guard against dangers that often arise, he useth absolute power, so that his word is a law.”

Now, when treason is stalking abroad, when corruption is on every hand, when spies peer from every window and lurk in every fence corner, what was Mr. Lincoln to do? Was he to pore through all the musty volumes and invite District Attorneys to the same work to enable him to arrest and keep a spy or to stop the dissemination of treason through a guilty press? No. If he had acted with greater vigor I would have commended him more. But I may say what is becoming from a fair and generous opponent, that when I criticise his shortcomings I find in the condition of affairs great apology for him; he came in when corruption was seething, when treason was feculent, and all the departments teeming with rascality; when he did not know whom to trust; when naval, military, civic, and other officers, were committing robbery and perjury, and he knew not who to confide in. But wherever he has laid his hand upon this wickedness he is entitled to the thanks of the whole people. And when the historian comes to write, its record will stand out like a page of fire, and he will be commended most where he has taken these rebels by the throat with the strong hand of government power. Every military commander has the right to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in emergencies, of which he is judge. He tells the one who comes

* The people in our government represent the King; the President their agent and organ.

to take the traitor and set him at liberty, "Stand off; unless your tongue is considerably longer than my sword, you don't get this man."

"What about the liberty of the press?" It is like a good many other liberties we enjoy, but has no right to commit treason. One has no more right to commit treason and destroy the government by a press than he has by any other mode. The rights and liberty of the press is one of our greatest and most sacred blessings, to be guarded with watchful vigilance. But what does that mean? In time of peace to discuss all measures of government freely and fearlessly. But one who has a press has no more right to overthrow the government by treasonable means in war, than one has by writing treason without a press. There is no charm about printed treason which gives it impunity. It will do well enough to hang up a parrot in a cage, to say, "Liberty of the press!" "Liberty of the press!" and we have a parrot crying it now, and some others who ought to be caged. Suppose I was to write to Mr. A, or B, and say, "these rebels are, after all, right. I hope they may succeed, I am glad they are fighting our armies, and I hope they will be successful, I hope the administration will be overthrown;" and I devise means and plans to aid rebellion. That would be treason in a private letter. I should be liable to be imprisoned, because it would be affording aid and comfort. And if in a private letter, how much more in an infernal secession press, which sows its dragon teeth broadcast to poison the mind of the country and urge on rebellion. How much more should they be arrested. I approve of every strong act of the President. I would approve of more if he would do them. Individual right is a great right and a great blessing; and we have a right to come and go where we please, and enjoy our liberty as we please; but if, instead of going about our lawful business, our social and domestic employments, we go strolling from house to house, from camp to camp, as spies for the enemy, we are liable to be imprisoned, and deserve to be. And when you come to examine, you will find that the President has done no more than his duty in laying his hand upon these papers individually.

The war-power is a dangerous power, but it exists from necessity, and its exercise shows the terrible dangers of war,

and that it cannot be abolished with safety to national existence. These questions are coming to be understood. Let us see what this Convention says about this very matter, for their views are important, as I have shown :

“ *Resolved*, That while we admit the necessity of summary processes and martial law among insurgent populations, and within the lines of military operations, we protest against the doctrine that any power except the representatives of the people can suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* for civil offences. We protest against the assumption of the Executive power to establish a system of passports; against the right of the federal government to organize systems of State police; against the assumption of the federal Executive to suppress the discussions of a free press by the refusal of mail facilities, or in any way except by the decisions of the civil tribunals; and that, finally, we protest against the doctrine of President Lincoln’s message that the States derive their authority from the federal government, as subversive of the fundamental doctrine of American liberty.”

Now I propose as a compromise that President Lincoln has the right to suspend the *habeas corpus* as long as it takes to read the foggy resolution and understand it. As the school-boy said, “it is pretty considerably difficult to express ideas whereof one is not possessed of. Notwithstanding, peradventure, undoubtedly, may be so, I guess it is, most certainly!” Now I have read President Lincoln’s messages carefully; and he does not say, so far as I have seen, that the States derive their power from the federal government. If he does, he is in error. That resolution is remarkable, at any rate, for its length and for its fogginess and obfuscation. It is literally as clear as mud! There can be no doubt that the rights of the Executive, and of the people, will be understood hereafter—no matter whether they were before. It is very well that the resolution came into the Convention as it did. The members were dry and parched for the lack of some stream of living doctrine, when a modern Moses smote the rock, and out gushed this refreshing, constitutional well-spring to gladden them as did the waters of old the wandering tribes of Israel. But all this death-bed repentance is too late.

You will remember a few years since, that when Louis Philippe, with his stealthy usurpations, finally ranged his guns so that they would bear on the city of Paris, and relied upon his military arm to sustain himself and his family as the house

of Orleans through all time; of a sudden commenced one of those revolutionary surges and ground-swells of the French people. It swayed here and it swayed there; and at last it appeared that the people were going to rise against that government by revolution in earnest. The king first flew to his army of defence, and his guns and guards. They failed him. He then began to make concessions and apologies to the French people; but they cried out, "too late! too late!" and he was ignominiously driven from his kingdom. These pretended democratic leaders, to perpetuate their usurped position, now come with these toned-down resolutions; they are half and half, of the mermaid species; half woman and half fish, and all scales. But the voice of the people of New York is like that of the French, "too late! too late!" The hand-writing was over against them on the wall where they were sitting, like Belshazzar at his impious banquet; and like him they must fall, for their usurped and abused reign, like his, is divided and finished. A more corrupt and rotten political regency than any that has ever before existed; a combination which lives, and moves, and has its being in the jobs of lobby legislation and office brokerage; which festers at every pore, and is spotted and leprous in every feature and lineament, has been brought to the judgment of the people finally. It will be cursed by every American in the Union when known, and a whip be put in every hand, to lash the caitiffs naked through the land.

A great popular movement for "during the war" is in progress, not made up of Republicans, Americans, Democrats, nor anything else except Union men from the people. I am for throwing off the shackles of worn-out organizations, and consigning them to the tomb of the Capulets, and letting a fresh Union party rise up to prosecute this war, for which I have enlisted. It must not be hitched to any political organization, nor any organization to it. It must be made up of true Union men, and the only platform must be the Constitution and the Union, and a vigorous prosecution of the war until rebellion is put down and the supremacy of the government, of the Union, and the stars and stripes is re-established; with justice to rebels, justice to loyal citizens and to loyal States. I will follow you in its prosecution, or you may me, or we will go along together. The day of party hacks is over. They have filled up their

measure and their doom has come. Justice has been drowsy and nodding upon her seat; but she has finally waked up, and they have been tried and condemned, and are now ready for execution, and let every honest man cry "away with them." They have no principle, and never had. Now these men claim to be running the democratic party of New York. There is no doctrine, from that of abolitionism so black that that of Wendell Phillips would be pale by the side of it, to pro-slaveryism so rank that it would take the brass out of South Carolina, but they would resolve to be their cherished principle in a moment, to hold their power. In their resolutions they pretend to go for the salvation of the Union; but they go a few steps forward, then a few steps backward, then a few steps sideways, and show their action to be grudging and insincere, and give aid and comfort to the enemy by making up querulous issues with the Administration, and charging upon it the origin of the war.

When men are guilty and attempt to charge their own guilt upon others, it is well to look at their history. These men went to Charleston, and had control of the New York delegation of the Convention there; and when the South insisted on a certain platform of principles—that is, that what was called popular sovereignty should not be incorporated, they fought two weeks over it. These men, holding the balance of power, insisted on that particular declaration. While I think that some of the Southern men were acting in bad faith, these men were acting in equally bad, and even worse. There were gambling leaders on each side, and they understood, I have no doubt, to some extent, the nods and winks of each other. But the Southern men said, because these men would have the popular sovereignty plank in their platform, that they would not agree. They withdrew from the Convention, and it adjourned to Baltimore. They were foolish and wrong in going out, but they had a right to come back, and sought to do so in Baltimore. These same men had the balance of power there, and prevented their coming into the adjourned Convention. If they had been permitted to come in, probably the difficulties might have been and would have been healed. But these men went on and made a nomination in which they knew the South would not concur; and then of their own motion adopted the very platform which had been the subject of two weeks' controversy

in Charleston, and which had broken up the Convention there. That is a true history of the case. It is perfectly notorious that some of these men had corrupt jobs and pecuniary ventures, that they were looking for investments made to be used in controlling the expected administration, to secure which, particular nominations must be procured. They pretend to account for the mode in which this difficulty arose. I have no doubt but many of these Southern rebels in arms meant secession at the time. But the wind would have been taken out of their sails, and popular feelings would have compelled them to a different course, if the New York delegation had not played their detestable game. And these men are they who are afraid of getting mixed up with and contaminated by contact with the administration; the administration which they contributed so effectually to place in power. They will never be trusted again by the people of New York. They may run a ticket, some portions of it composed of very good men, and some of it quite too rank with secession; but a ticket unexceptionable would never be supported coming from such treacherous and corrupt leadership.

The democratic party is a great power, and has always been true. Like Rome, as the schoolboys say in their orations, it originated in the efforts of a "wolf-uckled founder." It gained the popular confidence, and shaped the policy of this government, and great blessings flowed from its administration under a Jefferson, a Jackson, and others. But, in an evil day, the democratic party, like the individual who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves, who plundered it and left it half dead. To that you may trace, more than to any one cause, the demoralization of the party and the present difficulties of the country. The democratic party did sit like Rome upon her seven hills. But as with Rome, so with it; both were brought to the block of the auctioneer. But yesterday the name of the democratic party might have stood against the world; now there are few so poor to do her reverence, because of her execrated and knavish leaders. But,

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

The democratic party is strong in its popular element, but it never was strong enough to carry so much festering dead weight as it has upon its back now. It has got to throw overboard its Jonahs, expel its Achans from the camp, return to some principle beside the engineering of packed conventions, lobby corruptions, and the influence of anaconda railroad corporations. I do not know what has become of their propositions for peace, so recently prominent. They seem to have vanished completely out of sight. Is there no one of this body of patriots to stand up for them? It was a crime to let them go so suddenly. They ought to have been removed gradually; the peace party may take cold. They should have done as did the Indian with his dog, whose tail he wished to cut off, but, fearing to hurt the animal too much by cutting it all off at once, he cut off a little piece every day until he had *curtailed* it sufficiently. Another thing I object to. I do not care so much about the big peace men at Syracuse as the little peace men over the country. They thought there was to be a big peace-gong sounded at Syracuse, and then the little gongs would come in play, and they commenced ringing them in advance. They were prepared when they should hear the music of the secession sackbut, psaltery, and harp, and other instruments, to fall down and cry aloud for peace, or at least for "liberal propositions." But the peace capital has been squandered, their occupation is gone; their light is suddenly and remorselessly extinguished, and hereafter when "liberal propositions" are mentioned among them, it will be the signal for such a fight as is said to have illustrated the peace meeting held at this place the other day.

We propose to meet the rebels, and put them down by the power and dignity of the government; and I see no other way to meet them. We are for liberal propositions of peace; but for peace with loyalty and not with treason; with fidelity and not rebellion. Would they who stand up and cry "peace" burn that capitol, destroy the archives of the country, dishonor the flag, and murder citizens standing in its defence? "Oh! no; we would not do it ourselves." Why not do it yourselves if you would encourage others to do it? It would be more manly, and not less wicked, either in the sight of man or in the sight of God. He who encourages it, who winks at it, and apolo-

gizes for it, is as mischievous and no less guilty than he who stands in arms against his country. Would you creep like a savage, shielded by darkness, and shoot down the sentinel who is standing in obedience to duty to guard the rights of his country? Is it rightly done? "No, we would not do that." Then do not apologize for the infernal villains who do it, nor the devilish rebellion that inspires it. Would you lay plans to devastate this Union; to destroy it; to make us a byword among the nations of the earth; to overthrow the government of Washington, which has cost so much blood and so many tears, and has brought such great and manifold blessings? "No, we do not say that." Then why apologize for those who do it?

These are fair practical questions that are addressed to every one who is sympathizing with rebellion, and can be answered by every citizen of the land. If I were to make such miscreants propositions of peace, I would drop them a line to begin with, with a noose at the end of it; and my negotiations should be through cannon of the largest calibre, and of the longest range. This is the only way of doing it. These party peace propositions, through the superserviceable peace leaders in this State, are for present effect trying to withdraw them from the issue, are dividing the country into two parties, the one in favor of sustaining the government, and the other willing, if not to aid in, to wink at its destruction. Who is on the Lord's side? Let us ascertain. Come up all ye who rally to the support of this government, come up and sustain it like men. And you who do not, range yourselves on the side of a treasonable peace.

"We want no cowards in our band
Who will our colors fly—
We call for valiant-hearted men
Who're not afraid to die."

This is no play-spell, no holiday, no general training, no political convention. The surges go clear down to the trembling foundations of the earth, and the battlements rock under the agitation. It is the great struggle for government on earth. This is the last resting-place for liberty. Who is disposed to

tamper with such danger? I will see all political parties cast down upon the pavement of perdition before I will consent to it. I know that I owe all that I am to our glorious Constitution, which permits men to rise from humble stations to the highest honors of the land. No other government permits it. And sooner than suffer myself to wink at this attempt to subvert it, I would cast falsehood and curses on a venerated mother's grave. The enemies of the country, open and secret, must come to judgment. I shall try them, not before politicians, but before an indignant people, and shall have them arraigned where they will cast fewer aspersions on this question involving the existence of constitutional liberty. It will cost untold blood and treasure. Already have our sons rushed forward to the battle-field. How many have gone down with violence and butchery to bloody graves! You have furnished brave sons here as elsewhere. Some are now languishing in rebel dungeons. The parched sands of Virginia and the glades of Missouri have drunk the heart's blood of our bravest and best. And before this dreadful war closes, our land may be one vast Rama of weeping and lamentation for our children. But whatever the cost, if it leaves a government and the old Stars and Stripes, they will not be maintained too dearly. There is to be taxation, and undoubtedly it will be severe. But suppose it takes one-half of all we have, if it leaves us law and order. [A voice, "Better take it all."] Yes, better take all; for if government is not maintained, it will be taken by rebel marauders. The rights of person, and every right we hold most dear, are involved in this issue. You can never divide the nation peaceably. You can never find a stopping-place, when once you have rewarded treason, by permitting it to succeed. Owls will hoot from your dwellings; ruin, darkness, and desolation will brood over you. Such assemblies as this will be prevented by hostile troops, under the anarchy which will ride rough-shod over you.

Where are the great spirits—the Clays, the Websters, the Bentons, of the nation? They have been wafted away like the prophets of old. Would to Heaven that we had the voice of a Clay, of a Webster, to cheer us on now. How they would drive rebellion to its hiding-place! Henry Clay would make it cower and tremble like a deer at the wolf's howl. And the

majestic Webster—what dark clouds would rest upon his portentous brow! And the logical and statistical Benton, who always stood up for the Union, with his sarcasm, would make them wither like mown grass. They are gone. They rest from their labors. They saw our country's glory, but not her shame. Peace be to their ashes. [A voice: "Fremont?"] Fremont! Yes; doing his duty like a soldier. I never supported him as a politician; but I support him as a general. And God speed him. I have no doubt he will do his full duty; and if he does, I will labor unceasingly to stay up his hands, and cheer him onward in his discharge of duty. I shall inquire no man's politics now who endeavors in good faith to protect the nation's honor. And he who does, I hold to be no patriot, no Democrat, no honest man. [A voice: "A Tory."] Worse than a Tory—a traitor. No; our ship of state—happily exemplified here to-day, upon these grounds (pointing to a ship which had been brought in the procession by the boat-builders of Ithaca)—although she has been arrested in her successful course, let us all rally around her, not inquiring who is in command, whether Republican or Democrat, nor who are the crew; but seeing she is our ship, under our flag, preserve her whether she be called by the one or the other empty name; let us rally around her, let us go on board, let her be manned, weigh anchor, hoist all sail, cut her loose, and let her steer into the broad ocean, to cruise on in this great errand of mercy—the freedom of mankind; carrying the Stars and Stripes to every sea under heaven; carrying peace and good will to all men.

"Sail on into that sea, O ship!
Through wind and waves right onward steer."

Oh, my fellow-citizens; let us all devote ourselves to the service of our country. Every one can do something in his sphere. For myself, I am enlisted for this great war, rage how it may, terminate how it will. Give me poverty, stripes, and chains; give me shame, give me destitution, give me want, give me abject misery and distress, give me bereavement, let my heart be wrung by every emotion that can agonize and torture man, and make me a wanderer in the earth, and give me an ignoble death, rather than permit my country to perish. Sooner than

that should be done, in the language of Emmett, I would raze every house, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of Liberty should be my grave. No, my fellow-citizens, let our watchword be, our country, our beloved country! And will you not each one exclaim with me, "Oh, my country, may God protect her from evil!"

SPEECH

AT A UNION MASS MEETING OF TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE, HELD AT
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, September 14, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Why this vast concourse of people? Are the fountains of the great political deep broken up? You have not come here to hear me discourse upon the Union, but because you believe the Union is menaced; and you have come to commune together upon the great matters that concern our political peace—that concern our existence as a nation. We have been so long accustomed as a people, in this great country, where the waves of opinion ebb and flow with perfect freedom, to view everything through the medium of party politics, that we have almost become incapable of discussing public affairs through any other channel. But, in the words of your resolutions, I declare it my purpose and my intention, in treating this terrible and dangerous rebellion, to ignore party politics. I regret to see an attempt in any quarter to maintain or create a mere political party upon a question that concerns every one alike—the lofty and the lowly; the rich and the poor; the aged and the young; and every interest and every ramification of society. For myself, I belonged, and still belong, when that question is the question, to what was the true Democracy—and I can say what few can say, and (I humbly think) what is not worth while for many to say, that never in my life, which has been somewhat extended, as you see, have I given an opposition vote; never any other than what I deemed the regular Democratic ticket; and when the party has been divided, as has been not unfrequently the case in New York State, I have acted with that branch of it which I deemed most enlarged in its views, most catholic and most national. I therefore fear no thunderbolts, launched upon my head, that I am a

Republican, or anything else. I am a free, untrammelled citizen of the United States. I belong to no party that can use me. The free Constitution of my country is my guide, and I will vindicate it as long as Heaven leaves me the faculties which have been given to me. My birthplace and my early childhood were in this State. I was the son of a Democrat of olden times—the times of Thomas Jefferson, and who participated in the agitations that clustered round his election and Administration; who was one of nine to stand up in his town and assert the existence of the Democratic party, and his adherence to it, when every Democrat in the town was convened in a single pew of the meeting house, at their Freemen's Meeting; a transaction which the poet OSBORN characterized as

“Lifting, like crutch of angry cripple,
The pigmy nine against the people.”

My Democracy taught me, too, to revere the Constitution. It taught me to rally round the Stars and Stripes of my country. It taught me to uphold the hands of the Government when threatened, in every contest, and in every vicissitude of life. Democracy—the true Democracy—is not taken out in the Patent Office. You file no specifications; you lay no model there, and you do not have to pay for the right to exercise it. Nor is it like some of the india-rubber patents—one that you can stretch out to great length when occasion requires, or that you can contract and shrink to small dimensions at convenience. It is a great chart of Republican equality. It is the politics that the New Testament enjoins—bringing a new dispensation, and preaching good-will to men.

But whatever our opinions may have been, all the political parties of the world sink into insignificance when our country is threatened. It becomes, then, our duty—the duty of every one—there is no one exempt—to go forward, and, leaving behind him all party influences, to bring his choicest offerings to the altar of his country. He that fails to do that, either misunderstands his duty, or, if he understands it, he neglects and perverts the best faculties God gave him. We have so long enjoyed good government that we can hardly imagine what would be the terrible curse of a bad one. We have been so long accustomed to the principle of sacred private rights, that

we can form no just idea how it would be if we should be deprived of those rights. We may fancy that this is an occasion when parties can come out for parade; when they can form political cliques upon the great questions in agitation, and ride upon them into power at some future time. But it is entirely a different matter—one of far greater consequence. It concerns the independence and draws you towards the great interests of the nation—to meet the crisis, and meet it like men. One of the most fearful rebellions that was ever started upon earth stares us in the face, and we are called upon, as a great people, to go forward, shoulder to shoulder, with a common purpose; not to found political parties; not to gabble about what has been or has not been, or what might have been, but to look this danger in the face, banded together like brothers; to go forward in the spirit of the Revolution, that spirit which carved out the blessings we are this day enjoying; to come together in our comfort, as our forefathers went in their destitution, to preserve, if preserved they can be, the great blessings we inherited from them. We have been, throughout our history, governed by opinion. Opinion is free, and we have so long been governed by opinion, that we believe everything must be regulated by opinion now. So it may be here, but in the battle-field it is a far different concern. The ballot-box will answer for the walks of peace; but the cartridge-box is better calculated for war. In ordinary times, and upon ordinary occasions, we need no armies. Then we have no standing armies to eat out our substance. We depend upon opinion and upon the ballot.

“A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
And executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.”

But when we are called upon as now, a new chapter is opened before us. We must address ourselves to considerations of the most serious import. This new chapter in our history is being written in the best blood of our land. It will be written like the laws of Charlemagne, bearing upon its pages prints of a hand bathed in human blood. We are called upon then, as a great people, to meet the emergency, to rouse ourselves from the lethargy that is hanging over us, and to see if

this mighty inheritance cannot be preserved. When opinion was given, we could meet it with opinion. When argument was addressed, we could meet it with argument. When protest was made, we could meet it with conciliation; but when a great army enters the field, armed with the weapons of death, and declares the intention to overthrow us, argument, conciliation, protest, and opinion, are feeble instruments, and we must meet force with force, arms with arms.

“Tender handed touch the nettle,
And 'twill sting you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.”

Play with this rebellion—fancy that you are going to conciliate it—one of the most causeless, one of the most wicked that ever was originated upon earth! Human government is based upon the same idea as the great government of the universe, feeble as the comparison may be; and when there was rebellion in Heaven, its author was not met by propositions of peace. He was hurled down upon the pavements of perdition and darkness forever, as the author of every rebellion so causeless and wicked should be, and where the authors of this will be hurled. This audience assures me—no, it reassures me that this rebellion is doomed. Every evidence at home and abroad assures me that this rebellion is doomed. I see it in every newspaper; I see it in every face; I hear it in every sound; I feel it in every fibre of my frame; and as one of the feeblest evidences, a gentleman, just as I left the hotel, put into my hands what purported to be the last copy of the *Daily News* of New York. Literally it was “the lay of the last minstrel.” And the minstrel’s last lay I suppose I left in the carriage. I meant to have brought it upon the stand, and had it embalmed like a fly in amber. What will be done in the firmament on this occasion, I do not know, for I have read that “when beggars die there are no comets seen: the heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes;” and this departed one has cut such an excellent figure as a prince of darkness, that I am sure there will be a lighting up at least of the lower regions in consequence of its death.

This rebellion—I shall not recount its history, as I shall not

have time, though I should like to trace it from the moment its serpent-egg was first hatched, up to the time it gained its present terrible proportions. But it pretends to the right of secession; it had not humanity and courage enough to declare revolution, but undertook to climb in at the back door by claiming the right of secession. Does not all history and experience tell us that every government under heaven, savage or civilized—search creation through—claims eternity of being. There never was a government, and never will be, that thought so meanly of itself as to provide for its own destruction—literally sowing the seed of destruction in its own bosom. Search the history of all savage tribes; go to all kingdoms and principalities, little and great; take every form of government, from liberal to absolute; bring in all the kings of the olden time, made up, as a great many were, of tyranny, imbecility, scrofula, and gold-lace, in about equal proportions, and you can never find among them all, one so poverty-stricken, in such abject destitution of all the elements and essentials of government, as to admit this right of dissolution as existing in its very internal structure, and placed there by the hands that designed to give it vitality and endurance. And yet they ask the American people, who have a government never surpassed by any devised by man, to consent that that government shall acknowledge that its destruction was prearranged, and the ways and means of its death provided by those who presided at its birth and gave it form and vitality, and allow a set of ambitious, speculating politicians, whenever they cannot use it for their own purposes, to divide and destroy it; or, what is the same thing, every one to withdraw for himself and go by himself. Like the ants, when you disturb their nests, every one to catch up an egg and run his own way. It is not necessary to go to the constitution and the history of its foundation to refute so bold a proposition; the idea is preposterous in the nature of things.

As the right of secession does not exist, so no excuse can be framed for the attempt which has grown into this monstrous rebellion. They have made the point of departure the change of the administration according to the forms of the constitution, but against their wishes, and, if you please, adverse to their political interests. But what is the administration? It

is the representative of the people in the government. The President and his cabinet do not rule, they administer. They are not principals, but mere agents. They do not make us, but we them. We are not their servants, they are ours. What landlord ever willingly saw his house burned down because he did not like his tenant? What principal ever abandoned his estate because his agent in charge happened to be disagreeable to him? And will the people consent to see a great government destroyed, because some of them may dislike the administration that has been placed in charge of its affairs for four years? Whatever the administration may be, we are not justified in standing by and seeing our country destroyed. Such was not the teaching nor the policy of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. It is no time for the patriot and honest man to inquire who is administering the government. For myself I care not, for this purpose, who compose the administration. They have been chosen and are rightfully in power. We have not, and cannot have, during their allotted term, any other agency by which we can exercise the functions of the government. It is not their government, it is ours. If they are strong, we can rejoice in the pride and mightiness of their strength. If they are weak, we must rally round them with the greater firmness; we must stay up the hands of the modern Moses, so that the invading Amalekites shall not prevail against us. I care not, for all the purposes of this question (and I think I understand it in all its bearings from beginning to end), what was the particular cause of this rebellion. No one can pretend that there has been any cause sufficient to justify it; and except some feeling of sectional irritation, the result of sectional agitation for political effect, nothing can be brought to excuse or justify the least particle of sympathy for it. I am one of those who complained of that sectional agitation, one of those who attempted to cast oil upon the troubled waters, who regarded its tendency as dangerous, and labored to prevent sectional irritation and strife. But I am one of those, and have been one of those, who hold that all the causes alleged or imagined, real or pretended, put together, would not give the slightest justification to secession, treason, and armed rebellion. Any one who will consider the late political history of the country with any care, will see that the administration might,

and in all probability would, have been in different hands, but for the connivance of the very men who inaugurated this rebellion; and even after Mr. Lincoln was elected, that with Congress and the Supreme Court against him, he would have had no power whatever in the government, except to nominate men to offices in place of others to be put out, a power which, like

“The gun that, aimed at duck or plover,
Recoils, and kicks its owner over,”

is a power that will kill any administration; and if, instead of seceding, the Southern leaders had consented to help to administer the government, according to the forms of the constitution, Mr. Lincoln and his party would have had control of only the Executive branch, and been entirely powerless for any affirmative course of policy. The Legislative branch would have been against him. The Judicial branch would have been against him. He could nominate men to office, but the Senate could reject his nominations. He could make treaties, but the Senate could refuse to ratify them. And that is all there would have been of his administration, if they had not deserted their posts.

The change of administration, therefore, was not the cause of the rebellion. The plot was concocted long before. It was maturely deliberated on the part of the rebel leaders. They saw that they could not control the government beyond a certain point of time. They first hoped that they might nominate some of their particular men at the Charleston Convention, with a prospect of success at the election. But about January, previous to the Convention, they saw that such could not be the result, and that they could not be nominated, and from that moment we can trace the ripening and going on of secession with fearful and rapid strides. They claimed the right of secession—peaceable secession. They claimed such a right under the constitution of the United States. They knew the claim was false; for every lawyer, every statesman, every man and woman and child knows that no such provision can be contained in the constitution, or can exist in the very nature of things. But they claimed that they had the right to secede, and that peaceably; and they did secede, as far as they could. They passed their ordinances of

secession in hot haste, and then when they were passed, before there was one single menace on the part of the government of any name or kind; and when a garrison of one company of soldiers—not a full company at that time—were holding the forts in the harbor of Charleston, placed there in a time of peace, placed there for purposes of peace; and that company starving in a Christian land, and under the broad flag of the Union, in a fortress within the limits of South Carolina, on a site of land, the jurisdiction of which had been ceded by South Carolina to the general government, and they within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States; when that company of men were there in peace, and the South Carolinians had assurance from the government in every form that they were there for no hostile purpose; yet, in their hatred of the United States and of the flag of the Stars and Stripes, they felt it to be their duty, in their great spirit of freedom, to fire upon a government vessel carrying supplies of food, and then upon that starving company of men, placed there as a peace garrison, and to reduce that fortress. In the extreme spirit of peace, the government of the United States, the administration of Mr. Buchanan and of Mr. Lincoln both, committed a great fault in permitting those rebellious people to erect batteries to reduce a United States fortress. But in mistaken leniency it was done, hoping to bring them back to the fold of the Union, when all men should have known that they had no good feeling, that they had determined upon rebellion, and that there was no other way to treat them except by the strong arm of power. And had that been extended them even earlier, I think it would have suited their condition better. And it is not now too late. The popular breeze tells us it is not too late; and everywhere, since the people of the United States became thoroughly aroused, we see the triumphs coming on every hand; and within one week's time there will be events of great and startling interest between the rebels and the armies of the Union. We cannot doubt that that must be the result, for "truth is mighty and will prevail."

We are told that we should make the rebels propositions of peace. Parties attempting to stand upon that little isthmus between right and wrong cannot maintain themselves. Make propositions of peace? If you make propositions of peace you

must receive propositions of peace, and which shall be the superior and which the inferior? A proposition of peace to rebels presupposes equality. The power with which you propose to treat must be a power that has rights. Yet the rebel power declares continually that it will sever this government in twain; that it will divide it; and destroy the prestige of the great government of Washington. That is the question between us—the question that interests the whole American people. He who consents to make propositions of peace, consents to substitute anarchy for government. He who consents to make propositions of peace, consents to take lawlessness for loyalty. He who consents to make propositions of peace, consents to blot out the chapters of his Constitution, and to destroy the work of those who erected this noble fabric of government. Are these the friends of the government? If they have intelligence—if they have any sense or reason left, we might invoke the Father of Mercies to forgive them, for they know not what they do. They are the sappers and miners of the Constitution—more dangerous than all the armies of the rebels in the field. They may do more hourly to drive the dagger to the heart of the Constitution and destroy the Union than all their assailants in arms. We propose no such thing for rebellion. We intend to bring it to the judgment-seat. The only thing we say to the rebels is :

“Fear not; doubt not—which thou wilt,
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”

We have no words for this rebellion but “put it down.” Put it down by force; put it down with arms; put it down, not with propositions of peace, but with the strong arm of power. Put it down as a rebellion. It has already been tried and convicted. It only awaits the axe of the executioner, now suspended over it, and we propose to let the axe fall.

We are told that this would be coercing a State, and you cannot coerce a State. I agree that you cannot coerce a State of the United States that is true to its obligations. But suppose it is a state of sin and misery? That you can coerce. You cannot coerce a community, but you can arrest their thieves. You cannot coerce a city, but you can seize and punish its criminals. You cannot force people to be loyal and faithful

in all departments ; but you can coerce down a riot if you try. So you can a rebellion. We would not coerce the loyal people, but the disloyal. We have propositions of peace, we have amity and good-will for the loyal Southern people, but we have arms for rebels and hemp for traitors, too. We are told that the right of *habeas corpus* must not be suspended, and all the musty volumes of the country are ransacked to find out if the President of the United States is a usurper and tyrant, because he would not allow armies to be betrayed, because he would not allow the citadel of the government to be ransacked, its archives destroyed and given to the flames, or, because he resisted traitors. They forgot that the war power underlies and stands all round the Constitution ; that the war power supports and sustains the Constitution. But, we are asked, is not this a dangerous power ? Certainly it is a dangerous power. War itself is always dangerous. When the sky is lowering, when the winds are howling, when the lightnings flash and thunders roar, you need not then ask, my friends, "Is not this a dangerous time ?" You may say, like the boy who was caught out in a thunder-storm :

"Can you pray ?"

"No."

"Nor I either, but something must be done."

Something must be done here. Treason is on every hand. The President of the United States knows not whom he may trust. He finds one betraying a command here, another stirring up traitors there. He finds one who is sworn to support the government, and invoking God to witness his oath, in arms against it. He merely resorts to the war power, and when he sees a traitor with his own eyes, or the eyes of another, he consigns him to Fort McHenry, or Fort Lafayette, or some other safe quarters, and serves him right. And when the history of this rebellion is written—and it will be written with a pen of fire, let those who now think they are playing a political game successfully, to come out successfully, beware. Let them turn, behold, and tremble. They will be there too. They will appear in no enviable light, and will feel like calling upon the rocks and mountains to fall to hide their faces from a betrayed and indignant people. When it is written, Abraham Lincoln will be more justified, in the sight of God and man, for the strong measures

taken with perjury and treason in every form, than can be admitted now by those who oppose his administration.

But the right of the press has been violated. The President is called a great tyrant. How can any man apologize for that, unless he is an Abolitionist or a very black Republican? How is it possible for him to justify such an infringement of the rights of the press? But if a man speaks treason, he is guilty, of course. Hurry him off. Away with him. If he writes treason, and is detected, lay hold of him; but if he prints treason he is sacred. You must not touch him. That is acting upon the principle that, when the mischief is wholesale, the wrong is to be excused on account of the great enormity of the offence. The right of the press is a great and sacred right. It has the right of discussion of government policy and of individual action, being responsible for the truth of what it publishes. But the press has no more right to aid treason than I have. It has no more immunity from rascality. A treasonable press is as soon to be arrested as a treasonable wretch who crawls into a camp at midnight to betray or destroy.

And now I want to make an issue with Secessiondom in all its phases, from the lisping infant in the cradle to the full-grown and terrific monster. I say that, as a Democrat, I justify Abraham Lincoln in his suspension of the *habeas corpus*; in his suspension of a seditious and treasonable press, and in his arrest of mischievous individuals. I will stand upon it now and hereafter, and I dare all to take the decision of a trial upon principles of national law. The rule will be found laid down in Swift, one of the earliest writers upon war power, which shows that the King in such emergencies has absolute power. Why does he have it? For the same reason that I have absolute power for self-defence. The government is an existing being, as I have before said; it claims perpetuity; when its life is assailed it does not consult its astrologers or soothsayers to say whether it shall live; its instinct tells it, as it tells me, that self-defence is the great law of nature. It is not written in constitutions, it is written in the heart of man, and it lives there, whether it be for the government or for the individual.

And the American people, when the sober, second thought comes, will justify all these measures. Is it pretended that innocent men have been injured? Of course that will be the

case, more or less, for when waves run so high, so turbulent, when there is so much agitation, it is impossible that everything can be done just as it should be. The government must raise its strong hand and exercise its mighty energies; it must put forth the plentitude of its power, and when it does this it is right. Here in Bridgeport, with the many beautiful dwellings, and your institutions of religion and learning, such as the world has scarcely looked upon before,—no one pretends that if a war was existing, but that the military commander might walk into any house or edifice here, without asking leave, saying, “It is necessary for me, for the purposes of my campaign, and I take possession.” This is a war power,—one that you would not like to give to your neighbors every day. It is a power of war, growing out of the terrible necessities of war. No intelligent man denies that, if the commanding officer finds it necessary for the purposes of his campaign to burn your building, he may do it at once, and not be guilty of arson. He commits no crime, but the government is responsible for the value of your property. He burnt down the house perhaps because it shields an enemy, on account of the great necessity with which his act is qualified. This war power has been exercised from the earliest history of men, and will be exercised until the nations shall learn war no more forever. There is complaint that this extreme right is a dangerous power, and improperly exercised, but

“No rogue e’er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.”

It is the disloyal citizen—disloyal in whole or in part; and I hold the disloyal in part to be far more mischievous than he is that is openly and fully so. His mischief is far more, inasmuch as he sows it far deeper, and insidiously contaminates and poisons the public mind more than he who openly takes the side of rebellion.

This is not a sectional controversy. Among the most loyal people in the United States are a portion of the people in every Southern State, unless it be South Carolina, and she has been for a great while wishing to be out of the Union, because she fancied herself to be like a great city set on a hill that could not be hid. Take the condition of every Southern State, unless it

may be this, and you will find when you look into the elements, that they are loyal, and are only waiting for the loyal States to put down this rebellion, that they may return openly to their loyalty; for a few mauraunders, with fire and bowie-knife and revolver, and murderous intent overawe a large portion of the loyal Southern people; and whenever this rebellion is put down, they will return to their duty. It is said that they have a government—but it is no more entitled to the name than the governments that boys institute in play; it is a congregation of dissatisfied, ambitious, dishonest politicians. Acting together and inflaming the public mind of the Southern people, they dared not, after it had become inflamed and excited, and with all the prejudices of Southern society against us, submit the question fairly and openly to the people. They simply got together in a dark room men who had lived and fattened upon the spoils of office, but whose appetite for place and power had grown with what it fed on;—these disinterested patriots gathered in secret conclave, and by stealth erected what they call a government, on the principle,

“ You tickle me, Billy, do, do, do,
And in return I'll tickle you.”

You make me President of the Confederate States, and I'll make you President of Congress; you make me Secretary of the Navy (when we get one), and I'll make you Secretary of War; and you shall be Postmaster-General, provided you will make me Secretary of Foreign Affairs; and so on to the end of the chapter.

But what have the Southern people gained, and what are they to gain, by secession? Take Virginia, one of the early loyal States, though she is now treading on her ancient renown, for an example. She was defrauded, humbugged, deluded, coerced, bowie-knifed, revolvered into secession, on the claim that her slave property was in danger from Northern agitation and interference. Less than half a year of war is sufficient to show that the overrunning of that State by the army is making the entire liberation of her slaves. If the war continues long, there will not be enough of slaves left to swear by; and this will be only one item of the success that will at-

tend the trying out, to its ultimate results, the experiment of secession. Virginia will find that she has made a bad exchange of her loyalty for secession. Her loyal people should not have been dragooned and overawed. Determined that she should not be committed to the rebellion, they should have asserted her power by all the energies they possessed. Governor Letcher started to be loyal; but

“When the devil got sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.”

The Governor suffered himself to be mounted on the wave of secession, and then fancied he was well and forgot his loyalty. He will find his flood-tide a surge that will dash him to remediless ruin. Already in Western Virginia they have re-erected the State, and rekindled her political fires; they burn brightly, and the smoke of their incense is now ascending up in favor of the Union. There is some news from Virginia lately, however. A battle has taken place between General Rosecrans and General Floyd—I think we have heard the name before. He has poured out threatenings against the United States as violently as Saul did against the Christians before his vision at noonday; but when he met General Rosecrans in Western Virginia, at the head of his army, after a battle, in which the coming of night only prevented him from being overwhelmed, the valorous Governor Floyd marched quietly away in the dark, to the music, no doubt, of the old hymn,

“I love to steal—awhile away.”

He acted somewhat upon the principle of the old Indian, in the days of Miles Standish:

“And then the sachein learned a word,
And taught his kith and kin—
‘Run from the white man when you find
He smells of Holland gin.’”

But he is not the only hero they have in Virginia. Governor Wise, like a man who is fierce for a fight, had to call upon everybody to hold him until he got ready. It took a great deal to restrain him. He run very well for Governor, but he

has run better as a general. He reminds me of a story about a man who was annoyed by wolves, and anxious to purchase a dog to hunt them with. He finally heard of an exceedingly good dog for wolves, and bought him at a great price, for he was determined to have a dog of the first sort. One day he put him upon a wolf track, and followed on. He came to where there were marks of a good deal of scramble, and still followed on. At last he saw a Yankee chopping wood by the roadside. "Hello, my friend," said he, "have you seen anything of a dog and a wolf along here?" "I reckon I have." "How long ago?" "About an hour." "How was it with them." "It was pretty much nip and tuck, but the dog had a leetle the advantage—I think he was rayther ahead."

The sons of Connecticut have borne their full share in these great trials of the institutions of our country. I am proud of my native State, when I see her sons baring their bosoms to the shafts of battle; when I see them marching forward determined to rescue their country's Constitution from violation; determined to preserve this great and munificent government to their children's children through all hereafter. Her sons have fallen upon many a battle-field, and it is but recently that she has buried one of the most eminent, one of the bravest of the brave—the lamented Lyon. Peace be to his ashes.

"When and where the others died,
 Only heaven can tell;
 Treading manhood's path of pride
 Onward as they fell.
 Happy thistles, blue and red,
 Bloom around their lonely bed."

On every field of effort in this broad Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Rio Grande to the St. John's, her sons have battled and have triumphed. She furnished, in proportion to her population, more men to the Union than any other colony in the United States. She has always stood true and firm and faithful through every emergency; and may heaven bless the good old State. Her sons have taken this as their motto, when they have gone out to fight the battle of life:

"In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife.”

Such have been her sons ; so they stand before the world.

I know not where this terrible war is to terminate. I know full well—my heart teaches me, all experience teaches me, the history of the world teaches me—that if this rebellion can be overcome at all, it is to be put down by the strong arm of power. You can never nurse a rebellion ; you can never treat with a rebellion ; it is one of the foulest crimes on earth, for it includes every other, and there is no crime in the dark catalogue but that has been committed in this terrible and wicked war. I invoke my fellow-citizens everywhere, without distinction of party, without regard to party lines, offering up all upon the altar of their country, to come up and help put it down. Come forward, young men ; volunteer, enlist, march away to the battle-field to put down this rebellion. Aged men, come up, and counsel by your wisdom and inspire by your patriotism, and point to the noble deeds of our ancestors, to show how blest is the memory of him who renders service to his country. Let woman—offering up her prayers, and inculcating lessons of purity and peace—let her lend her gentle influence, her mighty, controlling, heaven-born influence to cheer our men forward in this great battle for a country that has protected her sex, that has elevated her to a condition which woman has nowhere else occupied in the history of the world. Let little children invoke God’s blessing upon those who shall rally around their country to save that country to them, that they may enjoy the heritage that their fathers bequeathed to them. Let all come together as one community, laying aside the miserable selfishness of politicians, and the cold, calculating schemes of ambition and avarice, and, offering all upon the altar of the country, come together with one heart, and that heart generous, open, liberal, sincere, to put down this rebellion, and put it down forever.

Our government has lasted not longer than the memory of a man ; shall it now perish—shall its sun go down in blood and wrong—shall it be engulfed in this terrible rebellion ? Shall those who have been pampered upon its treasury, who have been dandled upon its lap, who have been made great

by its bounty and exalted by its honors—be permitted to bring it down in the fulness of its pride, in the mightiness of its strength, and destroy it for all time to come? I am sure it never will be; and to the end that it may not be, we must rise up as one people and put down this rebellion. We owe it to the memory of those who wrought out this great heritage. We owe it to ourselves, to the cause of liberty throughout the world, to the cause of freedom that has advanced with rapid strides; we owe it to those who are to come after us through the long tracks and down the stages of future time. What havoc has this terrible war already made, and what good has it brought to any fireside in the land—what individual has it benefited, what charity has it endowed, what religion has it encouraged, what art has it inculcated, and what has it accomplished but wrong and violence and bloodshed? Rome once stood upon her seven hills, in the mightiness of her power, mistress of the world; but, after a lingering decline, the empire of the world was cried at auction for money. This government stands upon her seven hills now, but she will fall more speedily and fatally than imperial Rome, to the cry of “going, going, gone,” unless she asserts her proud prerogative in the mightiness of her strength and puts down rebellion. One of the largest armies that ever was upon this continent is now menacing us—menacing the Capital, with the declared determination that it shall be occupied by armed treason, or that it shall be laid in ashes. The city of Washington, with all the holy memories of the men of the Revolution clustering about it, destroyed by an infernal rebellion? And yet the American people—a portion of them—sit calmly by and cry “peace, peace,” and censure him who undertakes to raise his voice in the name of his country’s Constitution. I declare him an enemy of his country who attempts to arrest this great patriotic movement. Bring out the locomotive, Union, and put her upon the track; raise steam, take position, wood up, and then, Mr. Secessionist, Mr. Apologist, Mr. Peace-man, when you hear the bell ring, clear the track, for the people are coming.

This war is sweeping, with the besom of destruction, the best of our land. The blood of our sons cries to us from the ground; on the glades of Missouri, the parched sands of Virginia, they have freely poured it out, an offering to their country. Shall we

stand coolly by? Who is that cries peace? Who are you? You are tenfold a traitor. We can put down those who assail us in arms, but let him who refuses to oppose them "stand for scorn to point her slow and moving finger at." Let none attempt to check this great movement of the people of all parties to conquer this rebellion. The South demands it; the North demands it; the East and West respond in their mighty voices. It roars in the cataract of Niagara, and it hums in the breezes along the Rio Grande—put down this rebellion. It is on every loyal tongue, in every lisp of childhood; it rises up to Heaven upon every petition—put down this rebellion. But still there are those among us that want it put down by peace. But their day of mischief is over. I trembled at one period for the fate of the Republic, but I have learned since that this mighty current of opinion will sweep away every refuge and every pretence; it cannot be checked, it cannot be controlled; the people have spoken, they have issued their fiat; the word has gone forth; the rebellion is doomed. Every one who apologizes for rebellion is himself a rebel; every one who attempts to encourage rebellion points a dagger at the soldier's heart; every one who sympathizes with rebellion, himself holds a torch to our national capital; every one who apologizes for rebellion would sever this mighty Union if he himself had the power. Political parties and party politics, my friends, are sadly out of place here. When our government is maintained, when it has assured its position, when rebellion is put down, then it will be time to inquire who shall administer it. When we are sure that the house is preserved, then it will be time enough to inquire who shall be its tenant. In the mean time, let all these party bickerings be hushed. Let no man raise his voice for Republicanism or Democracy or any other party name, but let all say, "We are Americans, we are children of Washington, we are going forward to maintain this government which he and his compeers bequeathed to us; we are their sons; we will discharge the duties that belong to us; and we will discharge them with bravery, zeal, and fidelity to the last." Every drop of blood now will save oceans of blood hereafter; every tear shed now will save rivers of tears hereafter; every individual offered up on the altar of his country now will save hecatombs of human victims that may be offered up hereafter, if this terrible rebellion is

allowed to go on. It must be crushed now, once and forever, if there is power in the land, and that there is I see this audience testifies it to me; these holy men of prayer tell it to me; this assembly of beauty before me testifies it to me; this gathering of childhood testifies it; the strong men testify it, and all will come up together to quell rebellion and to preserve the country.

My God! How many happy homes hast thou permitted to be reared in the beneficence of thy mighty mercies? how many gathering-places of affection are under thy outstretched arms? O my country! what government on earth has ever so blessed man as this? Where can you find so sublime a view, so interesting a spectacle, as this great and good government, and the institutions fostered and protected by it? How God's sunshine rests upon us all alike; how the rights of all are protected; how every religion is vindicated and upheld; how everything that can elevate and bless humanity is given us.

“How has kind Heaven adorned our happy land,
And scattered blessings with a liberal hand.”

O my brethren, come along with me, come along together, come along as one, and preserve this government; and when you find those who are determined that it shall be destroyed, ask them if they consider what efforts they are making, and what they are attempting to destroy. Shame on the politician, of whatever party, that attempts to encourage this rebellion—this terrific, this awful, this destructive rebellion. This government is the last free State upon the earth. It does not depend upon standing armies; but it depends upon the patriotism of its people. When it is threatened with arms, it must meet its assailants with arms; when rebellion rears her snaky head, that rebellion must be put down with force; and when tyranny asserts its lawless sway, or lawlessness appears under any pretence, the mask must be torn from her, and the government vindicated in its justice and vindicated also in its power. Our free state must be preserved, first, by arms against this rebellion, and then by the elevating, vivifying, rectifying influences of public opinion.

SPEECH

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION
OF THE UNITED STATES.

DELIVERED AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, September 17, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Were I to remain unmoved by deep emotion, upon an occasion so replete with interest, after an introduction so kind, and a reception so flattering, I might well be deemed as much more or much less than human; and although utterance and expression may fail me, you have the assurance that my heart appreciates the honor extended to me so generously, beyond the power of language to delineate. We have met together, my friends, to interchange opinions upon the principles of the government under which we live; to speak of our beloved Union, now menaced with danger, and to contribute our influences to its preservation and perpetuity. I come among you from another State, under circumstances to me of peculiar interest, to testify in behalf of the institutions of our fathers, and to invoke their defence against all enemies, foreign or domestic. Early in the present century, a farmer of slender pecuniary means, but strong in generous and manly purpose and self-reliant industry, residing in a secluded and romantic section of this State, removed with his wife and a numerous family of young children to the interior of New York, where the wilderness was but little broken by the habitations of man. There he rekindled his domestic altar-fires, and in the true spirit of his native State, for the first winter, devoted the best part of the humble abode which his children called home, to the purposes of a common school, under a Connecticut teacher. Before his “sturdy stroke” the forest vanished, the wild beast was driven from his lair, and under the influence of his example

the school-house sprung up, the church was reared, the cultivated field, the extended meadow and nodding harvest, greeted the eye of the traveller, and homes of comfort and gathering-places of affection arose on either hand. Thus, in the hardy virtues and simple tastes of the primitive settlements, were his family reared and educated, and among them a son aged six years at the time of his change of residence. But years rolled onward, and

“A changè came o’er the spirit of my dream—
The boy had changed to manhood,”

and had gone out to fight the battles of life. He had stood in senates and in forums with the most distinguished of the land; had been laden with the world’s honors, and time and bereavement had written care upon his brow, and silvered his head with the snows of life’s approaching winter. He had revisited the home of his birth and of his early years, when life had no disguises, hope no blights, and the roses along his pathway were thornless; but the cottage, like those he had first known there in the holy relation of parents, had mouldered to dust; the wide stone hearth and broad fireplace were not there; and where, alas! were the little group who had gathered around them? The garden-plot could be traced by the fragment of stone wall remaining, but the damson-trees, and fennel-bed and rosebush had perished. The little pathway to the old gate was obliterated, and the pattering of tiny feet was heard there no more; some were walking the golden streets of Paradise, and some were yet lingering in paths that “lead but to the grave.” The broad-leaved maples near the door had disappeared, and those who planted them, and sought their shade, were reposing under the shadow of that tree whose foliage is fadeless. The cool spring which gurgled from beneath the old gray rock, and danced along so merrily to the music of its own rippling, was there, but some of those who drank of its waters now drink of the waters of life, which flow out from the rock of ages. But the boy of six years has been spared, and has returned, covered with years, to discharge a sacred obligation of duty and affection. To cast his humble offering upon the lap of her who gave him birth, who watched with maternal solicitude over his capricious childhood, and sent him forth into the world, pro-

tected by the angel wings of a mother's blessing. He had come to tell of his country's rise, to rejoice in her progress, to mourn over her present decline, and to unite in invocations to Heaven that he may not witness her fall.

Two hundred years since, a tyrant, on this spot, sought to snatch away the charter of a people's colonial liberty; but it was wrested from his grasp by the intrepidity of a Wadsworth, and concealed in the Charter Oak renowned in history. In like spirit, treason and rebellion this day seek to deprive you of the Constitution, which erects a government of freedom, and guarantees its perpetuity; but you may snatch it from their grasp, and conceal it in the Charter Oak of a loyal people's heart. Every true son of Connecticut, a State with more moral muscle than any other, may remember with pride, that in the war of the Revolution she furnished more men in proportion to her population than any other colony, and gave to Washington a "Brother Jonathan," one of his most true and trusted advisers. Great Britain, a government most free from the base, destructive, and fickle career of all modern monarchies, boasted in the haughtiness of her martial pride that the sun never set upon her possessions, and that her drum-beat encircled the world; but with a loftier pride still, Connecticut may boast, that her system of common schools has diffused its blessings wherever the sun shines, and encircles the world with its rectifying influence.

The rebellion which threatens the integrity of the Union had its origin in mad and reckless ambition. It is the fruit of the most dark and damning conspiracy which ever disgraced the earth. I have watched it from its cradle to its present alarming proportions. There had been causes of sectional irritation, but nothing to justify the efforts of armed treason to destroy the government and dissolve the Union. The sectional irritations and the election of a Republican President were not the causes of the rebellion, though employed as apologies for it. The idea had long been entertained by Southern aspirants and Southern leaders, who seized upon the occasion to carry out their infernal schemes. It was set in motion by a combination of evil causes. Avarice furnished the road-bed, bankruptcy the superstructure, and unhallowed ambition the motive power, by which a greater army is brought to menace the Union in its thundering march, than was ever before embodied upon the conti-

ment. To put down a rebellion so wicked and formidable, all must come up to the good work, not as Democrats, nor Republicans, nor under any other partisan designation, but as loyal American citizens, engaged together in the vindication of their country's Constitution. This rebellion is prosecuted with more ferocity than any war in the history of modern civilization; commencing with treason of the deepest dye, murder, piracy, perjury, and robbery are its concomitants, and arson, theft, and numerous kindred villainies, follow in its train. Pickets have been deliberately, wantonly, and systematically slaughtered; disaffected, prowling, ferocious savages stimulated to deeds of blood upon our borders. Railroad bridges weakened so that unoffending passengers of all ages, sexes, and conditions, may be maimed and mangled for life, or hurried to destruction together; and their own citizens, who refuse to bow the knee to the secession Baal, are robbed, murdered, and driven from their homes in destruction; and these enormities are but a few of those which blot and blacken even the catalogue of depravity itself.

“ Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
 Which well may shame extremest hell?
 Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought?
 Shall pity's bosom cease to swell?
 Shall honor bleed? shall truth succumb?
 Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?
 No! by each spot of haunted ground,
 Where freedom weeps her children's fall!
 By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound!
 By Griswold's stained and shattered wall!
 By Warren's ghost! By Langdon's shade!
 By all the memories of our dead!”

This rebellion is more bloody than the ferocious decree of Herod, for it destroys all ages; more dreadful than the destroying angel of Egypt, for it passes over none, though blood besprinkles the door posts; and when our institutions are trembling to their base, and Republican liberty is struggling for existence, Great Britain, under the shallow and shameless pretence of perfect neutrality between a great and friendly government, whose stability she has tested, and a mushroom rebellion of yesterday, while she perhaps abstains from official inter-

ference, shows but too plainly through her press, her aristocracy, and her every means of indirect annoyance, that she would take sides with rebellion if she dare. As the world's almoner, she has for years advertised her philanthropy in sighs for the wrongs of domestic slavery, and now proves her sincerity in taking sides with those who claim it as the legitimate foundation of government. It is not that she is unfriendly to our people, for a long commercial intercourse, mutually advantageous, has fostered kind relations. But it is the inveterate hatred of monarchy for free, popular government. Because we, the child of her own bosom, are one of the great powers of the Earth, and her rival upon the seas; a memorable illustration of the proverb, that "Wrath is cruel and anger is outrageous, but who can stand before envy."

Let us look out upon the vast expanse dedicated to freedom, stretching away from the rising to the setting sun, and from perpetual snows to perennial flowers; with magnificent harbors upon the two great oceans of the world, every variety of soil, climate, and production; with unrivalled elements in every enterprise and industrious avocation; great, too, in early youth, in letters, arts, and arms; great in institutions of charity and religion; great in population and material wealth, but greater in the coming millions, whose footsteps we hear in the distance. A peaceful separation of this beautiful and bountiful heritage is impossible; it would be geographically as fatal as politically destructive; a cordon of red-coats and British bayonets would line our northern frontier, and a standing army of two hundred thousand men would be required to preserve the peace along our artificial southern line, whose presence would provoke the very conflict they were placed there to prevent. The mouth of the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, and the free transit over the isthmus would be commanded by a British fleet, and thus, were a division practicable, should we be maimed and crippled in our fair proportions, dwarfed in our enterprises, and humiliated before the world as a petty, fragmentary republic, too weak to defend itself against internal conspiracy, or to resist foreign insult or aggression.

The general government has covenanted with the States to guarantee them each a Republican form of government, and the people of the Union are pledged to the oppressed children of

every clime to give them security and repose in freedom's holy land. Hither they have flocked from the oppressions of the old world, to enjoy the fruits of equality in this, and are among the first to rally to the defence of the glorious emblem of their chosen land, the stars and stripes. Let this cheering spectacle mantle the cheek of every native-born citizen, who would favor rebellion, with shame. Shame, that a land so free should produce such base-born children, when the sons of Ireland, Germany, and other lands are foremost in the ranks of loyalty, defending the Constitution and the Union, as they would their very altar-fires.

This government could withstand the assault of a world in arms against her; but a rebellion in her midst, more atrocious, if possible, than that of Satan in heaven, demands our best efforts, our united energies. We must so assert the power and dignity of the government, that rebellion will feel it and fear it, and tremble. We should have one startling war-cry, to ring along our lines, and be the watchword of every loyal citizen in the Union. Let it be this: *Peace and protection to loyalty everywhere;—Death and destruction to traitors!*

This struggle has not even the poor merit of being sectional. The Southern people are divided. The Union feeling, if it could be fairly represented, largely predominates in every Southern State, except, perhaps, that proverbial secession wasp's nest, South Carolina. Virginia, poor old betrayed, down-trodden State, played away as a stake by graceless and gambling politicians, and writhing under the heel of a lawless mob, called the confederate army! she is now tasting some of the fruits of long-coveted secession; her substance consumed, her industry destroyed, her system of slavery shaken to its foundation, her government repudiated and deposed by her own people, and a new one founded in the spirit of the federal constitution and loyal to the Union, erected upon its ruins! Such is the history, such the humiliation, and such the rewards of the once lofty Old Dominion, and proud mother of Presidents! Kentucky, God bless her! in spite of forsworn and traitorous Senators, and a Governor with perjury as black as hell upon his soul, who endeavored to seduce or drive her into the bottomless pit of secession, had remained true to the Union, as proved by her 60,000 majority under the menace of armed and open traitors, and the

meaner baseness of pretended friends; and whenever the Southern Union-loving people are emancipated, by the prospect of protection, from the fear of the gallows and the torch, the bowie-knife and the revolver, a majority of the disloyal States will imitate the noble example of good old Kentucky, and roll up their thousands for the supremacy of the Constitution and the perpetuity of the Union.

The Northern sentiment is less divided than is generally believed. The sympathy with rebellion, which exhibited such ambitious proportions at the earlier stages, has recently shrunk to the most meagre and diminutive dimensions. Its noisy advocates and apologists who, by false pretences, carried with them for a day honest men, who supposed it was a mere political conflict, now stand alone, forsaken, subdued, and silenced; scorned by all loyal men, and despised and derided by the armed treachery whose cause they have espoused. Your good Mayor, who introduced me so kindly, was pleased to say that I was, politically, an old-fashioned Democrat. Although it is not material to the present purpose, I am, always have been, and always expect to be, a Democrat of the old school, or Jackson stamp. I have been, and am, a believer in the great Democratic doctrines of equality and simplicity; and one of the primary articles of that creed, I have always understood, was to support, in the spirit and essence of truth, the Constitution under which we live. But a self-constituted, high order of Democracy has recently arisen, claiming exclusiveness for its peculiar excellence. It virtually regards it heresy to support the Constitution under the administration of a political opponent, and sympathizes with armed treason, in its efforts to dissolve the Union and destroy the government, and proposes to negotiate with it a treaty of peace.

A Democrat!—a disciple and follower of Jefferson and Jackson, sympathizing with a rebellion in arms against the government of the Constitution! As well a Christian who prays to the devil for mercies! A Democrat, and giving aid and comfort and countenance to those who are seeking to destroy the noblest edifice of government ever erected by man!

“Thou wear’st a lion’s hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs.”

A peace Democrat, an artificial nest-egg, a cheat itself, and made to cheat others *to lay beside it!*

In treating practically of this question, what do the friends of the Constitution propose? They propose to take the rebellion in hand as a rebellion, and to put it down, at whatever cost of men and money, regardless of consequences to those engaged in it. What do the small band of peace apologists propose? To climb up by the slippery and filthy steps of political management, to the rebellion camp, and, in the name of this great and powerful government, ask this lawless gang of miscreants and murderers to consent to liberal terms of peace! to say where they will divide the Union! what terms they will please to suggest! and if they will not be good enough, after this, to cease their treasonable depredations, and let the residue of this dismembered and bleeding Union, which was sacredly dedicated, as a whole, to freedom, and consecrated to the best hopes of humanity, alone!

This peace party organization shows the alarming extent of political prejudice—a prejudice as poisonous as pestilence and consuming as famine, yet treading as stealthily as the miasma of evening, so that we walk along with it and breathe its contagion without being aware of its presence. This pestiferous idea, urged, insinuated, and diffused, as it has been, and stimulated by party prejudice, has done more harm to the cause of the Constitution and the Union than all the armies of the rebellion combined. Peace party men, stand out by yourselves and let us see you! Loyal men and women desire to look at you!—you who sympathize with armed rebellion, and propose to meet its murderous bands with honeyed propositions of peace, and degrade this great government beneath the level of the treason which threatens its existence! You are sappers and miners of your country's Constitution, and seek to preserve party organization at the sacrifice of the integrity of the government! Like the ocean shell, torn from its briny bed but generations ago, but still muttering of the storms in which it was formed, your discordant notes of party break the harmonious voice of a loyal people, in croaking invocations to your partisan deities. Like a rusted weathercock, which is unable to change, but holds its head in the direction it was when it lost the faculty of motion, no matter from which quarter the

gale is blowing, you are yet doing battle bravely against a small band of abolitionists, when a rebellious army of nearly half a million are in sight of your country's Capitol, and you propose to expend your energies in a bootless warfare over dead and buried political issues, and meet a rebel army and its perjured leaders with propositions of peace! Stand out, I say again! if there are enough of you to count, in full view of honest men. To what miserable measure have you shrunk and shrivelled within the last few weeks? Where is the harmonious peace party so stealthily and successfully organized but a few days since? and from whence the pieces of silver, the price of the detestable enterprise? Let all these questions be answered, and that too responsibly; for an indignant people will bring you to trial and judgment and execution. God set a mark upon Cain for safety, but he will set one upon your brow for destruction, and it shall come to pass that all honest men shall hereafter rise up to slay you.

The threatening front which the peace party presented a few days since, and the tapering tail which it now exhibits, are well illustrated by an anecdote of the early days of anti-masonry, and before the excitement had been generally heard of. A Yankee peddler of rather singular proportions, and clothed with unique garments, called for refreshments for himself and horse at an obscure country tavern, where no one was in charge but a landlady of proverbial simplicity; and on preparing to leave, the peddler told her that he was an anti-mason, and that they were never charged at public houses; to inform her husband on his return that an anti-mason had been there and had partaken of refreshments, and he would know what it meant, and all would be right. He was therefore suffered to depart accordingly. On the return of the landlord, his wife informed him; but he, too, was as ignorant of anti-masonry as the landlady, and inquired with much earnestness and in detail what kind of a thing it was, how it looked, acted, &c. The wife said that it looked very much like a man, and talked and acted like a man, and she would have thought that it was a man, had it not been *so very narrow behind!*

The President of the United States has been greatly censured for extreme, and, as is alleged, unconstitutional acts, in endeavoring to arrest the progress of rebellion; and to cover the

whole ground, and to save all cavil, I desire to say, once for all, democrat as I am, and to say it too with emphasis, that I approve and sustain the principle of every one of the alleged "*extreme*" acts of the President; and would have approved them if much more extreme in the same direction; and I am not only prepared to vindicate them, one and all, upon the clearest principle of national martial law, but to show that he would have deserved impeachment if he had not resorted to them, charged as he is with the grave responsibilities of maintaining the government as its executive chief. When we, as Union men, are inclined to murmur that more has not been done, we should, if we would do full justice, remember the peculiar circumstances under which the present administration came into power. The President was elected upon a peculiarly divided vote, and could not reasonably count upon the united support of the whole people in the measures of his administration. He found the country in a most fearful crisis, the government demoralized, the treasury robbed, rebellion rampant, and treason and treachery in every department; arms and munitions and ships of war in the hands of the enemies of the Union, the government hourly betrayed by those charged with its support; and, groping his way amidst darkness, doubt, distrust, and defection, he was and is entitled to the support and counsel and countenance of all loyal men, rather than deserving of censure for short-comings, real or imaginary. And yet, with all these embarrassments resting upon the government and people, what nation of the Old World, with all their military prowess and boasted strength, could, from their internal resources of men and money, in so short a time, bring such a force into the field from the ranks of the people? Even Rome, when seated upon her seven hills, her proud panoply nodding over a subjugated world, could not have done it; nor can any of the modern governments of the earth.

But the coercion of States and the subjugation of their people by the federal government are the great stalking-horses and peace bugbears of the day, and have done rebellion essential service with those who employed them, to alarm the timid and dupe the unwary. A State clearly cannot be coerced into the fidelity and alacrity which becomes a member of the confederacy; but a State, or the people of a State, or any portion there-

of, in rebellion against the government of the Union, may be coerced to lay down their arms and cease their treasonable demonstrations. No one proposes to coerce a State, or to interfere in its domestic policy, unless that policy threatens the integrity of the Union; and then, the sooner it is coerced into obedience to a common constitution, the better. No one proposes to subjugate a loyal people anywhere, but the friends of the Constitution do propose to subjugate any and every people, anywhere and everywhere, who are endeavoring by arms or other treasonable appliances to overthrow this government, and to bring them to condign punishment; and, to attain such end, they propose to employ every power and faculty of the government, moral and material, and to pursue their purpose until rebellion and rebels are exterminated from the States and Territories and possessions of the Union, regardless of the effusion of blood or the expenditure of treasure. Whoever acts up to this idea I shall support, and whoever resists or evades it, or seeks to fritter it away, I shall oppose.

The President, as commander-in-chief of our forces, is condemned for having laid his hand upon a treasonable press; for having arrested and imprisoned spies and traitors, and for having suspended the *habeas corpus*. In all this he has done just what the occasion demanded of him, and no more than his duty required, though he may or may not have committed errors in the application. The liberty of the press is one of our dearest rights, but such liberty consists in discussing fully and freely every measure of government, and not in endeavoring to betray it to enemies, or to overturn and destroy it. A press has no more right to distil and diffuse treason, and attempt to destroy the government, than you or I have. Printed treason can claim no exemption from treason spoken or written, and is more mischievous, because usually of wider circulation. For the arrest of individuals who are engaged in giving aid and comfort to a ferocious enemy, and consigning them to prison, and keeping them there by the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, the President is entitled to the thanks of every lover of his country. I boldly declare that these acts afford me the highest degree of satisfaction, and if he could not have stayed the progress of rebellion otherwise, if he had placed some of these traitors beyond the reach of arrest, he would have been fully justified.

It would be no worse to lay the capitol of Washington in ashes by our own hands than by the hands of others, urged on by our encouragement, connivance, and sympathy. The administration has acted up to its high responsibilities in the arrest and imprisonment in Fort McHenry of treason-hatching members of the Maryland Legislature. If there has been one thing, amidst the blunders and reverses we have experienced, which has rejoiced the friends of the Union more than another, it is this. They are now where they deserved to have been long since. They will have abundant opportunity to deliberate upon their treasonable schemes, to act as a standing committee, or in committee of the whole, in the consideration of their favorite subject; to rise and report at convenience—their business will at all times be in order, and they can always obtain leave to sit again.

The powers exercised by the President, which are denounced as usurpations, are powers which exist in every government on earth. This power is coeval with the existence of nations, and is a part of the economy of their being. Its exercise is the instinct of self-preservation; it is older and stronger than written laws and paper constitutions, for governments are defended by it when all other resources fail them, and constitutions repose upon it for safety when the waves of revolt and turbulence break over all conventional barriers. It is the war power, or the power of martial law. That power, in times of war, is unbounded, save by the discretion of him who sways supreme command. It arises out of, and is justified by, a great necessity, and has been exercised by every chief commander in the universe, in a greater or less degree, in the history of the world's progress. It was asserted and enforced by General Jackson at New Orleans, and were he now at the helm of the ship of state, it would be exercised again with right good-will, coupled with a declaration, that "By the Eternal! the Union must and shall be preserved!" Early eminent writers upon the sovereign power declare that the war power is, from necessity, bounded only by the discretion of him who wields it. That such a power is dangerous and liable to serious abuses, and that he who exerts it is responsible to a Christian civilization for its judicious exercise, and liable to impeachment and punishment if employed by him maliciously or corruptly, cannot be

denied ; but, with all its dangers and temptations and despotic attributes, no government can withstand the combined machinations of external foes and internal traitors, who seek its destruction, without invoking its protecting influences.

We cannot fail to see that the question is too great for parties ; it deserves and demands the united wisdom and combined energies of all loyal men. If parties enjoyed their former high estate, it would be unbecoming an occasion so momentous, for them to be struggling against each other for domestic mastery in the face of an enemy, and that enemy a traitor. But when parties are demoralized and degraded, and there is little left in the machinery of their organization but abuses, the idea of forming and keeping on foot political organizations at such a time is monstrous. The issue shoots too deep, and rises too high, and spreads too wide, for party management. The throbs of the popular heart cannot be restrained within the narrow boundaries prescribed by puny politicians. The impious and conceited Canute commanded the ocean's wave to roll thus far, and no farther ; and the pompous Xerxes cast into the sea his fetters to restrain the swelling of its bosom ; but the elements laughed their impotent efforts to scorn, and rolled on, regardless of the magisterial fiat ; and politicians who essay to control the heavings of a nation's heart, in a crisis which threatens the existence of this heritage of hope, by fulminating the edicts of party, may find the parallel of their success in the history suggested. Party organizations in time of peace are inseparable from our form of government, and are necessary to its success. They operate as checks upon public abuses, and their agitations, like those in the natural world, purify the moral atmosphere. But when they attempt to assert their power and enforce their dogmas in the face of a formidable rebellion, they can serve only as a curse, and should be spurned accordingly.

The advocates of peace remind one of the celebrated Nick Bottom in the proposed sanguinary play of Pyramus and Thisbe, where the lion was to play a conspicuous and terrifying part. Bottom first proposes to play the part of the lion himself, because of his capacity to roar. Upon suggestion that the roaring of a character so boisterous might alarm a portion of the audience, he declared the lion to be the most dangerous of *wild fowl*, and asserted his ability to "*aggravate*" his voice so

as to roar as gently as a sucking dove. That the exhibitions of blood might not be alarming to the ladies, it was suggested that a prologue should recite before the audience that the swords employed were no swords; that the disconsolate and dying Pyramus was not Pyramus, as represented; and when the part of the lion was finally assigned to Snug, Bottom suggested that in personating the monster of the forest, to save alarm, the actor should pronounce plainly his own name, and say, "Ladies, fair ladies, I am not a lion! I am only Snug the joiner!" In like spirit, and with about equal sense, the advocates of inglorious peace, while promising, in fear of the loyal spirit of the people, to roar in the war-cry like their exemplar Bottom, they propose to show half their faces to rebellion out of the lion's mane, and assure it that after all the preparation for the defence of the Union is not in earnest; is no lion, but only a harmless pretender—a mere Snug the joiner.

This noble State, so great in wealth and historic renown, in men and material, in social structure, in refinement, culture, and intelligence, in arts and arms, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, in the manly spirit of her men, and in the domestic virtues of her women, in her institutions of learning, charity, and religion, is greater still in that deathless enterprise which carries her children to every portion of the globe, and diffuses the light of her moral influence wherever human habitations are erected; her sons are found alike by the side of the shivering Icelander and the sun-burnt Moor, exerting the same irrepressible energy and vigor which is the distinguishing characteristic of her people. They are in executive chambers, in senates, in the halls of legislation, at the bar, in the desk, at the head of armies, and in the ranks of the soldier, everywhere doing battle for the cause of liberty. But of the many sons she has sent forth upon missions of light, who have returned again but recently—

"Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchyard path we saw him borne."

The lamented Lyon—the brave and intrepid and honored

soldier. He fell in defence of the Constitution and the Union, and his native State stretched out her arm with a mother's solicitude to gather to her generous bosom all that was mortal of her cherished son.

“He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound shall awake him to glory again.”

The pure and holy faith of Abraham saved from sacrifice the child of his best affections; but the blood of Connecticut's brave son was demanded as an earnest of her devotion to the Union. It has been paid!

“Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, brave Lyon, in thy bloody grave.”

Sleep on! Sleep on! thou gallant, lamented son of a venerated mother! Though thy bloody bier has been garlanded with laurel, a mourning brother may cast his humble chaplet upon thy tomb! Smiling angels shall often visit thy resting-place, and it shall be bedewed with the tears of affection for thy untimely fall; and when thy bright example shall be wreathed in history, the muse shall sing again:—

“There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly trip the ground.”

The dictates of humanity and the instincts of self-preservation demand of us a vigorous prosecution and speedy termination of this terrible war. The issue is made up, and the government must crush rebellion, or rebellion will crush the government. To put down the rebellion now will check the swollen current of demoralization, diminish taxation, and save incalculably the effusion of human blood. Deeply as the North has felt the infliction, the South has felt it much more. It has already shaken the peculiar institution in the South to its foundations in many of the States, and kindled a competition which threatens king cotton with numerous and formidable rivals for his boasted crown in various parts of the world; and the power which thought it needed only a rebellion for a coronation, will

soon be reduced to the condition of a subject. The loyal Southern people regard the rebellion as a monster reeking with crime, and are now offering invocations to heaven for its overthrow. Men, women, and children demand it, in the name of all that is pure, sacred, and holy; by the memories and traditions of the past, the fruition of the present, and the hopes of the future. We cannot expect to have battles without blood, nor campaigns without carnage; but let those who have sown the wind reap the whirlwind, and let the retribution be speedy and terrible. The history of domestic rebellions is instructive. That of Shay, in Massachusetts, was conquered, and left in its stead a complete structure of government, dedicated to law and order. The whiskey insurrection of Pennsylvania, which, since it could plead intoxication for its madness and folly, had a better apology than this, was speedily subdued, and left a loyal people upon its ruins; and the Dorr rebellion of Rhode Island was overthrown, and has been forgotten; and that patriotic State was among the first to send her armies to the field, with her intrepid Governor at their head, to defend the great citadel of the Union. The American people know full well, and have deliberately decided, that they can never obtain peace by nursing rebellion, and hence they cry war, uncompromising war, with rebellion, to the knife, with no quarter to traitors or their apologists, until they lay down their arms. Pursue them to their entrenchments and hiding-places, and drive them from society, and listen no more to words of peace, except such honorable, enduring peace as acknowledges the majesty of our laws, the supremacy of the Constitution, and hails the stars and stripes as the glad and glorious emblem of the best government on earth.

Nations, like individuals, die, and the expiring throes are more terrible. Some perish suddenly by violence; some by the lingering process of decay. Imperial Rome lived three hundred years, with disease corroding her vitals; but the acute, nervous sensibility of this nation, with its delicate and high-strung organization, will carry it away speedily, whenever it falls into a decline. But it will never die! It must not! It shall not! It cannot die! The spirit of prophecy comes over me. I see the clouds on yonder hill-top; the sun is shining bright and beautiful. I see this rebellion conquered,

laden with chains, and brought to the block of the executioner for punishment, and I say, Away with it! I see, too, the pitiful band in our midst who would apologize for traitors, and negotiate with them for peace; there they stand, dejected, pale, and trembling; shunned and execrated by men, hated and despised by women, and cursed by the lips of childhood, as enemies of their kind. They seek once more to invoke the honored name of democracy to cover their perfidy, but it has higher aims in the present fearful exigency than to lend its influence to the advocates of rebellion, and they must stand alone. While we may all admire the true Democrat, whose sword and shield is the Constitution, we shall not fail to detect the bastard pretender, whose only claim to the honored designation is, that he is in sympathy with treason in arms, and seeks to apologize for its perjuries, robberies, and thefts.

I fear no masked batteries from such Swiss recruits as these, no thunderbolts or bulls of excommunication fulminated by such authority; and sooner than consent that they shall hang out a spurious political organization upon such a question, in such a crisis, to embarrass the administration and imperil the country, I would see them hanged themselves. It is the duty of every citizen to support and sustain the administration in this its day of peril; and I, for one, like Paul Revere, shall fly far and cry aloud both night and day, until my fellow-citizens are aroused to a sense of the danger which threatens us, and unite all the moral and material energies of a mighty nation to crush treachery and traitors forever; and if I fall in the service, I shall only regret that I had not a thousand lives to devote to kindred efforts in my bleeding country's cause.

Less than a century since, the world saw a frail bark launched in the ocean of existence, to cruise in the cause of liberty and the rights of man. It outrode the perils of the storm and the fury of the thundergust, and escaped the Scylla of foreign aggression and the Charybdis of domestic danger. It withstood many battles of blood with the navies of the world, and was honored and admired in every sea. But when it was riding at midday, upon a placid ocean, before a prosperous gale, its stars and stripes streaming, freighted with the best hopes and destinies of mankind, when a whole people

were offering prayers to heaven for its safety and success, it is threatened with destruction by a mutinous and murderous portion of the crew. But let it not perish thus ignobly. Let a strong and steady arm grasp the helm, let all hands be piped to duty, and the noble vessel rescued from the clutch of traitorous hands, and sent forward upon its errand of hope and mercy, bearing the glad tidings of liberty, equality, and freedom, to all mankind.

And now, on taking leave, in the name of that Constitution which we all love and revere, in the name of this sacred Union of our fathers which shelters and protects us, for the honor and kindness extended me, and the attentions shown me upon this my return to my early home, I can only tender you the sincere tribute of an appreciative and grateful heart.

“Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him and thee.
My native land, good night.”

SPEECH

ON THE RATIFICATION OF THE UNION WAR NOMINATIONS FOR
STATE OFFICERS.

DELIVERED AT A MASS MEETING, HELD AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE,
NEW YORK, September 20, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—You need not be surprised if you find my voice a little deficient on this occasion, as it has been already considerably exercised to-day before another assembly. I have been campaigning a little at the East; have spoken recently at Bridgeport to a large and enthusiastic meeting; at Hartford, the capital of my native State, where two hundred years ago the people resisted tyranny, and preserved the charter of their colonial existence and their liberties; and yesterday at New London, under “Griswold’s stained and shattered walls,” where an Arnold, who betrayed his country and massacred his countrymen and burned the town, is yet remembered with that terrible execration due to traitors. I came from New England to-day, and have just now returned from speaking at Newark, New Jersey, where, I am sorry to say, there are yet a few Hessians left. And everywhere, all over the land, I find the great masses of the people rallying to the support of the government with a patriotism and a determination which I never before saw in all my varied experience in public affairs. Literally it is a time in the movements of the popular heart, which political kings and prophets might well have sought and waited for.

We all understand what question is before us. It is dividing the country into parties,—not sustaining the old party divisions and distinctions, for the fountains of the political deep are broken up,—but drawing the lines plain and indelible

between the two parties that are forming on the great issue of the day ; one great and one small ; one a party of truth, and one of falsehood ; one of honor, and one of shame ; one of fidelity, the other of treason ; one a party of loyal hearts, the other of conspirators and traitors. There are only just two names for these parties, for he who is not for the country is against it. Let every one determine the position he will take. It is still a free country ; range yourselves where you will ; take the side of your country, of its institutions, of this glorious Union, and uphold them, or take your position with a dagger in one hand and a torch in the other, to war upon and destroy, if you can, the greatest and best government that has ever existed on earth. This is the whole issue and all the scope there is for the operations of parties. Names cannot disguise it. It cannot be cloaked under any false pretences. The popular demand is for every man who is on the side of the country to range himself boldly and unequivocally there ; and he who holds back, and doubts and cavils, must take his position with the most infamous and hellish rebellion that ever disgraced earth or the regions of perdition. Let monarchy, like Milton's demon

“Grim horribly a ghastly smile.”

Let mousing politicians, who are bounded by ideas as circumscribed as their own selfish conceits, attempt to deride or restrain this tide of popular feeling. It has passed clear away beyond their control. They cannot stay it, nor direct its course. They may as well attempt to “draw out leviathan with a hook, or bore his jaw through with a thorn,” as to seek to shape this great and mighty issue to subserve the purposes of party. It is not, nor can it be made, a question of parties. It is a question of government or no government. While it concerns your political institutions, it is more vital still ; it goes down to the very foundations of the country's existence, and in its results and consequences it rises far above the conceptions and reaches further than human ideas or human imagination can penetrate. It is a question greater than that involved in the American Revolution. That was a question of experiment ; this, of great and beneficent accomplished facts. That was a question of hope ; this, whether fruition complete and boundless shall be madly cast away. That was

a question whether freedom and independence on this continent should be struggled for, in the hope that the effort might be successful; this, whether the freedom and independence won by the blood of the Revolution and secured by the constitution and the Union, shall be tamely surrendered to armed rebellion, or defended, preserved and handed down to all time, as the richest legacy, the most sacred trust ever granted by Heaven to men. This is the momentous question we have to meet; and on the very threshold, in the morn of our prosperity, when the sky is cloudless, when the sun is genial and beaming, when everything speaks of hope and tends only to cheer and bless, rebellion rears its snaky head in a section of the land, attempting to destroy not only the government but all government; and a party rises up in our midst, sympathizing with rebels, if not with rebellion. It is nothing more nor less than this, and should be called by no other name. This rebellion is pure unalloyed wickedness, with nothing to mitigate a single feature of its accursed atrocity; and those who sympathize with it should prepare to meet with it the just judgment and condemnation of an outraged people.

The rights and the wrongs between the North and the South, between individuals or portions of the people in different sections, have really little to do with this question of rebellion, one way or the other. Slavery has been used as the argument to blind, excite and mislead the Southern people, but the rebellion was inaugurated for the purpose of breaking up the Union, of destroying the government of Washington, not for any fears the leaders had on the subject of slavery. To talk the words plain, it was an attempt of old, worn-out politicians to set up a government of their own. They had rather reign in Hell than serve in Heaven, and failing to control the whole government, they determined to have a government by themselves, and for that purpose they have rebelled; and that is not the most shameful thing about it, for men and devils have rebelled before. The most shameful thing is that they have found sympathy and support in the loyal States. To be sure, the attempt to aid the rebellion sympathetically, presents a far less imposing appearance now than it did a few days ago. The sympathizers are rapidly crawling away, each one exclaiming: "Thou canst not say I did it."

But they have been marked by an indignant people; and it is well, perhaps, that this has been the course of events, for it has had the effect to break up the old pestiferous party organizations, to bring the great body of the people together in one mass, and to show what a mighty power exists in a patriotic public opinion. If party politics were as sound and well grounded as in the days of Jackson, it would even then be a shame to undertake to bring party influences to bear upon the great questions at issue. But now, when they are guided and controlled by lobby agents and political traffickers, and instead of the best, all the worst motives incentive to party action are in full play, when an army greater than has ever before been embodied in this continent, is almost in sight of the national capital, threatening its destruction and seeking to overthrow the government, it is especially shameful to raise the cry of party and attempt to gather party advantage. When the whole political fabric rumbles and vibrates as with a volcano, is it a time to be turned from the great purposes which should inspire every patriot, to deliberate about the miserable intrigues of paltry politicians? Is the great State of New York, with her mighty capabilities, her great population, her extended fields of enterprise, her inland seas, her internal improvements, her great commercial emporium, her facilities of trade and commerce, her free school system and her intelligence in every department of civilization, to be compelled at a time like this to bow the knee to some political Baal, and be made the tool of some corrupt and worn-out regency? That would be humiliating in the last degree; and it gratifies me to see my fellow-citizens, of all parties, casting off and throwing to the winds their old, tattered political garments, and baring their breasts to the shock of this great constitutional conflict. It is cheering to the heart of every patriot thus to see that a free government and a self government, is the strongest government on earth, when once aroused to action.

There has been an attempt lately by the old managers of the democratic party to seize upon this great question and run it as they do their political machine, in the name of party. The republican party, claiming to be the predominant political organization in the State, and shown to be such by recent elec-

tions, had the good sense to see that it would be impolitic and improper, if not impracticable, to continue the old party organizations in the field during this great conflict of arms; they, therefore, made a proposition for a joint ticket to be supported by both parties. The democratic managers, of whom I speak not as individuals, but as the controlling head of a worn-out and corrupt clique, declined to accept the proposition, because it would interfere with a great principle by which they were actuated; the principle that every attempt to prosecute the war against the rebellion to a successful conclusion, should be accompanied by liberal propositions of peace; that for every ounce of war you must have an ounce of peace go along with it, and for every movement made against the enemy, you must make a low bow, and offer a proposition of peace at the same time. That was the great idea to be carried out a few days before their State Convention held at Syracuse. That was the programme then of these managers and wire-workers of a defunct party regency. When the Convention met, they had received new light on the subject. Liberal propositions of peace might suit rebels in arms and their sympathizers, but not the great body of the patriotic voters of the empire State. They, therefore, concluded to try the effect of non-committalism, and had the convention adopt a platform "kind of so and kind of not so, and a little more not so than so." Then Mr. Tremain, the leading candidate upon their convention ticket, repudiated their platform, for its lack of both patriotism and frankness. He could not stand upon it and could not run upon it, and, therefore, ran away from it as fast as possible; and I see that the State Committee has consented to graciously accept Mr. Tremain's declination, which may be considered truly fortunate for that eminent and talented citizen. If they had refused, so absolute is their control of everything connected with the party machinery, that he might have been placed in the predicament of the man with the wonderful cork leg, obliged to run in spite of himself. Dr. Brunek, their candidate for treasurer, had a little too much honest Dutch blood in his veins to fancy being on both sides of the same question at the same time, and he also declined the nomination. But nothing is impossible with that expert and experienced regency. They filled up the vacancies from their own members; and, finding

their half and half platform as unpopular and offensive, in its lack of any manly condemnation of the rebellion, as was their original declaration in favor of liberal propositions of peace to armed and unyielding rebels, they called together their candidates and had them issue declaration of principles No. 3—a very adroit movement, and peculiarly worthy of the regency managers. It would not commit them, and deceive some honest men into the support of their candidates. But where they hid away, for the time, their peace ideas, nobody knows. There ought to be a reward offered for their discovery and recovery. Why, they were only some three short weeks old; buried, and so soon, and by the authors of their being too; it is a clear case of infanticide! It reminds me of the old, affecting epitaph upon one early lost:—

“If so soon I must be done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.”

The candidates responded to the call of the committee with becoming dutifulness. How grateful must have been the greetings between them, the candidates to the committee and the committee to the candidates. They must have sounded very much like the speech of the men of Coventry to good Queen Bess, and her reply:

“The men of Coventry,
Are very glad to see,
Your gracious Majesty;
Good Lord! how fair you be!”

To which the Queen replied:

“Her gracious Majesty,
Is very glad to see
You men of Coventry;
Good Lord! what fools you be!”

What faith can be reposed in declarations of principles made in such a fashion?

I said here a little more than a year ago, in speaking of this same old political machine and its managers, that there never was a fox so crafty but that his hide finally went to the hatter. I predicted their doom then, and it has already come. The

people are about to pronounce judgment upon them as tried and condemned, and to execute them as a tyrannical, corrupt, worn-out, lobby regency. I speak not of their candidates personally, but of them and the management by which they have been presented for the suffrages of the people of the State, politically, as an attempt to break up a great popular movement in support of the government, and to keep on foot a dead and rotten organization, for the benefit of a few self-constituted party leaders; a thing condemned by the democratic party, repulsive to every moral sense, and despised by every honest man in the land. As I said in the first place, there is but one question pending, that of country or no country, and he that is not for the country is against it; and these men, for years devoted to politics, who three weeks ago proclaimed their sympathy with armed rebellion and without any change in public affairs have, in pretence, come round to the other side now, only show that, at best, they are not sincere. They have tried three times in as many weeks, to reach, by mere words the popular heart,—to set their sails to the political breezes so as to control the votes of the democracy of the State without condemning rebellion or taking a manly stand in favor of sustaining the government. Their efforts will be abortive; they show that they are entitled to no consideration on the score of sincerity.

I understand that a certain eminent democratic journal, the *Atlas and Argus*, that has, like Orator Puff, two tones to its voice, proposes to forgive me my heretofore political transgressions provided I do not transgress hereafter. I have no doubt it would be very agreeable to that sheet, like the fox without a tail in the fable, to induce some arrangement that would save it from all allusions to the past. It would doubtless be pleasant to its party managers to have the sponge run over the record of the past. I hold them responsible for the great evil that has come upon the country. I hold them responsible for having broken up and demoralized the old democratic party, and more responsible for all the sectionalism of the day than I do every abolitionist in the land. Of the commercial part of the concern, I mean that part devoted to trading in politics, I have nothing to say. That is an affair of their own. They are welcome to drive the best bargain they can. But when an abolition sheet, in part or in whole,—half-breed or whole-breed, undertakes to

arraign my political course, because at a time like this I join with those who uphold the government and the Union, whether they have heretofore been abolitionists, or whigs, or republicans, or democrats, I shall have something to say about theirs at the same time. I have always been a democrat of the old school of democracy. I have never voted an opposition ticket in my life, in whole or in part; and when the democratic party has been divided, I have always gone with that portion which I considered on the whole the most national. No spurious democrats have a right to read their warrants of domination to me; and when they do so, I shall tear the mask from their false faces, in my own time and way, and exhibit them to the public indignation and scorn.

If your city was on fire,—the destroying element raging fearfully,—the firemen with their engines and appliances rushing to meet it in fierce conflict,—the cry of danger and alarm heard on every hand,—would you stop to inquire whether the chief marshal and his assistants and the fire department were democrats or republicans, to see whether you should assist or oppose them? Would you not at once rush to the rescue to stay the devouring element? If a great pestilence was brooding over the land,—the people in dismay gathered together to devise means to stop the fatal malady that threatened to consign them all to a common tomb,—would you seek to engraft political parties upon it, and treat the question with reference to the preservation of political organizations? If gaunt famine was upon us would you attempt to array political parties upon that? No! we should all come together and consult and act in harmony for the good of all, and make common cause to avert the impending calamity. But we are now threatened with an evil of ten-fold greater danger than conflagration, pestilence or famine. The public life,—the government left to us as a sacred legacy by our fathers,—the country for which they pledged life, fortune and honor, are menaced with destruction. A great army is in the field, and a mighty rebellion, with all the elements of war, is arrayed for their overthrow. And yet in the midst of this great trial, we see a set of scurvy politicians attempting to work the great popular impulses through their accursed partisan machinery; to make the patriotic public voice syllable the shiboleth of party; to degrade this momentous issue to the

level of the hustings and the scrambles and traffickings of partisan corruption. But an indignant country will point at them the finger of scorn, and will scourge them from the temple of liberty which their practices desecrate. This is a time when all patriotic hearts must beat together;—when all of patriotic intents must rise above the miserable considerations of party and act in unison. He who attempts under any name, or designation, or by any pretence, in such a crisis, to subserve the interests of party, is an enemy to his country and little better than a traitor.

This rebellion has already gained fearfully in its proportions from the aid, comfort and encouragement of a treacherous and miscreant party press. It has found sympathizers here who are staying up its hands by attempting to raise party issues, and divide and weaken the supporters of the government. The President and the members of the Administration stand politically opposed to me and I to them; but I would as soon sunder my right arm, as throw a single obstacle in the way of that Administration in putting down the rebellion. No, if I had a hundred lives, I would throw them all into the scale to help the Administration prosecute the war against the rebellion to a successful and final close. What great government yet in the history of the world, ever undertook to nurse and tamper with a revolt that it had the power to crush? This is a question not between governments, but between a government of thirty millions of people, in thirty four States, and a few ambitious, wicked, aspiring and reckless political leaders in a minority of the States. It has not the poor merit of being a sectional controversy. The loyal Southern people curse it in its every lineament, and supplicate Heaven, and their hearts are palpitating with the hope that the loyal States will, through the government, subjugate the rebellion in their midst. [A voice. "We will do it."] Do it! It is just as capable of being done as it is for your police force to quell a riot in your city. You have had riots here. You may have them again, and nobody, I trust, under the democratic name, or the republican name, or the American name, will say to the police, "When you go out to stop the riot, put it down, certainly, but as you advance, pray make liberal propositions of peace." Such a thing was never heard of before. It is a device of Satan and treachery

combined. If we are political supporters of this Administration, it is entitled to our aid by every consideration that should influence men. If we are its opponents we are not therefore opponents of the government, and we should rally around the Administration in this terrible crisis, when the fate of the government and the country depends upon its vigilance and power, with all the more zeal and energy. Because we are not the political supporters of the Administration it is so much the more our duty to show our fidelity to the government, to show our zeal in the cause of good government; to evince our determination to put down the rebellion; to take hold with both hands and work with the Administration; to stay up the hands, not of our modern Moses, but of our modern Abraham, that the children of Amalek may not prevail against him! It is not only the duty but it is the high privilege of every citizen of every party, of every age and of both sexes, to put forth their best efforts, exert their greatest influence, and exercise sleepless vigilance that this desperate rebellion may be overcome and ended forever.

But we are told that war is dangerous and destructive. Did not we know that before. But the rebellion is ten times more dangerous and destructive, and must be put down all the more—more speedily, more energetically, more thoroughly. A menagerie of wild beasts would be dangerous, let loose in your city. It would be dangerous to shoot them, but it would be still more dangerous to let them run at large. You might do mischief in shooting the animals; you might injure many persons, but you must not allow them to go on in their career of destruction. War is a dangerous and terrible thing, and particularly a civil war inaugurated under such atrocious circumstances as this. But it must be taken hold of all the more thoroughly, and he who attempts to palter with it, is doubly guilty, for the very reason that it is dangerous. It is a rebellion that demands the whole energy of the American people, and it should have it, in the name of the government; by the remembrance of the fathers of the Revolution; by all the great memories that cluster around our history; by the hope of free government on earth; by the great principles of Liberty which have been achieved for us, and which have gone on conquering and to conquer until they have wrung envy and admiration

from the whole civilized world. Negotiate with rebellion? Where was that infamous and treasonable idea hatched? He who, professing to be loyal, tampers with it in the least, is ten times more mischievous than Beauregard, Johnson, Davis and all the leaders and armies of the rebellion put together. We can meet them upon the battlefield. We can show them that, among loyal citizens, though our swords may be thousands, our bosoms are one; and so it would be literally, except for this miscreant peace party:—the party that attempts to cry “peace, peace,” when there is no peace;—that stimulates, encourages and helps to keep on foot the rebellion.

Had it not been for the treacherous party press, and a few political leaders who put party above patriotism, in the loyal States, this fiendish rebellion would have been already subdued. But it has been encouraged by the hope that it was to have aid, comfort and assistance, from its sympathizing friends among us. It had every reason for indulging in that hope; but when it sees its particular friends going to take lodgings in Fort La Fayette, and Fort McHenry, it will probably entertain a different idea. I know there are some of our peace party friends, who, although they oppose the war, do not take sides with the rebels and are for maintaining the Union after a fashion. Indeed the peace party managers in this State, are getting the party rather into that position now, on the third time trying. They remind me of the tactics of the bat, as described by the doggerel poet in a fable of the beasts and birds in conflict:

“The prudent bat joined neither cause,
 Among so many teeth and claws,
 Until in battle's thickest heat
 He thought he saw one side would beat;
 And then he joined the strongest part,
 And fought with all his might and art,
 At length it turned the other way,
 And back he flew to win the day.”

They ought to remember too, for their instruction, that after the conflict was ended and peace restored, the bat who had taken so brave a part, hid away from the daylight, and was never afterwards recognized by either beasts or birds. The peace party are going to follow that illustrious example and occupy just that position. Its managers are going to fly back

and forth. When they think there is a prospect for the success of the rebellion they will be great peace men, and talk largely of liberal propositions to armed rebellion. When they see that the rebellion is about to be crushed forever, as they may now, if they will but observe the signs of the times and test the temper of the loyal people, they will sing a more warlike note, especially if they think it will promote the success of their party schemes; and it will all end, as far as they are concerned, in their being thoroughly despised by loyalists and rebels alike.

These Northern sympathizers with rebellion will tell you that the President has violated the constitution of the Union. Their President, Mr. Confederate President Davis, has not, has he?—O no! Abraham Lincoln, in attempting to overcome and put down this infernal rebellion, and maintain the government, the Union and the American nationality, has violated the constitution. He has, in the eyes of these peace partyites, committed an unpardonable sin, because he has not stopped to hunt up musty precedents for everything he has done. But those who are in arms against the constitution,—who with fire and sword ravage the country, seeking to destroy the Union, and all that we are as a government and a nation,—they may go on in their perjury, their arson, their murder, their treason,—there are no words of condemnation for them. The President, they tell us, in attempting to defend the citadel of freedom; in upholding the standard of his country's constitution, which he has sworn to maintain and preserve, has not gone exactly according to the constitution. They tell you that he has laid his hand on the liberty of the press; that he has suspended the habeas corpus, and therein has violated the great cardinal principle of American liberty; and they are much distressed thereat, because they are gentlemen of principle, not to say of interest. But they find no cause of condemnation against the treacherous miscreants who are attempting to destroy the government. I will tell you where the President could have done good additional service,—not only in suspending the habeas corpus,—not only in laying his hand in a few cases upon a traitorous press,—not only in arresting and imprisoning a few mischievous and dangerous individuals, but in suspending more of the parties to this treason. The President has done just what he had a right to do; what it was his solemn duty to do;

what I commend him and stand by him for doing. It was his right as the chief executive agent of the American people, it was his duty, to seize every treacherous spy, every wretch, spotted and leprous with treason, who was attempting to sap and mine the foundations of the government; and he would have deserved impeachment if he had not discharged the duty. Printed treason has no immunity over spoken or written treason. It is the same, except that it is more dangerous by reason of its greater power of dissemination. The press has the right, in ordinary times, to discuss freely all the measures of the government, and that is what we mean by the liberty of the press. It is something beyond a mere parrot cry. The press has its rights, it has also its obligations, and they are weighty in proportion to its power for good or evil. It is one thing to discuss the principles of the government and a vastly different thing to betray and destroy, or to aid, abet and encourage those who have betrayed and are attempting to destroy it. A press has no more right to destroy the government than an individual. It has no more right to send forth its missiles dangerous to the government than you or I have; and especially is this so in a time of war, insurrection and danger; and when a press attempts to apologize for and aid rebellion in its efforts to destroy the government, that press is guilty of treason, and it becomes the duty of the Executive, acting as Commander in Chief, to suppress it; to stop it in its career of mischief.

Some one has sent me up a note, which makes the following inquiry: "What about the abolitionists and the anti-slavery society?" I will tell you my friend. Don't get rusted like an old weathercock, and think the wind is blowing northeast, because it blew from that quarter last January. If you will read the history of your country, you will find what I said about that when it was a question before the country. If it ever becomes a question again, I will tell you then, what I have to say about it. My present advice is to follow that given by the Saviour of men:—"Let the dead bury their dead." We have a live question to deal with now that requires all our powers of thought and action, and let us not disinter any dead ones. The citadel of our country is in flames. Our archives are endangered. We are crying mightily to the loyal people to rally and save it

from destruction; and it matters not to me whether the conflagration was kindled by abolitionists or democrats. The question is how to put out the fire, not how it originated. Raise a committee to examine into it, afterwards, if you like. It will be time enough then. The abolitionists were harmless enough, if they had not been used by other spirits, North and South, more wicked than themselves, who made the question a political shuttlecock and bandied it between the two sections for party-effect and advantage. I never held a political principle in common with them, as you well know. But I am not going to turn my face away from a great rebellion against the government, even if I knew they originated it; and I am well satisfied that their action had nothing to do with it, except as furnishing a pretext adroitly used to exasperate the people of the South, and deceive them in regard to the sentiment and designs of the free States. But I am not going back to those questions. My business is with those who are in arms against the government, and not with almanacs and tracts, published in 1848 or any other by-gone year. (A voice: "What of Fremont's proclamation?") Read it for yourself. I meddle not with any of these side-bar issues—these simply unfortunate ripples in the mighty popular current that is moving on with irresistible force to sweep this rebellion from the face of the earth. My errand is to urge my fellow-citizens to unite, one and all, and put down this rebellion, and put it down, too, past the possibility of resurrection; and then we will attend to all these political questions, real, personal and mixed, about the genuine democracy, the spurious democracy, republicanism, Americanism, abolitionism, and all the other isms. But in the first place let us subdue the rebellion, if we have the power, and not treat it with liberal propositions of peace. My war cry is, and I will give it to you, "Peace, prosperity, protection to loyalty everywhere, North and South; death and destruction to treason everywhere."

There is a great and impassable gulf between fidelity and treason, as wide and deep as that which separated the rich man from Lazarus. The time will soon come when there will be no passing over from one side to the other. You, gentlemen, who are quivering in your shoes, whoever you are—you, peace democrats,—fly from the Sodom and Gomorrah of treason while

you have a chance. Fly! The storm of popular indignation is a good deal nearer than you imagine, and the fire and brimstone that will be sent upon you are not far in the distance. Don't stand there faltering. The day of peace propositions is over. It is treason now. You are marked out as objects of scorn. You can no longer be in favor of the Union with a dagger in your hand aimed at its vitals. You can no longer be in favor of prosecuting the war and throwing querulous objections in the way of the Administration, besieged with every difficulty. If you mean to aid the government, along with you and shoulder your musket. If you mean to oppose it, shoulder your musket and go into the opposition ranks. Start off; we will give you a good riddance, and play you out to the tune of the Rogue's March. You can no longer be upon both sides, in favor of your country and against it; in favor of the Union and against it; in favor of prosecuting the war and against the Administration in every demonstration that it can make against the rebellion. No; the great ball is opened; choose your partner, and take your position on the floor, and we will see whether you can keep step to the music of the Union or not. Who wants to make proposals of peace to rebels in arms? I don't know of anybody but the remains of the defunct Albany Regency of this State. I think these two bodies, the Confederate Government and the Albany Regency, ought to come together and hold a free conference, and make propositions of peace to each other. And then, as the Regency might have the most labor and always aim at the main chance, I think the balance ought to be paid in Confederate bonds. And as two cheats make an even bargain, it will be well settled.

The attention of the American people is aroused by a great necessity. The Administration have seen that great necessity, and are acting upon it. They see that they have been clothed with war power, and they are exerting the war power. For one, I intend to support them to the best of my ability in the exercise of that war power to its extreme limit. Make peace with a rebellion! What would private right, what would private property, what would political rights in an enlarged or a more limited sense be worth, pray, tell me? Let either this government be overthrown, or attempt to make terms with

this rebellion by liberal propositions of peace, and there is an end of free government on this continent, and of free government throughout the world. Let rebellion once succeed in dividing us North and South, and it will continue to succeed, and we shall go on from one step to another, till this mighty fabric of wisdom shall crumble—State against State, section against section, neighborhood against neighborhood, man against man. Robbery, murder, arson, treason, and every crime known in the catalogue of depravity will be as common as household words, and your most wealthy individual will hold his property by a tenure more feeble than the robber holds his prey. Every one who desires his money will take it if he is the strongest. Robbery and crime in all its phases will override the land. All your institutions will be broken down and scattered to the four winds of heaven; foxes will look out of your windows, and rapine and riot will run up and down unrestrained.

I have seen this thing from the beginning; I have seen this accursed serpent from the time it was first hatched; I have seen it a lisping infant in its cradle; and I hope to live to see it crushed back into the earth again. And you who aid it on in any form or in any manner, direct or indirect, remote or immediate, are as guilty as he who is in arms against the Government. You are a peace man in a loyal State, and are encouraging one of the most wicked, one of the most causeless, one of the most damnable rebellions that ever existed among men. Apologizing for it when you see your soldiers marching forward to the defence of the national capital; you have seen them buried in their bloody graves; you have seen them murdered and stricken down, and still you apologize for those by whom they have been stricken down, and are opposed to war! Yes, I am opposed to war, so much so that I would, if possible, bring out the red artillery of Heaven to crush this rebellion. Yonder is the mother whose son went a few days since and was slain in the battle-field. Peace man, look at her, while the blood of her son is dripping from your fingers' ends! Why was her son slain? Because you was encouraging rebellion and treason. But yesterday a young bride was called upon to weave a garland of widowhood with her bridal wreath. And you were the cause. Why? Because

you were holding out aid and encouragement to this accursed rebellion. Your hands are stained with the blood of her husband. Look at that little group of children there, surrounding a widowed mother; at these she looks, and for these she trembles; and the little children fall back lest the murderer of the father shall be the murderer of the children also. Raise your hands to Heaven and aid on this rebellion further if you can. I care not for a political organization; I care not who acts in this matter, or who refuses to act; that man who goes with the stoutest heart and strongest arm, whatever may be his political designation, is my brother to-day. Whether he acted with me before or ever will again, I care not, if he acts promptly and rightly in this great emergency. When the ship of the Constitution is assailed; when the red lightnings are streaming down her masts; when she creaks and groans in every joint; when she is threatened on one hand by a foreign enemy who annoys, and on the other by mutineers, pirates and traitors on board; then let all her true men unite together for her safety; take a strong hand-hold of the helm, and, though the sails are parting and the masts shivered, let every man do his duty to bring her to port in safety. The bow of promise arches itself in the distance, telling of hope, to speed us on our errand of mercy. God speed her on her course. Go on! Go on! She is safe! The conflict is ended! And he, of whatever party, who has fought with me and has kept the faith in the cause of his country, has done better duty than all the miserable party organizations in existence. It were better that they should all be swept off, as were the locusts of Egypt into the Red Sea, than that one hair of this government should be injured. Let all honest man band themselves together to hunt out and destroy this monster rebellion. Let them come with the true generosity of true American hearts, giving their all of influence, of example, of effort to the great cause; for if this country is destroyed; if it goes down in blood and tears under the blows of the rebellion, the star of freedom will go down with it, to rise not again upon this generation and age.

There is a hostile foreign influence that, in justice, while speaking of the rebellion, we should not omit to notice. Great Britain, the most limited and constitutional of monarchies, and

professing friendship for our Government, has acted anything but a friendly part. Although her Government has not had the manliness to face us openly in opposition; by its indirect action and its want of action; by the expression of many of her leading public men; by facilities furnished to rebel renegades to prey upon our commerce, and by attacks and misrepresentations through her press, she has pursued a course to annoy and embarrass us in this great struggle. But she will find, when the spirit of the American people is aroused, if that shall come to be the question, they will cut the fast-anchored isle from her moorings. I trust, however, that a better spirit and a more becoming policy will prevail in her future course towards us. Whenever it does; whenever she shows a manly recognition of our rights and of her obligations, as existing between two independent and friendly powers, I shall be prepared to acknowledge it in a proper spirit. But when I see her giving every back-door aid and comfort in her power to this rebellion, I shall arraign her for judgment before the civilized world.

This effort of the government and the loyal people of America, is marking a great crisis in human affairs. Old political books are closed; regencies, parties, organizations are swept as it were from existence. The time of emancipation has come; the great act of emancipation has passed; not for the emancipation of the black man merely, but of the white man from the trammels and chains of party. The great masses of the people are brought together and are preparing to act together for the salvation of the country. Our institutions of government are in the crucible seven times heated. But truth is mighty and will prevail. It will ultimately triumph, and this rebellion will not only be put down, but the idea in which it originated will be hunted from the abodes of civilization. Look at what this great free country has done, amid all the embarrassments we have seen. There has been no power since the days of imperial Rome; nor even Rome, in her palmiest days, that in the face of such embarrassments, could throw forward such a mighty volunteer force to defend its government. And it will go on increasing in energy, in stamina, and in power, until foreign enemies as well as traitors in arms and traitors

in heart shall be subdued and receive their legitimate and appropriate rewards. I look forward to the moment when the good old stars and stripes shall wave again from every State capital; upon every fortress; upon every American vessel; and every American citizen shall acknowledge with pride the great name of this free, populous and enlightened country. But to secure this end, rebellion must not be nursed; rebellion must not be appeased; rebellion must not be purchased. The prerogative of Government must be asserted and maintained; rebellion must have hemp instead of cotton, or "liberal propositions of peace." It is more my fear lest traitors should not be suspended than that the habeas corpus should be. There is but just one way to treat rebellion and insurrection; but one way known among men or nations by which they can be disposed of; and that is to meet force by force, power by power, rebellion with authority of law armed to crush it down. Our constitution must yield to the rebellion, or that to the constitution. There is no equality between them; there can be no comparison instituted, nor compromise admitted. One is government, and the other rebellion, and the struggle must continue until the mastery is determined. He who attempts to appease rebellion, either misunderstands himself, or the functions and power and dignity of government.

Set the battle in array; let the lines be ranged; and he who is not for the government, let him take his place against it; whether by whispering treason, or proclaiming it on the house-tops; whether by giving secret aid to the enemy, or bearing arms against the government. I ask you in this great free State,—you in this great commercial emporium of the New World,—I ask you in the name of freedom, of government and of law, to look this issue squarely in the face; and to bring before the judgment seat of an indignant people, whoever dares to apologize for this base and wicked rebellion. I ask you to arraign him as a traitor. I care not whether he act as a politician, or a spy; whether by ranging himself in arms against the government, or by attempting to array a party to annoy and embarrass the administration of the government. The question of the election that is pending, will take care of itself. It only comes in aid of this mighty

movement that so greatly agitates the fountains of popular sentiment.

I feel deeply on this subject of the Constitution and the Union, because I feel and know that we owe all that we are to this great and good government. I see and know, and you know with me, that if this government is destroyed, free government, free institutions will be destroyed with it. It were better that this whole generation should be swept from the face of the earth, for in a few years we shall all be laid in the dust, if our free institutions be preserved. To you, patriotic old men, I say, give the wisdom of your counsel; to women, lend your kind and gentle influence and your prayers, and gird your fathers, husbands and brothers for the campaign and the conflict; to you, young men, the strength and hope of the country, I say, in something like the words of Hamlet, " 'list! 'list! O 'list! if ever thou didst thy dear country love." Come forward, join the ranks, swell the numbers of this great army of freemen, march forward to the rescue; until the constitution triumphs; until the stars and stripes are firmly planted, waving over every State and acre of our territory; and then let one great hurrah go up that shall cause monarchy and oppression everywhere to tremble, and gladden and assure the heart of humanity throughout the world.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A UNION MEETING HELD AT UTICA, N. Y., October 10, 1861.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—The fact is before us that an armed rebellion is in the field against the government, with a greater army than was ever before embodied on this continent. Under these circumstances it is futile for us to look to the past; our duty is with the present and the future. Political parties in free governments take their rise on questions of the times; and they are useful when arrayed upon those upon which there can be properly and safely two sides maintained. Heretofore in this country, parties have properly and, probably, as a whole, usefully divided upon questions of administration and governmental policy. Thus, during the administration of Andrew Jackson, the subject of banks, tariffs, and an independent treasury were contested by the parties of that day, and out of their discussions a series of important questions arose and important principles were settled in the great popular tribunal of the people. It is proper that parties should continue as long as the questions upon which they arose remain vital, and those parties did continue and maintain the issues they had raised until they were definitely settled and no longer considered open. Parties then took other forms upon newer issues. I refer to parties in the past merely as matter of general history, and to illustrate the ideas I wish to suggest. When parties are used for any other purpose than the maintenance of great principles, they become curses instead of blessings. They tend to degrade and demoralize, and degenerate to mere huckstering shops, in which the rights and liberties of the people are sold like cattle in the shambles, and the electoral franchise defrauded of its legitimate results.

In the present crisis of the affairs of the country, numbers

fail to discover the field within the pale of loyalty to the government, where party lines can be profitably or even safely drawn. There has been much cavil because a larger interest in this State—the majority of the people, in fact—have determined to discard party for the time; to lay it on the shelf; to put it in abeyance until the perils of the country are removed. The Republican party organization proposed that a Union ticket should be made up. The Democratic organization declined. The people have taken the question into their own hands. A convention has been held upon a popular call, and placed nominations before the electors for the purpose of bringing out a declaration of the union sentiment of the State through the ballot-box, and for no other reason. For myself I have held from the beginning of these disturbances and now contend, that it would be in the worst taste possible for any political party to strive with its nominations to gain partisan advance in the face of the enemy in the field, with hostile guns aimed at the capital, and while our institutions rock to and fro in our sight. In such an emergency it would be a shame to retard the work of defending the existence of the republic for partisan purposes. We must all now act together, and press forward together to the great conclusion.

The Republican party, although it claims to be in the majority, and at the last election elected its candidates, should not expect to bring within party lines all whose support is necessary to the maintenance of the government. The Democratic party surely cannot attempt to take control and treat the national integrity as a mere party question. It could not assume to do so during the administration of General Jackson, though then it sat upon the seven hills of its power, and its panoply overshadowed the whole land. The narrow lines of mere party were stricken down in those days, when the banner of nullification was raised in South Carolina. The strong man then at the head of the government, and of the strongest, most vigorous and perfect party organization that has ever existed in the country, and whose administration possessed more strength than any that has succeeded it, did not deem himself and his administration, with all the prestige of the Democratic party, strong enough to cope with the occasion; or, more properly, his unerring patriotic impulses told him it was a question above

the province of party. His appeal, in words that electrified the country, was to *the people*; and Clay and Webster, the giant leaders of the opposition, whose eloquence shook the political spheres, joined with Jackson in putting down the rebellion. The voice of party was hushed in the presence of that rebellion, even though it existed only in intention and had form only in an attempt. The loyal people, without party distinction, sustained the administration, and the traitorous attempt was nipped in the bud.

The history of the late operations of the democratic leaders in this State, the men who control the organization and work the machinery of the party, shows how utterly inadequate and mischievous is party management under circumstances like the present. In their capacity of State Central Committee, upon rejecting the proposition for a union of all party interests for the sake of the Union, they assumed to put forth a party war platform, which was chiefly characterized by insisting upon liberal propositions of peace to the rebels in arms. But the popular pulse did not seem to beat responsive to such unselfish liberality, and a few days later, through their State Convention, they attempted to cover up their peace proclivities and propositions in a flourish of words. Their committee manifesto vanished; not exactly like the "baseless fabric of a vision," for it left so much of a wreck of peace propositions behind as a legacy to its successor of the Convention, that two of the candidates, with a promptness and decision worthy of their patriotism and their characters as American citizens, refused to stand as the exponents of such principles, or to be used to further the schemes of party managers to the detriment of the cause of the country. They then filled up the ranks of their candidates by the action of the State Committee, and the candidates, fearing to risk themselves before the public upon either the peace propositions of the Committee or the half-and-half declarations of the Convention, convened and issued a manifesto of their own; throwing in a shade more loyalty and coming a step nearer to the stand all Union loving men will require those to take and maintain who seek their suffrages for position of responsibility and trust. But the rule of "three times and out" is not to be controlling with the democratic management at this time, for now Tammany Hall, the ancient, leading, and central demo-

cratic organization, has come forward and repudiated all that has gone before, declaring that the party must come up to the issue. The effort seems to have been to see how little could be said to commit the party to the cause of the country, and yet claim a hold upon popular support for its candidates. Hence these repeated trials—experiments they might be called—upon public credulity.

I mention these facts to show how poor and miserable and insufficient is party capacity and party management in a crisis like this. The question of the day is stronger than political parties or administrations. It is a question that will control all others; that will sweep away all the cobwebs of lies, and require us to come fully up to the standard of truth, and maintain this good government at all hazards, and at whatever expense of blood or treasure. The popular mind begins to feel that "it is not all of life to live." Let those who know so little of themselves that they fear for their identity if parties should be confounded, turn back and cling to the beggarly elements of party. For myself I am not afraid of getting lost so that I shall not know my own principles, and am prepared now to embody as my creed of action the sentiments of the whole people, who are marching shoulder to shoulder to rescue this government from the menace of traitors. To act from any other motive is to be dishonest and faithless to the country. Who are they that adopt the rallying cry of "party"? Who is it trying to cast impediments in the way of the vindication of the government? The burglar who enters the house is not the only one guilty. He is just as guilty who forms the plan, or holds the dark lantern while the work is done. He is not only guilty and deserving to be hanged high as Haman, who contrives and directly aids treason; but he is also guilty who apologizes for the traitor, and cries "peace" while armed treason stands in open rebellion.

This rebellion has not even the apology of sectionality; for there are thousands at the South who would lift up thanks to Heaven, if it were stopped and brought to nought. It had its origin in as base and reckless a spirit as ever moved in the infernal regions. It is not a movement of the Southern people, but of a few ambitious leaders who have been fed and pampered by the very government they are attempting to overthrow.

They are the Davises, the Floyds, the Cobbs, and others of that class, including the Rt. Rev. Major-General Polk, D. D., the Friar Tuck of the rebellion. It can and must be put down; this is the duty pressing immediately upon us. But, it is said, these men and the rebels in general are our brethren. I know they are; but we must defend our homes and altars, and defend them as they are assailed, by arms. Neighborhood, political association, consanguinity even, do not destroy the right and duty of self-defence; and crying "peace!" is a poor weapon against half a million of men in arms, committing every wrong and outrage known in the catalogue of crime. We must meet this question as one of government. The strife is between two great and opposing principles—fidelity and treason—and every one must be on one side or the other. This is the only present possible division of parties. Individuals may be deceived, and act wrongly with good intentions; but every one who is not for the government is against it; and he who is not for the government in the least thing is against it in the greatest. There is not in history, ancient or modern, foreign or domestic, an instance where any government attempted to treat with rebellion. If there should be a riot in your streets, would your corporate authorities and order-loving citizens meet and attempt to compromise with it?

It is easy to say we must have peace, but how shall we attain it with dignity, lasting, founded on law, such as humanity dictates? It may be easy, too, to attempt to create divisions and parties out of this difficulty; but all will be summed up in fidelity and rebellion. Make all the divisions and all the parties you please and you can make only one question, and but two sides to that; and he who takes the side of rebellion now, is so marked and designated for life. Some, who are so careful to stand straight democratically that they lean backward, say they do not like acting with the Republicans. Let me ask such if there can be any harm in doing right, because some man of a different party may do the same. I have no objection to acting with my opponent if he is in the right. I wish to be distinctly understood on this question, that I neither ask nor give quarter; and I have been gratified in this short campaign with the evidence that I have done execution, by seeing the wounded birds flutter, if they are birds of evil omen. It is

the duty of the people to act together in matters of importance concerning the country; but more especially is it their duty when the question is greater in its character and consequences than was ever before presented.

But it is asked, cannot the democratic party manage this matter, and what is the necessity of a Union party? I answer, as I have before said, that the question is above and beyond all party appreciation. There is but one loyal side to it, and therefore no ground for party division among loyal men. I answer further, that the democratic party has lost its high prestige; and not till it is purged of its uncleanness will it ever regain it. While in the hands of leaders who change front upon a question of this magnitude, four or five times, in as many weeks, the democratic party is disgraced and powerless. I act not with party in this matter, but with the people; and I would say to my democratic friends, that if they follow the lead of those who undertake, in the name of the democratic party, to tamper with rebellion, they cannot, with all its honors and services in the past, save either the party or themselves from reproach and execration for generations to come; and there will not be enough left of the old party for finger-boards to point to the political cemetery where its masses will lie buried. I am never so alarmed at the depth and misapplication of party feeling as when I see men in influential positions who cannot rise above their narrow party limits while the government is in danger of destruction and calling upon all not in rebellion to unite in its support and defence. It is said that in some parts of Pennsylvania, there are many, at the recurring elections, who suppose they are still voting for Andrew Jackson. So there are a great many doubtless who really think this is merely the old political controversy between Republicans and Democrats, and would see the government destroyed because the administration is in Republican hands, rather than not respond to the requisitions of party leaders. They have learned to run in a groove like an old-fashioned bark mill, and think they cannot move in any other way. The real party politician, who "has it in the natural way," has some little excuse for such a course; but men of intelligence, who, in the last half of the nineteenth century, will stand up and undertake to apologize for this rebellion, upon party considerations, deserve only reprobation.

That this great country, with a population of twenty-five millions of freemen, must succumb to what is nothing but a rebellion, however formidable, is an idea more degrading than anything we can find words in the English language to describe. It cannot, must not, shall not be. I know the administration has been censured for inactivity; but it has been surrounded with every kind of embarrassment. Arms, men, munitions and ships were scattered far beyond its reach; but these untoward circumstances are being steadily overcome; and though so many believe the rebellion is of such gigantic proportions that it cannot be overcome, I believe it can and will be; and that when these unbelievers see the government put forth its strong arm and crush the rebellion, they will curse and swear, like Simon Peter, and deny that they ever occupied that position. Yes, let me tell you that this rebellion will be crushed at an early day, and scattered to the four winds of heaven; and those who are its sympathizers will call upon the rocks and hills to hide them from the face of the people. The American people have been aroused, and the fiat has gone forth of their determination to put down this rebellion and to put it down forever.

But it is said you cannot coerce a State into submission when in rebellion against the government. You cannot coerce a State to be faithful; but when a State is in arms you can coerce it to lay them down. I have often said you cannot coerce a State, and I say so now. You cannot compel a State to send Senators and Representatives to Congress; but when it attempts to pillage, or levy war upon its neighbors, or upon the government, you can coerce until you make it stop;—until, if need be, there is not a man left. But there is a vast difference between coercing a State and suppressing a rebellion. It is said too that you cannot subjugate a people. There has been no proposition to subjugate a people, unless they have taken up arms against the government; and if they have, and do not lay them down and renew their allegiance, it is proper and necessary that they should be, and they ought to and must be subjugated. It is demanded by the loyal people, and nowhere more earnestly than at the South. But a few days since I received a letter from a gentleman at the South, testifying to the truth of my words spoken at Cortland, that no people would be

more happy at such a result than thousands of the Southern people.

What will be our condition if we permit this government to be destroyed—to go down in tears and blood and shame;—permit the last best refuge of man, the only really free government on earth to perish by internal dissension;—a power that might defy the world in arms, to go to destruction from incompetency to crush a rebellion! The whole world would cry “Shame!” while the oppressed people of the earth bewailed their last hope. Even savages would despise us if we lacked wisdom and intrepidity to sustain our government. When the Spartans were told that the darts of the Persians, who were coming against them, would darken the air, their reply was: “Then we will fight in the shade.” We must look this question in the face *as it is*, and accept its requirements and consequences. We must send forward our armies. It will do no good to boast of our material resources unless they are employed. We have abundant means in money, but they must be brought into employment; we are strong in men, but they must join the armies. To make this terrible war short, every one should go forward until the tread of the loyal squadrons shall literally cause the earth to tremble like the heavings of a volcano. Let the loyal armies get fairly into the field in this spirit, and they will sweep rebellion like chaff before them. In a few months order will be restored and peace will once more extend its beneficent arms over all our broad territory. When we look upon the political and moral condition of our people for the past years of our national existence, and consider the equality we enjoy and the advancement that has crowned our career, we cannot fail to see that our government has elements in it worthy to be preserved; and in my appeal to all on this occasion, I appeal especially to my fair countrywomen to urge their brothers, their lovers, their sons, their husbands, forward to the rescue. In what other country has woman been so cherished, so revered, so elevated? Look abroad, and see her down-trodden condition as described by the English poet:

“O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!”

Stich—stich—stich,
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 Sewing at once with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of death?
 That phantom of gristly bone;
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fast I keep;
 O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!”

Here where we see woman happy, respected, and elevated, we recognize a source of many blessings, and a cogent reason why our institutions should be defended and preserved.

We must not lay the flattering unction to our souls that this country *can* be divided on a line between North and South. Who shall draw such a line? You might as well sever the human frame, and then call upon the parts to perform their normal functions. Surrender the Gulf of Mexico to the control of foreign fleets; embrace our Northern frontier in a cordon of red-coats, and place two hundred thousand men along the line of division, where they would provoke the very contentions they were stationed to prevent. Then would our nation dwindle and shrink into an insignificant and contemptible second-rate Republic. Nor could we stop there. The country would be divided between the East and the West. New England would be a nation; the Middle States would be separated, and the West and the Pacific slope would each set up for itself. And this because unhallowed and wicked ambition, once successful, can never stay its hand while anything remains to be destroyed. So the divisions and separations would go on, until each State should be separated from every other, and then every county for every other, and town from town, and neighborhood from neighborhood. Then anarchy and bloodshed and riot and rapine and violence would rule. The very genius of destruction would be installed in place of law and order. There is no stopping-place after this infamous process of secession is once acknowledged and submitted to. And all this to be the result of a wicked and miserable rebellion!

From every nationality in the world we find here representatives, as naturalized citizens. They have tested, in their native lauds, the bitter fruits of inequality and oppression; and there have come to them across the seas glad tidings of the land where grows the tree of liberty. They have come to enjoy equality under its shade, and partake of its fruits. When they see these liberal institutions threatened with destruction, they rally to their protection; and while citizens of foreign birth do this, in too many cases those native-born cry out for peace, though its attainment, except through the subjugation of the rebellion by force of arms, means and can mean only the surrender of the country to disruption and anarchy. Shame on the American who will see his free and beneficent government sustained in better faith and with more devotion by a foreigner than by himself. There is another remarkable fact which calls for recognition and remembrance. It is, that amid all the robbery and piracy, and surrendering of commands, and stealing of ships, and betrayals of trust, not one sailor nor soldier in the service has proved treacherous. Officers have enacted all these parts. Every traitor from the service has been a man who had a command. We learn from this that it is not merely a rebellion but a conspiracy, extending far and wide and enveloping all it could reach in its snaky influence. By concert of plan and of actors, and then waiting time and place that might furnish pretext, has this rebellion been sprung upon us. It has sometimes been likened by its admirers to a lion aroused; and in one respect it does resemble the king of beasts;—it has its creeping, thieving, crying jackals prowling about, seeking to give it “aid and comfort.”

Now, fellow-citizens, the first great work we have to perform is to rise above party. Our fathers established this government by abrogation of party opinions and unity of action for a common purpose, and we must maintain it in the same way. We must know no party in the ordinary sense of the term. We want no party but one of the loyal people. We must defy partisan clamor and partisan expressions, and act like men

“Who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.”

Who know too, and dare maintain, the rights of the country.

If any man is willing to connive at treason; if any man can wink at the measures on foot for the subversion of the government; if any man wishes to see the American Union destroyed, let him keep out of the People's Party. But true and loyal men would be false to the instincts of their own natures if they did not join it. It is cowardice and shows a want of manliness to be influenced by taunts like this: "Yesterday you were opposed to abolitionism, and yesterday he was an Abolitionist, and here you are to-day acting together!" Why did we act diversely? Because we did not agree. Why do we now act together? Because we do agree upon the great question which has swallowed up all others. Which has changed? Neither, necessarily; any more than men who are travelling diverse roads, when they come to the junction of the roads and go on together, may be said to have changed roads. The fact is the question has changed. It is presented to the country under new, different, and momentous circumstances. But yesterday we were discussing topics upon which we differed, as to the topics themselves or their surroundings. To-day we have but one question, presented in a single aspect, and on that we are agreed, heart and soul. Because we disagree on the questions heretofore dividing political parties, is no reason that we should not agree now, under the new aspect and the new issue presented. From the most ultra pro-slavery man (to use common terms) to the most ultra Abolitionist, all can now agree, unless they wish to see the government destroyed.

I see it asserted in a great many quarters (and I allude to my own case to illustrate the subject), that in the stand I have taken on this great national trouble I have changed my politics. Changed, how? From supporting the Constitution to opposing it? No;—but I can tell you how. Changed from acting with men who now oppose the government, to acting with men who uphold it. A small portion of the public press—not that portion whose loyalty has been unquestioned and unsuspected—occasionally turns its attention to me in a similar spirit. I am glad of it. It shows that the progress of our affairs is in a direction they will not sympathize with, and the measure of the advance such that they cannot overlook it; and that I am supposed to have had some agency in shaping or accelerating the popular current. I only regret that they cannot be induced to

believe that I have been solely instrumental in arousing the American people to meet this crisis of their fate ;—I should ask no prouder record,—no higher or nobler fame. I love to stand on the devoted ramparts of the Constitution and look down on the hate that rages below. I would not have them stop their abuse ; if for no other reason, distinguished consideration for my old friend, Dr. Watts, would induce me to wish them to continue,—for Watts says :

“ Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to.”

Dogs have often been known to bark at the moon, but the moon was never known to reply.

An attempt has been made to liken this rebellion to the American Revolution. It is as much like it as a farthing candle is like the meridian sun. The fathers of the Revolution, with their three millions of people, boldly declared war against the great English nation. They threw off the yoke of king-craft and oppression openly, assuming all the responsibility ; they asserted the divine truth that all men are created equal, and entitled to certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ; and to the support of this truth they pledged life, fortune, and honor. They sought out no back-door reading of the British constitution enabling them to secede. The great and successful free Republic which they established is entrusted to us and our posterity ; and as they pledged life and fortune and sacred honor to the accomplishment of their great work, let us, in our own name, renew the solemn and sacred pledge for its preservation. We should else be degenerate indeed. Let us away with party in name and spirit, and come together in the spirit of the Revolution—in the spirit of Washington and his compeers ; come as the sons of those who breathed revolutionary air and felt revolutionary inspiration. The people will lay all party aside until the country is once more safely anchored on the constitution. There will be but one party—a party based on its great memories, imbued with its spirit, and invoking its great name. And from this we will permit no political machinery, no party phrase, no treasonable whispers to seduce us, until we shall make a peace—*an honorable peace*—first riding over rebellion until it shall be crushed to

the earth to rise no more. And such will be the end of this controversy.

Fellow-citizens, let no collateral issues enter into your discussions. Attend to the rebellion and to that alone. Other questions will, for the present, take care of themselves, and will be along for decision before you are ready for them. First of all, and above all, put down the rebellion, and *put up* its leaders. We war not on the Southern people nor on their forms of society; but it is for them, not us, to consider what effect the war may have upon their institutions. We war against rebellion. We seek to restore the true and loyal people of the South to their rights under the government. The rebel leaders are more dangerous to the peculiar interests of the South than aught else. They are doing more to abolish slavery than the wildest Abolitionist ever dreamed of accomplishing; and if they permit the war to go on, the consequences can be easily foretold. They have put their cherished institution, which is exceptional to the spirit and civilization of the age, and most exceptional and anomalous in a free government, into the crucible of war, as the partner of rebellion, against such a government as the government of the United States, and such a people as the loyal people of the United States. The trial has been accepted as a necessity which could not be avoided. If they hold to their mad decision, the test commenced will be completed; and unless the world turns backward upon its course, there can be but one result. And cotton, too, that they declared king, and were to crown, over the nations, with such imposing ceremony, will be degraded to the meanest and most abject of subjects. They are digging the pit deep for their self-imagined greatness, and are emphatically their own worst enemies; self-deluded by their grasping and wicked ambition, and doubly deluded by their false expectation of Northern co-operation.

Of their Northern sympathizers there still linger a small number of slinking, trembling wretches, who commenced talking boldly, but are now whispering feebly—some of their number in that popular government boarding-house, Fort La Fayette, and the rest shivering with fear of joining them. These are the peace men. They seem to doubt the benefit on their own constitutions of assaults on the government now; they no longer openly sneer at governmental difficulties, nor chuckle over the

results of battles prejudicial to the loyal cause ; they no longer rejoice, without disguise, over the murder of the defenders of the constitution, nor proclaim active sympathy with the conspirators. They are cringing in fear before the expressed determination of the people to be in at the death of rebellion. This class of men at the North have done more mischief than all the armies of the Confederate rebels. They have encouraged rebellion and raised the expectation of Southern treason of aid and comfort as well as sympathy at the North. Thus rebellion has been fostered and led into enterprises it never would have attempted without such expectation of aid and sympathy. If the North, if the Empire State even, had spoken in thunder-tones and with united voice against the foul treason ; if every man had joined heartily in the work at once, the rebellion would have been ended. But Northern treason to the government has degenerated into abuse of individuals. It has proved a broken reed to rebellion, and therefore secession trembles. It begins to see that we are united and in earnest ; that we are setting the battle in array with determined purpose, and that we intend to bring rebellion not only to judgment, but to deserved execution.

Fellow-citizens, look abroad with me upon this government, upon this wide-spread country. Did ever Heaven's sunshine shed its rays on a fairer spectacle ? Here liberty and equality are no vain boast. The humblest mother, in the most obscure cabin beyond the farthest mountain in the land, as she rocks the cradle of her fair-haired boy, knows and feels that under our institutions that boy may aspire to the highest office and the highest honors in the nation. The freedom enjoyed under our government has made us a happy and a prosperous people—peace, plenty, security, and progress in all the essentials of individual and national advancement, attending our career. Heaven has seemed to smile on us, on our condition, and all our undertakings. And now, when all this is endangered by a dark and desperate rebellion, when the security, nay, the very existence of the country depends upon the unity of the people, mark the serpent that steals among us stirring up discord in the name of party. Let him be accursed forever ! He is the enemy of his kind ; all his machinations have no higher or more worthy end than that some mean and scurvy politician may succeed to some

mean and beggarly office. Against this he would balance and outweigh all that the patriot, the philanthropist, the friend of man, and of the progress of the human race should prize. Again I repeat in tones of warning, away with party in this day of the country's great trial.

And better than to have one gray hair introduced into the head of the republic, in the day of its youth and vigor and power, would it be to have its whole resources tested to the extremest limit. Much as we deplore the sacrifice of individual and national means, and the risk and infinitely greater sacrifice of life, we must meet this crisis like men. In proportion as the storm increases, in proportion as the waves run higher, must we brace ourselves to breast the shock. We must not permit anarchy to drive its ebon car over the country, until the last man and the last dollar are gone. No. Let the determination of the people to crush out the rebellion be made manifest by their united action; and let treason be driven to its last refuge. I see clearly through this day's business. I see this rebellion, gaunt and haggard, covered all over with crime, driven to the last extremity—its leaders in the pillory of public execration—deserted by its "peace" friends, who have fled for safety. I see those wretched men falling victims to the laws they have outraged. I see them led to execution, or confined in dungeons where the iron enters deep into their souls, or pale and trembling refugees, fleeing their native land for safety, with the mark and taint of treason upon them forever. And I hear a great voice lifted up, the voice of the American people, saying "Amen."

From this day forth we should make no pause against traitors. Let the old men counsel, and let the young men gird them for the war. Let fair women, at the fire-side altar, plead for the cause, and encourage lover and husband, son and brother, to go forth to mighty deeds. Let little children, by their claims for protection, and as entitled to share in the heritage of hope, of which rebellion would rob them, stimulate the work. And when all is accomplished; when the war is over and the rebellion subdued, we will ask the "peace" men to come back and tell us if they object to what has been done; if they object to the defence and maintenance of the Union and the preservation of the Constitution. And then, if they wish,

let them bring out their rattle-box of party and play with it all their lives. After the country has made sure that it has a government, we will begin to think about dividing into parties concerning its administration.

It is our purpose first to vindicate the strength of the government and the integrity of the Constitution. This we will do or perish. For myself, I feel as if speaking akin to the spirit of prophecy. "I have been young and now am old, yet saw I never the righteous forsaken." I have, by the favor of my fellow-citizens, stood in the high places of the government, and have been the peer, officially, of the greatest men America has produced. Yet have I never felt such pride in my position as when permitted to invoke my fellow-citizens, as I now do, to rally to the support of the Constitution; and I had rather perform that office than to enjoy every place and every honor that the government can bestow. In this day of the country's emergency, I am confident and hopeful. I see the day-star of promise in the distance. This contest will result as loyal men would have it result. The American people are beginning to speak and beginning to act, and notwithstanding the political prejudice which has pervaded the country, like the frogs and lice of Egypt coming into the beds, and ovens, and kneading-troughs, it will be found that a multitude, greater almost than man can number, overcoming the flood-tide of prejudice, think alike, will act together, and sweep away rebellion and cover those who have connived at it with shame and confusion. Courage, then! courage! Onward against rebellion is the word! Onward, to strengthen the bonds of the administration; to put down rebellion; to re-establish law and order throughout our whole territory to its remotest boundary.

I thank you, fellow-citizens, for the patience with which you have listened to the long and desultory train of remarks in which I have indulged. As you encouraged me with cries of "go on," so now I say to you "go on," in this great and good work. I may use words to rally men to duty, but you, my friends, can make my exhortation an embodied success. You can and will rally and discharge your whole duty to God, your country, your fellow-men and to posterity. I bid you "God speed," in the fellowship of the Constitution. Good night.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A UNION MASS MEETING HELD AT FORT GREENE,
IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., October 24, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I greet you upon this classic and consecrated ground, in the name of our cherished Union. The time for discussion—free, earnest, and bold discussion—has not ceased, as has been often suggested; nor will it cease, until every honest citizen in the loyal States shall be convinced of and aroused to his duty; until ignorance shall be informed; until partisan efforts shall all be merged in union for the sake of the Union; until traitors shall be shut out from society to indulge in self-communion; until a treasonable press shall be silenced, and until the Stars and Stripes shall float again everywhere throughout the land on the ruins of a dark and damning rebellion. If, during the autumn of 1860, an intelligent stranger in the New World could have entered the harbor of New York, and seen her “bays and broad-armed ports, where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;” have looked upon the magnificent ships arriving from every sea, and others outward bound to every clime; have contemplated the emporium of the New World, soon to be the emporium of both Old and New, with its vast contributions of commerce, its untold wealth, its measureless enterprise, its majestic grandeur, its mechanic arts, its mercantile renown, its financial powers, collecting and disbursing the New World’s revenue; have witnessed its refinement and social culture, its institutions of religion, charity, and learning; have cast his eyes over the Empire State, seen its other strong and populous and thrifty cities and towns, springing up from the harbors upon the seaboard, along its noble rivers and upon its inland seas; have considered its system of improvements, uniting the waters of the West with the Atlantic, its railroads checkering far and near; have calculated its agricul-

tural elements and strength; beheld its cattle upon a thousand hills, and its four millions of free, and healthy, and happy people, he would have involuntarily exclaimed, "Where can you find so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation!" And when his enraptured vision had contemplated all this, if he had yet a desire to look further into the "wide abyss of possibility," and had passed beyond the boundaries of the greatest free State that ever had existence to the broad field of our National Union; stretched out upon our broad lakes, ranged over the boundless prairies of the West—the world's golden granary, the store-house of hungry Europe—and calculated their productions, when he had learned to number the sands of the sea; listened to the hum of New England's machinery; told us of the mineral elements the Keystone bears in her bosom; threaded the Potomac, the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, and their tributaries; viewed the Gulf of Mexico, and estimated the productive power of the planting States; and then, as the human eye is never satisfied, leaped, if he could, the Rocky Mountains, and stood upon the shore of the world's greatest ocean, and there, again, found the same enterprising people, found the same irrepressible energy, the same refinement and culture, the same institutions and States, replete in all the elements which give strength to a people; cities which have sprung up as if by magic, an industry which is thrice rewarded, the earth teeming with her choicest fruits, and sparkling with golden treasures, which would almost sate the greed of avarice itself; and had numbered upon this vast area, embracing almost every variety of soil, climate, and production, thirty-four free and independent States, drawn together by a common impulse, in a holy and happy Union, with boundless and populous territories, engaged in erecting other States, and thirty-five millions of people enjoying all, and blessed as no people were ever blessed before, basking in Heaven's sunlight of prosperity, such as never before rested upon God's children here below; and when he had looked upon this with wonder and admiration, and his heart had thanked the Giver of all good that he so cared for, and sheltered and protected poor erring man, he would involuntarily have exclaimed, "What more could mortal desire?" And could that same stranger come again now, finding this same free, thrice-blessed,

and happy people, turned from the pursuits and arts of peace to the horrors of an unnatural, civil and intestine war, these States dissevered and belligerent, he would be shocked that in one short year such beauty had been turned to desolation, and he would exclaim, "*An enemy hath done this!*"

Many have sought in vain for the cause of the rebellion, and must continue so to seek, for it was without cause. The sectional controversies which have prevailed, though they served as an apology for it, did not even contribute to its existence. The rebellion was the fruit of conspiracy; the conspiracy was the production of mad and mean and insatiable ambition. It originated in a desire for rule, and was quickened by the determination to cover evidences of robbery and plunder. Its prime movers were few, but it is apparent that it was encouraged by many to whom it had not fully committed its secrets. It made the election of Mr. Lincoln the occasion for inaugurating the rebellion, without any well-grounded pretence that it was the cause. Its leaders—who will find no parallel in shameless and infamous atrocity, not even in Satan, the great arch-rebel—aimed at power, and pomp, and consequence; its active followers and voluntary participants, to conceal bankruptcy in morals, politics, or business; its sympathizers in the loyal States were made up of those who, between mental blindness and political prejudice, were unable to see or comprehend anything beyond a mere partisan scramble; of cross-road caucus wire-pullers, who feared to lose their high dignities and their rations, upon which they got higher still, if they should not keep the question within the traces of party; of lobby politicians, who, having long gorged themselves upon the offal of unclean legislation, were willing to see the Union imperilled, as a thief or burglar welcomes a conflagration in a city, that he may dive more deep in plunder; of seedy and faded office-seekers, who, like Micawber, had long waited for something to *turn up*, and believed the rebellion would *turn it*; of a few croaking, diseased, worn-out, and dying presses, in the market without bidders, wanting principles, wanting bread, wanting notice, wanting consequence, wanting character, wanting everything but baseness, with nothing to lose, but everything to gain. These combined elements, especially in this State, in the hands of a repudiated regency, have stood as the advocates, apologists, and

defenders of rebellion, and have lent it aid, countenance, comfort and encouragement, and, directly or indirectly, stimulated its efforts to treason, devastation, and murder. The honest men who, failing to comprehend the magnitude of the great issue at first, were misled into countenancing the secession movement, have retracted their error, and none are now left to it except those who desire to see the Union destroyed, and politicians who prefer party, and place, and politics, to country, constitution, and Union.

The great issue is made up, whether as a nation we survive or perish, live or die. It is soon to be tried before the only legitimate tribunal known to a loyal people in loyal States. The people, the true loyal people, without regard to present or previous party designations, are rallying to the defence of the Union, the constitution, the Stars and Stripes, cherishing the holy memories of the past, clinging with deathless tenacity to the fruition of the present, looking forward with an eye of faith to the promise of the future. Their heart-throbs pulsate together; they march to the music of the Union; their tramp makes treason tremble on her seat of robbery and wrong, and her aiders and abettors and apologists hide their snaky heads. And who are they who oppose the great and glorious array of patriotism? Politicians who manipulate caucus machinery; who deal in india-rubber-platforms; who purchase delegates and bully conventions, and propose to put the dealing with the most formidable rebellion the world ever saw, boasting an army of half a million, into party leading-strings, to be driven by themselves as a political hobby-horse.

It is conceded by all liberal-minded men, that the masses of all parties are honest and sincere, and true friends of their country. It is generally admitted, too, that there are some questions too grave for mere party management and monopoly; and it cannot be denied that if ever a question could arise demanding the united action of all good men, irrespective of political organizations, this is that very one. It vitally concerns, not only our national well-being and repose, but our very national existence. When nullification reared her threatening front, though its dangers were trivial in comparison with those which menace the Union now, General Jackson, though in an age of extreme partisan bitterness, called early to his aid and

counsel that moral Titan, Daniel Webster, that glowing and eloquent and intrepid patriot, Henry Clay, and asserted the dignity of the constitution. He invoked, not merely his party adherents, but the American people, as such, to stay up his hands in defence of the Union as the common property, hope, and pride of all. But the patriotism and democracy of Gen. Jackson would have been condemned by the treason-excusing and treason-loving patriots of this day, because he did not invoke a party instead of a people, and he would have been set down by treason-mongers as an exceedingly black republican.

The republican party, to its credit be it said, although it was largely in the ascendant in the loyal States, and had not only a Chief Magistrate of its choice and of its party, but a large majority of the Governors of the several States, and, after secession, a majority in both branches of Congress, and a majority in most of the State Legislatures, early saw the impropriety and the impossibility of defending the Union against such an infamous and formidable conspiracy and rebellion by a political party; and, in this State, in a spirit becoming the occasion, generously proposed that all should unite, irrespective of party, lay aside party platforms, and prosecute the war together, as American citizens, upon a common platform. It did not ask the abandonment of any existing organization, but a union of the whole loyal people to put down secession and rebellion, sustain the government, uphold the constitution, and preserve the Union. But this proposition was rejected by the opposing organization, misrepresenting the Democratic party, upon the alleged ground of principle.

The Democratic party, in its elements, is the same now it ever was; and when it has relieved itself of the dead weight of rotten leaders, who hang upon its neck in festering regencies and State committees; of treasonable presses which misrepresent it; and the time comes for the exercise of political opinions, it will assert its office and claim its place. These self-constituted heads of the democratic church fear, if there is a Union movement and they are cut off, that Democracy will be lost; upon the same principle that a philosopher of a kindred school feared, if the earth should revolve, the water would all be spilled. Its organization, for the present, is but a cabal of selfish leaders. Its members are in the tented field, defending the capital of the

Union; on the ocean, rescuing our flag from secession piracy; in the workshops, plying their busy trades; on their farms, engaged in the pursuits of agriculture; along the swarming railroads, freighting the productions of the West to the seaboard; and the miserable secession clique who claim to speak for it in this State no more represent it than Brigham Young and his saints represent the Christian church. They have dragged it into a hopeless minority; its organization is demoralized by lobby agents; its masses, disgusted by such conduct, scattered and disbanded; its principles, as promulgated by those who abuse its name, and have worked its temporary overthrow, are and never have been Democratic principles. They put forth in the name of Democracy anything and everything to suit emergencies, from the "Buffalo platform" to rank secession and disunion—sometimes open, sometimes covert, sometimes sugared over with liberal propositions of peace to armed traitors; sometimes boldly denouncing the Executive for his arrest and imprisonment of lurking spies, and refusal to release them; sometimes because he has laid the strong hand of military power upon a treasonable press; sometimes insinuating in aid of the rebellion what they have not the manhood to utter, and at all times censuring and embarrassing the President in the discharge of his duty. They are for the Union, and sympathize with those in arms against it; they are for the war, and discourage enlistment and howl over taxation; they are for the government, and embarrass those charged with its administration; they are against rebellion, and join it in assaults upon Union men. These political ornaments, so full of the name of Democracy and so empty in its principles, while loud in their denunciation of all who would not act under their party lead instead of with the people as such, changed their "great principles" radically three times in as many weeks, and are not through yet. First, the "State Committee," which has been the evil genius of the Democratic party, declined the proposition of the Republicans for united action during the war, because "great principles" required them to accompany all the demonstrations to put down the rebellion with the "most liberal propositions of peace." In ten days thereafter the same patriots assembled in State convention and voted down this very proposition, and the one who offered it, not knowing of the intermediate change

of "great principles," went away like the servant who was sent to collect rent for the vineyard—"shamefully handled." In place of this they passed the ninth resolution, with as many heads and horns as the beast of the Apocalypse, calculated to censure and embarrass the Executive for having done his duty in the arrest of spies; in refusing in the midst of treason and rebellion and murder, to release conspirators and enemies and traitors on *habeas corpus*, that they might ply their bellish mischief again; and for another week the ninth resolution was the "great principles" upon which this bastard organization required all Democrats to stand, on pain of excommunication. But a Tremaine and a Brunck, two of their nominees, having both patriotism and manliness, could neither stand nor run upon such "great principles," and repudiated them and the nomination together.

The State Committee, however, was to the Regency what the lamp was to Aladdin; when he required aid he rubbed the lamp, and when they require it they rub the Committee; and on this occasion they called together not only the Committee, but with them the candidates, and rubbed both Committee and candidates; and by unanimous consent made up a new declaration of "great principles," which lived to be a week old, and they were given to the world under the certificates and hands of the candidates themselves; and where would they have stood but for the Union movement? Still the platform was loose, shaky, rickety, unsafe, and unsatisfactory; and Tammany Hall (all there was left of the defunct organization) arraigned the whole as a flagrant imposition, and declared its repudiation of the ticket unless its managers should change the fourth time, and come up manfully to the exigencies of the occasion, go for prosecuting the war to an honorable peace and for maintaining the honor of the government and the integrity of the Constitution and the Union. They have as much trouble with their platform as the Common Council of New Haven with a certain city ordinance. It is said that the students of Yale College having been suspected of some nocturnal depredations, the city fathers proclaimed an ordinance making it a penal offence to be in the streets after ten o'clock in the evening without a lantern. Large numbers of the students were found walking in the dark after the hour

designated, and were arrested; but as each man was able to show he had a *lantern* with him, as required, he was discharged. The ordinance was then so worded as to require a *candle* to be placed in the lantern. This the students complied with as before, but still walked in darkness, and escaped punishment. It was then further amended, requiring the candle to be lighted. This the students complied with again, but wrapped a cloth around the lantern and escaped again. Finally, the city fathers, upon a further amendment and revision, required each one to have a lantern, with a lighted candle in it, giving light in the streets, &c., and succeeded.

The poor candidates of the regency—some of them gentlemen of great cleverness, and some of whom I do not speak, and all in bad company—are now, after so many changes, somewhat in the condition of the negro boy on the Mississippi steamer. “Come here, my lad,” said a gentleman to a bright little darkey, one day upon deck. “Would you like to have me buy you and go and live with me?” “Yes, I would, massa,” was the answer. “And whose boy are you?” inquired the gentleman. “Can’t tell dat, massa; Cap’n’s boy dis mornin’, but he been in cabin playing poker all day, so I don’t know who I b’long to by dis time.” Since the third change, before the third week had elapsed, we have not learned of a new edition of “great principles,” but as the State committee have recently been together, and have doubtless been rubbed again by the regency, we may look for change number four before election. And yet this self-stultified cheat, sympathizing with rebellion and treason; without principles; without the rank and file of a party, except such as have failed to comprehend the nature of the rebellion, and are yet fighting in imagination some political conflict over again; without public confidence or consistency, denounce all as “republicans,” who, when our existence is trembling in the balance, prefer a great, generous, and ennobling popular movement to such grovelling and mischievous associations, or to following such perfidious leaders. And as often as they are exposed as charlatans and trimmers, acting in sympathy with traitors, they bawl loudly and lustily that the democratic party is abused! The democratic party, forsooth! The democratic party consists of the honest masses of men, and not of self-constituted committees and self-stultified regencies. I love and revere the dem-

ocratic party, but scout and defy and despise its camp-followers, counterfeits, hangers-on, and Swiss incendiaries. If the democratic party is assailed by exposing those who have brought it to defeat and disgrace, then, by the same rule, Jo Smith, when he was characterized as a beast and an impostor, might have exclaimed that Christianity is denounced! Or, when the blear-eyed, painted harlot is called by the name of her vocation, she may cry out *that virtuous woman* is assailed by obscene epithets! The democratic party has been betrayed, crippled, and crucified by corrupt and vicious leaders; but these will strut their brief hour and perish, and then the poetic conception will be realized that

“ Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again.”

“ Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.”

In such a fearful crisis, the united and harmonious movement of a great people, embracing members of all parties, but acknowledging the supremacy of none, presents one of the grandest moral spectacles of modern times. Without preconcert, it sprung from the masses, in spite of conflicting and even hostile organizations, fully armed for the conflict with rebellion abroad and treachery at home, like Minerva, the goddess of war and wisdom, from the brain of Jupiter. That it should so suddenly have risen to complete perfection was not to have been expected; but, with no platform save the constitution, no rallying cry but the Union, no banner but the Stars and Stripes, no purpose but the overthrow of rebellion, it has already carried terror to traitors abroad, and reduced the swaggering gasconade of traitors at home to secret, tremulous whispers. Before it faction trembles and cowers while it conspires; craven politicians find it too strong for their party harness, and fall back abashed; and Billingsgate, the last desperate resort of detected villainy, pays it, and those who have been active in its advancement, the generous tribute of opening upon it and their floodgates afresh! But the Union rivulets are gathered in a single stream, whose broad and deep and quiet yet resistless current will bear away all opposing obstacles, and sweep onward to gladden and bless the extended domains of freedom and humanity; to give strength to the weak and hope

to the despairing, and a promise of triumph to the faithful. O, how many patriotic hearts leaped for joy when they saw a united people set party in abeyance and engage in one united effort for the preservation of our cherished land! What thanksgivings ascended; what hopes beamed; what gladness prevailed amongst the masses, as this party iconoclast entered upon its benign mission!

The dagons of cliques and committees and regencies are already crumbling beneath its feet, and their reign of imposition is closed. The levy of political blackmail has been abolished; the fruits of lobby legislation will not defray the expense of reaping; office brokerage no longer pays, and those who have fattened upon such spoil for years can now only find employment as hired mourners to "mimic sorrow" for the downfall of secession treason in the Empire State. But upon the overthrow and destruction of these elements, a more enlarged equality of the masses will arise; the popular triumph about to be achieved will be permanent in its rectifying influences; those who are politicians by trade will not be in demand; the government will be again a government of the people, and not a government of committees, caucuses, and packed conventions. The Union movement was demanded by the exigencies of the times. It was necessary to save us from drifting to swift and terrible destruction. It should be supported by all loyal men for itself and not for its candidates merely. It was an act of practical emancipation, not of blacks only, but of whites; not from Southern but from Northern slavery; not from shackles upon the limbs, but from fetters upon the immortal mind.

"Take heart! the promised hour draws near;
I hear the downward beat of wings,
And freedom's trumpet, sounding clear,
Joy to the people—woe and fear
To New World's tyrants, Old World's kings."

Let those who cry "peace! peace!" trace the history of this rebellion from its origin to its development. The conspiracy which produced it had evidently been nursed by some of its actors for more than a quarter of a century, but must have swelled its numbers and gained its full and formidable propor-

tions within a year of its development. It sought the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's election and inauguration as the best suited to its treasonable purposes; a time and occasion upon which it evidently supposed it could better arouse Southern feeling, stimulate Southern prejudice, and awake sectional hostility. But while it had this advantage it, unfortunately for its sincerity or success with the loyal Southern mind, chose a time when the South and its sympathizers had a majority in both branches of Congress and in the Supreme Court of the United States, and a time, too, when the law concerning fugitives was more thoroughly executed than it had been for years, and when Congress was organizing Territorial governments without restriction, for which Southern rights advocates had so long contended; and, moreover, when a majority in Congress, for the sake of preserving peace, reconciling sectional differences, and quieting sectional irritation, stood ready to give any further reasonable guaranty calculated to secure to the Southern States all and any rights to which they were entitled, and of which they could reasonably show they had been, or reasonably fear they were about to be, deprived. There had been no time within twenty years when they had so little just cause of complaint as in 1861. The majority of the Southern people are honest, sincere, and Union-loving. But it is clear that the leaders who shaped the policy of this rebellion were in pursuit of self-advancement and the Union's *wrongs*, and not of Southern *rights*. The robberies they had practised in the government, long before the election of Mr. Lincoln was decided, show what was in contemplation; the disposition made of the army and navy, and the arms and munitions, proves the same thing. The haste with which some of the States sought to rush out of the Union, and drag others after them; the haste they made to violate their country's flag; their cold-blooded assassination of soldiers on their way to the defence of the nation's capital; the rude and robber and bandit violence with which they seized ships, forts, and other public property, and the public revenues within their reach; the brazen complacency with which public officials, sworn to support the Constitution, brought perjury upon their guilty souls in endeavoring to subvert it; the infidelity of naval and military commanders, in forswearing themselves and betraying their trusts to enemies; all go to show

that they had resolved to rule or ruin, and were not in pursuit of "liberal propositions of peace." Upon all this followed the organization of their spurious confederacy; their attack upon the Star of the West; their assault upon the starving peace garrison of Sumter; their organization of a system of piracy in stolen vessels; their outrages upon and murder of defenceless Union-loving citizens, and the destruction of their property; their burning of peaceful dwellings and towns, and driving from their homes, in destitution, innocent women and children; their weakening of railroad bridges, that passengers might be destroyed or maimed for life by hundreds at a time; their employment of savages to help on rebellion; their raising numerous and powerful armies in furtherance of their nefarious designs; and, in short, their whole action proves that, for butchery and atrocity in modern times, those who have conducted this rebellion will bear the palm.

" Matched with them,
The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild,
Has feelings pure and polished as a gem;
The bear is civilized, the wolf is mild."

And yet we are told that a rebellion, originating without provocation, deliberately and murderously contrived, and steeped in a depravity as black as the smoke of the bottomless pit in its origin, now that it has added to the commission of treason every other crime in the catalogue, and only escapes the halter because it is at large, should be nursed and fostered and treated tenderly, with liberal propositions of peace! Rather say, the peace its authors deserve is universal *execution*, and its peace apologists universal *execration*. The latter are already reaping their deserts in the omnipotence of public opinion, and with the former, thank heaven, it is only a question of time. The idea that a rebellion thus designed, thus conspired, thus inaugurated, and thus conducted, while its heart is black with perjury and its hand stained with gore, could or should be gently asked in dulcet tones, what kind of a peace it would please to dictate to the government it had sought to destroy, is alone worthy of the necessitous politician—the mere party hack, who supposes he can trade with rebellion as with a clique of corrupt associates, or who has no aims or impulses above

party management, no range of vision beyond a caucus, no love of country, no pride in the glowing memories of the Revolution, no true contemplation of the present, no just hope for the future. Happily for our devoted country, the number of this class is small, and their influence less, and both rapidly diminishing.

The frothy conceit of the desperate leaders, who urged on the commencement of this rebellion for base and selfish purposes, has evidently much diminished in the experience of its progress; the unfortunate rank and file, who, in an evil moment, lent it their countenance, some from choice, some because deluded, and some from compulsion, have already learned that it is not the "entertainment to which they were invited," and wish it in perdition; the business interests which it has destroyed curse it as a destructive monster; the planting and agricultural regions it has overrun and blasted would, if they dared, invoke upon its authors the thunderbolts of heaven; and mourning and lamentations along the border States, from those bereaved of friends and relatives and protectors, those driven from the firesides of happy homes, penniless and cold and hungry, and those who deplore the social destruction and demoralization, ring out, as of old in Rama, in one long, piercing cry; and yet the rebellion goes on—and why? In the hope of external aid, which will enable it finally to triumph. It looks forward with hope to England, that her hatred of democracy may induce her recognition of the independence of the rebellious States. But it looks for more—for aid and assistance from sympathizers in the loyal States, and especially in this. Had the voice of the people of the loyal States, and especially of this great State, been unanimous and unreserved, as it should have been, in condemnation of the rebellion, there is every reason to believe that it would ere this have laid down its arms. But it read a justification or apology for its treason in a portion of the press of the loyal States, claiming to speak the sentiments of a great and once powerful party, aid and comfort and encouragement; some outspoken and bold in justifying the rebellion, others backing and filling, skulking and covert and insinuating, under pretence of a desire for peace, and a fear of taxation, but more mean and mischievous than open treason; and all this class uniting in denouncing and upbraiding the Ex-

ective, and charging him with violations of the Constitution, and with deserving impeachment in his dealings with rebellion! It read, too, from these same presses, the denunciations of Union Democrats and conservative men who declared openly and unconditionally that the rebellion must be put down at any cost and at all hazards; as having joined the "Black Republicans," and, therefore, no longer worthy of their country's confidence. It read farther, in this State, the doings of the State Committee, and the proceedings of local conventions, declaring that, in obedience to a "great principle," the war to prostrate rebellion must be accompanied by the "most liberal propositions of peace." It read, again, the "ninth resolution" of a State convention, claiming to be Democratic, arraiging the President for exerting the military power of the government in arresting and imprisoning spies and traitors; for refusing to release them in obedience to the requirements of the civil law, so that they might renew their work of treason; for having prohibited the circulation of treasonable journals, when rebellious cannon menaced the Capitol at Washington. Rebellion saw these evidences of sympathy, and naturally, but erroneously, estimating these presses, committees, conventions, and demonstrations, as evidences of public opinion generally, took new courage in its work of destruction, rallied new forces, and resolved to persevere until these aids, so potential in theory, should furnish aid in more substantial form.

These demonstrations through presses, committees, and conventions have been, and still are active and infamous elements in promoting and perpetuating the rebellion. The actors in them have thus helped to slay a Lyon, an Ellsworth and a Baker, and are to-day largely responsible for the persistent continuance of the rebellion, and for an increase of the taxation necessary to put it down; responsible for the warm heart's-blood which has flowed from the gashed bosoms of the brave soldiery; for hundreds of precious lives which have been sacrificed upon our country's altar; for bitter, unavailing tears, which have been shed by bereaved ones; for hopeless sighs which have been wafted like incense to Heaven. Let them, then, wipe out this stain, this "damned spot," from their guilty souls; let them look upon the rude graves where repose the uncoffined remains of our brave soldiers, who fell fighting for the

Union, and receive reproof if not instruction. Let them muse over the once happy homes their example has helped to desolate; let them turn aside the father's curse, soothe the mother's anguish, dry the widow's tears, and silence the orphan's wail; and then, if they can look their fellow-men in the face, let them go on encouraging rebellion by deriding those who seek to rescue "the land our fathers loved" from the grasp of traitors, and stimulate it to renewed activity and violence by further "liberal propositions of peace." Alas, poor Baker! He was swifter than an eagle, he was stronger than a lion, and the very soul of bravery and manly daring. He spoke by my side at the great meeting at Union Square in April, and his words of fiery and patriotic eloquence yet ring upon my ear. And has that noble heart ceased to throb, that pulse to play? Has that beaming eye been closed in death, that tongue of eloquence been silenced forever? Yes, but he has died in the cause of humanity, in the cause he loved and most nobly defended. Of foreign birth, he laid down his life for the land of his adoption. Let native-born traitors contemplate the picture with what composure they can.

Good government can never exist long in the atmosphere of anarchy and rebellion, nor can rebellion long live within the jurisdiction of good government. They are radical, and active, and hereditary antagonists, and must, under all circumstances, stand as opposing forces; they must come in speedy conflict, and one or other must go down. The question admits of no treaties, no accommodation, no compromise; if government cannot crush rebellion, rebellion will crush government. If government yields to-day, and makes terms or compromises, or proposes conditions of peace, it pays a premium for a renewed rebellion to-morrow, with superadded insolence and increased demands. Government can make but one proposition to rebellion, and that is, to lay down its arms unconditionally, and acknowledge allegiance to the Constitution, and submit to the supremacy of the laws. This the government will demand in this case, and should those charged with the administration fail or falter in their trust, of which there is no suspicion, the people—the true source of power—will make the demand in their own sovereign name, and see it enforced by virtue of their own sovereign power. And until every vestige of the

rebellion is subjugated, they will trample under foot every attempt to rally and divide upon party issues, and refuse to weigh taxation, or even blood, against national honor and existence. This desolating scourge will be protracted in the same proportion that it finds encouragement from parties and presses in the powerful loyal States. It will be brief in proportion as all interests here present a united and unyielding front for its overthrow. The rebellious hordes have already expended their best energies. The rifled arms will prove inadequate to establish the "confederacy," and the *rifled munitions and money* have already been expended. They will soon learn by experience that the influences of dying secession journals and defunct organizations in this State are as worthless as their own ship-plasters, and as unavailing as the prayers of their patron saint, Bishop Polk; that an army extemporized as theirs has been from such material, ill fed, unclothed, and unpaid, with no government either receiving or entitled to its respect; dissatisfied with the usurped leadership; dragged to act offensively against the Capital, when their own seaboard towns are menaced by Federal fleets, and when the whole plot and purpose of their attempts are cursed by the Union-loving citizens of the South, cannot be kept together for effective operations. Now is the time for the lovers of the Constitution and the Union to strike their blow. Humanity demands that it be speedy and effectual; that it crush out the foul and ferocious heart of rebellion at a single onset; that banners be borne aloft in every revolted district, bearing the inscription "Death to rebellion! Peace and protection to loyalty!" Our brave soldiers are marching to the scene of action by hundreds and thousands, anxious to bear a hand in rescuing our glorious Union from the grasp of the spoiler; and enlistments are more active to-day than ever, and let them go on in countless numbers. Our fleets are already hovering along the rebellious coast, to invite their return to the allegiance they owe the government, and, in case they are unable or are unwilling to return, to assist them with the whole power of the nation. Our capitalists of great, and our people of moderate means, with an alacrity which must cheer and gladden every patriotic heart in the land, and leave money-mongers abroad to gape and wonder, have laid their millions of treasure at the feet of the government, without re-

serve or stint, and have millions more in readiness, and have bidden it, in the name of all that is sacred, to crush the rebellion before it relaxes or slumbers. Heaven be praised, this infamous, impious, and ignoble crusade against humanity is doomed! The true and loyal and Union-loving have all the elements of success within their own hands, and will not fail to wield them accordingly; and if they do, woe to conspirators! Up then with our glorious flag of the Union, higher and still higher! Let every loyal citizen wheel into line and mark time to the music of the Union; push on the column to the strongholds of treason; proclaim amnesty to the people, extermination to conspirators who precipitated and urge on the rebellion, and its end will be as speedy and inglorious as its origin and career have been depraved and damnable.

The past and the future have been torn widely asunder by the convulsions of the present. The political yesterday has been buried in the lava that has flowed out from the volcanic eruptions of to-day. New ideas, new impulses, new efforts are upon us and before us. Those who stand in the way of the car of progress will be crushed beneath its ponderous wheels. Those who hesitate to get on board will be left behind and unheard of hereafter. This Union movement is not a movement for individual men, it is for mankind. It is the first real struggle between equality and privilege which the new world has ever seen. The rebellion is an effort on the part of individuals in the revolting States to trample under foot the Constitution of our fathers, and raise up a semi-nobility, based upon involuntary servitude, upheld by despotic military power, and elevating and perpetuating the rule and reign and consequence of families. It will be blasted and overthrown finally, and then it will be a subject of universal wonder how so bold and wicked an imposture should ever have been conceived or attempted. Above all, how it should ever have found advocates or apologists this side of Bedlam, or Newgate, or perdition. It will fade away suddenly, but not like the "baseless fabric of a vision" for it will "leave a wreck behind"—a wreck of every crime which ever disgraced humanity; a wreck of every "woe unnumbered" which the human heart has ever experienced; a wreck of burial fields unwalled, of vacant firesides, of desolate hearthstones, of sighs and tears, and lamentations of widows,

of orphans, of maimed survivors; and a wreck of foiled treachery and blistered traitors, who will evade the society of men, and shun the light, lest scorn shall point her "slow unmoving finger," and exclaim: "Yes, he was one," and darkly whisper, "Traitor!" But rising above this ruin, emerging from the cloud, fresh and beautiful as the flowers which spring up on the departure of winter's desolation, will be our institutions of equality, refined and purified in the furnace of adversity and affliction, strengthened and invigorated by trial, shining above the world with renewed lustre, and giving light and hope and joy and promise to all God's children. I see what lies beyond. It is coming—it is coming! "Dinna ye hear it—dinna ye hear it."

"See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A UNION MASS MEETING, HELD IN THE CITY HALL
AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 21, 1862.

WE have come together, fellow-citizens, at an interesting period of the public affairs. The stirring enthusiasm which prevailed a year ago does not so move the popular heart to-day, but considerations no less weighty, responsibilities of surpassing moment rest upon us. The people do not now rally in masses, except for matters of calm deliberation and judgment. We can now fully comprehend the position of the country, the great duties before us, and nerve ourselves for their performance.

The rebellion came to every loyal heart with sorrow. Aside from the great questions involved of nationality and government, thousands upon thousands, probably a majority of the loyal people had ties of consanguinity or friendship, binding them to individuals in the South. All these relationships had to be suspended; many of them, and those perchance the most intimate, were severed forever. To me and to my family, it brought the most painful emotions. We had near and dear relations in several of the seceded States, and in our residence in Washington had exchanged offices of friendship with many Southern families. Our children were each other's playmates; we became neighbors in feeling, and enjoyed together intimate and friendly relations. The rebellion was painful to me because it threatened the government as well as severed these personal friendships and family ties. I had passed the meridian of life, and desired that my sun might go down in peace. But when I found rebellion rising up against the constitutional authority, declaring the Union destroyed, and trampling upon the Stars and Stripes, the symbol of the national power and dignity, I cast all personal considerations aside, and said, in the

spirit of the elder Brutus: "A man may have many friends; he can have but one country." This spirit has animated and will continue to animate all loyal Americans. In it rebellion may read its speedy and final downfall.

For myself, I have differed politically with a large portion of the Northern people generally, as well as with a portion of my own party. I devoted the best energies of the best years of my life to endeavors for the peaceful settlement of the great disturbing question between the North and the South; it is not for me to say wisely or unwisely—the record will speak for itself. I do not regret the course I pursued, for it has left me in a position to meet the rebellion with the weapons I choose. It is the most formidable rebellion that ever visited the earth. While we were in the enjoyment of all the arts of peace, with a territorial expanse spanning the continent from the rising to the setting sun, stretching from the frozen regions of the north to the tropics, embracing all the varieties of climate and productions, while every one was sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, possessing, in confidence and hope, the fruits of his own industry, free, prosperous, and happy, no one molested, except in the sacred name of law; nothing but mercies attending our career, and Heaven smiling upon us as a favored people, the country was plunged into intestine war. In the hey-day of our success, this terrible trouble came. And now, after one year's existence, it stands before us in all its hideous proportions.

Whence and wherefore did the rebellion come? There had been long struggles between different sections of the country; a portion of the free States and a portion of the slave States were in a conflict of opinion; but the question was entirely susceptible of a harmonious solution, and was, in fact, nearer a point of peaceful settlement than it had been for twenty years; and therefore whatever the cause of the rebellion, it was not sectional misunderstanding merely. We are told by one that it was caused by the abolitionists, and by another that it was caused by slavery. Neither, in my opinion, had much to do with it directly. It was rather for the purpose of preserving political power, and enabling an unconstitutional aristocracy to rule the country. It originated in one of the most infamous and damnable conspiracies framed since the devils were cast

down to perdition. The honest masses of the Southern people were defrauded, betrayed, and coerced into it. A set of men, whose political leases were becoming insecure, determined to seat themselves permanently in power, and they used slavery as their stock-in-trade to inflame the Southern mind. The masses were taught that the Northern people, as a whole, were abolition barbarians, and were coming down to burn the dwellings and free the slaves and massacre the women and children of the South. The leaders well knew that their institution was never more secure. If it had been otherwise, the Border States would have been the first to rise in rebellion, for they alone had any just cause of complaint; and yet they resisted secession by an overwhelming vote until forced and defrauded into it. South Carolina had never lost a slave by abolitionists. Florida had never lost even an alligator. Neither had ever suffered from abolitionists, and so with the other cotton States. But they had formed a conspiracy for Southern semi-monarchy, Cotton was to be king, the mines of Mexico to be the crown jewels, and a few families were to ride rough-shod over the people in the name of liberty, but in reality by the power of the worst despotism that the world has ever seen.

The conspiracy was long nursed in secrecy and silence, waiting an occasion for its development. The occasion finally came by their connivance and party bad faith. Previous to the political campaign in 1860, they had hoped to elect a President of their own choice, and thus retain the government in their hands; but finding they could not, their schemes culminated in the division and defeat of the democratic party and the election of Mr. Lincoln. Though the conspiracy showed itself before the close of Mr. Buchanan's term, it was not, as it should have been, nipped in the bud. The Buchanan administration was divided into three parts. One was loyal, constitutional, and intrepid, standing so to the last; another was thieving and traitorous; the third was in a state of paralysis, a species of political dry-rot; and the Chief Magistrate sunk beneath the weight resting upon him. Such was the inauguration of the rebellion, and thus was it met by the constituted agents of the American people—the government. A portion of that cabinet, instead of being permitted peacefully to resign, and go over in broad daylight to the rebellion they had secretly and stealth-

ily set on foot and fostered, ought to have been arrested and tried for treason, and learned in the punishment due to their deserts that hemp was king instead of cotton. It would have been a salutary lesson, and oceans of blood and rivers of tears would thus have been spared the nation. These are historic facts, and they will stand till all history is lost in the dim shadow of tradition.

The rebellion was as unjustifiable as it is wicked and formidable. The Vice-President of the spurious confederacy, but a short time before he was won to accept the bad eminence of a conspicuous place in an organization whose only vital principle is treason, in a speech of remarkable truth and power, which will stand for all time at once a living indictment and a truthful confession of the rebel leaders, said that the South had no just cause of complaint against the government of the Union; and the condition of the country, the state of the public mind, and the arrangement of the several departments of the government, demonstrate that it could have no reason to fear for the safety of slavery. At the very time secession took place, measures were before Congress for the reassurance of the South on that subject, and they were defeated by Southern members, some voting against them and others absenting themselves. The leaders did not wish nor intend to be pacified. They meant to seize upon the election of Mr. Lincoln as a pretext for dissolving the Union, and they took care to make sure that he should be elected, for that purpose. Slavery was the capital employed, abolitionism the bugaboo which they used to frighten the Southern people into secession. Their "vaulting ambition" laid them under a great necessity, and they determined to rule or ruin the nation. They have worked their own ruin, and that of the institution in behalf of which they were enlisted; for you might as well clear up the brush-wood of a country and expect the squirrels and partridges to remain, as to ask the slaves to stay quietly upon the plantations after our armies penetrate the South. Wherever an army marches, slavery is abolished, and the protectors of the institution now know it. They have practically and effectively worked out what the abolitionists tried in vain to accomplish by theoretical agitation.

In condemning, as I do, the rebellion, to the extent of my

powers of thought, in exhorting my fellow-citizens, as I would with all my powers of language, to come forward and support the government in its efforts to overthrow and punish it, I have no fulsome eulogies to pronounce upon President Lincoln; but I feel that there is something due from me, as a man of some experience, to a political opponent, charged at such a momentous crisis in the affairs of the country with their administration. He stands as the agent and chief executive officer of the people in what they have to do—in the great work they have in hand. I opposed his election openly and manfully; but I saw the difficulties which beset him when he came into office, and have watched his course in the administration of affairs. It is only admitting the truth to say that he found all the resources of the government, by the contrivance of secessionists and traitors, at the point of absolute exhaustion. The army and navy had been sent beyond reach, and all the materials of war had been placed where they could be seized by rebels. It was only to-day I learned that on the 1st of January, 1861, when the \$5,000,000 interest due on the public debt should have been paid, the money appropriated to that purpose had been drawn and applied to other objects, for the very purpose of embarrassing the government; and but for the timely relief afforded by the Bank of Commerce, of New York, solely on the condition that the interest on the public debt should be paid, the United States would have been declared bankrupt by foreign nations at the very opening of the rebellion.

This was the crippled condition of the country when Mr. Lincoln came to the Presidential chair. Under a necessity which is now understood, he went to Washington, to be installed in his responsible position, in disguise, and found himself there surrounded by spies, traitors, and pimps, great and small, in every department of the government. He has been in office but a little over a year, and we have one of the greatest armies the world has ever seen embodied, and raised without a single forced levy. In that time a navy has also been created and put into service. It is justly the pride of the people at home, and has made that Drummond light of the world, John Bull's carbuncled nose, turn Prussian blue with apprehension. We have not borrowed a dollar from abroad; our finances, under the able management of the Treasury Department, are in a

most satisfactory condition, and our public stocks considerably above par. In short, we have not only all the means and appliances necessary to defend ourselves and subdue the rebellion, but to teach those who would menace us of the dangers of intervention; and in what has been achieved, Abraham Lincoln, as the responsible head of the government, is entitled to the thanks, the confidence, and support of every loyal heart in America.

Pin-hook politicians need not angle in this matter, hoping to catch success for their party schemes. This leviathan is too large for their puny efforts, and the contest too momentous to be committed on the part of the loyal people to the hands of any mere party. When the rebellion shall be put down and peace restored, let political parties be formed again; but till then there can be but one great question: shall the government be maintained or not? and the only division upon that must be the line that separates loyalty from treason. Politics and party divisions are good in their place, but they cannot guide nor save the nation now. There is room for plenty of patriotism, but none for party divisions. For myself, I would sign my name at the bottom of a blank sheet, and you might fill it with anything within the compass of Christianity and civilization, and I would accept it as my creed sooner than that the rebellion should succeed, so much do I esteem this exigency above all party importance. If I possessed power adequate to the task of quelling this rebellion, I would exhaust it in accomplishing the result, leaving every other aspiration unrealized and unaccomplished.

What have been the fruits of the rebellion? Robbery, murder, and oppression. Besides the blood of our sons and brothers, shed by traitors on the battle-fields of this unholy war, look upon the self-inflicted woes of misguided people of the South. Where to-day is Virginia, the mother of heroes, of sages and of patriots? Echo answers "Where?" Like Cæsar's, but yesterday the word of the Old Dominion "might have stood against the world; now lies she there, and none so poor to do her reverence;" pierced by conspirators, but no Antony to bury her, much less to praise her. Her fields desolate, her people dispersed; weeping mothers, starving, naked children; with no place to lay their heads; and all these and other

untold woes, that half a dozen bankrupt politicians might strut as heroes and call themselves officers of the Confederate States of America. The spectacle is one of the most lamentable in the history of mankind. And unless the rebellion shall terminate in time, by submission, what is to save the whole seceding sisterhood from the same sad fate? South Carolina, that was so eager for the fray, will, if the war goes on, soon feel the consequences upon her own devoted head. She has been the stormy petrel of the nation for thirty years; wherever she hovered, foul weather was betokened. She had probably read in mythology that when Minerva was born it rained gold in Rhodes, and they thought that when secession should be inaugurated it would rain guineas in Charleston; not guineas of the golden type, indeed, but Guineas suited to her elevated purposes; that would increase without investment and grow yellower by recoining.

Where are the heroes of rebellion? Where are Mason and Slidell, the great objects of British reclamation? The last heard of them, one was sitting by the side of a free negro in the lobby of Parliament, and the other striving to attract notice by giving entertainments in Paris. Where are Pillow and Floyd, the men who beat us in the *long run*, and were dismissed because they had more speed than bottom? Where is Zollcoffer, who ought to have been a Union man, and where young Wise? Buried in their bloody graves. There will soon be call for a new crop of rebel leaders. They begin already to need reinforcements—those who can run like Price, or brag like Beauregard, or lie like Hollins, or steal like Floyd. The decree of the loyal people that the rebellion should be put down, is receiving fulfilment. It is but a year since the President said the sword should not be sheathed until the American standard waved over every fort and public place throughout our whole territory; and there is now but a single State where the old flag does not float. The march of the loyal hosts is onward. They will make good President Lincoln's declaration. The Union will be saved; the government will be vindicated; the deluded, cheated masses at the South will return to their allegiance and be forgiven. The leaders, those who may be caught, ought to be hanged as high as Haman; but they will generally escape and save their ignominious carcasses from the

executioner. Some will have important missions abroad, and get away while keeping up the cheat; some will take refuge on the foreign vessels-of-war hovering around our coasts; some will flee to Cuba; some to Mexico; some will escape in the disguise of honest men, and some will be carried away as old Weller recommended that Pickwick should be smuggled out of the debtors' prison, "in a *pianner forty*, without any vurks in it." The rebellion once crushed, the country will stand stronger in all its great elements than ever before.

The attitude of the British government, its menacing tone and position towards us, has made a deep impression upon the minds of the American people—one that will not be lightly held or easily forgotten. While we pay a tribute of gratitude to the memory of the Prince Consort, by whose wise and considerate intervention the insulting demand of Earl Russell in the Mason and Slidell affair was modified, and honor the wearer of the British crown as a most worthy Christian lady and sincere friend, we understand full well the bent and purpose of the "ruling classes," and are ready to meet them on whatever ground they may choose. A corrupt aristocracy and a menial press have gone as far as they dare to traduce our government and people. They would rejoice to see the Union broken ino fragments, and their design was, from the beginning, to embarrass us. They recognized as a belligerent power the secesh whelp when it was but nine days old—before it had got its eyes open—and placed it on a par with the United States, with which they had solemn treaties of amity, alliance, and intercourse. For that act and others that have followed as a consequence, John Bull will some day have to make a full account and settlement. Their attitude has been full of menace from the commencement of our troubles, and it is characteristic. When Great Britain has or intends to make any cause of difference with a nation at war, or involved in difficulty, she is full of bravado and rapacity; but if the nation is strong and well prepared, she falls back upon her Christianity. But a little while ago she could not sleep o'nights because of slavery in the United States; but the moment that rebellion, as the child of slavery, attempts to destroy the Union, Great Britain advertises herself as its wet-nurse. The people of the North differed in their

estimate of slavery, but a vast majority, I believe, had looked forward to its gradual, final, peaceful, and constitutional extinction. We have resources of our own, and ways of our own, and are not to be menaced when in trouble. Let Great Britain send her fleet here; she sent more than she took away in 1812. We want no war with her, but she must not make war upon us, and must let us alone when we are engaged with a domestic rebellion. She professes to love liberty. She has seen the tree of liberty planted here. Sustained by the blood of men and watered by women's tears, its roots have penetrated the earth, it has lifted itself to heaven, its branches invite the nations, and all are alike free to partake of its shelter. The nation that shall attempt its destruction will be arraigned at the bar of the public opinion of the world not only, but before the bar of heaven as well. We did not interfere in the Irish rebellion. Although once a proud and powerful nation, and seeking to reassert and regain its nationality and independence, we did not recognize it as a belligerent. But the moment we have a rebellion on our hands, though in the interest of slavery, nurtured in conspiracy and red with crime, Great Britain recognizes it as a belligerent, because she wished to see the foundation of our government undermined. She boasts that her drum-beat encircles the world. We need not boast of our resources. We have an army to-day that can defy the world; but it is an army of peace, not for aggression; an army for defence, but a defence that would be terrible, and not confined to our own borders, as any nation will find that shall attempt to push us to the wall. Our navy, existing and in prospect, will be able to keep up the sensation it has created among foreign nations, whose agents have been sent to take pattern of it, and learn what to do with their own. But, above all, we have a heart-beat that surrounds this indivisible Union, and locks it in perpetuity in the united resolve of millions of freemen. We seek no war with England, but we seek justice, and in the end shall have it. It remains for England to say in what fashion it shall be measured.

The recent Union successes have been cheering, and foreshadow the coming of the end. The capture of New Orleans is a telling blow to the bastard confederacy, and attests the strength and effectiveness of the naval service. We success-

fully defended that city against Great Britain in 1814, but it could not withstand the attack of our forces, although the defence was vastly stronger now than then. Wherever we have attacked forts, our forces have proved that they belonged to the party indicated by the lady who, at a certain time in our State politics, being asked if she belonged to the Hard Shells or Soft Shells replied, that she belonged to the party that "*shelled out.*" But the resources of this nation have hardly yet been tested. The young lion of the West has scarcely shaken the dew from his mane. In the event of a war with Great Britain, that power would barely be able to send against us fifty thousand men—an army which any loyal State in the Union, with the exception, perhaps, of Rhode Island and Delaware, could successfully grapple, overthrow, and conquer.

This government was given us to enjoy and to perpetuate. We have no right to destroy it, nor to permit it to be destroyed by wicked and conspiring men. Let the Union be dissolved, and where, how, or when could boundaries be established? Every section and State would be at war with each other, and the country devoured by predatory bands. The rebellion, which calls itself a government, is as fugitive as a she-wolf. It is a government in a wheel-barrow, ready to be trundled about wherever necessity requires. Its officers, calling themselves Presidents, Judges, Senators, and members of Congress, are simply what history will call them: pirates, thieves, murderers, conspirators, assassins; and when stripped of their disguises and put in the world's pillory, for scorn to point her slow, unmoving finger at, they will appear as they really are, and occupy their rightful position. When the mothers whose children they have murdered, the wives whose husbands they have slain, and the children whose fathers they have butchered, shall raise their hands against them; when the betrothed maiden, widowed in the sight of heaven, shall rise up to accuse them, they will be driven from human habitations to be hidden from the gaze of men. And those who have sought to uphold them should tremble, for there will come a day of reckoning for them also, and it will be a terrible reality.

I have never felt so proud of my country as since it has been set upon by this fiendish rebellion. The spirit of the loyal people, and their uprising to resist it, have been sublime. I

thank God that I have been permitted to live to help take the monster by the throat and strangle it to death. I see, with an eye of faith, the overthrow of the rebellion; its votaries demoralized, naked, starving; its wretched leaders, maddened by their misfortunes, brought to the public scaffold, or driven into exile; but the sun of liberty shining brighter and more beautiful than ever, the Union restored, purified, and strengthened, and peace and happiness triumphing over disorder and strife. To this end, the American people are coming together to stay up the hands of each other and the President, to fight out the great battle of freedom successfully, and establish on a firm foundation peace, justice, and protection, to every section of the Union.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON THE PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE 89TH REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS (THE "DICKINSON GUARDS"), AT WASHINGTON, July —, 1862.

[The Washington *National Republican* had the following notice of the presentation, accompanying the address :

"Yesterday was decidedly devoted to New York in the city and among the soldiers. The occasion was the appearance of Gov. Dickinson, one of the noblest sons of the old Empire State, among us. He brought with him a stand of colors, which he presented yesterday to the Eighty-ninth regiment of New York, at their camp. Gen. Casey and staff were in attendance. The Governor was accompanied to the ground by Vice-President Hamlin, and other distinguished persons, among whom were Messrs. Croswell and Schell of New York. There were many New Yorkers present to witness the ceremonies.

"The colors were received on the part of the Regiment by the Hon. R. H. Duell, member of Congress from the Broome, Chenango and Cortland district, New York, in an appropriate and elegant speech, in which he made this allusion to Mr. Dickinson's position and efforts:

* * * * " 'And here, sir, permit me to say that I should but feebly discharge my duty were I to omit an allusion to the patriotic course pursued by yourself in your efforts to maintain the integrity of the Constitution and the Union. From the breaking out of this rebellion to the present moment, you have taken a bold and fearless position on the side of the government. Your individual sentiments in reference to party policy ceased when the Union itself was threatened. You came forth from your retirement to rally the people to the defence of this government, which our fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to establish. The State of New York, and all the loyal States, are deeply grateful to you for all your efficient services in defence of our glorious Union and its flag.' * * * *

"After a review of this fine regiment by Gen. Casey, three times three hearty cheers were given for the 'Sage of the Susquehanna,' and Hon. R. H. Duell, who had so well expressed the feelings of the Regiment upon

the reception of one of the most, if not *the* most splendid stand of colors that has yet been presented to the army. The entire Regiment gathered around their distinguished patron and friend, to all of whom he gave his hand in a manner that exhibited his feelings of loyalty to the country, and confidence in the army to crush out this ungodly rebellion, more than volumes of arguments. As the Governór left the camp, you could see by every countenance that they had parted with a friend. Thus ended one of the most brilliant and satisfactory performances of the season.

“Gov. Dickinson, upon presenting the colors, addressed Lieut.-Col. Robie commanding, as follows:”]

LIEUT.-COLONEL ROBIE—OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE 89TH—A few short months ago, our country, from the North to the South, from the East to the West, was blessed with prosperity and peace, the result of the most beneficent government ever known to man. The footsteps of no foreign foe now press our soil; no king nor prince demands of us a surrender of our liberties, or seeks to despoil us of our territory; and yet our country, baptized in the blood of patriotism, is threatened with forcible disruption, and the land, echoing with the clash of arms, trembles beneath the tread of hostile armies. A hydra-headed and accursed rebellion has arisen in our midst and is attempting to demolish the fair fabric of our national glory, and to destroy the priceless institutions which have been our pride and blessing, which have made our country the admiration of the nations and the envy and fear of the crowned heads and aristocracies of the earth. A grand army of freemen has come forth at their country’s call to its defence; not to destroy but to save the Temple of Liberty; not to tear down, but to complete the mighty edifice of American Independence.

You, the members of this noble “Guard,” the “89th New York,” have come from your happy homes, the scenes of your childhood and youth; you have left your early associations, the endearments of home, the gathering-places of affection, the graves of your fathers and kindred, to defend, at the call of the country, this city, sacred as the Capital of the nation and in the name it bears, from the contamination of the invader’s foot, and the nation’s life from destruction. Here, at the outset of your patriotic career, I present to you this stand of colors, bearing the arms and mottoes of our State and of the

Union. I present it in the name of the holy and blessed Union ; in the name of the Empire State ; in the name of the Revolutionary sires ; in the name of the loved ones at home, in whose happy circle no demon of division and treason shall ever enter ; in the name of the sacred dead, and in the name of those whose prayers are ascending to Heaven like sweet incense, to return like the gentle dews in blessings on your heads. I present it as a testimonial of confidence at home, as the emblem of our noble State. May it be unfurled only in the cause of the Constitution and the Union. To the defence of these it is consecrated. You are called to high and noble duties. Great responsibilities rest upon you. The most exalted courage and self-devotion, the extent of endurance may be required of you. We all lament that our once happy country is shaken by a civil and inhuman war ; but it must be met upon the field of battle and of blood. You, I know, will not falter in the conflict, when you call to mind the struggles that our freedom cost ; nor will you hesitate to make the generous sacrifice of life itself, if need be, to consecrate and sanctify our blissful inheritance by a new baptism of blood. I expect to see you, and hope to greet you all again, when this rebellion shall have been crushed, amid our green hills and pleasant valley and silver streams. But if you fall, remember it will be in a glorious cause ; and our children and our children's children, for all generations, shall rise up and call you blessed.

“ Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the army's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.”

SPEECH

CANDIDATES CONTRASTED. THE DUTY OF LOYAL MEN.

DELIVERED AT A UNION MASS RATIFICATION MEETING, HELD AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK CITY, October 9, 1862.

WE have been called together, my friends, to ratify or to disaffirm the nominations made by the recent Union Convention at Syracuse, to discuss the merits of the candidates for the stations for which they have been proposed, and the principles upon which they stand before the people, positively, and in contrast with those of the opposing forces. It is no time for circumlocution, and the more directly the subject is approached the better the issues will be understood.

When the most atrocious conspiracy which ever desecrated the earth found development in an assault upon our national flag at Sumter, and in efforts to massacre a half-starved garrison, placed there in a time of profound peace, according to uniform usage, for no other offence than asserting the supremacy of their country's Constitution, and giving to the breeze, as emblematical thereof, the glorious Stars and Stripes of their fathers; when the brave volunteers who were hurrying to the defence of our nation's Capital, to save it from mob rule, and rebellion and conflagration, were bleeding by traitorous hands; when strong men trembled, when women wept, and children instinctively clung to the maternal bosom; when all communication between the loyal States and the Capital was cut off by rebellious forces; when the President elect of the United States had then reached the seat of government, where duty called him, by a circuitous and unusual route, and in disguise, to escape the dagger of the assassin, and when our land was filled with excitement and consternation and alarm; when "shrieked the timid and stood still the brave," and the confiding masses looked

about to see who were the men for the crisis among the citizens of the Empire State, who had borne a part in public affairs, and were naturally looked up to as exemplars in such a crisis, there were two whom subsequent events have made conspicuous in our domestic history. They did not, like the two characterized by the prophet Nathan, live in one city; nor was the one rich and the other poor; but neither was far from the central region of this great State. Both were in the full maturity of natural life; both had been honored by marks of popular confidence; both had been educated by that care known only to a father's solicitude and a father's hopes; both were blessed with ample wealth—the fruits of industrious and enterprising progenitors; and both were qualified by circumstances and fortune to exercise an important influence upon public affairs in moments of peril. In this, their country's evil day, both left the State of their birth and residence, and their homes of comfort and plenty at about the same time, and went abroad.

One bid adieu to his wife and children, turned his back upon his broad and fertile acres and his extensive business pursuits, and with his sons and assistants repaired to the theatre of strife and danger, while yet the arm of government was paralyzed by treachery, and destitution reigned in the camp, and ordered cargoes of subsistence for famishing soldiers, and with his own hands, and by the aid of his sons, apportioned them among the needy upon the rebellious border. He gave three sons to the cause of the Constitution; he volunteered his own services to the government for the field, in any capacity where he could be most serviceable in crushing the rebellion, was (entirely unsolicited by himself) appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, accepted a commission, and has since devoted his time and energies and ample means to his country's cause, and is at this hour doing service in field and camp. This man's name is James S. Wadsworth.

The other left his family and residence of repose, but not for the seat of war. He hied away in the opposite direction, and for nearly half a year remained among the lakes and rivers and romantic woodlands and inland towns of Wisconsin, and his tongue was as silent on the subject of denouncing the rebellion as those of the murdered volunteers, whose "ghosts walk unrevenged among us." There we may suppose he watched

and waited until autumn, when a small knot of scheming politicians, hangers-on upon the subsistence department of the Democratic party in this State, took the field as a political organization opposed to the Administration and the great Union movement, engaged in deadly conflict with the rebellion. This movement drew him forth; he entered the political canvass, and then took part in the great issue pending before the country, in the court of last resort of people, as well as of kings. On the 28th of October, 1861, a few days before the election, he made a speech, the burden of which was an apology for the rebellion, and a condemnation of the administration for having meted out the rigor of martial law to those in arms against the government. Though abounding in generalities, it contained one point worthy of not only notice, but of the severest reprehension, and here it is :

If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, *then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that government which cannot give them the protection guaranteed by its terms.*"

What! place this glorious Union, this heritage of human hope, this asylum for the world's weary pilgrim, this refuge for the oppressed of earth, in the scale of being beneath the black and bloated and bloody, the corrupt and corrupting, the stultified and stultifying institution of slavery? No! Sooner than see this Union severed, let not only the institution perish whenever and wherever it can be found, but let the habitations that have known it perish with it, and be known no more, forever. And yet this returning fugitive from patriotism proclaims as his creed, in effect if not in terms, that if either slavery or the Union must be destroyed, it should be the Union! And the name of this man is Horatio Seymour.

These two men have now been placed in nomination by opposing organizations for the office of Governor of this State; the one by the loyal masses, acting as a Union organization, regardless and independent of former political opinion, pledged to the support of the administration in all just efforts to restore law and order; pledged to every purpose looking to the sure and speedy and unconditional reduction of rebellion, and to any and every measure calculated to secure that result, at the ear-

liest moment—the destruction of slavery, if necessary, included; the other brought forward by political guerrillas, who have crawled from beneath the popular avalanche of last year, to repeat their efforts at imposition, under new and improved disguises—the peace party patriots, the ninth resolution mongers of 1861, the apologists of rebellion, and the villifiers of the administration, because it had met treason with its half a million of armed men in the revolting States, and its spies and pimps and sympathizers in the loyal States, with the plenary power of martial law, instead of propositions of peace.

On the occasion of his recent nomination by the Albany Convention he also made a speech, in which he bemoans that compromises were not seasonably offered the South; when all know, and none better than he, that such compromises were offered and urged, and were defeated only because a portion of Southern members engaged in the treasonable conspiracy of disunion, but without courage to vote against them, withdrew, to avoid a vote upon them, and others, by preconcerted arrangement, remained and voted against them, with those known to be opposed to all compromise, and thus secured their defeat. We learn from it, too, that he had lately visited Washington; that he went to the camps of the soldiers, and that there he, naturally enough, found sick and bleeding and languishing men; but I venture he found no runaways, no political schemers or balance-masters—no apologists for the rebellion for the whole or the half-blood, and none who spend their time in denouncing the government for prosecuting what is termed an unconstitutional war against conspiracy, treason, rebellion, robbery, piracy and murder. From thence he visited the Capitol, and describes that he traversed the mosaic pavements and gazed upon the ceilings (which no sensible man can look at without condemning the execrable taste of the architect), and was impressed with the strange contrast between its elaborate finish (of Italian gingerbread) and the rude structure of the camp. He entered the Congressional Halls and listened to the stirring debates, the strife and conflict of which contrasted so strangely with the quiet of the “wood and wild,” that he was filled with apprehension and alarm; and he prescribes remedies. The whole speech is to prove the justice and necessity of party organization. It condemns the party action of the Republicans, and

then proposes to 'cure the action of one party by the action of another, upon the true homœopathic principle—*similia similibus curantur*. It serves up to the public a rehash of newspaper criticism upon the conduct of the war, with their exposures of disgraceful speculation, as though the argument proved the propriety of substituting politics for patriotism, the separate action of a part for the united action of the whole, a party for the people. It rattles the dry bones of taxation to frighten the masses from their purpose, and faintly hints at repudiation to alarm the public creditor.

Mistakes, errors, blunders, and miscalculations are in a greater or less degree inseparable from the conducting of extensive military operations, and plunderers are as sure accompaniments of war as vultures are of the battle-field. Would to God we had only those who plunder our material elements, and not those too who would betray us to death and crucifixion with a kiss. But the remedy consists in increased and not in diminished patriotism—in drawing the honest masses together in a more perfect Union, regardless of political distinction; and not by dividing them into sections and parties, and attempting to revive decaying organizations, with all their bigoted prejudices and hereditary hates, serving to build up corrupt cliques and reward unworthy leaders. If incompetency and inefficiency can be corrected, it can be done more effectually by the *whole* than by a *part*. All loyal men are alike interested in putting down the rebellion, and in employing the best agencies for that purpose, and why should they not act all together? All loyal organizations are or should be alike engaged in vindicating the Constitution and in crushing revolt; and why should they not lay aside for this awful crisis their internal strifes and struggles, and unite in one grand and common effort, until the great citadel which protects and shelters all is secured from destruction? No party as such is adequate to a work of such magnitude, nor should any one attempt it. The Republican party, for which I claim no right to speak; which is not responsible for me, nor I for it; so far as I understand its position, does not profess to act against the rebellion as a party, but, in theory and in practice, lays aside for the occasion, as it did last year, its distinctive action as a party, and its members unite in common with all loyal Democrats and others who are so disposed,

upon a platform inculcating no party ends, but pledging its votaries to the vigilant and thorough prosecution of the war, until rebellion shall be conquered and the Constitution acknowledged, without reservation or condition; leaving to every one his full, perfect, and independent political opinions, unaffected or untouched by his associations. To this platform I entirely agree. I despise mere names at any time, and especially at such a time as this. I defy and scorn all ringing of party gongs to gather the hungry and alarm the timid. I act and propose to act entirely independent of party. I desire to put down the rebellion by force of arms, and until that is done shall act with those who wish to attain that end by the most direct means.

This Union movement is popular and not partisan. It commends itself to every loyal citizen, and all loyal men should enter into it heart and soul. It has not in all respects been conducted at all times as I think it should have been, but is nevertheless preferable to party action. Nor is there any party in the field pretending to act as such, except the ravelings and selvedges of all former parties, who have taken the honored Democratic name, and under leaders cheating by false pretences; acting from a prejudice too strong for their discernment or moral sentiments; from a party attachment which clings to names and traditions above principles or things; a mistaken comprehension of the question at issue; or last, though not least, a disloyal heart, and thus enter the field and create division, and aid and encourage rebellion. This combination seems determined to run its worn out and creaking machinery amid the blood and carnage and death-groans of this terrible war, as the last and worst of the Cæsars fiddled while Rome was encircled in flames.

The Democratic party, forsooth! A knot of men with some stray accidental honest elements; with here and there an honest Democrat who supposes this war is a war with Abolition almanacs; with leaders composed of Freesoilers and Abolitionists of 1848; chronic fossilized Whigs looking for a recharter of a United States Bank; crippled Democrats who have been carried for life in the ambulances of the party; straggling Know-Nothings not inaptly named; Hards so hard that they cracked in seasoning; Softs and other political Hessians of all shades and

periods, and the Ninth Resolution men of 1861, who proposed to poultice the rebellion to death by propositions of peace, are now the Democratic party which is to save the country! "What can you expect of a people," said a philosopher, "when a monkey is their God?" Shade of Jefferson, where hast thou flown! Spirit of Jackson! I almost hear thee exclaim "By the Eternal!" Its candidate for Governor, speaking apparently *ex cathedra*, informs the people what this faction, the self-styled Democratic party, proposes to do. The burden of the song is, that they propose to restore the Constitution, and obey all constitutional authority, and defend the liberty of speech; and he launches into a homily about observances of law, and invokes the names of early and eminent jurists, as though it had some possible relation to the question; when it has no more application than the farewell address of John Rogers to his children.

This rebellion cannot well be sued by summons and complaint; nor brought to trial before a justice of the peace, or referee under the code; nor indicted by a grand jury; nor convicted at the county court; nor held to bail by a judge; nor tried at the circuit; nor have an effectual sentence or judgment affirmed by the Supreme Court, or Court of Appeals. No one should fail to sympathize with a candidate, aspiring to gubernatorial honors, who cites the words of Lord Mansfield on the occasion of the Gordon or "no Popery" riots, nearly a century since, to prove that a government, assailed by conspiracy and armed rebellion, has no remedy but what is specified in the Constitution, written in statutes or prescribed by the slow and ineffectual process of the common law; or if it has, should not employ it; for what he says means that or it has no meaning. Here it is:

"When England was agitated by the throes of violence; when the person of the king was insulted; when Parliament was besieged by mobs maddened by bigotry; when the life of Lord Mansfield was sought by infuriated fanatics, and his house burned by incendiary fires, then he uttered those words which checked at once unlawful power and lawless violence. He declared that every citizen was entitled to his rights according to the known proceedings of the land. He showed to the world the calm and awful majesty of the law unshaken amid convulsions. Self-reliant in its strength and purity, it was driven to no acts which destroy the spirit of law. Violence was

rebuked, the heart of the nation was reassured, a sense of security grew up, and the storm was stilled. Listen to his words :

“ ‘ Miserable is the condition of individuals, dangerous is the condition of the State, where there is no certain law, or, what is the same thing, no certain administration of law, by which individuals may be protected, and the State made secure.’ ”

It is easy to indulge in rhapsodies over, or to sentimentalize upon the beauties of the common law, and such efforts appear well enough in juvenile law schools, or with beginners at the bar ; but when invoked as a means of conquering such a rebellion, they are as ridiculous as would be a homily on moonshine to arrest an earthquake, an apostrophe to the dews of evening amidst a hurricane, or a prescription of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup for the Asiatic cholera. If the speaker himself had read, or had permitted his hearers to read a little deeper into this scrap of history, it would have appeared that it was a mere riot or mob, over the repeal of the penal laws against Catholics—a question concerning a particular measure under the British government, and having no relation whatever to the question of the existence of the government, or its integrity, or its fundamental laws ; that Lord Mansfield was one of the victims of violence, and uttered what was excellent sense for the occasion, but which, if it had been proposed as an antidote for a rebellion with half a million of men in arms against the government, with the avowed intention of subverting it, would have appeared as cheap and puerile, as shallow and pedantic, as its suggestion for the same purpose does now.

Our Constitution and written laws are the emanations of government, prescribing rules and regulations for its ordinary administration and guidance, and defining and limiting its powers for the protection of its citizens. But governments make constitutions and laws ; constitutions and laws do not make governments. Constitutions and laws are to be observed in all its civil policy, and ordinary exigencies even in war ; but among the first rights and privileges and highest and holiest duties and obligations of government is the preservation of its own existence. Constitution, law, freedom of speech, liberty of the press, usurpation, tyranny, &c., are words easily prated, and even parrots can be taught them. But men should know

that the instincts of a government, as of an individual when assaulted, are self-defence. The father and protector of a dependent family who should fail to employ all his energies when assailed by a murderer or bandit, and instead thereof proceed to recite from a law book, would, if slain, rank with suicides in the sight of God and man ; and a Chief Magistrate who should fail to protect his government against foreign or domestic foes, armed or unarmed, whether avowed or secret, whether wielding openly the instruments of death, or insidiously acting as the advocate and apologist of rebellion, would himself be guilty of treason, and would deserve impeachment, conviction, and execution.

Those who volunteer as exponents or oracles of constitutions and laws should at least understand the subjects they are discussing ; should know that in times of peril to the nation martial law inheres in the very essence and existence of every government as a great necessity, and may and should be asserted, when requisite, for the preservation of its life and being. A war of rebellion is a fearful and alarming reality, and is neither to be run away from nor quieted by reciting boarding-school homilies. It demands and should receive every element of power which slumbers in the bosom of the nation. When Lord Wellington upon an exigency proclaimed martial law, on being asked what it was, he replied that it was the *discretion of the commanding general*. Military law is the law for the government of the military forces of a nation. Martial law is more rigorous still, wider in its application, and is defined by Smith, an early and eminent writer, in his "English Republic," and by others who have compiled its best definitions, as follows :

"Martial law is the law of war, that depends on the just but arbitrary power of the king. For though he doth not make any laws but by common consent of the Parliament, yet, in time of war, by reason of the necessity of it, to guard against dangers that often arise, he useth absolute power, so that his word is law. When in time of extreme peril to the State, either from *without or within*, the general safety cannot be trusted to the ordinary administration, or the public welfare demands the adoption or execution of extraordinary measures, it may become necessary to declare the existence of martial law."

The President has no such power as a civil magistrate, in

the ordinary administration to the government; but, in a time of conspiracy, rebellion, and war, as Commander-in-Chief, when in his judgment the public safety demands it, he possesses, and may and should exert if necessary, as much power as the autocrat of all the Russias, for the purpose of preserving from destruction the government confided to his care. It is a power dangerous and liable to abuse—should always be exercised with caution, and only in times of danger; but in such a period it is the government's salvation and rock of defence.

The course of the President in arresting spies and the apologists of the rebellion, in suppressing treasonable presses, in suspending the *habeas corpus*, in laying his hands upon the aiders and comforters and abettors of treason and conspiracy, entitles him to the admiration and thanks of every good citizen. Let assassins whet their knives; let spies and traitors and pimps and informers scowl, and gibber, and whisper discontent because the "freedom of speech" is abridged; let conspiracy and treason plot at their infernal conferences; let politicians scheme and enlarge or contract their gum-elastic platforms to suit emergencies; let trimming, Joseph Surface candidates indulge in ground and lofty tumbling to divert popular attention from the true issue; let pestilent newspapers, engaged in stimulating rebellion, and sowing broadcast seeds of disunion and revolt among the people in the perverted name of the "liberty of the press," spread abroad their ill-concealed hatred of the government of their fathers because it fails to minister to their depraved wishes; and when all this has been done, the action of the President in these measures, though probably not free from mistakes and errors, will be approved by honest men and in the sight of Heaven, and will, when rebellion shall only be remembered for the blood it has shed and the wrongs it has perpetrated, stand the test of latest time. Loyal men find the rule no inconvenience. That the disloyal should condemn it, and hate it as they fear it, is natural:

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

The attempt to commit the Democratic party to this course of opposition is both spurious and impudent. It has always

heretofore been found on the side of the country in every emergency. The old Jacksonian Democracy, when organized upon its true faith, holds, and always has held the State of New York by a large majority. The scheming faction which now claims to represent it, years since debauched, broke up, and destroyed the Democratic party by contact with it. Last year it changed its platform four times to get it into good cheating shape, and was then beaten by more than a hundred thousand votes. This year it hopes to gain strength here in the city. *Trade is reviving*, and Tammany and Mozart, upon those elevated notions of Democratic principles which lately prevail, are endeavoring to drive a bargain to divide the offices. It is a proud exhibition before this country and the world just now, and will be successful if it can be determined which shall take the *odd trick*. The masses of the Democratic party are not now politically organized, but its members are always loyal, and when organized, the party is as true as was its great leader, Jackson. Its members swell the ranks of our brave armies in guarding the national Capital; in protecting the dear symbol of liberty and hope, the Stars and Stripes, from desecration, and in defending the Constitution and the Union. They are acting with the Union organization at home, and are endeavoring to exhibit to the rebellion and to the world the sublime moral spectacle of a whole people laying aside political partisan opinions and discussions, and acting together to preserve their revolutionary inheritance from destruction. The members of the narrow, trading, tricky faction who now strut the self-constituted leaders of the Democratic party—a name they have learned to mouth better than they have to practise its principles—were, nine out of ten, against it in the days of its organized action, or, if with it, were its mendicants, office-seekers, and camp-followers. The true Democrat has no fear that he shall be lost, if he acts in common with political opponents in subduing rebellion. He believes he can find himself when the war is over. The Democrat only in name, naturally enough, is fearful, if he once gets mingled with Republicans, he will never know himself again, and hence his necessity for keeping up party organization. But even spurious Democrats can be preserved from final loss with little care. Let them be chalked as farmers chalk sheep when they put flocks together which they may wish to

separate again, marking the black with white chalk and the white with red. Or write on them, as the Dutchman did on his picture of a bear, when he feared the outline of Bruin might not be recognized, "*Dis ish von bear.*"

I will not presume to say what the true Democratic party will do when peace is restored and it is reorganized; but I may, perhaps, with propriety predict what it will not do. That it will not attempt to conquer a nefarious rebellion in arms by propositions of peace; that it will not, by every indirect means of assault upon the government and apology for the rebellion, afford aid and comfort and encouragement to an armed enemy tugging at the very heart-strings of the Republic; that it will not organize a factious political party of greedy, growling grumblers, to war upon the government, to embarrass its efforts, to predict its failure, and to exhibit to the enemy a people divided at home, and exhausting themselves in domestic strife; that it will not proclaim slavery paramount to the Union of our fathers, and declare that if one must go down it should be the Union and not slavery; that it will exhibit no limping, hesitating, half-and-half fidelity to the government; no fifth-rib loyalty, inquiring for the health, with a dagger under its garment. But, when it acts, its whole course will be direct, sincere and honorable, upward and onward, and all its energies and efforts will be directed and devoted to the preservation of the land our fathers loved, swearing upon their country's altar, "By the Eternal, this Union must and shall be preserved." A life-long Democrat, I do not hesitate to declare that the organized action of this knot of politicians, as the Democratic party in this State, has done and is now doing more to encourage the endurance and preservation of this rebellion than all the sympathies of France and England combined, and that such is the public judgment; more than all the vessels which have run the blockade together. The South know the old Democratic party of this State as a party of power and influence. They hope and believe this faction is its successor, and possesses some of its elements and influences, and await its triumph. Could the murderous tatterdemalions of rebellion attend our polls, they would give this ticket a unanimous vote. Could it succeed, Jefferson Davis would proclaim another day of thanksgiving (though it might have to be kept in fasting), and illuminate

Richmond; and well he might, for its success would be more hurtful to the cause of the Union than the loss of the Army of the Potomac and the capture and sacking of Washington. It is a ticket upon which all the opponents of war will combine at home and abroad, and to which they look for relief from their position. Could that illustrious, historic patriot of a neighboring State, who recently started to *shifz* himself into Canada in woman's clothes, to avoid a draft, be permitted, as he should be, to stump New York for this ticket, he would doubtless raise a *whoop* that would silence the most distinguished brave ever acknowledged by Tammany.

I have no new light upon the subject of this rebellion, or the manner in which it should be treated. I stand to-day where I stood when Sumter fell—determined to see my country's flag vindicated; to see the supremacy of the Constitution established and upheld; to see sovereign law acknowledged; to see rebellion crushed; to act with those, and those only, who would go all lengths to break it down, and against all who would be its defenders or apologists—to act with those who, in pursuing rebellion, would stop only at the outposts of civilization and Christianity in efforts to destroy it; to employ every means, moral and material, known to man to cut it up and to cut it down and to root it out the most effectually, and at the earliest moment. I devoted seven of the best years of my life in efforts for the settlement of this accursed question peaceably—that slavery might be taken out of the political field North and South, and be let alone to work out its own peculiar problem under the mysterious dispensation of a guiding and beneficent Providence. Now that it is unnecessarily made the pretext for a wicked and causeless rebellion by the Southern people, I care not how soon I see its end. With no Abolition proclivities, in a political sense, but the reverse, I would not have gone out of my way to look up slavery in this conflict, or to avoid it; but would have treated it like any other element, taking it when it would give us strength or weaken the enemy, and have employed it accordingly. I have never seen a moment since the outbreak when I would have touched the institution for itself alone, nor when I would not have cut it from its moorings in one hour, if it would have aided in disposing of the rebellion; and I would do the same now. I hold the war power broad enough to cover

the whole question, and I confess, in a time when our government is trembling in the balance before the world, I like to see it exercised when it is well, and boldly, and thoroughly done.

Let those who take the sword perish by the sword, is my doctrine ; and let those who raise a rebellious army against the Constitution take just such aid and comfort as martial law and the war power, in their utmost-rigor, mete out to them, whether it be hemp, or steel, or lead, or a confiscation of property. If slaves are property, they are subject to the same rules as other property, and should be treated accordingly. One such government is worth all the slavery that has existed since Joseph was sold into Egypt. If rebellion wishes to avoid the results and to invoke the Constitution, let it acknowledge its supremacy; let it embrace the olive-branch extended by the President, lay down its arms and close its work of treason and murder. The cry that released contrabands are coming North is for political effect, and to secure votes from alarmed laborers. When slavery is no longer recognized in the Southern States, the colored race will not struggle for the cold North to compete with our laborers ; but those now with us will seek a more congenial clime in the sunny South, where the climate is more agreeable and the labor and productions better suited to their wants and tastes and habits.

It is idle, my friends, to prosecute this war against rebellion by halves. It is worse than idle to send our sons to the field of blood and tolerate politicians at home who are denouncing the government, apologizing for rebellion, and inculcating, no matter how stealthily or covertly, cowardly and fatal propositions of peace. Rebellion knows, from spies and sympathizers quite too near us, what is going on in our midst, as well as we do. It is struggling on in the hope that this peace party may gain the ascendancy, when it expects to be forgiven for its treason, have murder washed from its bloody hands, and be rewarded for its villainy by liberal propositions. This party, with its propositions of peace, having been exposed, abashed, and ingloriously overthrown last year, has covered its framework this year with a veneering of a different shade, but quite too flimsy to deceive discerning and loyal people. Like the cat in the fable, it has whitened its coat, but the teeth and claws are plainly discernible. Call back your sons, or crush this insidious

monster at home and the rebellion abroad together. Rebellion has lost faith in expected foreign recognition. Its hope now rests in the aid and sympathy it can command in the loyal States, to save it from the condign punishment and ignoble end which awaits it; and it looks more to the success of this ticket to-day than to the exploits of Stonewall Jackson. Call back your sons, I say again, or crush this political hope of rebellion at home. When this hideous monster sees us united as one man in one common purpose, it will yield; but until then, it will struggle on, like the writhings of a venomous serpent, till exterminated. It would long since have yielded, but for hope of propositions of peace and terms of accommodation from political quarters; and but for seeing the needful and proper acts of the Executive denounced as unconstitutional, and a party rising up and opposing the war, in effect if not in name—for rebel leaders understand the matter in all its bearings.

Alas! how many brave spirits have been quenched forever, because of this shameful, sinful division—by reason of this miserable political ambition to raise up a successful party at home, to gain office and spoils. Every household has been bereaved.

“There is no flock, however watched or tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

“The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead:
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.”

Our fair-haired boys have perilled their lives in endeavoring to crush a rebellion which gains hope and tenacity and endurance, and perseverance, in its work of conspiracy and treason and murder, and holds on because it sees a Peace War Party rising up stealthily and in disguise among us at home. Their bones are bleaching on every battle-field in the rebel States. Those who loved them ask you where they are! You cannot raise the dead, but, in the name of Heaven, call back the living that are yet spared to us, or destroy, at one blow, one of their chief hopes of rebellion at home, a political organization to

which rebellion instinctively returns for relief. But yesterday, a proud boy, in the hey-day of life and hope, fell. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; he fell by the hand of a rebel murderer, nerved by the hope that political divisions in the loyal States would give rebellion aid and comfort, and propositions of peace. She asks you, with trembling lip and tearful eye, for the idol of her heart, her hope and joy. May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb protect her! You cannot restore her child, but you can destroy one of the accursed causes which protract this bloody and terrible war, the politician's hope. The storms of autumn beat upon the log cabin standing by the little brook beyond the hills. The winds moan, and the leaves rustle, and night is gathering. A woman weeps over a hearth, cold, cheerless, and desolate. A group of little children, with curious, anxious faces, hang upon her knee, wondering why she weeps, and ask for their father.

"Alas!

Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

He fills an unknown, bloody grave, in the land of rebellion, where he marched to aid in preserving the inheritance of his revolutionary sire. But he was murdered in expectation of propositions of peace, from politicians who fear rebellion will not be constitutionally treated, or in the hope of some new reading of the Constitution, which would exempt rebellion from censure and punishment. That bereaved widow, in her destitution, looks to you. Those children "demand their sire with tears of artless innocence." You cannot restore him. God alone can comfort the widow and the fatherless. But you can remove one of the chief causes which serves to protract this hellish malignity and mischief, at the ballot-box. You can cancel the demands of hungry politicians. A settler in the far West, upon the Indian border, has volunteered to defend his country's flag. His wife and children are aroused from their slumbers at midnight by the yells of savage hell-hounds, to perish by the tomahawk and scalping-knife; the cabin is in flames, and the ferocious monsters, with hands dripping with the blood of innocence, bear away their trophies to exhibit for reward to more ferocious monsters still—savages professing

Christianity—conspirators and rebels, who stimulate the red man to murder defenceless women and children, that they may procure from political traders, at an early moment, liberal propositions of peace and compromise. That borderer will return to greet his loved ones, but they are not there. A heap of ashes is all that is left him; tears roll copiously down his sun-burnt visage, but, like the fallow-deer, he weeps alone. You cannot bring back to his embrace the beloved objects of his affection, but, by precept and example, you can aid in removing the detestable hope that a political party can succeed, in whole or in part, in sympathy with rebellion.

Let, then, I say, the people of the loyal States be united, let them act together as one man. Let no political organization, as such, be supported, or encouraged, or tolerated; but let all lovers of their country and its institutions meet for public action and effort in a common union. Let rebellion in all its protean forms, and all its elements, be crushed by every hand and cursed by every lip, in its moral or material forces, in the egg or in the serpent; open or disguised; in its full strength or diluted; in the field or in the political canvass; in battles of blood or at the polls; at home or abroad. This is demanded in the name of Revolutionary memories; in the name of liberty and the rights of man; in the sacred name of humanity and religion; in the name of fathers whose sons have been slain; of widows whose husbands have been murdered; of mothers who have been bereaved of their children; of children who have been robbed of those to whom Providence taught them to look for protection; of society which mourns the destruction of its members; of the dead whose blood has been shed to preserve our government from shame, our land from desecration, our homes from the torch; in the name of justice, truth, and peace, and of man's last, best hope beneath the skies. Rebellion is doomed; its last hope is in political aid by home divisions. Destroy this hope, and our government shall never die.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE CAPITOL, IN THE CITY OF ALBANY, October
10, 1862.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We have come together on this occasion for the purpose of ratifying the Union nominations made by the People's Convention at Syracuse. Ordinarily, ratification means that we approve of the persons nominated, and of the political opinions they entertain. It means that now, but it means also much more. It now becomes a question which shoots down deeper, which rises higher and spreads wider, on either hand, than any similar question has ever before done. It now bears relation to a question which more deeply concerns the best interests of humanity than any which has arisen since the Saviour was given to fallen man, and the dawn of the Christian era.

I do not forget that I stand in the Capitol of the first State of the Union, whose voice may be, should be, and, I trust, will be, potential in deciding the great contest before us—not merely in her local election, but in the popular thunder-tones in denunciation of rebellion. The time for extended argument has passed by, and we should employ only rallying-words to arouse the people to the importance and dignity of the occasion. The question in this day of rebellion is what it was in the days of that other harlot, Jezebel. We should inquire now, as was inquired then, who is on the Lord's side; and those who are not should be thrown down from high places, as she was, to the dogs.

This, I repeat, is not a question of party. It concerns the whole family of man, and is almost as broad and deep in its influences as the shoreless ocean of eternity itself. It not only affects the people and their government here, but influences the cause of man's freedom throughout the earth, and will

through all future time. It is a question with only two sides. One is that of popular government, and the other that of rebellion, anarchy, and lawlessness; and woe be to him who, under whatever pretence or disguise he may appear, obstructs the great car of popular progress. There is no half-way station—no hiding-holes or skulking-places for those who would sympathize with disloyalty, and have not the courage to meet the occasion manfully; but every one must stand out in the canvass, and be for or against the cause of his country in this, her day of peril.

In this contest I acknowledge the force of no party. I invoke the spirit of my country's Constitution. I implore all loyal citizens, regardless of political antecedents or opinions, to come together and act together for the overthrow of the hideous monster which threatens our well-being. I scorn and defy all party obligations in such a crisis as this. No patriot will, at such a time, attempt the rearing of a partisan standard; and he who does it deserves to be branded as an ingrate and driven from society. I shall obey no party behests. Mere party watchwords in such a crisis have neither charm nor power. I shall resist and laugh at the assaults and detractions of its purchased and tricky tools, and endeavor to discharge the duty I owe to that society of which I am a member. If any suppose they can fetter me with party harness, let them attempt to put it on. They shall see how much it will restrain my movements, and how soon I will rend it in pieces, as Samson did the green withes with which the Philistines of old bound him. In times past I have played my part upon the stage of party politics—the nation's history may tell with what fidelity and faith. But now that our government is threatened with destruction by conspiracy and rebellion, I ignore all party spirit and all association with party, and raise my voice to rally my fellow-citizens, of every shade of political faith, to come up to the rescue of this priceless heritage; and I shall cry even at midnight, like Paul Revere of the Revolution, until all shall be aroused, by a just sense of danger and of duty, to rally around the standard of their country as one man, and save it from desecration and destruction. I am not to be misled by mere names. I have been a Democrat of the straightest sect, brought up at the feet of the great Ga-

malice of the party ; but in such a time as this, I deny the application of party—that its demands should be acknowledged, that its behests can be enforced or should be obeyed, or that any true Democrat will attempt the enforcement of party obligations. It is only the selfish hangers-on, whose principles are position and plunder, that attempt to bring into the field and run the old party machinery, which they have taken without leave, that they may steal into places which they could never gain under other circumstances.

It is asserted by those who insist on political organization, that Abolitionists made the war. Well, suppose they did, is the danger any less to our institutions than if it had originated in other causes? Can we permit our edifice to be destroyed because a comparatively small number of persons kindled the conflagration? Is it not as much the duty of the whole people to preserve the edifice as though the misfortune were the result of circumstances where no party whatever could be chargeable with wrong? But Abolitionists did not make the war. It was neither because of slavery nor anti-slavery. These elements were made a pretext, and employed as trading capital by the conspirators and villains who inaugurated this rebellion, for the purpose of uniting, as far as possible, the minds of the Southern people in the false idea that their institution was in danger. This war is the fruit of a wicked and unhallowed ambition, commenced for the purpose of elevating demagogues of the vilest type to places of power in this government, or a new one to be formed for their convenience and accommodation. It was waged upon the loyal people because Satan took Jeff Davis and his associates up into an exceeding high place, on the Blue Ridge Mountains, and showed him all the Southern kingdoms below, and promised that all these things he would give them to enter the service of his sable majesty. They were weak and wicked enough to suppose he possessed some title to the territory in view, and entered his service accordingly, acknowledging him commander-in-chief—a position which he still holds, they acting as his subordinates, and having the advantages of the rebellion as the reward of their enterprising exertions.

But it is said the administration does not conduct the war as it should; that it has committed errors; that it has been

guilty of mistakes and miscalculations; that our generals in the field have not been as successful as they should have been; and these are urged as reasons for raising up a political party to make war upon the administration instead of war upon the rebellion. It is doubtless much easier for those who are not charged with the responsibilities of the war to conduct it in theory with entire success, hundreds of miles away from all its blood and devastation, than it is for those who are concerned in its terrible realities. But, if all these fault-findings were true, instead of being a reason for abandoning the administration and raising up a party to embarrass its action—to discourage and depress the feelings of our people and to encourage and stimulate rebellion—it would be a reason for rallying around the administration with increased unanimity and vigor, giving it additional strength and courage and hope, and cheering it and sustaining it by every effort of a united, loyal people.

The rebellion recently, in its desperation, has gravely proposed to hang out the black flag, and to put to death every loyal citizen who falls within its power. In the name of the loyal people, I dare them to the execution. Whenever they shall put this infamous and barbarous threat in execution, the first individual whose blood they shed shall be avenged by an avenger of blood. The people of the loyal States will rise to their feet in one mighty mass, and, if no other individual will lead, I will, and, if needs be, I would gird up my loins like Peter the Hermit, and walk barefooted over the region of country where such foul murder should be perpetrated; and the condition in which Hyder Ali left the Carnatic should be a garden of fruits and flowers compared with the condition of the land where they shall perpetrate their diabolical assassinations.

That there is an attempt to revive political divisions, at such a time, is no fault of mine. I besought those, I say again, with whom I had formerly acted, to suspend all party action until this rebellion should be closed. The Republicans, whom I had always opposed, though the prevailing party in the State, generously proposed to unite in a common ticket. This was refused, not by the Democratic party, but by those who, unfortunately, at the time had control of its machinery, upon the

ground that no war must be prosecuted against rebellion unless every effort in that direction should be "accompanied by the most liberal propositions of peace;" that every leaden pill administered to their stomachs must be "carefully sugar-coated;" that every bayonet must contain upon its point a flag of truce, and a button be placed upon every foil, so that no harm could possibly be done to half a million of men in arms against the government of our fathers. If all had then united, as they should have done, before this time the rebellion would have been crushed, and the rebels would have acknowledged the supremacy of the Constitution and laws. May God forgive those wretches who committed this terrible sin for the poor purpose of gratifying a mean and selfish ambition! It would have saved us thousands of valuable lives, preserved to us the best blood that has been poured out upon the rebellious battle-fields, and given life and hope and joy in our land, which has been one vast Rama, filled with lamentations and mournings of mothers for their children. "Thou canst not say I did it"—I invoked my brethren, and those of all political opinions, to come in and unite in the great cause of liberty in defending our country's institutions. But small politicians and their pressing necessities were to be provided for, amid the carnage and death-groans of this terrible war. They are willing now to be war men by less than halves, making ten assaults upon the administration to one upon the rebellion.

The rebellion looked to England, and somewhat to France, for aid and comfort; and one of its chief hopes was in foreign intervention. Sickened and discouraged by hope deferred, its expectations no longer repose there, but rest in two elements on this continent not dissimilar in their influences, and, under the circumstances, about upon an equality as public curses—the one is yellow fever in the South, and the other a political party fever in the North. These two elements form now its chief hope and expectation. But the wintry season is advancing. Autumn is already upon us, and its healthful breezes and purifying frosts will soon dispel all expectation of aid from the fell destroyer; and all the hopes of the rebellion will then be centered upon those who one year ago proposed to meet it with "liberal propositions of peace," and are now engaged in a political campaign which it looks to with increased anxiety. But

while the frosts of November are disposing of their co-worker in the South, the tornado in this State on the fourth of the same month will sweep away the last expectation of assistance here.

As far as we as individuals are concerned, it is of little consequence who is Governor. It is a saying that you cannot tell who will be Governor until "after election." But I can tell, I think, who will not be the next Governor of the Empire State. It will not be one who, when the war broke out, proposed to offer "liberal propositions of peace" to treason and murder and arson; it will not be a candidate who started for the West rather than the war when the call was made to arms. It will not be the candidate who takes the position, that, if slavery or the Union must go down in the contest, it should be the Union, and that slavery must be sustained over the Union, wrecked and ruined; it will not be one who goes to war with peace propositions; nor will it be one who, in a speech of three columns, finds more to condemn in the acts of the administration than in all the crimes of rebellion; nor will it be a candidate whose patriotism is so equivocal that, in a three-column speech, it is necessary to have it analyzed by the celebrated chemist, Dr. Chilton, to determine whether it is for or against the government. But it will be one who, when the war broke out, put on his armor and tendered his services to the government; it will be one who sent forth his sons to join in the toil and dangers of the campaign; it will be the candidate who advanced the means, when the capital was menaced and communication interrupted, and sent a ship-load of provisions to the troops; it will be the candidate who sustains the administration with all his heart in the prosecution of the war; it will be the nominee who supports the President, in taking rebellion by the throat, and striking it hardest at the point where it is weakest.

What a beautiful spectacle is presented to the contemplative mind when we see the Irish and German adopted citizens—countrymen of Meagher and Corcoran, and of Sigel and Heintzelman—every man of them loyal and sustaining our country's flag, and native-born citizens who have been nursed and pampered in the lap of luxury, and indebted to this government for all they are, framing excuses for the conspirators and murderers who are endeavoring to destroy this asylum for the

oppressed of earth, by dividing the loyal States with political parties to expend their strength upon each other, instead of uniting in a common effort to crush the rebellion !

It is insisted by the apologists of rebellion and advocates of political parties, that every one who sustains the administration and the war in its most unconstitutional prosecution is a black republican, and as such to be condemned and silenced. I am no republican, black or white, but I would prefer to be as black as Hagar in all my externals in the discharge of my duties to my country, rather than to boast an honored name, to which I had no title, with a black and traitorous heart, diffusing the blood of rebellion through my veins, polluted and foul and slimy by the corruptions of its fountain. I do not care if a man is white, black, or Prussian blue, if he stands faithfully by his country at such a time of peril, regardless of the political opinions or antecedents of him who administers its government. Every democrat who advocates the maintenance of the Union and the unconditional overthrow of rebellion is marked out for assault and denunciation, and is charged by the pimps and advocates of conspiracy with having turned from his ancient faith and changed his political creed. Those who wish to know why I turned and when I turned are respectfully informed that my democracy was of the Jacksonian school, and required no turning to support, like that great man who was the pillar and the cloud of the democratic party, his country's cause, swearing by the Eternal that "the Union must and shall be preserved."

In these days there are many kinds of democrats, real and pretended, some of whom, though full of boastful pretension, have never been numbered among its disciples, except by themselves. They can easily be selected and designated, in such a time as this, by the experienced and observing. A fisherman upon one of the interior rivers declared that he did not always take all for eels that came into his basket ; that he took them upon the shore, placed them upon the ground, and all that made for the water he took for eels ; those that ran for the stone heaps he took for snakes. I neither claim nor suppose that all who act with a spurious political organization are disloyal ; but so far as their candidates and leaders are concerned, when you see them run for the war, to share in its hardships and perils,

they may be taken for genuine, while those who run for the stone heaps, or in an opposite direction from the war, for the purpose of avoiding its responsibilities and perils, should be classed as political snakes. When you see those claiming to be prominent and influential engaged in querulous criticisms upon the conduct of the administration and the war, exposing every weakness and error, real or imaginary, before the country, for the benefit of rebellion, predicting the failure of its measures and the disastrous results of its campaigns, you may conclude "that the wish is father to the thought," and there will be no harm in keeping a close eye on all their movements.

When the patriarch Noah, in the exuberance of his successes, exposed himself to shame, his true and faithful sons walked backward with a garment to cover his nakedness, while the brutal Ham made the misfortunes and errors of his parent an occasion for vulgar merriment. God set a mark upon Ham, and upon all his descendants, for an offence so gross and revolting. Whatever may be the errors or delinquencies of those to whom the administration of our government has been confined, no true son of the republic will wantonly and wickedly increase the misfortune by exposure before the common enemy, but will walk backward as with a garment to conceal the destitution, and leave it for the accursed Hams, who are insensible to their country's honor or their own shame, to expose their country's nakedness. And God will set a mark upon them, which shall attend them to future generations; but it will be unlike the mark which was set upon Cain, for it will be for destruction and not for safety.

John Brown invaded the State of Virginia with a small band of armed men, was arrested, imprisoned, tried, condemned, and executed, and all the people said amen. Jefferson Davis made war upon the national government, and has slain thousands of its loyal citizens, and has carried war and rapine over a vast region of country, and those who rejoiced in the execution of John Brown apologize for the rebellion of Jefferson Davis, upon the principle that the murderer of a few makes a villain and the murderer of many a hero, who instead of hemp should be treated to propositions of peace.

The vast area of freedom, stretching almost from the rising to the setting sun, from perpetual snows to perpetual flowers,

from its very configuration was destined by Providence to be one and indivisible. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. The sun has never before shone upon, nor the evening dews fertilized, nor the rains of heaven refreshed a country so blessed in all the moral and material elements. It was emphatically a land of peace and prosperity. No taxation consumed, no sickness wasted, no industry passed unrewarded, no poor man's latch was raised save in the sacred name of friendship or by the authority of law, and the whole people were joyous and happy. But in an evil moment conspirators and traitors attempted to despoil and divide this priceless heritage, as the crucifiers of the Saviour parted his vestments among them.

The work in which we are engaged is no child's play. The very continent trembles under the tread of armies marching to assail and defend the government. I determined, when Sumter fell, to cast all mere political opinions to the winds, and act with those who would act with me, and defy all political detraction, whether it was from open or secret traitors, or the apologists or advocates of either. Let malignity and foiled ambition do their worst. I will stand before the storm with uncovered head and bosom bared, so long as God gives me life and animation, and call rebellion and its aiders and abettors by their true names—Secession malignity knows how little it has influenced my course in the past. It shall learn how little it will do it in the future. I will raise my voice late and early, openly and boldly, against every candidate, great and small, who attempts to cheat into high or low places by false and fraudulent pretences—who attempts to climb up to the highest office in the gift of the people of this State by the slippery and filthy step-stones of intrigue and management, and will strip off, without ceremony or formality, all concealments and disguises and hypocritical pretensions of loyalty, when it is obvious from all attending circumstances that they feel too much affection for the leaders of rebellion to denounce them as thieves, murderers, and miscreants, which they have proved themselves to be before the world.

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Let every man, and every woman too, do their duty in this terrible crisis, for none are more interested in the results of this conflict than mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters. In the days of the Revolution, woman, with her own fair hands,

buckled the rude armor upon those she loved, and hurried them away to the field of strife to do battle in the great cause of independence and equality. She knows that free and popular government has emancipated her from the despotisms and tyranny of earth, and has raised her to that high and holy office in society which heaven destined her to fill. She has sacrificed her sons upon her country's altar, and given to this bloody and terrible war those dearer to her than life; she has attended upon the camp, bound up the gashed bosom, and cooled the parched lips and fevered brows of the dying, while politicians have been plotting their schemes of mischief. She beckons us onward in this great work of duty by her angel influence, and, by invocations to heaven, inspires us with new hope and courage. Let us, then, neither falter nor fly, but stand like strong men to protect the great and glorious fountain from which so much goodness flows. This is a question which concerns the whole family of man. The ferocious decree of Herod was for the destruction of children of a tender age; but the decree of this hellish conspiracy destroys society in all its elements—it drinks the life-blood of all ages, sexes, and conditions. When the dark wing of the destroying angel trembled over doomed and devoted Egypt, it passed and spared the habitations whose doorposts were besprinkled with blood. But this monster from the infernal region, which bears the death-warrant of rebellion, slays all alike upon whom it can lay its bloody hand. The duty of every patriot is plain. The great struggle for mastery between the good and evil forces of the earth has come. Light and darkness, justice and oppression, order and anarchy, have set the battle in array, and the war must now be one of extermination. There can be no middle ground—no neutrality. The gulf between us is broad and deep and fiery as that which separated the rich fool and the afflicted mendicant of sacred history, and those who indulge a conceit that they can trifle with the occasion or slumber amidst the death-throes of a great and generous nation, or evade the responsibilities of the hour, will awake from their dreams of security on the other side and find themselves associating with Dives in torment. May He who rules the universe, who has upheld and protected us, and showered upon us such blessings as were never before vouchsafed to men, pre-

serve our beloved country from the grasp of the destroyer as an asylum for the oppressed, a home for the worn and weary pilgrim, a gathering-place for earth's children, where they may meet, like those of a common father, around one sacred hearth—where the great mission of free government may be realized in full fruition, and all worship at the shrine of liberty and law.

SPEECH

AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE 131ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON BY THE REPUBLICAN CENTRAL
COMMITTEE.

DELIVERED AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEW YORK, February 22, 1863.

[Mr. Dickinson was called on to respond to the third regular toast "The Empire State: Great alike in its power and its fidelity to the cause of the whole nation," and said:]

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN—The natal days of the great and good have been celebrated through all time wherever civilization has prevailed; and among the eminent of the earth, no one subject to mortality has ever lived who has been more worthy of the honor than he whose nativity we have met to commemorate. The name, the character, the memory of Washington, have ever been, will ever be, dear to the American people. He was chief among those chosen ones who founded this free nation and government; who repudiated the idea of heaven-descended rulers, and erected a republic upon the great principle of the equality of all men. They acknowledged no ruler but the Ruler of the skies; no sovereign but the Sovereign of the universe; no protector except Him who notes as well the fall of a sparrow as the destruction of an empire. Well might the shepherds of the political Bethlehem, if they had foreknown the birthday of Washington, have assembled to greet his star, and hail him as the redeemer of his nation and the pioneer in the cause of liberty for all peoples. His valor, his prudence, his calm and resolute endurance, maintained before the world, in the tribunal of last earthly resort, the sublime principle of self-government, which formed the motive of the revolutionary contest and the found-

ation of our new polity. Having won our independence by the sword, his moderation and wisdom helped to establish it upon a firm and practical basis. Called by the unanimous voice of the people to the highest civil trusts, he adjusted and set in motion the machinery of the new government, gave it a place and a character among the nations, and then, while his countrymen yet hung upon his words and marked his footsteps, calmly retired to the dignity of private life, exhibiting in his career the nearest approach, attained among mortal men, to a perfect character. Having discharged his great and benign mission on the earth, like the prophet Elijah he passed away in glory to heaven. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," was exclaimed by the American people, when earth lost and eternity gained a mighty spirit.

But if the mission, if the history, if the work of Washington were a cheat and a delusion; if this government was founded only to blast expectations, only to disappoint hope, then it would have been far better that George Washington never had been born, and that this government had slept forever in the wide abyss of possibility. Yes, my fellow-citizens, far better that the birthday of Washington had been cursed as the Idu-mean cursed the day of his nativity. But this cannot, must not be. The effort, the example, the achievements of Washington will live in history and in the hearts of living men, a beacon to guide mankind as long as time shall last; and this government is destined to pass on by a will stronger than all human power—to pass on to the glorious fruition that awaits it; and we cannot only see this mighty people of this great and free government, but can hear the footsteps of the coming millions in the distance.

In this great constellation of political hope; in the midst of these thirty-four sons and these blooming territorial daughters, we see the Empire State, "apparent queen, unvail her peerless light," and shed lustre and glory and genial warmth upon all. She is the second land of promise, and like that region of old, between the Mediterranean and the Jordan, full of all the elements of greatness, of plenty, of wealth, of success, moral and material, that can bless a people. Look out upon her great expanse; her vast inland seas; her rivers, moving majestically to

their destination; her bright and beautiful hills; her sunny slopes, and silvery streams, and smiling valleys. See her internal improvements, her contributions to commerce; the productions of her industry; her achievements in letters, arts, and arms; mark all that she has done and is doing in the cause of human happiness and progress, and then say whether such a land is not worth preserving—whether such a Union is not worth fighting for.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?”

In the midst of security, the cry of danger has aroused us; in the midst of success and prosperity, a rebellion is upon us. A portion of the States, designated as slave-holding, have been dragged by reckless and ambitious political leaders into revolt against the authority of the government. This government, that hitherto has hardly been felt, so gentle and genial has been its influence; that has come down to bless the people like the sunshine that sheds its rays upon all God's children alike; or like the refreshing rains and gentle dews of Heaven, unseen except in their fertilizing results; this beneficent government has put its nose into the water that came to rebeldom to drink; this wolf of a government has attempted to fasten its fangs upon the lamb, the rebellion. Here are two great antagonisms standing before the world, a government and a rebellion; a government founded by Washington and his compeers; a rebellion hatched in hell. What shall the Empire State say, what shall the Empire State do in this emergency? There is no half-way house, there can be no compromises here. Where shall she cast her political voice? She answered the question when Sumter fell, and party and faction for a time slunk back abashed. She took her position with the government which she helped to establish, and where she should sit, empress, crowning the mighty court. We say the Empire State should say now, as she said at first, “War, uncompromising war, until the rebellion is put down!” Why should party politics interfere to place her in a false position? If a riot should occur in your city, would our friend the mayor send out an ambassador of peace, or would he send out the representatives of the law,

in their majesty, to crush it down to darkness and to dust? This that we have to deal with is a question between government and rebellion. It has been nothing else, it is nothing else, and it will never be anything else; and they may baptize it at the font of infidel politics as often as they choose, and when it comes out, the same bastard of rebellion will be seen.

But it is feared by the politicians that some incidents may be drawn in that may be uncomfortable. This reminds me of the transmigration philosopher who begged a man to desist from the chastisement of a dog, for, he said, he could recognize in its howl the voice of a deceased friend. There are a great many politicians, I think, now, who, the moment they hear slavery crying, believe that they hear the voice of a deceased friend. I have been one of these conservative people; not according to the modern doctrine of conservatism, for I was old-fashioned in my definition. I was for letting the institution of slavery alone to work out its own problem under the guidance of a beneficent Providence, not interfering in any manner, but leaving it to the localities where it existed, to be dealt with in their own time and way. When they said "Constitution," I said "Constitution." When they appealed to that as their shield, I invoked its protection for them. When they said "powder," I said "powder." And when they inquired "who can make war upon the beast," I said "the American people." I have had no anxieties upon this subject, except to afford them the shield of the Constitution, so long as they invoked it. But when they threw it away, when they resorted to arms, I said they must be put down by the whole power of the American people. And I say so now. I was an old-fashioned democrat, as you may remember. I am a democrat now, of the straightest sect. But a great many who were abolitionists in my earlier days of democracy now call me to account, and say I am radical, very radical indeed, and they are conservative. Well, I will admit they are conservative in one sense, and only one; and that is not the etymological or technical sense, but, it is the anti-American sense; that is, they are opposed to the government and all its institutions and interests. I admit I am radical if they intend by this that I am for making this cure complete and thorough and effectual, for, being fairly in, I have a wish and purpose to see this war fairly out. The question of

emancipation has become one of the questions of the day. It cannot be blinked longer, and I have no disposition to evade it. I will meet it as I have always met questions. Many of you thought I was on the wrong side; but I always took one side. I never took both sides on any question. I took the side of letting this question of slavery entirely alone, so long as they appealed to the Constitution; when they threw that away and repudiated it, I said, as I say now, that the only safeguard of slavery was the recognition of the Constitution; that the opinion of the world is against it; all the instincts of humanity and religion are against it; the advance of civilization is against it; the interests—moral, material, commercial, and religious—of the country are against it; and while I would prosecute the war solely and entirely for the purpose of putting down this rebellion, if slavery happens to go along with it, I will hold up both my hands and cry amen to putting them both down together. I never favored it as an institution. I favored leaving it where the framers of the Constitution left it; when its promoters threw away its only protection by endeavoring to trample on the Constitution, and exposed its nakedness and deformity, I cared not how quickly it met its deserts. They sent their pitcher to the well once too much. Icarus soared so near heaven that the sun's heat melted away his waxen wings, and he came down, we are told, to destruction. Although his father cried Icarus, Icarus, he heard not; he was determined, in his ambition and security, to soar up to the heavens; and thus he was destroyed. Slavery had traded so long in the politics of the country; had controlled conventions; had made the mean mighty and the little great, that it thought it could do anything; and remembering that soaring upward like Icarus melted waxen wings, it went in the other direction, right downward. But it melted its waxen wings there as well, and destroyed the institution forever. The friends of slavery have done for it what its enemies never could have done; and the abolitionists ought to hold a day of thanksgiving to the friends of slavery, for destroying it from the face of civilized earth.

What we want in the Empire State in this great national emergency, when the government is called to submit its right and power of existence to the stern test of war, is a reformation in our system of party politics; a reformation that shall place

country before party, and unfetter patriotism from the trammels of party machinery. Names are sought to be made controlling, even now, when principles and events of world-wide moment challenge the consideration, the heart's best devotion, and the undivided effort of every one. I have been denounced as a heretic from the democratic faith, because, during this great struggle for the nation's life, I propose to cast party considerations behind me. Many of my democratic friends and fellows have been similarly outlawed. For myself I propose, if the doctrines I have advocated for two years past are heretical, to be regarded a heretic hereafter. I have taken my ground in this matter and intend to maintain it. They may call it radical or what they please. I was never of the trading, expediency class of democrats, but belonged to the Jacksonian Democracy whose creed first, foremost, and above all things else was, "the Union must and shall be preserved." There I stand to-day; and when scheming, selfish party leaders, at such a time as this, set up a brazen image in the desecrated name of Democracy for me to worship, I say to them as Wallace said to Edward:

"Unto my God three times I daily bow?

But, little coxcomb knight, pray what art thou?"

I do not, by any means acknowledge them as "the Democracy;" they are a spurious democracy, a bad imitation.

As a first-fruit of revived partisan politics, they claim to have obtained a great conservative victory at the last Fall's election. We know very well what encouragement their success at the polls gave the rebels; we know, too, what shame it ought to be to many professed Union men in our midst. But first as to their *victory*. We have all heard of the lucky individual who drew the elephant in a lottery, and could neither keep, sell, nor give him away; and it is not impossible that our partisan friends have drawn a political elephant. They seem to have a good deal of trouble to know what to do with their success; and evidently hold divided counsels. Before the election they were very much exercised about arbitrary arrests, and a thousand unconstitutional and illegal and especially inconvenient interferences that some of their rebel friends and the more open of their sympathizers had experienced at the hands or under the

authority of the administration. We don't hear so much about all that since the polls closed in November. Before the election they were for the most liberal propositions of peace. To be sure they were. The rebels were our brethren; they had stolen, or taken by a kind of highway robbery on a large scale a few of Uncle Sam's mints and forts and vessels, and were burning a little gunpowder and murdering a few thousand men now and then; and they hoped it would be all right and be smoothed over by some political action, so that these brothers of a common tie could meet together again in national convention and nominate some gentleman either fit or unfit for the Presidency, and all go along nicely as before. But when their ideas became known over the lines, the leaders of their Southern brethren, "remembering what they were and late had been," and seeing in imagination a rope with an uncomfortable noose at the end of it, which did not exactly suit their ambition, repudiated the tender of liberal propositions of peace—they would have nothing to do with it one way or the other, and they would have separation any way. Then our peace partisan friends began to reconsider their ideas, and some of them think upon the whole that it is best to prosecute the war. They have changed their position on these matters as the good lady advised her little son the leopard could his spots. "Mother," said he, "can't the leopard change his spots?" "To be sure he can, my son," she replied; "when he gets tired of one spot, he can go to another." Our aforesaid friends set no stakes that they cannot pull up with remarkable facility if they judge that party expediency requires them to change their spots. And as to their *conservative* victory;—let us look at that a little. Go out to the hills and valleys of the State; along the meandering streams; where the breezes play in all their freshness and fragrance—go to "the country," that "God made," among the farms and fire-sides of the rural population. What was the result there? Why, there you saw, my friends, a majority of twenty to thirty thousand rolled up against this boasted conservative element. And where was this majority overcome? Go down into some of the wards of this city, where, I doubt not, there are some very good people, but where liquor shops predominate; where dance-houses vex the night with their music and carousals; where brothels fester, and where villainy and immorality con-

gregate, and there you will find this great majority was overthrown; and that was the "conservative" victory of 1862.

Now our conservative peace friends say we should not have negro soldiers. They are very sensitive on this point. They seem to fear the darkies may get betwixt the wind and their nobility. At any rate they are exceedingly regardful of our white soldiers just at present. They pretend to fear the honor and dignity and character of those who are fighting the battles of the country will suffer, if the negroes are employed to help in the work. This is one of the mean political ideas of the time, that we shall not avail ourselves of what no people in the history of the world ever did refuse, in any war from the time of Moses to the present day. No people have ever neglected to employ in war an inferior order of civilization when within their control. But it suits the political purposes of those who have favored liberal propositions of peace to rebels in arms, to object, and hence negroes, however useful they may be made, must not be employed in the war. I profess to be an average humanitarian and philanthropist, but I must confess I would just as soon see my black friend expose himself in the ranks which confront rebel bullets and bayonets as to see my white friend, or to do it myself; and I have often inquired, when I have seen our sons and brothers and the husbands of our fair women going to bear the hardships of the camp, and the toil and danger of the march and the battle-field,—why not send the negroes as well? Yes, I say, let us avail ourselves of every element within our reach, black or white, slave or free, on two legs or four, to put down this accursed rebellion.

Another brilliant conception of our party peace-mongers is that, to conciliate and keep friendship with rebels and rebel sympathizers, New England must be repudiated, and in any reconstruction of the Union, to use a common expression, be "left out in the cold." Ah, yes, repudiate New England;—repudiate the storehouse of men and mind for this continent;—repudiate the mother who has given you your life-blood, your energy, your character, and all that you bear out with you to fight the great battles of life! New England, that teaches in thousands of schools; that preaches from thousands of pulpits; that legislates in every capital; that commands, as well as swells the ranks of every army corps; that sits in the glow of

innumerable firesides ; that mingles in every social gathering, and that swings her free arms in every industrial avocation throughout the mighty North and West, need not fear that these political farthing candles will eclipse her sun in the firmament of the Union as it is, or as, thanks to the New England spirit pervading the country, it will be, when the rebellion shall be suppressed and the revolted States restored. In the Revolution, New England and Virginia stood together ; Washington and Putnam and Greene and Knox fought side by side ; Adams and Jefferson and Patrick Henry labored in concert, to found the government and the free institutions we enjoy. But this is not merely a question between the loyal people and the loyal States and an infamous rebellion ; it is also an issue between the American people and the tyrannies and aristocracies of the earth, and must be fought out as such, and the right again achieved. We have to combat, besides the enemy at our doors, the selfish hopes of plausible, smooth-faced tyranny in France, for our division, exhaustion, and overthrow, and the hypocritical, canting, grasping aristocracy of England sympathizing with, thievishly assisting, and wishing success to the rebellion ; and this, notwithstanding the horror of American slavery, and the avowed purpose of the rebel confederacy to perpetuate it. I wish to put all these things in array, and upon the issues they present to defy all who undertake to set up a standard of party politics in this matter. I wish them to know how fully and thoroughly I despise all their party edicts and bulls of excommunication. When the Turkish Governor of Derne was summoned by General Eaton to surrender, he sent back for answer, "Your head or mine ;" and I send the same to the politicians to-day who undertake to silence all who do not submit to their control, by thundering in the name of "the party." I have enlisted for this war in the cause of the country, and I care nothing for Democrats or Republicans as such. I have one great and paramount idea—to put down this rebellion. And in the name of the country I would send the same defiance to any foreign power disposed to make our extremity its opportunity to interfere in this quarrel against us.

Now what becomes the duty of the Empire State in this crisis ? It is her duty to demand in the name of Christianity and of civilization the putting down of this Rebellion. It is

her duty to mark with the brand of Cain—to mark not for safety, as Cain was marked, but for destruction—every man who stands between the American people and government and the putting down of this rebellion. She has a great and mighty mission to perform. I invoke her people of all parties—repudiating all mere political ideas—to march forward in this great and holy work. I invoke her children to raise their innocent hands; I invoke woman, at the domestic altar, to put up her effectual prayer to Heaven against this infernal monster. I invoke her sons to come forward, not only upon the battle-field, but in every walk of life, and in every department of society, to put down this rebellion and save this government—the last great hope of man. Almighty God, I say if this government must fail—if it must go down in blood and tears—if the example of Washington and the great spirits of the Revolution, and those who founded this government, must be lost,—let it go down by force when we can no longer defend it, when every element of our strength and energy shall be exhausted. But let not the Empire State, by supineness or by miserable political divisions, contribute to its downfall. Give us rather, Father of Mercies, oceans of blood, rivers of tears; give us pestilence, give us famine, give us lives of suffering and ignoble deaths, rather than curse us and our memories with the shame and the reproach that we have contributed to uphold this causeless, this terrible rebellion. When, if ever, this nation shall perish, may it be by the strong arm of a foreign foe. Let not its foundation be sapped by treason; let it not fall a prey to the dagger of the assassin at home, and especially let not its doom, whether lingering or sudden, be chargeable to the acts or the omissions of the Empire State.

But these things shall not be. The light of our nation's life shall not go out in the flush of its morning;—the Empire State shall stand forth in its might in this great controversy. It shall go forward with the influence of its sons and its daughters,—with the united strength of its whole people, and join in the rescue of the land that Washington and his compeers dedicated to Union, to liberty and law, from the hand of traitors and despoilers.

SPEECH

AT THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE ATTACK ON FORT
SUMTER.

DELIVERED AT THE GREAT MASS MEETING OF THE PEOPLE, HELD AT UNION
SQUARE, NEW YORK, April 11, 1863.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It is almost two years since I attended a meeting in this very square to discuss public affairs and the condition of the country. It is two years, this day, since our national flag, our great emblem of hope and promise—the Stars and Stripes—was insulted by an infamous conspiracy and an infernal rebellion. I well remember when the news reached the city. It was a dark and fearful night; the storm was descending in its awful density: a time well worthy of such an occasion. The fiend spirit of the tempest clapped his hands in exultation; and it seemed as though the evil genius of destruction was brooding over us. Two years have now elapsed, and the sun is shining upon us, the air is warm, the germs are shooting, the buds are swelling, the lawns are green, the birds are singing, and the popular heart is buoyant with confidence and hope. Rebellion still exists, but how does it exist? Charleston, the hotbed of secession, the foul centre and nucleus of treason, the cesspool of conspiracy, the mover of all that is infamous and wicked in this infernal business, if she has not already fallen, it is but a question of time; and the owls and ravens who have croaked there for the blood of Unionists will soon know that ashes and desolation cover the spot that has so long menaced the integrity of this Union! She is said to be the heart of this great movement, and truly so; and the foul blood she has sent forth through the political veins, had it not been resisted by loyal health, would have corrupted the whole body politic. But thank

God, from the time our Stars and Stripes were insulted; from the time our soldiers were butchered in the streets of Baltimore while marching to the defence of the national capital; from the time beleaguered Sumter was bombarded; from that time to the present, the spirit of loyalty has been abroad, and it will vindicate itself and prove the integrity of the loyal people.

But I will not discuss the causes of the rebellion; I will take the question as I find it. When this rebellion was organized; and commenced a war against the government, the spirit of party was for the time abashed; all honorable and patriotic men came forward to vindicate the integrity of the nation, and prove themselves worthy descendants of revolutionary sires. I stand now upon that ground, and I defy all the artillery in the universe, save the artillery of heaven, to dislodge me. But there are a few miserable politicians who fear they shall be forgotten unless they keep the party machinery running. They have taken to themselves other spirits of evil omen, and between them the last state of politics will be worse than the first. There are three classes that menace the government; one, with arms in their hands, in open warfare against it; another, with treason in their hearts, in full sympathy with the rebellion; and another, with politics in their heads, who can see nothing, hear nothing, do nothing, except it be through the machinery of party; and they are all working together in effect, if not by concert. I denounce them all as one, in the name of the Union, the Constitution, and of free government which they are laboring to destroy. Those who do not openly attack are acting as sappers and miners against the government, preparing the breach for armed treason to enter. I have been a politician all my days. I am a Democrat of the strictest sect of that faith; but I have ever understood the distinctive creed of the Democratic party to require unswerving support of the Union and the Constitution; and in such a time as this I do not inquire who administers the government, so that it is intent on maintaining it and putting down the rebellion. It will be time enough to do that when the rebellion is over. Listen to no one who attempts to excite party prejudices, and to climb up the filthy and slippery stepping-stones of party discipline. I inquire only who is for his country—who is on the Lord's side. We want men to-day of stout heart and iron nerve, to put down this rebellion; men

whose material and moral muscle shall stand out like whip-cord, and who will give every faculty, and life itself if need be, to their country.

I have lately heard of a great political conference, held here in this city, between Lord Lyons and certain individuals said to be Democratic leaders—persons who have crawled into the Democratic lion-skin to advance their fortunes by political adventure, while the country is struggling for very existence and bleeding at every pore in its great effort. As for Lord Lyons, representing as he does a cabinet that considers government and conspiracy as the same thing; that characterizes those who stole and those who were stolen from as “belligerents” alike; that permits the fitting out in its ports of pirates, to cruise not only against the commerce of the United States but of the world, he does very well. But what shall we think of this “290” style of Democrats, who are holding secret communication with the representative of a foreign, a jealous, and a stealthily hostile power, and conspiring against the safety and integrity of the country. What respect can we entertain for them as Democrats or as citizens? They claim to be Democrats! Andrew Jackson claimed to be a Democrat, and in him the claim was acknowledged and honored. I wish these men would put themselves into communication with his spirit for a while, and if the old hero carries his cane yet, I venture there would be some loud rapping. Speaking with a full knowledge of my words, I say, that for unalloyed meanness and rascality there has not been anything since the days of Pontius Pilate as infamous as this semi-treason. Who are these men? Their portraits should surely be found in the Rogues’ Gallery. Who are they, that, claiming to be Democrats, are seen contriving, and plotting with foreign agents representing hostile elements, when their country is in distress and danger? They are *demon-crats* rather; and their names shall stand conspicuously on the roll of the world’s infamy.

When the rebellion broke out, traitors had stolen our arms and ships; but we are producing a navy, as if by enchantment, which will soon be able to dictate law upon the ocean; and the dragon’s teeth, sown by rebellion, have sprung up all over the loyal North a crop of armed men. The very earth trembles under the tread of our armies. The hope of the rebellion

was in foreign intervention. That hope is gone now. Great Britain wisely thinks she can see what is going on quite as well at a respectful distance; and France has already enough growing affairs upon her hands. Great Britain did hope that our government might be destroyed. It is only simple truth to say this of those who represent her before the world—her governing classes. Her rotten aristocracy, that lean up against her public debt, and her public debt against them, like two drunkards supporting each other, both of which will fall when either gives way a little, hate us; but Bright and Cobden and the great middle class, who represent the heart and principle of England, are in our favor. The only hope of the rebellion now exists in division and disloyalty at the North; in secret societies and parties inaugurated to aid treason under the sacred name of Democracy. Those who promote these influences tell us that we must be tender of the rebellion; that while it advances upon us, with treason in its heart and murder and rapine in its hand, and seeks to apply the torch to the fabric of republican government erected by our fathers, we must fold our hands and hang out the olive-branch of peace. I am for the olive-branch myself; but, under present circumstances, I would have it the limb of a stout tree about eight feet from the ground, with a strong rope dangling from the end of it. That is the only appropriate way to extend the olive-branch to the contrivers and leaders of this rebellion. He is a traitor in heart, if a man of ordinary intelligence, who would propose peace to defiant traitors and rebels in arms. There can be no compromise now, and this glorious gathering of the loyal people assures me anew that the rebellion is doomed.

But these peace advocates, who hold secret conspiracies with foreign emissaries, are afraid that slavery may suffer in this war for the constitution. The war is for the Union; and that must be maintained, let what results else may come. I would not go out of the line of march to strike slavery, or to get rid of slavery; but you might as well expect to retain the wild game in a country, after it had been cleared of forest and brushwood, as to retain slavery when this revolution it has invoked against the constitution shall have passed over it. The secessionists have done more in one year to dispose of slavery forever on this continent, than the abolitionists have done or could do in thirty.

When they arrayed slavery against the Union and appealed to the test of war, they threw aside their only conventional protection—all that stood between it and the world's condemnation—and chose a forum where force in the cause of freedom and justice is to be measured against force wielded in behalf of oppression and wrong. Let the war for the Union go on to its legitimate results, and if slavery perishes in the contest it will perish in the using of its friends, and all loyal people will say, "Amen!" Under the experience now accumulated, I would object to slavery the same as I would to a powder-house in the midst of this crowded city, because of its dangerous qualities and its liability to explode at any time and blow us all to pieces.

Though much has been achieved in this war for the Union, much remains to be done; much of endurance, much of effort. Patriotism must still bring its choicest offerings and lay them upon the altars of the country; but the end is certain, and is worthy of all the effort, all the endurance, and all the cost. The ocean of war and strife will for a while longer cast up mire and dirt in the mighty heavings and agitations of her bosom; the lightnings may flash athwart the sky; the thunders may roar in the distance; the winds may howl and the tempests beat, but the sun of our national morning will burst forth again with promise of a fairer day; and God's children will stand forth upon the great principle of justice and equality, established forever in this Western Hemisphere.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE GREAT MASS MEETING CALLED BY THE
LOYAL UNION LEAGUE, AND HELD AT MADISON SQUARE,
NEW YORK, April 20, 1863.

THIS is a fitting period, Mr. President and ladies and gentlemen, for us to commune together upon matters which deeply concern our well-being, nay, our very existence as a great people; and I am alike proud of and thankful for being selected as one of the speakers upon an occasion so pregnant with meaning, so replete with interest. I am grateful, indeed, for the generous reception, the spontaneous, hearty, and noble greeting which you, in a kind partiality, are pleased to extend me. It tells me that my humble efforts in the cause of the Union and the constitution are remembered and appreciated—that there is a flame of patriotism in the public heart which will burn like the vestal fires of fable, with a pure and constant glow, until time shall be no more, and yet will neither be consumed nor wasted. It bids me laugh on at the poisoned arrows, drawn from the quiver of a foiled and unmasked malignity, and to defy the enemies of my country, whether in the character of the bold highwayman and outlaw, or the mean and masked assassin who labors in the expectation of personal reward.

Two years elapse this very day, since I had the honor to address in Union Square, in this city, one of the largest popular meetings ever held. It was the upheaving of the masses alarmed by the culmination of a dark conspiracy, and startled by the mad assault of rebellion upon the institutions which they had been taught to regard with religious veneration. The popular current ran strong and broad and deep, and bore along with it upon its bosom all opposing objects. It was before avarice had set down to its repast, or greed had whetted its appetite for its

banquet, or politicians had calculated their chances and infused their pollutions; and there was but one heart, one hand, one voice; and these were for our country at any cost—regardless of blood or treasure. I stood between the gallant Dix and the lamented Baker. One still serves his country with honor in the field, and the other sleeps in his bloody grave—his brave spirit quenched in defence of the Union he loved—the victim of murderers, engaged in the work of treason, murder, and rebellion. Many who attended that mighty gathering have fallen upon the field of blood, or have perished with disease and exposure. Many more are still with our brave army and navy, doing battle in the cause of constitution and free government, and, in the true spirit of sons of Revolutionary sires, are laboring to crush and exterminate conspiracy and rebellion. Many are pursuing their customary avocations, and discharging with fidelity the varied relations of good citizens; aiding, assisting, and inspiring the government in its arduous work; cheering, sustaining, and encouraging those who are baring their bosoms to the shafts of battle, and, by every faculty and every effort, contributing of their influence and of the means wherewith they have been blessed to rescue this land of the free from the grasp of the vandal destroyer. Some, alas! who were there have indeed *fallen*, but not upon the field of glory; have fallen beneath the hope of rescue and resurrection; have fallen from the vindication of their country's integrity to the deepest depths of political degradation; have fallen from where they should have stood as the defenders of their country's cause, in this her hour of peril, to act as sappers and miners for her destruction, and to further the guilty schemes of the rebellion. They went for a reward, and they will reap it; but, like the apples of Sodom, it will turn to ashes when tasted. They are joined to their idols; let them alone. Their retribution will come before they are prepared to meet it, and will be so terrible as to leave them objects of pity and compassion.

The infamy of the rebellion has been so often portrayed—the dark and perjured conspiracy by which it was inaugurated has been so successfully unmasked—the conspirators and thieves and assassins who serve as its leaders have been so frequently exhibited to the indignant gaze of a betrayed people, that a repetition of their atrocious villainies were profitless. But they will

be brought to judgment. They stand forsworn before God, and murderers in the sight of man; their souls black with perjury; their hands red with gore; their hearts foul with treason; their faces spotted with leprosy and corruption; men will hereafter hate them as they would a venomous beast; women will cry against them and curse them, and children will tremble and shrink away with instinctive terror when their names are mentioned. And when vengeance, ever upon their bloody track, shall overtake them, those late wholesale murderers of men, like their less guilty exemplar, will cry out in the true spirit of the detected felon, that their punishment is greater than they can bear.

The rebellion in the revolting States contains fewer elements of mischief and danger to-day than are found in the spirit by which it is cherished here in our midst. We can reach the heart of rebellion abroad when we can crush out the encouragement which sustains it at home. While the masses of all parties in the loyal States are true to the interests of the country, for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and the overthrow of the rebellion, by any of the usual means of warfare, regardless of cost, so far as politicians and parties are concerned there is a combination in many of the loyal States which gives aid and assistance, and countenance and encouragement to rebellion; which seeks peace at any inglorious sacrifice, and condemns the government and justifies the rebellion. This great fact is as palpable as it is humiliating, and is quite too stubborn to ignore, or to be yielded to notions of popularity, or passed over from motives of good-nature or politeness. It is doing injustice to the loyal masses not to expose it. It constitutes the heart and hope and life-blood of the rebellion, and must be met and conquered and disposed of here, before the war can be prosecuted with advantage or a fair prospect of success abroad. It is treason in disguise; sometimes wearing a full mask, and at others "showing half its face;" but in whatever name, or under whatever guise it may appear, it is the same detestable miscreant traitor. It comes generally in the name of democracy, with about the same complacency and no more propriety than Satan came in the guise of an angel of light; and claims to bear the democratic standard, as the hypocrite "stole the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in." It counterfeits the

voice of patriotism; but this is nothing new. Wolves have counterfeited the human voice from the days of the Red Riding Hood. It is for a prosecution of the war, but the prosecution is in reality of a war upon the administration and the government, and not upon rebellion. A few partial successes in the last fall elections gave it hope and impudence, and it threw its black piratical banner to the breeze in the recent Connecticut election, and summoned its sympathizers from far and near, and proclaimed defiance. But its gasconades, like those of many a braggart before, proved its overthrow, and disloyalty there *now* is as cheap as the currency issued by its confederates in crime. The sweet singers of secession have hung their harps on the willows, upon the banks of the Confederate Euphrates, in despair. A wailing note from Richmond shows their sorrow for the bereavement as well as the complicity between the rebellion South and its sympathizers here, and what movements were to have followed the election of Seymour in Connecticut, now unavoidably postponed in consequence of the late *storm*:

From the Richmond Dispatch, April 11.

“The Connecticut elections have gone against the democrats. Gold has fallen on the strength of the republican success, obtained no doubt by bribery, and the hopes which rested on the triumph of Seymour have fallen to the ground. The importance of this to the democracy cannot well be exaggerated; for if the result had been otherwise the *Northwest would have risen, the peace party would have organized on a permanent basis*; the next meeting of Congress would have been followed by a summary abrogation of the imperial powers, bestowed upon Lincoln by the abolition Congress just ended, and a cessation of hostilities might have been confidently looked for, at or before the close of the present year.”

The November treasonable convocation in this city, described in and exposed by the timely publication of the letter of Lord Lyons, proves still further that we have traitors in our midst; for who but a traitor would sit down with the representative of an unfriendly power, and deliberately scheme for the intervention of foreign aid to rebellion; postponing it to such a period as should be more certain to render it effectual, and advising that Great Britain should be an important actor in the concerted drama, but be kept as much out of view as

possible, because her hostility to our Union was so well understood, and because she was so justly and universally hated, and detested and despised for it by the people of the loyal States. Those who played this part in our country's history in this her evil day, are far greater villains than Davis and Floyd and Beauregard, and their associate butchers, and should be ranked as foremost of those who deserve indictment, trial, condemnation, and execution for treason against the government. These evidences, as well as a rank and pestilent crop of lesser ones, from the outbreak of the rebellion to the present moment, prove that we have treason and treachery at home, which should be disposed of summarily, if we would speedily conquer rebellion abroad. The domestic is more dangerous than the foreign foe. One has the infamous merit of open and conceded villainy; the other inquires "Art thou in health, my brother?" while he conceals the dagger intended for your heart beneath his garment. Both labor for a common end; but he who takes the field with his deadly weapons of warfare is more deserving of the confidence of his fellow-man, and is an honest man in the sight of God, than he who wears the guise of semi-patriotism and plays the part of a spy and a betrayer.

Party names and political designations, in their ordinary signification, should never be heard of in a moment of civil warfare. Parties, as such, cannot, should not act. Parties are organized to inaugurate, enforce, or oppose some measure of government in its civil and internal policy. But when the edifice of government is threatened, the constitution defied, the nation's flag insulted by those who owe it allegiance, the existence and maintenance of the government is the first, the absorbing, and the only question depending, and there can be but two parties upon it: one which would uphold the government, and one which would destroy it; one which would crush and conquer the rebellion, and one which would give it aid and encouragement, and secure its ultimate triumph. All half-and-half pretenders, all compromisers, all go-betweens, all who would hail rebel leaders in arms, engaged in perpetrating all the crimes that blacken the history of civilization, with proposals for armistices, and negotiations for peace, are men to be despised, and thrice more to be distrusted than the rebel who levels his musket at your heart. They would sell their country's birthright

for a mess of political pottage, while he would take it by the force of arms. The country is cursed by the mean ambitions of some of all parties; by those who have been accustomed to run with the political machine; who fear they may be lost sight of under the wave of the great popular ocean when its bosom is agitated, and heaves and beats with the throes of revolution, unless they cling to the rigging of their political craft; and hence they cry out at such times with the tired Cæsar, "Help me, *party*, or I sink!" It is for this these party organizations are kept on foot, when their notes should be hushed to silence. It is for this that honest, loyal men are carried away by knavish leaders, under the rallying-cry of party. It is for this that opposition to the just measures of the administration are raised up, to the encouragement of the rebellion, the hindrance of the government, and the vigorous prosecution of the war. And it is for this that tens of thousands of our brave sons are slain by the rebellion; which is protracting the war, in the hope that its political sympathizers will gain the power in one section, and rise up in another, as was to have been done in the Northwest, if it had been successful in its disloyal schemes in Connecticut.

The political class just described have been designated as Copperheads. Never perhaps was a name more richly merited or more aptly and appropriately bestowed. In the popular nomenclature the copperhead is the rattlesnake's mate, more mean and if possible more venomous, and its poison more virulent and malignant. The rebellion is one huge rattlesnake, endeavoring to wind its scaly folds around the Union, and strangle and sting it to the death; and the Copperhead of the loyal States is crawling upon its snaky, slimy errand to render its assistance. May our brave army and navy abroad cut off the head of the one, and the heel of loyalty at home most effectually and thoroughly bruise the head of the other.

Democracy is a principle, and not a mere name to be mouthed by fraudulent pretenders; for all are not Democrats who put on its uniform. The foundations of Democracy are truth, justice, and equality. It has its true and its counterfeit, and, as in the case of coin or paper, great effort is made by those who hold the spurious to put it into circulation before detection overtakes them. True Democracy wars not upon its country's

Constitution, nor does it justify or apologize for those who do so ; it would crush, not compromise with rebellion ; it brings no propositions of peace, but a sword, to those who threaten the integrity of the Union with arms ; it connives not with conspirators or traitors ; it nominates no candidates for their benefit, nor does it indulge schemes of uprising against the government in one section upon the success of disloyalty in another ; it never balances between loyalty and treason, with one foot in each, ready to leap either way, as the fortunes of the day may indicate ; it never attempts to ride two horses, especially when they are going in opposite directions ; it acknowledges the membership of none who furnish aid and comfort to the enemies of the Union, whether moral, material, or political ; it sits not down with its country's foreign enemies, to plot the severance of the Union, seeking to secure the most adroit method of striking the fatal blow, but concealing the dastard hand ; it keeps on foot no spurious party-hatching machine to produce party organizations for the benefit of pin-feathered politicians, to vex and embarrass and weaken the administration of the government in a time replete with difficulty, to divide the loyal people into political sections, and thus weaken their forces to give courage and hope and prolonged existence to rebellion. It observes all the compacts of the Constitution to those who acknowledge their force ; but it proposes to extend the rigors of war instead thereof to those who deny and repudiate their authority. While it does not favor slavery in the abstract, nor regard its existence as a part of, or essential to the Constitution, it respects and obeys all the protection thrown around it in the hands of loyalty. But it regards the labor of those held to service as no more sacred than other rights of property, and will seize, confiscate, employ, or release accordingly, as authorized by the rules of martial law. True Democracy is the conscience of the people ; it is the very essence of the Constitution ; it was born with it, and will expire when it dies. It will stand by the government, no matter by whom administered, and will swear, in the language of its great and sainted leader, that " the Union must and shall be preserved."

The Republican party was formed from the old Whig party, which was disintegrated when its issues became obsolete, and the Free-soil or anti-slavery wing of the Democratic party. It

was formed to resist what was termed the extension of slavery, upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which alarmed, to considerable extent, the public mind. Beyond this object it has no general creed or rallying-cry, and holds its present organization, as does the spurious Democratic organization, upon and in virtue of issues which no longer have existence. There is no question or living issue upon which either organization stands or can stand permanently and distinctively, and both must give place, however much they may struggle against it, to one great, popular, living, breathing organization upon the issues of the day, too strong for the leading-strings of managers, too elevated for the mousing owls which hunt for party pay. It will be a Democratic Republican organization. The Constitution and the laws will be its pillar and its cloud; and rebellion, whether open or in disguise; whether of the whole or the half blood; whether engaged in the work of treason and murder or in acting as the political aids and instruments and apologists of those who are, will be sure of annihilation.

The terms "Radical" and "Conservative" were invented and are employed to answer the ends and serve the purposes of ambitious and conflicting leaders, rather than to advance the purposes which all Union-loving men have in view, and the sooner they give place the better. That some will be more extreme than others upon questions inseparable from the prosecution of the war is to be expected; hence a catholic and liberal spirit should be indulged among all who would achieve a common end and are alike for an unconditional suppression of the rebellion. I would have Radicals for tearing out rebellion by the roots, and Conservatives for the preservation of the Constitution; Radicals for crushing rebellion by any and every means known to or permitted by civilized warfare, and Conservatives for maintaining the Union; Radicals for laying the hand of government, through the vigor of martial law, on anything and everything belonging to rebellion, slavery included, which will strengthen government and weaken its enemy, and Conservatives for keeping it and appropriating it to the purposes designed; Radicals for putting as many colored soldiers in the field as can be found, and Conservatives for retaining them until the termination of the war; Radicals for making just as large an inroad into the institution of slavery in rebellious districts as

can be done incidentally to the prosecution of the war, and Conservatives to see that the work stands when it is once well done ; Radicals for making thorough work of rebellion in all its shades and variations, in all its elements at home and abroad, and Conservatives for preserving the fruits of such efforts when the good shall be accomplished ; in short, Radicals to dig up, cut out, and exterminate every evil which threatens our existence, and Conservatives to guard against their return to vex us hereafter.

Great Britain and France have been anxious for the success of rebellion from the beginning. Of France we had little to expect, and from it little to care for. Its despot has no landmarks but his own ambition, and must have some foreign conflict to amuse his nation to keep his own head securely upon his shoulders. He will be friendly when it suits his own selfish purposes, and hostile when it will advance his interests ; and these considerations will govern and dictate his policy, and we should keep an eye on him accordingly and be prepared for his smiles or his frowns, as the caprices of fortune bring him lights or shadows. But Great Britain stands to us in a very different relation. Of the same great family ; with a common language and religion ; with interchanging commercial interests, interwoven with every fibre in the framework of both nations ; engaged in the same benign mission of humanity, of advancing peace on earth and good-will toward men ; we believed, and were authorized to believe, that when this Union was threatened with destruction by conspiracy and rebellion, and the peace of the world menaced and disturbed, if we did not command her sympathy she would at least refrain from extending assistance and recognition to the cowardly revolt. But the rebellion was inaugurated, and she forthwith issued a hypocritical proclamation of perfect neutrality between both governments ! A government of more than 30,000,000 of people, one of the acknowledged great powers of the earth, illuminating one of the proudest pages in the world's history, and full of glowing traditions, was degraded to the same level with the thievish mob of a day ! Both governments were declared to be belligerent equals in the friendly and impartial eye of innocent neutral Great Britain, and to be treated with equal consideration and respect. She knew that the rebellion was no more entitled to be regarded as a government than

a bread riot in the city of London ; that it was no more a government than the provisional government of John Brown, or than the Forty Thieves in the renowned juvenile history of Cassin and Alibaba. She knew the conspiracy was plotted in perjury ; that the arms and munitions it employed were the fruits of theft ; that its every movement was felonious ; and yet it was, in her friendly neutral eye, a government—a beligerent equal ! Suppose the tables had been turned : that a section of the English people upon the “ fast anchored island ” had risen against the British government ; that those entrusted with the finances, the arms, munitions, forts, and navy-yards of the district had stolen the property and employed it against the authority of the nation, and called itself a provisional government, and the President of the United States had hastened to issue a proclamation of perfect neutrality between both governments !—the British government and the conspirators preparing for Botany Bay—how would Palmerston have fumed and Russell spouted, and Gladstone exclaimed, and Disraeli spluttered ! and last and least how Gregory and Lindsay, who were imported here for a season for the benefit of rebellion, would have belloyed like the Devonshires and Durhams who cross the water for a better purpose. We may as well give this domineering government and her insolent aristocracy to understand that the fires of '76 and 1812 are yet burning as bright as ever ; and that after wringing the neck of rebellion, and bruising the Copperhead of its aids and abettors at home, we have more spirit to resist her insolence and interference than ever ; a much larger army and navy to spare for her especial accommodation than we heretofore found necessary for her chastisement ; that we court peace, but can be provoked to war, and that she will rue the day when she again rouses the people of the United States to meet her in arms.

This war against the rebellion should be brief and effectual. We have all the elements for success, and should hurl them upon it in a single blow. We want no generals who would conquer peace first and rebellion afterward, but those who in conquering rebellion would conquer peace. We want a united people to encourage and stay up the hand of the administration, and cheer it onward. Our fair countrywomen already, in the spirit of Jephtha's daughter, are ready to offer their lives for

their bleeding country, and man, stern man, should meet the emergency without faltering. The failure of expeditions, temporary repulses and partial reverses are among the casualties of war. Vicksburg is on its winding way, Richmond is trembling under the menace of the gallant Hooker, and Charleston, though not taken, is doomed. As was to have been expected in the late assault, they got the "devil," an old and intimate acquaintance, into their hands; but as they are to be in his hands hereafter forever, he can well afford to remain with them, disreputable as is the association, for a brief season. Let all be of good cheer, close up the ranks, and press on the column, and our dear land will be rescued from the machinations of conspirators in council and rebellion in arms.

I close by a poem appropriate to the occasion, written by Alfred B. Street, of Albany. It will be warbled in song when the rebellion is forgotten. He whose heartstrings do not vibrate responsive to its sentiments is "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils:"

"Our Union, the gift of our fathers,
 In wrath wars the tempest above!
 The darker and nearer our danger,
 The warmer and closer our love.
 Though bleeding, it never shall perish;
 It bends, but not sinks to the blast;
 Foes rush on in fury to rend it,
 But we will be true to the last.

 Our Union, ordained of Jehovah,
 Man sets not the fiat aside!
 As well cleave the welkin asunder
 As the one mighty system divide.
 The grand Mississippi sounds ever,
 From pine down to palm, the decree;
 The spindle, the corn, and the cotton,
 One pæan shout, Union, to thee!

 Our Union, the lightning of battle
 First kindled the flame of its shrine!
 The blood and the tears of our people,
 Have made it forever divine.
 In battle we then will defend it!
 Will fight till the triumph is won!
 Till the States form the realm of the Union
 As the sky forms the realm of the sun."

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A GREAT WAR MEETING, HELD IN THE CAPITOL
PARK, AT ALBANY, N. Y., May 20, 1863.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS—That a rebellion is upon us which threatens the very existence of this Union, is denied by none; that it is one of such formidable proportions as cannot be handled by political parties, should, I think, be admitted by all; that this war was commenced in a corrupt and perjured conspiracy—a murderous, thieving rebellion, will not be denied; that it is intended to overthrow this government, no rational man can doubt; and it becomes us, as a people, as a whole and united people, without regard to distinctions of caste or party, to come forward, if the government is worth preserving, and preserve it. This rebellion is as wicked and alarming as its origin was causeless, and no one but a traitor to our government can be found its defender or apologist; and it will be enough to look after politics, to pack conventions and make nominations for office, when we find we have a country to govern. For myself, I go with those in this great crisis who sustain the government. I started out in the direction of putting down and overthrowing this rebellion, and shall govern my movements with the view of accomplishing the desired result. If I wished to go to New York, I would take the route and conveyance that would carry me there, and not one that would take me to Canada. I do not ask who my associates are, or whence they come. What they were yesterday is very little concern to me. I would prefer to go with my old personal and political friends, if they go in my direction, and such of them as go for putting down this rebellion will have my company; those who do not go for this, will not, as I go with those who strike the surest and strongest blows to put down the rebellion with the whole power of the government, and enforce unconditional

submission at the earliest moment. My convictions on these questions are these (not that I love party less, but that I love country more): if Democrats will not go with me, I will go with Republicans; if Republicans won't go with me, I will go with Abolitionists, and if Abolitionists nor white men of any class won't go with me, then I will go with black men; and if that is treason to party or country, make the most of it, and those who cavil can put it in their pipes and smoke it. I hold this great government and its blessed institutions at far higher price than all political parties; and, so help me God, I will never slumber nor sleep until I see the last rebel leader subdued and punished, and the masses in rebellion return to their allegiance and duty.

In efforts to maintain this government of our fathers in its integrity, to perpetuate the blessings of freedom to coming generations, and to preserve humanity's only hope, the Union, we have expended hundreds of millions of treasure and offered up hundreds of thousands of our sons on the bloody field of battle; and yet the contest rages in all its fierceness, and rebellion is still striving to fasten its fangs in the throat of the nation. Government must resist or yield the control. The question is one of easy and simple solution. The rebel leaders have repelled, with ineffable scorn, every suggestion of arrangement short of a divided Union; and whoever joins in the cry of stopping the war and restoring the Union before the rebel arms are laid down, is either a traitor or a fool, and should be judged accordingly. It cannot be restored in any other way than by force of arms. It is our duty now to rally around the old flag and our armies in the field who have so bravely sustained it. The question has been and is, whether the government shall exist, and not how it shall be administered. It is above and beyond political parties in their influences for good. It concerns all the people and all parties alike who desire to preserve the government and maintain free institutions; and the attempt to raise the cry of partisan strife is no more nor less than to give life and aid to the rebellion and embarrass the administration in the prosecution of the war.

Some, who "have been everything by turns and nothing long," cry out as loudly in the honored name of Democracy as though they had been commissioned to administer its dispensa-

tions, and seem to suppose that under the disguise of its shield they may practise such "fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." They boast of what the party accomplished in its days of pride and power; and, so far as most of them are concerned, well may they remember its prowess, for they were its opponents, as halting, semi-abolitionists, "softs," and political "soldiers of fortune," and Democratic castigations were not unfrequently administered to their recreant skins. Like all new converts and hypocrites, they cannot speak three words now but two of them will be Democracy! But the lion's skin was never sufficiently ample to cover the ears of the ass, much less to suppress his unmistakable tones; and when the petty politicians, disguised in Democratic habiliments, have strutted their brief hour, and are then exposed to the shame which their fraud demands, it will be seen over again that Democracy is principle, and not a name.

It is said to be an instinct of the copperhead to crawl into the burrow of some nobler animal; but, without regard to its "local habitation," it is a venomous reptile still. The people will judge, as God will judge, of men by their actions, and not by their false pretences and noisy professions. The murderous Joab flew from the wrath of the wise king of Judah to the enclosures of the tabernacle, that he might escape the vengeance due to his crimes; but he was slain while clinging to the very horns of the altar; and those who aid and assist rebellion will find that even true Democracy, much less the spurious, will be for them no city of refuge. Democracy has been enabled to survive, and even to dignify, terms of reproach; but it was when it was guided by honored and noble leaders, and true to its own just principles. But it will be seen that when its name is "stolen to serve the devil in;" when an odious designation is given its managers befitting their principles; when the weight of such leaders would have broken down Andrew Jackson himself; and when the creed they profess is in itself infamous, the name, and those who bear it, will each communicate only disgrace to the other. The Democracy of General Jackson and his adherents, with principles that "the Union must be preserved," is one thing; the self-christened Democracy of Copperhead leaders, with principles which aid and encourage rebellion and justify and sympathize with traitors, quite another.

The exploit of the eagle which bore away the lamb in his talons, was worthy of the admiration of all birds of prey. The poor crow which sought to transport the patriarch of the flock into the upper region, was equally worthy of ridicule. If our whole people had acted together in this matter, the rebellion would have been crushed a year ago. I started with the idea that a rebellion in arms must be put down by force of arms, and I entertain the same sentiment still. And when that is accomplished we shall have the "Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was." Slavery was no part of either, and if its crockery gets entirely broken in the *melee* I shall be heartily glad of it.

I hold to the democracy of General Jackson, that the "Union must and shall be preserved," and not to the Copperhead Democracy, that we must stop the war and allow rebellion to dictate terms of peace. I would even go with Copperheads if they would go to put down rebellion instead of apologizing for it. This is the ground I took in the beginning, and is the ground I shall maintain to the end. I have made many speeches enforcing these ideas, which have been extensively published and made the subject of comment, some in rebeldom and some in Europe; but I am happy to say that none of them have been approved by Copperheads or rebel journals here, or pirate-fitting, rebel-sympathizing journals in Europe. I repeat, names are not things, nor things names. A rebel against the government, whether in Charleston or Albany, whether he acts openly or secretly, whether with arms in his hands or whispers on his tongue, is equally a traitor to his government. Convicts in our prisons are clad in a peculiar costume, and trained and dieted in a peculiar manner; but it is not the sentence of the court, the walls of a prison, the striped jacket, the mush and molasses, nor the lock step, that makes the villain. It is the *heart*, whether in broadcloth or beaver, whether inside or outside of prison walls. Those who sympathize with rebellion in the loyal States seem not to have been flattered with much recent success. Toombs boasted some years since that he would call the roll of his slaves in Massachusetts. That being inconvenient, Jeff Davis called his a few weeks since in Connecticut, but the number was insufficient to satisfy the demand, and is daily growing less.

But the Copperhead politicians, like their Confederate mili-

tary friends, are about to make a change of base. Liberal propositions of peace are to be suspended for a season, to make way for free speech! They tell us they are Union men, but they are for free speech. They have been for peace and for settling this terrible war, while they knew the rebel leaders would not lay down their arms until their "independence," as they term it, should be acknowledged and the Union dissolved! They declare they are for the reconstruction of the Union by peaceful means; yet they know that if we lay down our arms and close this war and patch up a peace, we are at the mercy of the most hellish despotism on earth. But finding that this old idea is about worn out, and that they must have a new one, they seek for something that, in theatrical parlance, will "draw." You will not hear any more about "liberal propositions of peace" in a long while. Now it is all "free speech!" A noisy rebel sympathizer in Ohio, who has offensively opposed the war and justified the rebellion from the beginning; who has been openly claimed by the rebels as their friend; who strenuously opposed supplies for the war; who was drummed out of a camp of volunteers in his own State; who, in his last race for Congressional honors, was allowed to remain at home by the loyal people of his district—has been arrested by General Burnside, in whose military department he is, and the moment he is arrested for some alleged offence in that military department—we don't know for what, and his admirers here don't know for what—by concert they set up a howl from Richmond to Canada in behalf of "free speech!" Poor Vallandigham! arrested in the night-time, and in his own house! as though he ought to have been arrested in somebody's else. He has been tried by court-martial; he had the assistance of counsel and the attendance of witnesses in his behalf. The evidence has not been published, nor do we know what it was. It is said he was sentenced by the court to imprisonment in Fort Warren, but there is, as yet, no authority for this declaration. But suppose it all to be as alleged. No nation can exist in time of war without the war power. You can't make a woman's school of a great war. It does not proceed according to statute or the code! There are great principles which civilization has established for their guidance between civilized nations and peoples, but martial law is bounded only by discretion of the commander-in-

chief. It is, from the nature of the case, despotic, for war is little else than this.

Liberty of speech is one thing. Liberty of treason is another. The liberty of speech is sacred, but this does not include the right to act as a spy and convey intelligence to the enemy, which may destroy thousands of the lives of our soldiers, endanger our army, and jeopard the existence of government. Swords and knives are free, but this gives no one the right to commit murder. Firearms are free, and exempt from seizure on execution, and yet no one has a right to discharge them at his neighbor. Fire is free, but the one who should employ it to destroy the dwelling of his neighbor would be the subject of an "arbitrary arrest" in his "own house," if he should be found there, "in the presence of his wife and children," if he had them. And these arbitrary arrests in criminal law happen daily, and in martial law are of not unfrequent occurrence in all wars, especially in such a war of rebellion as this, with spies and traitors hatching treason and aiding rebellion all along the border. Any lawyer who cannot discriminate between civil law and martial law should be treated for simplicity on the brain. The functions of martial law and the authority upon which it rests were fully stated by me, last fall, in a speech made at the Cooper Institute. It is a dangerous power, but its absence would be more dangerous. It is liable to abuse, but no war can be conducted without it—especially such a war as this. Whether it was judiciously exercised in this case, and whether the paltry fellow was worth arresting, I do not know, and do not for all present purposes care. All we can inquire of is, does the power exist, and, if it does, was it exercised in good faith? If it was, even though General Burnside was mistaken, he is to be encouraged for his watchfulness and commended for his promptness and decision.

Two great and hasty and noisy meetings have been held, one at New York and one at this capitol, where his Excellency, the Governor of this State, administered upon the wrongs of Vallandigham by letter.* The Governor says this arrest is full

* EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, May 16, 1863.

I cannot attend the meeting at the capitol this evening, but I wish to state my opinion in regard to the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham. It is an act which has

of danger to our *homes*. Who is in danger in his home, pray tell us? No one, unless he has done something to put himself in danger. The pious thief and burglar, Gordon, of Brooklyn, who attended conferences and prayer-meetings with the young ladies, discovered where they kept their jewelry, and then entered their houses and robbed them by night, was a long time in danger in his home, and by-and-by the cruel police went in large numbers, and with their murderous clubs and in the night-time too, and "arbitrarily arrested" him and put him in prison, and the court sent him to State prison for twenty years. All for stealing a few trinkets. Yet the Governor says nothing. Had he connived with rebellion for the overthrow of the only great free government on earth, and been detected and arrest-

brought dishonor upon our country. It is full of danger to our persons and our homes. It bears upon its front a conscious violation of law and justice.

Acting upon the evidence of detailed informers, shrinking from the light of day, in the darkness of night, armed men violated the home of an American citizen, and furtively bore him away to military trial, conducted without those safeguards known in the proceedings of our judicial tribunals. The transaction involved a series of offences against our most sacred rights.

It interfered with the freedom of speech; it violated our rights to be secure in our homes against unreasonable searches and seizures; it pronounced sentence without trial, save one which was a mockery, which insulted as well as wronged. The perpetrators now seek to impose punishment, not for an offence against law, but for the disregard of an invalid order put forth in the utter disregard of the principles of civil liberty.

If this proceeding is approved by the government, and sanctioned by the people, it is not merely a step toward revolution, it is revolution; it will not only lead to military despotism, it establishes military despotism. In this aspect it must be accepted, or in this aspect rejected. If it is upheld, our liberties are overthrown; the safety of our persons, security of our property, will hereafter depend upon the arbitrary will of such military rulers as may be placed over us, while our Constitutional guaranties will be broken down.

Even now, the governors and courts of some of the great Western States have sunk into insignificance before the despotic powers claimed and exercised by military men who have been sent into their borders. It is a fearful thing to increase the danger which now overhangs us, by treating the law, the judiciary, and the State authorities with contempt.

The people of this country now wait with the deepest anxiety the decisions of the administration upon these acts. Having given it a generous support in the conduct of the war, we pause to see what kind of government it is for which we are asked to pour out our blood and our treasures.

The action of the administration will determine in the minds of more than one half of the people of the loyal States, whether the war is waged to put down rebellion at the South or destroy free institutions at the North. We look for its decision with most solemn solicitude.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

ed, it would have been "arbitrary." But the arrests interfered with the freedom of speech. How? Who has objected to the freest possible discussion? Freedom of speech does not confer the right to go before an army, and stimulate mutiny and disobedience and recommend desertion. It does not justify anything, which, in a time of war, is calculated and intended to weaken the military arm of the government. The Governor complains that the governors of some of the Western States have sunk into insignificance. It is certainly time to be on the lookout. I hope, whatever may become of other States, New York may not find herself in the same pitiful category. It is certainly a humiliating position for the first State of the Union, when the scales of our being as a nation are vibrating, when our children are dying by thousands in defence of the Union, to see the chief magistrate turn from contemplating the picture with anxious solicitude to denouncing the government because a ranting, gasconading sympathizer with rebellion has been charged with an offence cognizable by martial law, and has been arrested, and, after a full and fair trial, convicted. This is the species of support which the Governor and those who act with him, from the beginning of the war, have given to the administration; and this he calls a "generous" one! They now propose to "pause," as he tells us; and if they will but pause in their assaults upon the administration, in their proclaimed sympathy with traitors, and in their encouragement to rebellion, they will confer a favor upon the present and coming generations.

The people cry "pause!" but it is to those engaged in assaults upon the administration, not to those who are striking death-blows at the rebellion. They cry "pause!" but they cry to those who give aid, encouragement, and comfort to rebels in arms. The soldiers are among us here, and they cry "pause!" but it is that you "pause" in stimulating the rebellion. They have perilled their lives in defence of the government. With heads uncovered and bosoms bared, they have met the enemies of free institutions upon the battle-field, and they cry "pause!" to you who are encouraging this rebellion. The wife and the mother cry "pause!" to you, who, by sympathizing with traitors, encourage resistance to the government and its institutions; they conjure you to pause in your mad

career: the husband and son have been slain, your partisanship gives aid to the rebels. The father cries "pause!" in your encouragement to rebels in arms. "Joseph is not, Simon is not, and you would take away Benjamin also." There are others who cry "pause!" I adopt the language of his Excellency, the Governor, and cry "pause!" Our sons and brothers sleep "their last sleep" where they fell for their country on the field of glory. Tongues which are silent in death, could they speak, would cry "pause!" They would say, you have marched us here; we came to defend our country's flag; we came to vindicate the honor of our nation; we came to preserve the holy memories which cluster around the banner for which our fathers fought: you are lending hope and encouragement to the rebellion; "pause" in your course. Yes, I say, "pause!" When you sit down at your table, "pause;" set a vacant chair there: a skeleton will be at your side. When you proceed to your chamber, "pause;" death will be there. At the hour of midnight, "pause;" the pale face and skeleton finger will point to the record of aid you have given to rebellion against the government.

Men are mistaken in supposing that they can form parties on the issues of our country's fate. The great popular mind sways to and fro; it may be diverted from the purpose in minor affairs, but it will be ever constant and true in upholding the government. Who believes that this rebellion can be disposed of in any other way except by the power of the sword? All rebeldom can have peace when they lay down their arms. The sword of government will then be sheathed. Men may call themselves democrats, but it does not make them democrats; by their fruits ye shall know them. The first great principle of democracy is, that "the Union must be preserved," and that is where I stand to-night. It must be preserved, no matter from what quarter assaults may come. It must be preserved against all enemies. Now is the time for every democrat, for every Jackson democrat, for every republican, for every man, who is an honest man, to assist in maintaining the government and putting down the rebellion. [Voice: "How'r you going to put it down?"] As Samuel put down Agag; hew it right down through. But, fellow-citizens, these things will all come right by and by. The returned soldiers—and

they are in all parts of this mass of people—will bring home the stories of their conflicts face to face and hand to hand with the rebellion; and will tell copperheadism how much advantage there is to be gained by shaping their course for political purposes, and giving the country the go-by in its time of peril.

What we want is to concentrate public opinion; to bring the whole force and power of the government to bear with overwhelming force on this rebellion; and it must be done. The masks must be torn from the faces of all pretenders, whether in the name of democracy or otherwise. One side or the other of this question must be taken. One is the side of truth, fair dealing, honesty in the support of the government; the other is the side of falsehood and quibbling and denunciation of the government. The path of falsehood leads to the rebel ranks, and is embellished by expressions of sympathy and condolence with and for traitors. Let each man take his position. I have taken mine on the side of truth, justice, and the government. I know what this government and these institutions have done for the great cause of freedom, and knowledge and science and human advancement, and I intend to maintain my position. Let those who would extenuate treason attempt to drive me from it. Let them come with all the party machinery they can command. I say to them: "Lay on, Macduff, and d—d be he who first cries hold! enough." The abolitionists have been forty years endeavoring to destroy slavery; but Jeff Davis, by making and waging war upon the government, has destroyed it in two years. He has buried it past resurrection, and all the people cry amen! I never agreed with the abolitionists. They abused me and I repaid the compliment with interest. I settle my accounts as I go along; and I don't know that our disagreement is any reason why they should now stand back and see the government destroyed, and I know it is no reason why I should. When this demon of rebellion shall be cast down and subdued, the country will again go forward with redoubled energy in all the departments of mental, moral, and material advancement. From the crowded-quarters of the Old World, where distress cries out to the New for bread, the sons and daughters of toil, abandoning the spot of earth they have learned to call home, and much that is dear to them, but nevertheless bringing home with them, and seeking a future

for themselves and their children, where they may gather the fruits of their own labors, will come here to enjoy the blessings of free institutions, with all the benefits that they confer. At no distant day our vast area will be peopled by a hundred millions of souls; a mighty nation whose distinctive principles will be justice, freedom, equality. This war in which we are now engaged is not a struggle between abolition and slavery in any narrow sense. It is a struggle between free government and despotism; between the common rights of mankind and aristocracy and privilege throughout the world. It is a struggle for the similitude of British rule on this continent; and I cannot see how any man of foreign birth can take the British side of the question. It is the same spirit of despotism which abolished the Irish Parliament and put the iron heel on the neck of Irish nationality; which here, as there, would, as the result of a system, gather the labors of the toiling masses into the garner of a titled and privileged few. No such government as ours ever before existed, nor will exist again, if a confederacy, starting in rebellion and founded on the abhorrent feature of involuntary servitude, can subvert and destroy it. Let it be overthrown in such a contest, and hope in the success of the great experiment, the great *right*, of self-government will bid the world farewell. From citizens of a free government, every man equal before the law, we should become a nation of nobles and serfs.

“Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.”

I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this opportunity to address you. I came without preparation; but this is a subject upon which I have thought much, have felt deeply, and upon which I can talk and will talk, whenever I get an opportunity. What I wish is no party advantage in this matter; but to see my fellow-citizens, of all parties and all creeds, rise up to the importance of the question. What I wish is to arouse a public opinion that shall throttle every miserable politician who would carry his

party banner above his country, until he shall cry, "pause!" What I wish is to see our brave soldiers sustained in the field, and the loyal people in the Rebel States encouraged, strengthened, and protected. What I wish is that disloyal and bad men may be brought to condign punishment, and treason and rebellion be put down speedily, once and forever, by the strong hands of the loyal people and the power of the government. I hope to live to see the country vindicated. I believe I shall live to see the clouds driven from the sky, every star in our bright escutcheon remaining in its place, and the blessings of free government perpetuated.

"Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day:
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer,
CLEAR THE WAY!
Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!"

EXTRACT

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT A PUBLIC MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y., ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRESENTATION OF A NATIONAL FLAG TO MR. MONTGOMERY, OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, August —, 1863.

THE NEW YORK RIOT.

* * * * *

The recent "*conservative*" meeting in the city of New York, called by some "*radical*" ill-natured people a *riot* and a *mob*, it will be seen, came off about the time of Lee's movement into Pennsylvania, and the raids of Morgan and others into Ohio and Indiana. There are a thousand evidences combining to prove that these several movements had an intimate relation to each other, and that each one was well understood by every other, or rather by those who helped plan the whole. The ominous givings-out which preceded them; the foreign recognition thermometer in England and France, where the mercury rose so speedily at this juncture and simultaneously; the confident and insolent tone of the Confederate press; the mission of the rebel Stephens to Washington; the Copperhead complacency as the movements were inaugurated and progressing, and its malignity on their failure; the mutterings of Lee in his inglorious retreat, that he had not been received and supported by his Northern *friends* as he expected, and a whole cloud of witnesses besides, prove that the New York movement was a part, and intended to be directly in aid of the plans for promoting the cause of rebellion. The draft was a mere pretence, and had really no more to do with stimulating the action of the mob than that of the Quaker Meeting held in the city a few weeks previous. The whole was originally a device

of some of the most wicked and unscrupulous and pestilent politicians that ever infested society.

The commencement of the draft was, by preconcert, made the occasion for the outbreak, because it was supposed by the managers of the affair that they could at that time, and upon that occasion, better embody their motley crew; better influence the passions of the ignorant and prejudiced, and better turn to political account, and wield in aid of the rebellion, a riot commenced in *an ostensible resistance to the draft than otherwise*. To be sure, the course of true love between the rebel movements and Copperhead sympathizers, according to the proverb, did not run smooth—and, as they say on railroads, failed to make connection; but this is no answer or offset to the evidence of what was so obviously the original arrangement and intention. The movement was contrived by Copperhead politicians, and was designed to be turned entirely to political advantage in aid of the rebel cause. It was supposed that it would early assume political proportions, and claim to act mainly in resistance to the usurpations and unconstitutional acts of the administration; that it would call loudly for the vindication of the Constitution and laws, would embody a large force, and, at the right point, while it was yet heated, those who set it on foot were to appear at its head, preaching moderation with all the sincerity of Mark Antony, but leading it, at first, in opposition to the administration; then in resistance to the government, and finally in open aid of the rebellion. But the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson; the failure of Johnston and the retreat of Bragg; the gloomy prospects of Morgan and the chances of his capture; the fact that Lee came too soon and ran away too early; that the draft came too late to have the riot on hand while Lee was threatening Harrisburg and Philadelphia and Baltimore and Washington, and that military forces began to assemble and adduce weighty arguments, proved very serious impediments.

There was, however, one obstacle more serious still; and to this are the public chiefly indebted for the early and signal failure of that part of the performance assigned to the Copperhead politicians of New York, and but for which they would have pressed it further. An ancient legend, which I have never seen authentically contradicted, tells of a girl engaged in the

carrying trade for fairies, who was sent from one point to another with a box of charmed and mysterious contents. It was not the box of Pandora, filled with plagues and the ills of life, but a box filled with miniature human existences in every department and calling and ramification known to men. The girl having been directed *not to open the box*, and told that alarming consequences would follow if she did so, by a process as natural and a desire as irresistible as that by which our common mother ate of the fruit she was forbidden to taste, on her way, in a secluded field, opened the box, and its contents escaped, and each one commenced to operate his particular trade or pursuit or business;—the cook plied his spit; the tailor heated his goose; the cobbler pounded his lap-stone; the doctor administered his medicine; the fiddler drew his bow; the dancers balanced in the cotillion; the artisan wielded his hammer; the scholar pored over his volumes, and the mathematician solved his problem; and probably, though that is not certain, the reformed Free-soilers abused the Abolitionists, and the Know-Nothings were engaged in the organization of the Democratic party. The poor girl in vain endeavored to induce them to return to the box again. She made a speech to them—called them her “*friends*,” and *implored* them to return; but they were bent upon their own enjoyment rather than hers, and laughed all her efforts and entreaties to scorn; and, scattering far and near, spread over the whole face of the earth, and were gone beyond her influence and control forever. Now, as we have already seen, the outbreak in New York originated with politicians, acting upon and inflaming and encouraging the very worst elements that ever disfigured society—thieves, ruffians, and cut-throats; bawds, pimps, and burglars; house-breakers and murderers; assassins and the settlings and skimmings of loafers, after the marketable lazzaroni had been subtracted. The contrivers and leaders who opened the box, and turned loose these offscourings, expected them to act politically—in pretended furtherance of a great conservative movement; to damn Lincoln and his administration; to hurrah for their *friends*; to clamor for the Constitution and laws; for free speech and the wrongs of Vallandigham and their Southern brethren; while they, the managers, would fan this flame to madness and add the true Copperhead virus to the popular fury

by descanting upon the hardships and oppressions of legal restraints, until they might defy the power of the government and openly assist the rebellion. But no sooner had the outbreak commenced than, as in the legend, each interest entered upon its own work, more intent on personal gain than on "postponing the draft." The thieves and robbers were willing to act politically with the great conservative party, and advance the interests of their leaders, and vindicate the Constitution, after they had for a season looked to their own interests and robbed and sacked stores and houses, and carried home the spoil, but not before. They had been accustomed, from a supposed cruel necessity, to steal and rob in darkness and secrecy, and they were not disposed to so far neglect their own material interests as to let an occasion pass which permitted them to steal in open day, from the choicest assortments, with governors and judges standing by proclaiming their "friendship!" merely to advance the political fortunes of others or to support the Constitution. House-breaking and burning were necessary to successful theft and robbery, and hence the votaries of burglary and arson were primarily engaged in their respective avocations. Theft first and politics afterwards was their motto. Those who had been taught by their conservative leaders that it would disgrace white men if negroes were accepted as soldiers, and taught, too, that it would be unjust and aggressive for white men to be drafted into the service, sought to solve the problem by murdering every negro they could find, old or young, male or female; while others, determined to give practical proofs of their conservatism and of their devotion to the Constitution and laws, burned and demolished an orphan asylum, erected by the influences of a holy charity, and destroyed the abodes of otherwise homeless children.

In short, this "movement of the people" was a "house divided against itself," and for that reason it failed to stand. It was set on foot by political leaders, primarily to aid their fortunes and to encourage the rebellion. It was prosecuted by most of their followers to gather supplies for themselves; and the *material* proved paramount to the *political* interests; and hence, while it brought rich rewards to its *rank and file*, it was a barren victory to the "*Commander-in-Chief*." It was a great success to all but those who got it up by two years' clamor

against government usurpation, and apology for rebellion, and by denouncing everything as unconstitutional except Jeff. Davis' rebellion and Copperhead politics. It was the carnival of thieves. A hungry loafer in Neal's Charcoal Sketches is made to long for the time to come when roast pigs would run about with knives and forks stuck in their backs, waiting for some one to eat them; and when governors and judges attend such mob gatherings, and proclaim, at the top of their voices, their friendship, and tender promises of what they will do officially, the season for running, living roast pigs, with knives and forks in their backs, ought not to be far off.

His Excellency the Governor seems to have made a postponement of the draft an issue with the general government, and is said to have predicted that, if it was not postponed, all the Irish chamber and kitchen maids would turn incendiaries, and burn the city. I do not believe the public either distrust the chamber-maids or favor the postponement. But, whatever these gentle maids may do to others, as we cannot spare our worthy Governor in such times as these, I "*implore*" them, as my "*friends*," not to lay violent hands on the Commander-in-Chief, or burn his lodgings, for, according to high authority, "it is better to marry than to burn," and they can find pleasanter employment than arson in any of its degrees. Governor Seymour has not unfrequently reminded the public that he had taken an oath of rare solemnity to "*execute the laws*." That oath he has now fulfilled, if never before. He has certainly "*executed the laws*" upon this occasion, for he has literally crucified them between thieves.

Although this murderous and thieving outbreak will not prove available as Copperhead capital, the rebels, with savage ferocity, already gloat over what they term the "blood-soaked ashes" of our commercial metropolis; and France and England, anxious to aid the rebellion against our government by all the means in their power, will probably "recognize" the New York mob as a "belligerent power." They can do so with as much propriety as they recognized the rebellion as such; and if they do not "*recognize*" it as a government that prince of charlatans, Louis Napoleon, and the knaves and fools of the British Parliament, ought at least to take the matter into grave consideration.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A UNION MASS MEETING HELD AT THE COOPER
INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, October 16, 1863.

[The meeting at which this speech was made, was one of a series called by the Union State Committee in the political campaign preceding the State election. It was also addressed by Wm. Allen Butler, Esq., of New York, who presided; Hon. Henry J. Raymond, of New York, and Hon. Henry Wilson, United States Senator from Massachusetts. The last named speaker was upon the stand when Mr. Dickinson reached the hall. The president, in introducing him, said it had come to his knowledge that the Attorney-General of the State had, for some cause or other, recently been practising outside of the boundaries of his legal jurisdiction; he had been seen and heard of in Northern Pennsylvania, and he would, perhaps, favor the audience with an explanation of his strange proceeding. Mr. Dickinson, on coming forward, was greeted with three cheers, after which he said:]

It is one of the plainest propositions in the world, Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen, why the Attorney-General of New York went a little beyond his jurisdiction. He found there was a great criminal on trial and deserving prosecution; one whose offence had been committed against the people of the whole Union, and he determined to prosecute him without particular regard to State lines. Whatever lines may have intervened between his jurisdiction and the scene of his efforts, his lines were certainly cast, on the occasion referred to, in very pleasant places. Ten days ago I stood, with my satchel in hand, made up for a tour through Central Ohio and Pennsylvania, because I greatly desired to hear how my feeble spear would sound on the Copperhead helmets in those States; but, by a severe indisposition in my family, I was prevented from the whole trip, and, by way of indemnifying myself for the loss, I went over into Northern Pennsylvania to practise a little. My labor there was not necessary; but I was unwilling the great

movement should pass off without an effort on my part to help it forward in the right direction ; and that is probably what our worthy president, in speaking of the Attorney-General, alluded to.

I am happy that the subject upon which you have met together has been fully and ably discussed by the gentlemen who have preceded me. I have been all day, like Gilpin's hat and cloak, "upon the road ;" have only just arrived as the last gentleman was speaking, and can do little more than tell you I am not qualified to make a speech this evening. But I am glad to exchange congratulations with you, and I concur most fully in the sentiment of the gentleman whom I heard speak, that we should all offer our heartfelt thanks to God for the mercies which he has extended to us in this great day of our country's trial. Though we are in the midst of a political canvass, I regard this as no mere party struggle. From the beginning of the rebellion I have refused to recognize the controversy as political in any party sense. I do not so regard it to-day ; but whether among the masses of the people at the ballot-box or on the battle-field, I consider it a great struggle for the nation's integrity and existence, and shall so treat it. Whoever would know the great interests at stake should not only contemplate this great commercial city, where, I might almost say, the world's revenues are collected ; where trade from the four quarters of the globe effects its interchanges, and all the great interests of life meet and radiate, but should go out into the country—because it is literally true that "God made the country and man made the town." He should go to the vast prairies of the West—the great granary of the world—out upon the golden slope of the Pacific, and see there an empire of itself in extent ; along the vast mountain ranges ; along the great rivers and magnificent lakes and broad and fruitful valleys. Let him go throughout all this vast area, embracing every variety of soil, climate, and production, and see all these things in their natural beauty and perfection ; and then, contemplating the natural grandeur of the scene, he should look upon the institutions of religion and learning and science and charity in all their diversified forms and objects ; he should see the advancement in the interests of agriculture and the mechanic arts, and in all that can bless, dignify, and ennoble the race of man, and should remember that these are the institutions of freedom ; that this

is the land our fathers loved, and this the government they formed; and that we are called upon to-day basely to surrender all, or to vindicate, maintain, and defend it nobly. When we see what vast interests are at stake, and remember that we are placed here as trustees to preserve them for posterity, then, if we do not rise to the dignity of the occasion, we deserve to be slaves.

It is too late for argument upon this subject. Every man, woman, and intelligent child understands that this is a struggle, not between political parties, but between government—the best that ever had existed among men; the only great government of equality on earth—and an infernal rebellion that is tugging at its throat, and attempting to destroy it. And I concur fully with the gentleman who preceded me, that he is a greater villain, if possible, who winks at this rebellion, and attempts to support it by indirection, than he who goes to the battlefield and attempts to slay your son or brother, in order that he may overturn the government. The question may as well be met directly, and I characterize him as an enemy of his country who, in this crisis, attempts to rear up political parties to oppose, directly or indirectly, the administration of the government. I care not how many bulls of excommunication may be fulminated from the Copperhead vatican. I am opposed to all politicians who assume designations and qualities that do not belong to them; and when they undertake to manufacture a party out of the *débris* of all parties, and dignify it with an honored name, their pretensions are all the more pernicious. At a time like this, party spirit, party advantages, and personal ends, should be laid alike upon the altar of the country. We should all act together to trample down the rebellion that threatens the existence of our institution. And yet I know that the old Democratic name has been pressed into the service of politicians—not for the purpose of giving strength to the government in its contest with treason, but to break down and paralyze the efforts of the administration. The real effect must be to give aid and comfort to the enemy, and arrest the progress of the Union armies. Indeed, the rebel army has as its Northern wing to-day this spurious democratic party, attempting to outflank the administration in its operations, by creating division in the Northern States.

Where is the Democratic party to-day? It is here, maintaining the cause of the Union; it is in the army, fighting for the Union; it is sustaining the administration in its contests with the enemies of the Union. That is the Democratic party. The Democratic party is a party of principle, a party of glorious traditions; it has a great and proud record. But the Democratic party was never made up of men who opposed the institutions of the country. It became illustrious because it took its theory from Jefferson, that "all men are created equal." That was its corner-stone. That was its great origin. It was conservative, and took institutions as it found them; but its theories were based on progress. It became strong and powerful in the war of 1812, not by opposing the administration of Madison, though Madison in that war made ten mistakes where Abraham Lincoln has made one in this; but he was sustained, and why? Because there was a Democratic party, then, determined to go with the country and stay up the hands of the government, and say to it, in the language of the British peer, "With all thy faults I love thee still." The Democratic party has always, hitherto, rallied on the side of the country and the government on all great issues, and as a result has been crowned with success and with glory. When Jackson, giving words of fire to a Democratic principle, proclaimed that the Union should be maintained, the Democratic party made the patriotic declaration its motto and its rallying-cry. This course is what gave it its great name and great success; and its success brought around it the political adventurers and bloodsuckers of the present day. But suppose that Jefferson had laid down the platform of the Copperheads; suppose that the Democrats had opposed the war of 1812, or taken position against the country in the days of Jackson and nullification; who imagines that the Democratic party would have had a name except for execration? Suppose that, in 1812, the Democratic party had been made up of a few Know-nothings and of dilapidated politicians generally—of soldiers of fortune and men who, like Peter Brush, wanted something to get and nothing to do; suppose that, instead of supporting the war earnestly and heartily they had said, "Yes, to be sure, we are for a vigorous prosecution of the war," but had declared at the same time that it should be conducted with liberal

propositions of peace; suppose that they had belittled every victory of the federal arms and rejoiced at every success of the enemy; suppose that they had opposed the raising of troops, and especially of colored troops, because it would be beneath the dignity of the white soldier to fight in the same cause with them, do you believe, I ask again, that the Democratic party would have acquired a name, except for execration? But now, gentlemen who answer to these descriptions come forward to trade upon the name of the Democratic party. It reminds me of the three tailors of Tooley street, who commenced their petition to Parliament: "We, the people of England." Look at them. Who are the great leaders of the Democracy now, and what are they trying to do? In their every action, they have attempted to embarrass the administration of the government and extended encouragement to the rebellion.

Like many, doubtless, of you who hear me, I opposed the election of Abraham Lincoln; but I have supported him from the time he took his seat in the presidential chair and assumed the responsibilities of the government in a national crisis such as few peoples have ever encountered. What I have most approved in his administration of affairs have been his strongest acts; and where I have disapproved most, it has been for what he has not done. I have sustained him in all his good and proper acts, and he has done a great many, and is multiplying them every day. As for particular acts, among those I most sincerely approved was his order for the arrest of Vallandigham, and sticking to it afterwards. It raised an universal Copperhead howl, but the result has shown that he was right. The people like action. In an emergency like this, they like to see proper things *done*; done strong, and so that they will stay done. For myself, I only wish the President had made ten arrests where he has made one. I think he should have done so in the cases of leading, outspoken, mischievous sympathizers with the rebellion; and should have held such parties until their positions could be settled before the country. If intentional traitors, as their conduct would indicate, they should be punished as such, or sent where they could enjoy the society of their friends, and do far less injury than if permitted full scope to create divisions, discourage enlistments, and hinder every measure required by the necessities of the

government. If loyal, as they generally pretend, they should be taught the propriety of a course of action in some degree consistent with such professions.

The canvass in which we are engaged is in itself of no national importance—the officers to be elected being all local to the State: and yet it is of the highest consequence and significance that those who have in so many ways opposed the efforts of the government, and are identified with the grand idea of fighting the rebels with “liberal propositions of peace;” that the party whose leaders and some of whose candidates are on terms of “friendship” with rioting and rebellion; which includes in its ranks every rebel sympathizer in the State, and every man who was engaged in the late brutal and bloody riots in your city, should not receive the endorsement of the people of the Empire State. The folly and blunder and disgrace, not to say crime, of last year must not be repeated. I have no fears that they will be. The value of professions, made for effect, only to be disregarded, has been proved, and the people here, no more than in other States, will wish to repeat the experiment. Look all over the land and see the cloud of witnesses which the elections of this year have produced in favor of the vigorous prosecution of the war. Commence with Connecticut: then cross the Rocky Mountains, if you have time, to California; then go back to Maine; then to Ohio; and then to Pennsylvania, and sum up their thousands of majorities, all in support of the government. I was at one time really in fear for the result in the Keystone State. But when General McClellan, whom I have long regarded as a very able general, particularly for “stationary power,” came late in the day, as is the habit with some people, to the aid of Judge Woodward, the opposition, anti-war candidate, I saw the Judge had the stationary quality, which recommended him to the General, and could by no means win the race. From that moment I had not a bit of doubt about the matter. But how grandly the returns came in from State after State in succession! It reminded me of an anecdote illustrating a New England boy’s idea of the operation of firearms. He had been warned to serve in the general muster of militia, where was to be a sham fight, but was afraid to fire off his gun. His mother told him that his father was a Revolutionary soldier,

and it was a shame that he should not fire with the rest ; so he split the difference, and loaded every time when the order came, but did not fire at all, and went home with eight charges in his musket. His mother upbraided him for his cowardice, and, taking position in the door, fired the gun ; and the recoil kicked her across the room, and under the bed. "Lie still, mother," said the hopeful son, "there are seven more heavier than that to come yet."

The leaders of the democratic party, as they have it at present organized in this State, after trying numerous experiments upon the people to see how far they could go with safety, pretend to be for a vigorous prosecution of the war ; but it turns out to be for a war against the administration, and not against the rebellion. But though in favor, as they pretend, of a vigorous prosecution of the war, they are very much afraid, among the many things they are in fear of, that slavery will be somewhat interfered with by the war ; that it will not receive all the protection to which they conceive it is entitled under "the Constitution as it is." Now it must be within the briefest recollection, that the National Democrats planted themselves upon the ground that the Southern States and people should be protected in the full measure of their rights under the Constitution, and defended it without shadow of turning, while many of those now Democratic Conservative leaders were waging a bitter war against them and making political capital for themselves under the designation of "Freesoilers." As long as the South appealed to the Constitution, I stood for their protection under the Constitution ; but when they trampled on the Constitution and took up arms against the government, I said they must be met and put down by arms. They have made slavery the corner-stone of a rebel confederacy ; the foundation and the superstructure only to be maintained by the forcible disruption and destruction of this government and this glorious Union of our pride and our hopes. We might as well expect to preserve the frosts of winter through the dog-days as that slavery should be preserved under the test to which its votaries subject it. They have themselves, in their appeal to arms, discarded every legal and constitutional barrier from which it could claim protection ; and the common judgment of mankind and of the age can now be executed upon it, if they fail to defend it and to

trample over the government by the strong hand. This is the plain and naked position of the question. Which shall be sustained and maintained, slavery or the government? I was in favor of non-interference on this question, trusting that, in the good time of Providence, slavery would be ultimately peacefully extirpated; but the rebels, yielding, for wise purposes, doubtless, in the great universal scheme, to the instigation of the devil, have fixed the time and vastly changed the manner of the accomplishment. I am now as much in favor of thoroughly and completely abolishing slavery as I have ever been for leaving it to the responsibility of those who had chosen the relation, and the operation of the great causes which influence the destinies of nations. My objection to the President's emancipation proclamation was that he did not give it effect at an earlier day. Slavery will now go out in a dispensation of blood. The struggle will be terrible to the nation, in its progress, but chastening, ennobling, reinvigorating in its effects—terrible without mitigation to the contrivers and promoters of the rebellion.

In such an ordeal of the national life, what is the duty of patriotic men; of men who love their country; who love the Union which has produced its greatness; who love the name and honor of the American nation, and would preserve them as beacons to the tempest-tossed mariner on the world's great political ocean? Clearly that all should act together cordially, unitedly, thoroughly, and discarding all mere party ties, in defence of country, Union, nationality. Party has no claims that can absolve from duty like this; and he who would weigh party against country, and fail to come up to the support of the government because those entrusted with its administration may bear political designations different from his own, should be branded as an enemy. The self-constituted leaders of the spurious democracy stand so branded to-day. For purposes of personal preferment and party intrigue, they promote divisions in the loyal States, hinder and weaken the government, and give encouragement to the rebellion. But they will fail again to betray the Empire State into their own shameful position. Let all Union men do their duty, and New York will take her place with Pennsylvania and Ohio, to form the three great central links in the chain of National Union, which shall be kept bright and strong forever.

ADDRESS.

THE UNION : ITS PERILS AND ITS HOPES.

DELIVERED IN THE WINTER OF 1863-4.

THE rise of the Republic, and its almost fabulous progress to its present gigantic dimensions, are events in the history of nations which are contemplated with deep and stirring interest wherever civilization reposes. The popular theory in which our government was founded disturbed the dreams of kingcraft, as it dozed in fancied security along the dead level of its divine right, and whispered in its "dull cold ear," the emancipation of the human mind, and man's capacity for self-government. While the experiment was laughed to scorn by the votaries of a stultified monarchy, it quickened the heart-throbs of the toiling millions with hope that the day of their deliverance was dawning. Its success has carried gladness to freedom's children throughout the earth, and shaken with fear and consternation every throne in Christendom. Its greatness long since shamed and silenced ridicule and derision, and those who employed these ministers of annoyance and reproach had been forced to exchange them for the solemn realities of envy and unwilling admiration; "and fools who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Our bravery as a people and our prowess in arms had been twice tested by one of the most powerful nations of the globe, to its entire satisfaction; and by the world's acclaim we were one of the great powers of earth, and self-government was an accomplished fact. The most sanguine speculations of youth had been sanctioned by the experience of maturer years, and revelling in the fancied security and exemption from the vicissitudes of men and nations, we failed to remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Our institutions are now forced to the result of another and severer trial. We must

contemplate with increased solicitude our Union, its perils, and its hopes. While our strength has proved sufficient to resist and chastise the advances of oppression and tyranny from abroad, they will yet be characterized as a melancholy failure, unless we have power to crush speedily and successfully conspiracy and treachery and treason at home. Though yet in the enjoyment of a nation's ruddy and robust youth, and just beginning to realize the power of manly development, the hydra-headed monster, disunion, is upon us, threatening our very existence; and, "to be or not to be—that is the question."

It were profitless to recount or discuss questions of alleged sectional irritation; their relations are too remote and contingent to be set down as inducements, and with all their alleged agencies and elements of mischief, they formed no justification for conspiracy or rebellion. Nor can the loyal people of the United States permit the Union to be severed, and the government destroyed, whatever may be the course or the pretensions of sections or factions in any quarter of the confederacy. The question is, how can we expel the fatal virus from the system, and not by whose hand the poison has been drugged. How or with whom unfriendly relations originated is of little practical moment. How the conspiracy shall be arrested, and the rebellion put down, is of almost infinite importance, for put down the rebellion must be; and since it was not crushed in the bud, as it should have been it must be plucked up by the roots, and the confidence of the world re-established in the strength and perpetuity of free government.

The flagitious conspiracy in which this rebellion was nursed carried in its foul and treacherous bosom every conceivable crime. From associations so base, from offences so revolting, and from perjury so Heaven-daring, the debauched, extortionate, and leprous Catiline would have shrunk with terror. Like Edgar's description of himself to the demented Lear, it is "False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand, hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey." Trace it from its cradle to its gigantic proportions—from the first faint outline to the last sombre shading, and you will contemplate a more ferocious monster than has visited man since the fall. It is the serpent of old, seeking to betray in this political paradise, and insidiously whispering that his fruits will make men equal

to the gods. St. Patrick has been remembered with veneration by a people, because, according to tradition, he banished all deadly reptiles from the land; and he who shall expel forever the serpent of secession, will be cherished in grateful history, when the shadows of tradition shall have passed away.

It is not the case of a people conspiring against a government, but where high officers of the government conspire against the people—verily, where “truth is stranger than fiction.” It was in no sense a popular outbreak, but planned with Satanic deliberation. It was perfected at the national capital, a city bearing the name of the Father of his Country, consecrated to the cause of free government, and redolent of great memories and lofty recollections. Its ministering spirits were not the ignorant, the thoughtless, or the vulgar, hurried away from their propriety by some sense of wrong, real or imaginary; but the experienced, the educated, the well-informed, to whom a generous and confiding people had committed their most sacred trusts. Now that the conspiracy has found development, we can trace its snaky and devious pathway upon its accursed errand. We can see a traitorous senator, swearing in mockery to support the constitution of the United States, and to discharge with fidelity the duties of office to which he had been chosen, and then, with the invocation warm upon his lips, slinking into some dark and hidden corner, with perjury upon his soul, to plot the overthrow of the constitution he had just, in the awful presence of his God, pledged his efforts to sustain. Cabinet officers, the constitutional advisers of the President; high dignitaries, to whom a confiding people looked for their government’s protection, were engaged in its destruction; in the demoralization of officers in the various departments of the government; in the dissemination of treason, with perjury superadded; in rendering the country defenceless, by placing the army and navy beyond the reach of the government, so that rebellion might the more certainly be successful, and in worshipping, with the devotion of an Eastern pilgrim, the subtle deity of the ancients—Mercury, the god of thieves. Military and naval commanders, those who had been educated at the expense of the government, who had been cherished as its jewels, had been laden with its honors, and pampered at its treasury, and to whom it looked for defence of its institutions

and the protection of its flag ; some of whom had grown gray in honorable service, and

“ Who bore the scatter'd dints of many a scar,
Which were not planted there in recent war;”

some buoyant with youth, and all wearing the insignia of a profession which revolts at the name of treachery; and yet, wearing the uniform, bearing the commissions of the government, and commanding its troops and its vessels of war, they basely betrayed their commands to a traitorous foe and labored to destroy the very government they were commissioned and sworn to maintain. The train was laid with deliberate and murderous preparation, that the Union might be razed to its foundations and scattered in fragments. When Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, robbed the statue of Jupiter of its golden covering, he sought to conceal his motives by substituting one of wool; but confederate robbers, more selfish and brazen, did not even leave a substitute of cotton. And yet they have dealt more generously with the United States than with their own citizens—when they have robbed rebellion they have forced upon it as a consideration for its property, confederate bonds; they have graciously spared loyalty any such infliction. Officers in forts, arsenals, and navy-yards, custom-houses, mints, post-offices, and in other fiduciary relations, hastened to swell the startling volume of crime, by the commission of treason, arson, perjury, and breaches of the most sacred trust, that this government might be betrayed to destruction by those sworn to protect it—that it might be conquered by those placed in power to guard it—by the navies it had constructed and the armies it had raised; that a rebellious mob might murder our citizens with the arms and munitions stolen from the government, and be paid for the ruffian service from a plundered treasury.

“ Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well may shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought—
Shall pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall honor bleed, shall truth succumb,
Shall pen and press and soul be dumb?

" No ! by each haunted spot of ground
 Where freedom weeps her children's fall !
 By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound,
 By Griswold's stained and shattered wall !
 By Warren's ghost ! by Langdon's shade !
 By all the memories of our dead ! "

This rebellion was not inaugurated because any portion of the free States or their people had been unmindful of their Constitutional obligations, nor for the reformation of abuses, but it was for the purpose of realizing the romantic dreams of a new Empire upon the ruins of this : its chief features monarchical—led by a privileged princely aristocracy—ruled by military power—resting upon involuntary servitude—with Cotton for its king, and the slave trade, the gorgeous queen of the Antilles, and the mines of Mexico sparkling amid the jewels of its diadem. Such were its dazzling, dreamy anticipations, as it nursed the infernal delusion ; but when it shall meet that terrible retribution which ever awaits treachery, we shall see what will become of its dreams.

In every age of the world, and with every people, savage or civilized, a traitor has been execrated, and has been so loathed and despised and shunned by honorable men, that not unfrequently he has been constrained to cry out in the bitterness of his heart, like the first murderer of man, that his punishment was greater than he could bear. Judas Iscariot betrayed the Saviour for money, and his name has been a synonym for baseness for nineteen centuries, though his perfidy was signalized by the redemption of fallen man. But he showed a decent regard for public opinion, and furnished an example which all traitors should copy with alacrity, for he went and hanged himself.

Benedict Arnold, that fiery and meteoric spirit of the Revolution, goaded to madness by a sense of injustice, sought to wreak his frenzied revenge upon the cause he had so generously espoused, and so nobly vindicated. But *he* betrayed a *cause*, and not a country—a hope and not a fruition ; and though he flew to other lands to escape the punishment due to his crimes, he was followed there by a remorse which haunted his guilty soul with the worm that never dies. He whose foaming steed, like the war-horse of Idumea, pawed the battle-field of Sara-

toga: he whose praises for daring and bravery and military skill were upon every tongue: he who had once enjoyed the confidence of Washington, died neglected and alone, in a rat-haunted garret, in a foreign land. Men shrank instinctively away, as from a corpse dissolving with the plague. There, pale, haggard and emaciated, his gaunt and spectral form quivering with terror; his tangled and dishevelled locks standing on end; his lustrous eyes gleaming from their sockets wildly upon vacancy; his livid lip trembling; his whole frame writhing in agony; his dreams disturbed by frightful images, with no one to wipe the death-damps from his forehead, or close his eyes, died Benedict Arnold.

“He left a traitor’s name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.”

Had the bloody treachery of Judas been coupled with the impudence of modern traitors and their advocates and apologists, instead of becoming his own executioner he would have claimed that Judea and Galilee should be partitioned for his especial advantage, and one part be placed under his religious teachings, that he might enforce his own sublime creed; and had it been denied him, would have claimed that his home-hearth, his fire-side, his domestic altars, and his household gods were invaded, and that he was defending them according to the dictates of his own sensitive conscience.

And had Benedict Arnold lived to betray the great Republic, whose germ he sought to crush forever, he might have been hailed as a hero, instead of being shunned and execrated as a wretch who tainted the very atmosphere around him; been President of a portion of the Colonies, under an upstart confederation,—sanctified his treasons and justified his thefts, robberies, perjuries, and murders, under the shield of a mushroom government, and have glutted the greed of his avarice and profligacy by the issue of confederate bonds, and quickened their circulation by a hint from the bowie-knife and revolver, to all who might question their intrinsic excellence or distrust their being, like the auction purchases of Mrs. Toodles, “handy things to have in the house.”

As the vulture, when he stoops for prey, seizes the weak

and straggling members of the flock, so the ill-omened buzzard of secession, with the keen instincts of its nature, seized South Carolina as its lawful booty, and bore it triumphantly away. It hated the Union of our fathers and sought to destroy it, it scorned the glorious emblem of liberty and sought to dishonor it, it sowed rebellion and is now gathering the harvest. This State has been the Cassandra of the Confederacy; entwined by the serpents of disunion, and abounding in prophecies of evil, like the petrel, its hovering near has for thirty years betokened a storm. From the frothy conceit which has characterized all its exhibitions, we might suppose it worshipped itself in this world, and, claiming an immortality of unchanged existence, expected to be translated to itself in the next. Like the fabled Narcissus, it fell in love with its own image, in languishing over nullification, and has at all times since been a disturber of the Union's peace. But, like Narcissus, it will be wasted by the fires of its own passion; and if it is reproduced, as he was, in a flower, it will be fortunate indeed if its treason, like the century plant, shall only blossom once in a hundred years. When Marius was a child, a nest of eaglets having fallen into his lap, the soothsayers assured him he was born to bear rule; an idea which he cherished until he sat down a wanderer and a fugitive upon the ruins of Carthage; and from the conceits of this turbulent State we might believe she was, under like circumstances, the receptacle of a nest of owls, and was destined to destroy.

But one of the life-visions of South Carolina has been realized. The goal of her expectations has, by meritorious perseverance, and enduring faith, been reached. The absorbing and consuming passion of her life has been indulged. She has bowed for years, with more than oriental devotion, at the shrine of direct free trade with foreign nations, and her kings and prophets, who awaited, with patient resignation, the day when it should be ushered in by disunion, have been rewarded. That illustrious and enterprising navigator, Commodore Dupont, has already entered her best port with a large fleet from a great nation, which she recognizes as *foreign*,—under a flag which she has seen before, whose devices she will understand without the aid of an interpreter, and has opened a trade sufficiently direct to satisfy even the cravings of the nation of South Carolina,—a system of trade, too, unnumbered by tariffs, unchecked

by customs, unembarrassed by stipulations for deferred payments, but where the trader, thus far, in all his transactions with her, to employ a phrase more significant than refined, has been able to "*shell out.*" The national emblem which has so recently greeted her left her shores on the approach of summer, but has returned again to salute her by land and sea, and to float in her gentle breezes forever!

North Carolina, a State illustrious in history, and proud in Revolutionary recollections, has at all times, previous to the recent outbreak, been true to her trust. From her duty to the Constitution and the Union her

"Sober wishes never learned to stray."

But her loyal people have been plunged in the "dismal swamp" of secession, by her fretful, restless, and conspiring politicians. They are already seeking to secede from secession, that they may return to the Union of their fathers. Like the prodigal son, they have learned that they have forsaken a home where there is enough and to spare, for disgrace and destitution and the husks of rebellion, and have resolved to arise and seek once more the paternal sustenance and protection. And when they shall have cast off the incubus which has cursed them, and shall return to their place in the family of States, all will unite in a festive welcome to those who were dead and are alive again—were lost and are found.

The efforts which this confederated conspiracy has made to drag Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, into this maelstrom of secession, show how other States have been made the instruments of wicked and wily politicians, and carried away in derogation of constitutional obligations,—of all great interests, moral and material, and of the wishes of the masses of their people. But States which, under the detestable leadership of conspirators, had resolved on self-destruction, desired loyal States, like a Hindoo widow, to suffer immolation, to appease the wrath of the great secession Juggernaut, and contribute to a temple where all its votaries might worship.

And where is old Virginia,—the land of great deeds, and the mother of greater men? She who earned the title of "Old Dominion" by her fidelity to Charles during the stormy reign

of Cromwell. The guiding star of political hope; the birth-place of the Father of his Country, and the sacred repository of his ashes. She who has glowed like a beacon-light upon the mountain, and has served as the pillar and the cloud for statesmen. Rich in ancestral renown, and beaming with bright passages of history, she has shown out above all other stars in the constellation of glory. Dragged by her shallow and scheming politicians into the dark and doorless dungeon of secession against the popular voice, where is she now? "Tell it not in Gath—publish it not in the streets of Askelon—lest the daughter of Philista rejoice—lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

In attempting to tear herself from the Union, she has torn out her own vitals, and lies prostrate, dismembered and bleeding;—in this relation, pitied by the compassionate, jeered by the ribald, and scorned and despised by all, for the wickedness and folly which brought her to shame. Like Cæsar, but yesterday her word might have stood against the world; now lies she there, and none so poor to do her reverence. Like Cæsar, too, her heart has been pierced by the daggers of conspirators and traitors, but no Antony comes even to bury, much less to praise her. Her soil, too sacred to defend the Constitution penned by her own immortal statesman, has been made the sanguinary battle-ground for its overthrow and its defence;—disfigured by the entrenchments of hostile forces and the shock of contending armies,—sterility has cursed her half-tilled soil, robbery and rebellion have swept away her scanty earnings; the terrible elements of civil war have burst their dark storm-cloud over her; fire has consumed her homes, and violence scattered her people abroad. Weeping mothers with starving children have not where to lay their heads.

"Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!"

Social desolation broods over her. The slavery, for the protection of which she professed to go to war, has worked its own abolition—unable to realize the conception that material wealth may take wings, it availed itself of more practical means of locomotion, and *ran away*. Her institutions of religion and

learning have been despoiled, and her churches made the habitations of dragons and the companion of owls:—literally flocks fold in the area of her temples, and filthy reptiles inhabit the sanctuary of her gods. Where the mansions of her ancient families have escaped the torch, they have been desecrated by rebellion and polluted by murder.

“Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnished
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,
And carvings guilt and burnished;

“Rich hangings, storied by the needle’s art
With scripture history, and ancient fable;
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

“One lonely ray, that glanced upon the bed,
As if by awful aim, direct and certain,
To show the bloody hand in burning red
Embroidered on the curtain.

“What human creature, in the dead of night,
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance;
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,
Striving for dear existence.”

When we turn from her present degradation, to invoke the memory of her ancient greatness, we see but a feeble and flickering ray of her “light of other days,” and that shooting up from the smouldering embers of her funeral pyre. And all this, too, that half a dozen scurvy politicians might strut the titular dignities of a bankrupt mob, called, by way of eminence, the Confederate States of America.

We are now upon a pivot in the world’s progress; we are wheeling upon the great turn-table which places nations upon the track leading to an unexplored future. We are creating materials for history, not pursuing its beaten pathway. We are solving social and political problems, by the inherent power of truth, for the world’s instruction, and not demonstrating from a book of precedents. The inquisition through which we are passing will expose and reject all false and fabricated the-

ories, however long they may have been sanctioned by usage, protected by privilege, or sheltered by fraud, and only acknowledge the influence of vital forces. But Providence works out its beneficent plans by secondary means, and great events await us. The past and the future have been torn asunder by convulsion. Time has leaped forward half a century at a single bound, and has left the past with its chronic and acute abuses; with its hereditary opinions, coursing along its ancestral ruts and grooves; its combinations of machine-moving, place-hunting, money-changing politicians; its vain-glorious pride and pomp and circumstance, and its disregard of the blessings of a free Constitution, a holy Union, and the protection of a good government; for a future teeming with new desires, and rewarded by greater realities, by new thoughts and new impulses, an emancipation from the shackles of party despotism, a more elevated and generous patriotism, a more just comprehension of our free institutions, a more enlarged and liberalized democracy, more just views of sectional and inter-state relations, a more catholic spirit of charity, a deeper and purer love of country and of the whole brotherhood of man!

The first great practical duty before us is to crush the rebellion which threatens us, and to vindicate the Constitution. And to do this, we must treat it as it is; not as the struggle of a political canvass, nor as a government with which we are at war, but as an overgrown, turbulent, irresponsible mob; tossing, roaring, pillaging, murdering; generated in the fœtid hot-bed of a desperate and daring conspiracy, and governed and directed by self-elected dictators, "who had rather reign in hell than serve in heaven." If we should have an honorable and enduring peace, we must not purchase, but conquer it, though the conflict be as protracted and bloody as that which ended on Bosworth's field, and terminated the war of the roses. There is not now, nor can there be hereafter, any peace or safety in yielding to the demands of depraved ambition.

When it is inquired what shall be done to arrest its turbulence, to destroy its evil power, and save the Union, let it rather be inquired what shall not be done to attain such ends. We live in an age of stirring interests, and amidst events which startle the world. We are playing at stakes where a

free nation and the cause of liberty are the hazards. Could the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the affairs of earth, the heroes and sages of the Revolution might envy the privilege vouchsafed to us to complete their noble beginnings; to nourish the wide-spread tree, whose slender shoot they planted; to preserve, extend, perpetuate, and strengthen the government whose germ they nurtured in the name of liberty! Though the Southern people have been exasperated by sectional irritations, and deluded and misled by the designing, touching their relations with the Northern States and people, they are yet loyal at heart, and the difficulty rests not with them. They would lay down their rebellious arms and return to their duty in the government, were it not for the intervention of conspiracy, supported by an armed mob, who dispose of life and liberty and property upon the caprice or passion of the moment, and who, in their insane ravings, are regardless of the laws of God and man. But the conspirators who darkly plotted disunion and plunged the nation in blood for their own aggrandizement, have by no means lost sight of their original plans of ambition, nor will they yield to any influences, except such as governments, conscious of their power, and reposing upon laws and constitutions, have, in all ages of the world, extended to conspirators and traitors.

The recognition of secession, in any form, would be the inauguration of anarchy; a long and rayless night of darkness, conferring a premium upon conspiracy, treason and its concomitants; offering a reward for rebellion—the first passage in the world's history where a government has consented to be dismembered by rebellious subjects, when it had the means and power of resistance and preservation. Create a demand for conspiracies against government, and depravity will furnish the supply; attempt to silence one by concessions, and they will come forth like the clansmen of Roderick Dhu. Once compromise the power and dignity of government in the hope of cowardly conciliation, and we shall have no government to compromise. Dynasty after dynasty will rise up, every State and section and city will produce its aspirants for supreme command, and causes of fancied oppression will be found wherever a desire for leadership shall commence the search.

This evil spirit of disunion has been for years engaged in demoralizing the popular conscience, trifling with and weakening the holy sentiments inculcated by our fathers, whetting the gory vulture-beak of avarice and ambition for prey, and lying in wait for some propitious period to commit the Southern people by armed rebellion to their infernal schemes. With deliberate and infamous preparation, they seized upon the election of the present chief magistrate, whose success they connived at, as the time to inaugurate the reign of anarchy. Not that they feared violence to Southern institutions, or a disregard of Southern rights, but because, upon the election of a Republican President upon a sectional vote, they could best inflame the Southern mind. They saw, too, that the spirit of sectional controversy was every day giving place to kindlier relations between Northern and Southern people; that the storm which had lowered had spent its fury, and that the bow of promise was arching itself up in a peaceful sky; that the Supreme Court was silencing their cavil upon the question of Territories; that Congress was organizing territorial governments without restriction; that the fugitive slave law, in spite of the prejudice against it, was being executed in the true spirit of the Constitution; that they, and those who sympathized in their general views, had a majority in both branches of Congress, and they doubtless believed they would find no just cause of complaint in the inaugural of the incoming President. But the conspiracy, that tontine of infamy, had been arranged, and its parts had been given out and were under rehearsal; the perjuries and robberies had, in part, been perpetrated; each one in the secret was in a position to goad on every other; and cowardice rather than courage urged them forward. If they remained in the government, where they had so long borne sway, exposure and disgrace were sure to follow, and "Othello's occupation" would be gone. They could but fail in an effort at dissolution, and it might be crowned by the coveted rewards—disunion and a Southern confederacy, where the many should be subjects of the few. The Brahmins believe that the shadow of the degraded pollutes those upon whom it falls, and certain it is that the shadow of this vile conspiracy has covered the people of the disloyal States with one vast plague-spot of pollution.

Had this rebellion originated in irritations over the question of domestic slavery, it would have sprung up in border slave States—those alone which had practical cause for complaint—with Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri; or it would have originated in the planting districts with the slaveholders themselves. But all the border States resisted secession to arms, and only one has seceded, and that against the voice of her people, clearly expressed, and the act of secession has been repudiated by a portion of her own people, and a new government has been established on the ruins of the old.

The prime movers of the rebellion were decaying politicians—sapped by base uses, and seedy by wear and tear—senators, representatives and cabinet ministers, whose terms were drawing to a close; officers in the army and navy, who were looking for increased rank and emolument; idlers who were seeking consequence and compensation; and bankrupts who longed for a revolution which would cancel old contracts, and give them a credit to make new ones. The States most rampant for secession were South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, and other States whose grievances were entirely theoretical and imaginary, and whose indecent haste in repudiating the Union proved that they had other objects than equality of right under a common Constitution.

These are the evil elements which have fastened a death-struggle upon the government. It is a contest for very existence. One must triumph, and its antagonism be destroyed. Government must crush and conquer armed rebellion by force of arms, or sink beneath its violence, a helpless, hopeless wreck, and thus perish—an Empire apparently destined by Heaven to keep the lights of liberty burning during the darkness of the ages. The issue is fully and fairly made up. It involves, beyond cavil or evasion, not merely the integrity of the government, but its vitality. Every one must determine whether he will aid in upholding or in overthrowing, for there can be no neutrals. When the children of Israel sojourned in heathen lands, and were accustomed to indulge in stealthy devotions to its divinities, the dying Joshua demanded that they should wholly serve Jehovah as the only living and true God, or serve the gods of the nations among whom they dwelt. And the Union-loving people of the United States may, with propriety, de-

mand that they who will not kneel at the holy shrine of the Union with a willing and devoted heart, shall prostrate themselves before the secession Baal, and wreath the smoke of their incense beneath his nostrils.

In love of country, and fidelity to its institutions, we may find an illustrious and cheering example in the history of the elder Brutus. When informed by the oracle that of himself and associates, the one who should kiss his mother should be king of Rome, while they hastened to embrace the mother queen, he reverently kissed the mother earth. He swore by the blood of the violated and self-murdered Lucretia, to expel the Tarquins from Rome. and in sitting in judgment upon his sons who were detected in a conspiracy to restore the hated monarchs, he ordered their execution with tearless eyes, exclaiming "a man may have many children, he can have but one country."

In efforts to preserve the Union, and put down the rebellion, we must act together, with one heart and one accord. Not in sects, parties, or divisions, but as a people. Political parties have their uses, but it is not their office to stand in array against each other when the citadel is threatened with destruction. They are good servants, but bad masters. Peace hath its victories as well as war. The hope of the rebellion has rested on sympathy in the loyal States, and it elings to the delusion still. But, if we could raise the united voice of the whole people in a common purpose, regardless of previous political opinions and associations, or party antecedents, it would at this time carry more terror to the heart of rebellion, than an army of half a million with arms and banners. Political parties are organized to secure united action. They are formed upon the idea that those who associate agree upon the measures to be supported or opposed, and that there is strength in unity. In this view and for this purpose, they are not only a great necessity in a free government, but tend to elicit truth, correct abuses, and render pure the current of public morals. But in any other sense and for any other purpose, they demoralize opinion at its fountain, and are only calculated to advance the ends of "treasons, stratagems and spoils." In all the ordinary affairs of life, when many would attain a common end, it is the first instinct of our nature to act in concert; we do not separate in parties, sections, or divisions, frowning upon each other, in-

dulging in crimination and recrimination, and wasting strength and energies upon each other, which are required to advance the desired object. But all labor together, and the standard of merit is fidelity to the cause. Political parties cannot, nor should they surrender, merge, or abandon their organizations to suit the capricious and changeful currents of political affairs, while they yet stand divided upon some absorbing principle, some living issue. But when a question arises that takes hold of the foundation stones of our edifice of free government, which concerns the existence of our institutions for weal or woe, parties formed upon the internal policy of the government must retire; there can be no formation or continuance of parties upon it. The only line it draws is between the friends and the enemies of the Union. One must be for upholding, and the other for overthrowing the fabric of liberty. Those who assail and would destroy it will instinctively act together, that the hands of treason and rebellion may be strengthened, and the accursed work be the more surely accomplished. Those who would defend and preserve, should be drawn together by a common impulse of patriotism, as American citizens born to a common destiny—heirs to the same great heritage, joint trustees for future generations, and responsible to the same tribunal for the faithful discharge of their relations. Those who assail do not inquire from whence come their associates, if they labor with zeal in the mad work of destruction: those who defend should only be sure that in this struggle for life, those who fight by their side are pledged to the sure and swift and terrible destruction of the rebellion, and to the preservation of the Union. What though those who join hands to-day in defending the holy citadel differed upon the question of a United States Bank, an Independent Treasury—the Tariffs of 1842 and 1846—the annexation of Texas—the Wilmot Proviso—the doctrine of popular sovereignty—or the Topeka Constitution? These were all questions concerning the true policy of the government. The question now is, whether we shall have a government with any policy whatever. Those who agree in the general idea of crushing the rebellion and supporting the government, and yet have not the courage to act together because they chance to hail from different political organizations, have reached the lowest strata of political degradation, and are the

victims of a slavery ten-fold more base and abject and cruel than the worst forms of Algerine servitude. We need not abandon well-established political ideas, much less adopt new ones. We need not surrender nor dissolve political organizations when they deserve preservation, nor join new ones. But if we love the Constitution and the Union, and hate rebellion, we can leave mere party issues and organizations in abeyance, until we have, as a whole people, determined together whether we have a government which can put down rebellion and punish treason; for if we have not it can be of little moment what party bears rule, or what policy obtains.

It must be a mean and grovelling ambition, indeed, which could aim at party ascendancy and administration, in a government too puerile to enforce the constitution and laws for the punishment of its rebellious subjects. For the persistent efforts to keep on foot party organizations, and to act as such, instead of moving together as a people, we are indebted to political leaders, field-m Marshals, captain-generals, centurions, and drill-sergeants. They are in position and desire to stay there. They make shrines for the Diana of party, and can afford to cry aloud of her greatness. They fear that not only their organizations will be lost, their parties be lost, their principles be lost (not always a serious sacrifice), but that they will be lost too, if they relax party discipline even in such a crisis, to act for the Union, irrespective of party. But the rank and file, the honest masses of all parties, will remember that the bane of political life is self-constituted party-leaders; that organizations are formed upon principles, and not principles upon organizations; that when a party originates, or old parties embody upon a new principle, an organization springs up spontaneously, and that neither principles nor parties perish for lack of leaders. But if leadership, like royalty, must have continuous existence, it can be secured against the decay which awaits all things terrestrial. The curious in natural history inform us that when that entomological myth, the queen-bee, dies, with no legitimate successor, one of the plebeian extraction is selected for the discharge of the regal functions, and, on being fed a short time on a repast set apart for queens alone, becomes in all respects as veritable and comely a monarch, both in capacity and development, as though born to the high estate of the royal

household; and should the true line of party leadership be placed in jeopardy by the insatiate leveller, the place might be supplied by selecting some buzzing individual from the party hive, even if a drone, who, upon the meats prepared exclusively for those exercising magisterial functions, would soon wax into regal proportions.

Let no one lay the flattering unction to his soul, that this Union can ever be divided with success or a prospect of future peace. To advocate or assent to division, is to favor or consent to destruction. We are not to stay the loss of life, the effusion of blood, the oppression of taxation, or mitigate the harsh features of war, by yielding to, or tampering with rebellion. In times like these, no true spirit quails before the rude blasts of adversity. Our fathers, when weak in all but heroic hearts, planted the germ of this great and good government, and nourished it with their warm hearts' blood. The mothers of the Revolution bathed it with their bitter tears. Now that we, their children, are strong, let us cherish and preserve it. Whoever counsels division, in the hope of purchasing peace, sows heresy broadcast, and will reap a harvest of delusion. To adulterate the natural fountain is a sin against God, and a crime against man; but he who poisons popular opinion at the fountain, and "plants death in the seat of our nation's life," is a more ferocious monster than he who, to signalize his brutal nature, reared a monument of seventy thousand human skulls. We can only consent to disruption and disunion with the last breath of a strangled Union—when it is struggling with the painful throes of final dissolution—when its vision upon earth is closed forever, and its great and generous heart lies still and cold and passionless—when

"Life flutters convulsed in its quivering limbs,
And its blood-streaming nostril in agony swims."

Then, if ever, let the debasing acknowledgment be mingled with the appalling death-rattle, that it may not survive its shame. When Darius offered Alexander, as terms of peace, all the country he had conquered, as far as the Euphrates, and his daughter in marriage, it was promptly rejected. But Parmenio, one of Alexander's generals, and an advocate for peace, said,

“I would have accepted the proposal had I been Alexander.”
 “So would I,” replied Alexander, “had I been Parmenio.”
 “Were I charged with the administration of this government,” says an individual, irresolute in principle, and weak in understanding, “I would consent to the secession and independence of the confederate States, and restore peace to our torn and bleeding and distracted country;” “And so would we,” respond the people, “were we as weak, irresolute, and treacherous as you are.”

The United States cannot be successfully separated. If the poetic conception be not irreverently applied,

“They form one part of a stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul.”

Although composed of numerous States, the federal government is one and indivisible. If we were governed by no loftier conceptions, what true political economist would separate the granary of the West, with her inland seas, her broad and fertile prairies, and her incalculable elements in all that render a people great, from the residue; the planting regions of the genial and sunny South, with her rice and cotton and sugar, for, “with all her faults we love her still;” the commerce of the Empire, the mineral treasures of the Keystone—cut off self-reliant New England, with her moral and social elements, and her manufacturing thrift, or surrender the golden shores of the Pacific to the destroying genius of disunion? Like the several members of the human frame, each of these regions contribute to the others, and are all necessary to the completeness and enjoyment of the whole. No one, nor any member can be separated without disfiguring the fair proportions—not a single stone in this arch of freedom can be removed, without endangering the edifice. How could we partition the glorious passages in our history as a nation, or divide the memories of the Revolution, around which our souls’ holiest impulses linger? The effort would be like parting the raiment of the Saviour of man, and casting lots for his vesture. What section of the Union is so steeped in degradation that it would surrender its inheritance in Lexington and Saratoga and Yorktown? What son of Revolutionary sire would visit Bunker Hill by govern-

ment's permission, or bear a rebel passport to the tomb of Washington? Our great nation is animated by one popular heart, and when that shall cease to throb, the nation will die—die forever; when the darkness of death and night closes over it, no spark shall relume its light of life—"no sound awake it to glory again."

If it is inquired whether the Union can be maintained by force, and whether a State can be coerced, or a people subjugated under our confederated system, it is answered that conspiracy and rebellion may be arrested, tried, convicted and punished under the government of the United States as under any other. Neither a State nor individuals can be coerced to discharge, with alacrity and fidelity, all the duties incumbent upon them, for many of these must proceed from a desire to discharge a duty. But the federal government, in the relation of maintaining its integrity, of arresting conspiracy, and treating rebellion, has no concern with States. She has a government of her own, extending over all the people of all the States and Territories, and though her rights and jurisdiction are clearly defined, and in many respects limited, for all the purposes of this question, they are as complete and absolute as though we were one consolidated republic. She cannot coerce a State to send senators and representatives to Congress, but in all that concerns federal relations she can legislate for them, and the penalty incurred for the delinquency must be non-representation; but she can arrest, try, condemn, and punish every individual in a State for any offence against the federal laws, punishable as a crime, as well as in the District of Columbia, where she has exclusive jurisdiction. In this case the offenders would certainly be subjugated, but whether the *State* would be coerced, must be left to the political metaphysician to decide. But there can be no fear that States will long remain unrepresented in Congress when relieved from the rule of murderous demagogues. Should the sun fail to rise in the morning, we should not rejoice in the light of day; should the rains cease to descend, the earth would not put forth her fruits; should the dews cease to fertilize, vegetation would mourn the decline; and should political communities, not overawed by the armed bands of rebellion, neglect to send representatives to places of high trust, honor, and emolument, we might proclaim the dawn of

the millennium, and listen to hear the morning stars sing together for joy.

There are those who would compare this rebellion with the glorious American Revolution. The conception is desecration, its utterance treason against Heaven! The Revolution aimed at man's emancipation from the tyranny of man;—this cowardly conspiracy seeks to raise its superstructure upon the foundation of involuntary servitude. The Revolution sought to establish for man a more enlarged freedom;—the conspiracy seeks to repose upon foundations of perpetual bondage. Our fathers sought to release;—they seek to enslave. Our fathers protected the rights of property in servitude as a necessity;—they seek to make servitude indispensable to government. Our fathers founded a system of justice, equality, and peace;—they seek to subvert it for one of injustice, inequality, and military rule.

The doctrine of secession, so bald, so shallow and impudent in assumption, and so often and so ably refuted, that it is held in contempt by all reasoning minds, is the exclusive property of the conspirators, upon the highest principles of justice as well as of international law,—the right of invention and discovery; a discovery that a government of such elaborate finish that it has challenged the admiration of great minds throughout the world, and has been universally recognized and acknowledged as one of the controlling powers of earth, is after all a mere jackdaw, strutting under borrowed plumes—clad with feathers which may be withdrawn at the pleasure of their lenders, leaving the government without a people or a jurisdiction, the sport and the derision of the world, answering to the waggish definition of transcendentalism; the hole of a bank swallow in the sand, after the sandbank has been removed and the hole remaining!

But the premium secession assumption, if any one item can bear the palm over another, is the claim, as rare in law and logic as in morals, that in withdrawing from the Union, a State may, under the pretence of, and as an incident to resuming its complete sovereignty, rightfully seize and convert and appropriate to its use all the property, real and personal, belonging to the general government, it can find, as a matter of *right*, including real estate, conveyed for full consideration, and the exclusive jurisdiction ceded to the United States. This doctrine,

if approved and sanctioned, would drive the highwayman from the field by its competition, destroy the pursuits of the burglar by more convenient thefts in open day, and strike the robberies of Turpin and the piracies of Kidd from the catalogue of crime, and range them by the side of modern enterprises, sanctioned by an improved reading of the decalogue, where one *resumes* the property of another without leave, and by force and fraud and violence. It would re-enact the code of Sherwood forest, that "he may take who has the power and he may keep who can."

Let no true heart quail under the afflictive visitations of war. As a people, we have partaken of the fruits, but never paid the penalty of greatness. We have been borne along upon an unbroken current of such prosperity as the world never saw before. But as sorrow and bereavement chasten and rectify the human heart, and fit it for the lights and shadows, the storms and sunshine and vicissitudes of life, so checks and reverses and afflictions subdue the lofty and unholy pride of nations, teach them reliance upon the supreme Governor of the universe,—teach them moderation and justice and peace, and qualify them for the stern realities of their mission. We must meet the emergencies of our day as our fathers met theirs. Had they trembled at the thought of blood, or been alarmed by the cry of taxation, we should this day have been the serfs and slaves and colonial dependencies of a haughty trans-atlantic power—ruled over by foreign governors, and their decrees enforced by the bayonets of a foreign soldiery. They courted the issue as a choice—it is forced upon us as a necessity! They could have submitted to their fate without dishonor—but we cannot surrender the fruits of their bravery, without sinking beneath the contempt of civilization. Conspiracy, treason, and armed rebellion are not peculiar to our form of government alone. From the time the first born of woman slew the second, the earth has been a battle-field, strewed with the spoils of animals, savage and tame. The history of man is a history of conflicts;—of early governments of a base, destructive, and fickle career. But the nursings of the storm give moral development and strength and self-reliance. Who would not rather have been a hardy Roman in the hey-day of that lofty Republic, than a luxurious and effeminate Persian, with all the attending ease and indolence and sensual delights of that decaying nation?

Great memories are clustering around us now, and urging us onward. We are already immortalized in the Pantheon of history. The achievement of our independence comes down to us, its sainted spirits watch over us and beckon us forward to duty. It tells us in the name of the sleeping dead, that in this struggle we should never falter, nor fall out by the way. It tells us, better that a whole generation should be swept away by the scourge of war, than yield one jot or tittle of our institutions;—better that our whole material wealth should be swallowed by taxation, than submit to the dismemberment of this our holy Union; better that fire should sweep over our land and leave it smouldering in ashes, and black with desolation, than that any portion of it should be surrendered to the insolent demands of conspiracy and rebellion; better that pestilence should breathe its contagion amongst us, until death should have the majority, and every man should avoid his fellow to escape contamination, than to submit to the rule of traitors; better that gaunt famine should waste us to spectral shadows, and leave us to prey insanely upon our kind like evil beasts, than permit the vulture of secession to tear with remorseless fangs the vitals of our country.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land.”

But to preserve it, we must stand together with undying resolution,—discarding minor considerations and collateral issues,—look only to the prostration of rebellion and the preservation of the Constitution;—to the upholding of that emblem of a nation's honor and a nation's hope, which is the idol and the joy of all who love liberty and detest tyranny. The Greeks fell from their high estate from division and disunion. The Persians, who found their arms invincible when united, sought the means of sowing discord amongst them, and with division commenced their decline. They made spasmodic efforts to recover expiring liberty, but the protection they invoked proved their conqueror, and Greece was swallowed in the Roman Empire.

We must neither be misled nor intimidated by the imperious

demands and haughty gasconades of rebellion. Tyrants, conspirators, oppressors, and usurpers are as cowardly when firmly met as they are desperate and cruel when they hold the mastery. The Babylonish king suddenly turned pale with trembling, when he saw the unknown writing upon the wall. Saul bowed himself to the earth when the familiar spirit of Endor saw mighty ones ascending. Marcus Brutus fought at Philippi with the ghost of the murdered Cæsar before him, and the atrocities of Richard filled his dark and troubled spirit with terrific dreams, and drove sleep from him. And when the ferocious monsters who conspired for the destruction of the Union, who planned this rebellion and urged it forward, shall be unmasked in their cunning, and stand in their naked and hideous depravity before an outraged people; when they shall be viewed as they are, not as Presidents, Judges, Senators, Generals, and Ministers of State, but as conspirators, perjurers, robbers, pirates, thieves and cut-throats; an ambulatory conspiracy,—a government on casters, an administration on horseback, like the predatory bands of the Pampas, and the gorges of the Andes, —a fugitive mob, escaping from justice, without a local habitation, and, like an indicted criminal, seeking to postpone final condemnation, and improve the chances of deliverance, by a venue where its true character is less known;—when they shall see themselves as they will be seen by the masses of the people of their own deluded States,—shall see how they have desolated the fairest portion of the earth with fire and sword and rapine, —how they have blasted the fruits of industry, and left famine and starvation,—what myriads they have sent, by butchery and violence, to bloody and unknown graves,—how many bitter tears they have caused to be shed,—how many pure and gentle hearts they have crushed and broken,—how many sighs they have caused to be wafted to Heaven,—and how many mourning widows and weeping orphans their wrongs have left to curse them,—they will call upon the rocks and mountains to hide them from the face of those they have betrayed and defrauded and bereaved, and left homeless. Men whose estates they have plundered, wives whose husbands they have slain, mothers whose children they have murdered, children who have been robbed of those to whom they looked for sustenance and protection, will rise up in judgment against them to sear their eyeballs,

and drive them from human habitations. Thus far they have deceived and defrauded the people of the revolting States, but detection and exposure are sure to follow, and then conspiracy like Acteon, will be torn by its own dogs.

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

Stripped of their disguises, deposed from their mock official stations, disrobed of their stolen insignia, and left to stand out from the canvas, in their villainy, they must fly from the land they have desecrated and disgraced, or submit to the majesty of the laws they have offended, and terminate an ignoble career with the gibbet or the dungeon: and all the people will say *amen!* All the people, did I say? No! some Rip Van Winkle politician, half aroused from his hybernation by the shouts of applause which shall greet the condemnation, will snore out his murmurs that the whole matter had not been submitted to a political party convention, to be half smothered, half adjusted, half compromised, half disposed of, and wholly postponed to a more convenient season in the future.

Thus commenced, and thus shall terminate a conspiracy more causeless and atrocious than any which has ever scourged mankind. Its folly will take a place in history with that of Shay's Rebellion and the Whiskey Insurrection, and its depravity with the revolt of Satan. Its fiendish authors will be remembered, but only to be execrated for the wrongs they have inflicted. Their career will be traced by bloody foot-prints along its dark and dreary windings, and many lips shall whisper curses on their names, but not one single human being shall ever rise up to bless them, for all will remember because of their atrocities—

“How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain;
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! How many bleed
By shameful variance betwixt man and man;
How many pine in want and dungeon's glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs! How many drink the cup

Of baleful grief; or eat the bitter bread
Of misery, sore pierced by wintry winds;
How many sink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!"

This unnatural and ferocious war, with all its destruction and desolation, will leave traces of utility behind,—will teach us the relative rights of government and people,—of the Union and of the several States—the blessings of peace, and the inflictions of war. All governments claim a perpetuity of existence, and when that existence is imperilled, they may exert every power, even to absolute despotism, to preserve it. It is the law of existence—a principle which lies at the foundation of all human governments, and upon which constitutions repose. It is not to be lightly exercised nor stayed to appease the clamor of faction. He who is invested with supreme command must preserve the integrity of the government, to the exclusion and detriment of all civil rights, as an imperious and overruling necessity regardless of consequences, and is responsible only to the people and to Christian civilization for the good faith with which he exercises functions so potent and so dangerous. The *habeas corpus*, the sword and shield of liberty against oppression, which was guaranteed at Runnymede with the great charter of human rights; that universal leveller which confounds the tyrant upon the throne, and consoles the prisoner in the dungeon, and which no human hand can arrest in time of peace, must yield to the terrible exigencies of war, when there is reason to believe it may let loose spies, traitors, and informers, and thus endanger the existence of the government and the success of its armed forces.

A free press—that pioneer in human progress, that potential agent in perfecting all that is grand in design, pure in motive, and mighty in achievement,—which strikes down the impious, in their moments of daring, and stoops to cheer the abject and afflicted,—which takes to itself the wings of the morning, diffuses joy and intelligence to the uttermost parts of the earth, and unites in bonds of amity and interest children who play around the beams of the morning and the setting sun,—which imparts freshness and vigor to free institutions, and quickens the pulsations of liberty,—which elevates the patriot-

ism of the statesman, and nerves the mailed arm of the warrior,—which enters the domestic circle, that bower of earthly paradise, with its salutary influences, and dries up the mourner's tears, by teaching the consolations of religion—that great palladium of liberty, when it darkly whispers treason, and gives aid and comfort to rebellion, must bow beneath the iron rule of martial law, and remain silent until “grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front,” and the civil power is adequate to the punishment of offences and the correction of abuses.

The necessity and utility of martial law, in times like these, has been established and vindicated by numerous and illustrious examples. It has seized and committed to places of confinement spies and traitors,—it has stayed the subtle and insidious poison of a pestilent and treasonable press,—it has changed the project of two eminent ministers from the course of foreign to domestic missions, where, although their field of labor and usefulness may be circumscribed, they will be sure to find more appreciative and sympathizing audiences and congenial associations, and in their ministrations, in one respect, at least, resemble the apostles of old—preach to spirits in prison.

The government of this Union, assailed as it is by conspirators and traitors, appears to-day more bright and beautiful than ever, and exhibits a power and energy of which no government of earth can boast. When rebellion reared its crest, five hundred thousand armed men, every one a sovereign, leaped to their feet for the defence of the Constitution, without a single forced levy, and millions more stood ready for the conflict. Governors closed the executive chamber, and led on their brave volunteers in person; clergymen left the sacred desk to rally to the defence of the Constitution; lawyers laid aside their briefs, and grasped the sword and buckler; professors abandoned their schools for the tented field; doctors committed their patients to the care of friends and the mercy of Providence; merchants changed the counting-house for the camp. The government stretched out its hand for money, and hundreds of millions were poured into its lap by its own citizens. With one of the greatest armies in the field which the world ever saw, the productions of our industry are feeding a hungry world, and concentrating its specie in our commercial emporium. The altar-lights of religion glow with their wonted lustre,—learning trims her lamp

anew,—domestic love and the social affections diffuse their heaven-born blessings,—the ploughman “drives his team afield,” furnaces sigh, locomotives scream,—art plies her thousand trades, steam hisses, anvils ring, and hammers beat, and factories roll, and spindles hum, and shuttles play, as though all were peace. And while neighboring sister States are indulging unfriendly relations, the children of the Atlantic and the Pacific are conversing in the tones of business, and whispering together the warm accents of affection. Great, then, as are the perils of the Union, its hopes are greater,—dark and frowning and terrible as is the storm that lowers, “beyond the clouds the sun is shining.” Conspiracy has been exposed in its fraud, rebellion arrested in its fury, and the same beneficent Being who chastens, will shelter and protect the last refuge of liberty on earth.

The lamented Webster, with an eloquence unsurpassed, and which the groves of Academus might have envied, pronounced our Union’s proudest eulogy:

“No monarchial throne presses these States together; no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand in a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever! In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man’s liberty; it has crushed no State; its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise and love of glory and renown; large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great oceans of the world wash the one and the other shore.”

Ah! how priceless are such institutions as these,—how dear to the American heart is the blood-bought Union;—a Union which shall never be yielded, so long as life and hope animate us as a people—so long as the sun rises in the morning, and trees blossom in the spring. So long as the rains descend, and dews fertilize the earth, and rivers flow, and ocean tides beat, and patriotic pulses play, we will swear by the noble spirits of manhood,—by the purity and affection of woman,—by the spotless innocence of childhood, to preserve the Union. So that the Genius of Liberty in her invocation may exclaim, “The skies

may fade, the sun himself grow dim, and nature sink in years, but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

In every great vicissitude of life, the heart of manhood has been made strong, and its arm nerved for the conflict, by the patient endurance and cheering affection of woman. Though her pure and gentle nature shrinks instinctively from the horrors of war, since rebellion is upon us, she hails this conflict of arms, as her protector from the scourge of lawlessness and rapine, and bids us be men! In the dark conflict of the Revolution, she buckled the rude armor upon those she loved, and hurried them away to the sanguinary field to peril their lives in the resistance of oppression; and with unfaltering hand she bound up the lacerated bosom of the dying, as the life-current was ebbing forever. She has sacrificed upon the altar of the Union those she loves, with a devotion even passing the love of women,—husband, father, and son and brother and lover; and like a ministering angel hovers near, consoling the wounded and dying, and smoothing with gentle hand the rude pillow of the worn and weary. In the terrible shock of contending armies the patriotic soldier is animated to noble deeds, for he sees—

“ On his helm, by virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love,”

and hears a gentle voice whisper in his ear, “ *Preserve the Union!* ” In the dark hours of midnight, in the distant camp, when the weary repose to sleep, and the wounded to die,—when dreams of home and of loved ones flit over the imagination and cheat the wandering senses, the same sweet voice repeats “ *Preserve the Union!* ” When the rigors of a soldier’s life become unbearable,—when cold and hunger and fatigue and sickness lie heavy on the heart,—when government neglects, and the country seems unmindful and ungrateful, he is sustained and cheered again in softly-breathing accents, “ *Preserve the Union!* ” When defeat attends our arms, when treachery betrays, when the faithless falter, and the timid fly, and hope fails and the heart sickens, the same lips are heard in the low melody of prayer, “ *Father of mercies, preserve the Union!* ” When the thick darkness of night closes around our noble ship,—when

deep thunders roll, and flashes of angry lightning shoot athwart the sky,—when the dense, cold storm freezes the life-currents, and fear appals the heart,—when the winds howl frantically, and the waves, lashed to fury, hurry her onward to destruction,—when “shriek the timid and stand still the brave,” let despair be banished—let moans be hushed—let an iron hand grasp the helm, and all be summoned to duty, that she may outride the angry elements, and cruise on upon her holy mission; for the same sweet voice inspires us to effort, and, by God’s help, the good ship UNION “*shall be preserved*” FOREVER.



CORRESPONDENCE.

TO
MRS. LYDIA L. COURTNEY,
AND
MRS. MARY STEVENS MYGATT;
THIS CORRESPONDENCE,
SO BEAUTIFULLY EXEMPLIFYING,
IN MANY OF ITS PASSAGES,
THE ENDEARING RELATION AND
MUTUAL LOVE AND CONFIDENCE OF
FATHER AND CHILD,
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE TO THE LETTERS.

IN the sad months following the great bereavement which threw its sombre shadow over a happy home, changing smiles and cheerful greetings to sorrowful tears, many of the letters written by my dear husband were gathered together for the perusal of family and friends. It was, however, after due consideration, deemed fitting and best to preserve them in a more enduring form: giving them a place in connection with the speeches and addresses, that those who honored and admired him as the patriot and statesman only, might, together with those who knew and loved him, read of those qualities of mind and heart, which rendered him so dear in the home which he gladdened with the sunshine of his presence; while they exhibit, perhaps even more vividly than his earnest, impressive oratory, how fervent, pure, and true was the love he bore his country.

Perhaps some who, in the mysterious vicissitudes of human life, have drifted far away from youthful scenes and associations, may find in these pages passages which will bring vividly before them one who always held them in affectionate remembrance, and who, though constantly acquiring new friends, ever cherished the same unwavering attachment for those of his early years.

The Orchard home, so replete with rural beauty and so congenial in his hours of retirement, has passed into other hands; the old, bright days there are now but a memory: yet in perusing these records, those who have been beneath its roof may recall pleasing memories of by-gone scenes, and imagine themselves in the old, familiar scenes; to hear the river's murmuring near his library windows; to see the sun-

light shimmering through the trees he so carefully nurtured ; to watch with him the robin building her nest ; to listen to that pleasant voice, until the happy hours passed in his congenial companionship seem almost to have come again, irradiating the dark cloud of sorrow with which painful reality has overshadowed those who loved him.

L. D.

INTRODUCTORY LETTERS.

GOVERNOR THROOP TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WILLOWBROOK, NEAR AUBURN, N. Y.,
November 21, 1866.

MY DEAR MADAM—I am exceedingly gratified by the note with which you have honored me, reminding me of one of my most cherished friendships. Your eminent and lamented husband was a friend to be proud of: a man of probity and genius, faithful to his friend and his country. That you should find consolation in reviewing your wedded life, and in putting upon record proofs of your husband's noble character and distinguished career, I can well understand; and I wish it were in my power to make a more satisfactory contribution to your pious enterprise than I have the means to do. With you it is a labor of love, and not of vanity. Your early struggles together, that he might become worthy to be honored by his countrymen, must have knit your hearts together in ever-enduring love: and a retrospect can yield nothing but pleasure.

From the period of my first acquaintance with Mr. Dickinson until I left the country in 1838, I was so situated as to have but few opportunities of personal intercourse with him; and the few letters which passed between us were elicited almost entirely by my approval of his course as a legislator and politician. He seemed a man after my own heart; and it was gratifying to me to find him in accordance with my own views on all important topics.

I first met Mr. Dickinson at Norwich in the year 1830, when I was on a journey across the county of Chenango, and again the next day, when I stopped for an hour or two at a little village a few miles east of Norwich, where he had recently opened an office to commence the practice of law. What

I observed of him then impressed me deeply with the idea that there were in him the elements of a man of mark; but I did not then foresee that the unassuming individual before me would, within a few years, be deemed a fit candidate for the presidency of the United States. On my return to Albany I spoke of him to my friends as a person of merit, and commended him particularly to my brother-in-law, Mr. James Porter, then register in chancery and an influential politician. They afterwards became intimate friends, as I have understood.

Mr. Dickinson had not then taken the first step in his brilliant career; when he did so, he rose rapidly. Impelled upward by the fire of genius—like the impatient balloon when fully charged—as soon as the ligaments which bound him to earth were severed, he rose to his equilibrium among the greatest men of the nation. I witnessed his luminous course with intense satisfaction; and now rejoice in the merited honors accorded to his memory by the unanimous voice of the nation.

I am resting here in my eighty-third year, quietly awaiting the inevitable summons; but while I remain, I shall never cease to think of you and yours with interest and profound respect and regard.

E. T. THROOP.

TO MRS. LYDIA DICKINSON.

REV. DR. ANDREWS TO MRS. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, December 26, 1866.

DEAR MRS. DICKINSON—In reply to your letter, I think my acquaintance with Mr. Dickinson first commenced in 1824, when he came to study law with the Hon. Lot Clark, in the village of Norwich, Chenango County. I became more intimate with him a few years after, when, living in Oxford, in the same County, I was principal of the Academy in that place. He had by this time finished his studies and was admitted to practice; he came frequently to visit Mr. Henry Van Der Lyn, an eminent counsellor, to consult him on various questions of law. Mr. Van Der Lyn, being Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Academy, had so identified himself with its interests, that there was scarcely a day, in which I was not led to his office by

something connected with the institution. Here I frequently met Mr. Dickinson, then quite a young man, and in the full flush of hope and expectation. His ready wit, vivacity, and apt quotations, entertained and delighted us. It was easy to see, at that early day, that he was to be no common man. The acquaintance thus formed continued in uninterrupted intimacy till his death.

A few years after, when I was Rector of the Episcopal Church in New Berlin, I was invited by Mr. Dickinson and several others, to preach on Sunday to the Episcopal Church, then newly organized in Guilford. The day was stormy and uncomfortable. I rode to Guilford with General Welch, and remained at your house as Mr. Dickinson's guest. A trivial incident occurred, so characteristic of Mr. Dickinson, that I have never forgotten it. A lady of the house, with feminine over-carefulness, made many apologies at the dinner table. In the kindest manner and with a pleasant voice he said, "Stop, my dear;—I am willing that the minister should know that I live within my income." This was a reply worthy of Aristides. The table was indeed furnished with all that was to be desired; and Mr. Dickinson's simplicity of taste disliked any appearance of affectation. It would be well for the young men and women of the present day, not to be ashamed to have the world know that they live within their income.

In the summer of 1836, I accepted the rectorship of Christ's Church, Binghamton, and was thus placed in intimate relations with Mr. Dickinson, who had removed here a few years before me. He was now in the full employment of an extensive practice, and with brilliant prospects of professional success. His talents were admirably fitted to make him a lawyer of the highest order. He prepared his causes with great care; arranged his evidence with consummate skill, and conducted his cross examinations with a shrewdness and searching power, which was, to a reluctant or dishonest witness, distressing in the extreme.

It was in this meridian of his strength and promise, that he was induced to accept the nomination to the State senatorship. He had doubts about accepting, and did me the honor to consult me. Knowing what he was about to give up for the uncertainties of political life, I endeavored to dissuade him; but

other influences prevailed, and, being elected, he commenced that career of politics and statesmanship which for so long a time was conducted with such brilliancy and reputation. But whatever laurels he may have won, either at Albany or Washington, I still think that his most appropriate sphere was in courts of justice and the practice of the legal profession. There he had few equals. His ready wit ; his happy application of rhyme, anecdote, or proverb ; the surprising quickness with which he seized upon the important points of a cause, gave a freshness and originality to his efforts ; while his power of argument and accurate knowledge of the law rendered him a formidable antagonist.

He was a model of industry, patient toil, and unwearied investigation. His office was no place for loungers and idlers. Attracted by his vivacity, pleasing manners, and inexhaustible fund of anecdote, many who had met him in the streets, or formed acquaintance with him at public places, or seen him in stages, cars, or at private parties, would go to his office, thinking to while away an idle hour in agreeable unprofitableness. They soon found their mistake. Not that they were repelled, or even treated coldly ;—there was the same kind manner, the same cordial greeting, the same good-natured welcome,—but he was busy ; his countenance was full of deep thought ; he was occupied with that in which they had no interest. They felt themselves intruders, and went away.

Such, my dear Madam, are some of the remembrances of your deceased husband. He added to all these religious faith in the promises of the Gospel ; and was not ashamed, in an unbelieving age, to own and declare that faith. I shall not dwell on this, for it is better known to you than any one else. Neither shall I dwell, with tender sorrow, on his memory ; for however great is the loss of him to his friends, his country and his family, you, of all others, must feel the conviction, that death to him is gain.

I am, Madam, with great respect and affection,

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD ANDREWS.

MR. ROGERS TO MRS. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, April 12, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. DICKINSON—One year has passed since the death of your husband, yet I do not doubt that you are as acutely sensible to your great loss as when the crushing blow first fell upon you.

I have had it in mind for many months to put into your hands some views of Mr. Dickinson's character, as that character has impressed me during an acquaintance somewhat familiar and confidential, running through a period of more than forty years. This, the anniversary of his death, seems a fitting occasion for the fulfilment of that design.

Though I knew Mr. Dickinson but little previous to your marriage, I well remember his earnest yet delicate attentions to you for years before that event, and when your feeble health was the subject of anxious solicitude among your friends. And it is a real pleasure to me now, to recall the impression made upon me at that time, that those attentions seemed more the affectionate and tender devotion of a loving brother towards an invalid sister, than those of a suitor and lover. And I may add that one of the most beautiful thoughts connected with my knowledge of his after life is this: that there was never any apparent abatement of that loving devotion.

I had thought to speak of his early struggles and the apparently insurmountable obstacles in the way of his advancement, of his strenuous efforts to overcome them, and of the success which crowned those efforts. But why should I? You know them all, and more than this, they will necessarily appear in detail and with precision, in his life, writings, and speeches, which, I learn, are soon to be given to the public by his competent and intelligent brother.

It is true that many of his struggles were quite familiar to me, for my own course, so far as it went, lay along the same rugged pathway. To a poor boy, at that day, the facilities for acquiring an education sufficiently broad and deep to make even a respectable foundation to a learned profession, were, as compared with the present, absolutely nothing—and yet this difficulty he overcame.

His marked characteristic was self-reliance. Works on history, the Bible, that book of books, and Shakespeare, which embraces all knowledge of men, their manners, thoughts, and actions, he had access to, and with these, backed by an indomitable will and a persistent industry which would recognize neither diminution nor fatigue, he acquired knowledge, and at an early day held a fair rank among men of letters.

His profession was acquired after he became a husband and a father, and when his own and his family's daily bread depended upon his daily earnings. I love to think of his manly and unflinching struggles, and to contemplate the strength and purpose of that will which no discouragements, however formidable, could overcome or repress.

Of Mr. Dickinson's successful career as a lawyer, of the prominent positions which he attained in public life, and of the manner in which his professional and official duties were discharged, it is unnecessary for me to write: you know it all, and feel, as you ought, a just pride in the dignity and purity of his record.

It is no disgrace, but rather an honor to his memory, that his youth was spent in diligent labor upon his father's farm, and that he began life for himself, at his majority, with very limited means.

It is in his social and domestic relations, of which the public know comparatively little, that I like most to think of him. At his own home and by his own hearth, he was a model man. With many perplexities always, he uniformly preserved buoyancy of feeling, and was ever the same genial friend, father, and husband.

His sympathies were with the unfortunate, and those who had a fair claim upon his charity never appealed to him in vain. And I think it but just to say that he never failed to discharge, and with the most scrupulous fidelity, all the duties of a son, a husband, a father, and a citizen.

He had an unusually keen sense of the ridiculous—exhibitions of which never failed to provoke in him either merriment or contempt. He had too, as you well know, sharp wit, with which he often amused his friends and sometimes embittered his enemies. On the other hand, it may be affirmed, I think, with entire truth, that he rarely censured without just cause,

and was always frank, possibly too frank and outspoken in his opinions. Viewing him in the light of a politician merely, no doubt it would have been more politic to have been more reticent. But this quality was not in harmony with his nature. He had an irrepressible contempt for disguises, and all meanness he regarded with utter scorn.

He was the soul of honor—the personification of integrity. I think no man can say, with truth, that he ever dodged a responsibility, rightfully cast upon him, or that he ever prevaricated to hide a fault.

If upon sudden irritation, or otherwise, he judged any one harshly, a little reflection was sure to set him right. And he was readier to make amends than his veriest enemy could be to censure or accuse him. And if an act of injustice was done to him, upon a fair acknowledgment, he was equally ready and prompt to forgive.

During a long professional and public career, he was exposed, as most men of genial tastes and manners are, to many and great temptations; yet it is eminently true, I have no manner of doubt, that he inflexibly resisted them all—and that he was as free from impurity when he died as when he entered upon his manhood.

He possessed the estimable and enviable quality of being a sincere friend. If he gave a man his confidence, it was hearty and enduring, and for such his sacrifices were generous and unselfish. This I had personal reason to know, and often, during our long and uninterrupted acquaintance and friendship.

Although your husband labored long and successfully in his profession, he did not amass large wealth, but he had earned, and left to you and yours, what is vastly more valuable, an unspotted record and an honored name.

I have purposely avoided a discussion of his public career, because his views of duty, upon most of the great questions that have arisen in our day, were nearly identical with my own,—and for the further reason that his published life will be his best eulogium and his surest vindication and defence, should any be needed.

With every good wish, I am, as always,

Your sincere friend

HENRY W. ROGERS.

REV. DR. PADDOCK TO MRS. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, August 16, 1867.

Mrs. LYDIA DICKINSON—*Dear Madam*.:—Learning that a volume commemorative of your late lamented husband is in course of preparation, I beg permission to put on record therein my estimate of his character—particularly his *religious* character. My personal acquaintance with him has been of some twenty years' standing. At first, however, our intercourse was but slight, and I knew him rather as a public man than as a private citizen or personal friend. He was generally understood to be a somewhat zealous political partisan, and neither my feelings nor my habits would be likely to carry me into very intimate relations with him. Latterly I have known him better, and have learned to look upon him in another and very different point of light. As members of the Board of Trustees of the Susquehanna Seminary, we often met for the transaction of business, and it was in this relation that I began to appreciate the rare excellence of his character. A wiser counsellor or more genial companion I have seldom, perhaps never, known. Every successive interview increased my respect for him. I found him to be not only a wise, but really a good man; disposed, like Cornelius the centurion, to fear God and work righteousness. It became very apparent that he was something more than a mere theoretical believer in the Christian religion; for it was easy to see that he aimed at imbibing its spirit, as well as carrying out its precepts in practical life. I may add, his broad catholicity was a most amiable and striking trait in his character. Well acquainted with the teachings of the Sacred Text, sectarian bigotry found no patron in him; while all good people, whatever their ecclesiastical connections, commanded his profound respect.

My last interviews with Mr. Dickinson can never be forgotten. They impressed me more than ever that he was indeed a true Christian. There was a tenderness, a mellowness in his whole moral tone that will ever make my recollection of him most precious.

Sympathizing with you deeply in the death of one every way so dear to you personally, and so valuable to the world

generally, and wishing you every temporal and every spiritual comfort during the balance of life's journey,

I am, dear Madam,

Very respectfully,

Z. PADDOCK.

MR. DRESSER TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, August 20, 1867.

MADAM—In haste, at a late hour of your arrangements, I grasp the pen to furnish for the record of your husband's early life a statement of some facts which remain treasured in the sanctuary of my memory; at the same time mingling with them a few remarks and reflections while passing.

You may remember that my acquaintance with Mr. Dickinson originated in an educational enterprise, of which he was the animating soul—the inspiring genius. Though the secluded little place—village, if you please—in which he resided, was in a town conterminous with another in which was an old and well-established academy, long a recipient, for its support, of funds derived from the State and favors conferred by the regents of the University of the State of New York, he conceived the project of the establishment there of a school which, in its advantages for learning, and in the culture and attainments of its pupils, should not be second to its carefully-endowed and nurtured near neighbor, albeit unaided by State patronage, and having to depend on personal energy and individual munificence. He enlisted his fellows in the vicinage in a co-operation which resulted in the erection of a pleasant and convenient edifice for its use, and in a system of plans and arrangements for the payment of the services of a teacher. The answer to his application to Dr. Nott (*clarum et venerabile nomen*), President of Union College, for recommendation of some graduate of that institution to the charge of the school, induced him to invite my acceptance thereof. The schoolmaster, soon after, was abroad, on his journey from a New England home, and on the 28th day of November, 1828, reported himself to Mr. D. and his associates ready to enter on his management. It was observed that this school was the pet and pride of Mr. Dickinson (his interest therein continued unabated until he changed

his residence), and, like most of his purposes, it was deemed by the public a manifest success.

I shall never forget the days, months, and years of my life so happily passed in the labors and management of this school. I fancy that I now hear the sound of the academy bell, calling pupil and teacher to their daily duties; that I now listen to the merry laugh and voices of the youth, gathering themselves together for the studies and recreations of the day; that I now behold the green, grass-covered plaza in front, and the clear, gently-running rivulet that wound its way along just back of the neat building where we assembled, and closely at the base of the hill on which was situated the mansion of your father, the venerable Dr. Knapp. That common, that stream, that mansion, those maples placed in proximity by the good old doctor, the cluster of peaceful dwellings around, the farm-houses and fields more distant, and the good people of the place, seem to pass in panoramic review, and again I feel the enchantment which they produced when I was there in proper person. Though the events and scenes of those days are of *auld lang syne*, they array themselves most vividly in my memory as still present. All these, with me, have their counterpart only in the realities of the sunny vale of Tempe, or the fictions of the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

It was an early observation, and it needed no great discernment on my part to make the discovery, that Mr. D. scarcely had his equal for geniality of spirit and genuine wit. He was generous, magnanimous, under all circumstances and in all his circulations in society. In the domestic circle he was full of tenderness, affectionate always in his bearings, and exercising ever a paternal care and fondness for his family of then little ones, so variously, so strongly, as to forthwith attract the attention of a stranger.

I well remember his early struggles and trials, pecuniarily and professionally, in the race of life upon which he had entered. But the *angustia rerum* which fell to his lot in his earlier years, was not destined always to overshadow him. That *tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune*, came at length, rushing in the right direction for him to avail himself of its forces. He was always too earnest and sagacious a man to neglect opportunity. Suffice it to say, he

became master of the situation. His change of domicile to a neighboring county extended his sphere of professional pursuit, as well as opened a pathway for immediate political preferment. Henceforth, pecuniary competence accompanied his march to distinction; and the *cornucopia* dispensed its many and various treasures at the altars of the Lares and Penates.

I could fill a volume with the incidents and history of his incipient professional career. I will, however, only hint at his great success in cases before justices' courts, which were his starting-point; at his spell-like power over the minds and judgments of juries drawn from the common people; at his pungent, persuasive oratory, chiming in so well with his peculiar common rhetoric addressed to them, and breathing, as occasion required, of satire, of sarcasm, of ridicule—characteristics which continued in after life in his forensic efforts before graver and more dignified bodies of men; at his well-chosen stories and mirthful anecdotes, with which he was accustomed to give point to a truth or to round off an argument; at his discomfiture of the wishes of some of the elder members of the bar to keep him from admission and practice in the county courts.

Allow me, in this connection, to relate an anecdote cognate to the subject. Having occasion, one day, to call at the office of one of the most able and prominent lawyers of the county, or even State, and his conversation turning upon Mr. D. and his recently established school, he remarked that Mr. D. would do better to go West, or it would be better for him to engage in merchandizing; that there was not law business enough for the lawyers already in practice by which to make their livings. He and one or two others, naming them, had begun practice there in early times, when the country was new, and so had gained a foothold in the law. Yes, sir; yes, sir, Mr. Dickinson will do well to go to the West! On telling the story to Mr. D., he laughed at the volunteered advice, and intimated that its animus was traceable to the lessened amount of fees received by his neighbor since he had been in practice. Let me say here, that soon after this Mr. D.'s budget of business exceeded in size and importance not only that of his anxious elder brother practitioner to whom I have alluded, but also that of every other patriarch of the profession.

Though the theatre in which I beheld the first exhibitions of the character of Mr. D. was limited in its extent, the exercise of those manly powers and the manifestation of those good qualities of his heart, which in after days found full scope and became so conspicuous, were never for a moment held in abeyance. I remember with what zeal and perseverance he engaged in the political affairs of the day. I think his first political essays found the light in the columns of the *Norwich Journal*, then conducted by one of his distinguished political friends, and who filled at one time a high office in the State. I know the fact that he contributed often to the pages of that paper in the earlier days of his political activities. In the exercise of his pen on this wise, he became at length one of the best essayists of the hour in practical and passing politics.

These exercises at this time, in connection with his legal and political studies, made him the strong and terse writer which is evinced in his letters and addresses of later days. By unsparing industry in his profession, by constant activity in political movements and discussions, and by faithful performance of official duties in various relations to the government, State and national, he became a well-developed man of affairs.

Mr. Dickinson was a born poet. *Poeta nascitur ; orator fit.* That the poetic afflatus was naturally and truly felt by him, is demonstrated by his occasional effusions shaped under the inspirations of the art divine. As a satirist, in point and severity, I find few if any superiors in modern times, and among the ancients, perhaps, may not be reckoned Horace and Juvenal. I readily remember how the partisan and profligate follies of the age and of politicians sometimes received unmerciful lashes from his pen in newspaper New Year's addresses in verse. A poem addressed to yourself, and revised only a few days before his exit from the stage of mortality, illustrates his ease in versification as well as his mastership in dealing with the tender and pathetic in poetry. Mr. D. was a lover of good poetry, and his retentive memory enabled him to keep in memory for recital, on occasion, the richest passages from some of the best poets. He was fond of recitations from Sir Walter Scott. The *Lady of the Lake* was a favorite poem, from which he would repeat at great length. His memory

held Blair's Grave in perfect command from beginning to end: it was stereotyped on its tablets.

I have been told that most, if not all of the years of the youth of Mr. Dickinson were passed in the period of the early settlement of the country, when books were less accessible than in later days; that in most families, in those days, the Bible, Watt's Psalms and Hymns, the Assembly's Catechism and, perchance, a Commentary on the Scriptures would constitute the chief stock of reading matter; that the library of Mr. D.'s father was not overstocked with books other than the usual religious and school assortment; that his excellent mother was a diligent teacher of her children in the religious doctrines of those books; hence the familiarity of the son, so often manifested in manhood, with the literature of the Bible and the lyrics of Dr. Watts. The bible was his classic. I venture to say that no man not specially educated for the profession of divinity, and not constantly practised in the uses of biblical literature in pulpit exercises, had at command so large a fund of knowledge of the scriptures as Mr. D., and that but few of the preachers and doctors of Divinity of those days were his equals in that behalf.

The friendships of Mr. Dickinson were always strongly marked; they might be classed as ordinary and extraordinary. Perhaps in all history an instance cannot be found where so great sacrifice of personal ambition and benefit was ever laid on the altar of political friendship as is seen in the affair of his proposed nomination for the Presidency of the United States, at the Baltimore Convention, and the declination thereof, on account of his friendly relations with General Cass. How admirably does his conduct on this occasion quadrate with the formula given by Cicero in his *De Amicitia*, and which he calls the fundamental law of friendship: "To expect from our friends only what is honorable; and for our friends' sake do what is honorable; not even to wait until we are asked; to have our zeal ready; our reluctance distant; to delight in giving ignorance advice; that in our friendship, the influence of our friends, when they offered sound advice, should have the greatest weight; and that this be applied to admonish not only candidly, but even sharply, if the case require it; and to act in accordance with it when so applied."

If I had it in my power to write any words that should carry consolation to you for so great a bereavement, more fully than the memory of your husband's love and kindness to yourself and family, and of the services he rendered to his country must always bring to you, I would write them here; but I have no such potent pen. If, however, what I have written shall contribute to preserve a knowledge of his superior worth, and to strengthen you in cherishing his memory, I shall not regret that I have listened to your call to furnish a "communication relative to the early life, personal recollections, &c., of Mr. Dickinson."

I am very sincerely and truly yours, &c.,

HORACE DRESSER.

TO MRS. L. DICKINSON.

REV. MR. BARTLETT TO MRS. DICKINSON.

MRS. DANIEL S. DICKINSON—MY DEAR MADAM—From no class of your lamented husband's admirers will you receive heartier condolence than from the young men whom it was his peculiar pleasure to encourage. His interest in the young was a characteristic which ought not to be obscured by his more conspicuous gifts. Patriotism and philanthropy make us debtors to the future. This obligation Mr. Dickinson acknowledged by his sympathy with the struggles and embarrassments of young aspirants in all callings. Aside from his own eminent success, which was a constant stimulus to the young, he was painstaking to know the names and ages, and test the mental brightness of the boys in his neighborhood, and by some cordial, wise word arouse their self-respect and ambition. More than once, years gone by, have I seen him come upon a group of children, recognizing one and another by a family likeness, and put his hand upon their heads, as though knighting them for their life-battle, while he dropped a bit of counsel in a witty phrase.

The unconscious influence of such an one, like a monument which embodies history, both instructs and moulds character. In boyish years, feeling the force of his presence and quickened to diligence by his partial kindness, it is a pleasure to know

that, while recording my own experience with him, I am giving expression to similar sentiments entertained by young men of various avocations scattered over the country.

Since my own professional life began, I prize as a reminiscence most of all, the few interviews in which he spoke freely of his religious conviction and his personal hopes. During his convalescence, in the summer of 1865, he led me to his study and read some poems he had recently written. The one upon his deceased children, so pathetic and trustful, brought him directly to a frank and pleasant conversation concerning his own expectations in the future, and left an abiding impression upon my own mind that underneath his bustling public life ran a current of simple-hearted piety and Christian faith. Like some rare flower whose bloom and fragrance perish to make way for its abundant seed—prophets of spring and resurrection—so his influence diffused in his life shall be multiplied many fold by his death, and his gifts and graces come to maturity on immortal fields.

With great respect and sincere sympathy I am your friend.

WILLIAM ALVIN BARTLETT.

BROOKLYN, August 23, 1867.

REV. MR. LIGHTNER TO MRS. DICKINSON.

DETROIT, August 28, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. DICKINSON—The numerous friends and admirers of your departed husband, who will peruse with melancholy pleasure his private correspondence, may be interested in a brief reference to his confirmation and consequent admission into full communion with the church, which occurred on the 29th of June, 1862, in Christ's Church, Binghamton, where he had long served as a vestryman, and devoutly worshipped. Few who were present on that occasion will ever forget the beautiful spectacle, when the eminent statesman reverently came forward, among more than fifty others, leading by the hand his little grandson and namesake, to renew his baptismal vows and publicly take up his cross as the follower of Christ.

This step was taken by Mr. Dickinson with the simplest trust in the promises of our divine Redeemer. It only requir-

ed that his self-distrust should be overcome by a fair exposition of the gospel covenant, to secure his prompt submission to the love of God in Christ. Admitted to his fullest confidence, well do I know how anxiously, on that solemn occasion, he bore his bleeding country upon his heart to Him who is the judge of nations as well as men. Never did I feel more hopeful of my country in all her great distress, than when I beheld one of her leading statesmen, the man to whom so many eyes were turned for comfort and counsel, humbly acknowledging dependence upon God. Those who were most intimate with Mr. Dickinson will remember the beautiful trust in His overruling power with which he continued to labor in season and out of season for the preservation of the government and the integrity of the Union. It was, I believe, his intense love of country that made him so tenderly alive to his own personal obligations to his Maker. Nor can I doubt, that whilst laboring in conferences with the public authorities, in eloquent appeals at public meetings, and in words of cheer to his countrymen everywhere, he never forgot his country in his daily approaches to the mercy-seat of God.

Gone to his rest and reward, in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, it is pleasant to believe that he has borne with him a tender remembrance of the country he had loved so well and served so faithfully. Among her departed heroes and statesmen, few will rank higher in the estimation of a grateful country than Daniel S. Dickinson.

With heartfelt sympathy I remain

Your friend and former pastor,

M. C. LIGHTNER,
Rector of St. Paul's Church, Detroit.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

GUILFORD, N. Y., August 7, 1825.

DEAR LYDIA—Borne on the wings of expectation, I have patiently awaited an answer to my last letter, or some news respecting your journey, but have as yet been disappointed, not having heard from you since your departure, though I trust my fears will not get the better of my philosophy. I shall hope you will write as soon and as often as convenient, under the assurance that nothing would give me more satisfaction than to be informed of your welfare. I am very busy with census, schools, and some professional business. You see I have very little leisure, though I write much oftener than I have anything worth writing. I am taking the census, which it will be necessary for me to complete before I go to Connecticut. I hope you will be prudent as regards your health, remembering that is of great importance. When you write, inform me how the time passes—agreeably, I hope. I shall continue to send all the newspapers which I think will interest you. I think you will be pleased with Sprague's oration, which I sent you in the last *Gazette*, as I think it does equal honor to the subject and the eloquent author. It being Sabbath, there is, as usual, a great rush to the Post Office between morning and afternoon service. I am somewhat sick of single life, I heartily assure you, and I think I shall not soon again consent to your leaving me, if I have the good fortune to get you safely home. Please inform me when you wish to return, and I will calculate accordingly. Tell me whether you are homesick. I hope to hear from you by this evening's mail, but may be disappointed

again. Your father's family are well as usual, and "so," as Gilpin says, "am I." Do write me, dear Lydia, often.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

GUILFORD, August 18, 1825.

DEAR LYDIA—Again I take my pen, but, as before, have next to nothing to write. Your friends here are all well as usual. I contemplate to be in Norfolk the early part of September, and as soon as you requested, if possible. I shall be much pleased when the time comes to leave, for I am rather lonely, I assure you. Be as contented as possible, and have patience and resignation, ever remembering that they will, in due time, be rewarded. I have as much business as I can attend to, therefore think not best to be absent longer than is for your benefit. I expect to receive a letter from you this evening, and hope I shall not be disappointed. Nothing but seeing and conversing with you would give me half the pleasure that a few lines from you would afford. I have written you every eastern mail, and hope my letters have reached you, as I know it must be a great satisfaction to you to hear often. I am much in hope your health may be improved.

Last Saturday evening we experienced the most severe thunder-storm ever witnessed here, which did considerable damage. The scene was truly awful and sublime; the vivid flashes of lightning lighted up the horizon, which a few moments before was shrouded in Egyptian darkness, in one continued blaze, while the deep-toned peals of thunder were echoing through the sky, sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. In the language of Bloomfield,

"The affrighted mastiff from his kennel flies,
And cringes at the door with piteous cries;
And where 's the man with conscience e'er so clear,
But feels a solemn, reverential fear;
Feels, too, a joy revive his aching breast,
When the spent storm has howled itself to rest."

With the warmest wishes of my heart for your welfare, hoping you may soon be restored to health, and thereby to happiness and home,

I remain yours affectionately,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS ROYS.

GUILFORD, 5th November, 1826. }
Sabbath Morning. }

DEAR LOUISA—The mortality of the human family is sufficiently evinced by the repeated instances of final dispensations, from which no age, sex, or condition, is exempt. Death, that cruel despoiler of the works of heaven, has again thrown his dark mantle over one of the members of this devoted family, and torn the once active and sprightly youth from the forlorn and bleeding bosom of his unhappy father. Grovener, your cousin, who for a few brief months has been languishing under the corroding influence of a fatal disease, this morning, between the hours of eight and nine, fell an easy prey to the barbed shaft of the destroyer. He has passed the dark curtain, and embarked on the shoreless ocean of a mysterious futurity. O Death! wilt thou ne'er forget thy relentless sway? Must man forever obey implicitly thy dread and arbitrary law?

Eliza had a safe return, and the family are in usual health. My best respects to uncle and aunt.

Yours truly,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS ROYS.

GUILFORD, February 1, 1831.

LOUISA—Lydia says I must write something, and so I will; altho' I have nothing to write except that the snow is two or three feet deep, and, as the poet saith,

“The north wind rushes cold and shrill,
 And whistles through the leafless tree,
 And, sweeping o’er yon woody hill,
 Strikes low and solemn minstrelsy.”

For a few days past, the air has tasted like mustard, but is now of the consistency of beaten starch, and the weather rather more moderate. Coughs, chilblains, and rheumatisms are the order of the day with all classes, and furs and flannels with the cold water men, and flips and hot toddy with the anti-temperance champions. So the world goes, every one endeavoring to *trouble* “his share of the waters of the ocean of life;” most have more sorrow than joy; all are compelled to acknowledge the futility of human desires, and never reach, for a moment, the point of their wishes.

But the scripture saith, “If any one be merry, let him sing psalms,” and I, therefore, advise you, Louisa, to be merry, sing psalms (and *songs* too,) get married the first (*good*) opportunity, and come out to Guilford and make us a visit. But come, at all events, and at all hazards; and inasmuch and forasmuch as I am in a great hurry, and have come to the end of my paper, I shall say to you, good bye.

D. S. D.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, City Hotel, }
 April, 1834. }

MY DEAR LYDIA—I arrived here this morning, and could well say I wish I was away again. I have seen violence and blood until my heart aches, and I am homesick in good earnest; no business doing, and while I write the city is under arms. About ten o’clock this morning, a row began in the 6th Ward among some Irishmen and others. To quell this, the captain of the city watch came with a body of watchmen and made an attack on the Irishmen, and killed, or partly killed, some two or three. The Irish, said to be about two thousand, then seized

their "shellalys" and killed, as is reported, the captain of the watch, and seriously injured a number of others. The United States Arsenal was taken possession of, broken open, and the citizens armed. How many have been injured it is impossible to say, but many, and a vast amount of property has been destroyed. The streets are patrolled by squadrons of armed horse and foot, and I can hear the shouts and hurrahs while I write. The result it is impossible to calculate, and altho' I had a very decided choice, yet, at *this moment*, I have lost sight of the end in viewing the evil it has done. I thought, on my way here, how happy I should be were you in health and in my company, but I thank my God that you are spared the pain it would cause you. Do kiss the dear little children for me, and ask them to comfort you till I return.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, August 24, 1835.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I arrived last evening, and met three little heads in the yard, and was greeted with the usual salutation, "Pa, Pa, I've been good, where's my present?" I had small presents for them all, which were joyfully received. I found Louisa free of disease, but still quite low. The household affairs were all in good order. Louisa was much affected with the present you sent her, and says she will write you as soon as she is able. Little Manco found his way into my bed, and thinks it a great privilege; he and the little girls have asked me a number of times, "How much has mother got well now?" The weather has been so cold and wet since I left I am extremely anxious to hear from you. Do write me on receipt of this, and tell me how you are situated. Court sits to-morrow, and I am of course much engaged, but will write you again soon. I most sincerely hope you will be at least comfortable, contented, and as happy as it is possible away from home. There is no news of any interest.

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, February 5, 1836.

MY DEAR—I hasten to inform you of my safe though tedious arrival here. I travelled from Cherry Valley with the celebrated George Catlin and wife, both of them interesting and intelligent. Mr. Catlin has spent eight, and his wife three years in the far west with the Indians. They relate much that is full of incident and interest. Next summer, Mr. C. will paint all our "*natives*" in one group, from myself down to little Zoe. The Chancellor wishes me to go to New York, and I think I shall; I will write again in a day or two, when I get more settled. Kiss the dear children and ask them to be good. I will send the 3d No. Crayon Miscellany by Mr. Bosworth.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS LOUISE A. HUGHAN.

CONGRESS HALL, NEW YORK, February 14, 1836.

MY DEAR LOUISE—I avail myself of the leisure afforded me by a Sabbath evening, to address you a few lines, as an earnest of my deep solicitude for your welfare, in the hope that, in a moment when no considerations of a more interesting character engross your mind, you may appreciate the motives which induced them. Though not bound by the ties of consanguinity, the caprice of fortune seems to have placed us in a relation which, if rightly understood, is the most tender and important of any which form our social system. That father who has a daughter arrived at woman's estate has a fearful responsibility to discharge; nor is it mitigated by the fact that she is his only by adoption; nor is there ought to cheer one onward in this solemn undertaking but the approval of his own conscience, and the warm and confiding affection of those with whose happiness he is identified. But this is abundant. If he is stimulated to action by worthy motives, his conscience will whisper words of consolation; and if he shall meet, as I have, the corresponding affection of one who is "to him as a daughter," the

plaudits or condemnations, the praises or censures of the world will be deemed of little value.

There is a time in the life of almost every young lady when she is too much caressed by society; it is after she arrives at marriageable age, but before she is understood to have contracted marriage, or at least, before she enters upon that solemn relation in life. If she be a person of interesting manners, and respectably connected, her society is courted, her intimacy sought, and she is permitted to bask undisturbed in the general sunshine of popular favor. This arises from the fact that many have hopes and expectations connected with her future destiny, and above all she is allied to no interest, assumes no responsibility, conflicts with no one's selfish ends, and is therefore permitted to float upon the ocean of life, which to her is calm and unruffled. This is however, after all, in a great degree illusive, and, to be turned to profit, must be properly understood. When she takes her stand in society, by identifying herself with the destiny of him she loves, she will find the world more selfish and less charitable than her days of youth had induced her to suppose.

I am fully aware of my unfitness to stand in the relation and give you the advice of a father. It is but little that I have done, or can do for you. I can only say that I have given you a place in my affections, in common with my own children; in a heart which, however unworthy, is warmed by feelings as fervid as ever glowed within a parent's breast. You have now engaged to enter upon a high and holy relation with one who is worthy of you; and, although in its anticipation "I am smiling," in the recollection of the relations it virtually dissolves, there is "sadness on my brow." I shall soon cease to be your guide and counsellor, or to number you with those who look up to me for protection; to await your return to the domestic threshold with a solicitude so peculiar to my nature, or to direct your footsteps. May God grant you all the blessings which fall to the lot of humanity, and qualify you for the discharge of the duties which will devolve upon you.

Be kind to my dear wife and children; you can gladden the hearts of the little ones in my absence, and beguile the solitary hours of their mother.

With the hopes, expectations, and affection of a father,

I remain, your uncle, D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

AMERICAN HOTEL, ALBANY, January 5, 1837.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I take pleasure in addressing a few lines once more to my dear wife and lovely children. I hope to get a letter from you all to-morrow. I have been actively engaged in business, and, could I have the society of my family, should be pleased with my position here. It is not however a suitable place for children, and as much as I would like to see them, I am glad ours are at home, as long as they are so well and happy. No one realizes the pleasures and comforts of home until they are temporarily deprived of its advantages. Do write me often, and hope that all is for the best, and be as cheerful and happy as you can in my absence. Ask the little children to be good and kind, and tell them how much their father loves them, and how often he thinks of them; how well off they are, compared with the half-clad, half-starved vagrant children of the city, and teach them to be thankful and appreciate their condition. I am in a room, little less than your little parlor, which is warm and comfortable, but it is not *home*. I often think of your little circle, and cannot but wish I was there. I shall send you a daily paper, from which you will see what we are doing. I send you the "Sketch Book," and the children some books. Give my kind regards to Mr. Loomis, and believe me,

Most truly and affectionately your husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 21, 1837.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER VIRGINIA—I hope you are well, contented, and happy; the hope and joy of your mother, and the companion of your little brother and sister.

I see very little of children here, or, in short, of any company but gentlemen, who call on me so often as to occupy much of my time. I want very much to see my dear children, but I know how much better off they are at their quiet home, and

can therefore forego my feelings for my judgment. I am going to make a speech in a few days, when I will send it to you. Be a good girl, and read your "Rich-poor man" to your mother and others, and set an example to your dear brother and sister. I shall come to see you last of February.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MANCO C. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 21, 1837.

MY DEAR BOY MANCO—I have an opportunity to send by Mr. White, and having a few leisure moments (which I do not often have here), I write you a few lines. Your mother writes me that you are a good boy, and obedient to her and Mr. Loomis, and kind to your little sisters and those about you. Oh, how much better, more beloved, and happier, it makes one to be good! I send you a newspaper written and printed by a deaf and dumb man; they learn to write and read by signs. Continue in your respectful behavior to Mr. Loomis, and obey all he says.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

GOVERNOR THROOP TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, March 11, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR—I have read in the *Argus* your speech on the usury laws with great delight. I felt confident that you would treat with ability any subject to which you applied your mind; but I was not prepared for a speech which would embrace all the argument dressed out with all the attractions of eloquence.

My judgment goes with you in every view of the subject; and I congratulate you upon having formed a text-book of the argument upon that side of the question. If your speech should be published in pamphlet form, as I hope it may be, I would be obliged to you for a copy of it.

I trust that your law will be pressed upon the legislature, and hope that it will be adopted with such additional provisions as may be deemed necessary to enforce the principle it contains.

With usury laws in such shape as shall compel money-lenders to take legal interest only, and a general banking law under the safety-fund system, will make money easy and turn it into useful channels. The general banking law will do but little good without the other, for money will be employed in Wall street rather than in country or city banking while it brings the present rates of interest. If the present legislature should pass these two laws, they will be a crown of immortal honor to them.

Some person inclosed to me Mr. Powers' report. Do me the favor to present my respects to him if it was he, and say that I am much obliged to him for this mark of his attention. I had read his report before, in the papers, with great satisfaction.

Yours sincerely,

E. T. THROOP.

To HON. D. S. DICKINSON.

VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON TO MR. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, March 22, 1837.

MY DEAR FATHER—I hope we shall see you at home very soon, for I am so tired of waiting. We are all well, how are you? Father, will you please to answer this letter *all* to me, if you have time? When you come home, will you please to bring me an album for a present? Cherry is very well; please do not forget his seed. Dear father, we often think how happy we shall be when you come home. I hope you will stay all the evenings with us, and read to us, as you know we have many pretty books you have not had time to read; and I shall be glad to have you learn my songs with me. I am going to learn some sacred music, and you could help me very much. We are very happy and contented with mother and aunt H., or as much as we can be without you. We do miss you very much; but will endeavor to be patient till your return, as you

wish us to be, for your dear sake. All send much love. Please accept these few lines from

Your affectionate daughter,

VIRGINIA.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. BIRDSALL.

ALBANY, March 26, 1837.

DEAR BIRDSALL—Yours of a late date has been received; and, at your request, I embrace the first leisure moment to reply to such part of it as inquires my opinion of “going West.” My “willing assent,” although not necessary to your purpose, will certainly be cheerfully given in case you desire it. The profit or utility of the matter is not susceptible of any practical solution; “clouds and darkness” rest upon the future in this as in most other matters.

If I were in possession of the course you have marked out for yourself, I could speak with greater freedom and have more confidence in my position. If you design it as a money-making venture, this is one thing; if a tour of pleasure, another: in the first case, as you say, money invested there will undoubtedly accumulate much; it may be extremely profitable, and may not be more so than investments we have daily opportunities of making in this State; depending much upon a judicious location, but much more upon blind and sportive chance, over which we have no control, and which no human foresight can correctly calculate or anticipate. The government lands at \$1.25 must in many cases, and more or less rapidly, advance. They will, however, necessarily be subjected to heavy taxes after entry, for a number of years to come; and unless all human precedent fails in the settlement of new countries, farms partly improved will in five years from this time be sold for a very small advance above the present government prices. I should regard an investment in these lands a good one; but after paying interest on money, “costs of superintendence and repairs,” as canal men say, and more particularly taxes, I am not inclined to think it better than the purchase of low-priced farms or wild lands in our own State. The people who first settle such a new country are many of them

restless spirits; and in a few years their "El Dorado" will be farther west, and their lands will be in market at what they gave for them. If I wished to invest one or two thousand dollars in that way advantageously, independent of any other consideration, I should delegate Colby or some other competent person to do it for me. They have each sent me a list of the lands they have under consideration, and wish me to become interested. I have no doubt but the terms they propose would make a very handsome advance; but as long as it is as hard to collect money as it is at present, I shall not think of going into any further purchases until the old are closed up and finally disposed of. Should you desire it, I will send you their sketches and proposals, &c. But if, on the other hand, you desire to visit the country, it will hardly be necessary for me to say you cannot do it by proxy.

This brings me again to the question of its probable utility to yourself; which I hope I can discuss independently of any selfish considerations. The great end and aim of man is *happiness*: under whatever name we may rank the pursuit of taste, pleasure, wealth, fame, or otherwise, *that* is what we seek. My observation and experience have convinced me, that the fewer are our pursuits and the less our cares, the more ardent our enjoyments are, the more perfect our happiness. The appetites, whether physical or mental, are subject to the same general laws. The man who drinks two glasses, desires three; while he who drinks none, abhors any. Property is valuable in proportion as it administers to our wants, real or imaginary. When it is the reward of patient toil and industry, it is wholesome in its influences upon the mind, and incites to honesty and virtuous pursuits; when the fruit of the gaming-table or rash speculation, it is in its effect decidedly the reverse. The one chastens and beautifies the pleasures of domestic life; the other imbues the mind with a feverish and morbid desire for new adventures. The one centres the mind in home, and renders all around it beautiful and lovely; the other places the golden spoon at the end of the rainbow, which is never within reach, and makes domestic life tasteless and irksome in comparison. In short, the one tends to quiet and enjoyment; the other, to create imaginary wants which can never be gratified. Mind and matter are, morally speaking,

indissoluble : the vegetable we rear is more beautiful to the eye and more palatable to the taste, than a superior one purchased in the market ; and houses, land, and equipage, the fruit of patient, productive industry, are worth, for *enjoyment*, all the treasures of Golconda when purchased by the freaks of sportive chance.

Were I you, and desired to attain eminence in my profession (as I sincerely advise you to do), I would suit myself in a location the first thing ; and here let me premise, if it is a place where business is to be done, it is not very material where it is, provided always you are *suitet*. In the next place, if I wished to be most *happy* and contented, and to do the most possible good to those around me, I would give an industrious, undivided, but not slavish, attention to my profession. My home should be tasteful, plain, and simple. I would cultivate a little garden, and dress it with vines and shrubbery. I would endeavor to have little to do with property IN THE MAIN, except (as they say of corporations) such as was necessary "to carry on my business ;" that I would have my own, and then I would live "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife." I would never permit my mind to be divided or distracted with a multiplicity of cares at home or abroad ; which, instead of bringing peace and happiness, will prove a fevered dream to blight and scatter the heart's fondest anticipations. I would daily gaze upon the same objects, thread the same walks, nurture the same trees, and tread the same hall.

If I have pursued a different course, it has been rather a matter of necessity than choice. The manner in which I was introduced into public, or rather, professional life, has in a manner rendered my course justifiable, and perhaps desirable, which would not have been so under more favorable circumstances. You will perhaps think I am moralizing, which is in a degree true.

You will see what are my general ideas of life, without regard to any special application. It is, I intend to say, easier to keep discontent *from* the mind, than it is to expel it when once in possession ; that our physical circle should be small, and our mental one great ; and the earlier the mind adopts these conclusions, the more perfect it will attain them.

If we pursue happiness, we seldom overtake her; if we wait her coming, she rarely fails to give us a call.

I have written in haste; and, in review, the only merit I claim for the above is the spirit in which it is dictated. It will give me pleasure to aid you in any course to which your conclusion may bring you.

Give my love to Louise, and believe me

Most truly yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

A. BIRDSALL, Esq.

MR. DICKINSON TO VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, AMERICAN HOTEL, }
March 28, 1837. }

MY DEAR VIRGINIA—Your kind and ladylike letter has just been received; it gave me great pleasure to see one so neat and well written. Mrs. Downing was much pleased with her cake, and sends many thanks. I will remember little Cherry, as well as the little children, when I come home. I will leave it entirely with your dear mother about sending you to school. You must be a solace and comfort to her and help her direct your little brother and sister. My love to you all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

AMERICAN HOTEL, ALBANY, }
April 9th, 1837. }

MY DEAR LYDIA—Yesterday I received your kind letter, together with one subjoined from Virgie and Manco. Like all others from the same source, it was thrice welcome. Winter has passed away, and the joyous spring begins to look out and smile. I have attended Dr. Potter's church to-day, and heard a beautiful discourse from a Mr. Smedes of Schenectady. His text was, "Man dieth and wasteth away, yea, he giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" I sat with Gen. Dix; Mrs. Dix inquired for you and the children. The parties are all over,

and I see little of society now, and you would find it less pleasant than when you were here. The comers and goers are as numerous as the "frogs of Egypt." Dr. Cash is to move his celebrated resolution in a few days for adjournment; I hope it will carry, for I am anxious to get home.

My little children, I hope to be with you in a few days, and will bring you some presents, and Cherry some seed; so see who will be the best child, and the most kind to your dear mother.

I have been reading "Jacob Faithful;" it has many good moral lessons, but is too coarse in many respects. I have now a new book called "Sartor Resartus" which I am reading. It is upon the "philosophy of clothes," and is full of queer sayings. You must all write me oftener, for it helps to cheer my solitary hours in a great degree to hear from home. My respects to all our friends.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MANCO C. DICKINSON.

AMERICAN HOTEL, ALBANY, }
January 5th, 1839. }

MY DEAR SON MANCO—I received your letter a few days since, and was pleased to hear from you that you liked your school. I received a letter from your mother last evening, from which I learned that, after spending New Year's day at home, you had returned to school. I shall derive great enjoyment from hearing that you are a good boy, and obedient to Mr. and Mrs. Pleasants, attentive to your studies, and agreeable to your school-fellows. Nothing is so attractive in a boy of your age as obedience, kindness, and good-nature. If you have and practise these, you will enjoy yourself much better than you otherwise can, and be beloved by all around you. God has wisely ordered that our happiness shall depend upon our good conduct. If we pursue the path of virtue, it will lead us to happiness; but if we indulge in vice of any kind, it destroys our enjoyment and will surely bring us to shame. I have great confidence that you will be a good boy, and be an

honor to your parents. You are my only son, and all my dependence; and as you love me, I hope you will do nothing but what is right.

The session of the Legislature has just commenced, although little has been done as yet. When there are any speeches worth your reading, I will send them to you. Present my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Pleasants, and ask Mr. P. to write me.

The cold winter will soon pass away, and if our lives are spared, we shall both be at home, ready to make our garden, and set the farm work in motion.

With sincere wishes for your welfare, I remain with kindness and affection,

Your father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MANCO CAPÆ DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, February 23d, 1839.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I received your kind letter last evening, and was much pleased to hear that you were well. I had recently written you the difficulties in the way of my coming home at present. The N. Y. & E. R. Road bill is the order of the day for Monday, and will probably hold for a week, or perhaps two, and then I hope to be able to see you. I received a letter from Manco last evening, wishing me to write him when I would be at home, and reminding me not to forget the "watch and cannon." (The last is somewhat uncertain.)

I saw Mr. Porter in the Senate chamber, the afternoon of the day before he died. He seemed in such unusual spirits that I said to him, "What makes you feel so well?" He replied, thaking my hand warmly, "It always makes me feel well to see you." During the night he died, with no warning, after an illness of fifteen minutes. His disease is said to have been a kind of croup, but I doubt whether it was understood. It was a most shocking death.

I have not seen Mr. Stephens for a number of days, and think he must have left town. He promises to visit us next summer.

I have now to spend all the time I can get to write my address. I sit down to it, and just get a glimpse of an idea, when, knock! knock! "Come in," say I, in no very Christian spirit; "sit down, sir." "Has the Judge heard any explanation of my claim before the Judge as chairman of the canal committee, for work on the enlarged feeder over the canal at Cohoes?" "Yes," I say, "I know all about it; anything else?" So it goes from morning until midnight; and it is only singular that I can do anything.

Remember me to father, and give my love to Lucie and the dear little girls, and tell them I wish to see them as much as they do me.

Yours affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, February 27th, 1839.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I have just returned from Troy, where I delivered an address last evening before the Young Men's Association, and find the kind letter of yourself, Lucie, Virgie, and little Zoe. I was glad to hear from you all, and hope dear lovely Mary will not long be ill. The Troy gentlemen sent a carriage for me at three yesterday, and sent it back with me this morning. They proposed to send a committee to wait on me, but that I would not permit, and they met me at the Troy House, where I was politely treated. I delivered my address last evening to an audience of eight hundred or a thousand persons, comprising the most cultivated ladies and gentlemen of Troy, and had much reason to feel flattered by the attention I received.

I had but just sealed my last letter when my friend, Mr. Stephens (the traveller), made his appearance, and asked me to get him a book from the library, which he could not get. I very gladly complied with his request, and told him he had been the subject of correspondence between us, at which he seemed much pleased. He talked of going with me to Troy. I consented, on condition that he would agree not to hear the address, and we had some pleasantry upon the subject; but his

going was broken off by an engagement with which he could not dispense. Love to all.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, April 22, 1839.

MY DEAR LYDIA—You will see by the *Argus* that there has been a most destructive fire here. I could see the sheets of flame, and volumes of smoke; the playing of the engines, and the feats of the firemen, plainly from my window. Yesterday morning, Sunday, I walked around the ruins. It was a sad sight indeed—the blackened walls and naked chimneys, and the broken furniture which filled the neighboring streets presented a vivid picture of ruin; but the most impressive scene is yet to be described. Upon the sidewalks, opposite the fire, in the several streets, might be seen poor women with groups of ragged and apparently half-famished children around them, sitting upon some little remnants of furniture, and the few miserable articles of household goods or clothing they had saved from the flames, by them—the image of squalid wretchedness and despair. I was forcibly reminded of the lines of Campbell—

“Lo! the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.”

The weather continues fine, and I could wish I were at home. Tell little Manco to be a good boy—I have his watch now in my pocket, and shall bring it with me. Give my love to all the little children and Lucy. Mary's wagon will not be sent as soon as I thought, but will before long.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. HUNT TO MR. DICKINSON.

GREENE, May 13, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR—Your note of the 11th was duly received.

I am much gratified to learn you got home safe, and your health improving. Be careful of yourself, and all will be well with you.

We sat under "our own vine and fig-tree" yesterday, and heard *our own* birds sing—how pleasant! how cheering!—they sung of freedom and babbled of green fields. We are well. Can do as we please now,—“lap ’lasses and swing on the gate,” without fear of the sergent-at-arms, or of having “a trap sprung upon us.” Our neighbors call, and appear glad to see us home again.

My wife wishes to be remembered to Mrs. Dickinson and yourself. Make my respects to her and Manco.

Yours cordially,

A. HUNT.

MR. HUNT TO MR. DICKINSON.

MONDAY, June 10, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR—Let my wife and self hear from you occasionally. We feel quite an interest in your health—hope the “internal improvement” of your system continues. We are all well, and hope to see you and Mrs. Dickinson at our house soon. Make our best respects to her, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,

A. HUNT.

P. S.—Are you going to the convention at Ithaca? Hope you will—I shall not, though this county will be represented. I should make no “converts”—by my “close reasonings” and “arguments”—and therefore shall stay away.

A. H.

MR. JOHN L. STEPHENS TO MR. DICKINSON

NEW YORK, June 21, 1839.

MY DEAR DICKINSON—I returned from Washington yesterday, and found on my table your very acceptable letter. I should have written to you before, but I was making my arrangement

for a journey to the West, and expected to let you hear from me in person.

My plans have been suddenly changed by an appointment of which no rumor seems to have reached your place. It seems ordained that I shall quit the country. The Whigs prevented my going to England and Holland; or, as the *Herald*, my staunch friend on the occasion, expressed it, "going to bob for Dutch records." Virtue is its own reward; and I have been appointed Diplomatic Agent to Central America. You will doubtless believe me when I say this hits my humor infinitely better than the Albany project;—indeed, now I consider that it would have been very unfortunate if I had succeeded in that.

The Whig papers have been civil, and my friends are full of badinage;—they call me the "extraordinary Envoy," and persist that there is no such country on the map; but fortunately an arrival from that region bringing accounts of a revolutionary army overrunning the country and a revolutionary general entering the capital, brought it into notice. The mission promises some incident; for the "government" seems to be playing "hide and go seek" about the country, and at this moment, the "extraordinary Envoy" does not know exactly where to find it.

I hope that I shall not be obliged to go before the first of September, but my movements are uncertain. The time of my residence abroad is also uncertain, and I have to "put my house in order," *i. e.*, do up odds and ends before going; and as every day brings with it some new engagement, I find myself hard pushed for time. Whether I shall be able to pay you my promised visit is very uncertain—I am afraid not.

Is it not almost enough to make a man commit himself blindly to fortune and fate? The course of my life is changed by an accident, and probably my failure in the business in which you so warmly befriended me paved the way for my present position. At this moment I should consider it extremely unfortunate if I had succeeded at Albany. The time passed there I shall always look back upon with satisfaction, for I made friends whom I should perhaps never have known, and who I hope will last through life.

But I am filling my sheet with nothing but myself. How is it with you? Have you recovered from your attack at Albany?

I am afraid you are not as careful of yourself as you ought to be. Take my advice: throw up your books and parchments;—let the circuits go to the dogs, and pass the summer in scouring the country on horseback. Two months now, will be worth years to you hereafter. Do this and I shall see you in September with blood in your cheeks. You do not say anything of your health, but I have received a letter from Mr. Hunt, written with the anxieties of friendship, which makes me speak with earnestness. I take the liberty of sending my best respects to Mrs. Dickinson.

Sincerely your friend.

JOHN L. STEPHENS.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON, Binghamton.

GENERAL ROOT TO MR. DICKINSON.

MELHI, December 4, 1839.

DEAR SIR—The Senate Chamber, I believe, is so fitted up as to be capable of holding us both the ensuing session, or at least the forepart of it. In one thing we shall agree,—in our exertions to forward the New York and Erie Railroad. I wish to know what measures you are adopting, to aid in shoving it ahead.

We are to have a railroad meeting next week. The Board of Supervisors and County Courts will then be in session. Probably more resolutions will then be passed and petitions got up for circulation. Have you any petitions started? Have they begun to awaken the people further West? It is time a push was made. Let us come down upon them with a rush. Tioga and Chemung surely will not let the Whigs run off with all the credit.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ERASTUS ROOT.

JUDGE FINE TO MR. DICKINSON.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., January 13, 1840.

DEAR SIR—I am prompted to write you by your kind re-

membrance sent me through Mr. King, and by your favor in sending my friend, Mr. G. Smith, a letter of recommendation, for which I thank you.

I rejoice with you that the choice we made in the Baltimore Convention is thus far approved by the people. The message exceeded my expectations, and Mr. Buchanan's correspondence is a monument of fame to him. Congress now owes it to the country, to recommend (not merely authorize) the President to give the twelve months' notice; and when England sees the American people determined to have this matter settled, she will then compromise upon the terms offered by Mr. Buchanan.

Pickens' war report, made by the Committee of Foreign Affairs, in —, when I was member of the Committee, was not approved by Mr. Buchanan, Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, nor by Mr. Van Buren; but it had the effect of inducing the British government to send here a special Minister, and if Mr. Webster had maintained the stand taken by Mr. Forsyth, we should have gained all we claimed. Mr. Webster proved conclusively it was ours, and after a portion had been given up, Lord Brougham stated in Parliament that George III. had marked on his map, with his own hand, the boundaries we claimed. When you have leisure, write me. How is Mrs. Dickinson's health? Give my respects to your son.

Yours truly,

JOHN FINE.

HON. D. S. DICKINSON.

FROM MR. ROGERS TO MR. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, March 5, 1840.

MY DEAR DICKINSON—We came out of our charter election yesterday with our very popular candidate for mayor, Judge George P. Baker, only twelve votes behind. The result is creditable to the democracy of the city, and augurs well for the ides of November.

I want to know from you, frankly, your views and wishes in reference to the next fall campaign. Next to Silas Wright, no name would be more acceptable to the democracy of Erie and Niagara for Governor than yours.

There is probably no division anywhere in the State as to Lieut. Gov., if your friends are content with asking no more for you.

My best respects to Mrs. D. The mail is closing. In great haste,

Your friend,

H. N. ROGERS.

HON. D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

ALBANY, March 9, 1840.

MY DEAR ROGERS—Your very kind favor of a late date came duly to hand, and for it please accept my acknowledgments. You have covered yourself with honor for your exertions in the charter election of your city. You must all enjoy it, I have no doubt; it tells well for the spirit of the democracy.

And now touching the subject relating to myself. I have not permitted myself to aspire to either of the distinguished stations to which you have alluded; at the same time I do not feel at liberty to withdraw my name from the consideration of my friends. I will add, I hope they will not, from motives of personal kindness, select me as a candidate for any station, unless such selection is clearly indicated by the united voice of the democracy. In short, I mean to be understood as neither seeking nor declining, and as leaving the whole in the hands of my discreet and judicious friends, among whom I am proud to rank yourself in the foreground. Learning at an early day that my name had, by the kind partiality of my friends, been mentioned, I have avoided any discussion of the subject, and am therefore not as well qualified to judge of the public sentiment. But from what I have heard and seen, I should not be surprised if my nomination to the *first* office was far less expected than for the *second*. As far as I have wishes on the subject, they are, that the whole matter may, under the judicious counsels to which I have committed it, be left to settle down, and thus indicate the true state of public feeling. Whatever my friends might desire in the premises, I trust they will be contented with the result. Certainly they should be.

I ought to add that Col. Bouck's name has, to my knowl-

edge, and with my approbation, been used for the first office. I have been asked my opinion of his nomination, and have said frankly that I thought it a good one. I certainly think Col. B. one of our best men; a sterling democrat and one of our most valuable officers. I am sure he will poll a strong vote, should he be taken up.

I desire to express my acknowledgments for the kind interest you have taken in my political fortunes, and to assure you that it is duly appreciated.

Mrs. Dickinson unites with me in kind regards for yourself and Mrs. B. Remember me to Major D., and other friends, and believe me

Yours truly,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, September 21, 1840.

DEAR ROGERS—Your favor of a late date inviting me to visit your interesting section of country, came here while I was absent at Saratoga. On my return I was engaged for two weeks, every moment, at the Tioga and Broome circuits, and I have just found time to take up my correspondence.

I need not say to you that the unanimity attending my nomination, and that too by the spontaneous expression of my friends, was extremely gratifying to me, as I know it must have been to yourself and other friends who knew my humble beginnings, and have watched my career with a solicitude becoming their friendship. In the economy of nature, however, hope and fruition, expectation and disappointment, are mysteriously interwoven, and one gratification places another beyond our reach. I had anticipated much pleasure in addressing my fellow-citizens in various sections of the State, and had made my arrangements accordingly, but after my nomination, upon mature consideration, I came to the conclusion to withdraw from the campaign. There is no impropriety, of course, in candidates taking the field, and if I err in not doing so, I err upon the side of delicacy and reserve. In adopting this course I have deprived myself of more pleasure than I believe I should derive even from being Governor of the State.

I assure you, in repetition, that I am by no means insensible to the interest many valued friends, yourself among the number, have taken in my behalf, and trust at no distant day I may reciprocate. Mrs. D. unites with me in an expression of kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Rogers.

Sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

H. W. ROGERS, Esq.

MR. DICKINSON TO VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, August 26, 1841.

MY DEAR VIRGINIA—I have just closed a laborious circuit, at home, which you know always fatigues and excites me so that I can think of nothing else.

Binghamton is unusually pleasant this summer, albeit the streets are somewhat cluttered up with building materials, which makes it, as the countryman said of New York, "look like a pretty place, if they could ever get it finished." The main part of the village destroyed by fire is rebuilt with unusual beauty. We should be very glad to see you, but being satisfied that your absence is for your advantage, will, as usual, await the time allotted for your return patiently. All about as usual here, and no news. Improve all you can, and preserve health, content, and, as a consequence, happiness.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. KNAPP.

BINGHAMTON, March 7, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER—Lydia desires me to write in reply to yours of a day or two since. She is not as well as she was the last time I wrote Hannah, and there are moments when we are almost led to despair. I have endeavored to teach others how weak and feeble she is. The most trivial excitement or exertion is very injurious to her, and for about a week past she has been worse most of the time than before. I have done all

in my power to render her situation as comfortable as possible; and if she can remain until mild and pleasant weather, I believe she will get about again, but a little neglect will assuredly place her beyond hope.

She is extremely anxious to have you come and spend some time with her, as soon as you can with propriety and convenience, and is also very anxious to see her father. It would be a source of great consolation and comfort to her to see and converse with you both. We cannot, however, desire to have you attempt to come during the present bad, and I may say, dangerous state of the roads, but we hope a few days will improve the travelling, so that you may come with comfort. I will send an easy carriage for you, if desirable. We feel, as you may well suppose, afflicted and distressed, and need more than ever the consolation of our friends.

All send much love.

Sincerely and affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. EDWIN CROSWELL TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, August 20, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR—Nothing can be more explicit, direct, and elevated than your exposition of your views touching the course of the democratic party. With very few exceptions they are in accordance with the sentiments of our friends throughout the State; and really I have little fear that they will not be sustained by the people. But even if disappointed in this reasonable expectation, it is our only tenable ground; and defeat, with adhesion, is to be preferred to success that is to be purchased by a departure from it.

But I write you at once, in reply to your favor of the 15th, (postmarked the 18th,) because I desire to impress you with the importance of *avoiding* the issue of the "card" to which you allude, if possible. So far as I can judge, the pervading democratic sentiment suggests your name. If compelled to quit that, the change could scarcely be favorable to the general political interests. I regret to hear of the unfavorable state of Mrs.

Dickinson's health; but I trust it will not yet assume an aspect so serious as to lead to the result you suggest.

These are public and general considerations. I need not assure you that, personally, my own wishes and feelings are fully in accordance with them.

With great regard,

Yours very truly,

E. CROSWELL.

To the Hon. D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. CROSWELL.*

BINGHAMTON, September 2, 1842.

DEAR SIR—Upon full reflection and examination, I have felt constrained to send you the enclosed. I do not do it without much regret; but a feeble wife, with the prospect of returning illness at winter, and a young family whose physical and intellectual culture must be neglected, if abroad, have preponderated. I trust you will place it upon ground that will satisfy my friends that I have done justly, although I have disregarded their claims and my own wishes.

I hope the Convention will give us a Southern candidate, if consistent.

In great haste,

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

E. CROSWELL, Esq.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. CROSWELL.

BINGHAMTON, September 4, 1842.

DEAR SIR—Since sending you my card, I have been so thoroughly set upon by our friends in this and adjoining counties, and the probable consequences to local nominations so fearfully depicted, that I have well-nigh repented of a course

* Enclosing, for publication, a card declining to be a candidate for nomination, at the State Convention.

which I thought I had well considered. They say it will bring numerous "Richmonds" into the field, and be exceedingly prejudicial to the interests of the "Southern tier," for all of which I should have to be responsible. The pressure is becoming greater than I could foresee, and Mrs. Dickinson, who is as great a democrat as myself, says I must stand if the Convention says so, and trust to Providence for the future.

I shall authorize our delegates to say I will accept if nominated, for it seems to be a sacrifice demanded.

Yours sincerely,

D. S. DICKINSON.

E. CROSWELL, Esq.

MR. BOUCK TO MR. DICKINSON.

FULTON, September 10, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR—I am happy to hear that "sober second thought" induced you to accept a nomination. If you had persisted in your declension, it would doubtless have embarrassed the Convention. To receive the vote of every delegate in the Convention is a rare distinction, and impresses the duty on you to accept the nomination without regard to consequences. Your election may be regarded as certain.

Your friend,

W. C. BOUCK.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. CROSWELL.

BINGHAMTON, September 15, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR—I need not say, I trust, how much I feel obliged, and how fully I appreciate the kind and complimentary manner in which you have treated me, touching my nomination, through the columns of the *Argus* and otherwise. The course I ought to pursue was, for a time, one of very deep solicitude; and, after weighing all considerations, I concluded to take the one which had no allurements save those belonging to domestic life. I did so, but, as is sometimes the case, after having done it, I looked at it in a more enlarged sense,

and came to Dr. Franklin's conclusion, that he who "spits against the wind, spits in his own face." I regret to have troubled and vexed my friends upon the subject, and did at the time; but, on the whole, I can scarcely regret the course I have taken. I consulted my private wishes in a desire to decline, I gave way to public considerations in consenting to accept, and do not think the positions inconsistent with each other. At least I have quieted my own conscience by the course I have taken, let the result be what it may, and a different one may have left me less consolation.

The *Argus*, I should think, is pursuing a right course; quiet, but firm; in favor of the improvement question, when it can be taken up with any prospect of advancement. We have to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. The ultra speculating improvement people will want their particular work put through at any sacrifice of money, credit, or honor; and another class will probably desire to go as far the other way; but both should be avoided. Whatever the abstract right of the matter might be, it is not now an original question whether the State shall step aside from the mere question of government, and embark in public works. We are committed to the policy, but we should be careful to use it as not abusing it.

Mrs. D. unites with me in kind regards for yourself and family.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON

MR. CASH TO MR. DICKINSON.

RUTGERS PLACE, September 17, 1842.

ALLOW me to tender you my hearty congratulations in again securing the nomination for the office of Lieutenant-Governor, although, as I perceive from your letter to the *Argus*, it was not strictly in accordance with your wishes. I sincerely regret the delicate health of your family, yet I heartily rejoice that the convention insisted on your nomination. That you will be elected by a very respectable majority I have scarcely a doubt. In this county you will run well, and believe me,

my dear friend, I shall spare neither lungs nor time in advancing your election. I look forward to the time (which in Providence will come) when you will fill a more honorable station than that of Lieutenant-Governor. I am strongly urged by my political friends to accept a nomination to the Assembly, but I cannot consent. I would rather be a "hewer of wood and drawer of water." Please drop me a line touching our political prospects.

Very respectfully,

M. H. CASH.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. PRUYN TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, September 21, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR—I attended the convention of our Democratic friends at Syracuse, and, having occasion to prolong my visit West, did not return to town until some days after.

It is not, I trust, too late to congratulate you on the great unanimity and cordiality with which your name was presented by the convention for the office of Lieutenant-Governor. I regretted personally not only the existence of the cause which first induced you to decline, but feared that it might lead to some difficulty among our friends in fixing upon a candidate. The reasons which led you to object to come before the public at this time were highly honorable to your feelings as a man, and I sincerely rejoice that further reflection brought you to the conclusion that they were not of so serious a character as to compel you to insist upon your first determination. I trust that your fears as to your wife may prove groundless, and that she may soon enjoy the blessing of renewed health, without which life is comparatively worth little.

Our friends never were in better condition for a campaign than at present. Everything indicates our success. The spirit of Whiggery has departed; the demoralizing influences of 1840 will not again delude the people. Reason has reasserted its control, and we may expect a decided triumph. I have no doubt that Mr. Bouck and yourself will be elected by a very

large majority, and I hope on the first of January next to see you here as the second officer of our government.

Believe me to be

Very truly yours,

Q. V. L. PRUYN.

MR. BRADISH TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 2, 1843.

DEAR SIR—Accompanying this I send, for your use, until you can supply yourself with a copy of the same, my manual. Its having been presented to me by an esteemed friend, deprives me of the pleasure I should otherwise have had in offering it to you in the same way. I think you will find it useful; and from its minutes and admirably arranged indexes, exceedingly convenient in practice.

I send you also the President's seal, which, with your *baton de maréchal*, constitutes, I believe, the entire "side-arms" of your office. These, with the manual, your own strong sense of right, and the spirit of order which so particularly characterizes the body over which you are called to preside, will, I am sure, conduct you through the difficulties of your present position to entire success.

That this may be the case, you have my best wishes.

With sentiments of personal regard, and good wishes for your continued health, honor, and happiness,

I remain, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

L. BRADISH.

To His Honor Lieut. Gov. DICKINSON.

MR. CLARK TO MR. DICKINSON.

LOOKPORT, February 3, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR—I congratulate you on your accession to the post you hold.

I intended to have visited you this winter, in your glory; but the distance is great, the weather cold, and money scarce.

I put in a vote for you as a personal matter, without any political reference whatever, being entirely in the dark as to your views of measures and men.

Come to the West next summer, bring your wife, and stay a week with us. We shall make it pleasant for you. It will repair health and renew spirits, and we will bring up old memories. I should be delighted with such a visit.

Is it possible that you mean to have Van Buren again for a candidate? If you do, you will draw out every gouty old Whig in the State against him, and a great many Democrats, and others will fold their arms; and it is my duty to tell you he cannot get the vote of this State.

Most truly yours,

LOT CLARK.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO J. R. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, March 5, 1843.

DEAR JOHN R.—Faulkner's bill has passed the Senate by a *majority*, but it is contended that it is a two-thirds bill. This is the question now before the Senate, and will probably be decided on Monday. I think it will be held to be a majority bill, as it doubtless is; but I am not certain. The House is full of factious spirits, disposed to make all the trouble they can. This brings with it, however, one consolation: it will in the end, like chickens, "go home to roost," where it has been nursed and encouraged. Keep matters in as good shape as possible; for, between you and me, every day increases my dislike for public life, and I contemplate with pleasure an early return to my own pursuits. I have had abundance of notice, and enough to flatter me; but the course of *mere* party politics, which seems to be fastened on us, is quite too disgusting for me.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, May 12, 1843.

MY DEAR FATHER—Mother is much better to-day, and I

write you in great haste a short note. Mr. Wasson is here, and says he will go to Utica with mother, if she desires it. I hope she can go, so as to get home next week, if she continues to improve.

I expect to go to Pittsfield the day mother leaves, as I am every day losing. I am heartily tired of Albany, and expect to learn a *wonderful* deal this summer. I had rather go to school than to New York. I took a long ride on horseback yesterday with Mr. French, and had a delightful time. I wish you would send my riding-cap and dress, also my pink bonnet, when you have a chance.

Love to all.

Your affectionate daughter,

VIRGINIA.

Answer *immediatement*.

VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON TO MR. DIGKINSON.

PITTSFIELD, June 20, 1843.

MY DEAREST FATHER—It happens well that you are a public man; for were you not, it might have been a longer time still that I would have remained in ignorance of your whereabouts. A glance at the *Argus* of Friday told me that you had taken your seat in the Court of Errors, and I write you there; and perhaps my letter may reach you. I sincerely hope it will; for, indeed, you can have no idea how anxious I am to hear from you: receiving letters from those dearest to me on earth, is and ever will be the greatest possible pleasure for me when separated from them.

I have not heard from mother in a long time. I suppose she has gone to Binghamton, as she wrote me she intended to do so soon.

I fancied you would go on to Boston, and take me with you. It was a strange fancy, I know you will say, but I was very desirous to go; some of the young ladies went, and such glowing descriptions as they gave I never heard. It must have been a splendid affair. They said the people were counted by the square mile. The report of the cannons from Bunker Hill were heard several times in Pittsfield. Only think, to spend a year near enough to Boston for that, and not to go there!

I am very busy, studying; but as warm weather is coming on, I cannot study as much as I ought—this being my last term at school. The Italian teacher, of whom you heard Mr. Tyler speak, has not yet arrived, but is expected daily.

Dear father, I wish you would get me a WATCH!!! Remember, your Virginia is almost seventeen, and a watch and chain would be quite an acceptable present.

Do write me very soon, and give me your direction.

Ever your affectionate

VIRGINIA.

MR. DICKINSON TO VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, HOWARD HOTEL, June 23, 1843.

MY DEAREST VIRGINIA—I was gratified to receive your letter this morning, and am pleased that you are not quite out of patience. I remained at Binghamton until about the 12th of June, where I was just as busy as usual, and perhaps a little more so if possible. I then left with Manco and went night and day to Albany. We arranged to come here, but, on the morning we were to start, your mother was so much more ill that we turned our steps toward Binghamton. I went with them as far as “Springfield mounting,” and left them *en route* for B—(your mother, Manco, nurse, and driver), very comfortably and slowly, and I returned to Albany and came here.

On my journey here in a night boat, I was attacked with the “influenza”—and have suffered with it severely, but am, I hope, nearly over it, and begin to feel quite well again.

It is, according to my experience, a complaint made up of equal parts of the Asiatic cholera—the quick consumption—the fever and ague—the measles—the quinsy—the toothache—the inflammatory rheumatism—the king’s evil—the gout—the numb palsy—the blind headache—the spotted fever—*tic-douloureux*—and the delirium tremens;—and can only be cured by Sand’s sarsaparilla, Anderson’s cough-drops—Longly’s Panacea—Sherman’s lozenges—the Elixir of Life—the Matchless Sanative—Dally’s Magical Pain Extractor—Brandreth’s Pills—Pears’ Horehound Candy—Hay’s Liniment and the Midnight Cry.

I thought some of going to Boston, but was prevented by

my illness. Governor Bouck was not there. The melancholy death of Mr. Legare caused the President and his party to return with haste. They breakfasted at our table yesterday morning. The President has an amiable face with a very long nose, and appears very well. He is quiet, plain, and unpretending.

Robert, the eldest son, looks like the father, but his hair is longer, his nose shorter, and he has much more pretension. John, Jr., the other son, is dark-complexioned—more pert, but has written no poem, as Bob has.

I shall remain here ten days longer, when I shall return to B—. Whether I shall be able to visit you now is quite uncertain. I intend to go to Boston during the season—probably not until September or October, and if I go will take you along with me.

It would give me great pleasure to visit Pittsfield, much greater to see you—but I have many, very many demands upon my time.

To-day I am to visit the asylum for the deaf and dumb—yesterday I visited the Institution for the Blind. It is very interesting to see how much science and charity have done for these poor stricken beings—the blind read the Bible (in raised letters) as readily as you can. The deaf and dumb write beautifully, and converse with each other with astonishing rapidity.

Give my kind regards to inquiring friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Tyler.

I have two invitations to deliver 4th of July orations—one at Whitney's Point, and the other in the State of Indiana. I have to send both my "sincere regrets."

Very affectionately, your father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

CORTLANDVILLE, August 29, 1843.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I arrived here to-day, to try a cause in which I was engaged a year or two since. I expect to be detained here a few days, and then shall return to Albany as soon as possible. I think the Court will finally adjourn about the 15th of September, and if you are all getting along well,

I shall think it best to stay until the close. I left Albany Saturday afternoon, came to Utica and staid over night; left at half past three o'clock for Syracuse, and arrived about seven in the morning.

I witnessed a very severe affliction in the family of Judge Hall. Charles Carroll Hall, their son, aged sixteen, died of typhus fever, at Mr. Nash's, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he was at school, on Saturday morning. Mr. Nash, Judge Hall, another son and a daughter travelled in the same train with us from some place between Utica and Syracuse, where they had arrived during the night, with the corpse. They were a stricken and afflicted group. Mr. Nash seemed to feel the affliction as deeply as any one of them. The funeral was attended at Judge H.'s home at five yesterday afternoon, from thence to the Presbyterian Church, which was filled to overflowing. I attended by invitation from the family. I have seldom witnessed a more affecting ceremony. A truly eloquent man, Mr. Adams, preached, and his discourse, particularly the address to the brothers and sisters, was the most eloquent, beautiful and affecting that I ever heard. This was followed by an address to youth, which I would have given very much if Manco could have heard. Mr. Nash then gave a high eulogium upon the character of Charles, for truth, obedience, and every moral and virtuous trait that could adorn a youth. It was one of the most moving scenes it has recently fallen to my lot to witness.

Mr. Nash and Judge H. both saw Virginia on Saturday and say she was well. Mr. Nash says she is regarded as a most amiable and excellent girl, and a fine scholar. I have very great anxiety for yourself and our dear children. If Manco could have seen and heard the funeral of his late companion, it would have melted his heart.

I have no news to write. I am much engaged here and have no time. My dearest love to Manco, Lydia and little Mary, and beg them all to love and obey you in my absence.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MESSRS. McMAHON, GALLIGAN, AND ENDE, COMMITTEE, &c.

ALBANY, September 4, 1843.

GENTLEMEN—Your kind and complimentary note of the 24th

ult. reached me as I was leaving the city, and my answer was necessarily delayed until my return. I trust I need not say to you that I should derive great pleasure from accepting your invitation, and in addressing my friends of the Young Men's Repeal Association; but I have deemed it most becoming, while acting in a judicial capacity, where interests so diversified, and principles so important as those submitted to the court of last resort are discussed and settled, to decline uniting in any popular assemblage. I am therefore constrained by this consideration of public duty to forego that which under other circumstances would afford me high gratification.

There is much, very much, in the past history as well as in the present condition of Ireland, to awaken the painful solicitude of the philanthropist. When we turn our eyes to this isle of the ocean which nature has adorned with her own peculiar beauty and loveliness, and contemplate the condition of a people proverbially brave, generous, and confiding, groaning under the exactions of a haughty and insolent oppressor, the mind is led to inquire, why it is that they are thus degraded and enslaved. They have not by force or fraud, or by stratagem or stealth, violated the code adopted by civilized nations for their government or guide; they have not by fire or sword, or other means of devastation, carried war and rapine into distant lands. Nor have they steeped in poverty nor laden with chains their fellowmen, nor massacred them by the million in the name of humanity. But "the very head and front of their offending, hath this extent no more." They have desired to prescribe laws for their own government, to ensure to themselves the rewards of their own industry, to elevate their moral and social condition in the scale of being, and to feed to their own starving children the bread which is snatched from their mouths, to pamper a bloated aristocracy and political priesthood.

It is a subject alike worthy of surprise and admiration, that a people so chivalrous and impulsive, so keenly sensible of the degradation to which they have been subjected, and so prompt to resent an injury, should have manifested so much of patient submission under their accumulated wrongs; and that when goaded beyond endurance they should have wielded the moral instead of the physical elements of controversy, and arraigned their oppressor for a redress of grievances at the bar of the

civilized world instead of the field of sanguinary strife. In this the Irish people have not only furnished convincing proofs of their own exalted purposes, but of their eminent ability for self-government under the most adverse and trying circumstances. In their laudable efforts they will be cheered and sustained by the sympathy and succor of every true friend of liberty throughout the habitable globe ; and whether it be sooner or later, this year or a succeeding one, it requires no spirit of prophecy to declare that the voice has already gone forth which will throw back in its glad echoes, a "*Repeal of the Union.*"

Great Britain may postpone, but she cannot avert it. She may threaten violence and bloodshed, and point to her balls and bayonets and her means of offensive war ; but it will end in bluster, for in arms she dare not be the aggressor. She is too well aware that the evil genius of her own government is already causing it to rock on its pedestal ; that its subtle but malign influences, which like the fearful plague-spot have so long infused their poison into her life-blood, and chilled pulsation at its fountain, are spreading consternation and alarm among her people ; that the spirit of equality is abroad, which, if not destined to triumph speedily, bodes no lasting security to monarchy. She will struggle, to be sure, to the last, to maintain her usurpations, and glory as she does in her own injustice and shame ; and why should she not ? In national atrocity she has long since passed the Rubicon. In disseminating civilization, she has subjected the inhabitants of Asia to the operation of laws more revolting and ferocious than the code of Juggernaut ! And, herself the boasted bulwark of religion, pretending to inculcate the mild and gentle precept of the Prince of Peace, she has marked her pathway with rapine, blood, and desolation !

In her arrogance and pride, she has celebrated in history and song, and perpetuated in poetry and eloquence her prowess as a nation—the success of her fleets and armies and the achievements of her mighty men, the magnificence of her trophies and the splendor of her regalia. But she has not deigned to look into her manufactories and mines ; nor taken note of her miserable and suffering poor, in their last sad hour of existence ; of the hungry and famished wretches, who, smothering their agony, expire in darkness and in silence, deprived of the consolation of their kind or the tears of human sympathy. Her court gazette

has heralded the gorgeous display at the christening of the royal infant, and boasted of the vast gala-day which its nativity experienced ; but it has not told of the thousand beings as bright and as beautiful, as much the objects of paternal solicitude, as precious in the sight of God, who must starve and die, that this profane and impious mummerly may be observed, and that the eyes of a deluded people may be dazzled with the imposing mockery of royalty.

All this, however, but serves to fill the cup of her wickedness and accelerate her downfall. Her bloated debt and her arrogant aristocracy are this moment reeling onward to destruction and careening one against the other for support ; and when either shall yield, the whole system of baseness and enormity will be scattered to the winds of heaven. England will not always have bayonets for the warm hearts of the sons of Erin ; the time is not far distant when she may find employment for her hired soldiery nearer home.

If, then, Irishmen are as true and just to themselves as they are grateful and generous to their friends : if they continue as they have begun, war with their moral energies, and *bide their time*, I have little doubt that many of us shall yet see our most buoyant hopes in behalf of unfortunate and bleeding Ireland exchanged for a happy fruition.

Be pleased to accept for yourselves and your friends of the Association the kind consideration and regard of your friend and fellow-citizen,

D. S. DICKINSON.

To Messrs. MATTHEW McMAHON,
THOMAS GALLIGAN, LOUIS ENDE, Committee.

MR. DICKINSON TO V. E. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, September 9, 1843.

MY DEAR VIRGINIA—I was about to visit you to-day or Monday, and take a short trip to Boston or Saratoga and return here on Wednesday, to be present at the sitting of the Canal Board ; but I have just received a letter from your uncle requesting me to repair home immediately on account of your dear mother's health. She is much worse again, and I shall

leave in the cars to-morrow morning and reach home on Monday evening; so you must do as I know you will under the circumstances: willingly dispense with my visit.

I will write you about coming home.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

HOWARD HOTEL, NEW YORK, October 19, 1843.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I returned here last evening and found yours of Monday, and this morning I received yours and Virginia's, which greatly relieved my fears in regard to Manco. I laid aside all intentions to remain on the Island, and came here, as soon as I could leave with the least propriety, because I was so anxious to hear from him. I staid the first night (Monday) with Col. Brown, one of the Governor's Aids, and the next with Mr. Youngs. There was a very large assemblage to hear me speak, and everything went off in a very gratifying manner. I have just been to the American Institute, and am urged to stay and make a speech to-morrow, but shall decline for want of time. I should like to stay, but must go up the river this evening to Albany, and expect to be at home on the 25th. I have been so very much engaged that I have not made, and shall not be able to make, a single call here. I feel very much relieved to hear from Manco, I have had so much anxiety about him. Tell the dear boy how anxious I am, not only for his health but for his welfare in every respect. How desirous I am to minister to his happiness and safety; how much I wish to see him what he can so easily be, an ornament to the family and the pride of all his friends. He has had, in this afflictive illness, an earnest of what parental kindness and solicitude are, and it should teach him never to undervalue them. I desire that all the children may learn to cultivate a spirit of quiet usefulness, industry, and economy, which will contribute much to their own happiness and the happiness of all around them. A constant appetite for something new in sights, or sounds, or movements, is a species of intemperance which brings no solid or abiding enjoyment. A "contented mind is a continual

feast ;” and when one has so many blessings as we do to enjoy, it is both wicked and ungrateful not to be contented and measurably happy.

My love to all the children, and tell little Mary I will not go again “out” taking her.

Yours affectionately,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. VAN BUREN TO MR. DICKINSON.

LINDELWALD, February 2, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR—I return you your namesake’s letter with my best thanks for its perusal. He is evidently a fine fellow, and certainly actuated by an honest zeal in the cause. Our prospects in Ohio are exceedingly flattering, and if they will, in season, form a democratic association in every township in the State, and through their instrumentality prevent the Whigs from treating them as they did in ’40, our friends will certainly succeed.

I hope to be with you in about ten days, and to find your daughter (to whom and her mother, please to remember me kindly) still at Albany. We have had the worst weather possible.

Very truly your friend,
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, February 5, 1844.

MY DEAREST LYDIA—We received yours Saturday, and again last evening. I wrote one in reply, but lost the mail, and did not, of course, send it. I have just had Mr. Birdsall’s of Sunday morning, speaking rather more favorably of our dear and cherished one’s health, and promising to let me know if she was worse.

Virginia has not only appeared but behaved exceedingly well, and has given me very great pleasure. Were it not for her I would start for home to-morrow. She has been at the

hardship and fatigue of the journey, and the expense of preparing for society here, and I thought it would not be best to rob her of some of the anticipated pleasure and advantages. We shall certainly come very soon unless we hear that Mary is very decidedly better. If we hear she is worse, we shall come as soon as we hear the intelligence. It has been a very severe trial indeed to be from her and you.

The Sage of Lindenwald sends his respects to you and Virgie. Kiss my dearly-loved Mary; tell her that we will soon come. Love to little Lydia and Manco.

Yours affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MISS DIX TO MR. DICKINSON.

UTICA, February 27, 1844.

DEAR SIR—I reached this place this P. M., much exhausted from the fatigues of the past fortnight; and, contrary to my purpose, decide to delay a few days for rest; but I only satisfy myself in this self-regard, by asking you to send me a line by the next mail, if, in your judgment, my coming directly to Albany will avail anything for the best good of the cause I have so much at heart. My convictions daily gain strength respecting the great disadvantage of enlarging the hospital at Utica, and the necessity of establishing institutions for the insane in such situations as can readily be reached by all who need the care they supply. I perceive that Judge S. has reported in favor of Utica, and against Western New York; his opinions formed, I imagine, upon a one-sided view of the question. If the minority report against this, and have not already done so, is it of any importance that I come on directly and give them what information I possess?

I offer no apology for this repeated appeal to your judgment in this matter, believing that none is needed where your opinion, thus solicited, is appreciated and will govern action.

Respectfully,

D. L. DIX.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

BALTIMORE, May 27, 1844.

MY DEAR LYDIA—We arrived here Saturday afternoon after a fatiguing journey, and are well. Miss Thomas tired out and almost sick. Her brother came this morning, and I went to see her with him, and was quite moved with their affectionate meeting. They leave to-morrow for Queen Anne, about forty miles distant from this place.

Manco has been a very good boy, and I think has learned much of the value of home that he never before appreciated. He says home is the best place, that he is tired of being away, and wants to return the earliest possible moment. At the earnest solicitation of Judge Fine, I let him go to Washington to-day, to return to-morrow. Judge Fine has taken quite an interest in him, and I trust he will remember his kindly attentions and advice.

I have seen something of crowds and hot weather, but this beats all my former experience in both. The streets, and the house at Barnum's, night and day are crowded full of people, and talking, laughing, sporting, &c., continue all the time; and there is no such thing as eating, sleeping, thinking, or resting, in any decent form whatever. I am thankful that you and Virgie did not come with me.

At this moment it is as hot as Belshazzar's furnace, and a Mississippi roarer, whose voice is as harsh as the rough edge of thunder, is speaking right behind me, nearly deafening me.

As to the Convention, no one can foretell the result. The question is under discussion, whether a majority or two thirds shall nominate. We shall resist the two-third rule, as it is called, but I think, from what I see, shall be beaten, and then it is very uncertain who will be nominated. We shall probably nominate to-morrow. But I cannot well write—it is difficult to tell whether the applauders or the hissers have it, and besides there are two roarers speaking on the stairs.

Love to the children.

Yours affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Mrs. D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. FOSTER TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR—I have endeavored as well as I could to uphold the dignity of the chair, sustained by the hope that the great effort would soon be relieved by your much-desired presence. I am, however, getting rather overtaxed; and if you do not soon make your appearance, I shall abdicate in favor of some radical and leave for Texas—for my accidental honors are really too much for me to bear with any remnant of meekness.

Seriously, however, your presence here is very much desired by all your friends; and I hope you will come down for a few days at least, even though you are not able to remain.

Some of our friends are soon to leave, and are desirous of having a consultation before they go, and we can do nothing without you. Now do come down at once, and at least show yourself. I have heard, by-the-by, that you thought of not being a candidate again; but the more I think of it, the worse I think of it, unless something better is in your mind, for I think we should have the same rallying-cry as in 1842. The truth is, the time has come when we should have an understanding, and all pull at the same end of the rope.

Give my compliments to Mrs. D. and daughter.

I think the Governor made a good impression here, and I wish you could have been with him.

Yours truly,

HENRY A. FOSTER.

P. S. We have just resolved to adjourn on the 5th July, to meet again at Buffalo on the 3d of August at 12 o'clock at noon.

MR. WRIGHT TO MR. DICKINSON.

CANTON, October 9, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR—YOUR kind favor of the 1st inst. came to me two days ago, but a day of rather ill-health, which is a thing rather unusual for me, prevented my giving you an answer yesterday.

I thank you for the interesting information you communicate and for your sympathies towards myself as a candidate. Upon the latter point, I am scarcely in a safe situation to be trusted, or to trust myself, to speak. I certainly feel an interest in this contest proportionate to its importance, so far as I am capable of such feeling; and yet I am so deeply impressed with the personal conviction that defeat would be the best thing for me, that I am unable as yet to experience any of that trepidation and sensitiveness which sometimes renders the position to all personally an unpleasant one. It may be, too, that I have inspired myself with too much confidence to leave room for the anxiety and trepidation; for, to use a homely phrase of our friend Flagg, "I have felt it in my bones that we should beat," ever since the moment I heard that you had nominated Polk at Baltimore. You must believe me, when I tell you that I am not so vain or weak as to suppose that my name upon the ticket in this State is one vote better than any other name upon which the convention should have united, and it may turn out some votes weaker, though I seriously hope not; for I certainly am not willing to be the cause of losing our State in this crisis.

I have great confidence in the judgment you have formed and express as to our western counties, and the more that your opinion coincides with that of other calm, cool, discreet men who reside in those counties, and occasionally give me their views of things there.

This day has brought us the final news from Maryland and Delaware, and it has inspired our friends and depressed the Whigs very much. Our confidence is based upon the observation, that the same great popular impulse appears to be at work equally strongly in those States where we looked for the faintest evidences of it, even if it should be visible at all. We do not forget that yesterday was a fearfully important day, and that we know nothing of its fruits; but we think, if this resistless power has done so much where so little was expected, it cannot have deserted our friends in the old Keystone, and that if we can get that securely tight again, which has been rather loose a little too often for the last six years, we can bear some heavy blows without being prostrated. We hope in reference to New Jersey and Ohio, but not without fear and trembling; the first we suppose a sort of freak is to decide, and that the

chances are with us, while the importance is trifling in comparison with the last; that we think the most legitimate fighting-ground for both parties in the Union, and that our friends will whip if they can keep out the pipe-layers, and the abolitionists do not cheat themselves too badly. Still we think the danger from both these sources fully equal to the better mettle of our men, and therefore that the result is perfectly doubtful. We think we *can* lose both these States and save the Union, if their loss does not create too much panic among our men in this State and some others, though we know it will make the fighting from this time onward most desperate; and if we *can* carry both, it appears to us that the coon must be fairly treed.

These are substantially our speculations at this moment; and as to our own prospects, they appear to be very fair in this county, and our reports very good from all others; and yet we see here that our Whigs are abandoning everything else to perfect their coalition with the abolitionists, and we think they will succeed with it to a very great extent, if not perfectly. They will give them the county ticket, of which there is no hope anyhow, and any and every thing else they ask but the electoral ticket. They will probably ask nothing but the county ticket. Whether the same success will attend these efforts in other counties we do not know, but that they will be made we do not doubt, and I suspect in too many cases with too much success. You are doubtless right that the next phase of federalism is to be, to drop the names of "Whig" and "Abolitionist," and adopt that of "Liberty Party," and try us under a banner of black and white, that is, if we beat them now.

It will afford me pleasure at all times to hear from you, and if I do not prove a punctual correspondent, it will be because my correspondence does not allow me the time, and not because the disposition does not exist to reciprocate your favors.

Yours truly,

SILAS WRIGHT

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, January 8, 1845,
Mrs. Hamilton's, Pennsylvania Avenue.

MY DEAR LITTLE MARY STEVENS—I learned by Manco's let-

ter yesterday that your eyes were "sparkling bright with tears" because your dear mother was ill. It is well to be kind to your dear mother, and feel for her suffering. I hope you are quite cheerful again by this time, and making pictures and playing with your dolls.

Give my love to mother and all the children.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, January 13, 1845.

MY DEAR VIRGIE—I received your kind letter a few days since, and this morning one from Lydia and Mary S. I showed yours to Mrs. Foster; she was very much pleased, and sends her love to you all.

There is no snow here, and the weather is mostly pleasant, but changes from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." I dined on Saturday with the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Pakenham, Her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, &c., near the American Court. The service was gold, &c., &c., of the finest I ever saw. But, although the dinner was very sumptuous, it was good and substantial; Englishman-like, "pudding, beef, and beer." You know I had never seen him before, though we had "exchanged cards." He gave me the "seat of honor" by his side, though there was a large party of magistrates and some foreign ministers present. I could stand it all very well but the servants who waited were dressed *à la militaire*, and with tight small-clothes, stockings, knee-buckles, &c., and at this I very much wanted to laugh. Sir Richard is a plain, sensible, gentlemanly man; so well-bred as not to have his politeness constantly in the way of others. On the whole I was very politely treated, and much pleased with my visit.

I am extremely glad to hear from your mother that you are kind and helpful to her, and deny yourselves pleasures for her sake. It gives me very great satisfaction, indeed, and I shall not forget it, I assure you.

Continue to cheer and console your dear mother. Love to all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

REV. MR. MITCHELL TO MR. DICKINSON.

BALTIMORE, January 23, 1845.

VERY DEAR SIR—Will you permit an old and very much obliged friend to congratulate you on your recent promotion to the truly honorable and responsible post of United States Senator. I always hope to be able to rejoice in the prosperity of *all*, and more especially of those whom I am permitted to remember under the endearing appellation of “friends.” I have the good or ill fortune to be in my predilections in opposition to the party through whose suffrages you have been raised to your present exalted station. This fact enables me to defend the talents and virtues of my old friend with greater force and more of disinterestedness, in appearance at least, than I could do, did we rank under the same political banner. I have with some emotion said to one of my friends to-day, that New York will have no reason to be ashamed of her distinguished son, nor to regret his election. I want to hear from you and your family and our old friends in Broome. I know you are much occupied, yet I hope you will favor me with a good long epistle. My wife, your old friend Alice, is well, and so are the children. We have lived in Baltimore over six years. My residence is 59 South street. Have the goodness to call when you visit our city.

Mrs. Mitchell unites in love to yourself and family.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN S. MITCHELL.

MR. JOHN L. STEPHENS TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, March 10, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR—It has been difficult to keep up with you of late years. You have now attained what I have always considered the most honorable station, except one, in our country; and my congratulations, though they may be rather late, are not on that account the less sincere. But high up as you may be, you are not entirely out of reach, and doubtless you often find old acquaintances tugging at your skirts, if not to pull you down, at least to help themselves or their friends up.

I admit myself to be one of the latter disposition, or rather of the last branch of it. I write in behalf of an old and valued friend, Mr. S——, a merchant of this city, who is applying for the consulate at Havre. Gen. Dix knows him personally, and I, with due regard to all the responsibility of your position, assure you that he is in every respect qualified, and every way worthy of all your influence in his favor. The more particular object of this, however, is to introduce him to your personal acquaintance; the consequence of which I hope will be, that you will see the propriety of fixing him at Havre, so that when you take a breathing-spell for your Continental tour, you may find him on the pier ready to receive you, and take you to his house, and get you over your sea-sickness, and pass you on to W. H., who, I hope, is to be consul at Paris.

Very sincerely,

Your friend,

JOHN L. STEPHENS.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, March 12, 1845.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I am now, as you will see, getting a little more leisure. We have not yet adjourned, but I hope and pray we may this week. If the time is as long to you as it is to me, if you do get out of patience I cannot blame you. I have definitely made up my mind never to leave you and the children again, unless absolutely unavoidable.

My love to each and all.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

FROM GENERAL ROOT TO MR. DICKINSON.

DELHI, 27th March, 1845.

DEAR SIR—I read the speech you sent me with much pleasure—with much pleasure, I say, because it was so very like my friend Dickinson himself. There are many pretty things in it, and prettily said, besides the pretty excerpts of poetry,

much in your own pleasant fashion. Indeed, there is argument enough in it to convince one already willing and desirous to be convinced. I am so inveterately fixed in my hostility to Texas, and all its incidents and correlatives, and that so well known to you, that you did not expect to convince me. Thus neither of us can be displeased, but both, I hope, have derived a pleasure from the present. I honor and thank you for it.

Yours, very respectfully,

ERASTUS ROOT.

MR. SILLIMAN TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, September 29, 1845.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR—I beg you to accept my thanks for your beautiful address before the Agricultural Society.

The great lessons you inculcate are full of wisdom. If men, instead of starving in the crowded cities and in the professions, would seek the joys which “nature to her votaries yields;” if they would depend on her bounteous stores and their own right arms, instead of the wretched slavery of party offices, how much of misery and want would disappear; how much of happiness, before untasted, would be theirs!

I am much struck and greatly gratified by your bold and explicit condemnation of the “extreme doctrine of political rewards and punishments;” and believe with you most fully, that such doctrine is “fraught with ruinous and demoralizing tendencies, and bodes no good to the integrity of the elective franchise.” I believe, moreover, that the sentiment which you express in this respect is concurred in by the great mass of decent people of both parties, and that the expression of it by a few men, like yourself, in eminent station, would give a tone and force to public feeling that would put an end to the evil.

With best wishes for your prosperity and usefulness, I remain, dear Governor,

Very truly yours,

BENJ. F. SILLIMAN.

MRS. RIPLEY TO MR. DICKINSON.

OGDENSBURGH, N. Y., October 13, 1845.

HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON—*Dear Sir*—You may be surprised to receive a letter from an entire stranger, upon neither legal nor political subjects; but I presume no apology will be required when I tell you there was a time when a visit from your parents and their children formed one of the greatest joys of my childhood. A general happiness was also diffused through the family circle; and, though many years have since passed, and stamped on all the actors of that period the impress of time, or laid them low in the dust, still those scenes are now, and ever will be, the dearest of my recollections. Many a time have I listened, with close attention, to our fathers' conferences on the public men and measures of those days. Their sentiments were in perfect harmony. Jefferson was their idol; and though they both partook largely of party spirit, patriotism was always in the ascendant.

The principal object of this communication is to inquire after our relatives. How many of your father's family are still living? and where are the two sons of uncle David Caulkins? You are aware that my father, your uncle, Roswell Caulkins, emigrated to the State of Ohio from Connecticut about the same time that your father removed to Chenango County, New York. He died twenty-two years ago. My mother is still living. Nearly all the family reside in Ohio. I have been a resident of this town seventeen years. My husband, Christopher Ripley, was a captain in the army during the last war. Our only son graduated at West Point two years since, and is now assistant professor of mathematics at that institution. We have two daughters married and settled here.

I forget the names of your brothers, but well remember your sister, Pomona.

Some English writer has said, that on no people do the ties of consanguinity sit so lightly as on the Americans. This is easily accounted for. Relatives are often so widely scattered in early life, that they rarely ever meet to renew their first attachment.

Present my best respects to your family. I shall be very happy to hear from them.

Very respectfully yours,

JULIA C. RIPLEY.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. STRAHAN, CHAIRMAN, &c.

WASHINGTON, December 17, 1845.

DEAR SIR—I am favored with yours of the 15th, inviting me, in behalf of the Democratic Republican Young Men's General Committee of the City of New York, to address a public meeting of the Democratic Republican Young Men of that city, to be held at Tammany Hall on Friday evening next, upon the subjects of Constitutional Reform and of National and State policy. It would afford me high gratification could I comply with your request; but absence from my seat at this time would be incompatible with official duty.

I most heartily concur in the declaration of principles shadowed forth in the resolutions accompanying your invitation, and admire the frank and manly tone in which they are expressed. The present is an auspicious moment for the profitable discussion of principles. No important elections are pending to quicken official ambition or to stimulate mere partisan zeal; but questions of high national moment and abiding interest claim our best consideration, and the framework of the fundamental law of our own State is about to be reconstructed by the people.

The aspect of our national affairs, so far as relates to the administration of our own government, could scarcely be more gratifying. Lofty as were the expectations created by the memorable struggle and triumphant success of 1844, they have been more than realized. The patriotic tone and manly bearing of the Executive, in his official communication, has gladdened the heart of every true American, has strengthened the hands of his friends, wrung unwilling praise from his opponents, and is destined to command the respect and admiration of the civilized world. Nobly was he sustained as the standard bearer of democracy, and thrice well has he discharged the office.

That elevated policy which has resulted in reuniting to us an extensive and fertile region of country, a free and independent people, allured by the beauty of our institutions, and won by the arts of peace, has furnished a memorable and instructive chapter in the history of human progress; an imperishable record of the triumph of truth over error; of a liberal and enlightened philosophy over a narrow and bigoted prejudice and of the ceaseless and onward spirit of the age over that timidity and selfishness which runs only in the grooves of its own formation. Though the first conquest of peace, it will not be the last, and the time is not far distant when the American citizen will only wonder why it should have found an opponent on this side of the Atlantic.

But I need not say that the all-absorbing topic of the day is the territory of Oregon, to a portion of which Great Britain has, as usual, interposed her claim. Having as good a right to the whole as any portion, and none to either, she has rejected offers for a compromise which I trust she will not have the opportunity to reject again, and negotiation seems to have terminated. Our title to the whole territory has not only been boldly asserted by the distinguished statesmen who have conducted the negotiation, but has literally been shown to be "clear and unquestionable." Great Britain may now, perhaps, consent to divide it, especially if her craving propensity for aggrandizement shall be sufficiently indulged; while the American people will insist upon the whole of their own, remembering that it was the spurious and not the natural mother who proposed to sever the disputed offspring.

Among the most interesting questions which will demand the consideration of the Convention for the revision of the Constitution in our State, is that of limiting the power of the Legislature to create debt for the purpose of internal improvement. The exercise of this questionable function of government, under any circumstances, can be justified only by necessity. Whatever may have been the occasion for its employment, or however great its advantages, or manifold its abuses, such necessity with us exists no longer. Works of the first magnitude are undertaken and completed by associated private enterprise, and no one is probably contemplated within our borders entitled to a moment's consideration, but such as may readily be

accomplished by the same or similar means. The exercise of this power has proved a fruitful source of mischief and irritation; and, having largely offended, the motive is strong to obey the Scriptural injunction to cut it off. But the attempt to remedy it by stripping the representative of the powers and dignity of his station: to render him irresponsible in the estimation of the people, and degraded in his own, must increase the evil it is designed to remedy, and proclaim to the world that a representative government is not to be trusted in matters which concern the interests of the people.

The Judicial Department of the government requires, as your resolutions indicate, and doubtless will receive, thorough and radical reform and reorganization; and it is but reasonable to indulge the hope, that, following this improvement, the practice and proceedings in courts of law and equity may be disrobed of the star-chamber drapery which has so long concealed their features from the people; that the numerous absurd and antiquated forms and fictions which embarrass the administration of justice may be abolished, and truth and sense, becoming the spirit of the age, be substituted for fiction and jargon.

The right of suffrage is merely conventional, and the question upon whom it shall be conferred should be determined as well upon principles of justice as of expediency; and while we should not deprive the negro of *his* rights, no mistaken conception of abstract equality should induce us to yield him *our own*, or attempt thus to compensate him for the bondage of a portion of his race. It is clearly apparent that two races of men, so unlike in physical development, can never associate together, in any of the concerns of life, upon terms of equality, without that intermingling of relations which degrades both. The mere privilege of bestowing his suffrage, without the right to receive that of his fellow-citizens in return, would prove an idle mockery; and even the right to become such a recipient, with the knowledge that through all time it was to be denied in practice, would prove equally valueless and unavailing. It might, by the aid of political traders, embody and congregate the roving and worthless of this unfortunate race, especially previous to important elections; but it would never elevate or ameliorate the condition of the African. He would

stand like Tantalus with his lips to the fountain, without being permitted to taste its blessings. Nor can his condition be essentially improved while he mingles with a people who, however virtuous he may be, cannot and will not extend to him the hand of social equality.

But time will not permit me to enlarge upon the various topics so significantly enforced by your resolutions, and in a few hurried words I desire to say, that I will cordially join you in inculcating sentiments which shall tend to enlarge the boundaries of rational freedom, and to render its foundations more broad and deep; which shall as well secure to industry its reward and to labor the bread it has earned, as to the affluent his fair inheritance or honest accumulations; which shall restore to the people, as far as is practicable, the appointment of their own servants, and shall simplify and correct all that is involved and erroneous in the machinery of government; which shall war with privilege and inequality in whatever imposing garb they may appear, or however specious their disguises; which shall raise still higher the standard of morals and of social order, and cause the rich blessings of civil and religious liberty to flow onward, to fertilize and bless the extended domains of humanity.

With high considerations of regard,

I am your friend and fellow-citizen,

D. S. DICKINSON.

EDWARD STRAHAN, Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

MR. STILWELL TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1846.

DEAR DICKINSON—I have received your speech on the Oregon question, and read it with attention. I have been a close observer of events connected with the subject of your remarks, and it is but just for me to say to you, as I do most freely and candidly, that I have derived more full and complete information from the speech you have sent me, than I have been able to gather from all other sources.

Of course, this commercial place is anxious for peace on any terms, but I am satisfied that the public view will sustain you

in persisting on running the 49th parallel through to the ocean, at any hazard. Your course I have carefully watched, and I approve it most cordially. I hope you will continue to be as discreet as you have been. Take good care of our friend General Cass; he is one of the nation's jewels, and should be preserved with as much solicitude as the regalia. The General is my favorite among all the Democratic candidates; and if he should ever be the Presidential candidate, I shall support him, although I avow myself a Whig.

I hope you will not encourage the second-term doctrine under any circumstances. I have no particular objection to urge against Mr. Polk, but I am satisfied the good of the country requires that no person shall be a candidate for a second term.

I hope you find Washington as pleasant as you expected,—certainly you cannot desire to be in *our* Senate.

Believe me to be, my dear sir,

Truly your friend,

SILAS M. STILWELL.

MR. DICKINSON TO VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, June 23, 1846.

MY DEAR VIRGINIA—Your dear mother and little Mary Stevens left here this day at half past twelve. They expect to stay at Baltimore to-night, and go to Philadelphia, perhaps to New York, to-morrow. They will spend one day in Albany, and reach home about the middle of next week, if nothing occurs to detain them.

I regretted to part with them, but upon full consideration thought it best, as did your mother.

Love to Lydia L——, and make all as pleasant as possible.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, July 5, 1846.

MY DEAR MARY—I miss you very much, and can only be

reconciled to your absence by the thought that you are at home, with brother and sisters, where it will be more pleasant for you than here. It has been very rainy ever since you left until to-day, it is pleasant and sunny. There are about thirty wild Indians here, from the Camanches, and other Southwestern tribes. They were at the President's Grounds on Wednesday, and the next day came into the Capitol. They were in their native costume—bare-headed, the upper part of their faces painted red, and looked about as much like evil spirits as possible. They knew General Houston, and were very glad to see him. He had lived with them, at one time, a number of years.

There is a group of little girls in front of Dr. McConnell's every day, asking me if I have "heard from Mary."

Give my love to your mother, sisters, and brother, and write as often as you can.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MISS MARY STEVENS DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO LYDIA L. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, July 23, 1846.

MY DEAR CHILD—I received your excellent letter, day before yesterday. I am thankful for so good and dutiful a daughter as you are, and long for the time to come when I can see you again. I know you will make it as agreeable for your dear mother as possible. I hope you will soon be able to commence your little school again; it must be so pleasant for you and your dear little sister Mary. Dear child—I hope she enjoys herself at home.

I shall leave W——, in season to attend court, if possible. Be careful of your health and give my love to all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

GOVERNOR FAIRFIELD TO VIRGINIA E. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, August 2, 1846.

MY DEAR MISS VIRGINIA—I thank you, more than I can express, for your very kind reply to my abrupt and saucy letter written “long time ago,” and thank you also for permitting me to write you again. It is a privilege I fear *Mrs. Murray* will be disposed to deny; so I had better improve it while it lasts.

Well—we are upon the verge of setting our faces homeward; one week from to-morrow—and there, only think!—Yes, and only think; with the image of dear home constantly before me; my excellent “gude wife” and eight affectionate children, all standing with open arms to receive me; how could I think of you! Is any further proof wanted of the snug place you hold in my affections? To tell the truth, I am absolutely, without qualification or limitation, downright homesick!—What a fool a man is to spend half of his time away from home;—away from those whose society is life to him, and whose happiness is dearer to him than life;—at best for a little empty honor! I think your father might indulge a little in this philosophy as well as myself; but pray don’t tell him so,—we cannot spare him yet. ——— needs somebody to hold him in check, and the Governor is just the man for it.

Let me see, can I tell you anything about Washington worth hearing? Our mess, our poor, broken up, disjointed, disconsolate mess. Oh, you never saw such a sorry-looking set of fellows as we are. Our faces when we meet at breakfast are as long as a turnpike, and as solemn as a tombstone. Were it not for your father’s never-failing fund of wit and humor, I am sure we should have become petrified long ago, and fit only to be cut up into whetstones. By the way, that’s a good idea, isn’t it? What capital whetstones old sharp-witted lawyers would make! And why not thus cut them up as well as cut up old moons into stars? If I conclude to take out a patent for this, you and I will share the profits—so keep dark about it.

Our table has been shortened several times. Mr. King and I still occupy our relative positions at either end, but the settlements between us are so sparse, that we can hardly be said to

belong to the same neighborhood. Mr. King and I do the best we can to keep up good government, but in spite of all our efforts, the solemnity of the scene is occasionally interrupted by the popping of a beer bottle;—mind, I said *occasionally*. I would not have you think we drink beer every day—Oh, no,—tell your mother I shall take better care of “the Governor” than all that would come to.

Give my love to your mother, and tell her I shall ever remember with pleasure our long sojourn together in a stranger land. Her departure left a blank in our little society that was sadly felt by all, but by *one* only more than myself. Give my love also to little Mary, whom I shall ever remember for the sprightliness and maturity of her mind, and for her gentleness and amiability of heart. When shall we all meet again? Answer *in person* next winter.

Give my love to Miss Harper. I owe her a letter, but have not time to write now. This week is to be a very busy one with us.

What a rigmarole I have written! Never mind, I am not afraid to trust to your mercy. I am not sure that you would not forgive me, not only for murdering the “King’s English,” but for murdering anybody, always excepting “Cousin Henry.”

Truly your friend,

JOHN FAIRFIELD.

Miss V. E. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO COL. SALISBURY, Chairman, &c.

BINGHAMTON, September 24, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR—I am favored with yours of the 16th, inviting me in the name and behalf of the Democracy of Bradford county to join in a mass meeting, to be held at East Smithfield on the 30th, upon matters of public moment. The Democracy of Southern New York feel a lively interest in all that concerns their brethren of Northern Pennsylvania; and it would afford me unbounded pleasure if I could practically indulge this sympathy, and comply with an invitation conveyed in terms so gratifying; but the recent protracted session of Congress

leaves me numerous business engagements which cannot be deferred, and I must decline it.

The Democracy of Bradford certainly stand in a relation peculiarly conspicuous. Their representative, doubtless believing that his constituents could not be taxed into prosperity by exorbitant import duties, voted for the reduction of an unjust and oppressive tariff; and now manfully appeals from the clamors of the interested and the prejudices of the uninformed to the elevated judgment of the masses for his justification. If there are those who believe that the consumers of our country can profitably pay thirty millions of dollars annually on imports, and that industry would languish and labor "pine in want," if it were dispensed with, an appeal to them must be vain and idle. But to those who believe that a tax is onerous, though its features are concealed by the veil of protection and its designation sugared over by the euphonious name of tariff, the issue may be properly presented. It is the same great struggle between the few and the many which has marked the footsteps of man from the earliest periods of his history: buried deep, to be sure, under artful disguises and obscured by imposing drapery, but nevertheless the same.

The recent attempt of Congress to adjust more equally the burdens resting upon the people has especially aroused the energies of politicians whose stock in trade is panic, and its action has been denounced in the sacred name of labor; and over-gorged capital, alarmed at the progress of equality, turns from its banquet of dividends, and essays to counterfeit the cry of breadless industry, which it has borrowed without leave for the occasion. Even in monopoly-ridden England, where a system of *protection* has so long drunk the life-blood of toil under unequal and murderous laws, the wave of reformation has rolled, and "famine is permitted to purchase its crust in the markets of the world." May not we then indulge the hope that this system of palaces and hovels, of splendor and misery, and of gross and alarming inequality be no longer tolerated by our people or fostered by legislation, but that all may unite in one that shall leave to capital its legitimate functions and its profits, to labor its employments and rewards, and to all freedom from the operation of restrictive and unequal laws?

Be pleased to accept my acknowledgments for your kind

allusion to the part I have borne in the councils of the nation,
and believe me to be, with high consideration and regard,

Your friend and fellow-citizen,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Col. S. SALISBURY, Chairman Committee.

MR. CLAPP TO MR. DICKINSON.

OXFORD, October 24, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR—Your daughter Virginia, I learn, has given herself in marriage to Mr. Murray. Allow me to congratulate you on this event, and to hope that your daughter will find in her new state the felicity which is sure to follow the union of hearts and hands in matrimony. Mr. Murray stands high in this county as an active and thriving merchant. He possesses, in an eminent degree, all the business qualities which lead to consideration and fortune. The prospects of the young couple are full of promise, and I trust nothing may occur to mar their happiness.

Make my felicitations on this occasion to Mrs. Dickinson. Our adventures at the White House in Washington, last winter, interested Governor Tracy and myself in Virginia, and the pleasing impression she then made will not soon be obliterated.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of "Fremont's Expeditions;" a valuable work, full of incident and interest. Accept my thanks for this new proof of your friendship. I was previously much your debtor for important documents from Washington. I fear much that the opportunity will never be afforded me to reciprocate these acts of kindness, but be assured I duly appreciate them.

Governor Tracy and myself are beginning to think of another visit, the ensuing winter, to Washington. Should we appear, we shall cast ourselves again on your friendship to help us along in high places.

Very sincerely your friend,

JAMES CLAPP.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR TRACY TO MR. DICKINSON.

OXFORD, N. Y., October 26, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR—Please accept my thanks for the copy of "Captain Fremont's report of his Exploring Expeditions," sent me by young Mr. Clapp. I am also under obligations to you for sundry interesting documents you sent me from Washington.

I recur with great pleasure to my visit at Washington last winter, and particularly to your polite and courteous attention. Both Mr. Clapp and myself feel ourselves largely indebted to you for your civilities. But for you, we should not have seen Governor Marcy at all.

I congratulate you on the marriage of your daughter. She has honored us with her card and the usual accompaniment.

Since my return home a few days ago, I have noticed a remarkable quietness in regard to the coming election. The doctrine of supporting the regular ticket prevails in Chenango, as far as I have heard any expression.

Very truly yours,

JOHN TRACY.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. VIRGINIA E. MURRAY.

BINGHAMTON, November, 1846. }
Monday Morning. }

MY DEAR VIRGIE—We were all pained to hear of your illness, and are much rejoiced that you are better. I should have gone up to see you to-day, but cannot well leave, and the news of your convalescence enables us to hope you will soon be well. Be very careful, and not attempt to go out, even to come here, where we are very anxious to see you, until your health is firm again. That is of the first importance, and should control all else.

Your mother has concluded, with the advice of your grandfather, to spend the winter at home. After full consideration

she decided that she would be most comfortable here. If she took the little girls it would cause her much care; if she left them at home, a great deal of solicitude; the journey down would be hard, and the return harder; and then, if ill, she would miss the kind attentions of dear friends here; and, on the whole, it would seem to be much the best for her to remain. I expect to come home about the middle of the session. Your grandfather spends the winter with your mother.

I intend to leave for Washington about the first of December, and shall probably pass through Norwich.

Love to Henry.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. MURRAY TO MR. DICKINSON.

NORWICH, December 5, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR—I intended to write you yesterday, but a press of business demanded my undivided attention till the close of the mail. Virginia remains just about the same as when you saw her. She felt very sad indeed the day of your departure, and her thoughts were of you continually in your lonely ride that inclement morning. From the liveryman we were happy to learn of your safe arrival at Hamilton, and the favorable prospect of reaching Utica that night as you desired, which we hope you accomplished.

Be pleased to let us hear from you often.

Affectionately yours,

H. K. MURRAY.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MURRAY.

WASHINGTON, December 7, 1846.

MY DEAR VIRGIE—I reached here yesterday morning, and stopped temporarily at Gadsby's. It is, as usual, raining hard, and I have not been anywhere. I see many of your old friends, who inquire for you with congratulations, &c. Hoping that you are on the ground of recovery, with love to Henry and yourself, I am,

Your affectionate father

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, December 9, 1846. }
(Old Rooms.) }

MY DEAR L.—I came on Tuesday morning to "our rooms," and it looked so much like home compared with any others I could find, had so many pleasing associations for me, that I forthwith took them again. Our mess is the same as last year, except that there are no ladies (there are very few in town, I believe). Mrs. Niles is in New York, but is expected on in a few weeks. I have called nowhere except on the President, who was looking well. Many are busy in getting settled, which some do not do, you know, but move once a week during the session. All our "mess" think you did wisely in staying at home, considering the short session and bad travelling. I could scarcely see a bonnet in either gallery to-day, though the weather was pleasant—rather a change from last year.

My regards to your father, and love to the dear children; tell them all to write me.

Yours affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, December 23, 1846.

MY DEAREST LYDIA—I received yours yesterday with dear

Virgie's note. Poor afflicted child. I learn, however, by Henry's letter of this morning that she is much better. I hope to start this week for home, but may be prevented for a little longer, though I hope not. I am glad to hear you are well, but sorry enough to learn that the cold is so severe. You must not spare the fires, and let the winter slide as gently as possible. I hope our dear children are well; give them my best love, and regards to your father.

It is so much easier to tell details than to write them, that I wait for particulars till I see you. All inquire for you, but say you did wisely, for a short session, in not coming. Much love.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. D.

MR. JOHN R. DICKINSON TO MR. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, January 14, 1847.

DEAR D. S.—I have just returned from Norwich, having left there at nine this morning. We had such word, Monday evening, that sister Lydia thought she must go at once. I thought she ought to go if possible; but Tuesday she was not able to start till afternoon. The weather was severe, and as she was so feeble I concluded to go with her, my anxiety about Virgie contributing also to my going. We fixed up a carriage comfortably as possible, and Julia and I went with her, with Manco to drive. Went to Greene that night, and next forenoon to Norwich very comfortably. Lydia stood the ride very well, and was better this morning when we left than when she started from home. We found Virginia better than I expected. She is very weak and sick; but from seeing her I have strong hope of her recovery, which, from all accounts, I before hardly dared entertain.

She had a very bad day Sunday, but has been better since; she spoke cheerfully, and her eyes looked bright. I repeat, I have considerable hope. These favorable symptoms may change, but if she can be kept quiet, and treated just right, I think she will recover. Dr. Jackson has gone up to-day. I

did not see him—passed him in the stage. You will have an account of her from him.

Yours truly,

J. R. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, January 14, 1847.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I have not yet heard from you since I came here. The snow is deep, deeper than I have ever seen it, and it was for two or three days as cold as it ever is in Binghamton. It is now more moderate, but the deep snow is yet with us. I found my presence here very necessary, and if you are not sick I shall feel as contented as I can. I had a letter from Henry last night, dated the 9th. Virginia was, if any change, better, but it seems there was not much change any way.

The roads have been blocked up ever since I came here, and passengers have to wait at the Susquehanna river at Havre De Grace, two or three-days before they can get away. My journey was a very hard one, but I was well, and, notwithstanding I was overturned in the stage, got here safely.

I have not been out any since I came here. I found a great many letters, and have been busy in arranging and answering them.

Very much love to our dear ones.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. JOHN R. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, January 15, 1847.

DEAR D. S.—I regret exceedingly that Dr. Jackson's report of Virginia does not confirm the favorable conclusion I formed from her appearance when I was at Norwich, and which I communicated to you last evening. It seems her favorable symptoms were but temporary, and he thinks there is too much reason to apprehend a crisis, which we cannot contemplate with-

out the deepest emotions of sorrow. The doctor thinks she may continue in this way for some time, unless some new difficulty should intervene; in which case, in her weak state, she might run down very soon. I still cannot but hope, but it is best to prepare our minds for what we are compelled to apprehend.

The children here are well. Mrs. Dickinson, Dr. Jackson says, is also as well as when we left her. I send a letter from the Doctor by this mail.

Yours very truly,

J. R. DICKINSON.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DIX TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR—The telegraphic dispatch which you enclosed to me, with a note of your departure, gave my wife and myself the deepest pain. I write to assure you and Mrs. Dickinson of our heartfelt sympathy. We yet hope and pray that you may be spared the affliction with which you are threatened.

Yours truly,

JOHN A. DIX.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, January 21, 1846.

MY DEAR R.—I write you with a bleeding heart. That beloved and cherished child, whom I so dearly idolized, is no more. Her pure and sinless spirit is in Heaven, and all that is mortal of Virginia sleeps upon the banks of the Chenango, where she loved to wander when a child to hear the wild birds, and gather the earliest flowers of spring. O my God! and is it a reality? Would that it were one of those wild and fevered dreams, that pain the heart in moments of slumber, and depart again with waking. My love for that dear child was passing the love of woman. She was the pride and joy of her friends; a rosebud in the wreath of domestic hope.

“You that have such, can only know my loss; you that have lost them or expect to lose, can only know my pangs.”

But one of the ties that has bound me too closely to earth is severed; that “silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken.” “She will not return to me, but I shall go to her.”

Adieu,

D.

MR. CROSWELL TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 23, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR—Although we had already received the melancholy tidings of the death of your beloved daughter, it was not until this evening that the receipt of the Binghamton papers with your frank, assured me that you still remained with your family since the afflicting event. I write now, not to attempt consolation, for that must come from a higher source; but to assure you that your friends here and everywhere sympathize with you in your great affliction.

Alas! how little, and how wisely, we are permitted to know of the future. That youth, on the threshold of life, with the fairest hopes and in the fulness of health, should be called away before those whom years and deep-seated maladies had seemed to mark out for earlier victims, is among the inscrutable things which we may not desire to fathom.

We all fear the effect upon Mrs. Dickinson's health; but she and you have the great consolation to know that the departed went not unprepared; that as she was beloved here, so is the offering the more acceptable beyond this transitory state of being; and that so far as there are other existences, it is incalculable gain to her. This, though it may aggravate the sense of loss and deprivation, *is* a consolation which time will enable you more fully to realize perhaps than now.

My wife and family unite with me in affectionate condolence with Mrs. Dickinson, yourself, and family; and I remain,

With sincere regards and regrets,

Your friend,

E. CROSWELL.

MR. WASSON TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 24, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Before the receipt of the paper you had sent, the tear of sympathy had been shed in my family for your affliction. Although you had advised me under date of December 27th, that you had some serious apprehensions, and was going home, I saw by the papers your return to Washington, and heard nothing more until I read the account of your daughter's death in the Journal. I was struck as with an electric shock, and could not but say to myself, "It cannot be possible!"

But alas! it is too true; and how feeble the combined wisdom of man in such cases! We stand amazed and can only say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be His name." I know, my friend, from experience, how to mourn with you and your dear family on this occasion. You have the consolation of knowing that she rests with her Redeemer, and you have only to mourn her loss and pleasant company. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. I hope Mrs. Dickinson will bear this severe affliction with fortitude and resignation, and remember that she has a duty to other dear children that are spared to her.

If you return through this city, let me see you.

Your friend,
JAMES D. WASSON,

 MR. ROGERS TO MR. AND MRS. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, January 25, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I have perused with profound grief your announcement of the death of your lovely and cherished daughter.

How hardly can I realize that she whom I saw less than a year since, flushed with health, buoyant with hope, and for whom the future was so full of promise: that sprightly, intelligent, and lovely girl, now sleeps the sleep of death. How difficult is it to comprehend that all which was merely mortal of

Virginia now slumbers beneath the clods of the valley; there to rest until the voice of the Archangel shall awaken her to the resurrection of the Just. But it must be so; and with a heart filled with emotion, and which vibrates to every pulsation of grief which wrings your own, do I offer my sincerest sympathies.

My wife and daughter, having learned to love Virginia from my frequent mention of her estimable qualities and virtues, and deeply moved by Mrs. Dickinson's touching description of the last scene in the drama of her mortal existence, are now seated by my side, mingling their tears with mine, and desiring also to extend to you both the warmest sympathies of their hearts.

My dear, dear friends, how gladly would I soothe your grief, how cheerfully allay the anguish with which your souls are burdened; but alas! how utterly unavailing to this end, at such a time as this, is anything that friends can offer. He who chastens because He loves, can only administer true consolation to a soul borne down with sorrows.

This dispensation, fearful and distressing though it be, is eminently calculated to weaken your hold on earth, and deeply to impress you with that truth, which we all acknowledge, yet too seldom feel, that

"The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh."

With renewed assurances of friendship, cemented, and if possible made stronger and more enduring, by the cherished recollections of that endeared one, now no more, I remain,

Ever faithfully yours,

H. W. ROGERS.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. CROSWELL.

BINGHAMTON, January 27, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR—We return our mournful acknowledgments for the kind and timely sympathy of yourself and family conveyed in yours of the 23d.

We are heart-stricken and bowed with sorrow. The day-

star of our domestic life has been extinguished; the cherished first-born torn from us forever. This bereavement, my dear sir, is too replete with painful interest for recital, and I dare not force my heart to a review. And yet Heaven in mercy casts a shadow over its appalling reality, and almost allows us to believe it a wild and fevered dream. If the thought were not impious, would to God it were! But why should we selfish worldlings desire to call her back to this bleak and desolate existence? Her life had been an unbroken current of joy. All to her had been bright and beautiful, and the dark and sorrowful she had never known. Her life was as pure and sinless as her death was calm and peaceful, and she departed with words of faith and peace upon her lips. Mrs. Dickinson has been sustained through this severe dispensation beyond all human expectation. But she feels the bereavement but too painfully, and needs the aid and consolation of one who can feel and appreciate her loss. She joins in affectionate regards for yourself and family.

I shall return as soon as justified by the propriety of this mournful occasion, and due regard to the peculiar state of Mrs. Dickinson's health—mental and physical—and that is a matter of too much delicacy and interest to disregard. I have thought some of starting Thursday (day after to-morrow), but unless I have some special message I shall not until Monday next. I expect to pass the night in Albany, and will see you.

Your friend, in affliction,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DIX TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, January 29, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR—We were greatly distressed by the intelligence which your letter brought us, though the telegraphic despatch, which you left, had in some degree prepared us for it. I feel how vain any words of mine would be to impart any consolation to you. Time and a humble submission to the will of that superintending Providence, which in its inscrutable wisdom has inflicted upon you this irreparable loss, can alone

heal the wounds it has caused. But of this I beg to assure you, for my wife and myself, that you and Mrs. Dickinson have our deepest sympathy, and our sincere prayers that you may be endowed with strength to bear your affliction. Remember us both cordially to her, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN A. DIX.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, }
February 4, 1847. }

MY DEAR LYDIA—This day has been one of deep and painful interest. After leaving Utica, I reached Albany, and on Tuesday evening took tea at Mrs. Wasson's, and staid at the Delavan House. Wednesday morning, left for New York via Housatonic railroad, and reached Bridgeport, Conn., about two o'clock. There was at the time a terrible gale blowing upon the Sound, and the captain of the steamboat Mountaineer, which was to carry us to New York, declared it unsafe to attempt to cross the Sound, and we staid until this morning and left at six o'clock. We had not proceeded far when the gale commenced again with all its fury; a rough sea threw us out of the channel, and we were for two hours aground with the waves dashing and roaring around us. The flood tide finally set us afloat again, and our boat (which was by far too light and frail for such an emergency) proceeded to battle with the fierce elements which surrounded it. The wind blew so severely that we had to cling to some part of the boat to keep from being blown about like a feather; and one heavy sea after another, breaking over some part of the boat or careening her upon one side, kept the passengers in a constant state of alarm. Twice she went so far that I nearly gave her up, but she again righted and went on. Two gentlemen were on board who were on the fated Atlantic when she was wrecked last November. They were evidently much alarmed. One of them told me that it was such a sea as we had that broke the machinery of the Atlantic and capsized her, and if we had had another one follow in quick succession, he thought it would have upset us. While

we were thus in the midst of excitement, a dark object was seen in the distance, and much speculation was set on foot as to what it could be. As we approached, it became evident that it was a wrecked vessel, and upon going to the upper deck I was sure I could see persons clinging to it. We saw a sloop attempt to approach it, but the winds were so strong and the seas so rough, that it was unmanageable and was driven off before the gale. We could now plainly see men clinging to that portion of the vessel above water. The steamboat changed her course, and endeavored to come near, but was compelled to pass by within a few rods. The wreck was a sloop which had capsized, and a portion of her hull was yet above water, and her sailors yet clinging to it. The cold was excessive; their hats were gone, and the sea broke over them, wetting them to the skin, every few moments, and then leaving them to the mercy of the winter cold. It was enough to melt the stoutest heart, as we passed them, to hear their cries and prayers for help; and when they found we were going to leave them to their fate, they wrung their hands and gave every painful token of distress. But the steamboat being unable to come alongside of the wreck, which was still floating, a call was made for the lifeboat. This was loosened, and by the aid of the passengers brought to the leeward and lowered. A large, dark man (whom I had seen pacing the deck like a caged lion, and whom I had contemplated with interest for his huge, shaggy appearance and weather-beaten face and his close attention to the boat) and three others leaped into the lifeboat, and he gave his orders in a clear, deep voice to pull away. This frail thing was at first tossed like an egg-shell, but it rose and fell, under the skilful guidance of its master-spirit, in a direct line for the wreck; one moment it was mountain high, and the next covered with spray and buried to all appearance beneath the waves, but anon it would appear again and shoot forward upon its errand of mercy. I have never seen any object watched with such intense interest, as was this little boat and its daring crew. The wreck was rapidly sinking; we saw the boat reach near the sufferers, but the waves dashed so furiously that for a time all was in doubt, but in a few moments the little craft again appeared, shooting like a dark speck from a mountain of foam, and shaped her returning course. The

passengers all forgot their own danger, and sent up a mighty shout for the deliverance of the sufferers and the valor of the boat's crew.

They came alongside, and were all taken on board. It proved to be the sloop "Confidence" of Connecticut—a captain and four men, five in all. The sloop was upset by the violence of the wind, and the men were nearly frozen. One poor fellow was so nearly gone, that he could only be restored by the greatest care and most skilful applications. The sloop sunk to rise no more, shortly after they were rescued. A meeting of the passengers was called, at which resolutions of approbation of the boat's crew were passed, and a collection raised for the daring seamen who perilled their lives to save their fellows, and also for the benefit of the sufferers. We reached here about four to-day, having been ten hours on the way, when four is the usual time for the journey.

It has been a fatiguing and exciting day, but I feel quite well and thankful, and will go on in the morning.

Much love to all, especially to the dear children.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. JOHN R. DICKINSON TO MR. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, February 10, 1847.

DEAR D. S.—We were under much apprehension on your account, calculating that you would be on the Sound about the time of the gale, which was a severe one even here; and the first assurance we had of your safety was accompanied with the information that our fears had been well founded. You must indeed have had a fearful time. We cannot be too thankful for your preservation.

Since you left, sister Lydia has been some of the time quite sick: some of the days comfortable, and others, worse. She seems to realize more fully the painful scenes she has passed through; and the excitement that probably sustained her having passed away, the result to have been expected is produced.

The rest all well.

Yours truly,

J. R. DICKINSON.

MRS. BIRDSALL TO MR. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, February 12, 1847.

MY DEAR UNCLE—I received the letter you inclosed, last evening. I thought at first it was from yourself, and was somewhat disappointed upon opening it.

I can hardly be thankful enough that you were preserved in safety during that fearful gale. Aunt Lydia read us your letter. I go to see her as often as possible.

I rode past the churchyard a short time since. Never before did it seem so desolate, nor yet so sacred. I cannot think of dear Virginia as I last saw her, but with the bloom of health on her cheek; her countenance beaming with joy and animation. She spent a few days with me last summer, when the roses and syringas were in bloom. I can almost see her now, as then, and hear her merry laugh as she gathered them for bouquets, or gaily twined them in her shining hair—herself the loveliest flower. But she has gone where “fadeless flowers immortal bloom”—herself to fade no more. I did not see her from the time she was married till she returned with “the icy hand of death upon her brow, her bridal robes exchanged for the drapery of the tomb.” I kissed her cold forehead, but she felt not the embrace, nor knew what tears of anguish were flowing there. But she was lovely even then: so calmly, so purely had her spirit passed away. Death to her had no sting, and the grave over her no victory.

Dear uncle, is there not some comfort in thinking you have a child in heaven, where pain and death can never reach her more; perchance, the first to welcome you to that bright abode?

But instead of affording the solace I would gladly impart, I fear I only cause your tears to flow afresh. That God may sanctify to you this bitter cup is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate

LOUISE.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, February 14, 1847.

MY DEAREST LYDIA—I am distressed to hear that you are

ill, though dear Lydia L.'s note received this morning says you are a little better. Oh how I long to join you again! I am quite well, but all looks dark and desolate, and I desire to be with you and the children. If the session were to be long, I should certainly have you come, but as it is short, I shall try to drag out the residue of it alone. Our friends sympathize deeply with us, and inquire anxiously for you; but it has been so trying to my feelings to meet our associates and friends that I have been compelled to avoid seeing them.

I have not been out since I returned. I engaged the other evening to go and introduce two gentlemen to the President and Mrs. Polk, but when I reflected upon meeting our friends there, I knew it would overcome me, and I got excused. I have not seen Mrs. Polk, and do not feel as if I could; but I shall try to call before I return.

All are as usual here. I had several copies of the Pittsfield Sun, and sent them to our friends. Mr. Croswell was quite anxious to get a copy of the Democrat containing the obituary notice. He wished it for Mrs. Croswell, who had desired to see it. If a spare copy can be found I would like to have it forwarded to him.

Do, my dear, endeavor to bear up under this affliction until I shall be with you to share together our sad bereavement.

My choicest love to the dear children.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO LYDIA L. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, February 15, 1847.

MY DEAR LYDIA L.—Yours came to me this morning. I am exceedingly pained to hear of your dear mother's illness. I hope and pray she may be better when I hear again. You, my dear child, must bear our painful affliction with all the fortitude you can summon. I know, you and your little sister will imitate the virtues of our departed one; and may it be your lot "Like her to live, like her to die;" but, Oh, my child, not so soon. Love to all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, February 16, 1847.

MY DEAREST LYDIA—I did not hear from you this morning, but hope to to-morrow, when I pray I may hear that you are more comfortable. I feel deeply pained for your loneliness and affliction, but, my dear one, we have long been blessed with the loveliness of one dear daughter, and let us patiently bear this chastising of our Heavenly Father.

I send a letter from Mrs. Downing. It has been over to Binghamton, and returned. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens has written some lines upon the death of our dear Virginia.* I will send them as soon as I receive them.

Yours affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

* LINES BY MRS. STEPHENS.

Published in the Washington Union.

To the Editor of the Union:

Mrs. VIRGINIA ELIZA MURRAY, a daughter of Hon. D. S. Dickinson, of New York, was given away in marriage at the chancel of Christ's Church, Binghamton, October 20th, 1847. Just three months from her bridal day, the same clergyman, at the same altar, was performing the last solemn offices over her remains. Her father reached Binghamton only in time to witness her funeral. These touching facts gave rise to the following lines, which you will honor me by accepting for the *Union*.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

<p>She stood before the altar, meekly pale, Her soft eyes veiled, and her bright lips apart, As wild flowers blush and tremblingly exhale Their own delicious fragrance; she would start And tremble at the beating of her heart.</p> <p>The father stood beside her, calm and mild— For he had learned that power upon the will, By which all passions, turbulent and wild, Are softened to a glad or painful thrill; And so he bade his heart be firm and still.</p> <p>Her hand was yet in his—O! she had been The dearest thing to which his hopes had clung: Cherished beneath a roof-tree, proud and green, On which a thousand laurels had been flung, Casting bright gleams around her where they hung.</p>	<p>But he had nerved his soul to yield her up— And lo! the gentle mother, by his side, Stood with full heart to see the golden cup Of her bright life drained of its richest pride. Her child, her household joy, was now a bride!</p> <p>And she was married!—from that altar-stone, Trembling with timid hope and bashful love, She turned half tearful to the chosen one, And sought his sheltering care, like some young dove Lost from its nest-home in the skies above.</p> <p>In joy, she sought the parent arms again— And blessings sent their music to her heart, Like the soft drops of that delicious rain, Where clouds and sunshine struggle for the start, And, with bright tumult, claim an equal part.</p>
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GENERAL CASS TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Though much pressed at this moment, yet I cannot refrain from writing you this hasty note. Still I have nothing more to say than I said last evening, though my opinions have gathered strength since that time, and others fully accord with me in sentiment. I beg you, therefore, to lay aside any thought of resigning. I beg you for my sake, for the sake of the great party to which we belong, to abandon the idea. I shall stay here four or five days—shall then go to New York. I will write you again before I leave here. Could you drop me a line at New York?

Ever your friend,

LEW. CASS.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON.

<p>They left the altar, some with mirth pleasant, And some half tearful, like an April day, When every rain-drop gives its blossom birth, And sunbeams, laughing in their golden play, Dash with one sweep the shadows half away.</p> <p>And then, oppressed with many a sweet re- gret, The parents sought their darkened hearth once more, With saddened hearts, and eyes all dim and wet; They learned to bless the stranger youth who bore The jewel from their home, the sunbeam from their door.</p> <p>Three months—three little months, and lo, again The bride came to the temple—not alone; For with her swept a dim funereal train, That slowly gather'd round that altar- stone, And bowed themselves with many a stifled moan.</p> <p>The mother sent for him—that noble sire— And from his place of lofty trust he came To this sad second bridal. Then the fire Of his strong heart went out. Was she the same? Was that cold statue all his hopes might claim?</p>	<p>How still and calm, how silently she lay! With that sweet, angel smile upon her brow,— As if a wandering saint had passed that way, And breathed upon the cold and spotless snow Of that pure forehead a seraphic glow.</p> <p>And could she smile—and yet not smile on him? His footsteps, had they failed to meet her ear? His strong form trembled and his eye grew dim. O God!—that household band was weeping near, And she lay smiling coldly on her bier.</p> <p>It was not much, though it had seem'd a grief, To give her up in all her bridal bloom; For with that parting came a sweet belief Of quick re-union;—now, the tomb—the tomb Hung over all its dark and silent gloom!</p> <p>A gush of music, low and sadly sweet, Swelled through the temple. Must they yield her then, From this her second bridal? Must they meet The loved and lost no more? Again! again! Angels were hymning out that soft refrain!</p>
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MR. CLINTON TO MR. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, April 14, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR—I was hugging the comfortable conviction that I was a forgotten and disregarded nobody, when I received the assurances of your kind remembrances and copies of your able and excellent speech, and the beautiful volume of the constitution. You have raised my spirits, and confirmed my attachment to yourself. Sooth' to say, I am not altogether satisfied with your position on the Wilmot Proviso, but I am perfectly satisfied with you ; and the man who assails your motives, denies your eminent ability, or decries your talents, is not my friend. That vexed question will, perhaps, be laid in the tomb of the Capulets, and repose in eternal quietude with the faction who conjured with it, in the hope of raising a tempest whose wings should waft them into place and power.

You have, however, incurred the enmity of certain Democratic politicians. Their enmity, however, can do you little injury, so-long as you combine, with the good-will and respect of so many disinterested persons, who do not entirely coincide with you in your notions upon abstract questions, the warm support of the great masses, who sustain you throughout. The constitution is a fitting companion of your speech. You place yourself upon that sacred instrument, and no unprejudiced person will deny your ability or sincerity.

Abolitionism, Wilmot Provisoism, and all party and all factional distinctions, bid fair to be swallowed up in Taylorism. The current controversies of our politics are all abandoned, and forgotten in national gratulation. The hero of Buena Vista is exalted by the people above all party. Claimed by both and identified by neither, he is regarded by many as the man raised up by Providence to calm our dangerous agitation, and command the elements of disunion into peace. I doubt whether the present popular fervor is, as some suppose, a transient feeling. It seems deep and fixed. In passing through Albany I saw prominent politicians of all sections, of both parties, and ascertained that all of them were anxious to hitch on to Taylor's triumphal car.

Sewardites and Youngites, Barnburners and Hunkers, alike claim him, applaud him, and prophesy his elevation to the presidency. What is to be done? Many democrats here say,

that if Taylor be a candidate, whether he be whig or democrat, they will vote for him. The Seward whigs are anxious only that their leader should be on his ticket for the vice-presidency. A few Websterites and Clayites, who can be counted by tens, do indeed remain true to their allegiance. Such, it seems to me, is the condition of the whig party of the State, and very similar to it is that of the democratic party.

But I must not detain you with my nonsense. God bless you, my dear governor. If you ever get time, write to me, and believe me,

Very truly and respectfully yours,

G. W. CLINTON.

GOVERNOR THROOP TO MR. DICKINSON.

WILLOWBROOK, December 30, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR—I have just received your kind note, and am not more gratified at your cheerful compliance with my request, than at the friendly tone of it. I have not partaken in the recent party struggles, but I retain my opinions, my feelings, and my friendships. I feel also for my country, and the most lively anxiety for its interest and honor in its present belligerent position. I have witnessed with pride the bravery of our officers and soldiery, and the triumph of our arms; but not more so than the wisdom and energy with which the war has been declared and carried on.

We have redeemed ourselves from the disgrace of the war of 1812, and have shown that our government is capable of acting with energy and promptness. Under no form of government could a war, in the same state of unpreparedness, have been commenced and conducted with more efficiency.

I am with the President in all his views, and I feel proud of the ability with which he prosecutes them. I am pleased to see the prominent part you are taking in the Senate, and shall read, with great interest, the discussions upon the several resolutions introduced on the subject of the war—yours among the number.

I feel happy in the freedom I enjoy from all official responsibilities. I have enjoyed myself here in the seclusion of a purely

agricultural life, ever since my return to my country. I have a fondness for it, and you will probably be surprised when I tell you that I have purchased a farm, at Kalamazoo, in the centre of Michigan, which I am preparing to improve and cultivate. I passed part of last summer there, and shall return to it again very early in the spring.

I shall be pleased to be remembered by you, and to receive occasionally a document.

I shall shut up my house here next week, and receive all my communications at *Utica*, until I leave for the West.

Please to accept for yourself, and present to your family my best respects, with the compliments of the season, and believe me,

Ever your friend and humble servant,

E. T. THROOP.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON.

BISHOP DELANCEY TO MR. DICKINSON.

GENEVA, January 15, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR—Will you allow me to trouble you to send me two copies of the President's Message and documents, and also two copies of Mr. Secretary Walker's report? I hope you will not imagine that, under our new constitution which opens the door of political office and emolument to the clergy, I am about to turn from theology to politics, because I solicit two copies. I ask one for myself and the other for my son, who is a young lawyer at Albany.

Hitherto in our church, we have succeeded in keeping the clergy quite free from political intermeddlings, and I feel no disposition to deviate from the "old path" in this respect. I wish to place the message, &c., in my library.

I hope your health continues good, amid the exciting topics and discussions at Washington, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at Binghamton on my visitation there next summer.

Commending you to the divine blessing, I remain,

Sincerely and truly,

Your friend and servant,

W. H. DELANCEY.

GOVERNOR SEWARD TO MR. DICKINSON.

AUBURN, May 18, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR—My respected friend, the Hon. John Davis, has introduced into the Senate a bill to repeal that important provision in the Patent Law which rejects the testimony oral and written of persons called to prove a foreign use of a thing patented, prior to the date of the patent issued in this country. The ground upon which the provision stands is obvious enough. There is no evidence so fatal to a patent, none which could be given falsely with such safety against contradiction, and such certainty of impunity, and no perjury which could command such rich rewards.

When the principle has been thus established and approved of, so far as I know, by all who have administered patent law, I trust that the Senate will require conclusive reasons for repealing it before adopting a measure that would render our entire system inefficient and worthless.

I am, dear sir, with great respect and esteem,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

MR. ROGERS TO MR. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, September 15, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR—I am rejoiced to learn from your recent letter that we are very soon to see you in our midst, and I write at once to say that your wife must come too. You don't know how much my family wish to see Mrs. Dickinson, and have a visit from her at our own home. Will you not bring one or both of your daughters also?

We have fixed upon the 28th for you to speak here, and we shall spare no time or pains to give you a good reception. I hope you will be able to come to my house *directly*. I some expect to be able to meet you at Fredonia and come down with you.

Though late, I desire to express to you my gratification at, and admiration of your conduct at the trying and exciting

scenes in the Senate at its late session. You added fresh laurels to your brow by the judicious course you pursued, and you will not be forgotten by your friends.

With kind and affectionate regards to your wife and daughters, in which I am joined by my wife and daughter, I am

Sincerely your friend,

W. H. ROGERS.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON.

MANCO C. DICKINSON TO HIS FATHER, MOTHER, AND SISTERS.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1849.

MY DEAR FATHER, MOTHER AND SISTERS—I thank you all very much for your recent kind letters. I am quite well, and in good spirits, although many were the tears that could not be repressed last night, and every new thought of home, friends and dear ones, caused me deep emotion. I parted with J. E. yesterday, and I really did not know that I thought so much of him. Mr. Porter has been with me most of the time, and has been very kind to me, and I hope you will remember him for my sake. I have to express my gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Morris, and when I read their letters the tears came fast. I received the package for Robert Morrison.

There are many things I would say to you, but feel that I cannot express myself as I ought at present. As I am about to leave all that is dear to me, I trust you will have a good picture of all the family taken and sent me, for I may be a long time absent, and if I cannot see my dear ones, I hope to have their likenesses.

My dear sisters, remember your promises to love Charlotte, and Stevie, and dear father and mother, please let her hear from you often. The coach is waiting to take me to the ship, where I shall write again.

Your affectionate son and brother,

MANCO C. DICKINSON.

MANCO C. DICKINSON TO MR. AND MRS. DICKINSON.

STEAMSHIP FALCON, OFF CHARLESTON, }
February 2, 1849. }

MY DEAR PARENTS—I was much disappointed at not receiving any letters yesterday morning, and presume there must have been some there for me, but, as I came down to the ship at eleven o'clock, think I was not in town late enough to get them.

When I had got my baggage on board and everything ready for a start, I had plenty of time to have gone up town, but the crowd was so great, that I was afraid I could not get back to the ship again. You can have no idea how immense the crowd was, it extended all over the pier, as thick as men could be crowded together, and hundreds were not able to even get near the pier, and many of the ships lying by us were covered with people. We have just spoke a ship from Chagres—*No cholera there*. We have had a very stormy time, and the rain is pouring now. Nearly all the passengers have been or are now sea-sick; but so far I have escaped. Captain Simmons and wife are on board, but Mrs. S—— is sea-sick, and I have not seen her yet. Mr. Pugh is by my side writing. I understand that we do not go to New Orleans at all, and therefore can receive letters from you only at Charleston or Savannah. I am much afraid I shall find none there for me.

I can scarcely write, as the sea is so rough I have to go on deck every few moments to keep from being sick.

Give much love to Lydia and Mary, and ask them to write me often.

Ever your affectionate son,
MANCO C. DICKINSON.

MR. E. B. STEPHENS TO MR. DICKINSON.

PANAMA, March 15, 1849.

DEAR SIR—I regret to say that, since my last letter to you, Manco has been very ill. He was quite prostrated with the fever, and the day before the sailing of the Oregon he was attacked with a hemorrhage of the lungs, in consequence of

which the surgeon pronounced him utterly unable to be removed on board the vessel. His party have left him and gone on. Commodore Goldsborough has ordered him to report himself at Washington unfit for duty, on his recovery, which I learn he intends to do.

He is having every attention which friends can give him. Dr. Harris of New York, Dr. Payne of Virginia, and Dr. Van Dyke of New York are attending upon him. I think he is rapidly recovering, and the physicians say that in a short time he will be about.

Dr. Harris will write you before the closing of the mails. His physicians think he had better return to the States.

The mail closes on the 18th. I keep back this letter to the very latest moment, in order to give you his condition.

Yours truly,

E. B. STEPHENS.

March 16th.—He is doing very well, and without doubt will soon recover. He is at the house of a Spanish gentleman in Panama, and has abundant means.

E. B. S.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON, U. S. S.

MANCO C. DICKINSON TO MR. DICKINSON.

PANAMA, April 7, 1849.

MY DEAR FATHER—I suppose before this time you are pleasantly situated at home, our old sweet home, and most earnestly do I wish myself there also. I am much better to-day, and if I continue to improve shall soon be able to start on my homeward journey. E. B. S. still remains with me and has proved himself a good friend. Dr. Payne is one of the best men in the world; and if you knew how attentive he has been to me through my severe illness, and how much kindness he has shown me, you would not fail to express your appreciation of it in the strongest terms. He is a great friend to you. It is now uncertain how, or when, or which way I shall go home, and you need make no calculations on what I have before written. I feel the want of the care of mother and sisters now more than

I ever did before in my life. I feel much anxiety for Charlotte and the young D. S. D.—and hope they are well.

The Consul and many of your friends come to see me often. E. wrote you rather a discouraging letter the other day, but that was a mere temporary matter, and I think I shall soon be about. Colonel Weller of Ohio is here with his party, and they are very kind to me.

Give much love to all, and tell Mary I have some pearls for her. I hope to leave Chagres for New York or New Orleans on the 30th by the steamer Crescent City.

Your affectionate son,

MANCO C. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, May 13, 1849.

MY DEAR L.—I have just seen a list of the Crescent City's passengers who arrived in New York yesterday, and among them the name of "Dickinson;" also a list of the names of those who had died at Panama since the last steamer, in which there is no such name; and I hope that Manco must have arrived in New York. If so he will probably reach you Monday evening.

I have been very busy, and have not been out to see any one yet. There is nothing new. I still hope to get away on Tuesday, but may not until next day. Love to all.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

IRVING HOTEL, WASHINGTON, June 8, 1849.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I arrived here yesterday quite well. The Attorney-General will be out of town until Saturday, and I expect to be detained until the beginning of the week, when I hope to get away.

I had about as many calls upon me on my way here as the

“good-natured man” in “Charcoal Sketches,” upon whom everybody called.

Before we left Binghamton, Mr. White placed under my care, as far as Baltimore; Mrs. T—— and her grand-daughter with a trunk and only one bandbox. A little east of Deposit, a lady and her daughter, a little larger than Mary, came on board. The little girl cried, fearing they should lose their baggage; and thinking, probably, that I took some interest in it, the lady said to a gentleman, she wished she knew who I was, as she desired to speak to me. I did not know the gentleman, but it seems he knew me, and told her my name, and she came and introduced herself to me, and asked me to take care of her and her daughter, which I did as far as New York. She was the widow of a clergyman, from near Delhi, and apparently much of a lady;—had lost her husband a few months since, and was returning to Norwich, Connecticut, to her friends. Mr. B. and wife of our village were on the train going to Connecticut, near Norwich, and finding they were to stop in New York at a private boarding-house, I arranged for her to join and travel with them, which she did. The next morning Mr. Howard wished to place under my charge Mrs. K. of Chicago and her daughter for Washington, and I accordingly took them with an assortment of baggage. Having disposed of the widow and her daughter satisfactorily, I had only four then in my care; but on reaching Jersey City ferry, I met Mr. Childs, formerly member of Assembly, who placed under my charge another Mrs. T. and her daughter, of Cumberland, en route for Baltimore. She had only three trunks, a band-box, and a double bird-cage, with two canaries;—but I of course took charge of her and her daughter, making six; and at Philadelphia, a Mississippi lady ranged herself under my wing, because the porters, &c., tried to swindle her, as she said, and proved. This made seven. About twenty miles out of Baltimore, the steamboat broke her shaft, with an awful crash;—the women screamed, the men were alarmed, and all was confusion for a long time. It was finally ascertained that one wheel would work, and we went into Baltimore, reaching there at eleven. The Mississippi lady went to her friends, and the other six went with me to Barnum’s. I got up at half past five, and at seven sent Mrs. and Miss T. No. 1, and Mrs. and Miss T. No. 2, off in the Cumber-

land cars. Breakfasted at eight, and left for Washington, with the other two, Mrs. K. and her daughter, at nine;—reached here at half past eleven;—deposited Mrs. K. and daughter at Miss Latimer's, and came "alone, all alone," to the Irving Hotel.

Thus end the adventures of a "good-natured man." Love to all.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. CROSWELL.

NORWICH CIRCUIT, August 22, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR—I was highly gratified this morning to receive your favor of the 20th inst. I intended to see you, Governor Marcy, and other Albany friends, at Utica, but amid bustle and fatigue missed you all.

When my friends shall unfortunately be given the same nervous sensibility which I have, and shall have been as long and as bitterly abused before the nation by apostasy as I have, they will be as reluctant as I was to think of associating with it. This you may show to Gov. M. and others.

The result is certainly more fortunate than any one could have hoped for at times. If my speech did good, I am glad of it. I felt sure I should not do harm; and did not wonder that some, under the circumstances, feared a few stray shots. I thought I could steer between Scylla and Charybdis; and if I did, I am gratified. I could have done much better, if I had had more time.

I would prefer the reverse order of expression on the slavery question to the one adopted, but thank my stars that it is as well as it is. I have no right and no desire blindly to have my own way.

In great haste,

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. ROGERS TO MR. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, Thursday, October 12, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR—In the most confidential manner, —— has communicated to me your secret intention to resign. That you should feel that you have not been properly backed by your friends, is quite natural; and I cannot censure you for manifesting a desire to be relieved from disagreeable responsibilities which you may think (though in my judgment erroneously) are not duly appreciated by your friends. Notwithstanding this, I solemnly protest against your resigning. It can do no good, and, so far as your own fame is concerned, will do you harm. Of this I have no doubt. Your friends, and you have many warm and true ones, will be grieved, and your enemies gratified, and will ascribe it to anything but the true cause. I do not propose to elaborate this matter; you can readily see the reasons when once suggested. Nor will I say, that I think the Hunker portion of the Democracy will ever have again their former amount of power in this State; for I agree with you that we are emphatically used up by this amalgamation.

I have written this in terrible haste, and you must excuse its appearance; and if you read nothing else in it, do not forget that it contains these three important words, "*Don't you resign!*" Never give up the ship, my friend.

Yours faithfully,

H. W. ROGERS.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, October 19, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR—Your favor, in answer to mine, came last evening; that in relation to what I had written ——, two or three days later. I will certainly do nothing rashly nor hastily, and will be, as I should, governed by my friends, "as is friends," as Captain Cuttle would say. But I trust that they

will see there are points beyond which no white man, nor decent black one, ought to go.

My Buffalo friends have stood by me; and in addition to our early history and associations I feel under many and deep obligations to you personally for your valued friendship, and will do nothing that shall conflict with your wishes when you have looked the whole ground over. I am not alarmed by the dim prospects of the future, nor by the controversies which it will present; but I am unwilling to be huckstered in the market to stop the mouths of noisy and unprincipled demagogues. You have but a faint idea of the extent to which this has been carried; and I have found out much more than I knew when I wrote you. I have not time to write you fully now, but I wrote ——, yesterday, and he may show you that. I am aware of the *apparent indelicacy* of my corresponding on this matter, for it will be said that it alone has relation to a re-election. But it is not so: I care nothing for that, unless it comes along according to the fair course of political events, and I am willing at all times to stand my chances. I am willing to fight; but of what avail is it, if we are to be sold out as we have won the battle, or placed under the surveillance of task-masters. *Mere place* to a man of spirit is not worth much, unless he is sustained not only by personal friends, but by the *tone and bearing* of his party, and that boldly.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MANCO C. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, December 8, 1849.

MY DEAR MANCO—I received your letter and also Lydia's this morning, and was much relieved to hear that you were more comfortable, and that Lydia had safely returned. You must be exceedingly careful; for in your weak and feeble state, a little will turn the scale. Keep free from all excitement of mind and body, and try to maintain a quiet, cheerful temper, and abstain from all immoderate exercise, and I have a very

strong faith that you will get well. I wish you all to render each other as happy and as comfortable as possible. I want to see you all very much, and to play "hop" with dear little Steve. Poor little fellow, I thought he would miss me.

The House has not yet organized, and no one can tell when it will. I have the same room we had last year, and tell mother I found in the drawer of my bureau something that looks amazingly like a young lady's muff.

A great many inquired anxiously for you all, and particularly about your health.

Much love to all.

Affectionately your father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, December 22, 1849.

MY DEAR L.—I have just received yours of Thursday, and heard from you all through Mr. Ely, who has just arrived.

We are as much in the dark as ever about Christmas, and I am entirely unable to say when we shall know more. The chances of adjourning over seem to lessen as we get nearer the time, with no organization.

I will write again the beginning of the week if I do not get away for home, and I dare not say there is much prospect for it.

I was glad to see you write in such good spirits, and hope you may remain comfortable: am much relieved to hear that Manco is improving, and that our dear little grandchild is better. I hope they may both recover, and be a blessing to each other and all their friends. I trust Manco will not be misled by any partial improvement and be imprudent. I have believed from the beginning that more depended upon him than all the doctors in Christendom.

Washington is heavier than ever I knew it. I have a very great number of letters, as usual, most of them requiring answers, or I should write you and the children more than I do.

Give all my kindest love, and remember that I think more of you and the children and home than all else.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. COOPER TO MR. DICKINSON.

THE HALL, COOPERSTOWN. }
January 12, 1850. }

DEAR SIR—During the last session, a law granting a pension to Edward Myers passed the House of Representatives, but was not taken up in the Senate. Myers was the old seaman, whose life and services I have recorded in “Ned Myers.” I feel quite confident of the justice of his claims, having the facts from eye-witnesses, as well as from his commander, the late Commodore Chauncey. There is no doubt his coolness, energy, and skill were the principal means in saving some ten or twelve lives, the night he received the hurt for which the pension is asked.

Alas! poor Myers can now never be benefited by the grant. He died a few days since, leaving a widow and several children. The arrears of this pension is all he had to bequeath; he made a will leaving everything to his wife during her life, and then to the children.

I do not know whether the law will have to be taken up again in the House, but I suppose a claim once looked into, and in so much granted, will be regarded as sacred.

May I ask your good offices in the matter? It is for a widow and orphans that the grant will now be made.

It might interest them were this letter shown to Messrs. Calhoun, Cass, Seward, Cooper, and others of the Senate. I can safely say that the claimant well deserved all his family will get, and more too.

I remain, very truly yours,

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, January 13, 1850.

MY DEAR BLACK-HEAD—I was delighted with your pretty

little letter "to cheer me on my way," and have carefully preserved it. I was also pleased to receive your kind little note a few days since. I grieve to be separated from those I love so dearly, but since duty requires it, we must all submit to it with patience. The cold and desolate winter will soon be gone, and spring smile again. I will endeavor to send you Mr. Merry's portrait, if you have not yet received it. Tell your dear sister that I met the Misses B—— on the Avenue to-day and they inquired for you all, and said I-must write Lydia "that they missed her pretty little feet in the dances at the assemblies."

Comfort all the dear ones, and give them my love.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

SENATE CHAMBER, January 15, 1850.

MY DEAR LYDIA—Mr. Thomas, family, and friends were deeply pained last evening by hearing of the death of Charles Thomas, at Sacramento City, in California. I sympathize deeply with them in their affliction, and the thought of his having died far from home, and among strangers, gives depth to their grief. We should all be thankful that our own dear son was permitted to return, even though deeply afflicted with sickness.

Another incident, more painful in its character, has happened to one of our acquaintances, whom we regarded as worthy of friendly attentions, whom you will recollect was nominated for —— with every prospect of election. But it seems there was some suspicion of his having acted improperly in prosecuting claims and drawing money from the Treasury; and upon investigation it is believed that he has been guilty of forgery. He is missing, and has undoubtedly fled in disgrace, to be a vagabond if he escapes, and a State prisoner if found and arrested. Oh, how true is the proverb, that "honesty is the best policy."

The Hungarians are at the Irving, though I have not seen them, or their hair, of which I hear they have an abundance. Ujhazy, (Wehazy, or something like it,) Count Nuskumfusky, and other distinguished ones, are said to be among them.

It was a cold, bracing air this morning, about the same as a Binghamton morning. Love to all.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

The Hungarians have just been in the Senate. They are really very fine-looking men.

GOVERNOR MARCY TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 27, 1850.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON—*Sir*—I hope to be excused for diverting your attention from public business, in which you are so usefully employed, only for a few moments, to read a short letter and to call to mind an acquaintance whom you may have forgotten.

Some time ago I was introduced to you, and had some intercourse with you, which, I assure you, I remember with pleasure. Considering our relative positions—you in a conspicuous public station and I in retirement—I could hardly justify myself for intruding upon your notice, if I could repress the strong desire I feel to thank you for the pleasure which your course in Congress has given me, and particularly your excellent and patriotic remarks in relation to the slavery agitation. I have nowhere seen so much good sense so well expressed and in so complete a form. The motive—admiration for your talents, and gratitude for your patriotic use of them—which makes me desirous of renewing our former acquaintance will, I hope, justify the liberty I have presumed to take of addressing this communication to you. I have not received a letter from any public man at Washington since this session began (except a brief note from General Cass, whom I had troubled with a request), not one document, not even the excellent message of our most excellent President, which I thought I was entitled to; for being out of the world, as it were, in my obscure retirement, I thought myself one of the “rest of mankind,” not embraced in the world, executively considered.

I formerly could boast of some acquaintance with a busy, talking personage called the public press; but he said too

many silly things, and it took up so much of my time in listening to him, that I cut his acquaintance, holding only to Father Ritchie and the *Argus*. Father Ritchie I consider as good as new. He tells me all I know of the men and the doings at Washington.

You have in your body, or somewhere around you, a certain man called Cass, or General Cass, who seems to me to be behaving very well, and making most excellent speeches. Were it not for the apprehension of committing two faults instead of one, I would take the same liberty with him that I have with you, and write him a letter approbating his Austrian movement, and telling him how highly I and the people prize his speeches.

There are also other persons in Washington, less to my liking than those before mentioned, whom I should like to see; and, to tell you the truth (which I almost regard as yet a secret), I have more than half-way formed the rash resolution of making my appearance in *propria persona* in Washington in the course of three or four weeks; if I do, it will give me pleasure to perceive, when I call to pay my respects to you, by your reception of me, that I am not an old acquaintance that you do not wish to remember.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM L. MARCY.

MR. WELLES TO MR. DICKINSON.

HARTFORD, 28th January, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—Your valuable favor of the 17th was duly received, and I am under obligations, not only for the kind manner in which my communication was received, but for the confidences and suggestions therein manifested.

The debate which took place on the 17th I read attentively, and particularly your able and well-timed remarks, when Mr. Clemens undertook to expel the whole of the democracy from the political church. It is about twenty years since Mr. Calhoun commenced his efforts to build up a sectional party, first on the tariff, and recently on another issue. There was an interval during the administration of Mr. Van Buren and

the early part of John Tyler's, when he undoubtedly had expectation of rising by reinstating himself with the Democratic party, that then these sectional animosities were at rest. But the elevation of Mr. Polk extinguished his hopes, and has made him a sour and discontented man. He has no aspirations connected with the integrity of the Democratic party, and can have none. It is to be regretted that the South should embark so fully in his schemes, or lend themselves to his intrigues.

The indications are that you will have a somewhat stormy and boisterous session; but I have no doubt that the ultimate result will be for the permanent welfare of the whole country. There may be some changes of parties and men, for a time at least, but with right and principle the Constitution and the Union will triumph. You, with others who have, to a great extent, the custody of public measures, will so shape matters that the country will receive no detriment from the intrigues of the aspiring and restless, or the over-heated zeal of the unreflecting and impulsive.

But I must not intrude on your time. We regret extremely to hear of the illness of your son. Until the receipt of your letter I was not aware that he had returned. Mrs. Niles continues about the same. I presented your compliments to the Judge, who sensibly felt them, and spoke of your kind feelings, friendly relations, and your attention and devotion to your public duties.

I am in hopes to visit Washington some time during the session. Until then it will be a gratification if you can occasionally let me hear from you. With kind regards, in which Mrs. Welles unites, to yourself, and to your family when you write or see them, I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

GIDEON WELLES.

MR. YANCEY TO MR. DICKINSON.

LYNCHBURG, VA., February 15, 1850.

TO THE HON. D. S. DICKINSON—*Sir*—My attention has been particularly attracted, in common with others of my fellow-citizens of all parties, to a speech of yours delivered in the

Senate of the United States in reply to Mr. Clemens and others, upon the unhappy subject which now threatens the overthrow of this glorious Union.

I know you not, nor have any favor to ask at your hands; I abhor office-seeking and despise flattery and adulation. I desire simply as a democrat, a southron, and a lover of the Union, to thank you and to tender the humble homage of my sincere admiration for the speech in question, which I would rather have delivered, under the circumstances, than to be the "Thunderer" of Buena Vista; a speech which, permit me to say, if you do nothing more to entitle you to the character of a public benefactor, will embalm your memory in the affections of the truly virtuous and patriotic everywhere throughout the broad limits of this Union.

Unpremeditated as it seems to have been, it nevertheless bears the marks, in my humble judgment, of profound political sagacity, presenting the only grounds, and suggesting the only means, whereby this Union can be preserved. The sentiments are just and eminently patriotic, rebuking the spirit of faction at the North and South. It bears the stamp of a profound statesman, whose public course is dictated by honesty, independence, and the public good—a rare example in these days of degeneracy and corruption. It betrays a lofty spirit which looks down with unutterable contempt upon the miserable demagogues, who, by agitating this subject, traitorously sow the seeds of disunion, of war and desolation, merely to subserve their own purposes of self-aggrandizement; and it shows the spirit of one, too, who cannot be driven from the performance of his duty either by the insolence and violence of faction, or by the fear of the loss of power and place. Permit me to say that, "in my heart of hearts," I love the honest and independent statesman, and not the less because he is the representative of the great State of New York. I merely penned these lines for the purpose of contributing so far as a very humble fellow-countryman unknown to you could, to cheer you on in your noble and patriotic course. You are right, Sir; and rely upon it, if this Union is to be preserved at all, it can only be done upon your principles.

Yours, with the highest respect,

WILLIAM S. YANCEY.

MR. DALLAS TO MR. DICKINSON.

MY DEAR SIR—The *Union* of yesterday, which I received this morning, contains a letter addressed to yourself and me, dated as of the 15th ult. It is signed "John Hampden," a name over which I have heretofore seen several good articles, but by whom it is employed I can form no conjecture.

I am quite sure that as the actual and admirable senator of a great commonwealth, you have already fronted the crisis as became you, and that you will retain the ground you have occupied. But I am at a loss to conceive in what manner it is supposed possible for the late Vice-President usefully to emerge from his privacy, affect to advise Congress, or officiously intermeddle with business already in deputed and able hands. Would not such intervention expose me to plausible and unpleasant imputations, and so affect injuriously the very cause I should desire to aid?

Certainly I have nothing to conceal. Content with the measure of domestic happiness which God permits me to possess, and quite willing to work to the last at the law, I do not care to hide my opinions on public questions. They were frequently uttered in the hearing of thousands while position as a national executive agent made it excusable, if not becoming to do so. The extraordinary circumstances of the times have slightly modified these opinions, and the irrepressible bias of my head and heart, toward preserving the Federal Union, as moulded and embodied (if that word be admissible) by the Constitution, carries me further just now, than mere logic carried me heretofore. But I must confess to you that however much I may naturally fondle my own views and sentiments, I shrink from openly claiming to divert attention from the really wise and virtuous men in the capital, toward a mere Q in the corner.

I have written this under a strong impulse of curiosity to know whether the letter in the *Union* is but an ordinary flight of anonymous vivacity, or is designed as a serious and sober hint to us from any quarter. Pray let me have your idea: and excuse this hasty intrusion on your time.

I am always, very sincerely and respectfully, your friend and servant,

March 1, 1850.

G. M. DALLAS.

JUDGE BRONSON TO MR. DICKINSON

ALBANY, March 4, 1850.

DEAR SIR—I thank you for a pamphlet copy of your speech upon the resolutions of Mr. Clemens. I had read it with great satisfaction in the newspaper, and am glad to have it in a form which will permit of its preservation among my bound pamphlets.

Although my place and pursuits have separated me in a great degree from the political conflicts of the day, I had occasion long ago to say, that the Wilmot Proviso could do no good, and might do harm. That opinion remains unchanged; and notwithstanding all the noise made by politicians, newspapers and legislative Resolves, it will soon be, if it is not now, the sentiment of the mass of the people. They will stand by the Union, and by the Constitution.

I am, yours truly,

GREENE C. BRONSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. RANDALL.

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—

* * * * *

I have always supposed myself, and believe I have been, a Democrat in the most general and catholic acceptation of the term. As a sentiment, I have no doubt I agree with you and all other reasonable Northern men on the subject of slavery. When it was made a sectional question and organizations were founded upon it, I saw that it must lead to fearful results, and conceived it to be my duty to do my best to arrest the progress of sectionalism, and so I have done. I would in some respects have pursued a different course had circumstances permitted; but not belonging to the class who try to take both sides of the same question, I had to take that which generally I most approved, and go along with it. I have never condemned those who differed from me, *toto cælo*, upon this question. But those who agitated, for the sake of agitation, or for political

advantage, I have condemned without stint or reserve. It has been a trying period, and no one could suit all of even his friends, and scarcely himself. I have had to stand up against the feeling which you honestly entertain in common with many intelligent men of the North; against the prejudices of the weak, the machinations of the wicked, and the efforts of some Southern mad-caps, who wanted dissolution *per se*, and therefore wanted to break with every Northern man. It has been the worst period our government ever has seen, or I trust ever will see in this century. I have on the whole done what I regarded as best, and it must stand or fall with me in the judgment of the people. I will only add that it has been done frankly and openly, and those who will condemn, or those who will approve, will not have to seek for my course in indirection.

I did not favor the mode of the party union of last fall; but although some names upon the ticket were not acceptable to me, I supported it cordially, and did all I could to forward it. I am, with you, for carrying out that union in letter and spirit. I have no more idea of refusing to associate with you as a Democrat, because you disagree with me in some particulars regarding the slavery question, than because we may not agree upon temperance or religion. If we will all be thus catholic, there will be no difficulty. As you say, there are a few men who desire and intend to rule or ruin, and but for these there would have been no breach,—but for these there would be a speedy and healthy reunion. It remains to be seen whether Democratic impulses and Democratic progress can be checked and delayed for individual aggrandizement. Look at the present degraded state of our national administration—the spawn of trickery and fraud; succeeding only by reason of Democratic divisions. Too impotent for good; too imbecile for opposition; abolition beyond the constitution; ultra slavery to dissolution; the scorn of its opponents; the laughing-stock of its sensible friends. Oh, that all true Democrats would look at it and determine to lay aside all but their principles, and reclaim that holy land from the infidel!

Sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL.

REV. DR. ROBERTSON TO MR. DICKINSON.

FISHKILL LANDING, DUTCHESS CO., }
 April 5, 1850. }

DEAR SIR—Though I have not had the pleasure of any intercourse with you, since I left the charge of the church at Binghamton, I venture to write a line to ask of you a favor. I learn that it is proposed to ask of Congress to furnish the men for the expedition which Mr. Grinnell is so generously fitting out at New York, to search for Sir John Franklin and party. Sir John and Lady Franklin, especially the latter, are dear friends, with whom I had much intercourse while a missionary in the Levant. Our intimacy has since been maintained by correspondence, and from Lady F—— my family had a visit about three years since. Of course we feel a deep interest in the fate of her noble husband and his companions. I doubt not your sympathies have also been awakened in regard to them; and I would beg of you to do all you can with propriety to have the proposition to Congress for aid favorably entertained. Other missionary families beside my own, as well as various American travellers, have participated in the kind attentions of Sir John and lady, and feel an increased interest in their welfare. It may help, with weightier considerations, to influence some, that their countrymen have, in other days, been under obligations in foreign lands to those who are now placed in circumstances to awaken the sympathies of the whole civilized world.

We should be most happy to see you, or any of your family at the Rectory in this most beautiful region on the banks of the Hudson. With cordial regards to any who may be with you,

Very truly and respectfully your servant in Christ,
 I. I. ROBERTSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1850.

MY DEAREST LYDIA—I have just received yours of Sunday,

and am pained to hear that you have such bad weather, especially on Manco's account. It has been as bad here—cold, damp, windy, and rainy. You say that Manco thinks he would improve more if he was where he could get better medical advice, &c. Alas! poor boy. He does not know how valuable are the quiet comforts of a home and its thousand nameless advantages, which cannot be procured abroad for love nor money. The best medical aid he can get, beyond good nursing, is his own naturally good constitution, and the recuperative operations of nature in a healthy climate,—with great care and prudence in exercise and diet, temper of mind and everything else. In two weeks the air will, for a portion of the time at least, be pure, healthful, and elastic,—enabling him to go out mornings—to air his rooms with the breath of summer, to be revived by early flowers, and the influence of the fresh earth, which you remember cured him from sickness when a babe. Now this is what is to benefit him if anything can, and I think this will, if he will be quiet, patient, and careful.

If I go to Carolina, I shall start on Monday and be absent about ten days. Whether I go or not will depend on what I hear from you. If I go there I shall try to be at home soon after my return, but the exact time I cannot of course fix.

There is nothing new or interesting here. All are well at the Irving, except Mr. Upham, and he is quite ill. The ladies send their kind regards. Love to all.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, April 2, 1850. }
 Sunday Evening. }

MY DEAREST LYDIA—I am now expecting to start with the Committee* to-morrow morning. We go via Richmond, Petersburg, Wilmington, and so on to Charleston. I do not intend to go further than Charleston, but return from there and try to

* The Committee appointed to accompany the remains of Mr. Calhoun to South Carolina.

reach home the forepart of next week—I hope as early as Tuesday or Wednesday, but will write you on the way South. At present, I am very much pressed for time. Give my love to all the dear ones, and ask them to be patient till I come.

Very affectionately,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

RICHMOND, VA., April 23, 1850.

MY DEAREST LYDIA—We reached here last evening at half past four. The reception was one of the most imposing ceremonies I ever saw, and a vast concourse of people were assembled. We leave here at nine o'clock. This country looks about as I supposed—much that is very beautiful, and much worn and sterile. I was especially struck with the great number of beautiful residences here. I never saw so many fine ones together in my life. The military companies, too, were rather the finest I ever saw. Here are the “first families of Virginia,” and there are many old men who preserve all the peculiar manners of the days of Washington. Love to all.

Very affectionately,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO LYDIA L. DICKINSON.

PETERSBURG, VA., April 23, 1850.

MY DEAR L. L.—We left Richmond this morning, and reached here about noon. At Richmond, I saw “O'Connor's child,” whom you saw last summer at Norwich, and who sent his respects to you. I have had so far the “uppermost rooms at feasts, and greetings in the markets.” I cannot get a moment to write. There have been hundreds calling to be introduced, and I have been so busy shaking hands that I could do nothing else. Last evening, a fine moonlight evening, as I was returning from Senator Mason's (don't laugh now), some of the most touching and beautiful music greeted me that I ever heard. It

was a negro singing "Lucy Neal," and accompanying it with his banjo. I stopped some time to listen to him, and was charmed with the plaintive melody. We leave for Wilmington this evening.

Affectionately your father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

GOV. BOUCK TO MR. DICKINSON.

FULTENHAM, April 24, 1850.

SENATOR DICKINSON—*Dear Sir*—Yours of the 17th inst. came to hand by due course of mail.

I sincerely hope you will succeed in adjusting the slavery question. The position of yourself, Cass, Clay, Webster, and the majority in the Senate on this question, is, no doubt, in accordance with the wishes of a vast majority of the American people. If you succeed, which God grant, it will, for all future time, set at rest the vexed question of slavery. It will do more: fanaticism and abolitionism will be rebuked, and demagogues who have been riding these hobbies will stand disgraced in the estimation of all honest men. It will virtually carry out and sustain the position taken by yourself and General Cass at the beginning of the excitement. Clay and Webster are putting themselves on high ground.

Yours,

W. C. BOUCK.

GENERAL CASS TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—While Foote is laboring at the administration for the Lady Franklin expedition, I drop you this hasty note. We have this day had the third meeting of our committee, the second since you left us. We stand thus:—We have determined on the admission of California without change or limitation. We have determined on the establishment of territorial government without the Wilnot proviso. On the extinction of the Texas title, beginning just north of the Passo, and running thence

in a course north of east to the southwestern corner of the old Indian tract, fixed by the Spanish treaty. We leave the question of price till we all meet again. King will bring in a bill for the suppression of the slave-trade in this district. We shall arrange the fugitive-slave bill to give general satisfaction, North and South.

Absentees: yourself, Berrian, Webster, and Mason. All the others present.

There is reason to fear that Mason and some four or five of the extreme Southern members will oppose, to the last, the admission of California. Should that be so, the result is doubtful. But if they go for it, all will be safe. This is about all I can tell you. I trust you will be here soon. We want you. I presume our report will be ready on Monday.

I hope you have found your family all well.

Ever your friend,

LEW. CASS.

Gov. DICKINSON.

CITIZENS OF NEW YORK, KINGS, QUEENS, RICHMOND, AND
WESTCHESTER COUNTIES TO MR. DICKINSON.

INVITATION TO ACCEPT A COMPLIMENTARY PUBLIC DINNER.

TO THE HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

DEAR SIR—The undersigned, your Democratic Republican fellow-citizens of the city and county of New York and neighboring counties, sincerely desire to express in person our high appreciation of your services in the councils of the confederacy. For that purpose, we beg you to name an early day when your high duties will permit you to meet us at a public dinner, when we may have the opportunity of giving full utterance to the sentiments of respect and confidence with which your distinguished political services to our common country have inspired us.

From the commencement of our national existence, the intelligent observer has discovered but one element in our circumstances or condition, from which to apprehend incurable discord among our citizens, or serious peril to the duration of the Republic. So to regulate the action of government in re-

spect to that element as to preserve harmony and to avert the consequent peril, has been the constant effort of the American sage and patriot. For the success of such efforts the prayers of the wise and virtuous in every clime have been enlisted; for it has not escaped notice how deeply our fate as a nation involves the fortunes of mankind. That the great experiment commenced here, and hitherto triumphantly carried forward, may not be checked in its career, must be desired by the philanthropist, wherever found. But to accomplish this purpose enjoins upon the patriotic statesman the exercise of the same prudence, forbearance and generosity which characterized the course of the original framers of the constitution; and it has fallen to your lot and ours, during the deeply-interesting period of your term as representative of this State in the Senate of the Union, to witness the necessity of the constant exercise of a spirit of forbearance to preserve our Union from the severest trial of its strength.

In the trying crisis through which our country, and, we may add, the cause of the world's freedom and of republicanism, is now passing, the State of New York is most fortunate in being represented in the Senate of the Union by one whose patriotism soars above the level of time-serving purposes, and whose eminent talents and moral worth command respect, both in the State he represents and in the Councils of the Nation.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1850.

With sentiments of great respect, yours, &c.,

Charles O'Connor,	Campbell P. White,	James C. Stoneall,
George Douglass,	Robert H. Winslow,	Joseph A. Divver,
Leroy M. Wiley,	Joseph Kernochan,	John Ewen,
Francis B. Cutting,	John J. Cisco,	Florence M'Carthy,
Royal Phelps,	Wm. A. Gasquet,	John H. Brower,
Schuyler Livingston,	Charles A. Clinton,	Francis Secor,
Felix Ingoldsby,	Reuben Withers,	George P. Morris,
James Lee,	Wm. E. Lawrence,	James B. Murray,
Joel Wolfe,	John H. Lee,	Anthony L. Robertson,
Edward K. Collins,	James T. Brady,	Thomas W. Clerke,
Henry Shaw,	John Addison Thomas,	Wm. A. Walker,
Benjamin Poulteney,	Edward Sandford,	B. S. Hart,
Francis W. Edmonds,	Nathl. Jarvis,	Michael Burke,
William M'Murray,	D. C. Eaton,	Philo T. Ruggles,
Wm. C. H. Waddell,	Edward C. West,	Richard T. Compton,

Fernando Wood,	John H. L. M'Cracken,	Alex. F. Vache,
Thos. C. Fields,	John M'Keon,	Elijah Ward,
John M'Mennomy,	Gideon Ostrander,	Solomon Townsend,
Hugh Kelly,	Robert J. Dillon,	Thos. S. Henry,
Daniel Dodge,	Win. S. Wetmore,	Freeman Campbell,
Edward Strahan,	Emanuel B. Hart,	Chessenden Ellis,
Daniel B. Taylor,	Win. A. Mead,	Edward R. Carpentier,
Thomas Jeremiah,	Daniel E. Sickles,	John Foote,
John A. Stemmler,	Henry G. Stebbins,	Nathaniel S. Jarvis,
Thomas Harrison,	Tarrant Putnam,	U. D. French,
George Montgomery,	Henry Erben,	Nathaniel Pearce,
Henry Hilton,	Augustus Schell,	Benjamin H. Field,
W. C. Freeman,	A. B. Davis,	Henry M. Western,
Edmund J. Porter,	R. T. Woodward,	W. Beach Lawrence, jr.
James R. Whiting,	Wm. B. Maclay,	Frederick R. Lee,
Henry W. Dolsen,	Elijah F. Purdy,	David R. Floyd Jones,
Andrew H. Mickle,	Robert Kelly,	James S. Libby,
John M. Bradhurst,	Wm. Beach Lawrence,	Joseph W. Bouck,
Robert H. Morris,	John W. Mersereau,	Franklin S. Kinney,
Myndert Van Shaick,	Lorenzo B. Shepard,	Henry Storms,
Cornelius W. Lawrence,	Garrit H. Striker, jr.,	Andrew Clark,
John D. Van Buren,	Theo. Romeyn,	John Collins, jr.,
Theodore Sedgwick,	J. Sherman Brownell,	John S. Gilbert,
Jacob Aims,	Cyrus Lawton,	Philip Reynolds,
Thomas Suffern,	J. Romeyn Brodhead,	Gideon J. Tucker,
George Law,		Richard Schell.

QUEENS COUNTY.

William Horace Brown,	John W. Lawrence.
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RICHMOND COUNTY.

John Yates Cebra,	Israel O. Dissosway,
D. Denyse,	Richard D. Littell,
James E. Cooley,	Lovei Purdy,
Jesse O. Dissosway,	Joshua Mesereau.

KINGS COUNTY.

John A. Lott,	L. B. Hawkhurst,	Samuel Sloan,
Nathl. F. Waring,	E. C. Litchfield,	James M. Seabury,
Henry C. Murphy,	Samuel Smith,	Abraham Verplanck,
Tunis G. Bergen,	Thos. G. Talmadge,	Edmund Driggs,
John Vanderbilt,	E. A. Lambert,	Philip Hamilton,
Thomas I. Gerald,	R. V. W. Thorne,	Gabriel W. Coit,

H. C. Boswell,	Abm. I. Berry,	John Rice,
John I. Runsie,	Daniel Reilly,	Joseph Wi'son,
Daniel H. Feeks,	George Thompson,	John V. Bergen,
Daniel Eagan,	Cornelius S. Bogardus,	Daniel Van Voorhes.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

Aaron Ward,	Jesse Lynn,	John T. Hoffman,
Abm. Hyatt,	George B. Butler,	J. M. Scribner,
John M. Stevens,	Benjamin Brandreth,	John B. Haskin,
Charles A. Purdy,	Benj. M. Brown,	Robert H. Ludlow,
John T. Yoe,	S. Marshall,	
A. K. Hoffinan,	Samuel F. Reynolds,	

MR. DICKINSON IN REPLY.

WASHINGTON, June 1, 1850.

GENTLEMEN—I have received, and perused with the most profound sensibility, your esteemed favor of a late date, inviting me to designate an early day when I will partake of a complimentary public dinner with my Democratic Republican fellow-citizens of the city of New York and the adjoining counties.

I trust I suitably appreciate the distinguished honor conferred by this communication, and, although I cannot describe, I will not seek to conceal the gratification experienced in its reception.

By the kind partiality of my Democratic fellow-citizens, it has been my fortune to have held a place in the national councils during a period more fruitful of interesting and extraordinary events than any which has marked the history of our government since the Revolutionary struggle; events which have transpired in rapid and startling succession, almost rivalling in grandeur the dreams of romance, conquering and subduing as well the opinions of the world as enemies upon the field of battle, and transferring within the control of free and happy institutions new States and Empires. But amid the most glorious fruition that a beneficent Providence ever vouchsafed to man, the country has been painfully excited and unhappily divided, and communities and States, united in political and social bonds, rejoicing in the same sacred recollections, and upheld by a common destiny, have been arrayed against each other upon a subject

which the prophetic vision of the Father of his Country discovered would create and foster sectional combinations, and against which he warned his countrymen, as a fearful element of evil. From the commencement of this unholy struggle, I determined, regardless of all personal considerations, to resist the tendency of sectionalism in any and every form; and the approbation of my humble efforts which you so delicately convey, assures me that I have but discharged a sacred duty. I early saw that the subject was surrounded with consequences of fearful import, and determined to meet the responsibilities which my station imposed, according to my own sense of duty, and leave my vindication to a just and generous people, when the war and din of excitement shall become exhausted, and truth and reason shall resume their empire. Upon the great questions which have formed so conspicuous a portion of our history, I have been associated and acted with some of the purest patriots of the land; and, though surrounded by difficulties, I have been sustained by confiding friends, and have neither faltered nor fled.

Those who will approve the course I have pursued may trace it with little effort, and those who would condemn will fortunately not be driven for proof to the inferences of circumstantial evidence.

The institutions under which we live are ours for enjoyment and preservation, and not for the performance of questionable or desperate experiments. We occupy but a point of space in the great current of time, and should transmit to our successors the rich heritage which we have received and hold in trust for others—strengthened and invigorated by the support of superadded numbers, and by the developments of man's capacity for self-government, which time and free institutions cannot fail to produce.

Should the political or social bonds which unite this glorious confederacy of States be permanently sundered, it might justly be denominated the second failure of man—more sinful than that of our common progenitor, because preceded by no temptation; and more fatal, because beyond the prospect of redemption. I have long regretted that I was denied the benefit of free social intercourse with my friends in the commercial emporium, by a remote residence and unceasing engagements; and I embrace the opportunity, which your kind invitation has

presented, to meet you as requested—proposing to do so on Monday, the 17th instant.

I am, gentlemen,

With high consideration and regard,

Your friend and fellow-citizen,

D. S. DICKINSON.

TO MESSRS. CHARLES O'CONNOR, CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE, LEROY M. WILEY, FRANCIS B. CUTTING, ANDREW H. MICKLE, ROBERT H. MORRIS, WILLIAM M'CURRAY, and others.

GEN. CASS, MR. BUCHANAN, MR. DALLAS, GOV. MARCY, MR. FOOTE, CHANCELLOR WALWORTH, MR. STANTON, GOV. TOUCEY, AND MR. McLANE, TO THE COMMITTEE.

FROM HON. LEWIS CASS.

WASHINGTON, June 4, 1850.

GENTLEMEN—I have received your invitation to be present at the dinner to be given to your able and patriotic Senator, Governor Dickinson, for his services during the period of excitement arising out of the slavery question, and regret that I cannot accept it. This testimonial of your approbation has been as nobly won as it is honorably bestowed. It comes in a good time, and from a good quarter—from the Commercial Metropolis of our country—and now, when the dark hour is upon us. I have observed with pride and pleasure the conduct of your Senator, during this whole unhappy controversy, and never was a State represented in the councils of our country with more patriotism, firmness, and consistency. That recompense that is so dear to a public man, the "*Well done, thou good and faithful servant,*" pronounced by his constituents, will cheer him in the work he has yet to do, as well as reward him for what he has done, and so well done. I am, gentlemen, with great regard, your obedient servant,

LEWIS CASS.

CHARLES O'CONNOR, Esq., and others, Committee.

FROM HON. JAMES BUCHANAN.

WHEATLAND, near Lancaster, 14th June, 1850.

GENTLEMEN—I have been honored by the receipt of your invitation to the public dinner to be given to the Hon. Mr. Dickinson, of the United States Senate, at Tammany Hall, on Monday next, and regret to say that it will not be in my power to be with you on that interesting occasion.

Will you be kind enough to present for me to the assembled company the following sentiment :

“Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson—The prompt and powerful defender of the Union and the Constitution against the assaults of the abolitionists and free soilers. Well may the Empire State point to him as one of her brightest jewels.”

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

CHARLES O'CONNOR, J. ADDISON THOMAS, ROBERT J. DILLON,
Esqs., and others, Committee, &c., &c.

FROM HON. G. M. DALLAS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1850.

GENTLEMEN—As patriots and politicians, you have every reason to approve the legislative conduct of your representative in the Senate of the United States, Gov. Daniel S. Dickinson. During my service in that chamber, I did not fail to notice the untiring zeal, manly frankness, quick and powerful ability which he invariably applied to forward the interests and sustain the sentiments of the Commonwealth of New York. And in doing this, let me tell you (though you cannot but well know it already), he, at the same time, successfully exemplified his fidelity to the Republican party and his devotion to the Federal Union. It is no wonder that you should desire, at the present interesting juncture of national affairs, to mark prominently with your encomium and encouragement a public agent so eminent, so honorable, and so useful ; and it would give me very sincere gratification were it in my power to join you at the entertainment for that purpose on Monday next, to which

you have obligingly invited me. I am, however, constrained by my engagements to forego this pleasure, and content myself with offering to your indulgent adoption the following toast :

“ *The patriot Senator of New York: He who cherishes no higher aim than his country’s good, and adopts no higher law than his country’s Constitution!* ”

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, your friend and fellow-citizen,

G. M. DALLAS.

CHARLES O’CONOR, GEO. DOUGLAS, J. ADDISON THOMAS,
SCHUYLER LIVINGSTON, &c., &c., &c., Committee.

FROM HON. W. L. MARCY.

ALBANY, June 17, 1850.

GENTLEMEN—I have received your invitation to a dinner, to be given by the Democrats of the city of New York to the Hon. D. S. Dickinson. My personal regard for that gentleman, my respect for his talents, and my approval of his wise and patriotic course in the Senate, especially in reference to the agitating questions now threatening to sunder the ties which bind together our confederate States, induce me heartily to concur in the measures you have adopted to manifest their appreciation of his eminent services in the present crisis, not only to the State he so ably represents, but to the whole country. I am, however, apprehensive that circumstances beyond my control may prevent my personal attendance on that occasion.

While sectional interests seem to guide the conduct of so many of our national legislators, the merit of those who rise above these narrow views becomes more conspicuous and more deserving of expressions of public approbation.

Though the immediate constituents of a member of Congress may be a single district or State, his duties, under our constitution and form of government, are not thus circumscribed; he is bound to regard the general welfare. He cannot faithfully serve a part if he refuses to concur in what is essential to the interest of the whole. I would not willingly forego any proper occasion to commend and encourage any public

man who takes this sound view of his duty, and fearlessly acts upon it, and I therefore regret that it is probable I may not be able to respond to your invitation by my personal attendance at the dinner to Mr. Dickinson.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your obedient servant,
W. L. MARCY.

To Messrs. GEO. DOUGLAS, C. O'CONNOR, and others, Committee.

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FROM HON. H. S. FOOTE.

SENATE CHAMBER, June 15, 1850.

GENTLEMEN—Gladly would I have joined you on next Monday, at the social board, and united most cordially in doing special honor to that able, accomplished, incorruptible, and Roman-like statesman to whom you have tendered a public dinner at Tammany Hall, in recognition of his eminent public services and his extraordinary personal merits. But I find it impossible to be with you on that occasion, urgent official duties detaining me here.

I have known the worthy gentleman to whom you are about to do special honor most intimately for more than three years past. I have seen him tried as I have never seen any other public man tried. I have beheld him amid scenes well calculated to test his moral courage, his disinterestedness, his regard for principle, and his love of country. And never have I seen him so demean himself as not to command the respect of his adversaries, and to endear himself still more strongly to his friends and admirers. Honest, truthful, firm, sagacious, watchful, accomplished, courteous, magnanimous, he is such a man as would have adorned the pages of history in any age or country. Well does he deserve all the honors which he has earned, and all that a grateful country may hereafter bestow. His faithful and unyielding devotion to sound constitutional principles throughout the present anti-slavery agitation have commended him "to the permanent gratitude and respect of the nation," and I agree with you most heartily, that "at this time, when the efforts of every patriot are concentrated to the peace-

able adjustment of all sectional controversies, we should not be unmindful of the solicitude which public men must feel for such evidences of popular approval as will tend to sustain them in their struggles against fanatical and factious agitators."

Permit me, if you please, to offer you the following sentiment:

"The union of all good men, of all parties, and of all sections, against faction and factionists."

I have the honor to be, &c., &c.,

H. S. FOOTE.

Messrs. GEO. DOUGLAS, SCHUYLER LIVINGSTON, and others, constituting a Committee of Gentlemen.

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FROM HON. R. H. WALWORTH.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, June 15, 1850.

GENTLEMEN—I sincerely regret that my other engagements will not permit me to accept your invitation to be present at the public dinner to be given by the Democrats of New York to Mr. Dickinson, on the 17th instant.

The decided and noble stand which our able and distinguished Senator has taken, in opposition to that sectional agitation, which, to subserve local or personal objects, is endangering the integrity of the Union, entitles him to the respect and gratitude of every true friend of our common country. Whatever may be the result of the efforts of the distinguished statesmen and patriots who are now using their talents and influence to adjust those difficulties which are disturbing the harmony of these confederated States, the names of those engaged in putting forth those efforts should be held in grateful remembrance by every friend of his country and of his kind. And may the blessing of that beneficent Providence, which has hitherto protected and preserved our glorious Union, rest upon and crown with success the exertions of those who seek to calm the troubled waters of sectional agitation, as contradistinguished from the efforts of those who, for selfish purposes, or from mistaken views of conscientious duty, are fanning the ris-

ing flame of sectional discord, and sowing the bitter seeds of civil war or of fraternal strife.

I am, gentlemen, with respect, yours, &c.,

R. H. WALWORTH.

MESSRS. GEORGE DOUGLAS, CHARLES O'CONNOR, and others,
Committee, &c.

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FROM HON. FREDERICK P. STANTON.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, June 14, 1850.

DEAR SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the committee's letter of invitation to the dinner to be given in your city on the 17th instant, to the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson.

It would give me great pleasure to unite with the Democrats of the city of New York in doing honor to their noble and patriotic fellow-citizen for his distinguished services in the Senate during the crisis through which our country is now passing. You have not made too high an estimate of those services; they demand the approbation of the whole country, and no applause which his immediate fellow-citizens can bestow will be disproportionate to their merit. If there had been "ten righteous men" of this stamp in our national councils at the commencement of the present controversy, it is not too much to say the country would have been saved; the difficulty would long since have been adjusted. I hope it is not yet too late for a consummation so devoutly to be wished—a consummation to which no man will have contributed more, by his original, uniform, and unswerving devotion to the Constitution, than the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson.

I regret that my duties here render it impossible for me to accept the invitation to be present upon so interesting an occasion. Be pleased to express to the committee my acknowledgments, &c.

I am, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

FRED. P. STANTON.

AUG. SCHELL, Esq., 40 Wall street, New York.

FROM EX-GOVERNOR TOUCEY.

NEW HAVEN, June 15, 1850.

GENTLEMEN—I acknowledge with great pleasure the invitation which you have done me the honor to extend to me, to be present at the public dinner to be given by the Democrats of New York, at Tammany Hall, on Monday, the 17th inst., to their distinguished Senator, the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson.

It would be out of place, even for those who have had the best opportunity of knowing intimately and appreciating most fully the extent and value of his services, to speak of them in terms of merited commendation, because they have been performed in the face of the whole country, on its most conspicuous theatre.

At the present crisis, full of difficulty and danger—the very crisis which the Father of his Country foresaw and foretold, and, in his farewell address to his countrymen, warned us to beware of—it is a source of the highest gratification to observe the strong “evidences of popular approval” manifested towards those who comprehend the interests of the whole country, and stand firm and faithful amidst all the clamors of faction.

I regret that my duties here will necessarily prevent me from being present on the occasion, and I beg you will accept the time-honored sentiment which I annex.

I am, gentlemen,

With the highest respect,

Your fellow-citizen,

ISAAC TOUCEY.

The Union of the States—Not formed or upheld by force, but by concession and compromise, and a just regard to the interests of the whole country and every part of it.

To GEORGE DOUGLAS, SCHUYLER LIVINGSTON, Esqs., and others, Committee, &c.

FROM HON. LOUIS M'LANE.

BOHEMIA, NEAR CECILTON, MARYLAND, }
June 19, 1850. }

TO GEORGE DOUGLAS, SCHUYLER LIVINGSTON, and others,
a Committee to Superintend the Public Dinner given to
the Hon. D. S. Dickinson.

GENTLEMEN—Having been called by urgent business to Baltimore during the last week, I only received your letter of the 7th inst. on my return home last night. I have cordially approved the course of your distinguished Senator during the present session of Congress, and I fully participate in the admiration entertained by his Democratic fellow-citizens of New York, of the manly ability and unwavering patriotism with which he has assisted in tranquillizing the public mind and arresting an agitation that, if allowed to continue, would prove fatal to the harmony and preservation of our glorious Union. Under other circumstances it would have given me great pleasure to manifest my feelings by uniting with the Democrats of New York in their patriotic support of the constitutional principles involved in the pending issue.

I can at present, however, only return you my thanks for the invitation with which you have honored me, and assure you of my earnest hope that in the present crisis the support of the Democracy of New York may be as effective in maintaining the principles of the Constitution and the integrity of the Union as it has been on more than one previous occasion.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Very respectfully, your fellow-citizen,

LOUIS McLANE.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ANNAPOLIS, June 2, 1850.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I spent yesterday and to-day here very pleasantly with Governor Pratt, Senator, who resides here. This is an old town, and the only one that I ever saw that was entirely finished. It is a beautiful, old-fashioned place,

of about three thousand inhabitants, and, though a city, is much less than Binghamton. The houses are large and old-fashioned, built of brick brought from England. Mr. Clay, General Foote, Mr. Dawson, and myself make the company. We went to the old State-House where Washington returned his sword to Congress, and were all called out before a large audience and had to make speeches. We, of course, had a fine time. Mr. Clay, I see, says I beat them all. We return to Washington this evening.

Love to all.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO LYDIA L. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, June 8, 1850.

MY DEAR LYDIA L.—I received your pretty letter this morning, and was very glad to hear from you all. I hope the fine weather and pleasant home will soon improve your health. It is getting too hot here for comfort, and you may be glad to be away. We had a very pleasant time at Annapolis; visited the naval school; saw them shoot cannon-balls and grape-shot out upon the bay, &c., &c. Annapolis is an old place—one of the earliest towns built, and in the old English style. Baltimore has for many years taken away its commerce and prevented its growth, and absorbed its wealth and enterprise. But it has yet the State Capitol, and its old-fashioned grandeur and aristocracy. It is said that, in its glory, at a funeral there were thirty-four private carriages; now there is not one.

Governor Pratt's eldest daughter and eldest child is about twelve years old, but quite large and rather beautiful. She has a new album; General Foote told her I could write poetry, and she importuned me until I wrote in it hastily the following lines:

TO RACHEL.

May thy fair face, like this bright page,
Remain without one line of sadness,—
From girlhood's morn to evening's age
Be lighted up with smiles and gladness.

And may fond hope, our charmer here,
 Garner new pleasure for each morrow;
 Thy cheek ne'er feel a scalding tear,
 Nor thy young heart be wrung with sorrow.

May life's pure current, as it flows,
 Pass, like the streamlet, to its river,
 Until it finds that bless'd repose,
 The bosom of its bounteous Giver.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO LYDIA L. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, July 13, 1850.

MY DEAR LYDIA L.—I received your mother's of the 8th this morning. I had previously received yours of the 6th. We are waiting for the President's funeral, which is to take place to-morrow, and I suppose on Monday we shall be at work again.

I am glad you are so well pleased at Avon, and hope you will stay long enough to profit by it, if it is likely to benefit you. I should like very much to be at Avon, or somewhere out of this vile heat and dust; but when we are to get away, is more than I know. I gave your cactus into the care of Eliza, but kept the rose myself. When I was gone to New York to the dinner, old Nancy, being lame, &c., let it nearly die: the leaves fell off, and I thought it a dead rose, sure enough. But I nurtured it as did Count de Charney his Picciola in the Castle of Fenestrella, and watered it bountifully as little Mary did her dead geranium, and it is now more beautiful than ever. All the old friends who linger here, including General Jones of Iowa, send many regards to your mother and you. I had a letter from Mr. Merrill to-day. I hope your mother and yourself will enjoy yourselves, and not feel concerned about home.

Love to your mother.

Affectionately your father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DAVIS TO MR. DICKINSON.

NORWICH, July 25, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—I have just risen from the perusal of the pamphlet you sent me, giving me an account of the public dinner at Old Tammany; and you may be assured I have had a feast. “I breathe deeper and freer.” That occasion opens up the dawn of better days, and in a great measure removes the forebodings of our national dissolution. I rose from the perusal with the exclamation, “The confederacy is safe.” When the Empire City speaks in such tones and with such unanimity, she will be heard and her influence will be felt. And in relation to yourself, you will allow me to say, the compliment was as well deserved as it was splendid, and I cannot let the opportunity pass without congratulating you upon the occasion. In particular, sir, I wish to manifest my hearty assent to the sentiments of your speech on that occasion as to the only true ground upon which our national identity can be maintained. I have ever been anxious that our Southern brethren should be made sensible of their error at the last election, but think the reproof already administered is abundantly sufficient, and am as ready to shoulder the musket for the rights of the South as for the rights of the North; or, in other words, to maintain the constitution. Your compliment to Mr. Clay was just.

What will be the policy of the new Executive? And how can the Whig party avoid the fruits of their doings? It seems to me the question of boundary between Texas and New Mexico may be more quietly settled by commissioners than by any acts of Congress.

With sentiments of high regard, believe me
Yours truly,

JOHN DAVIS.

Hon. D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, July 29, 1850.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I am glad you took the pleasant visit to

Batavia, and am much obliged to Mr. Redfield for his kindness to you. You seem to be enjoying yourself well, and I see no objection to your staying for the present and as long as you think proper. It is warm, dusty, and uncomfortable here, but my health remains good. Charlotte and Stevie had returned to B., and Manco was at Guilford, when I last heard. He thought the pure air and water and wild game were helping him, as is not improbable. There is nothing new here; negroes and hot weather rule the *roast*.

Give my love to Lydia. Mary was well and happy a few days since, when I last heard.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. KENNEY TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 9, 1850.

SIR—You will, I trust, excuse a stranger the liberty he takes, when he assures you that admiration of your patriotism and the wish that his children and their descendants shall constantly have your example before them, have occasioned this intrusion. I have a strong desire to possess five copies, each, of such speeches as have been delivered by yourself and a few other patriots, upon the exciting topics which have engrossed the attention of Congress during the present session. I intend to have them handsomely bound—one copy for each of my four children and one for myself.

Will you, therefore, have the kindness to inclose me five copies, as above, of such speeches as you have delivered this session, with your name in your own hand written upon the title page of each?

Thus, when you and I have passed to our final account, I cherish the hope that my children and theirs will venerate the memory and be stimulated to a greater love of the Union by the noble sentiments and patriotic example of those who, forgetting everything but their country, have so eminently contributed to its peace and safety, in the crisis through which we have just passed.

With sentiments of high respect, I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

J. M. KENNEY.

MR. BUCHANAN TO MR. DICKINSON.

WHEATLAND, NEAR LANCASTER, September 9, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—In examining the proceedings of the Senate on Thursday last, I find that they have passed resolutions in favor of the claim of the Cherokee Indians. I have always believed this to be just; but I should not take the liberty of addressing you upon the subject, were not a lady in question. Colonel S., who has passed years in advocating this claim to the neglect of other business, has a wife near Lancaster, in whom all her friends feel much interest, and she is in truth an excellent woman, whom I desire greatly to oblige. Colonel S.'s personal property is now under execution, and she informs me that he relies for relief upon the compensation he is to receive from the Cherokees for his services. If therefore you believe the claim to be just, I should esteem it a personal favor, if you would exert your well-deserved influence in the Senate to have it passed.

* * * * *

I have been very much gratified with the very high standing which you have deservedly acquired in the Senate and throughout the country, during the present session. You have no friend who more sincerely rejoices in your rapidly extending reputation, than

Your friend,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

I should be very happy indeed, if you would pay me a visit on your return to New York. You might rely on a hearty welcome—and good cheer.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. DICKINSON.

THURSDAY, September 26, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—I hope you will hearken to no idle objections to the confirmation of ———, as Collector of New Bedford. He is an upright and worthy man, and though he may have friends who have acted foolishly and improperly, I pledge my

self that he has been guilty of nothing of the kind. He is an honorable man, and a valued friend of mine.

Yours truly,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. WEBSTER.

[This note was written in answer to the letter of approval and commendation of his course in Congress, addressed to Mr. Dickinson by Mr. Webster, at the close of the session of 1850, and which appears in the preceding Biographical Sketch. The "occurrences" alluded to by both with regret, were passages of some asperity which took place between them in debate, soon after the commencement of Mr. Dickinson's term in the Senate, while they were in every sense political opponents, and, as yet, personally strangers. The exigencies of the public service soon brought them into acquaintanceship, and the modification of feeling which took place between them was alike honorable to both. No more noble exhibition of magnanimity can be found than Mr. Webster's acknowledgment of it, so beautifully and delicately expressed in the letter alluded to. Mr. Dickinson's reply was characterized by heartfelt sincerity, and by equal delicacy and beauty of expression. This correspondence is a most pleasing episode in the rugged course of political and party history.]

[PRIVATE.]

BINGHAMTON, October 5, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—I perused and reperused the beautiful note which you placed in my hands as I was about leaving Washington, with deeper emotion than I have ever experienced, except under some domestic vicissitude. Since I learned the noble and generous qualities of your nature, the unfortunate occurrences in our early acquaintance to which you refer have caused me many moments of painful regret, and your confiding communication has furnished a powerful illustration of the truth, that "to err is human, to forgive divine." Numerous and valued are the testimonials of confidence and regard which a somewhat extended acquaintance and lengthened public service have gathered around me, but among them all there is none to which my heart clings so fondly as this.

I have presented it to my family and friends as the proudest passage in the history of an eventful life, and shall transmit it to my posterity as a sacred and cherished memento of friendship. I thank Heaven that it has fallen to my lot to be associated with yourself and others in resisting the mad current of disunion which threatened to overwhelm us; and the recollection that my course upon a question so momentous has received the approbation of the most distinguished American statesman, has more than satisfied my ambition. Believe me, my dear Sir, that of all the patriots who came forward in the evil day of their country, there was no voice so potential as your own. Others could buffet the dark and angry waves, but it was your strong arm that could roll them back from the holy citadel.

May that beneficent Being who holds the destiny of men and nations, long spare you to the public service, and may your vision never rest upon the disjointed fragments of a convulsed and ruined confederacy.

I pray you to accept and to present to Mrs. Webster the kind remembrances of myself and family, and to believe me sincerely yours.

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. ROGERS TO MR. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, October 9, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—I found it impracticable to stop at Binghamton on my return, as I had contemplated. I very much regret it. I sincerely hope that a beneficent God may yet avert the blow which threatens to overwhelm you with grief; yet I dare not expect it. Permit me simply to say that I trust yourself and Mrs. Dickinson will await the issue (if such a thing be possible) with resignation and patience.

Yours ever,
H. W. ROGERS.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, October 15, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—I deeply regretted that you could not give

us a call on your return, for I had many things I wished to say to you, but I heard of you at the cars with the reasons which urged you onward.

Our poor son is nearly gone. The long, dark night of death is closing around him, and in a few days at most, and probably in a few hours, he will have finished his earthly career. He is calm and resigned, and deeply thoughtful, and in these his last moments gives the clearest evidence that his mind was one of no common mould. I knew not until now how strong was my expectation in his future success and usefulness.

We are deeply pained and afflicted, and need the sympathy and consolation of our friends. May the God who upholds all enable us to pass through the trial which speedily awaits us

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. CROSWELL.

BINGHAMTON, October 17, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—The anticipations expressed in your note just received, prove too painfully true. My poor boy, in whom my heart was bound up more than in all else of earth, terminated his existence this morning. He was conscious to the last, and died with the calm philosophy and resignation of a Christian, and left for his friends all the consolation which a reliance in future happiness affords.

I feel, as do my family, deeply bereft and stricken, and shall not soon contemplate the matters upon which you write with attention or interest. I have handed your letter to Mr. Birdsall, who will probably address you. I am

Sincerely yours in affliction,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. STRONG TO MR. DICKINSON.

OSWEGO, October 20, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—Will you and Mrs. Dickinson allow Mrs. Strong and myself (as well as every member of my family, who

unite with us) to offer you and your family our sincere condolence and sympathy for your late bereavement?

Your "poor boy" has indeed left you forever, so far as this world is concerned; and we do not forget that it is not long since we saw you deploring with calmness, but in bitterness of sorrow, the loss of an amiable and favorite daughter. If I knew how to address you on such a sad occasion, without on the one hand appearing obtrusive, or, on the other, omitting what might be proper and acceptable, I should be most happy to do so. Whatever may be our situation in life, death is a very solemn thing when it comes home to our firesides, and to those we know and esteem. It will excite serious reflection, and why not?—When the young die, certainly those who are advanced in life, or of mature age, should reflect that eternity—boundless and limitless eternity—is just before them, separated only by a moment of time. Such have been my own reflections when endeavoring to place myself in your situation, and to participate with you in the grief which you must experience in this renewed domestic affliction. If I cannot feel your loss as a parent, I can do so as a man, and a friend. Few persons live to sixty, or to fifty years, without knowing what it is to lose those who are near and dear to them. My own heart is not a stranger to this terrible ordeal.

I knew and esteemed your son. I noticed him often in early childhood, and he used to seem pleased with my attentions. As he grew into manhood, I always fancied that I could perceive many fine traits of character, that only required mature age, and the experience of the world, which that necessarily brings, to have made a solid and useful man. But like most of the millions who have lived on this earth, he was destined to die young. There is a consolation in the conviction that there is another and better state of existence; and most of all others is that person to be envied, in my judgment, who can assure himself that he will enjoy it, the moment he ceases to exist here. To you, who know me, these sentiments may seem strange. They are, however, such as I have long entertained.

Once more, tendering you, from my heart, the sincerest condolence and sympathy,

I remain, as ever, respectfully, your friend,

STEPHEN STRONG.

MR. DOUGLAS TO MR. DICKINSON.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 21, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—Your kind favor of the 3d inst. has reached me at this place, having been forwarded from Washington. I was able to leave there a few days after the adjournment, and took the Erie route, but was unable to stop over a day, as I was in a hurry to get home. I had the pleasure of seeing your friend, Birdsall, a moment at the depot in your place, and to learn from him that you were well. It was the first time I had travelled that route. I was delighted with it, and think it far preferable to the one by Albany. Your town is a charming place. I have seen nothing like it in all my travels, taking the town and surrounding country into view together. I shall gladly avail myself of the first convenient opportunity to make you a visit.

I have the honor to remain

Very truly your friend,

S. A. DOUGLAS.

MR. CLINTON TO MR. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, October 21, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—I am deeply grieved at the melancholy intelligence contained in this morning's *Argus*. I know what it is to suffer from such blows, and how sadly ineffective even the voice of sympathy is to assuage the grief occasioned by them. But it is the privilege of friends to express their sympathy, and I would be pained at being deprived of it in this instance. Your many acts of kindness have won my affectionate regards, as your public course commands my respect and approval; and I assure you that very few, if any, out of your immediate family connections can deplore this calamity more truly, or be more anxious to testify their sense of it, than am I. God bless you, is my fervent prayer.

Most respectfully and sincerely

Your friend and servant,

G. W. CLINTON.

MR. PRUYN TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, October 23, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—Permit me to express to you the sympathy I feel for yourself and Mrs. Dickinson, in the loss you have sustained in the death of your son. I am aware that friends can say but little to console you. The trials of life must long since have led you to seek those aids and supports in trouble, which a firm reliance in the truths of revelation alone can give. That they may sustain you at this trying time I have no doubt. Mrs. Pruyne begs to be particularly remembered to Mrs. Dickinson, and to assure her that she has her warmest sympathies.

We shall be very glad if, when you leave for Washington, you will come this way, and spend a few days at our house. We promise that you shall be perfectly quiet and retired. You will, of course, bring your daughter with you. The change of air and scene will be of benefit to all of you, and we shall make you at home if you will only come to us.

With great regard, most truly yours,

JOHN V. L. PRUYN.

MR. DIX TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, October 25, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—My wife and I were very much pained to observe that the apprehension you expressed in respect to your son, when I saw you at the Irving House, was so soon realized; and I beg you to believe that we both sincerely sympathize with you and Mrs. Dickinson in your affliction. It has pleased heaven to spare us such a trial as yours. On you and your excellent wife the hand of affliction has indeed been heavily laid. If we could say one word which could afford you consolation, you know how freely it would be spoken. But in such affliction the heart is its own best comforter. Yet the sympathy of friends is always grateful; and it is to assure you and Mrs. Dickinson how much we lament your loss that I write you this brief note. My wife will never cease to

cherish for her a sincere regard, and, with my kind remembrances to her, I beg you to believe me

Truly yours,

JOHN A. DIX.

BISHOP DELANCEY TO MR. DICKINSON.

GENEVA, November 23, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—I passed through Binghamton a short time since, and regret that I was not able to stop a day and call on yourself and Mrs. Dickinson, and express to you in person my sympathy with you in the recent affliction with which you have been visited, and to assure you of my prayers that God would sustain and comfort you by His grace. Let me intrude upon you to say this by letter. You have had heretofore such trials as, I have no doubt, have led you both to the only sure fountain of relief, “the very present help in every time of trouble.” I need not, therefore, direct you to that throne of Grace, which you have already sought, nor seek to convince you of what you already admit, that affliction springeth not from the dust, but is overruled and applied by a power and wisdom above us. Let this new trial be met with the patient submission and humble improvement which the dealings of an Heavenly Father, as merciful as he is wise, calls for from us, his erring children. Commending you and yours to the divine support and blessing in the mercies and grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I remain sincerely

Your friend and Bishop,

W. H. DELANCEY.

MR. RANDALL TO MR. DICKINSON.

CORTLAND VILLAGE, December, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR—Your note reached me this evening. I should have written you long since to express to you the sorrow I feel for you in the sad bereavement you informed me of in your last letter from Binghamton. But the subject is so painful that I have shrunk from approaching it. I knew not

your son, but I have only heard him favorably spoken of. And I learn he was your only son. I have been called to sustain a similar, but not an equal, bereavement, for I had, and still have two other sons. But I feel that I can appreciate your sorrow. Years have passed by since I buried my child, and time has poured balm on the painful wound; but there are times—lulls in the feverish tumult of life—when the remembrance of the sad parting, of the sudden transformation of warm life into cold, insensible, mouldering clay, unmans me. And I now constantly and painfully feel by how frail a tenure I hold all that is near and dear to me. The moral, my friend, of such afflictions is, “Be ye also ready.” And yet how few of us learn it! What phenomenon is there in all wide nature equal to that displayed by all of us—we, especially, who have loved and lost—in pursuing so steadily and zealously the hollow phantasms of this world? Standing on the verge of the devouring grave and the dark and dim hereafter, we show the wisdom of him who, caught in the rapids of the cataract, should spend his time in grasping at the bubbles and the foam of the current which was hurrying him on to his death.

But dark and dim as is the hereafter, we know something of it. We know that we shall survive the devouring grave. We believe we shall meet the loved and lost in the far distant Aden; we hope to be happy with them there *forever!* This should console us. In view of the shoreless future, of what moment is the subtraction of a few weary years from the sum of life? When a *few* more years have run their course, of what moment will it be whether we have closed the eyes of our children and borne them to the grave, or they perform the same sad office for us? Happiest are they who fall earliest by the way-side, and throw off their life-burden.

Your friend,

HENRY S. RANDALL.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. DICKINSON.

SATURDAY MORNING, December 28.

MY DEAR SIR—The House passed, last night, a very important resolution, providing for the filling up the gap in the pub-

lished debates. This would be a most useful thing. For some years I have been studying the history of the earlier period of this government, and we can have no complete political history till the hiatus is filled. I pray you give the subject one of your beneficent smiles.

Yours always truly,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. DE ZENG TO MR. DICKINSON.

GENEVA, January 3, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 29th ult., and the cane which you had the goodness to send by express, have both been received. Mr. Elliot, who was my son's room-mate at Panama, is now in New York. I will soon see him and show him the cane. If it cannot be ascertained beyond any reasonable doubt that it belonged to my son, I will return it to you, your family will be best entitled to hold it.

Mrs. De Zeng and our children unite with me in sincerely thanking you for sending us this memento, although it revives heart-rending recollections of one so dear to us all. We sympathize with you and your family in your late bereavement. Such separations are painful enough under any circumstances, but doubly so in my son's case, who was doomed to die far away from all whom he most loved on earth, and who loved him but too well.

I beg you to present my regards to Mrs. Dickinson and your daughter, and believe me to remain

Sincerely yours,
W. S. DE ZENG.

MESSRS. DOUGHERTY AND OTHERS, DEMOCRATIC MEMBERS
OF THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK, TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, December 5, 1850.

HON. D. S. DICKINSON—*Dear Sir*—Although the results of the recent election in this State may seem to be such as to withhold from you the support of a majority in the next legis-

lature, we, representatives elect from the city of New York, Long Island, and the valley of the Hudson, beg to assure you that in our judgment no such circumstances can deprive you of the devoted attachment and cordial support, not only of your immediate personal and political friends, but of the great body of the Democracy of the State. They feel that other causes than those affecting an estimate of your great services and able and intrepid course have produced this result, and they only await an opportunity, whenever your name shall again come before them in connection with the high station, the duties of which you have filled with equal firmness, ability, and patriotism, to testify by their acts their sense of your character and career as a statesman, and your virtues as a citizen.

At the close of the present Congress, you will have served seven years in the Senate of the United States. During that period, questions of the first magnitude, affecting the rights and honor of the country, and the lasting well-being of the people, have been passed upon. In all of them you have borne a conspicuous part. In all of them you have identified yourself with the cause of the nation, and have adhered, with inflexible fidelity, to the requirements of the Constitution. No consequences personal to yourself, nor any considerations beyond your duty to your country, have for a moment swerved you from the path of rectitude. Unawed by threats, regardless of the assaults of faction, uninfluenced by any selfish fear or any desire of favor from those who pursue their ends through denunciation or agitation, your course has been such as honor dictated, and as a disinterested love of country will applaud.

During the last session of the present Congress especially, through a long period of agitation which, extending from the halls of legislation to all quarters of the Republic, disturbed the public tranquillity and threatened the very foundations of government, your labors were most arduous and responsible. You were found, during all that period, in the faithful discharge of your public obligations, true to the Union and the Constitution, and foremost among the noble-minded statesmen of both parties, who, laying aside all partyism, and every personal consideration, gave to the country their best energies, and brought to happy consummation the great measures of pacification, upon the maintenance of which, in the noble spirit

which animated their framers, rests the continuance of our glorious Union.

Whatever may be the effect of events in our own State, we feel assured that signal and triumphant approval and renewed elevation await you in the future. The American people, true to the impulses of justice and patriotism, will not fail to bestow upon an approved and faithful public servant renewed expressions of their confidence and favor.

With sincere wishes for your prosperity and happiness, we remain, with the highest esteem,

Your friends and fellow-citizens,

MICHAEL DOUGHERTY, New York.

ALBERT A. THOMPSON, do.

HENRY J. ALLEN, do.

ELI PERRY, Albany.

JAIRUS FRENCH, Madison.

CHARLES ROBINSON, Dutchess.

EGBERT T. SMITH, Suffolk.

JACOB SICKLES, Rockland.

WILLIAM F. RUSSELL, Ulster.

MILTON BARNES, Orange.

A. L. LAWYER, Schoharie.

HENRY KINSLEY, Greene.

WILLIAM BOWNE, Putnam.

WORTHINGTON WEIGHT, Otsego.

MR. DICKINSON TO MESSRS. DOUGHERTY AND OTHERS.

WASHINGTON, January 20, 1851.

GENTLEMEN—I thank you most sincerely for your esteemed favor of the 5th ultimo, which I had the pleasure to receive a few days since. Next to the pleasing consciousness of having sought with earnestness and fidelity to discharge a public trust, involving the dearest rights and interests of the country, and of an honored constituency, is the approval of those in whose friendship we confide, and whose opinions we respect.

You are pleased to speak of my public course in terms of gratifying commendation. The period of nearly seven years' service which has been allotted me in the United States Senate,

is, in the importance of its events, without its parallel in the history of the government. Questions of the highest magnitude, and such as must affect for good or evil, through future generations, the destiny of our country and the institutions we hope to perpetuate, have pressed upon each other for consideration and action. In all this, I have endeavored to do nothing that should prejudice, disturb or mar our political or social structure, but to contribute, regardless of personal consequences, the best energies of my life, to preserve it erect and entire, in all the beauty of its proportions. Time and truth will show with what fidelity and what success. For the present, I can only say, that a careful review of my own share in the disposition of all the great questions which have engaged the public mind during my senatorial term, approves to my own judgment the conclusions I have adopted and the course I have pursued; and in all such cases, I would not, were the occasion to be repeated, cancel a single act or reverse a single position. But I am proud to declare that I would give to the same policy which has governed my public conduct such additional force as a more enlarged experience and a better acquaintance with public affairs would enable me to command.

I need not bring to your attention by historical detail the incidents and events and the legislation of the period to which I allude. They are familiar to you, and the country cannot be unmindful of them. They embrace, among others, the annexation of Texas, the settlement of the Oregon question, the war with Mexico, the acquisition of vast and valuable territory, and, finally, the great measures of adjustment, which happily, in my judgment, brought a long and angry controversy to a wise and patriotic conclusion, at the last session of Congress. The struggles by which they were decided, and the perseverance with which sectional animosities were fostered, will stand out hereafter upon the history of the country as a most signal proof of the inveteracy of partisan hatred, and the disregard of the welfare of the country, the integrity of the constitution, and the promptings of the democratic faith, with which personal aims or political resentments can be pursued. That the policy and measures so loudly decried have triumphed, and are daily gaining strength and approval in every section of the confederacy, is owing to the inherent patriotism and national

attachments of the American people, and to the firmness and devotion of their representatives. If in some of the States such representatives have been visited with obloquy and denunciation by partisan vindictiveness, and been rewarded for their exertions by desertion and sacrifice through malign influences, sinister efforts, and questionable combinations, it should be remembered that it is not the first and probably will not be the last instance where such has been the fortune of those who have labored for the public good; but it should cause no regret to such as are conscious of having discharged with fearless alacrity the responsibilities of their station, for they know that time will rectify the error and impartial history vindicate the truth.

In our own State the progress of events has certainly been marked with features replete with instruction. The results of the late election, which placed the democratic party in the minority, to which you refer, were the legitimate fruits of an effort to harmonize by conventional arrangement hostile and conflicting elements, and should have been unexpected by no one. It is notorious that the arrangement, termed a union, between those who had steadfastly adhered to the principles and candidates, State and national, of the democratic party, and those who for years had separated from and assailed both, was carried out, as I had no doubt it would be, in most of the assembly districts where true democrats, supposed to coincide in my own avowed views upon the leading questions of the day, were in nomination, by deliberately defeating their election by open and declared opposition in some instances, disguised but not less active hostility in others, and by predetermination and concert in all. I regard all this as a flattering compliment to the integrity of my public course, for having early and uniformly advocated principles now admitted to be just by almost common consent and upheld by the patriotic of all parties, and for having resisted at all times and upon all occasions a dangerous element of agitation, with which the harmony and integrity of our country have been so seriously threatened; an agitation which, without having served a single worthy, just, or humane purpose, has prostrated the democratic party in our State and in the nation, has filled our land with contention and bitterness, and shaken the very foundation of the Union itself. The his-

tory of the late election furnishes an earnest of what is in reserve and may be expected from this harmonious political element by all who stand by the constitution and the Union, and refuse to subscribe to the modern dogma, and as illustrative of the beauties and benefits of attempting to mingle in harmonious concert the friends of constitutional democracy and the adherents of a spurious abolitionism.

I have never sought, or expected, or desired the support of those whose vocation is sectional agitation, and who live and move and have their being in assailing the rights and interests of any of the sovereign States of this confederacy. I have poured no libations to the Moloch of political abolitionism. I have offered no sacrifices upon its polluted altar. I neither enjoy nor covet the confidence of its votaries, either lineal or collateral, and feel more honored by their denunciations than I should by their encomiums. I have not united with them in planting, and am entitled to no share of their fruits. I am proud to enjoy, with other democrats avowing like opinions with myself, the hostility of all recusants who, finding themselves abandoned in their unprofitable experiment of secession and disunion, were anxious to avail themselves of the forms of union to seat themselves again with the democracy of the State, that they might control results for the benefit of their partisans where they could, and defeat democratic nominees where they could not.

The democratic party is essentially national in its organization, in the State as in the Union. The history of its triumphs bears no record of its treaties with those hostile to its own catholic creed, under any pretence however specious, or under any name however euphonious; nor has it consented to lay aside or conceal its own cherished principles, or adopt shades of such as it was wont to repudiate, that it might swell its train of followers and secure the spoils of office. In all its functions, attributes, and characteristics, it is co-extensive with the Union, and it should not be less in its action and in the views and aims of those who are admitted to its membership. It cannot be otherwise, without derogating from its true attitude, or departing from all the great principles by which, since the organization of the government, it has been guided. If it shall be made by those who temporarily govern its action in the State to minister

in any form, by any act, or by any prudential omissions to discharge its whole duty to the constitution and to the cause it has upheld for half a century, that it may pander for votes to the morbid spirit of abolitionism and retain those in its organization who are hostile to all it holds most sacred, it will be degraded from its former elevation, and can no more secure the confidence of the honest masses than it will deserve it. For one, I will neither by word nor deed, or even by silence, contribute to any such course. If the democratic party is to be abolitionized in whole or in part, either in its doctrines or its associations; if it is to be so far demoralized that it may not declare its own principles, or must adopt sectional heresies; if acts passed in a benign and patriotic spirit to quiet agitation, the offspring of demagogues and fanatics, and to protect the Union itself from threatened invasion, must be repealed; if a law enacted not only in accordance with the spirit of the constitution, but to carry out one of its plainest provisions, is to be nullified so far as State legislation can nullify it, let who will favor or acquiesce in it, I will not; and it will be regarded by all true democrats as at war with every dictate of good government, the obligations of law, and the supremacy of the constitution.

I am deeply sensible of my obligations to the true democracy of the State. I acknowledge with pride the cordial support which they, companions in many campaigns, have afforded me, and you, my kind friends, in particular. To all such, in the State and beyond it, I tender my warmest thanks, and unite with them in sincere wishes for the welfare of our common Union. A few days will close my public service. Had it been my fortune to leave the Senate before the great questions which have so long and so deeply agitated the country had been fully, and, as I think, rightly passed upon, it would have occasioned me serious regret; but since I was permitted to bear a part in their adjustment, so far as it could be accomplished by legislation, and they now stand for decision before the tribunal of public opinion, I shall return to my private pursuits with far more gratification than I left them. As the Legislature is composed, there is no prospect whatever of the election of myself or any other democrat, and having no desire under such circumstances to be a candidate, I trust my friends will do me the favor not to present my name.

With kind consideration and regard for each of you,
I am

Your sincere friend and fellow-citizen,
D. S. DICKINSON.

To the Hon. Messrs. MICHAEL DOUGHERTY, ALBERT A. THOMPSON, HENRY J. ALLEN, ELI PERRY, JAIRUS FRENCH, CHARLES ROBINSON, EGBERT T. SMITH, JACOB SICKLES, WM. F. RUSSELL, MILTON BARNES, A. L. LAWYER, HENRY KINSLEY, WILLIAM BOWNE, WORTHINGTON WRIGHT.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. DICKINSON.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, February 7, 1851. }

MY DEAR SIR—In compliance with the wish expressed in your note of this morning, I send enclosed a letter to the Consular Agent at Havana, desiring him to render to Mrs. Dickinson and your daughter, in the event of touching at that port, every possible attention of which they stand in need.

I have also addressed a note to Mr. Calderon, requesting friendly introductory letters to insure from the authorities of the Island all proper protection and respect for the ladies. These, when received, will be placed in your hands.

Very truly yours,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, April 27, 1851.

MY DEAREST LYDIA—Yours of the 15th came this morning with one from Lydia L. to Mary. It was too late, of course, to telegraph you with a view to the sailing of the steamer on the 12th. My going to Jackson in the fall is merely talked of, to help L. settle her business there, with nothing definite about it—all depending upon the future; but I cannot go now, unless there is some pressing necessity for it, though it would give me great pleasure to meet you there and accompany you home.

I have commenced building our new house on that most delightful spot over the river, and have sold a part of the place where we now are. We must have the new house finished before winter, and it cannot be done if I go away now. I have many men at work, and all depends on my attention to them. We are all as usual, and anxious to see you and dear Lydia, as soon as is consistent for you to return.

As to the time of your return, do as your own judgment dictates and I will be satisfied.

We all send love, to all the friends.

Very affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. CLAPP TO MR. DICKINSON.

OXFORD, June 9, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR—Accept my thanks for the volume of Patent Office statistics. I avail myself of this occasion to repeat my acknowledgments for the many favors of this kind, which during your senatorial career you have kindly bestowed on me.

You will, I hope, pardon me for saying that your manly, independent, and patriotic course in public life justly entitles you to the admiration of your friends and the lasting gratitude of your country. I believe that country will again call you to some eminent station. Meanwhile it is the wish of your numerous friends in this quarter that you will allow your name to be put forward for a judicial office—a place you are eminently qualified to fill with honor to yourself and great usefulness to the State.

Please present my respectful regards to Mrs. Dickinson and your daughter, and believe me,

Very truly, your friend and obedient servant,

JAMES CLAPP.

MR. CASS TO MR. DICKINSON.

DETROIT, July 14, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR—I am going to save you the trouble of
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deciphering my hieroglyphics, by borrowing my daughter's pen in writing this letter. I am glad to hear from you, and to perceive that you have lost nothing of your old spirit. Indeed, why should you? You have passed through a fiery ordeal, and have come like gold out of the fire. You never stood better with every true American than at this moment. Whatever may be the result of matters in your State, and I must confess I have no hopes of them, your position before the American people cannot be shaken, and you are young enough to receive the reward of your firmness. For myself I do not believe that I shall live to see things settled down quietly; but it matters little to me personally. I have no hopes fixed on the future, nor do I care two straws about it, so far as respects myself. You seemed to foresee truly what was to happen in New York, and I anticipate nothing but defeat in the coming elections. I am under the impression that the extreme spirit of opposition will push many of our Southern friends to an extreme position. They seem to me determined, if they cannot have everything, to have nothing.

* * * * *

I want to see you very much, and to talk with you, and if it is possible, I will stop a night with you, on my way to Washington. But, absent or present, I shall never forget your true friendship, nor cease to reciprocate it.

Ever yours,

LEWIS CASS.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. WESTCOTT.

BINGHAMTON, August 21, 1851.

MY DEAR SISTER—I have just returned from burying my poor brother Frederick at Guilford. I heard of his approaching end at Litchfield, which added to the emotion consequent upon the occasion; it caused me great and painful solicitude. Your sister endured the journey better than I feared, and is, I think, slightly improved. I had not a moment at Litchfield when I could write. I was not well enough on Sunday to do so, without increasing my nervous headache, and put it off for Monday, and then when I was mustering courage to write, I

received news of Frederick's death, with only just time to reach there for the funeral. I returned last evening much fatigued, but shall be quite well, I trust, after a little rest.

Mr. Birdsall talks of going soon to Avon. You and Lydia must consult your own inclinations about staying, which I desire to have you do as long as it is profitable to you. If you do not come with Mr. B——, I will go for you when you are ready to leave.

I must save a description of Litchfield and the old homestead at Goshen until we meet.

Affectionately, your brother,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. EVERETT TO MR. DICKINSON.

MEDFORD, Massachusetts, October 2, 1851.

DEAR SIR—I have your most obliging favor of the 28th of September. Allow me to refer you to my letter of this date, on the subject of visiting Binghamton, as requested by Mr. Wright.

In the event of my coming there to repeat my "Washington," I shall be most happy to be your guest.

I remain, dear Sir, with great regard,

Very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

MR. STEWART TO MR. DICKINSON.

BALTIMORE, Md., October 27, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR—I feel extremely anxious to obtain some authentic account as to the probable result of your State election in November. I believed it is destined to have an important influence upon the nomination of our candidate and the success of our national election. I feel assured that, if you can present a New York candidate for the Presidency, there will be a preference for him over any one now named; and if you were to be the man, I believe and say so, without any flattery, that you would be the first choice of Maryland. In all the

discussions upon the subject which I hear, it is most gratifying to my feelings to realize the high position of confidence to which you have ascended in the affections of the Democratic party. I could pledge to you the electoral vote of our State, for, Whig as that has ever been, you would have strength enough to concentrate a triumphant vote in your support.

* * * * *

I remain, with the highest respect,

Your faithful friend,

DANIEL STEWART.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. WESTCOTT.

ALBANY, January 18, 1852.

MY DEAR SISTER—The uncertain currents of fortune carry me about, I scarcely know how or whither. I spent last week at Norwich, arguing a motion for a new trial, in a murder case, and at its close returned to B—, expecting some little repose at home, where a telegraph despatch informed me that an important cause here was coming on for argument, and I must be here, so I left forthwith.

The family at home are as usual, except your sister Lydia, who, I regret to say, is rather feeble. I have been very anxious to get away to Mississippi, but it seems almost impossible. The family are so dependent on my presence for comfort, and business presses so incessantly, that I hardly get time to breathe. I have yet hope that I may find an opportunity to leave.

I saw a letter which your sister wrote you relative to Bessie. I am deeply concerned for this dear sister. If you return without my going after you, and before summer, you had better come by way of New Orleans and by sea. If you conclude to try this, write me, for I could aid you materially. It is a cold, hard winter here. Give much love to all our friends, and keep much for yourself.

Your affectionate brother,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, May 22, 1852.

MY DEAR R.—Lydia will not go to Baltimore. I took Mrs. Birdsall in 1835, before her marriage, and it cured my curiosity in such matters. Unless you have engaged rooms you will not find a peg to hang on, and as to finding lodgings for a young lady, it is in my judgment pretty much out of the case. I should be glad to meet Miss Jennie there, but the “noise and confusion” will prevent her having much enjoyment, I fear; though if you have acquaintance in some private family, where she could visit, it would be pleasant for her.

I hope Gen. Cass’s friends will be on hand in force. I am for him, up and down, and round about, and diagonally, and shall sink or swim with him. All send regards to Mrs. R. and Jennie and yourself.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. CASS TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, May 27, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR—I drop you this hasty note, in the midst of the bustle of the Senate, to say I have just received your letter, and wholly approve your course as to coming here. You are right, and I told B—— so this morning. As to your course, my friend, I cannot talk of such a thing; I know you are as true a man as ever walked the earth—I may say, the very model of true fidelity. There, you have my heart.

Ever your true friend,

LEWIS CASS.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

BARNUM’S HOTEL, BALTIMORE, }
 June 2, 1852. }

MY DEAREST LYDIA—I am exceedingly pained to hear of

your sudden illness. I have wished myself back from the moment I heard of your situation, and wish there was an end of the convention.

It has not yet acted on nominations, and may not for a day or two. I hope it may to-morrow. No idea can be formed of what it will do. I have seen many of our old friends, who send many kind remembrances.

Write if you see that the Convention is continuing, and if I am seriously needed at home, telegraph me, and I will come immediately. I would rather be home than here a thousand times.

Give much love to all the dear ones.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. CASS TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, June 10, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR—I am not going to write you a long letter, but hope it will not be an unsatisfactory one. I thank you from my heart for all you did for me at Baltimore. I shall never forget it, though I can never repay it. I never had a truer friend, and it is right to tell you so.

Ever your friend,

LEWIS CASS.

COL. PAINE TO MR. DICKINSON.

[Extract.]

ROCHESTER, July 2, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR—One thing above all others do I most regret: that is, when you were literally buried with bouquets, the entire delegation, with all the outsiders (including some hundreds of ladies), shouting your name, and importuning you to consent, that you had not said yes, and given us the privilege of making you President of the United States. But it may all be well yet.

* * * * *

Sincerely yours.

N. E. PAINE.

MR. STEWART TO MR. DICKINSON.

BALTIMORE, September 30, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter of September 25th is before me, and I reply at once to impress upon you the importance of a visit to Maryland. I should like you to be here on the 21st of October, so as to attend the great Frederick County meeting on the 23d. I have realized the pressure of professional engagements, and have yielded to the sacrifice which their neglect involves; and that, in seasons when I could not regard the perils as so imminent as I do now. I beg you, therefore, to come for your own sake, and the sake of the party. I am no flatterer, as all who know me will admit, and I therefore tell you that your presence for a week or ten days in Maryland is most important to our triumph here.

I am desired by Mrs. Stewart to say, that she will esteem it a favor to receive a visit from Mrs. Dickinson, or any of your family you may select to accompany you. I have felt the kindness of your invitation to your hospitality at Binghamton, and beg that you will give me the honor of showing what Maryland may do with such friends as you. I make no boast of being in a "log cabin," and I will therefore tender to you every "material aid and comfort."

I write earnestly, because I feel what I say, and I can tell you that, in the future, memory will look upon your visit to Maryland as a bright page in your history.

Truly and faithfully,

DANIEL STEWART.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. BROWN.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., December 1, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR—I thank you most kindly for your generous letter of the 24th inst., and feelingly appreciate your partiality. It was painful to the friends of Gen. Cass to see him opposed by those who should have been his supporters; but so it was. His true friends have the gratification of knowing that they adhered to his fortunes to the last.

My position was the most delicate and trying one of my life. I saw, and so did many friends, the presidency virtually laid at my feet, and many urged me not to withdraw my name; but as Gen. Cass was treacherously defeated by New York in 1848, I determined that, so far as I was concerned, there should be no obstacles in the way of his nomination and election in 1852, for I deemed it due to the integrity of the Democratic party, as well as to Gen. C., that he should be nominated.

I am, in my retirement, as quiet, contented, and happy as ordinarily falls to man's condition. I seek no place, and should only accept, that I might serve friends and country. The old enemies of Gen. Cass, and my enemies—the enemies of the true national Democracy throughout the Union—with all their influences, will move Heaven and earth, to say nothing of lower regions, to keep the friends of Gen. Cass, especially myself, out of place. I shall leave it all to friends, so far as I am concerned. Should you journey this way, come and see me.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

W. S. BROWN, Esq.

MR. COOLEY TO MR. DICKINSON.

78 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, December 30.

MY DEAR SIR—I have just received your kind note, declining to join us at dinner yesterday; and can assure you that we all regretted exceedingly the circumstances which deprived us of the very great pleasure we should have had in being favored with your agreeable company on that occasion. We consoled ourselves by drinking your health in a bumper of good, honest, unadulterated wine; it was the best we could do. Judges Bronson, Beardsley, Vanderbilt, and Messrs. Peckham, Lyon, Wheeler, and Dr. Niles were with us, and we had a very agreeable evening. We hope to be more fortunate, and secure your company another time. I thank you for the expression of your many kind wishes, and I beg you to believe that they are more than reciprocated on my part, for the long continuance of all the blessings of this life to yourself and family.

I remain, very truly your friend,

JAMES E. COOLEY.

MISS ANNIE C. LYNCH TO MR. AND MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, January 7, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. DICKINSON—I should not have allowed your kind letter to remain so long unanswered, had I not, by a very painful finger, been prevented from using a pen. The first use I make of its restoration is to thank you most cordially for your kind invitation to visit you. I assure you nothing would afford me more pleasure than to accept it, were it possible for me to leave home at this time; but my mother's health is delicate, and I am besides so entangled with petty cares of housekeeping and other matters, that however pleasant it would be, I could not just now escape from them. But as your invitation is not limited to this winter, I shall promise myself the pleasure of accepting it at some future time.

I am glad to know that you remember Washington with pleasure. I am afraid it has spoiled me for all other society, with its intellectual superiority and its delightful freedom. It will have for me a new attraction if, after the 4th of March, the two valued friends to whom I write shall be established there, as I most earnestly hope they will be.

I know that you will both be gratified to hear that my success in Washington, for which I was indebted to such kind friends as yourselves, has been the foundation of a permanent independence for my mother and myself. I therefore owe a large debt of gratitude to the 31st Congress collectively, while I have a particular regard for some of its individual members.

While I was in Washington last winter, one great pleasure and privilege which I enjoyed was in writing for Mr. Clay, and in one letter I wrote as amanuensis to Mr. Dickinson, I was strongly tempted to put in a postscript on my own account. Dear old man! he is gone, and how many besides of the brilliant constellation! To-day we have had the sad news of the death of Mr. Pierce's son. With what heavy hearts they will enter upon their new life. For me, when I see how death is thinning the ranks of those I once knew, and how friends around me fall, "like leaves in wintry weather," I am sure that I set a higher value upon those that remain, for it is after all in the amenities and affections of social life that happiness is found, or

even the shadow of it, which is all that we are here permitted to attain.

At some future day I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here as guests of mine.

Will you remember me most cordially to Mrs. Courtney and your young daughter? and believe me,

Sincerely and truly yours,

ANNE C. LYNCH.

MR. PEEK TO MR. DICKINSON.

CHELSEA, January 24, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 15th instant reached me at this place this evening, where I have been for the past week, attending court.

The death of Mr. Upham was most unexpected to us all, though Mrs. U. had a presentiment that he would not recover. She reached Washington in company with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon, the Tuesday before his death. Annette remained in Montpelier. They returned last Saturday, but I have not seen them.

* * * * *

Your kind and friendly letter, addressed to me at Burlington, was forwarded to me from that place, and received some days after its date. I owe you an apology for not acknowledging its reception at an earlier day; but as it did not call for an immediate answer I have permitted professional engagements to delay a reply. Your approval of my conduct, in a somewhat trying and delicate matter, has given me great pleasure, and your letter will be preserved as evidence of the good opinion of one whose approbation and friendship any man may justly be proud of.

The recent severe domestic affliction of Gen. Pierce has, to some extent, checked cabinet speculations; but I still believe, what I have believed, as well as hoped, ever since his election, that wise counsels will yet prevail, and that you will occupy that position which you so richly merit. I cannot believe that those who are raising Heaven and earth to defeat you will be permitted to triumph in their unjust and unwise attack.

Mrs. Peck is still in Washington, slowly improving in health. She still holds in kind remembrance yourself and family, and often speaks of you all in her letters.

Make my kind regards to your wife and daughters, and believe me,

Most cordially your friend,

LUCIUS B. PEEK.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ORR.

[The circumstances which called forth this letter sufficiently appear in it. The following notice of the attack of the *Union* appeared in the *Richmond Enquirer* :

In a recent issue of the *Washington Union*, an article appeared, in which, to the astonishment of the country, an attempt was made to disparage the public conduct of Daniel S. Dickinson. What purpose the writer sought to serve, we are at a loss to divine, but that he meant to sink Mr. Dickinson in the esteem of the South, is evident from the nature of the article, unless it be unwarrantable to infer a murderous intent from a savage stab at the very seat of life. Be the blow, however, the stroke of a felon or a friend, it is not the less incumbent upon every Southern man, and especially upon every Virginian, to interpose a defence of the South and Virginia, when they were assailed by traitorous hands.

By every obligation of gratitude and of honor are we of the South bound to sustain Daniel S. Dickinson, under any circumstances and against any foe. When an attempt is made by our enemies to strike him down because of his services to us, this obligation comes upon us with irresistible weight. But we do injustice to Mr. Dickinson. It is not to the South only that he may look for protection against the wrath of those who would immolate him because of his heroic resistance of the aggressions of abolition. Upon every patriot and friend of the Constitution and the Union, no matter in what State or section, he has a claim for sympathy and support.

It is idle to attempt to impeach the consistency and honor of Dickinson's devotion to the South. It has been illustrated under circumstances which would have appalled any but the stoutest and truest heart. Mr. Dickinson's was not mere parade of patriotism which incurs no risk and renders no service. He struck for the South and the Union at a critical moment, and he now suffers the penalty of his patriotism in exclusion from office and in the assassin stab of abolitionists. We need not recount his services to the South. They may

be read in the history of the country. They are fresh in the memory of all. Among all the gallant spirits of the North, who in the hour of trial bravely fought for the constitutional rights of the South, Dickinson stood pre-eminent, for the absolute devotion of heart and soul with which he surrendered himself to our cause. The South recognized his service at the time by a gushing fervor of gratitude and universality of admiration, such as she has extended to no other public man. His image was on every Southern heart; his praises were on every Southern tongue.

* * * * *

There is a special obligation in Virginia to sustain Mr. Dickinson in his struggles with the abolitionists. She has become in some sort surety for the consistency and integrity of his public character. She gave him the highest attestation of her esteem and affection in the Baltimore Convention, by casting her vote for him for President of the United States, and any aspersion on him touches her own honor. She cannot be silent when calumny assails him.

* * * * *

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., September 13, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR—I have this moment received your favor of the 10th, calling my attention to a communication in the *Washington Union*, charging me in substance with having favored and advocated the Wilmot Proviso in the Senate of the United States, in 1847, and presenting partial extracts of a speech I then made to prove it.

The "free-soil" journals of this State have recently made a similar discovery, probably aided by similar optics; but as these journals, because of this very speech, and the vote thereon, honored me with the distinction of stereotyping my name enclosed in black lines, at the head of their columns for months, and recommended that I be burned in effigy, and treated with personal indignities and violence, it gave me little concern to see them endeavoring to divert attention from their own position by assaulting me in an opposite direction. Nor, since the *Washington Union* has furnished its contribution, should I have thought the matter worth my notice. Those who are pursuing me in my retirement, whether as open and manly opponents or otherwise, have their service to perform and their parts assigned them, and I have no more disposition to disturb their vocation than I have to inquire as to the nature

and amount of their wages, or question the manner in which they execute their work.

I was honored with a seat in the Senate of this State four years, and there introduced resolutions upon the subject of slavery, and spoke and voted thereon; was President of the same body two years, and was seven years a Senator in Congress—from the annexation of Texas until after the passage of the compromise measures. I have, too, for the last twenty years, often been a member of conventions—county, State and national; have presented resolutions, made speeches and proposed addresses; and if, in my whole political course, a speech, vote, or resolution can be found favoring the heresy of “free-soil,” I will consent to occupy a position in the public judgment as degraded as the most malevolent of that faction, or its most convenient accomplice.

Near the close of the session of 1847, I returned to my seat in the Senate from a most painful and distressing domestic affliction, and found the Three Million bill under discussion, during which the Wilmot Proviso (so called) was offered, and my colleague, General Dix, presented resolutions from our Legislature, passed with great unanimity, instructing us to vote in favor of the proviso. General Dix advocated the adoption of the proviso, and voted for it. I spoke against its adoption and voted against it, and, in so doing, aroused against me free-soil and abolition malignity throughout the country.

The main subject under discussion was the propriety of placing a fund of three millions in the hands of the President for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of peace with Mexico by the purchase of territory. The proviso was an incidental question, and treated accordingly. Neither my frame of mind nor the exigencies of the occasion afforded me an adequate opportunity to consider or discuss the question; but the whole drift and spirit of what I did say upon the subject, although imperfectly reported, was against all slavery agitation, as will be seen by the following extracts:

“As though it were not enough to legislate for the government of such territory as may be procured under and by virtue of this appropriation, if any shall be made—which of course rests in uncertainty—this amendment, forsooth, provides for the domestic regulation of ‘any

territory on the continent of America which shall hereafter be acquired by or annexed to the United States, or in any other manner whatever.' And thus this wholesome and pacific measure must be subjected to delay and the hazards of defeat, the war must be prosecuted afresh with all its engines of destruction, or abandoned by a craven and disgraceful retreat; one campaign after another be lost, while the wily and treacherous foe and his natural ally, the *vomito*, are preying upon the brave hearts of our patriotic soldiery; that we may legislate, not merely for the domestic government of Mexican territory in the expectation that we may hereafter obtain it, but that we may erect barriers to prevent the sugar manufacturer and cotton planter of the South from extending his plantation and his slavery towards the polar regions.

"If, then, the popular judgment shall commend that pioneer benevolence, which seeks to provide for the government of territory which, though its acquisition yet 'sleeps in the wide abyss of possibility,' may be acquired by this proposed negotiation; if the appropriation shall be made and a negotiation opened, and the President shall propose to accept for indemnity, and the Mexican government to cede a portion of territory, and terms shall be stipulated and a treaty be made between the two governments and ratified by both; and the territory be organized by the legislation of Congress; what adequate encomiums shall be lavished upon that more comprehensive philanthropy and profound statesmanship, which, in a bill designed to terminate a bloody and protracted war, raging in the heart of an enemy's country, casts into this discussion this apple of domestic discord under the pretence of extending the benevolent ægis of freedom over any territory which may at any time or in any manner, or upon any part of the continent, be acquired by the United States? It is no justification for the introduction of this element of strife and controversy at this time and upon this occasion, that it is abstractly just and proper, and that the Southern States should take no exception to its provisions. All knew the smouldering materials which the introduction of this topic would ignite—the sectional strife and local bitterness which would follow in its train; all had seen and read its fatal history at the last session, and knew too well what controversies, delays, and vexations must hang over it—what crimination and recrimination would attend upon its toilsome and precarious progress, and what hazard would wait upon the result—how it would array man against man, State against State, section against section, the South against the North, and the North against the South—and what must be, not only its effects and positive mischiefs, but how its disorganizing and pernicious influences must be extended to other measures necessary to sustain the arm of government.

“ This bill not only suffered defeat at the last session, but has been subjected to the delays, hazards, and buffetings of this, by reason of this misplaced proviso. Upon it the very antipodes of agitation have met and mingled their discordant influences. This proviso, pretending to circumscribe the limits of slavery, is made the occasion for the presentation of declaratory resolves in its favor, and the bill becomes, as if by mutual appointment, the common battle ground of abstract antagonisms; each theoretic agitation is indebted to the other for existence, and each subsists alone upon the aliment provided ready to its hand by its hostile purveyor. The votaries of opposing systems seem to have drawn hither to kindle their respective altar-fires, and to vie with each other in their efforts to determine who shall cause the smoke of their incense to ascend the highest. Both are assailing the same edifice from different angles, and for alleged opposing reasons—both declare that their support of the bill depends upon the contingency of the amendment, and the efforts of both unite in a common result, and that is, procrastination and the hazard of defeat. The common enemy is overlooked and almost forgotten, that we may glare upon each other over a side issue and revive the slumbering elements of controversy, in proposing to prescribe domestic regulations for the government of territory which we have some expectation we may hereafter, possibly, acquire. This exciting and troublesome question has no necessary connection with this bill, and if, indeed, it can ever have any practical operation whatever, it would certainly be equally operative if passed separately. * * * * *

“ But suppose we do not, after all, as we well may not, obtain by negotiations any part of Mexican territory, what a sublime spectacle of legislation will a clause like this present to the world? It will stand upon the pages of the statute as an act of the American Congress designed to regulate the government of Mexican territory, but whose operation was suspended by the interposition of the Mexican veto; a chapter in our history to be employed by our enemies as evidence of rapacity, of weakness, and depraved morals; a target for the jeers and scoffs of the kingly governments of the earth, for the derision of Mexico herself, and the general contempt of mankind—a lapsed legacy to the memory of misplaced benevolence and abortive legislation.

“ And what is more humiliating is, that the enemies of popular freedom throughout the world are scowling with malignant gratification to see this great nation unable to prosecute a war against a crippled and comparatively feeble enemy, without placing in the foreground of its measures this pregnant element of controversy, which the world sees and knows is the canker which gnaws at the root of our domestic peace; and when it is known that from this cause, especially, we have practically proved our inability to unite in the prosecution of a war, or to

provide measures to establish peace, we shall be regarded as a fit object for contumely, and be laughed to scorn by the despicable government with which we are at strife, and which we have hesitated to strike because of her weakness and imbecility."

That part of the speech which, with more ingenuity than candor, has been clipped out to suit the necessities of my accusers and convict me of "free soil" sentiments, was my explanation of the general sentiment of the Northern people, in reply to a suggestion that all must be abolitionists, because the legislature instructed upon all questions relating to slavery with great unanimity. The following is the extract :

"So far as I am advised or believe, the great mass of the people at the North entertain but one opinion upon the subject, and that is the same entertained by many at the South. They regard the institution as a great moral and political evil, and would that it had no existence. They are not unaware of the difficulties which beset it, and do not intend to provoke sectional jealousies and hatred by ill-timed and misplaced discussions. They will not listen to the cry of the fanatic, or favor the design of the political schemer from the North or the South; nor will they ever disturb or trench upon the compromises of the constitution. They believe the institution to be local or domestic: to be established or abolished by the States themselves, and alone subject to their control; and that federal legislation can have very little influence over it. But being thus the institution of a local sovereignty, and a franchise peculiar to itself, they deny that such sovereignty or its people can justly claim the right to regard it as transitory and erect it in the Territories of the United States without the authority of Congress, and they believe that Congress may prohibit its introduction into the Territories while they remain such," &c.

The legislative instructions were nearly unanimous, and the popular sentiment of the State was equally harmonious. Being a believer in and advocate for the doctrine of instruction (which up to that time had been only employed to uphold the principles of the constitution), and being anxious to represent and reflect, wherever I could, the true sentiment of my State, I indicated my willingness on a future and suitable occasion to vote as the legislature had instructed, without any repetition of its direction; but subsequent events and developments and further reflection admonished me, that I should best discharge

my duty to the constitution and the Union by disregarding such instructions altogether; and although they were often afterwards repeated, and popular indignities threatened, I disregarded them accordingly.

And now, my dear sir, I leave this matter where, but for your kind letter, I should have permitted it to repose—upon the judgment of a people who have not yet forgotten, nor will they soon forget, who sustained and who assailed their country's constitution in the moment of its severest trial, the perversions of necessitous politicians to the contrary notwithstanding. But it was perhaps due to confiding friends, that the sinister misrepresentation should be corrected; and I thank you for the attention which enabled me to do it.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

To HENRY E. ORR, Esq., Washington, D. C.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. SALMONS.*

BINGHAMTON, October 12, 1853.

MY DEAR LOUISA—Your kind letter conveying intelligence of the death of your excellent mother, was received a few days since, and we all deeply sympathize with you in your affliction; for we know by sad experience how painful is the loss of a parent, even when they have finished their earthly career in the fulness of years and the confidence and hope of the Christian.

Mrs. Dickinson has been ill of a prevailing influenza, or she would have written. All the family are as usual, and join us in assuring you and your mourning relatives of our sincere condolence.

With regards to your husband and family, and hoping that we may at no distant day enjoy the pleasure of your company here, I am

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Mrs. LOUISA H. SALMONS.

* Formerly Miss Royce.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. WESTCOTT AND MRS. HATHAWAY

Tuesday Evening, December 13, 1853.

MY DEAR SISTERS—I have been most painfully anxious that you should come over and visit us to-morrow, as it is so lonesome in Lydia's absence; and besides, yesterday and to-day my heart has wrung with an anguish so deep that I have sought your affectionate sympathy to stanch its bleeding. Availing myself of Lydia's absence, unknown to any family friends (for I did not wish to pain them), I have been engaged in removing the precious remains of our dear children to their final resting-place in the new cemetery, which has long been contemplated. The emotion it has caused me I cannot tell. Oh, how much would I give could I see you this evening; but as I cannot, I write this note, for even that seems like communing with those I cherish with affectionate regard. I expect to be absent to-morrow to return at evening, and, if so, I am sure you will come and spend a part of the day and evening with us, Thursday.

Your affectionate brother,

D. S. DICKINSON.

LUCIE and HANNAH.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, December 21, 1853.

MY DEAREST LYDIA—We are all quite well, and matters go on prosperously. The painful office of the removal of the remains of the loved ones was well performed under the direction of Thomas. It occasioned me great grief and emotion, and I was anxious to have some one with me. But Louise had not come. I went for Lucie and Hannah, not letting them know why I wanted them, and they could not conveniently come; and I did not wish to distress Mary and Charlotte, so I kept it a secret until it was all over. Thomas proves invaluable to me in many respects, for there is nothing he cannot do, and do well.

You must not imagine there is a general sickness, if you do not hear every day. No news. All send much love to all

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. WESTCOTT.

NORWICH, January 12, 1854.

MY DEAR SISTER—I have been much engaged since I came here; have not heard from your sister or Lydia L. at Albany, but have written them twice. I heard from home by letter from Mary last evening, and was happy to learn that all were well.

I am to be a pall-bearer at Mr. ——'s funeral. He was a faithful and excellent friend; and his death, more especially the manner of it, shocked me exceedingly. But while condemning an act so rash and unchristian, I said to myself, "Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." He was a man of much heart and deep domestic feeling, and alive to social enjoyments with family and friends. He lost his wife a few years since, with whom he had lived forty years; his children had all left him, pursuing their several careers, and he lived alone in the house which for forty years had been lighted up by the joys of home, with only a servant to keep his house. He had no one with gentle hands to soothe his fevered brow, or to beguile his vacant and solitary hours with the thousand kind attentions which a feeling heart can appreciate, but which no one can describe. The world looked cold and dark to him; he fancied illness when he was enjoying good health, and in an evil moment was left without the sustaining hand of Providence. Peace to his remains.

Oh, how fervently I desire to live near those I love so long as it may please heaven to spare my life, and in the last sad moments to have them stand around me; for I can realize that "on some fond breast the panting soul relies."

I have never been thankful enough for the blessings which have been extended to me; among which there is none, beyond life, health, and home, which I prize more dearly than my dear friends; and to you, my dear sister, whom I have loved so

well, and who have cheered me with your pure and gentle affection, I am bound by ties of tenderness which can only be severed in death.

Your affectionate brother,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. CLINTON.

BINGHAMTON, May 20, 1854.

MY DEAR JUDGE—I have been absent, or I should at an early moment have congratulated you upon your election, and assured you of the gratification your friends experienced on its announcement. But better late than never.

I have heard that Judge Bronson will not accept the nomination for governor. This I regret; for he is, for the country part of the State, very much the strongest man we have.

* * * * *

On the liquor question they will endeavor to save the "hards," as the liquor-sellers do their casks—tap at both ends, and that perhaps not without some prospects of success—drawing off temperance men at one end, and *rummies* at the other.

* * * * *

Yours sincerely,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.*

THE ORCHARD, December 24, 1854.

TO MY BELOVED DAUGHTER MARY—The only daughter left as my solace and beguiler of my solitary hours, or to my care and protection, is this little gift presented; in the belief that her affection for her parents will be as pure and endless as a golden ring.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

* With a gold ring.

MR. FLETCHER WEBSTER TO MR. DICKINSON.

BOSTON, January 21, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR—I this day received, on my return from Washington, an envelope post-marked Binghamton, and containing an autograph letter from my late father to you. I suppose I am indebted for this favor to no one but yourself. I have seen the letter in print, but am very much your debtor for the original. It contains sentiments to which I have often heard my father give expression, in the privacy of social and domestic life, and with which he impressed his family and friends.

I will have it copied and return you the original. With your leave, I propose to make use of it in the publication of my father's correspondence.

I am, with great respect,

Your friend and servant,

FLETCHER WEBSTER.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, March 25, 1855.

MY DEAR ROGERS—

* * * * *

I am aware that many papers have suggested my name in connection with the Presidency, and some have actually placed it at mast-head. Upon the subject you are already aware of my views. Really and truly, I desire never to be again called from the quiet of my home to discharge a public trust. The times have become degenerate—the spirit of office-seeking, base and execrable in the extreme, and the tone of public morals more than questionable. The public treasury and public domain are regarded the lawful booty of political cormorants. Whoever administers the government for the next term, if he does no more than his reasonable duty, will dearly earn both his emoluments and honors, for he will have much to do, above and beyond subserving the grovelling purposes of mere party.

He will have to arrest the demoralizing system of public plunder which has become a part of the fashion of the times ; and he will have to fight over, remember that, the great battle of the Constitution which has been recently surrendered. He will have to displace political Peter Fuunks, professional office-seekers and holders, and fill their places with honest men. It will require the iron will, the stern integrity, and the moral courage of a Jackson. If it is not done, the country will be ruined. If it is done, he who does it will be persecuted "to strange cities." It is a labor of love I by no means covet, nor shall I envy him who is selected to discharge it.

* * * * *

Mrs. Dickinson and daughter unite in kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Rogers.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. DYKE.

ALBANY, June, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR—On my return to my residence a few days since, from a professional engagement abroad, I found your favor of a late date inquiring my views touching the principles of the "American" or "Know-Nothing" organization. Before I found time to answer I was hurried to this place to attend the Court of Appeals now in session, where the business in which I am engaged affords little time or opportunity for correspondence. I will, however, as I have no concealments upon public questions, borrow a moment from my passing duties to say quite hastily, that I have no knowledge concerning the order to which you allude, except such as is acquired from publications purporting to give information upon the subject, and must therefore confine myself to such points as are embraced within this range. It is generally understood and conceded to be a secret society or organization, designed to act politically in the contests of the day. Of this secret feature I entirely disapprove, and am unable to understand by what necessity, real or supposed, it was dictated, or upon what principle it can

be justified. Free public discussion and open action on all public affairs, are essential to the health, nay, to the very existence of popular liberty; and the day which finds the public mind reconciled to the secret movements of political parties, will find us far on our way to the slavery of despotism. If good men may meet in secret for good purposes, we can have no assurance that bad men, under the same plausible exterior, will not secretly sap the foundations of public virtue.

Whether I am in favor of *their* platform upon the question of domestic slavery, must depend upon what it is; or rather, whether they are in favor of *mine*. If their platform is to be regarded as including, upholding, or justifying such monstrosities as the "personal liberty bill," recently passed into a law by the Massachusetts Legislature over the veto of Governor Gardner, then I pronounce it treason—rank, unblushing, and brazen—deserving of public reprehension and condign punishment. If upon this subject their platform conforms to resolutions recently published, purporting to be the voice of the majority of the Convention assembled at Philadelphia, it is in substance the same upon which I have stood for years—upon which I did not enter without counting the consequences, and which I intend to relinquish only with life. I have not now these resolutions before me, but as I recollect them, I approve them in substance as sound national doctrine. I ignore no part of the federal Constitution, either in theory or in practice, to court the popular caprices of the moment, to gain public station, or to minister to the necessities or infirmities of those in power. Nor can I distrust the soundness of principles approved upon full consideration under a high sense of duty, because others may choose to adopt and embrace them.

I cannot believe that any good can be accomplished by making the birthplace a test of fidelity or merit. It does not accord, but is at war, with the genius of our institutions. That abuses have been practised by the appointment of foreigners to places of trust, before sufficiently familiar with our Constitution, laws, and social system, or to which, from circumstances, they were unsuited, is probable. This, however, is in some respects common to native as well as naturalized citizens, and arises not from a defective system, but from its erroneous administration. It is in both respects the natural result of plac-

ing in the hands of the incompetent the distribution of public patronage.

Upon the subject of naturalized citizens I have been governed by considerations of justice and duty, and have designed to observe the spirit of my country's Constitution. When members engaged in a steeple-chase, to see who should propose earliest, give most, and vote loudest, to feed suffering Ireland from the federal treasury a few years since, not finding any warrant for such proceedings, I voted against it, and let public clamor exhaust itself upon my head in denunciations. When I learned that the foreigner who had in good faith declared his intentions of citizenship, by setting his foot upon a foreign shore in case of shipwreck, without any intention of remaining abroad, lost the benefit of his proceedings, I introduced and procured the passage of a bill to redress the grievance. These principles have governed my public conduct and now guide my opinions. The Constitution, administered in its true spirit, is, in my judgment, sufficient for the protection of all, whether native or naturalized, and for the redress of all political evils which can be reached by human government.

I have the honor to be,

Your friend and servant,

D. S. DICKINSON.

CHARLES E. DYKE, Esq., editor *Floridian and Journal*, Tallahassee.

MR. BUCHANAN TO MR. DICKINSON.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, }
LONDON, August 9, 1855. }

MY DEAR SIR—I have received your note of the 15th ultimo, and have caused a very careful examination to be made of all the files in the time of Mr. Lawrence, and no such lease or paper as that mentioned in the order of Mr. Clark can be found. * * * * *

I look forward with peculiar pleasure to my return to the United States, which I trust may take place in the month of October. Although I cannot complain of the manner in which I have been treated here, yet I am tired of my position, which

has proved to be far more laborious and confining than I had anticipated.

With my kindest remembrance to Mrs. Dickinson, and the agreeable anticipation of meeting you both after my return, I remain, yours, sincerely,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, September 30, 1855.

MY DEAR MARY—I was much pleased to receive your beautiful letter of the 22d of this month. I am glad your school pleases you, and that you are contented. I hope all your wishes and expectations may be realized. It cost me many painful emotions to consent to your going, and I never could have done so but that I was unwilling to deny you anything which you and your mother thought would be so beneficial to you. Now that you have entered upon it, I wish you to go forward, and I will do all in my power to make it both pleasing and profitable; but your success in school, like your success and happiness in all the affairs of life, must depend mainly upon yourself. Letters and ornamental branches are desirable; the first are necessary to the ordinary business and common respectability of life; but these are of little service without teachings in a school of your own. I mean a thorough self-discipline. All need it; some find it a more difficult task to accomplish than others, but it must be attained, and early youth is the only propitious period for its accomplishment. Deep, thorough reflection upon all moral duties is highly profitable, as it enables you to practise self-denial, a virtue which you will find necessary to call into requisition every day, in every department of life. It includes self-government and enables the judgment to predominate over the will. It gives you a ready obedience and willing acquiescence to your parents and teachers, and others standing in such relation to you. It gives you a quiet firmness to resist the importunities of others, when your judgment tells you their requests should not be granted. In short, it will teach you that enjoyment consists more in the

frame of mind which accompanies you, than it does either in place, occupation, or association. Learn to enjoy yourself with yourself; to cultivate elevated tastes, domestic feelings and virtues, and to subdue all mental conflict with calm reflection. This will afford you hours, days and even years of pleasure, when a neglect of it must occasion many seasons of pain.

I shall have great and anxious solicitude for you, our last dear cherished child left under the parental care, and shall feel deeply the time you are separated from us.

Your mother, to the surprise of every one, except perhaps herself, came home in the night train about three o'clock this morning, quite well.

All desire much love to you and dear Lydia L.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR CHASE.

BINGHAMTON, October 28, 1855.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR—I am such a political heretic in the estimation of many of your friends, that if I were to congratulate you upon your election they would question your orthodoxy, and I therefore think it more safe to omit it. In the Senate we were so far separated upon the leading questions that we had not ing to disturb our private friendship; and I recur with pleasure to the recollections of our official and social intercourse.

The immediate object of this note, is to introduce to your acquaintance, and crave your kind offices in behalf of my friend, J. Hunt, jr., of your State. His present political associations I do not know, but I commend him as a gentleman of character and attainments, and evidently worthy of your confidence and regard.

Yours truly,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. COURTNEY.

BINGHAMTON, January 27, 1856.

MY DEAR LYDIA L.—I write for your mother and myself

too, as she is not quite as well as usual. She has "sleighed" the cold weather with good success, but is subject to attacks of *industry* in the hands, and this sometimes renders her sleepless, as it did last night. She has endured the cold unusually well, owing to much comfortable preparation for it, and going daily into the open air. I hope, as the weather moderates, she will improve still more.

We hope, my dear child, that you may be able before long to visit us. It seems a long and dreary time since you were here. We are reconciled because you are gaining health; but this cold winter, like all else, will yield to the action and influences of time, and you can come home in the spring. In the mean time, let us all be patient. It is so long since I have seen Sam, that I presume (as your uncle John, when a little boy, said of his calf which had been out to pasture a few weeks) "he is twenty years old by this time."

Your mother has just told me that you were about to do what Job wished his enemy would. She desires you to lay the "scenery" in the Susquehanna and Chenango vallies, that you may describe our magnificent landscapes. I would suggest the commencement as follows: "It was in one of those beautifully clear, cold days, so peculiar to the northern climate, in the month of January, 18—, that a single person, in a sleigh, might have been seen passing down the valley of the Chenango, where it is lost in the classic vale of the Susquehanna, near the beautiful village of B. The air was filled with glittering particles, and the mass of snow which covered the earth, in reflecting the light, seemed like a carpet of silver inlaid with gold and diamonds. The horses *might* have been of a dark chestnut color, vying with each other in spirit and symmetry, and the clouds of vapor which issued from their distended nostrils floated gracefully away in the surrounding atmosphere. The vehicle *might* have been of a deep blue, with a box of fawn color, closely curtained and finished with an air of comfort approaching elegance and taste. The driver *might* have been nearly middle-aged, with a good-natured, rosy countenance, bespeaking a familiarity with the elements so peculiar to the laboring classes of the Northern states. The single occupant within *might* have been a lady between the ages of eighteen and fifty-three, enveloped in furs, and almost buried under a

robe, so that her form was scarcely perceptible. Her face was pale, but lighted up with animation and intelligence, and her mouth evinced profound decision of character. Her mild blue eyes were half concealed under a pair of gold spectacles, evidently worn more for ornament and convenience than for necessity," &c., &c.

(Continued in our next.)

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, March 14, 1856.

MY DEAR MARY—We are all as usual. The weather begins to yield to better influences, and spring will soon be here, and we hope that you will be with us again after the long, cold winter is over. Judge M. yesterday wrote me for a daguerreotype, from which to have a portrait painted for a friend. I have not time to sit for one now, and wrote him that you would lend him yours, and perhaps leave it with him. If he calls, please let him have it, to keep or return as you please. I can send him another if you prefer to keep this, or get you another, as you may wish. Do not part with it if you desire to keep it, but lend it to him. God bless you, my child.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. CHARLOTTE M. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, May 31, 1856.

DEAR CHARLOTTE—I have just read yours to Mrs. D. We are of course anxious for your return with our dear Stevie, but do not wish you to disregard the doctor's directions. As soon as he thinks it admissible you had better come, but not before. Autie is a most excellent boy, but is quite lonesome, and is anxious for Stevie's return as well as yours. Our good girl Ann has left us for the West, to join her husband, pursuant to his directions. Autie was determined to go with her: packed

his clothes the night before she left, and was with difficulty persuaded to give it up. He cried himself almost sick over the separation, so deeply was he attached to her. Love to all.
Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. WALLACE TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, March 25, 1856.

DEAR SIR—I did not reply to the letter which you were so kind as to write me some time ago, because at the time I expected to visit Binghamton and pay my respects in person. Courtesy as well as desire impels me to pen this note.

I am deeply gratified at your approval of the lyric, every line of which sprung from my heart; because I regard you as the purest, noblest, and most clear-headed statesman in my country. I hope to see you nominated by the Cincinnati convention; and in case of the Democracy pursuing so wise a course, be assured that every effort will be made in your behalf by

Yours most respectfully

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, May 31, 1856.

MY DEAR ROGERS—Nothing new occurs to me since writing you last. Every day's events tend to satisfy me that the disintegration of parties is steadily and surely going forward; that a semi-fanaticism is enlisting a strong force for the campaign, and that we shall not succeed without a strong candidate. Phases at Cincinnati are, and, during the sitting of the convention, will be so constantly changing, that were Solomon himself here in all his glorious wisdom he could make no suggestion that would be likely to profit you in the least.

“God and Liberty.”

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. COURTNEY.

BINGHAMTON, June 12, 1856.

MY DEAR L. L.—Your mother, Uncle Cyrus and wife, and Aunt Lee, and “other articles too tedious to mention,” started for Guilford to-day, to visit the old homestead. I told them that the cavalcade looked like Titmouse going to take possession of Yatton. They expect to stay over at Oxford to-night, visit Guilford, and return there to-morrow night, and reach home on Saturday. The hotel accommodations at Guilford are about what they were in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of our Lord’s nativity. Cyrus, you know, has a beautiful family of children. Stevie’s eyes continue to improve. All send love to you and Sam, and hope you will come soon.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. BRIGHT TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1856.

DEAR GOVERNOR—Would it be possible for you to attend our great mass convention, to be holden on the Tippecanoe Battle Ground, September 3, 1856? It will be a monster meeting, and your presence would be of infinite service.

I have received several letters urging me to beg you to attend. Do go, if possible. Let me hear from you.

Your friend,

JESSE D. BRIGHT.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ASTOR HOUSE, N. Y., September 16, 1856.

MY DEAR LYDIA—We had a quick run down, and were here at about half past eight. Yesterday was a day to me, as I saw it was to you, full of melancholy reflections, and I was pained to leave home. Every day increases my domestic feelings and affections, and relaxes my hold upon everything else. What

others "enjoy," I do not, but go into their amusements and pursuits mechanically. No one knows how much solicitude I have for our two dear remaining children, Lydia and Mary.

The young never can appreciate the feelings of those who have no hope in life except the present; whose affections are never to twine around new objects. I cannot but hope and believe that Lydia will, with more quiet and gentle exercise, recover her health and spirits. She has youth, prudence, and an excellent frame of mind to bear her forward.

Mary must not forget that to us she is yet but a mere beloved child. She knows not how many anxious moments her parents have contemplated her loveliness, and how necessary she is to their enjoyment. That their circle of dear ones is never to increase, but to be broken and reduced as time progresses—no one knows how soon, or how painfully. I would that we could all have a better opportunity, and hope we may, for indulging in domestic quiet, and learn to cultivate that spirit of home enjoyment so refreshing to the careworn and contemplative, and so beneficial to the young. Love to all.

Affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

REV. MR. BARTLETT TO MR. DICKINSON.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, September 22, 1856.

DEAR SIR—I have just visited the birth-place and the tomb of Shakespeare, and knowing somewhat of your appreciation of his genius, I avail myself of a little leisure to enclose you a leaf from the old churchyard, and a plate or two, I procured in the room of his birth. The engravings may give you too favorable an idea of the appearance of the house, it being very much dilapidated. The mud walls within are literally carved with autographs—among which I noticed Sir Walter Scott's upon a pane of glass. Lucien Bonaparte left the following record of his visit in 1810:

"The eye of genius glistens to admire
How memory hails the sound of Shakespeare's lyre;
One tear I'll shed, to form a crystal shrine,
For all that's grand, immortal, and divine."

The effigy of Shakespeare in the chancel of the church, which is said to have been made from a cast of his features taken after death, is very different from the usual pictures of him. The tendency has been by artists to represent the physical as perfect as the intellectual man, whereas his face was not regularly formed, according to this bust. The right cheek is much fuller than the left, with a very prominent upper lip, and a double chin, and, on the whole, fleshy and more English in its appearance; as if he were not a stranger to the virtues of good ale. The old church with its rural surroundings, the Avon laving its southern extremity, and its associations, formed a most delightful retreat.

I have thus far had a very prosperous journey, and hope to reach London in a few days. Be pleased to remember me kindly to Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Courtney, and Miss Mary.

Yours, very respectfully,

W. A. BARTLETT.

MR. JOHNSON TO MR. DICKINSON.

BALTIMORE, September 27, 1856.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR—You and I are, I am glad to know, this time together politically, as we ever have been socially. The Republicans are claiming the vote of your State in so boasting a way that I doubt it. Tell me, and as soon as you can, what you and other friends think will be her vote. Fillmorites are sure of this State, as they say, but I am getting to be pretty confident it will be for Buchanan.

Truly, your friend,

REVERDY JOHNSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, October 19, 1856. }
IN THE LIBRARY. }

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER MARY—Your mother has reminded me that to-morrow will be your birth-day. Oh. how many

changes have awaited us—how many lights and shadows have flitted across our pathway—how many joys and sorrows have we experienced—how many pleasing seasons and painful bereavements have we been called to contemplate since you were given us as a cherished daughter! Through all, we have watched over you with a solicitude which none but a parent's heart can ever realize or appreciate; and now that you have reached the period of womanhood, we cannot but feel that our responsibilities are greater and more delicate than before. You are the only child left to us at home—and that at an age when all our hope is with the present—when we can look for no after-growth of joy.

We have all, my dear child, as a family, been too much in the whirl of social and public life; we have had too little opportunity for domestic quiet, domestic communion, or domestic love;—we have been borne along upon a current of excitement, without that opportunity for reflection and repose so necessary to fit us for the practical realities of life. I hope we may, in the future, be permitted more of that domestic quiet which alone gives rational enjoyment, than the past has afforded us.

You, my daughter, are now about to enter upon a new sphere of existence—to become a responsible member of society, and that too where your position is more conspicuous than that of many of your associates. This brings many advantages, and many gratifications, which are by no means to be lightly prized; but it imposes responsibilities, too, which are under no circumstances to be disregarded. In proportion as circumstances have made you more conspicuous, you will be required in the world's judgment to exhibit prudence, wisdom, accomplishments, and all that makes up and adorns the female character.

Your parents have more anxiety now for you than all else. Your excellent sister is well and happily married, though her feeble health deprives not only her parents and husband, but all her friends of the society which they would so much enjoy. The little boys are objects of great affection, but they, if spared to manhood, can battle with the elements of life as men only can. The position of the daughter is one which parents know to be painfully and fearfully delicate, and hence they cannot but

feel that deep and abiding interest in her, and in all that concerns her, which is bestowed upon no other object. Parents live for their children, and could yours control your destiny, you would never experience bodily pain nor mental anxiety nor anguish;—you would never know sickness nor sorrow, but the world would be to you a world of happiness and peace. But no such power has been vouchsafed us.

“Thy tears must flow, as mine have flowed.”

This is a world of practical realities, and not a world of romance. You will be most happy now, and in after times, in seeking and following the advice and counsel of your parents and experienced friends;—by setting a proper estimate upon yourself, and by at all times preserving your freedom of action, and when your inclinations lead you to form an association for life, remember that it is a step from which there is no retreat, and therefore should not be taken without consulting the judgment as well as the affections, and that it is better not to be taken than to be taken erroneously.

I have given this hurried note this advisory form, rather than to give way to the impulses of my heart in addressing you. There is nothing that I would not gladly do to shield and protect you. In a few years at most, your parents will be laid in the dust; but while they remain, you of all others can cheer their life's decline—can gild the evening of their days with the golden sunshine of their latest born's affection, and if they are longer spared, can be the companion of their lonely age, and the sweet beguiler of their solitary hours.

May He who upholds us all, preserve and bless you;—may He give you wisdom from above, and may His spirit attend you through all the devious ways of life's chequered pilgrimage: and when it shall please Him to call you home, may your soul be as pure and spotless as when you were given to us as the most priceless treasure on earth,—a daughter.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, December 25, 1856.

MY DEAR ROGERS—Myself and family send to you and to Mrs. Rogers the kindly salutations and wishes of the season, under a deep sense of friendly obligations: and we all join the little boys in transmitting their joyous acknowledgments for your kind remembrance and substantial present. Please drop a line, as early as convenient to you, when you will return, so that I may arrange to be at home.

I am glad you are going to Wheatland, for it is as well due to our friends and to our organization as to Mr. Buchanan himself, that he should be fully, frankly, and temperately posted in our affairs. So far as I have a right to be heard in the premises, it is my desire that the explanation be of a general character, and placed entirely on public grounds. I would under no circumstances have my name pressed upon Mr. Buchanan as one of his cabinet advisers. Nor would I consent to sit as one, unless it was given under circumstances where I was sought, rather than seeking the place, and where the public desired my services. For your own private information, I will assure you that I have no expectation of a cabinet appointment. I have no knowledge nor information on the subject, but intuition teaches me, as I wrote you some time since, and the views then expressed have received confirmation by subsequent reflection. I am by no means sure that it will not be better for those of our friends who desire places, if Mr. Buchanan should pass by the State rather than that he should give me a cabinet appointment. In case of my appointment, if he should deny any further appointment to our wing, it would leave me in an awkward and unpleasant position. But if I am not appointed, he may feel an inclination to look more carefully after my friends. I am proud to note, however, that so far as I have been mentioned, it has generally been for Secretary of State, and no one has placed me below Treasury. The leading papers in Maine, Iowa, &c., &c., have been out pretty strong, but there is much intrigue going on by the jobbers for the places, with a view to the Treasury spoils, and also to 1860.

I do not intend to be pharisaical in profession, but I am, as

years increase, more anxious to fill my present sphere of usefulness than to enlarge it:—to execute the mission before me, and train up the little boys that Providence has left to look to me for protection, and to cherish and console, so far as domestic care and quiet can accomplish it, one who is dearer to me still, and bound by more tender ties, and is yet as dependent upon me as a child. These, with others, are individual reasons why change is not desirable except for strong inducements.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. BROWN.

BINGHAMTON, January 24, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR—My best acknowledgments are tendered you for numerous favors conveyed with a generous partiality and friendly devotion. I can only assure you of a high, profound, and sincere appreciation.

I have full confidence in Mr. Buchanan's wisdom, and feel sure he will give us a judicious administration; what will be his "personnel," I have no means of knowing. He is urged, from both interested and factious sources, to go by this State, because of our divisions. It may be wise to pass the State or may not be; but no such question as divisions should control him.

We have some factious men, though since the main body went off, less than one would suppose for the encouragement they have received: but so far as our rank and file are concerned, whether upon men or measures, we have less division than has Virginia, New Hampshire, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, or Pennsylvania.

Repeating my thanks for your kind courtesy—I am,

Yours sincerely,

D. S. DICKINSON.

W. S. BROWN, Esq.

MR. DICKINSON TO JUDGE BOSWORTH.

BINGHAMTON, March 1, 1857.

MY DEAR JUDGE—Your favor of the 27th came duly to

hand, and, as the merchants say, "contents noted." I penned you my "incomprehensible" note while in the tedious attendance upon rather a beggarly circuit. It is said that when a pun or witticism needs explanation to give it point, it is a sorry manifestation, and I do not see why what our old and departed friend Judge S. was wont to call a "sarcasm" does not fall within the same category. However, at the hazard of coming within the rule, I will translate my Greek.

My eye, at the moment of writing, fell upon the movements of the Corruption Committee at Washington, and seeing that the Hon. — was to be expelled, reminded me of how much I had enjoyed, some twenty-three years ago, laughing at you for turning the same individual out of your law office for stealing a large pane of glass out of the door of E——'s newly fitted up house over the Chenango Bridge, to supply one that he had broken out of the door of your office; and to complete the joke he got a light too large by three inches one way and one the other. The fun I had at the time over it all came back to me, and hence my revival of it to you thus obscurely;—not thinking that the brick and mortar, excitement and turmoil, and judicial care of the city, had shut you out from keeping track of individuals, as we do in the country.

* * * * *

Yes, my dear Judge, I might wear out life as you do. I have enjoyed some rather gratifying triumphs in my day, both political and professional; but never anything has so much drawn out my anxiety and solicitude in advance, has so much mortified and vexed me when adverse, nor afforded me the same satisfaction in success, as the matter to which you allude.

I still like professional pursuits better than official life. If I had money to spend profusely, I could enjoy myself in rural occupations; but *eternal*, like *in*-ternal improvement, is too expensive a luxury for a poor man.

I like excitement, and as I also want income, it would work well if we did not have so much mere litigation over subjects where the parties cannot pay very large fees, and, if able, no counsel could have the face to charge them. These cases, as you know, are fought out with a pertinacity almost unknown in the city, or if known, would command a thousand dollars to our one hundred. If you do not engage in them, others will, and

they block up the courts and delay other business at home, and prevent you from going abroad to attend to business of more importance if you have it. The present system is far less pleasant for the country than the former. There is, or rather would be enough good business to engage me constantly if it were not impeded by this profitless litigation, and much time is wasted in this, in working or in waiting, to the prevention of more important business. If I was within four or five hours ride of the city, instead of nine or ten, I would open an office there.

Mrs. Dickinson and daughters join me in regards to yourself and Mrs. Bosworth and family—

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

JUDGE BOSWORTH TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, March 9, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR—Your last favor recalls, but in the faintest degree imaginable, something in relation to the matter to which you allude. But the little I am about to state is but an instance of the effect of being engrossed, as some of us are here, with cases and points—arguments and opinions. I do not recollect, even now, that I had a student of that name, nor that you had your fun over his progress and dismissal. I should need no one to testify that you had, when it was established that the incident occurred—and I remember something about the pane of glass, the laughing yet indignant complaint of our friend E——, and that I had one student less. *Sic non nominis stat umbra.*

I think you would find that a residence within three hours ride of our city would not enable a man to practise in it. To practise here successfully, one's location must be such, that he can be late at his office, or before a referee, or take matters of importance from his office to the quiet of his house, to be investigated or put in form, so that his assistants can execute, so much as assistants may be competent to perform. He must not be more than an hour's travel from his office. New York furnishes, and probably will long furnish a full and inviting

field to any one adapted to its turmoil, in the transaction of business, and the varied demands made upon the temper, capacity, and tact, and for the ubiquity of its lawyers.

Very respectfully yours,
I. T. BOSWORTH.

MR. DICKINSON-TO MR. RANDALL.

BINGHAMTON, April 14, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR—I should be more prompt in my correspondence, but it is just now so heavy that if I had as much clerical force as Byron intimates the recording angel exhausted about the time of the “crowning carnage—Waterloo,” I should still be as much in arrear as was the head of that overworked “black bureau.”

I should have come and seen you when at Cortland, but I learned you were ill; and I supposed, too, that you were so deeply buried in your studies that all you would desire of your fellow-men would be that they might, as Diogenes said, “get away from between you and the sun.”

The administration seems to be getting on well, but, I am sorry to learn, is hunted to death by office-seekers. It is absolutely discreditable to have an administration so beset that it can do nothing because of office-seeking in a country so full of undeveloped elements as ours; but so it is.

I am pretty deeply busied, if not buried, professionally. I would like a little more relaxation than I find, for I would like to review the poets, from Tasso and Chaucer to Peter Beebe and Polly Gould; but *n'importe*.

Mrs. Dickinson joins me in regards to yourself and family; and especially I desire kind remembrances to your daughter, who honored me with a note.

Sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

Hon. H. S. RANDALL.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

OSWEGO, October 19, 1857. }
 11 p. m. }

MY DEAREST LYDIA—The brutal and illegal result in the cause I came to try keeps me here yet, preparing papers to set aside the verdict for misconduct in the jury, &c. I have not the least doubt we shall do it, and that truth and science will triumph over revenge, ignorance, and brutality. The great fear is that the poor demented Thurston will not last long enough to see the end. I have had uncommon strength and fortitude, and although I have worked night and day, and neither eaten or slept with the least regularity, I feel quite well, and am determined to see this matter set right. It is a sacred duty, and I will not shrink from it.

I may be up to-morrow evening, and may not for a day or two yet—it depending upon circumstances. Give my kindest love to all the cherished ones, and believe me to be

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

[See address to the jury on the trial of Thurston, Vol. I., page 573.]

 MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

BINGHAMTON, November 22, 1857.

MY DEAR ELIZA—Since writing you last I have received two beautiful letters from you, and your aunt has received one; they are so replete with original thought and true sentiment that mine will, I fear, seem tame and common-place. I sometimes think I have thought and sentiment, but the pressure upon my time and brain when engaged, and inclination to depression when alone, leave me a rather uninteresting correspondent.

There is a sad change over the face of nature since you left us. Withered leaves chase each other along your favorite walks, now whirling high in air, fluttering like a wounded bird, and again eddying in fantastic gyrations near the earth,

and finally taking refuge in some quiet hidden corner; our beloved birds have all taken flight, and the dreary whistle of the wind is heard instead of the notes of the robin and the oriole.

It is said by some writer of eminence "that men," and I suppose it was intended to mean by the designation all mankind (which is said to include women), "are most ambitious to do that for which they are least qualified." I do not admit that this is fairly applicable to me; and yet others may say so. Because I occasionally set a foot outside of the path which leads along life's missionary grounds, it need not be suggested that I believe myself qualified for such departures. I regard them as mere episodes in individual history, and nothing more. You once asked me, with some significance, if I ever wrote poetry. I gave you some evasive answer at the time, but shall give you a more fair one now. I sometimes, though seldom, write verse, and have occasionally written some which was considerably applauded when the author was unknown. I wrote a few verses at the cemetery, at the side of dear Virginia's grave, some time since, which I subjoin to help make out a letter. It was an impromptu, and is remembered by me rather as a tribute of affection than for poetic merit.

Your kindness and affection, dear Eliza, in writing us so often is sincerely appreciated, and could you know how deep an interest we all feel in your happiness and welfare, you would realize how tenderly you are beloved. When the cold and dreary winter shall have passed away, if it should please Providence to spare us, we hope to see you again, blest, cheerful, and happy. In the mean time I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. RANDALL TO MR. DICKINSON.

C. V., January 20.

MY DEAR SIR—The papers say you have met with an accident. Are you seriously injured? or are you well again?

What do you mean by driving round "skittish" horses? You have no right to do this!

* * * * *

Tell me just how much you are hurt.

Yours cordially,

H. S. RANDALL.

MR. FRY TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, January 17, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. DICKINSON—Upon taking up this morning's *Herald* I was deeply pained to learn that by being thrown from your carriage on Friday evening you had received serious injury; and yet I am heartily rejoiced (if the despatch be correct) that your condition is not regarded as dangerous.

Though not always sympathizing with your political views and feelings—as, candidly, I do not in respect to the administration of Mr. Buchanan—I am nevertheless warmly, sincerely, and devotedly your friend; and I beg you to believe that I feel most keenly every occurrence, whether of a personal or political nature, which can possibly affect you injuriously.

I am in the habit of thinking and speaking of you as I thought and spoke of Mr. Clay while he lived. He was "wounded in the house of his friends;" so have you been in the house of yours.

But my only object now is to express sorrow at the untoward event that has happened to you, and an ardent hope that you may be speedily restored to health and happiness.

I am, my dear Mr. Dickinson, always

Yours faithfully,

JOHN B. FRY.

DR. NILES TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, January 17, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR—I have just heard with deep regret of the frightful accident which has befallen you. I trust it will not prove a serious or lasting injury. It is in accidents of this sort

that the patient feels all the advantages of a previous temperate and regular life. As I know yours to have been so, I am in the confident hope that no traces of your misfortune will remain.

Accept the expression of my deepest sympathy in your own and in the behalf of your family, and believe me

Respectfully and devotedly yours,

N. NILES.

MR. PAINE TO MR. DICKINSON.

ROCHESTER, January 21, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR—Mr. Tremaine informed me last evening, that you had been recently thrown from your carriage and much injured. I soon however further learned that your injuries were not dangerous. I write merely to express my deep regret at this misfortune, and to say, that I hope you may live many years, in peace with yourself, and as the guardian of that party which has so long preserved our country as a unit and protected it from the unhallowed designs of the ambitious and wicked.

May God soon restore you to your wonted health and usefulness.

Sincerely yours,

N. E. PAINE.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. RANDALL.

BINGHAMTON, January 25, 1858.

MY DEAR R.—Your note of sympathy reached me on Saturday, and, thanking you sincerely for your kindness, I hasten my answer. My horse was not “skittish,” but a pet pony of my wife, yecept “Beauty,” because of its character as well as its externals; but it was terribly frightened, and when such animals do *cut loose*, they are worse than “the wild ass’s colt.”

I escaped a violent death by complete presence of mind, and, contrary to all theories, leaping out; which I did with such precision, that any other act or any other time would

probably have been fatal. My hurts, though severe, proved to be entirely temporary. I am nearly well again, and return to my business to-day.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

ITHACA, January 28, 1858.

MY DEAR ROGERS—I received yours as I was about leaving for the circuit here, and could not answer sooner. I was badly hurt; but the injuries were entirely temporary, for I left home at the end of ten days, and have just closed a two days' laborious cause without any inconvenience. The danger I escaped by the sustaining hand of Providence (which gave me such presence of mind as to seek the only chance in a hundred for escape) was fearful. My heart abounds with thankfulness that I was spared to those who are so peculiarly dependent upon my existence.

I send the letter desired, and my kind regards to Mrs. Rogers.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, }
February 12, 1858. }

MY DEAR LYDIA—I was delighted last evening to receive your letter, with one from Lydia enclosed, and this morning a beautiful one from dear Mary at Cortland. I reached here Tuesday evening quite well, and was greeted with many a cordial welcome. Finding that it was levee evening, I went to the White House, and on Wednesday evening to Mrs. Floyd's reception. Yesterday all the Cabinet ladies "received," and I submitted to the infliction of going all round.

I dined with Mr. Corcoran, with rather a brilliant party, at six; returned at half past nine, and went to Marshall Hoover's

party, and stole away at half past eleven and returned to the hotel.

All our acquaintances inquire for you, Lydia, and Mary, with much interest. I dine with the President to-day at six; Miss Lane, whom I saw at the levee and sat next at Mr. Corcoran's, sends you her kind regards, also to Mary. I have not yet reached my cause, and may not until the middle of the week. I am quite glad Mary did not come now. Washington has improved much in its externals, as you saw last spring; and its parties are far more showy and pretentious than formerly, but the gaiety is so much allied to dissipation that it is absolutely alarming. It is deplored exceedingly by the reflecting and sensible; but there is no arresting it, and no escape. What society has gained in show it has lost in heart, and is fast copying the worst forms of European extravagance. The ladies look worn and jaded; I have conversed with some who view it as I do. I would not have our darling Mary in this maelstrom of dissipation without her mother or some discreet lady friend, for any consideration I could name. I have seen nothing so well calculated to disturb and derange the rational moral sense of the young in my whole life.

I shall not be able to write you often, for I am terribly run down, and you must take the will for the deed. Give much love to all, particularly Charlotte and the little boys.

Very affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, February 12, 1858.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER—I received your beautiful note from Cortland this morning, and was pleased with your affectionate remembrance. Washington is full to overflowing; gay, to dissipation; swollen, to extravagant dimensions; sleepy, to stupidity; and rouged, to redness. Your friends and acquaintances inquire for you cordially. I would not have you here in this intoxicating whirl of party-going for anything I could name. It has proceeded to a pass which is destructive of physical and moral health. I am glad you are at home to

comfort and console your dear mother with the affectionate attentions of the only darling child left us there.

The mail is about to close. In haste.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DWIGHT TO MR. DICKINSON.

CLINTON, ONEIDA COUNTY, HAMILTON COLLEGE. }
February 26, 1858. }

DEAR SIR—I am instructed by the Faculty of the College to invite you to deliver the annual address before our Law Department at the ensuing commencement. The time for the delivery of the address is July 21st. I take great pleasure in communicating to you their wishes, and heartily desire that you may find it convenient to accept the invitation. The audience to be addressed is a mixed one: consisting, besides the college students and law students of the college corporation and officers, of alumni of the college and citizens of the place and towns in the vicinity. I send herewith copies of the addresses heretofore delivered.

Hoping that I may hear from you favorably at an early day, with sentiments of high respect,

Yours very truly,

THEO. W. DWIGHT.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. COURTNEY.

BINGHAMTON, March 19, 1858.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I received yours yesterday, and was very much pleased to hear from you and Mary and Sam, and the rest of the children again.

I have just begun to get rested from my fatiguing suit at Owego—the defence of Horton for burning a saw-mill. Commencing Monday morning at ten, I worked from eight in the morning until twelve at night on Saturday. On three former trials they twice obtained a verdict of fifteen thousand dollars

against the old man, and once the jury disagreed, nearly all against him, and it has heretofore been almost unsafe to defend him. This time, however, we were able to expose the conspiracy and rascally perjury and bribery so plainly that the audience cheered my summing up, in which I became nearly exhausted in the bad air, speaking eight hours; and when the jury came in, as they did in less than half an hour with a verdict for the defendant, the audience cheered the verdict and kept up demonstrations of joy all night. We called over two hundred witnesses in the suit, and it was the hardest case I ever tried.

I got home Sunday night and have been quiet ever since. I have received a copy of the *Utica Herald*—quite a compliment! We are glad you have determined to come home for the summer. Your mother is comfortable; all the others are well, and join in much love to you, Mollie and Samuel.

Affectionately your father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

THE ORCHARD, BINGHAMTON, April 4, 1858.

MY DEAR ELIZA—The weather is as pleasant as June; the buds are putting forth, the birds have commenced making their nests, and it really looks once more as if “cold concluding winter” had left us, though I presume he will give us a few cold blasts before summer really comes to bless us with its balmy breath. I have not led a winter of inactivity by any means, as you have been, occasionally if not oftener, advised; and yet when I can walk over the garden grounds again, I feel like a spirit released from prison. I do not enjoy winter much. I am so fond of perusing God’s great book of Nature, and reading its poetry, as well as its prose, that I want to see seeds germinate, vegetation spring up, and the petals of flowers expand to the sun: to see the glitter of the morning dew, revel in the fragrance of flowers, and hear birds pour out their little souls in mellow song. I love the walks and rides of summer too, provided I can be accompanied by kindred spirits who can sympathize with my peculiar being, as but few, alas, can.

When the blue violets bloom I will send you a specimen ;
in the mean time try to remember and love

Your affectionate uncle,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. MYGATT TO MR. DICKINSON.

OXFORD, June 29, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR—Mrs. Mygatt joins me in desiring to welcome Mrs. Dickinson and yourself to our home on Saturday noon. Mrs. M. will accompany us (*deo volente*) as far as Unadilla, on the way to Delhi. Mr. and Mrs. Sands of Unadilla have been here during the past week. They desire us to stop with them on Monday noon, to rest and dine. Please say to Mrs. D. that Mr. S. informs me that he thinks he knows that old school-house, or its location on "Carr's Creek;" that it is not more than two miles out of the way on the road to Franklin, and that the road is a good one.

Please congratulate Mrs. Courtney for me at the victory her husband has gained in convicting the rioters. The result adds to his reputation for fidelity and ability.

Trusting that the cool retreats of Chenango may be enjoyed by you, with kind regards to your family circle,

I am most sincerely yours,
HENRY R. MYGATT.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. DWIGHT.

BINGHAMTON, July 24, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR—We arrived at our home on Friday evening, and found our family and friends as well as usual for the present season. We brought with us, and shall long retain, a lively sense of the kind attentions we received at your hospitable mansion while at Clinton. The occasion in all respects was a delightful one, and among the pleasant things of life. Be pleased to remember us kindly to Mrs. Dwight, and such friends as may inquire for our welfare.

Sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. LINCOLN TO MR. DICKINSON.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., August 3, 1858.

SIR—In March, 1857, I saw upon the railroad train, being taken from Chicago to Alton to the Penitentiary there, a man of gentlemanly appearance by the name of ———. He accosted me, and conversed some as to the chance of obtaining a pardon. A year after, he addressed mé the enclosed letter from the prison. You see he mentions your name.—Do you really know him?—If our Governor could learn that he has been respectable and is of respectable connections, perhaps he would pardon him.

Please answer.

Pardon the liberty I take in addressing you. Several years ago, I knew you slightly at Washington.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, August 5, 1858.

MY DEAR ROGERS—Your favor came duly to hand. I thank you for your good opinion of my address.* I was invited last winter, when the time was distant, and thought I might find leisure to write it; but engagements pressed, and I did not commence it until a week before the time for its delivery, and therefore had to prepare it in a hurry. It gave me an opportunity to assail our miserable judiciary sytem, which I was glad to avail myself of. The address was well received, and we (Mrs. D. and myself) were treated very politely indeed.

Two weeks before going to Clinton, we accepted Mr. Mygatt's invitation to go with him the "overland route" to Delhi, to attend General Term. We went up on Saturday, spent Sunday with Mr. Mygatt and family, attended the new church, and on Monday went with Mr. M. and Count Van Der Lyn in a private carriage through Guilford, visiting the graves

* Address before the Law Department of Hamilton College.

of our parents at the little cemetery there, and my Alma Mater—the ruins of the old workshop where I learned a trade; the schoolhouse where we attended, and where you afterwards taught school; the old Dr. Knapp's place, where Mrs. D. was brought up, and where we were married; the old place where you were born near the hill-side spring, &c.; (Mrs. D. has a wild rosebud plucked there, which, when she is well enough to write, she will send you in a letter), and from thence to Unadilla to Mr. Sands (Mr. Mygatt's brother-in-law), where we took an excellent dinner and rested awhile. We then went by way of "Carr's Creek," where Mrs. D. taught school in 1819, viewed the neighborhood, changed from one of the hardest back settlements in existence to a highly cultivated (in a moral and material sense) place;—saw some of her friends, then young and blithe, now old and gray; and then by way of Walton, and reached Delhi about twelve at night, having travelled about sixty miles, and Mrs. D. enduring the trip as well as the best of us.

We spent a few days in Delhi, socially as well as professionally, and returned by way of Franklin, and over the same route home;—one of the most delightful and "sentimental journeys" we have ever taken. As you will readily see, it was full of interesting reminiscences.

I think if you are to have as large a family as you name, and we visit you too, you had better take the house adjoining yours, if it can be had at a reasonable rate. It will be convenient, some of the time at least.

All send regards to you and Mrs. R. I do not know whether I shall be able to attend the Diocesan Convention or not.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. DWIGHT.

BINGHAMTON, August 6, 1858.

[EXTRACT.]

MY DEAR SIR—I was honored by an official announcement, from Mr. Williams, of the degree of Doctor of Laws, which the

Board were pleased to confer on me. I do not know, but I shrewdly suspect, my dear Sir, that I am indebted to your generous partiality for this gratifying testimonial; and I beg to assure you that I feelingly appreciate the distinction.

Mrs. Dickinson desires to claim with me the remembrance of yourself and Mrs. Dwight.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DWIGHT TO MR. DICKINSON.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, CLINTON, August 9th.

MY DEAR SIR—Your address was placed in the hands of the publishers last week. It will be published by Roberts—of 60 Genesee Street, and in the style of Judge Allen's address, a copy of which I send you. I have directed the Messrs. Roberts to bring it out at the earliest moment practicable, which they have promised to do.

Should I be called from home, as is now possible, I will see that the proof is sent to yourself for correction.

I was greatly gratified, I assure you, Sir, that our Trustees bestowed the degree of Doctor of Laws so worthily. Allow me to say, what I sincerely think, that I regard it as one of those rare cases in which one is surprised that it has not been conferred before. Whatever agency I may have had in causing it to be bestowed, it gives me great personal satisfaction and pleasure.

I send also a copy of my grandfather's sermon on "Dueling." Although old and timeworn, it belonged to his library, and had always been in the family. Please accept it, as a slight token of my high esteem.

Mrs. Dwight joins with me in kind regards to Mrs. Dickinson and to yourself.

With great respect,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE W. DWIGHT.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. COURTNEY.

BINGHAMTON, September 18, 1858.

MY DEAR CHILD—I have for the past two weeks been up at Oxford and Norwich engaged in some law matters, and to-morrow I go to New York for about four days to court; taking Stevie with me to see Dr. Dubois. These arrangements, and preparations for the 24th—laying the corner stone, &c., have made me unusually busy. But, my dear child, I did not fail to read and appreciate your beautiful and affectionate letter;—so beautiful and affectionate that I longed for a moment, to give a corresponding answer, but I could not get it. My life has been literally chequered by lights and shadows, but no one object has ever given me more pleasure than such obedience, devotion and affection as you have uniformly shown from your earliest childhood.

Pardon this hasty letter. All send love.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

ASTOR HOUSE, N. Y., October 17, 1858.

MY DEAR ELIZA—Here I am again—having left home this morning to attend to some “courting” here to-morrow. The weather has been too fine for such miserable business as strife and conflict;—the sunshine too golden, the leaves too variegated with the hues of autumn to be neglected for any other temporal matter.

It was thirty-six years yesterday since I married your dear aunt. Oh, how many lights and shadows of life have flitted by during those eventful years! How many joys have sent their refreshing influences, and how many poignant and unutterable griefs have caused the heart to bleed with anguish too terrible for description. But a kind Heaven has dealt graciously with us, and we have learned to remember that this is not an “abiding city,” and that the loved and lost, who have gone before us, will not return to us, but we shall go to them. This mar-

riage gave me a faithful, devoted, and affectionate wife, and her relatives have ever been as dear to me as my own. I would give much that I could be at home this beautiful, reflective, contemplative season, and that you could be with us. There is congeniality of sentiment between us upon such subjects, which would make the occasion pleasing. When I say that we all love you better than ever, and want to see you, I but express faintly what is felt deeply.

May Heaven bless you, and help you to remember and love
Your affectionate uncle,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, December 12, 1858.

MY DEAR R.—I have had, as they say in thanksgiving proclamations, “a year of prosperity,” though I have sowed much more than I have reaped as yet.

We do not yet know whether we shall forfeit our holiday contract or not, it depending upon circumstances about which Mrs. D. has written. * * * * *
I send by express a shallow box containing a photograph, not finished, but a good, and as Gen. C. would say, a “sperited” outline. I would have had it framed, but we have nothing here beyond the “putty gilt,” and I feared that in such a place as Buffalo the picture would not feel the contentment expressed in the old hymn:

“My willing soul would stay
In such a *frame* as *this*.”

My loving regards to Mrs. R. and the Doctor’s family, in which Mrs. D. joins.
Yours sincerely,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. ROGERS TO MR. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, December 17, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR—Yours, dated the 12th, has been received,

and also the splendid photograph, more natural than life, if that were possible. It is already in the hands of the man of frames and cords. Many, very many thanks to you, for this best specimen of the art I have ever seen.

My friend, we shall feel terribly disappointed if by means of sickness, or other calamity or casualty, your long-expected and reckoned-on visit should fall through. This is just the way we feel about the matter, and we are determined that you shall; and that you will not cloud our holiday pleasures by failing us, if you can possibly avoid doing so. Mrs. Rogers and myself will both be very glad to have you bring Mrs. Westcott and Stevie. From what you say in regard to Mary's health, and Lydia's determination to remain with her, we suppose we are to regard it as a fixed fact that we cannot have a visit from them. This we very much regret, and you will oblige us by saying so to them. We will try and treat you to an "old folks' concert" while you are here. The old fogies are rehearsing already. Imagine, will you, that you hear them singing Northumberland or old Montgomery in that popular though ancient versification from Sternhold and Hopkins.

Please let us know on what day and on what train you will leave. Love from all to all.

Yours ever,

H. W. HOGERS.

MR. HARVEY TO MR. DICKINSON.

BOSTON, January 6, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—Many of the personal and political friends of Daniel Webster propose to commemorate his birth by a dinner at the Revere House in this city, on the day of its occurrence, namely, 18th of January.

You, my dear Sir, were long associated with Mr. W., and in some of the most important and trying scenes to which public men can be subjected, and few know better than yourself the devotion and elevated patriotism which he brought to the service of the country, to say nothing of that transcendent ability which always marked his public career.

I have in my possession a letter from him written the day

after the passage of the Compromise measure, in which your name with others is mentioned in the most complimentary manner; and I have often heard Mr. Webster speak of you, and always in the highest terms of devoted patriotism. I speak the sentiments of those who will honor the occasion, by extending to you a most cordial invitation to be present. Messrs. Cushing, Choate, Everett, &c., &c., will be of the number.

Very truly yours,

PETER HARVEY.

MR. BURRITT TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., January 10, 1859.

DEAR SIR—I recollect with great pleasure a conversation with you in the cars between Homer and Syracuse, in which you expressed much sympathy with the *compensated emancipation* movement. We are now about to hold a convention in Albany to promote the cause, and we should be very much gratified if you would be present and say a few words in favor of this pacific and generous mode of removing slavery from the land. We expect that influential men of all parties will be present and take part in the proceedings, and hope that a spirit of harmony and amity will be manifested; that all will be disposed to say, "Let the dead past bury its dead," and to unite cordially in recommending this brotherly plan for getting rid of the evil.

Yours most respectfully,

ELIHU BURRITT.

MR. DICKINSON TO PETER HARVEY.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., January 14, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—I was duly honored by your esteemed favor of the 6th inst., inviting me to unite with the personal and political friends of the late Daniel Webster, in commemoration of his birth-day, by a dinner at the Revere House, in Boston, on the 18th, and had determined to embrace the opportunity for paying a tribute of affectionate regard to a great

and good memory ; but an unusually protracted trial, in which I am engaged professionally, will deprive me of the anticipated pleasure, and I can only thank you for a remembrance so kind as your invitation conveyed in terms so generous and flattering. It is one of the proudest recollections of a life familiar with interesting incidents, that I was permitted to be long associated with one so eminent in the public councils, and more especially that I was honored by his confidence, and cheered by his distinguished friendship. I cherish with idolatrous devotion the evidence of deep regard which his noble heart furnished, and in harmony with his own suggestion "shall leave it where it will be seen by those who shall come after me."

Great as was Daniel Webster in his life, he was greater in his death. Great as he was in noble deeds, his memory is greater still ; and when time shall have obliterated all traces of the petty rivalries and disturbing jealousies which disfigure the surface of society, and have silenced the clamor of partisan jargon, he will "still live" with increasing admiration as pure among patriots, eminent among statesmen, and eloquent among orators.

I am, with high consideration and regard, sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

PETER HARVEY, Esq., Boston.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS HENDRICKSON.

THE ORCHARD, March 6, 1859.

MY DEAR ANNIE—I thank you for your beautiful and affectionate note, and shall preserve it with my choice correspondence. Should you ever have occasion to knit *me* a coat,* it may be gratifying to you to know, that it will not need to be so knit that it can be *turned*.

I am glad that you are pleased with the picture, and trust you will so continue until some designing young gentleman shall place it in an unfavorable *light*, by standing between you and the likeness of one who is,

Sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

* Miss H. had knit a shawl for Mrs. Dickinson.

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, July 1, 1859.

MY DEAR MARY—I returned from Albany on Wednesday evening, and found all as usual. Your mother has been quite ill, but is now better again. It is very pleasant at the Orchard, and we shall be glad to see you home again when you have finished your visit, which I suppose will be as soon as the glory and gunpowder, the shows and ginger-cake, the stars, stripes, and spread eagles, the fun, frolic, and fire-crackers of the Fourth, are over.

With kind remembrances to all Oxford friends, and special regards to Dr. Rouse and family, I am

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO DANIEL THOS. DICKINSON.

BINGHAMTON, August 5, 1859.

DEAR THOMAS—We all deeply sympathize with you in the loss of your daughter. No one knows the sorrow of a parent under such a bereavement better than those who have tasted its bitter experience. But we must be resigned.

“There is no flock, however watched or tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.”

If we had no assurance of a better state of existence, our mission would be sorrowful indeed. With regards to your family, and father and mother, Pomano, &c., I remain

Yours truly,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. JOHNSON TO MR. DICKINSON.

PHILADELPHIA, September 15, 1859.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR—In common with every considerate

citizen, I feel a deep interest in the next presidential election, and, as bearing upon it, in that of your approaching State election. The apparent harmony of our friends in the recent Syracuse meeting gives me hopes of success. What do you think? Your answer will of course be held confidential.

Your own standing in your State is indicated at the same meeting, and to me, as one of your friends, is most gratifying. It was eminently due to you, and partly occasioned by your public life and your standing throughout the country.

I return to Baltimore on Saturday, and shall be there when the Supreme Court commences. Let me, in the mean time and at your first leisure, hear from you.

With great regard,

REVERDY JOHNSON.

JUDGE ALLEN TO MR. DICKINSON.

OSWEGO, September 16, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—I want to thank you for the timely and excellent speech you made at Syracuse. When I first heard you were there I regretted it, lest it might involvè you in some controversy which had better be avoided, or give rise to a misconstruction of your motives; but I rejoiced exceedingly, when I read your “impromptu,” that you were there. Now you may not be President—that is in the future; but you have got a position in the hearts of the Democracy that ought to satisfy the ambition of any man. I am sorry that there should have been anything like a disturbance in the convention, but perhaps it was unavoidable, and I do not see how any mischief can result from it.

I write in haste just as I leave home, and can only say once more, I thank you for the good work your address will accomplish in cordially uniting the party, and congratulate you on the accession of many friends.

May the future be equally auspicious.

Very truly yours,

W. F. ALLEN

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

HINSDALE, September 27, 1859.

MY DEAR "BLACK-HEAD"—We reached here last evening at eight, and are to leave at twelve to go twenty-seven miles in the "caboose" of a freight-train. We hope it will be as clean as the average. From the termination of the twenty-seven miles' ride we go by carriage to Ellicottville, twelve miles, and stay until Thursday morning, when we go to Little Valley, twelve miles, by carriage, to the agricultural fair. After that we shall turn our faces homeward. We have, or rather your mother has, as many "aunts" as the Methodists have "sisters." They are fine women too, and all regret, a small portion of what I do, that you are not with us.

We hope to find you quite well when we return.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

 MR. DOUGLAS TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, October 1, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—Accept my thanks for your kind note acknowledging the receipt of a pamphlet copy of my article in Harper. Ever since you left the Senate I have endeavored to defend and maintain the great principles of Popular Sovereignty and non-intervention, in defence of which we jointly fought the great battle of 1850. I rejoice to learn that the Democracy of the Empire State are now united upon a platform embracing these cardinal principles as the basis of the Democratic creed. I congratulate you upon this great achievement. It is a noble triumph of which you have a right to be proud, and again places you in your true position as the leader of a united Democracy in the Empire State of the Union.

I am very truly your friend and obedient servant,

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. JAMES.

THE ORCHARD, November 7, 1859.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMES—I reached home from Auburn on Saturday morning, very much fatigued, but with many pleasing recollections of social intercourse, especially with our cousins at Ogdensburgh. I revere the memory of one of the best mothers that ever was called from earth to heaven, and my heart overflows with pleasing and painful emotions when I meet those who bring her angel face before me. Blest object of my dreams, I shall see thee again!

Be kind enough to remember me to the Judge, your mother, and sons, and believe me to be

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. BIRDSALL.

BINGHAMTON, December 9, 1859.

MY DEAR LOUISE—Your aunt and Mary reached us this morning about half past one in good health, and though fatigued with the travel and late hours, they are about the house this morning not much past the usual breakfast hour.

I had anticipated your kind note requesting me to send Mary down, she having left before I received it; and I thought I would await her return before answering it. I was glad to gratify you both, and now that she has been, and returned with, I hope, improved health, I am much pleased with it all.

I was deeply pained that I could not see you when I was in the city before election, but it was impossible consistent with engagements, and I had to turn with the current where destiny launched my bark, and hurry onward to gratify the desires of others more than my own.

I have looked for the day of my emancipation from this *slavery* with more and longer solicitude than the kings and prophets of ancient times did for the Messiah, and I now feel assured that if I live six months longer it will be ushered in; and I can feelingly sing, with the old Methodists,

“Fly swift around, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.”

I have not been over-charged with political ambition for some time, though I have sought to maintain my position so long as I allowed my name to be associated with a political party. But the time when I propose to serve as a “complete letter writer” or “universal speaker” no longer, is at hand; and as my friends are about to do for me what my enemies have so long failed to do, I shall not only claim but get my discharge.

I hope it may please a beneficent Providence to give me yet reasonable old age and years to comfort the dependent and rear those whom it has taught to look to me for protection and sustenance; and also that some portion of my mature life may be devoted to uninterrupted moral and mental improvement and cultivation; to inculcating if not dispensing the holy charities of life; to so framing my spirit that my sun of life may go down in peace, far away from storm and strife and conflict. That I may sing—

“Be composed every toil and each turb’lent emotion
That encircles the heart in life’s treacherous snares,
And the hour that invites to the calm of devotion
Undisturbed by regrets, unincumbered with cares.”

You, my dear Louise, will always stand in a near and dear relation. I shall sympathize with you in every vicissitude of life; when you sorrow, I shall mourn; and when you rejoice, I shall rejoice with you. You and Mr. B. are yet comparatively young, and I pray you may both be restored to health, to greater happiness and increased usefulness.

All send much love and fond remembrance to you and Mr. B., but no more than

Your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. HATHAWAY.

THE ORCHARD, December 16, 1859.

MY DEAR SISTER—We have just learned by a letter from

your friend Mrs. H. of your painful illness. We hope and trust it may not prove to be more serious.

Though far removed from you, you have a place in our affectionate remembrance, and our liveliest sympathy in your affection. We pray that your illness may not be severe, and that you may soon be restored to your accustomed health.

Your affectionate brother,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. BARLOW.

BINGHAMTON, December 17, 1859.

SIR—I have this day received your invitation of yesterday, in behalf of the committee of which you are a member, to attend the meeting at the Academy of Music, in New York city, on Monday, called to denounce the violations of law at Harper's Ferry, and to declare an unalterable purpose to stand by the Constitution in all its parts, &c. I approve of the objects expressed, and would most gladly attend, but the late day at which your invitation was sent does not permit me. The last train of cars which would enable me to reach New York in season will soon pass here, and I cannot consistently arrange my business to leave upon so short a notice.

But while I shall, much to my regret, be deprived of the pleasure of meeting the patriotic assembly, my absence will not be material, for there has been, in my judgment, *speaking* enough, and quite too much, in proportion to the *acting*. The subject is by no means a new one to me, and I have nothing to say upon it, except what I said years since, in a responsible position; but, perhaps, some of the sentiments will bear repeating. Although recent events have aroused the public mind from its lethargy, they have rather revived than increased the alarms which I have experienced for the security of our institutions, and quickened, in the same manner, the indignation which I have long felt for all such violations of law and disturbers of the public peace. The safety of the Southern people depends upon the peace of the existing relations between the races, and they cannot be expected to sub-

mit tamely to that officious and offensive interference which destroys and degrades them.

The nefarious spirit of sectionalism can never be arrested by mere public gatherings, by well-wrought figures of rhetoric, nor by pæans to the glorious Union, for all these have been stereotyped and set to music, and recited and repeated by good performers; but, if we would have peace, we must do justice with a practical hand; we must *act* as well as *talk*, and extract and crush out forever the insidious worm which gnaws like a canker at the very root of the Constitution. We must attend to our own concerns, take care of our disturbers at home, and leave other States, in all that relates to their domestic policy, "free and independent."

The Southern States are numerically the weaker, but they are so because Virginia, the prolific mother of States and patriotism, voluntarily ceded the great Northwest, now forming a large portion of the "free North," to the general government, for the benefit of all. The institution of domestic slavery which exists with them, is, from its nature, an interest peculiarly sensitive, and before we can do them or ourselves justice we must take our stand-point with them, and feel what they have felt, and bear what they have borne; we must see that the Colonies, in casting off the tyrannous exactions of the British crown, were baptized in blood at their birth as "free and independent States," and that the Constitution which united these States was framed and adopted, as declared in its preamble, "to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." How far one portion of the States have treated another as *free* and *independent*, and, under the practice of the last few years, how far justice has been established, domestic tranquillity insured, or the general welfare promoted in the relations of States with each other, let impartial history answer.

Scarcely had we completed emancipation in our own State before a clamor was raised for the repeal of the law permitting the citizens of other States passing through this, or sojourning in it for nine months upon business or pleasure, to bring with them the servants of their households and retain

them and return with them; and the act was repealed without advantage to a single human being, in derogation of State comity and good faith, in a spirit of menace and hostility, and in violation of all social propriety and commercial interest and convenience. Churches, North and South, which had long formed a strong bond of union in their general associations, and had taken sweet counsel together in their conferences and organizations, became severed. The serpent of sectional discord had crawled into this Eden, where songs of redeeming grace and dying love were wont to be sung together by children of a common father, when, if there had been one single spot on earth exempt from the influences of this fell spirit, it should have been there; and representatives from free States, with true pharisaical sanctity, thanked God that they were not as other men, and dissolved the connection because of the great sin of slavery. Publications for many years have been sown like dragon's teeth over the land, calculated and intended to disturb the relations between master and slave; societies have been organized and endowed; funds raised and accumulated; arms and deadly weapons and munitions have been gathered together in buildings consecrated to the service of the Almighty, with which to crusade against slaveholders.

Pulpits have been desecrated to the base service of sectionalism; missionaries have been sent forth to war upon slavery; strong combinations for the stealing and running off of slaves, and to prevent the reclamation of fugitives have been formed; personal liberty bills, to defeat the federal laws and override the Constitution have been passed; all right of equality, in theory or in practice, in the common property of the Union, has been denied them, and one incessant tone of denunciation has been heaped upon slavery and slave States and slaveholders from one end of the free States to the other, until it has become diffused through our entire system. It has not only furnished the virus for party inflammation in our political contests, where demagogues furnish the staple, and ignorance and prejudice, and passion and fanaticism construct the fabric, but it enters largely into our religious and social organizations.

Last, though not least, comes the foray of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, ushered in with stealth, robbery, murder, treason, and attempted insurrection. This miserable man and

his associates have paid the highest human penalty for crime ; and were it not for those who were as guilty as he, but less manly and courageous, his ashes might rest in peace. But his history remains ; and when it is attempted to invest it with saintly and brave and heroic virtues, the truth should be told, even though we would gladly be spared the recital. His course in Kansas was marked by every species of violence, and his pathway can be traced by bloody foot-prints along his whole career. He went to the neighborhood of his last exploits under a false name, and gathered arms and implements wherewith to enable infuriated blacks, if he could arouse them, to murder master and mistress and children, and the peaceful, unsuspecting inhabitants generally, and then, at the dark and silent hour of midnight, when not even the pale moon and trembling stars looked out ; when honest men were sleeping ; when thieves and murderers prowl and evil beasts roam for their prey, the assassin whet his knife and brandished his bloody pike, and murdered the unsuspecting and defenceless : and for this, his crime is invested with romance, and sugared over with panegyric, and he is called brave and heroic by those whose evil sentiments urged him on, and who furnished the sinews for this unnatural and wicked war.

What would have been a dastardly murder in others was heroism in him, and the sentimental struggled for the privilege of clasping his hand, yet dripping with the blood of his victims ; and anti-slavery woman, gentle, kind and virtuous, passed by all other sorrow and destitution and suffering, that she might be permitted to go to the felon's cell and nurse the murderer who had sought to arm and turn loose at midnight the ignorant and lawless and brutal upon her terrified, shrieking and defenceless sex. He has been canonized by the blasphemous orgies of those who demand an anti-slavery Bible and an anti-slavery God, as a second St. John in the wilderness of Harper's Ferry, who was to prepare the way for their grim deity, by rapine, arson, and murder. When the culprit, after a fair, impartial, and patient trial had been condemned and was expiating his crimes, bells were tolled, minute guns were fired, and gatherings were invoked, as though the spirit of a patriot or a sage was about to pass from earth to heaven, and it was impiously declared that the gallows would henceforward be

more glorious than the cross and the crucifixion; and could he have been executed between two of these instigators and apologists, it certainly would have borne *one* resemblance to that event, and one only. His unfortunate family are now made the recipients of a noisy, ostentatious, and vulgar charity, that the mischief of his example may be increased and perpetuated, when, had relief to them been the object, no such parade-day display would have signalized it.

The people of the Southern States have *felt*, and that most deeply, what every reflecting and patriotic mind had *seen*; and they have a right to demand, and will demand of us, not mere professions, but a practical fulfilment of constitutional obligations: that we retract and repeal our hostile legislation, that we return fugitives from service, and that we meet them in the true fraternal spirit of constitutional equality. This we must do, and do promptly; and when it is done, we shall again witness pacific relations. The federal government is bound to protect each of the States against invasion, and if forays and armed bands from one section are to hover upon the borders of States for the purpose of invading their territory, to murder their citizens, destroy their property, and subvert their government, the State thus menaced and assailed, however powerful and ample in her own resources, may demand the security provided, and that with propriety, though no amount of force can preserve the spirit of the Union. This sectional strife, as wicked as it is wanton and disgraceful, if permitted to proceed, cannot fail to produce more serious consequences than it has ever foreshadowed: and when its votaries shall have subverted all constitutions and laws save such as conform to their own mad standard, they must close their career of blood and violence with knives at each other's throats which have been blunted at the throats of honest men and their wives and children.

I have the honor to be,

Sincerely yours, &c.,

D. S. DICKINSON.

S. L. M. BARLOW, Esq., of the Committee.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. RIPLEY.

THE ORCHARD, February 5, 1860.

MY DEAR MRS. RIPLEY—Since we have been permitted the pleasure of seeing you, and making our acquaintance real, which was before quite too diplomatic for relatives of kindred sympathies, we desire much more than ever that you would visit us: and since the ice is broken by our incursion to St. Lawrence, and the kind visit of your daughter and grandson here, we feel that the way is fully prepared for you to follow.

If you desire to see the classic valley of the Susquehanna robed in its best attire, the months of May and June will present it. We now hope to have you determine upon the visit, at as early a day as is practicable, and the precise time can be arranged afterwards.

Mrs. D. and daughter join in affectionate remembrance.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, April 12, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR—I am glad to learn that you will attend the Charleston Convention, for your presence there cannot fail to exert a happy influence upon conflicting elements and induce harmonious action. Circumstances indicate that my name will be before the Convention in connection with the nomination for President, and while I have full confidence in the excellent friends who have seats in the Convention, it is perhaps as well due to the occasion as to such delegates, that there should be some one for them to confer with, and to speak for me in such matters as may seem proper. The life-long friendship which has existed between us personally, and corresponding political views, suggest yourself as one to whom I can with propriety confide a trust so delicate and important, and you will oblige me by discharging it—consulting from time to time with my brother, Judge Dickinson, who will be present, and such other

friends in the delegation or out of it as you may think proper, under the exigencies of the occasion.

I have been made a candidate with my own consent, but not by my own procurement or agency. I have not sought the Presidency, and, if tendered me, I will not decline it. I have not much faith in mere paper platforms, and their modern flexibility; but in my retirement I stand personally upon the platform of *Cincinnatus*—politically upon the federal constitution, and upon that wholesome Democratic constitution of it, both in theory and in practice, which secured in person, property, and political right, complete equality to all, and grants special favors to none: and as earnest of my faith, I point to the records of a life of unusual activity in practical affairs, much of which has been spent in the public service. The past and present are the only guaranty I can give for the future.

I regard the Democratic party of New York as united in one body, in all great essentials of doctrine, and that whatever of conflict or schism now exists or has of late existed is to a great extent personal and temporary, and that with every true Democrat all such feelings must and will yield to a spirit of forbearance and mutual concession, and intestine broils be buried in oblivion, as the great battle over principles begins to rage in the coming campaign.

If honored with the confidence of the party in a station so responsible and commanding, it would be my highest ambition to build it up rather than to break it down; to ignore cliques and not create them; to foster unity and not division; to regard the fidelity of the present and the promises of the future, and neither look myself nor encourage others to look back to the history of former conflicts either personal or political or both, for the purpose of determining the present status of public men. I would have no friends to reward but such as the Democracy delight to honor, and no enemies to punish but the enemies of the Constitution.

In accepting the candidacy for such a station, I would give no pledges except such as give further assurance of the public good, and raise no expectations, public or personal, except such as are to be realized in letter and in spirit.

With the foregoing outline, I commend the whole matter to you, with such associates as you chose to summon, and au-

thorize and desire you fully and freely to speak for me in the premises, and to say all that a high-minded and honorable man, standing in such a relation, and having due regard to its delicacy, ought to say to those who have a voice in the nominations, and all that those, of an equally honorable and delicate sense, standing in that relation would desire to receive.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. SPENCER.

BINGHAMTON, May 18, 1860.

MY DEAR S.—YOUR favor of the 14th is at hand. I thank you and all my friends for their exertions, but shall say no more until the business closes and is completed.

I am a tolerably keen observer of what is going on, and the reasons for it, and have withal patience and can bide my time. I do not regret the course I have taken. It has been in good faith for the purpose of uniting the Democratic party. If it prove unsuccessful, it will not be my fault. I have done all I could to give the power of the State into the hands of a *single delegation*. Now if they exercise it in the same spirit, there is hope for the future.

Yours sincerely,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Hon. J. C. SPENCER.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. WESTCOTT.

BINGHAMTON, June 23, 1860.

MY DEAR SISTER LUCIE—YOUR kind note of the 21st has just reached me, and I thank you for it, for I like to hear from you. It gives promise that dear Louise may be some better, and one from Mr. Stevens, of the 22d, represents that there is a decided and favorable change. I pray it may be so, but I fear that it is the mere glimmer of the light of life before it is finally extin-

guished. Her face looked bright and cheerful, for one so pale and attenuated, and I shall have hope, but I would that it were founded in better reason. Oh, that she might be spared to us to die finally in her own dear home! It is, I assure you, a consolation to know that she has your affectionate and generous care, and that of others who love her, and that they are near and with her.

Very affectionately, your brother,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

[EXTRACTS.]

BINGHAMTON, June 24, 1860.

MY DEAR ELIZA—I returned from New York on Tuesday. I left Louise about as I described her in my last. Some days better, and others worse again, but, on the whole, no decided change, except, as I fear, the slow and sure decay of worn-out nature, which at no distant day must terminate fatally. Your aunt went to see her on Thursday, and returned last night.

July 13th.

Our dear Louise is no more. She expired to-day at twelve, as we have just been advised by telegraph. She was a pure and lovely being, and leaves many torn and bleeding hearts. We are all bowed in grief, although somewhat prepared for the painful intelligence.

July 15th.

I went yesterday to the Cemetery, and selected a beautiful place for our poor Louise. Her remains reached here yesterday by the express train, accompanied by your aunt Lucie, my brother John R. and wife, and other mourning friends; Mr. Birdsall was too ill to come.

The funeral will take place from the cottage at five o'clock. Rev. Dr. Andrews, who married them in 1836, will assist Dr. Beach in the exercises, and make some remarks. Her death

overwhelms us with gloom and sadness. Thus, dear Eliza, the tendrils which bind me to earth are severed one by one. She was as dear to me as my own daughters, and I loved her dearly, and she loved me as a father. She died in peace, and is happy. She remembered all her relatives by some tasteful present—generally a book. There is one for you, and also for Melissa, which I will send by mail.

Your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. BRECKINRIDGE TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 29, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR—I beg you to accept my cordial thanks for your friendly letter of the 27th inst.

This nomination, as you may perhaps know, was neither sought nor desired by me. I would have much preferred many other gentlemen in both sections of the Union. Your own name would have been eminently acceptable to my State, whose people have long admired your personal and public character, while I could have supported you all the more cordially, from the pleasant intercourse we had in 1856. But the issue is made, and I must accept the position in which I find myself.

With good wishes and high regard, I am

Yours truly,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

MR. FLETCHER WEBSTER TO MR. DICKINSON.

Boston, July 21, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR—I write merely to say that I have read your late great and bold speech with unalloyed satisfaction. A friend has just been in who said that he heard it, and it made me regret that I could not have been present, as he described it to me. This is certainly a time to speak plainly.

Yours always truly,

FLETCHER WEBSTER.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

THE ORCHARD, September 2, 1860.

MY DEAR ELIZA—This is a bright and lovely day, so far as golden sunshine and a refreshing, elastic atmosphere are concerned, but cool enough to suggest the price of flannels and the best place to procure them. I wish you could look in upon the Orchard to-day, both within doors and without, to see the inmates and the grounds and trees and surroundings. We have made many improvements since you left here—three years ago this month—which you could only appreciate by seeing them in contrast with the place as you then saw it. Even Melissa cannot tell you how much it has improved. The “dwarfs” are laden with an abundance of delicious pears, and the venerable apple-trees, as well as the rising generation, are propped up to prevent their breaking with their weight of fruit. If I had nothing to do now, I could realize Goldsmith’s idea, and “crown life’s labor with an age of ease;” but, to cite him again, I am compelled to say that the “blest retirement never must be mine,” and so I will fulfil my destiny, and, like the woman in the “song of the shirt,”

“Work, work, work!
 In the dull December light,
 And work, work, work!
 When the weather is warm and bright.”

With love to your mother, Melissa, and Charley, I remain
 Your affectionate uncle,
 D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. COURTNEY.

THE ORCHARD, September 16, 1860.

MY DEAR CHILD—Your letter, written in remembrance of my birthday, with its sweet tones of affection, was thrice welcome, and will be dearly cherished with many kindred tokens of a beloved daughter’s devotion to her father. In all the chequered history of domestic life, I have never known nor

heard of a child so desirous of conforming to the parental wish in every particular as you have been from your infancy; and could all children make it their pleasure, as you have done, surely the poetic conceptions of the ancients would be realized in the circle around the home-hearth. Amidst all the stormy passions and fierce tumults of life, this reflection has been my consolation; and now, when age begins to draw around the curtain, it will be an abiding companion, and cheer and beguile hours which otherwise would be solitary, vacant, and wearisome.

In a life replete with incident and vicissitude, chequered with trial, and crowned with civic honors, I have received no blessing so rich in its exhaustless treasures as a daughter's love. I would that I were a patriarch, that I might confer on you a blessing of health, happiness, and peace; that peace which is unknown to those who flit over life's ocean in quest of excitement, to slaughter time and indulge sense, but which elevates the desires and rectifies the heart, and fits us here for a glorious fruition hereafter.

"The autumn days have surely come,
The saddest of the year;"

and soon vegetation will lie pale and sere in death. And autumn winds are already moaning like an over-burdened heart, which "wafts the sigh, and leaves the pang behind," in giving vent to its half-suppressed emotions. But, apt emblem of human life and its immortal spirit, the perished flowers shall live again in all their primeval beauty when "spring visits their mouldering urn," and "day dawns" for them on the "night of the grave."

Age brings to me no sadness, no regrets, but consoles me with the reflection that when I have fought the "good fight," and have "finished my course," if I have "kept the faith," I shall live again in the land of flowers and spring, life clothed with eternal joy and perpetual youth; not here, but in some "happier island in the watery waste."

All the family send love to you, and unite with me in affectionate remembrance to our St. Lawrence friends.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

THE ORCHARD, October 15, 1860.

MY DEAR ROGERS—The object of my writing is important, though it will not be apparent until you get through, and perhaps not then. I highly approve of our present political position, for we have now gained a place secure from sale, where no one will purchase, and I am not a little gratified to believe that after the 4th of March next, under the defeat which awaits us, we shall be no longer responsible for any future mismanagement or corruption that may occur in the administration.

We are all about as usual. Mrs. D. has been very nervous and sleepless for some weeks, and as Mr. and Mrs. Courtney are about removing to New York, Mrs. D. has gone down to the city with Lydia, and they are for a few days at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I learn Mrs. D., notwithstanding the "noise and confusion," is doing very well. I desired her to go, fearing I might not see the *Prince* myself, and I was anxious, if I could not, to see some person who had seen him. Besides, I thought it might perhaps please the Prince and the "Juke" of Newcastle to see some one who had seen me, if they could not see me!!!

I called on Mrs. Westcott (Lucy K.) last evening, and now comes the important part of my letter. After inquiring whether I had recently heard from "Harry Rogers," and saying you punished her at school, by *cutting her nails*, and practising some kindred cruelties, said, "when you write him, give him my love, and tell him he has sent his likeness to several who do not care half as much about him as I do." I told her I would write to-day, and I have.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. RANDALL.

BINGHAMTON, December 7, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR—

* * * * *

The country is in a sad condition. Both sections are to

blame, for either might have averted the calamity by making a good nomination at Charleston. But the political Micawbers were so anxious to have something "turn up," that there was not justice, generosity, sense nor patriotism enough left to turn to account. We are now upon a volcano, and God only knows how soon or how terrible may be the bursting flame. I saw all this long since, and now fear the worst. It will break up and recast political parties horizontally, if indeed there is enough left to support organizations.

* * * * *

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Hon. H. S. RANDALL.

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MR. DICKINSON TO MR. MASON AND MR. HUNTER.

BINGHAMTON, January 4, 1861.

GENTLEMEN—The friendly relations which have characterized our long acquaintance, embracing many years of public service together; the high regard I entertain for you personally; the confidence I repose in your patriotism, and the admiration with which I have viewed the State you represent in the Senate of the confederacy, induce me to address you upon the disturbed and imperilled condition of the country.

Although I entertain a lively sense of the primary causes which produced the disease, I waive all consideration of them for the present, except so far as may be necessary to understand and reach and remedy the irritation, looking only to the past for instruction and to the present and future for deliverance.

These States were united to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to those who formed the Union, and their posterity. The beneficent mission thus founded is still in its infancy; and yet, with all its delinquencies and short-comings, it has done more to advance the cause of rational liberty, to assert the principles of true freedom and vindicate the rights of man, than all governments which have preceded it. But though it has already accom-

plished much, it has by no means fulfilled its allotted destiny; for new fields are spread out for it to subdue and civilize, and further triumphs await it in the cause of human regeneration.

And now when it is rejoicing in the pride of youthful development, and abounding in every moral and material element of greatness, when an envious, yet admiring, world have acknowledged the success of the great experiment, and its name is respected and honored throughout the globe, if it shall fall a prey to its own depravity, and be conquered by sectional disturbances and intestine broils, the whole people of the earth, civilized and savage, will cry out shame! It is the natural dictate of the heart to censure the causes of sectional estrangement; it is the noblest impulse of patriotism to restore, by its timely intervention, peaceful and kindly relations between contending States. Although the causes of disturbance between the North and the South have been of long duration, and are replete with bitter recollections, there is nothing in the questions at issue, nothing in the complications or hostile attitudes of parties, and nothing in the temper of the masses of the people of either section, which forbids a speedy and final adjustment, just and satisfactory to all. But, as is usual in such and kindred controversies, those who criminate and those who recriminate, those who attack and those who repel, whether because smarting under a sense of wrong or indulging a stubborn pride, will not negotiate with each other for adjustment; but if they treat, it must be through agencies which enjoy the friendship and command the confidence and respect of both. For all the purposes of the present unhappy controversy, the federal government, the several State governments, and also the Northern and Southern divisions may be regarded and treated as responsible and independent States; and being such, the angry feuds and hostile relations between them or any of them, which disturb the harmony of the Union, and threaten the sanguinary horrors of a civil war, become the proper, nay, the necessary subjects of mediation by a friendly power, upon every principle of natural and conventional justice, of State comity, and by the spirit of international law; and of mediation too, to which all parties must listen with respectful deference. Let, then, Virginia—the Old Dominion—the mother of States and statesmen, put forth her potential voice as a media-

tor, and calm the agitated elements. She lives and moves and has her being in the essence of the constitution ; she is revered for her patriotic devotion to the Union, in the spirit of its founders, and she can procure justice, equality, and security for both sections, without bringing detriment or humiliation to either.

But if, after every reasonable effort, the mediation shall be rejected, and one or more States in either section shall persist in urging unreasonable demands or in refusing just terms of arrangement, that State or section must do so at its peril. It is a principle of international law as old as civilization, that contending States have no right to prosecute to the *ultima ratio* of nations conflicts capable of ready and fair adjustment by peaceful means, to the disturbance of the world's repose and the destruction of their neighbor's ; and it has been the custom of friendly powers, when menaced and endangered under such circumstances, to demand in the name and by the authority of their own strong arm that the safety of other States, the cause of humanity, and the interests of commerce be no longer imperilled by the bloody contentions of those who " abhor each other." When all other efforts at reconciliation have, therefore, failed : when Congress shall have exhausted its powers, the appeals of patriotism prove unavailing, and the blood of one section shall be demanded to appease the cravings of the other, let Virginia summon to her aid the assistance of other powerful and peaceful States, and in the name of the constitution and of the Union, of Christian civilization, of the great memories of the past, of the glorious fruition of the present, of the rich promises of the future, and the last, best hopes of liberty, equality, and the rights of man, prescribe, and if needs be enforce, by the common judgment of mankind, terms which shall be equal and just to all and grant special favors to none—which shall demand no sacrifices and subject none to humiliation, but shall place every State and each section in the dignified relations suggested by the spirit of a common compact and guaranteed by the plain provisions of the constitution.

We have at all times justified the expulsion of savage tribes from their possessions upon this continent under the plea that we were to substitute civilization for barbarism, an

enlightened Christianity for heathenism, knowledge and refinement for ignorance and degradation, and the arts of peace for the devastations of war. We are now in the last half of the nineteenth century—a period signalized by its religious pretensions, its enlightened commerce, its progress in the physical sciences, its devotion to letters and the arts, its widespread spirit of philanthropy, and its diffusion of the gospel; and if, while basking in the light of such blessings, moral and material, as were never before vouchsafed to man, our patriotism is so deficient, our purpose so feeble, our morality so questionable, and our virtue so weak, that we cannot reconcile our sectional differences upon terms which justice suggests and the constitution demands, but must resort to a conflict of arms, we should restore to the original and rightful proprietors of the soil what we wrested from them for purposes of Christianity and civilization, with a confession that our mission has failed, and that they are lawfully entitled to resume possession under their paramount title—deeds of blood.

With my anxious prayer for the deliverance of our beloved country from the evils which threaten her, I am, with high consideration and regard,

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Hon. JAMES M. MASON and Hon. R. M. T. HUNTER, Senators
- in Congress from Virginia.

MR. DICKINSON TO MARY S. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, January 8, 1861.

MY DEAR MOLLIE—I did not hear from home this morning as I expected, and have about come to the conclusion that not only has the “kitchen chimney been on fire,” but that you have all been trying to cross the railroad bridge in the night and fallen into the Chenango. If I do not hear to-day, I shall think that South Carolina has dammed the Chesapeake Bay and drowned all Binghamton.

I walked down to the office this morning, and on the way decided that I was not like the rest of the world and ought

not to be held to the same judgment as others. It makes me positively unhappy to be in a large, heartless city like this. That which is enjoyment to most persons is pain to me. You meet at every step so much wealth and so much poverty, so much surfeit and so much destitution, so much "silken sloth" and so much rags and wretchedness, that I constantly shudder at the sight, and sigh for a "lodge in some vast wilderness." But it is past all hope, beyond all reformation, and must fulfil its day; and to many, a terrible day it is.

There is no sleighing yet; and when it is pleasant here, it is very pleasant, and *vice versa*.

Give much love to all the dear ones at home, and believe me as ever

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, January 9, 1861.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I am sorry to hear by Mary's letter received this morning, that you are still sleepless and ill. If you continue so long, I shall go home, regardless of everything else. I am uneasy, when absent from you, at best, and when you are not well, my anxiety becomes painful.

I went to Tammany Hall, last night, to the supper. Many friends urged me to go, and I did. I called a few minutes, with Mr. Schell, at the St. Nicholas ball—a brilliant one it was—though I did not *waltz*. I left as soon as I could, and was home before twelve. The national troubles seem to thicken, and I fear war; but have some hope it may be averted. Well, let those who have produced it turn pale and tremble.

Do not try to write me when you are not well, but let some of the family write every day. You know not half my solicitude and affection.

I shall better know what my own professional movements are to be in a day or two, and will write you.

Very affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO DANIEL S. DICKINSON, JR.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, }
January 9, 1861. }

MY DEAR STEVIE—When I am away from home, much dependence rests upon you and your little brother. I want you to be little men and take good care of everything in my absence.

In this great city there is much wealth, but much distress and poverty so great that it cannot be alleviated, and I do not enjoy myself here as well as at home for that reason amongst many others.

There is great danger of war at the South, but we hope it may not take place.

You must be very careful of your eyes and get them well as soon as you can, so that you can go into the office and help me.

Give much love to your mother, and all the family.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. MASON TO MR. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, January 12, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—Returning from Richmond two days ago, I found your letter of the 7th, with a copy of your letter to Mr. Hunter and myself through the *Herald*. Being absent from the city, I should not otherwise have seen it.

Events, I fear, have progressed too far, to admit of Virginia becoming a mediator now. She will share a common lot with the South. Still, if we had a man and a statesman at the helm, war could be stayed, at least till the sections could reason together. The South stands, and will continue to stand, purely on the defensive. The North has the issue of peace or war in its hands; and none can so well serve both sections as yourself, or for the present at least, to stay the hand of violence. Come what may, however, I shall ever cherish a

grateful sense of our, I trust, mutual regard—long, I hope, to continue.

Very cordially and truly yours,

JOHN M. MASON.

GOVERNOR LETCHER TO MR. DICKINSON.

RICHMOND, VA., February 2, 1861.

DEAR SIR—I received this morning a printed copy of a letter addressed to Senators Mason and Hunter by you, on the 4th of January last. I have read it with satisfaction and pleasure, and endorse cordially the views it embodies. I send you a copy of my message, from which you will perceive I take the same view as to the mediatorial position of Virginia. I have no reason to suppose that either of our Senators sympathize with such views. I have, however, adopted my own chart, and I am entirely satisfied that the people of Virginia are with me.

With thanks for your polite attention,

I am, truly, your obedient servant,

JOHN LETCHER.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NARROWSBURGH, February 8, 1861.

MY DEAR LYDIA—We reached here “on time” last night,—that is, it was high time—about half past ten. It was getting colder and very blustering, and the poor workmen on the outside of the trains were nearly blinded with storm and frost. Everything was so much out of time, that it was dangerous to run, and Mr. Morgan and myself stopped over here. We had beds in a room where we did not need to raise windows for ventilation, and I covered my head with the “comforter,” and thought of Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane. I got up at half past seven, washed in a bowl of water which had more ice than your “patent freezer” ever contained, and went down to breakfast with my hair looking like Nebuchadnezzar’s the last

week he was out to pasture;—ate breakfast in a room colder than it is in a cold day at home on the New Bridge,—and should have thought it a hard time, if it had not been “pleasure travel.” As it was, I took refuge in the old Baptist hymn:

“Christians, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm.”

The night express is some five or six hours behind time. I do not expect to get away before noon, but as it is *comfortable* here, I don't mind it.

If I had known how terrible was the storm, I would have remained at home, on your account at least. You have little idea of the difference between the comforts of our home and the perils and discomforts of travel and of its incidents at this season of the year.

Love to Charlotte and the boys.

Very affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

THE ORCHARD LIBRARY, March 3, 1861.

MY DEAR ELIZA—You know from our letters how long dear Mary has been ill in New York, and how much anxiety we have felt for her. She has so far recovered as to be able to take the journey homeward, stopping over night at Port Jervis, a station about midway from New York. She has been very sick, and we are thankful that she is again restored to her home and parents.

There is something dreadful in the thought of a painful sickness from home. When I heard of the illness of our poor son, at the semi-barbarous Isthmus of Panama, I thought if he might be permitted to return home to die, it would soothe the pang of parting, and so it proved. I could never have been reconciled as I was to his early death, had it not been at home; and I think nothing adds so painfully to separation by death, as the dying away from home, and especially in a foreign land.

The weather here is as mild and genial as May. For many days it has been as sunny as June, but to-day there are indications of a gentle rain. It is not summer yet, but do we not all rejoice to see the rigid winter recede with his "frosted winding-sheet;"—to see his icy fetters broken, and his hoar-frost, like a bankrupt merchant, go into "liquidation;"—to see the streams and eke the early buds swelling in honor of the great evacuation day, when winter raises the siege and retires for the season? And who does not love to hear the early birds, especially the early birds of the "Orchard," which have been so cherished and petted, sing pæans to the triumph of spring? I do, and I am sure you would, were you present to hear them. They are not of a class whose music has been spoiled by cultivation, until it is all science and no melody, but birds that sing the "Old Hundred," "China," and "Windham" of their selections, as the fond parents sang, in the days of Pontius Pilate and other old fogies; and so we like to hear them.

How do you all do, and how do you do? All send love to all, and for my single self I am as ever,

Your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1861.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I went yesterday with Lydia to see Mrs. K. (formerly Fanny M.). I was made gratified with the visit, and she and her family were evidently much pleased with it. But what a train of memories were mustered up in my mind! I do not remember Fanny as she was about the time she was married, but as she was in 1820—a blooming young belle, and we were almost children! What a change in that forty years! That far distant day of simplicity and limited wants, when we were strangers to the thought of distinction, and the pleasures and pains which attend it; when we had no knowledge of, nor cares for public concerns, but of all such matters were in blissful ignorance! How great the changes which have rolled over our domestic sea since that day! We have married, reared

and buried children, and are rearing their offspring ; have borne a part in public affairs, striking out from obscurity to connect our name with the history of events in a stirring period of the world's agitations. We have committed our parents to the dust, and have seen brothers and sisters, associates and friends around us fall, "like leaves in wintry weather!" In the twenty minutes I spent there, these, and a thousand other recollections pressed upon me, as seldom if ever before, and it was with difficulty I could restrain my emotion. Fanny is, of course, old now, but light-hearted, and talks with great vivacity. Lydia was happily a stranger to it all, and could not sympathize with my emotion if she had known what were my reflections, which she did not. Fanny says I have not changed in the least, except that I have grown stouter, and my hair turned white.

Much, very much love to the dear ones,

Very affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

THE ORCHARD LIBRARY, April 28, 1861.

MY DEAR ELIZA—Your aunt and myself returned from New York, on Tuesday last. I was fatigued, and she was refreshed by the hardship, for she likes travel in the abstract, and I do not. We left the city full of excitement and noise and armed men. Our friends there are well, and we found those at home on our return (as a very eminent and popular teacher of an academy in the West wrote me a day or two since) as well as "*yousual*." Mary is steadily improving, and I hope for the restoration of her health.

The weather is rather fine, and the Orchard is smiling. Your aunt is much engaged in gardening, and it begins to look "real nice."

The war, for aught I can discover, must go on to its bitter end,—bitter it must be, but the end I wot not of. So much for madness, littleness, and corruption. I have nearly become insensible to the alarming state of affairs, it has haunted me so long and so persistently, and I have concluded to let it drift. The devil has had a general jail delivery from his imprisonment

of a thousand years, and has been loosed a little season, and seems to be making the most of his time. As a people, we have rejected the blessings of Heaven, and deserve some of the incense of the bottomless pit. All send love.

Your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO JUDGE ELDRIDGE.

BINGHAMTON, May 1, 1861.

DEAR SIR—I am favored with yours of numerous pages, calling my attention to a newspaper article purporting to contain some recent expressions of mine upon the exciting questions of the day, and inquiring seriously, whether I had said, as therein alleged, that in the present contest “I would, if necessary, wipe the South from the face of the earth.” The paper you quote does not, however, state, as I think it should have done, nor do you inquire, whether this extraordinary feat was to be accomplished socially, politically, or geographically. I am only surprised that any one, and especially yourself, with the record of my sentiments, public and private, for many years before you, up to and including the great meeting recently held in New York, should have taken the trouble to inquire whether, in the face of these views, conceded by most, I believe, to be just and moderate, I had at the same time entertained and publicly expressed those of a character exactly opposite. I can furnish you with an answer in less words than you have employed to frame the inquiry.

My views are mature, firm and resolute, but neither heated nor extravagant. I entertain the idea that whatever may be, or may have been the wrongs of the South, the remedy sought by force is not suited to the case, but is calculated to aggravate the disease tenfold; and that the overthrow of the government of the United States by violence, for any of the reasons, or under any of the pretences alleged, would be one of the greatest calamities that has ever befallen civilized man. I have neither entertained nor expressed the crude and absurd sentiments attributed to me, nor anything of the kind. I have expressed

the opinion that, after all efforts at peace had failed, a vigorous conflict and speedy settlement was more humane than a protracted guerrilla war; that the quarrel was the fault and folly of the present generation, and its adjustment should not be cowardly turned over to an innocent future; that, if protracted, it would finally produce a servile as well as civil war, and for a time destroy the prosperity of both sections—the commerce of the North and the institutions of the South; but that the South had less recuperative energy than the North, and would therefore find reconstruction more difficult, and be the greater sufferer; that, in comparison with the moral and political foundations of our constitution and government, the present material interests of both sections were of little value, and that it would be better they should be swept from the earth, both North and South, than the government of our fathers should be overthrown by violence, faction, and rebellion, and made to give place to lawlessness and anarchy. I said I was for supporting the constitution in its true spirit, and for preserving the Union: for upholding the government in the rightful exercise of all lawful authority, regardless of consequences, and at any cost.

I am quite willing those whose patriotism impels them in such a direction should criticise these views at their leisure. I shall publish this note, not to correct the report you mention, for I long since learned better than to give consequence and currency to a misrepresentation by attempting to “head it off,” but that I may answer all inquiries at once.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Hon. JAMES B. ELDRIDGE, Hamilton, N. Y.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. SPENCER.

BINGHAMTON, May 7, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—Your favor of a late date has just come to hand. I am glad you approve of my course on the troublesome question of the day, and I am more glad still that you took the same before you heard from me. It is not “Lincoln and the republicans” that we are sustaining. They have nothing to do with it. It is the government of our fathers—one of the

best which ever existed, and worth just as much as if it was administered by Andrew Jackson. I concede the right of revolution according to Jefferson, but even he nowhere declared that "when a set of soured, disappointed, thieving *politicians* become dissatisfied, *they* have a right to form a new government *without* the sanction of the people." There is but one side to it, and if I had no more regard for the Southern people than I have for the scheming, conspiring demagogues who are the authors of all the trouble (for abolitionism would have been helpless without their nursing), I would make short work of it. As it is, I would do all consistent with the honor and dignity of the nation to win back the seceding States.

Those who *broke* up the Charleston convention have been engaged for some time in a mean, thieving, infamous conspiracy to destroy this government for self-advancement, power, and plunder. Had I lived at the dawn of the Christian era, I would as soon have taken part in the crucifixion as I would in the destruction of this government.

It depends on your taste whether you will enjoy military station. There is hardship, excitement, adventure, variety, glory, and acquaintance with the world, some of which are pleasant, and all of which are useful, so that the time is not lost. No one can decide as well as yourself.

The family are as usual and all send regards.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. SALMON.

BINGHAMTON, May 26, 1861.

MY DEAR LOUISE—I will write this note, as though time had not written upon the brow of either of us, as a kindly remembrance and affectionate greeting.

Your cousin, though afflicted with poor health, is better on the whole than in former years, and seems to have become *used* to living with me.

We send you a card photograph of a former and present friend, with locks lengthened and bleached and a more portly

frame than thirty years since exhibited, but in some respects the same.

Come and see us at "the Orchard," where you and yours will be thrice welcome always.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

PROF. MATHER TO MR. DICKINSON.

AMHERST COLLEGE, June 5, 1861.

DEAR SIR—I have been intending for some weeks to write you with reference to the time of our commencement, but have delayed doing so till the other addresses of the same week had been definitely settled.

Enclosed please find a printed slip giving the various exercises; and you will notice that your oration before the literary society is expected on Wednesday, July 10th, at 2 P. M. I hope you may arrange it so as to be here a few days before, for I am anxious that you should know something more of our institution, and see something more of this quarter of New England, than can be done in one of those hurried visits that you public men are too apt to make.

Mrs. Mather unites with me in the hope that Mrs. Dickinson may accompany you in this trip to the Connecticut Valley, and that we may have the pleasure of entertaining you while here at our house.

If you should come by New York, the best route is to leave in the express at 8 A. M. from the 27th street New Haven depot, and come by way of New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Palmer, arriving here at half-past three P. M.

Any other information that I can give you I should be most happy to communicate.

With kind regards to yourself and family, I remain,

Yours most truly,

R. H. MATHER.

MR. DALLAS TO MR. DICKINSON.

PHILADELPHIA, June 20, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—Let me thank you cordially for that kind note

of the 15th inst., and beg to have the acknowledgments of Mrs. Dallas and her daughters made to your family.

You will be struck by reading the 125 first pages of Benton's Abridgment of the Debates in Congress, 12 vol. It has been sent to me since I made the short address of which you speak so kindly; and really I am surprised to find myself so exactly now against secession where I was thirty years ago against nullification. Truth and principle are seldom inconsistent, even in political action.

Where is all this madness and treachery to end? The whole confederate operation is an audacious and wretched exhibition of discreditable trick, hypocrisy, and oath-breaking. Are these the men for whose equality and rights in the Union you and I have heretofore so uniformly and anxiously struggled? Perhaps they place as much pride in having hoodwinked and cheated us, as they seem to chuckle in having victimized Mr. Buchanan! Well! well! our constitutional views on their behalf were sound and true: the written text could not be mistaken, but it is not the first time that honest and zealous advocates have had rogues for their clients.

I left Mr. and Mrs. Cropsey doing admirably in London. He is rising fast into high appreciation as a painter. One of his great pictures, "Autumn on the Hudson," he had just sold for little less than four thousand dollars. He will, in a little while, when thoroughly found out, be claimed as a native Englishman. That's the settled practice.

My conviction is, that the neutrality announced to me by Lord John Russell, at my first interview with him in March last, will be steadily persevered in, unless, at the expiration of a year or two, the power to maintain her separate independence should be made indisputable by the Montgomery combination.

Always, most respectfully and sincerely,

G. M. DALLAS,

MR. PORTER TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, August 23, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—I have just finished a second reading of your speech in Wyoming county, and with so much pleasure

and admiration that I cannot refrain from thanking you. It is a speech worthy of an American statesman, and will command the attention of the country by its high and generous patriotism, no less than by its eloquence and power. It gives bold and manly expression to the convictions which, as I believe, pervade the masses of the true-hearted democracy of New York. We cannot make war on the friends of the republic while they are fronting the public enemy. If party divisions are to be maintained, let it be in honorable emulation between democrats and republicans in the defence of government against treason in arms.

Very truly yours,
JOHN K. PORTER.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. SPENCER.

BINGHAMTON, August 28, 1861.

MY DEAR S.—We go for breaking up the corrupt Regency clique, and for a Union movement. We shall send delegates to the *Union* Convention, and act with it if fair, &c. I will send you a copy of our local call to-morrow. I am not going to the devil politically with my eyes open, and under such a lead; and if the democratic organization is determined to go where the old federalists of 1812 did, let it.

Sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. ROGERS TO MR. DICKINSON.

BUFFALO, August 31, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—I am very sorry indeed that I could not see Mollic married. From the time we received our invitation, it seemed altogether out of the question for my wife to go, but we hoped that it might so turn out that I could, and I made every possible effort to do so, consistent with pressing duties. But it is all in one's life-time, and I shall hope to see her soon after her marriage, and if she and her husband are only happy, it will be all the same as if the sunlight of my countenance had been given to the scene.

Your Tunkhannock speech is the most telling effort you have ever made. It seems to have found a responsive throb in every heart. From the bottom of my soul I thank you for it. I believe that it will accomplish more in arousing the popular mind to a sense of danger, and in bringing the fighting element of the North to bear upon the conflict, than all that has been said by any other Northern man.

I see that the Republicans, in their great zeal to do justice to talent, integrity, courage and patriotism, are talking of you for Attorney-General, Secretary of State, Comptroller, and Judge of the Court of Appeals. When referred to for any opinion, as to which you would take, if any, I have ventured to predict you would not take either, and that I did not believe you would, even if the whole were combined.

With love to Mrs. D. and all the family, I am as ever,

Truly yours,

H. W. ROGERS.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

THE ORCHARD LIBRARY, September 2, 1861.

MY DEAR CHILD—We have all been lonely indeed, since your departure, notwithstanding our pleasant company; though we have scarcely yet realized that our cherished one has departed. It is well we cannot, for did we, our grief would be indescribable. When we mourn your absence, temporary as we hope it may only be now, we “smile through our tears” in the belief that your new relation will contribute to your happiness and enlarge your sphere of usefulness. Children are wisely prevented from experiencing the emotion and anxiety of parents, and a daughter, with all her appreciation and affection, can never know the key to which a father’s very heartstrings are attuned for her.

You have now set sail upon the uncertain ocean of life, and were I a patriarch I would confer on you a patriarch’s blessing; but as I am only a father, you and dear John will accept his, and a mother’s too. May God bless you both, and shield you from every evil.

We go to Owego to-morrow, where I am to speak. I shall

speaking at Bridgeport on the 14th, Hartford the 17th, and New London the 19th. If you and John come, I would prefer to see you at Hartford, and hope I may. Your dear mother joins me, as do all the family, in much love to you both.

Most affectionately your father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

PROF. TYLER TO MR. DICKINSON.

AMHERST COLLEGE, September 13, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—I cannot refrain from expressing to you the high satisfaction with which I have seen the career of patriotism and public spirit which you began in your eloquent and noble oration at our late Commencement, and continued by addresses of like tenor in several of the principal cities of your own and other States.

You have struck a blow at treason and rebellion, and at that scarcely less blind and mad monster, party spirit, from which they will never recover. I trust you will not withhold your hand until they are utterly extinct. God, and your native land, will approve and reward you. I rejoice to see that the people of the great and noble State which has delighted to honor you, are now so prompt to appreciate your services. Proud as I am of old Massachusetts, I am obliged to acknowledge that, in the coming State election, New York promises to outdo her in enlightened patriotism; and Republican as I am to the back-bone, I would like to be a citizen of that State long enough to cast my vote for the late leader of her Democracy.

The Faculty and students of Amherst College, I am sure, all unite with me in these sentiments. They take pride in having had something to do in calling you out from your retirement to buckle on your armor again in a battle with the mistaken or pretended friends of our institutions, no less patriotic, and scarcely less heroic, than that which our soldiers are waging with open enemies on the field of mortal strife.

Mrs. Tyler desires an affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Dickinson, and unites with me most cordially in the approval and admiration of your course. She is prouder than ever of

her native State, and wishes to congratulate the State on its future Attorney-General.

With sentiments of sincere respect and high regard, I am,
dear Sir,

Yours truly,
W. S. TYLER.

MR. NAGLE TO MR. DICKINSON.

BROOKLYN, September 13, 1861.

DEAR SIR—Allow me to express my sincere gratification in seeing your name at the head of the Union ticket of our State. It is a proud position to be thus placed before the people as the choice of four millions of united patriotic citizens, rising above all former prejudices, casting aside the shackles of party, and calling upon you to lead the way. It is a great tribute to your natural truth of character; a tardy acknowledgment of the place you have long filled in the hearts of a large portion of the people, but which has been heretofore denied you by a faction of demagogues, who laid the foundation of our present national distress by opposition to and abuse of you. The same men are now found, true to their nature, secretly and treacherously striving to divide public sentiment, and thus give aid and comfort to the traitors against our country.

As one who has ever admired the Roman dignity of your public career and the purity of your private life, I congratulate you that in this, our dark hour of trouble, when political managers and parties have been forced to succumb to the popular will, that the people, ever true to themselves when left free to act, call upon you with an unanimous voice to come forth the representative man of their choice.

That many years of health and vigor may yet be granted to you by an all-wise Providence; that the united nation, once more peaceful and happy, may, in a future day not far distant, ratify for the highest place in their gift the verdict which will be given by your own Empire State next November, is the sincere wish of

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM J. NAGLE.

MR. DAVIS AND OTHERS TO MR. DICKINSON.

ALBION, September 19, 1861.

SIR—The convention held at Syracuse on the 10th inst., representing the people of the State, independently of all party ties, and whose purposes were avowed by the declaration of which a copy is enclosed, unanimously nominated you for the office of Attorney-General. The undersigned were appointed a committee to notify you of your nomination, and request your acceptance.

The convention was aware of your repeated interdiction of the use of your name for any office, and appreciate and honor the motives that have prompted it; but it was felt by the convention that no other name would enable the people to give so clear and emphatic an expression of their determination to lay down all party spirit in the effort to maintain the Constitution and the Union.

Regarded, as you long have been by the South, as one of the ablest and warmest champions of what you and they believed to be their constitutional rights, and by the great body of the North as too rigidly conservative in those views to receive its concurrence or support, your election, after the noble stand you have taken for the government, by the overwhelming vote you will be sure to receive, will at once exemplify that the people of this State are united in the firm resolve to put down the rebellion, and repel the idea that they prosecute the war in any spirit of hostility to the constitutional rights of any Southern State or citizen.

The nomination now tendered, honored as you have been by the highest office in the gift of the State, might, under other circumstances, be justly considered as unworthy your acceptance; but at this time, when all that is valuable to the country is at stake, the committee hope, in view of the patriotic motives that dictated the selection, you will feel it your duty to yield all personal considerations and accede to the wishes of the convention.

We have the honor to be, &c.,

NOAH DAVIS, JR.,
WILLIAM DUER,
HIRAM PERRY.

To Hon. D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. DAVIS AND OTHERS, COMMITTEE.

BINGHAMTON, October 17, 1861.

GENTLEMEN—On my recent return from the East, I found your favor of the 19th of September, advising me that a convention of the people, without distinction of party, assembled at Syracuse on the 10th of the month, with full knowledge that I desired not to be named for any office, unanimously nominated me for the office of Attorney-General, and you presented me with a declaration of the principles asserted by the convention. Under these circumstances, I regard the selection of my name as evidence that, in the judgment of the convention, it was believed that it might contribute essentially to advance the principles and purposes in view; and approving as I do, most cordially and heartily, of such principles and purposes, I deem it my duty and make it my pleasure to yield my public tastes, business interests, and domestic conveniences to the wishes of the convention. With high appreciation of the honor shown me by the unanimous voice of the convention, and thanking you for the generous terms in which you have authentically made known to me its action, I have the honor to be

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MESSRS. NOAH DAVIS, JR., WILLIAM DUER, and HIRAM PERRY.

MR. SEWARD TO MR. DICKINSON.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, October 31, 1861. }

MY DEAR SIR—I have received your letter, and I thank you sincerely for it. Let me also avail myself of this opportunity to thank you for your able speeches, which are producing so excellent an effect upon the country, and giving reason for the highest hopes of the triumph of our cause.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

THE ORCHARD, November 4, 1861.

MY BELOVED MARY—That God may bless you and shield you from every harm, and give you fortitude and faith, is the prayer of your devoted father.

Mrs. Phelps, we fear, is dangerously ill. All well at home and send love to you and John.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

DR. NILES TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, November 6, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—I have long wished to thank you in person for the noble course you have taken in behalf of the Union, and the suppression of the most causeless and unjustifiable rebellion on the records of history. Your efforts began at the right time, and have thus far been effective in averting the dangers of a divided sentiment at the North on the subject of the war.

Your voice silenced the first lips of treason, under the dulcet notes of peace. A wide-spread scheme for organizing rebel sympathizers into a peace association, all over the free States, had been formed, who were to deluge the country with resolutions denouncing the war, and imputing bad motives to the national executive in the adoption of energetic measures to render it successful. I believe that your potential and ubiquitous voice alone saved the country from that anarchy of opinion which would have paralyzed the government, and, perhaps, led the way to civil war among ourselves. Your speeches, your eloquent and impressive illustrations, have saved us from this great calamity, and preserved to the North an unanimity of opinion and patriotic sentiment, which constitutes our only reasonable hope for the final restoration of the confederacy on the basis of our national Constitution. In this view I regard your services as more important to the success of our cause than those of any other man since the rebellion broke out. I

trust you will continue to inform yourself of all the insidious movements of the enemy to break us up at home, and that you will be as ready and as successful as you have thus far been in your efforts to defeat their purposes. While the government is backed by a homogeneous opinion at home, the war can be made a foreign war in its effects upon the interests of the North, while our entire strength is directed against the foe.

Divided among ourselves, we shall not only fail in our present object, the readjustment of the Union, but we shall soon become, as a matter of choice and necessity, the subjects of a military dictatorship, beyond and independent of the sphere and constitutional action of our government.

Dictatorships necessarily grow out of anarchy. Let us avoid such a disaster by firmly standing together in support of our regularly constituted authorities, until we triumph or until they utterly fail us.

* * * * *

There is a growing sentiment throughout the country favorable to the definitive arrangement of the whole subject of slavery by the war-power, either as a means of bringing it to an end, or, at its close, as a means of preventing its future recurrence. Our friend, Robert J. Walker, is preparing a letter on this important subject, which he says he will publish before long over his own signature. It can hardly fail to have an extensive and powerful influence over the public mind throughout the country. Certain it is, our Southern friends can no longer invoke the protection of a Constitution and laws which they have themselves torn to pieces. The subject of slavery, then, so far as it regards us, becomes one of policy; it is no longer one of constitutional obligations.

For myself, I had rather witness the evils of abolitionism than the destruction of the country.

* * * * *

With sentiments of the warmest esteem and respect,

I remain,

Devotedly yours,

N. NILES.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. SPENCER.

BINGHAMTON, November 25, 1861.

MY DEAR SPENCER—I have been much absent and as much overwhelmed, or I should have answered your several favors sooner. The Union cause and its success is truly a matter of congratulation. I rejoice in it, not only for its positive influence, but that, incidentally, it has disposed of that rotten political regency, having its centre in Albany.

I have not expressed any opinions upon the questions of the day, except such as have been published far and near. I have changed no views of former years, except I confess I regard the institution of domestic slavery, as a *political element*, as more dangerous than I formerly did; not because of any relation between master and slave, but of that between the people where it exists and the government. As to the question of "contrabands," I would turn them against disloyalty and rebellion in every way I could, consistent with honorable warfare, and to the best account; so as to hit hardest where it would hurt most. It has been my play from the beginning to restore peace, by putting down rebellious leaders, and looking to the Union-loving at heart, at the South, to return to their duty; and in this view you will see that I would make no special war upon the institution of slavery, for that would array the people of the South against us *en masse*. I would, so far as consistent with such a war, respect all the rights of loyalty, so long as there is loyal feeling enough to respect. But I will add, when this has been fairly tried, and it becomes apparent that there are no really loyal people there, or that they will not return to their duty though protected by the federal arms, I am, before permitting disunion, for complete subjugation, and holding the territory by force of arms, until it can be peopled by those who will respect and obey the Constitution under which they live. This would involve the abolition of all their rights as a revolting, rebellious people, and amongst them would be that of their domestic institution. But there need be no civil war over the question of slavery. The South are doing in haste what the abolitionists were doing at leisure. Wherever the army goes and stays long, the relation will become so much disturbed and

shaken and educated, that it can never again be made to work quietly nor worth keeping. If I were a rank abolitionist I would do nothing but pray, and that merely to gain time; for the institution is going to pieces under Southern management faster than the anti-slavery sentiment could make it if it had full charge. This is a consequence for which we are in no sense responsible, and one which the knaves and fools who inaugurated this rebellion ought to have foreseen. These views are hastily thrown off, and as they do not yet belong to the public discussions, you will treat them accordingly.

* * * * *

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

BINGHAMTON (Office), November 26, 1861.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER MARY—I was about to write you to-day, but waited for the mail, and it brought me your dear and beautiful letter.

I wish I had time and thought to pour out my whole heart to you, my child, but I have not, and as emotion frequently "absorbs me quite," I must content myself with a hurried note; for if I dwell on matters which lie so near my heart, I shall be bowed with grief for a week. I will not venture to tell you of all I felt, or yet feel on your leaving home. God only knows how much my heart-strings are twined around my children, and those I love; and like "the dividing of the joints and marrow," is a separation from them—even a brief one.

I regret to say that we shall not return from the East until some two or three days after Christmas. Of course you will remain at the "Orchard" until we come.

My first lecture is to be at Boston on the 9th, and my last, as now arranged, at Hartford on the 25th. I have two in Boston, one in Roxbury, one in Salem, where the "daughters week;" one in Providence, one in Worcester, one in Charlestown, one in Portland, one in Springfield, and one in Hartford. I had a fine audience in Brooklyn.

There is nothing new here, and I should scarcely know it

if there were, I am so much absent, absorbed by excitement, and engrossed by cares. I have for years hoped to have leisure, but it is not my destiny, and I must submit to sail through life upon a turbulent stream, catching as many glimpses of sunshine as I can.

All would send worlds of love if they knew of my writing, but you have it e'en though not sent.

Some time I hope to write you a letter worthy of yours received by me to-day.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

REVERE HOUSE, BOSTON, December 10, 1861.

MY DEAR MARY—We reached here yesterday and found your beautiful letter, much to our satisfaction. Yesterday we were at Springfield, going over ground where I had not been since 1821—when not two hundred people in the world knew there was such a being; and now that my name, for good or bad repute, is rather extensively known throughout the Union, it suggests some changes in me, as well as some in the country.

We were as nearly strangers there as in any part of the world. Went to church, passed a number of "meeting-houses," one of which your mother said might be a church, but I told her it looked as though they believed in "total depravity," and we went on and found "*the church*."

Boston is a hard place to produce a sensation in a literary way, but before one of the best audiences assembled here, my address was held to be a complete success.

Your mother is quite well. Love to you and John from us both.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO AUSBURN M. DICKINSON.

REVERE HOUSE, Boston, December 18, 1861.

MY DEAR AUBIE—I hope you are enjoying the pleasant

winter weather, though I suppose you would like to see more snow. You must not let the rabbits peel the fruit-trees, as they are apt to do in the winter. I am sorry your dear brother is not well enough to skate with you on "letter S." You must be all the comfort to him that you can.

This is a great city. A great many ships are here, and amongst them the San Jacinto, which arrested and brought home Mason and Slidell, and they are now confined at Fort Warren in sight of the city. We have had a very pleasant time, but are anxious to get home to see our dear little boys and their mamma, and all the family.

Learn all you can, so that you can help me.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

Boston, December 18, 1861.

MY VERY DEAR MARY—I write this to welcome you with a father's heart to the Orchard, where you and dear John will ever be at home.

I have spoken every evening, except Sunday, last week and this, and am to speak four evenings of the next week. I believe that I could speak a hundred nights in succession, so pressing are my invitations, if I could possibly give the time to it. Your mother is at Salem yet, but I expect to meet her in a day or two. I received your beautiful letter sent to Charlestown, last evening, and sent it on to her.

God bless you, my dear child, and keep you from all harm.

With much love to you and John, and all at the Orchard, and a "merry Christmas," I remain,

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, December 27, 1861.

MY LITTLE MARY—We reached here yesterday quite well,

but somewhat fatigued, and have had a good rest. We visit Lydia L. to-day, and to-morrow your mother proposes to go to the Orchard, starting on the morning express, while I leave for Washington at the same time. Give our love to John, and all the dear ones at the Orchard, and wish them a "merry Christmas," a "cold 1st of January," and a warm "4th of July"

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, {
December 29, 1861. }

MY DEAR LYDIA—I hope you reached our dear home in safety. I felt concerned about you, but thought you might be happier to go home than to be left at the hotel alone, during my trip to Washington. You had been with me so long that it seemed hard to part with you. On the whole, for so much haste, so much work, so much travel, and so much cold, we had a pleasant time of it East.

I had a hard, comfortless ride here, I assure you. I left the cars but once, and that to change at Philadelphia; and though due here at six, did not arrive until after midnight. On the way, we could get nothing that I would or could eat except some hard dry bread. We were detained by break-downs, freight trains, &c., in the God-forsaken Maryland woods, and I never had my patience so sorely tried in my life. The road is a mean, miserable, moping monopoly, cursed with everything stupid and knavish. We reached here and could get no supper but some fat jowl that reminded me of "Oily Gammon," and we could not eat that, so we went out to a restaurant at one o'clock, and got a poor supper, then went to bed. I had a fine morning sleep, and feel quite well. The house is a perfect camp; mud and dirt two inches deep on the floors below, and crowded full.

I shall close up my business and get away as soon as

possible, for there is no comfort here. Try to be as happy and contented as you can, and remember that I am, as ever,

Your most affectionate,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. CHARLOTTE M. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, January 1, 1862.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE—May God grant you a happy New Year, with all its attending blessings, and may you live long to cherish, protect, and console those who love you, and cheer life's toilsome journey to its close.

Most affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, January 1, 1862.

MY BELOVED LYDIA—May God give you a happy New Year, and bless our cherished home, and those we lové. May you, my dear, enjoy every blessing which our Heavenly Father extends to His children, and be free from sickness and sorrow, in entering upon an untried year.

I hope to get away to-morrow or next day. Yesterday I presented my colors to the 89th, and made a speech; lectured at the Smithsonian in the evening, and made a speech here at a serenade on my return.

I have not heard from you, and probably shall not until I get to New York. I am quite well—better than when I came, because more rested.

Most affectionately, your husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. SALMON.

PITTSFIELD, January 16, 1862.

MY DEAR LOUISA—I did cherish a hope that I might meet

my long-lost cousin here, and lament not only the disappointment but the ill-health which prevented your coming. I am exceedingly glad to meet your husband and son, for it seems to bring you nearer. If I had a few hours, I would call and see you, but I am as usual the sport of the elements, and must hurry back to Albany.

I spent the Sabbath at the Orchard—the first day I have been there since the 5th of December. They were all well. Mrs. D—— will spend some time in Albany, and I hope during the winter “we three may meet again.”

May Heaven bless you, and those you love.

Your affectionate cousin,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 17, 1862.

MY DEAR L—I went to Pittsfield by way of Bridgeport and Housatonic. Saw Mr. Eli Mygatt’s good face at Bridgeport, just where we saw him when you and I were last there. Just after the cars started, a fine, bright-looking young lady, Miss Ellen Mygatt, came and introduced herself to me. We all sat together and had a pleasant ride to New Milford. I was exceedingly pleased with her, especially as she thought I looked better than my picture. She and her father sent their regards to you.

I met Mr. Salmon and his son at Pittsfield, but Louisa was not well enough to come over from Richmond in the cold. Had a fine time, and fine success at Pittsfield, the largest audience of the season, and very enthusiastic.

Very affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

DELAVAN HOUSE, ALBANY, }
February 2, 1862. }

MY DARLING MARY—I should have answered your beautiful

and touching letter before, but that I have been upon time's rough and rapid stream as usual, and have had no opportunity in which I could pen a sentiment worthy of the occasion if I felt one.

I experienced more grief, my child, than you or any other young person can imagine, on your leaving the home of your childhood and early affections; and it brought more real joy to my heart when it was decided that you were to return, than it could to one just emerging upon the ocean of life, with a long day and prosperous passage in expectation. The affections of the young are fresh and buoyant and ductile. They are full of love and hope,—if their hearts are pierced, the wound soon heals, and they look for a brighter and a fairer sunshine upon each succeeding hill-top. But life to the aged has less charms in expectancy—the aged, like the poor, “make no new friends”—they have no after growths of joy, and what they lose, they lose forever! The aged heart in the affections grows craving and selfish, and hoards its beloved treasures as the miser clings to his gold. They realize, alas, that they must soon be separated, and they cling to objects that are dear, with all the tenacity of a deathless spirit.

May God bless and shield you, daughter of my age!—child of my heart's best affections—sunbeam of a threshold where bereavement has too often cast its sombre shadow! And may we all meet again around our consecrated home-hearth, there to live and love till “life's poor transient night is spent.” Love to all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

ALBANY, Sunday, February 2, 1862.

MY DEAR ELIZA—I am here with your aunt, or rather she is with me, in our own *hired* parlor, and enjoying ourselves as well as we can away from our Orchard home and those we love so dearly. We shall only be here until about April; in the mean time one or both of us will be back and forth occasionally, according to circumstances.

I mourn every moment I am separated from home and fam-

ily and all those I love, for as life advances it seems to me more than it did in former years that what I love now I love forever. Those earthly joys which are not now realized, never will be. There are many things to which my life stood pledged which I am sure are not to be realized: enjoyments of tranquillity in my own home, indulgence of seclusion in my family, association in seeing those I hold near and dear; for I am yet upon the stormy currents of existence, shall probably never cease to be borne along by them, until I am carried where the evening lights shine upon the land whose waters are still and where the storms never beat; and then all that will be said of me will be in the language of Montgomery, "There lived a man!" None will know how to sympathize with me in the loss of domestic quiet; none or few in the grief I experienced away from the associations of my home-hearth; and no one will care that I have not been enabled to see those I loved or to enjoy their society; but all will think me repaid in noise, *éclat*, and turbulence, for expatriation from all I hold dear.

Your aunt joins me in love to you and all yours.

With prayers for your safety, welfare, and happiness, I remain

Your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS HENDRICKSON.

ALBANY, February 17, 1862.

MY DEAR ANNIE—Your good, affectionate note came duly to hand, and I thank you for it. You have been so much engaged of late in military matters, that I feared you would forget some of your old friends, especially one of the rank of "General," for some one who is junior in age as well as rank. You went off as suddenly and as rapidly as though you were in the retreat from "Bull's Run."

Albany is as cold as a doctrinal sermon in January, but is rather gay for war times. The good news is coming in so thick and fast, that I begin to think of copying the example of the "only white man" found in Beaufort. Your sisters called upon me some days since, and I shall return the call

soon; and as I stand upon ceremony, you know, I would advise you to return mine as soon after you get back to this Dutch city as possible. Mrs. D. is with me; is about as usual, and sends some of her love, and I send all of mine. I shall be glad to see you back again, for Albany is a lonesome place to me. My friends of the olden time have passed away, and with my white hairs and brief sojourn here, I do not propose to court new acquaintances, nor to give up some old ones, though others *court them*. What do you think?

May God bless and shield and preserve you, my dear child, to bless all who love you as does

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MATHER.

ALBANY, February 18, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. MATHER—I know, alas too truly, my afflicted friend, how impotent is all human consolation under a bereavement so painful as that with which it has pleased a beneficent Providence to visit you, and that no words of sympathy or condolence can stanch the wounds of a bleeding heart; but it is grateful to our natures to be remembered in moments of sorrow, and I have believed that a word from one who has mourned would not be deemed intrusive.

The tendrils which bind us to earth one by one are severed, until those we love beckon us away to that land where the bright waters are still, and storms never beat, and sorrows come no more. In view of this we can exclaim with the stricken king of Judah, when a beloved object is taken from us, "He will not return to me, but I shall go to him."

Death in his kindly harshness has taken to his cold embrace the child of your early affection, but its image will ever be with you in your waking hours and when dreams beguile the senses, as the same bright and beautiful babe, unstained by sin and sorrow, and unblighted by the disappointments of the world.

"For is it not as if a rose had climbed
My garden wall, and bloomed the other side?"

Mrs. Dickinson writes with me in sympathy for yourself and Mr. Mather.

Sincerely your friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MRS. MORRIS TO MR. DICKINSON.

DERRY, February 27, 1862.

MR. DICKINSON—*My dear Sir*—I was very much gratified at receiving a pamphlet from you some days ago. It assured me that the episode of our casual meeting in the railroad car was not forgotten by you. It has been a very pleasant reminiscence to me, and I am much pleased that it has not passed from your recollection.

What an agonizing suspense we were in, during those December days that followed the insulting demand of England! I could hardly endure the policy of Mr. Seward in giving up those rebels, but now that the European powers whom we respect applaud the course, I am convinced that it was the right thing to do. At the same time we will reserve for ourselves the earnest hope that we shall one day demand satisfaction from England for her insulting words and action. As soon as the affair was over, I wished very much to know what your opinion was of the settlement of the case.

The attitude that the Canadians assumed in the trouble amused me extremely. They were highly melodramatic in their indignation at the supposed insult to their flag. It reminded me of the people of Ephesus shouting, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians;" and Mr. Seward's calm despatch was not unlike in purport to the quieting words of the Town Clock on a memorable occasion. The Canadians out-snob their parent snob-land whenever they have a chance of showing themselves off. How grand our victories have been lately! I trust in mercy they may settle the question of foreign intervention at least. With a fever of anxiety and zeal for the great Union cause burning in my veins, I stay quietly in my country home, looking after my household, and working night and day for the soldiers' hospitals. "*Telle est la vie*" of woman—this active inactivity. It is a monotonous life in times like these,

and I, for one, crave action with stirring men and minds. I am always attracted by an article in the papers that has your name attached to it in any way; and I read with interest your letter to the Union committee in New York. Your Hartford speech must have been most brilliant and effective in delivery; it is so stirring to read. I wish I could hear you speak. It would please me ever so much (and Mr. Morris for me), to hear from you sometimes in any shape or form that suggests itself to your mind. When you come to New England again, I shall hope to see you, so you must bear in remembrance,

Your newly acquired friend,

LUCY T. MORRIS.

MR. DICKINSON TO DANIEL S. DICKINSON, JR.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
ALBANY, March 3, 1862. }

MY DEAR STEVIE—We were very much pleased with your nice good letters. In a little while you will be so good a clerk that I shall be independent, and want none but my own boys. Be careful of your health, dear Stevie, and do not hurt your eyes by study or exposure, and you will soon be well and strong. The snow-balling on the 22d must have been good fun. I used to like it once, but my snow-balling days were over some time since. The snow cannot last much longer, and I think a thaw is already commencing. I care not how soon it is out of the way, for when it is gone, and the ground is settled, and the birds and flowers come, it will give me new life.

Your mother joins me in love to you and all the family.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MORRIS.

ALBANY, March 10, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. MORRIS—You can never know how pleased I was with your most excellent letter of the 27th inst., and I thank you from the best impulses of my heart for thus extend-

ing to me your generous confidence. I have read it to my wife and a numerous circle of intelligent ladies at our hotel, and I have taken the liberty of showing it to my associates in the government, as a sunbeam which fell upon my path in travel, and as the off-hand sketch of a true-hearted woman.

In a life of vicissitude—full of lights which shed genial warmth, and of clouds so dark that they might be felt, the most pleasant acquaintances I have ever had I just met casually, as I did you, in journeying. They have some of them cheered me along the entire pathway of a perturbed existence—have been the companions of maturer years, and gladdened many solitary hours. I feel I have added one more friend to those who feel an interest in me, and will cheer me onward “till life’s poor transient night is spent.” My guardian genius is kind to me, and means to strew my pathway with flowers, if she cannot avert the inevitable ills of life.

I admire especially what you say of Great Britain. As a nation I regard her as a lawless bully, robbing and plundering the weak, menacing those involved in embarrassment, and falling back upon her piety when brought to face the strong. The bulwark of a world’s religion—she prays for those she fears, and *preys* upon those who cannot defend themselves. I do not believe we were under any obligation to surrender Mason and Slidell, and yet I approved of the letter of Secretary Seward, for I was in Washington when it was issued. Mason and Slidell can only serve as illustrations of the last lines of the “Beggars’ Petition,” and we can afford to wait. We are pledged to the destruction of this rebellion, and will follow that out with singleness of purpose, and finish it. Great Britain wanted an apology to raise the blockade, and then to take sides with rebellion, and force us to acknowledge its independence. She has been defeated in that infamous scheme, and will not probably interfere with us hereafter. But she will have to pay for her insolence with interest compounded. She has touched a chord in the American heart which will vibrate for ten generations. She has lighted up a flame whose pure and constant glow will guide us to honor and glory, and bear her, with all her pride and insolence, to her national burial-field.

I hope I may live to see the day when this rebellion shall be put where it belongs.

Our general news is flattering in the extreme. We have just had some unwelcome naval intelligence, but I do not regard it as very serious.

Will you remember that I am a man of business, always hurried, always pressed, and writing as it were upon the run—and in so remembering, pardon this long, rambling, and, perhaps, too familiar letter.

Be kind enough to present my regards to your husband, with the suggestion, that while there is a stern and salutary command against coveting the wife, there seems to be none against envying the husband.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

BISHOP WHIPPLE TO MR. DICKINSON.

FAIR VAULT, RICE Co., MINN., April 10, 1862.

HONORABLE AND DEAR SIR—You remember you gave me a warm-hearted letter to President Buchanan at the time I made an appeal on behalf of my poor Indian wards. It miserably failed. Secretary Thompson had too much treason in his heart for justice. I have now appealed to President Lincoln; he has kindly sent me a response. I am a stranger to him. Will you do me the favor to address him a letter direct, stating your opinion of my efforts for these red men, and your confidence in myself?

Inclosed I send you photographs of four of my Indian boys, who have been with me a year and a half.

Yours faithfully,

H. B. WHIPPLE,

Bishop of Minnesota.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MORRIS.

THE ORCHARD, May 31, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. MORRIS—Since receiving yours of the 13th, events have crowded each other on and off the stage, but the impending blows at Richmond and Corinth remain suspended.

I would not care if some of the rebellious leaders were served in the same way; though I agree with you, that it would be as well for them to escape to some foreign land, to wander after the manner of their illustrious predecessors, "fugitives and vagabonds in the earth." The retreat from Corinth indicates that they are in search of the "last ditch," and I hope they will entrust the digging of it to Pillow, that he may get it on the wrong side.

You expressed a desire in your last to know something of my domestic relations; and as that is always a fruitful theme of interest with me, I will sketch some of the outlines. I adopted one of the maxims of Nathaniel Macon, and "married my neighbor's daughter." Four lovely children were born to us. The oldest was Virginia, of whose too early death you learned in the beautiful poem of Mrs. Stephens; the second, our only son, bearing the romantic and historic, not to say fabulous name of Manco Capae, a fine, manly boy, in the naval service of the U. S., was stricken down with the malignant fevers of Panama, and reached home to die in his 23d year, in 1850. He had early married, and left a young widow and two infant sons. They all remain with us, and we rear the children as our own, and thus live over again, in solicitude, anxiety, and affection, a life from which Providence seems to have ordinarily exempted our later years; but we regard this as a signal blessing, and a renewed lease of life. Dear Louise, our daughter by adoption, after years of suffering, was called home at mid-day. We have two daughters left to us, both married. Our parents, on both sides, have slept from their early toils for many years, but their memories are cherished with a fondness of affection which death alone can quench or silence. We have a numerous circle of relatives and connections, but too widespread and diversified to introduce on paper. We all hope the time may come when we may have the pleasure of doing it personally. I am glad of an introduction to your little son, and should be happy to have our little grandsons take him in charge awhile, to show him their curiosities, and inspire him with that profound awe with which a boy of six reverences those of about twice that age.

Although our domestic life has been disturbed for thirty years by public relations, induced much more by circumstances

beyond our control than by an ambition for station, yet our altar-lights have burned incessantly as the vestal fires, and

“ In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, and God has given my share,”

they now glow with as pure a flame as ever. Mrs. Dickinson has been an invalid from the time of rearing her children, yet she has by the force of her character and resolution risen above the depressions of a shattered nervous system and distressing bereavements, and spent many years with me in Albany and Washington; has at all times superintended her household, has travelled with me over much of this country, and was resting a few days with friends in Salem when I had the pleasure of meeting you; and now, dear Mrs. M., I have told you a little of my family history, and must confess that “little is long.”

Yes, how our country endures this infernal assault upon her free institutions! What untold elements of incalculable greatness, grandeur, and endurance she possesses! What terrible power reposes in her arm, when she elects to hurl her thunderbolts! Let corrupt, decaying monarchy beware. The very effort of a pampered aristocracy to inaugurate, nurse, foster, and urge on this rebellion, and perpetuate slavery, will abolish involuntary servitude, and arouse the slumbering genius of republicanism to rear her standard over the dying tyrannies of the old world. “God moves in a mysterious way,” &c. With regards to Mr. M., I am most sincerely

Your friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS HENDRICKSON.

THE ORCHARD, June 16, 1862.

MY DEAR ANNIE—I found your kind note on my return from Lockport, where I had been prosecuting in a murder trial, and getting credit for a great speech on the occasion. Mrs. D. went with me, and we had, on the whole, a very pleasant journey.

The Orchard looks lovely. Lilla and May are with us, and

we are making all we can of summer and home. The war, especially with the Army of the Potomac, is becoming too serious for even me to joke about.

Alas! how many must go down with violence and blood to their graves. May God in His mercy spare all those in whom we feel an especial interest; but then how many other hearts must be left to bleed, all crushed and broken, from war's desolation? If there is any hidden thunder red with uncommon wrath, it would seem that a just God would reserve it for the villains who produced this terrible conflict.

I thank you, my dear Annie, for your good and affectionate remembrance. I keep you high on my list of loved ones, and shall always cherish a memory of your friendship with fondness. You have been with us so much, and seem so much like one of the family, that you are near and dear to us all, and will not soon be forgotten.

I expect to be in Albany next week, when I hope to see you. Our kindest regards to all the family. Thank Matt for his letter, which I would have answered but for a terrible burden of correspondence.

Mrs. Dickinson and the girls send love.

Sincerely and affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO COLONEL PAYNE.

BINGHAMTON, June 17, 1862.

MY DEAR COLONEL—I am favored with yours of a late date, and shall give it my early attention.

I have just returned from Lockport, where I attended, on behalf of the State, as public prosecutor, in the somewhat celebrated murder trial of the people against Lloyd; and at its close, accompanied by Mr. Dickinson, came down to Rochester, and staid over at the Osburn House. I sent for you, but learned from the messenger that you were out of town.

For many years I have religiously contemplated and promised Mrs. Dickinson and myself a "sentimental journey" to

Wheatland Corners, in your county, and it has finally been taken. You, my dear sir, do not know, and never will, the deep and absorbing interest which clusters with the fervor of early recollections around that cherished little neighborhood; nor, perhaps, are you aware that amongst your good people are matrons who have sent stalwart sons to the wars, and are surrounded by blooming daughters; divines, who minister in holy things; opulent merchants and bankers, eminent lawyers, learned doctors, successful farmers, and thrifty mechanics, who were my pupils at a country school there, more than forty years ago. That school was my first adventure in life—the first time I had ever left my rural Chenango home—and the memories I have indulged concerning it have been among the most pleasing dreams of life.

We left in the early Genesee Valley train, breakfasted at Avon, and went by the Western road to Caledonia, where I called upon my esteemed friend, the Hon. Willard H. Smith, whom I had not met for forty years and upwards, but whose form is as erect and his step as elastic as when I parted with him then. Our friend McLean generously proffered his carriage, and we proceeded in it to Wheatland by way of Mumfordsville, making a brief call upon Duncan McNaughton, a youthful associate and co-worker in the calling of “teaching the young idea how to shoot.”

At Wheatland we found the little school-house standing, but having marks of somewhat recent renovation, and a school there, taught by a Miss Zimmerman, of Scottsville. I introduced Mrs. Dickinson and myself, and, though evidently much embarrassed, Miss Z. invited me to say a few words to her school, which the circumstances suggested, and I attempted; but I was overwhelmed with emotion, and could scarcely articulate a sentence. Ah! what a train of stirring incidents it mustered and rallied back upon my heart, as I stood again upon the floor, where the scholars before me were the grandchildren of those I taught, and were then sleeping, as Tristram Burgess said, “in the wide abyss of possibility.” I had grown from youth to age; had lived a life of incident and vicissitude; had reared children to the estate of men and women, and had committed their remains to their kindred dust. Not a face did I recognize as of that early acquaintance; and not

a single being in the whole district remembered me as the schoolmaster of other years, *and I was alone!*”

Yours sincerely,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO REV. MR. ROBINSON.

BINGHAMTON, July 7, 1862.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR—Your kind letter of the 2d, inviting me to attend the semi-centennial anniversary of the organizations of the Presbyterian Church at Guilford Centre, was duly received, and I return you a thousand thanks for the remembrance, and regret exceedingly that imperative engagements will not permit my attendance. The occasion must be, to those who remember the organization of that little church, as I do, one of most affecting interest.

I was present, and witnessed with a child's curiosity the ceremonies, which took place in an old-fashioned barn, owned by Jehial Parsons, who then kept a small tavern on the corner where the present structure erected for that purpose now stands. The barn alluded to stood a few rods west, on the road leading to Oxford, a short distance back from the road towards the creek. There were several clergymen present, but the Rev. Mr. Benedict, of Franklin, Delaware county, took the leading part in the exercises. He was a man of small stature, of fervid and impassioned eloquence, and it was said he had been a practising lawyer.

Speaking entirely from recollection, the church at its organization was composed of less than ten members, and conspicuous among these was Samuel Mills, Sr., who was chiefly instrumental in founding it. I believe the first members were Samuel Mills and wife, Daniel Johnson and wife, Jesse Whiting and wife, Mr. Benjamin Skinner, and Mrs. Julius Whiting. There may have been two or three more, and some of these named may have joined at a later day; but these, and also Daniel Savage and wife, were among its earliest members. My parents, and also those of Mrs. Dickinson, Dr. and Mrs. Knapp, united at a later day. The holy communion was administered at the close of the ceremonies of organization, and

the service used was glassware, borrowed from the hotel bar of Mr. Parsons.

For years there was no clergyman in charge; but that good old man, Deacon Samuel Mills—heaven bless his memory!—conducted reading meetings. He made the prayer and read the hymn; Julius Whiting acted as chorister, and my father, Daniel T. Dickinson, or Rufus Baldwin usually read the sermon. There was no organized church or society of any denomination in that part of the town previous to the commencement of these meetings, and many spent the Sabbath in their accustomed pursuits, while others devoted it to fishing, hunting, and other sports common to the new settlements. Clergymen from abroad preached there occasionally after the reading meetings commenced, and among them I recollect Mr. Hyde, of Oxford, Mr. Harrower, of Sydney, Mr. Dean, of Delhi, Mr. Garvin, of Butternuts, Mr. Thorp, of Coventry, Mr. Chapin, of Bainbridge, Mr. Chapman, of Hardwick, and Mr. Williston, from some of the eastern counties. The meetings were usually held in a little school-house, on the site of the present academy building; and there was I baptized, with my brothers and sisters, by the Rev. Daniel Harrow. But during the summer, when a preacher came from abroad, some barn in the neighborhood, was usually occupied. The first regular preaching there was by the Rev. Mr. Jewell, who was engaged for a few months, and he generally preached in the school-house. At a later day the Rev. Mr. Raymond was employed in like manner. When the church was organized the site of the present church edifice, with most of the territory in the neighborhood, was covered with a dense and dark hemlock forest, and I remember but two dwellings in sight—one, the tavern-house of Mr. Parsons on the corner, and the other, a small house occupied by a Mr. Dickinson, standing near the site of the one built and formerly occupied by Rufus Baldwin. The church structure was erected more by contributions of labor than of money; and when a small boy, with my father, I have driven three yoke of oxen many days in drawing stone, timber, and other materials for the edifice; and many a dinner, prepared by the hands of a sainted mother, have I borne from the old farm, a mile and a half north, to where the church building stands, to nourish laborers who

were engaged in what we termed "building the new meeting-house." Its raising was a subject of general rejoicing, a great event, which I helped to signalize in a grand game of *base ball!* And afterwards, when it was finished and dedicated to the service of the Almighty, I was one of the choir that welcomed the advent of the Rev. Mr. Tenair and others, officiating clergymen, by singing, as they entered the church,

"How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal," &c.

The Rev. Asa Donaldson was, I believe, the first clergyman regularly settled in charge of the church and congregation. He remained there many years, and by him I was united to my present wife in marriage in 1822.

With my parents and other members of the family, I followed the remains of a little brother to the burial-ground on the hill, in April, 1809. It was then a mere brush-wood, part of a rude clearing, and only two or three graves had been opened. Though now a populous city of the dead, I can remember some passage in the life of each of its early tenants.

In short, my dear Sir, the subject in all its phases is too replete with emotional interest and instruction for my sensitive nature, and I dismiss it with its painful, pleasing associations.

Be pleased to remember me and mine most affectionately to those whose memories linger with friendship around these early scenes, and believe me to be most

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

The Rev. S. N. ROBINSON, Pastor, &c.

MR. DICKINSON TO MESSRS. SCOTT, SLOAN, AND STERRETT,
COMMITTEE, &c.

BINGHAMTON, August 1, 1862.

GENTLEMEN—I have this moment received your esteemed favor of the 30th ult., inviting me to attend and address a mass meeting at Erie, Pa., on the 4th inst., called for the purpose of

promoting enlistments and to arouse the people to a sense of the danger which threatens our Constitution and national existence.

I regret my inability to comply with your request, for I have a like engagement in this section on Saturday, the 2d, and after that I cannot conveniently reach you in time for the gathering.

My views are to-day what they were when this hell-born rebellion assaulted the glorious flag of our country's pride and hope, at Sumter—that it must be put down without regard to cost of blood and treasure; put down by the strong arm of a government sustained by the material power and cheered by the moral energy of a great, free people; put down upon the theatre it selected for the inauguration of its diabolical treason, the field of blood; and put down, too, by severing the head of the loathsome serpent from its body. It is not a *mere* rebellion or outbreak. It is the result of a dark and malignant conspiracy, conceived and prosecuted by a worse combination of evil spirits than assembled at Milton's "Infernal Conference." It will never relax nor yield until it has overthrown the government or crushed it into the earth, beyond hope or prospect of resurrection; and not only to its *overthrow* but its *annihilation*, should we, as a people, address ourselves.

There can be, there should be, but two parties to the contest in the loyal States. The first, embracing those who, regardless of all other considerations or consequences, will prosecute the war and sustain the administration for the purpose of punishing treason and vindicating the supremacy of the Constitution; and the other, those who sympathize with rebellion, and either justify it by open advocacy or lend it aid and comfort and encouragement, by nods and winks and stolen glances of approbation; by ill-concealed apologies for its course, and by assaults upon the government for prosecuting a war against it. And in the second division should be classed all of any and every political party, sect or faction, who cannot at such a time rise above President-making or office-hunting machinery of every description; abstain from partaking of the unclean drippings of the contract department, or withstand the odor of the sutler's stewpan.

The rebellion has only had greater power of endurance than

was expected, because it has received moral and material aid from abroad, which we did not believe would be extended it. This has enabled it to keep upon its feet longer, and to stagger a little further than we supposed it could; but the satisfaction of terminating its miserable existence will be all the greater when it is done, and the means of our people to strangle it are as ample as their will is resolute. The war is not and should not be waged to advance any cause on earth but that of the Constitution and laws. It is not and should not be prosecuted to destroy any interests but those of conspiracy and treason. Its aim and end and chief avowal should be the protection of loyalty and the destruction of rebellion.

But in the pursuit of its purpose, the government must rise to the dignity of its responsibility, and while it extends the protection of the Constitution to those who acknowledge its obligation, should, in dealing with revolt, lay its hand with iron rigor upon every interest which will give it strength and weaken its lawless adversary, and should strike hardest where it will be felt most; should, for the purpose of conquering an early peace, in obedience to the first interests of self-preservation and the holiest dictates of humanity, whenever it will contribute to these results, immediately or remotely, *condemn* and *confiscate* to its use every species of property of every name and kind, whether animate or inanimate—on two legs or on four. This will give an earnest of the realities of war.

We have not now, nor have we ever had, over about one half men enough in the field to conquer and hold so vast an arena of rebellion; and the occasion is now presented for us to rectify the error, and to embody a force which can practically assert the strength and dignity of the government; can crush the venom out of this pestilent curse, and exhibit to the envious, meddling monarchies of the old world, the vindication of a free, self-governed people, against the machinations of conspiracy, and the sympathies of king-craft.

In raising such a force, the President should understand that, so far as taxation becomes necessary to a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war, and so long as its fruits are faithfully applied to that purpose, *the people will not hesitate at any amount*, for they mean this rebellion shall be destroyed and the Constitution sustained, cost what it will or come what

may, and in comparison with these results they will disregard the dangers and bloodshed and expenses of war.

Governments are constitutionally timid, and politicians are always behind the people, and both should understand that the popular demand of to-day is not only for the raising of three hundred thousand men already ordered, but for a further order for an equal number, with a recommendation that every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five should prepare to take the field in case of necessity. Let this be recommended, and so much of it as may be necessary carried into effect, *even to the whole*, and conspiracy will find its reward, and rebellion go where it belongs. Let the people demand this, and our good President proclaim it, and little more will be wanted than an act of amnesty for the masses, and halts for the leaders, to restore law and order and peace.

Let every one that loves the institutions of his country now come forward to defend them. Let every one who has a patriotic heart make proffer of it before the people. Let every one that has ability to shoulder a firelock, come forward to do so, and help rescue this land our fathers loved from the hands of traitorous despoilers.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Messrs. A. SCOTT, B. F. SLOAN, JOS. M. STERRETT, Committee.

[The following telegraphic despatch, sent by Mr. Dickinson to the Committee, was read at the meeting with the letter, "and received," said the published proceedings, "with tremendous applause."]

"Sent letter. I say a *million* of men, and make the end of the rebellion SURE! QUICK! and TERRIBLE!

"D. S. DICKINSON."

MR. DICKINSON TO A FRIEND IN NEW YORK.

BINGHAMTON, September 21, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR—Your kind note of the 18th, inquiring

whether I would accept the Union nomination for Governor, reached me at Albany; but I was about leaving, and was so pressed with engagements, that I was unable to answer it until my return to my residence.

In a time of such serious peril, no one, in my judgment, may say peremptorily, he will not accept any station, high or low, to which he may be assigned by the popular voice; but I add in all frankness, that I would not accept of any party nomination for any office, nor of any nomination whatsoever, except upon the most urgent public necessity and a popular demand too unanimous to bear resistance.

The office is worthy of the highest ambition; but I have enjoyed but little domestic repose for the last thirty years, and greatly desire retirement from the agitations of public affairs and the responsibilities of high official position. I accepted the office I now hold in the belief that my name would give unanimity and force to the Union movement of last year, though it was neither suited to my business interest, domestic convenience, nor flattering to my ambition. The Union movement was then without organization, and required sacrifices which are not now demanded. I have abated none of my desire for its advancement nor of my determination to aid to my utmost ability to prosecute the war upon rebellion to the bitter end; but there are many names as well calculated to aid the cause as my own, in the relation suggested, and I beg one of them may be selected.

This letter is neither public nor private, but as a matter of taste I desire it may not be published.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

GENERAL WADSWORTH TO MR. DICKINSON.

September 30, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR—I thank you for your friendly letter of the 26th inst.

I shall undertake this responsible position with unaffected anxiety in times like these. I shall look to you and men like you, for advice and support; and I must begin by throwing back your suggestion about "suggestions." It is over a year since I have been in the State, and there is no one here now who knows much of the state of feeling at home: so I have to feel my way where I would gladly have the advice of experienced friends. They serenaded me out the other night; and I determined to be very reticent and politic, but ended by saying just what I thought, and perhaps that was best after all. I need not say, my dear sir, that I shall listen to any suggestions you can give me with the greatest respect.

Very truly yours,

JAMES S. WADSWORTH.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS NELLIE MYGATT.

Monday Morning, October 5, 1862.

MY DEAR NELLIE—I hope this bright October sun shines upon you, and that you are well enough to find pleasure in it. It is a true October day—the loveliest season to me, except perhaps June; one is a season of hope, the other of harvest. The Orchard is full of variegated colors of every possible hue, and brimful of loveliness. Were you here as last year, how much all would enjoy it. But we will all be reconciled and patient under the severe affliction which rests so heavily on you—which pains us all. We can only tell you how truly we love you, how we watch in imagination at your bedside, how we pray for and would rejoice at your restoration to health. Mrs. D. is some better, and I contemplate a short journey with her into Ohio and Pennsylvania, to see if it will benefit her. I can but try it. If it seems too much for her, we can return.

All the family join me in love to your mother and sisters and all family friends.

May heaven bless and protect you.

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. SPENCER.

BINGHAMTON, October 6, 1862

MY DEAR S.—Your favor is at hand. I have only time to say, that I shall support Wadsworth. I do not act *politically*, but if I did I would not support his opponent.

Politically, I would never touch slavery. As a war measure, and an element of rebellion, I would strike it wherever it would hurt them or help us. I do not like all the action of the Republicans in the Union matter, but we have a great work before us, and must not turn aside because others may be selfish.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

 TO MR. DICKINSON.

October 9th, 1862, }
 NEW YORK. }

DEAR SIR:

A magnificent speech from a glorious old man—

The Demosthenes of the war—
 “*Senus in cœlum redeas*”—

“*Clarum et venerabile nomen*”
 to coming generations.
 NO MATTER WHO.

Hon. DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

 REV. MR. PEARN TO MR. DICKINSON.

PLATTSBURGH, October 11, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR—After reading your very interesting and able address, delivered at the ratification meeting in New York the other evening, I resolved to address you a congratulatory note; and here—near the line that divides republican from monarchical institutions; in sight of the place where Me

Donough fought and conquered, and on the ground where the strife of war was felt; where the very air is rich with the fragrance of patriotic memories—I sit down to execute that resolve. Pardon me, sir, if I seem officiously intrusive. My heart was warmed as I read that speech; and I seemed to be carried back to other days and scenes, and almost fancied that the purer and better days of the Republic were come back once more. It was as the echo of the spirit-voices of Patrick Henry or the elder Adams, that had come forth from the night of gloom which has so long enshrouded us, and, trumpet-tongued, were stirring the patriotic blood of the nation. God bless you, sir, for your noble utterances; may they find a true response in the millions of noble hearts that now beat in harmony with the pulsations of freedom; may they aid in throttling the monster rebellion that is desolating so large a portion of our land, and choke to death, and forever, the demagoguism that would promote selfish ends and gratify personal ambition at the expense of bleeding hearts, and the desolations of widowhood and orphanage. The echoes of those utterances will go down to the ears of coming generations, and millions yet unborn will thank God that in the middle of these dark and trying times there were left some noble examples of patriotic devotion on the forum as well as in the field; men who stood firm as a breakwater to stay the mad, rushing tide of anarchy and desolation.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours most sincerely,

W. H. PEARN.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

WASHINGTON, October 21, 1862.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I arrived last evening, as I wrote you, retired early, and had a good night's rest, breakfasted at eight, and at nine was in the department attending to my business. I hope to get through with it to-morrow.

Washington presents a sorry appearance. Socially, it is utterly destroyed for the present; and little is seen but mili-

tary display—infantry, cavalry, and artillery; squadrons of men and batteries of cannon. The President offered to send me with an escort to the army upon a special mission, but I replied to him by relating the answer of a Governor of our State when invited to dine with the Governor-General of Canada, in a time of profound peace: “*I don't think it wort while for de axacative to drust himself in de power of de anemy.*”

Try to keep well and in good spirits, and if I could be sure of both it would relieve my journey and absence of much of their tedium.

I have not seen a single one of our old friends yet. A caller comes. Much love to all, and remember me as

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. JAMES.

BINGHAMTON, October 30, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMES—Your kind note, also one from the judge, reached me here yesterday. I would to heaven I could visit you, and stir the blood of old St. Lawrence, but it is out of the question. I have had seventeen despatches by telegraph (I won't say *gram*) in the last twenty-four hours, and about a bushel of letters, all wanting me to speak. I wish I could meet them all, but the time before election is short, and I must economize. I am engaged every day until the election, and some days I am to speak twice. This will do for my white head and sixty-two years. I speak at Ithaca this morning, and to-morrow at Owego.

I thank you for your generous estimate of your cousin's efforts. The public generally, I find, place a higher estimate on them than I do. I mean what I say, and that, perhaps, has something to do with it. I think my visit to Washington had some good results. I infused into them some new life and spirit, and told them what was the popular judgment.

I had the pleasure of dining with General Ripley and family, and was much pleased with them.

All send love. Beg the judge to accept this as an answer to his note also.

With regards to all, I am

Your affectionate cousin,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MRS. YALE TO MR. DICKINSON.

ON BOARD STEAMER, MISSOURI RIVER, }
November 15, 1862. }

DEAR SIR—The monotony of a passage on a steamer is oftentimes relieved by writing to friends; but an unaccountable desire has taken possession of me, an humble female of somewhat advanced age, to address one favorably and publicly known throughout our distracted country, but to whom *I* may have been unknown through life. This, I confess, is quite romantic, and perhaps may appear to you as an evidence of second childhood; still, I will trust to your candor and goodness, believing you will impute my solicitude to the real motive. It has ever been a source of pleasure to me, yet seldom gratified, to see or learn any intelligence from the friends of my youth, and more especially my teachers. I might have been “weighed in the balance” and found wanting in obedience and respect at that period of life; but years can hardly fail to open one’s eyes to youthful thoughtlessness. The remembrance is held sacred of the country school-house in Wheatland, Monroe county, N. Y., where I passed several winters. The names of some of the teachers I can barely recall; others are vivid in my recollection: among the latter is a Mr. Dickinson, whose initials (if I mistake not) were D. S. Certain am I that I kept, until the day was appointed, some years later, for the marriage of Joel Yale with Delia Stone, daughter of Elder Eli Stone, some pieces of his composition dedicated to the simple school-girl. May I ask the favor that in the midst of your labors and arduous duties you will give a passing thought and endeavor to recall what must now appear a very unimportant period in your history? If I am mistaken, I relinquish all claim to another moment of your valuable time.

Am I correct in the impression that the Hon. D. S. Dickinson was my tutor one short winter, while his home was with an uncle at Caledonia Springs, temporarily, but his parents, if I recollect, resided in Massachusetts? From a notice in the papers, some months since, I learned that your home was Binghamton, N. Y., and while visiting a daughter at Topeka, Kansas, I read an extract from a speech delivered at Brooklyn, N. Y., and I then resolved to intrude myself upon your notice.

In the midst of the darkness and gloom that pervades us on every side, I endeavor to gather up some reminiscences of the past to cheer my lonely pathway to the tomb. I have given my three beloved sons to their country (I much fear that one has already fallen), and am dividing my time among my daughters, who are far distant from each other.

If indeed Delia Stone was once your pupil, will you have the kindness to gratify her by answering this, and address

MRS. DELIA YALE,
Jonesville, Hillsdale County, Michigan.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS NELLIE MYGATT.

THE ORCHARD, December 7, 1862.

MY DEAR NELLIE—You were very good to remember me with a kind note when you were depressed and afflicted with illness, and you shall have in return my grateful acknowledgments—the only tribute I can offer. I hope, by this time you are much better again, and whether so or not, we regret that you are not here to enjoy the advice of a Doctor of *Laws*. They have one advantage over a “Great Medicine:” their prescriptions are very good in sickness, and better in health.

The weather is cold, colder, coldest, and biting and bitter. We are all snug and warm; for as our material church is undergoing some repairs in the heating apparatus, we do not go out to-day, but try to remember our church spiritual at home.

There is not much in the war news to cheer us; though I think the preparations of Burnside, the sailing of Banks, and one or two other expeditions, the cold weather, the failure of that frog-eating knave, Louis Napoleon, to get England, because of cowardice, and Russia, because of friendship, to aid in inter-

vention, the restlessness of the rebellion leaders, the nervous sensibility of its sympathizers and abettors in this and other free States, and the effort to procure an armistice, are ominous of the fate of the rebellion. It begins to see the sword of Damocles suspended over it; and I care not how soon it falls, if the constitution be not acknowledged in all its purity and power.

The President's message is well; some parts of it are replete with truths which, though common-place, are startling. It lacks elegance and compactness, but it is frank, sincere, and manly; and anything that is manly excites my admiration. Does it not yours?

Well, dear Nellie, the season of festive occasions, of joyous congratulations, of affectionate interchange of generous wishes and holy remembrances, is upon us again, and another Christmas with its greetings, and the New Year with its salutations, will be with us. God grant us all and those we love, all that the season suggests, all that kind and generous hearts would invoke for us or a beneficent Providence bestow.

To-morrow I expect to go down to the city, thence to Albany, returning the latter part of the week, and hoping to find you at the Orchard and ready to go with me when you go to the city.

All as usual, and all send love to you and many remembrances.

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. YALE.

BINGHAMTON, December 19, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. YALE—I do not remember ever to have experienced deeper emotion, except under domestic vicissitude, than I did this morning on reading your letter, which reached here during my absence of a few days in New York. I was overjoyed to hear from you, my long-lost and most valued friend, and your beautiful and welcome letter rolled back upon my worn and weary heart such a rushing tide of memories that I yielded to feelings that I could not control, or resist, or conquer, and I sat down and wept like a child.

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The time spent in teaching that little school was amongst the bright and sunny periods of my existence, and I have ever cherished it as a foretaste of that land where there is no sin or sorrow. I had gone out from my rustic training, in a rural home; I knew no care and little sorrow, and not a single circumstance occurred during my term of the least unpleasant character; but my young life was cheered and made happy by the pursuit of a favorite occupation, blessed by kind and indulgent patrons, and the respect and obedience of my pupils.

I loved that little school and all its belongings; and when I left, it was understood that I should return again and teach it another winter, and the trustees were to correspond with me on the subject. I wrote to them as the autumn approached, but never heard from them. As there was no post-office nearer than Scottsville, I presume they never received my letter. The result was that I engaged as a teacher at the East, and never returned to the vicinity of Wheatland for nearly thirty years, and never to Wheatland, and the well-remembered places there, until last June. I had never forgotten the dear place and its beloved associations; the people, who treated me with more than parental consideration; nor my pupils, whose cheerful faces and beaming eyes I can see now as plainly as when they were before me, in 1821-'22.

There can be no affectation in saying that you were, with me, an especial favorite; that I then regarded you with exceeding interest, and strange to say, that although I have been anxious to hear from you, and have inquired whenever I have chanced to meet any one from that vicinity, even last summer, I have never learned what became of you until I read your letter this morning. I was more pleased with the remembrance and evidence of regard than I can describe, and shall esteem you with increased interest for your tribute which has given me so much emotional pleasure.

My life has been an eventful one, full of excitement and toil, full of joys and sorrows, full of smiles and tears; rewarded with what the world calls honor, greeted with popular acclaim, and subjected to the censures that all public men encounter who do their duty fearlessly; but I have been generally cheered by a generous feeling; have enjoyed the confidence

and respect of my neighbors, and have been blessed in my domestic relations.

Yes, my dear Madam, the brown-haired boy whom you knew in the lowly school-house has been known perhaps nearly as far as civilization has travelled. You may remember I was then a mechanic, but I did not long pursue the craft, but taught school. I married Lydia Knapp, who has proved a devoted and affectionate wife, and shared with me the joys and sorrows of our capricious being. I read law, was admitted to its practice, and have conducted some of the most important trials which our courts have witnessed. I was a member of our State Senate four years; was Lieut.-Governor two years; also, a member of the United States Senate seven years, and am now Attorney-General, an office which I accepted chiefly to aid the heroic cause.

We live just out of our beautiful village, on the banks of the lovely Chenango, and are surrounded by foliage and rural beauty, and, in their season, with birds and fruits and flowers, and have "neither poverty nor riches."

Four lovely children were born to us. I send you a melancholy memoir of the eldest; the second, a bright and beautiful boy, died in 1850, just as he was entering upon life. He was in the navy, and died at home of a disease contracted at Panama. He left a young widow and two fine boys, all remaining with us. Our third child, Lydia L., is the wife of a Mr. Courtney, a lawyer residing in New York; our youngest, Mary Stevens, married Mr. Mygatt, a lawyer, and they are at present with us. I have been thus particular, for I was sure that you would feel an interest in my domestic relations, as I certainly do in yours, and I beg of you to write me at a convenient time, concerning your family and friends.

I have, within the last ten or twelve years, been at Rochester often, but was so occupied with public duties that I never found time to visit the, to me, consecrated ground at Wheatland, until last June. Having occasion to attend a State trial at Lockport in my official capacity, Mrs. Dickinson, who has long been an invalid, but enjoys travelling, accompanied me; and having long regarded it as a religious duty to pay a visit to that scene of early days, I had promised Mrs. D. to take her with me. After the trial had closed, we went to Caledonia

by railroad, and from thence to Wheatland in a carriage furnished by a friend. The little school was there still, taught by a young girl. She was evidently embarrassed on seeing strangers, and the more so when informed who we were, and the occasion of the visit; but she demeaned herself with great propriety, and after conversation, asked me to make an address suited to the circumstances, which I attempted; but my heart choked my utterance, my voice was almost inaudible, my eyes filled with tears, and I found myself a child. How could it have been otherwise? I was an aged and white-haired man, with care and bereavement written on my forehead, standing where I had stood more than forty years before, when I had known neither. And where were the little confiding flock I had parted with in April, 1822? Alas! many had gone forever! perhaps death had the majority! The living were scattered world-wide by the strange events of life, and could never be gathered with their teacher until the final day! I remembered my favorite, Delia Stone, with her bright, blooming face, and her trim red flannel dress, but no one there could remember her. I inquired for others of my pupils, but echo answered "Where?" I went up to the former mansion of your father, Elder Stone, who used to call me "the Master," where your dear mother so often remembered me with doughnuts and pies while I "boarded round." The old house was there; but it had been abandoned by the owner for a more ambitious structure. The chimney had been taken from the venerated mansion; the hearthstone, the gathering-place of affection, had been removed, and all was full of desolation. Not a face did I see that I could recognize, nor did I find one who remembered me as the schoolmaster of an age gone by. It was a day to me full of strange and mingled emotions; my heart leaped with joy at the pleasant memories, and bled afresh to think their realities had passed away forever.

Though my head has been bleached by the frosts of sixty-two winters, I have been blessed with excellent health; can read by night or day without glasses; am as straight and vigorous, though not as lithe and sprightly as when you knew me. I send you some of my speeches, and, if agreeable to you, shall be glad to correspond with you, for we evidently entertain the friendship and mutual regard of our spring-time.

I am pleased to know that you have offered up your sons upon the altar of our country, for it is one of the noblest spectacles of mortal existence to see a mother thus devote and dedicate her children to save her country. May He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" shield and protect them, and restore them safe to your arms, to be the stay and solace of your declining years. We have no sons to send to the war, but have many near and dear friends engaged in the conflict.

There is with me something sacred in the purity of early friendships, before the heart has become cold, selfish, and distrustful—full of cankering cares and disappointments; but when the good genius which guided our childhood and youth bears sway in the heart over prejudice and passion—oh, does not something whisper in us that the pure in heart shall meet again, far away beyond this bleak existence; where the skies are fadeless; where the affections flow out from the gushing well-springs of eternity? Shall we not "know each other *there*," and in Heaven renew our early associations and affections, where the tendrils which unite our hearts will never, as here, be severed and bleeding. What was it but that divinity which "swells eternal in the human breast," that prompted you to write me after a separation of more than forty years? What is it that draws out my heart to you after so long a period? It is that pure and unselfish friendship, which is the redeeming feature in fallen man, and of which of a truth we may say, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

This long and crude epistle, written amidst the press of engagements, and frequent interruptions, will nevertheless tell you how much I am and ever have been interested in you; how sincerely obliged I am to you for remembering and addressing me; how anxious I am to hear further from you, and to assure you that when I go near you (and I occasionally go West) I shall call to see you. Mrs. D. and all my family unite in a feeling of great interest for one for whom I cherish so lively a regard, and my wife joins me in an urgent invitation for you to visit us when you come to this section of the country. I hope you will keep me advised of your address, that I may occasionally communicate with you.

May that Being who has preserved us from youth to age,

and permitted this interchange, bless, protect and cherish you and yours, and may you still remember with regard the teacher of the little school.

Yours affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

P. S.—I send you my photograph, and also one of our pet boys. I have yours of 1822, more complete in every feature, and lineament than art can ever produce, in my “mind’s eye,” and no representations of the present original by an artist can ever displace that, as it is one of the visions of early friendship. I shall be pleased to learn how Time has dealt with you, if convenient and agreeable.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. WESTCOTT.

THE ORCHARD, Christmas Morning, 1862.

MY DEAR SISTER LUCIE—The beautiful and tasteful present you were kind enough to send me as a Christmas offering deserves the acknowledgment of a heart warmed and gratified by the memorial of affection. Will you accept it, with the assurance of a brother’s love, commencing when you were a child, and neither weakened by time, nor chilled by care, nor obscured by age; but increasing with time, and growing stronger with years.

No ordinary tendril of affection, my dear sister, has bound you to my heart, through a long life, chequered by vicissitude; and to-day you seem nearer and dearer than ever. May we both be spared to each other, and to those who love us, to a goodly age; and when the fragile piteher of life shall be “broken at the fountain,” may we and those whom death cannot divide drink together the waters of life eternal. The love I bear you, and the remembrances of your sympathy, will burn with a pure and constant glow even in death.

Your affectionate brother,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

THE ORCHARD, Christmas Morning, 1862.

MY DEAR MARY—I accept your beautiful present of a cross with affectionate emotion, and return you the warm tribute of a father's heart. That I may ever indulge a lively remembrance of the sentiments which prompted a gift so appropriate, and walk in a way which the symbol admonishes, is the prayer of my heart.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO COLONEL PAINE.

ALBANY, January 7, 1863.

MY DEAR COLONEL—Your favor of the 31st ult. is before me, and I once again sit down to write you. * * * * *

I was so shocked and humiliated by the perfidy which the result of the election showed existed in the Union organization, betraying it to death, that I did not feel like saying anything to any one. The defeat in itself was of no consequence, but the causes which produced it are enough to fill the mind of every honest man of every party with concern. I much more fear my dear sir, the *demoralization* of the day than I do all other causes combined. It threatens us more than the rebel armies and foreign intervention together. I hold and cling to all my Democratic ideas, but I do not propose to join nor act with the bastard, stultified, jobbing, disloyal gang, who control the Democratic party. Neither do I belong to the Republican organization. It is my mission to rally the masses if I can to put down this rebellion, and I shall be found with those who go most directly and energetically to that end,—making that the one paramount idea, and everything else subsidiary and incidental.

If my advice and programme had been followed in the Legislative address, the Union organization could not have been broken. But there were schemes of political and personal

ambition to be provided for, and hence the course pursued. As they did not take my plan, I fought as well as I could on theirs, and the result is before us.

I wrote you last summer of my visit to Wheatland. There was a favorite young lady who attended that school, for whom I had often inquired; we were then intimate friends, but had not heard from each other in more than forty years. She wrote me ten days since from Iowa, saying she had read and heard much of me as a public man; but never suspected I was her Wheatland teacher until last summer, when she read some newspaper biography, and thought I might be the same. She had just read a speech of mine which so interested her, that she determined to write and ask me. Her letter caused me deeper emotion than any event for many years. I gave her a long, and perhaps interesting account of much that had transpired since I was a rustic boy, unknown except to a few friends of a school district at home, and the one where I taught, and she a beautiful girl of seventeen, full of life and hope, but now a widow with sons in the war—one fallen, another in a hospital, and a third in the field. It can interest none as it does the parties, but to us it is full of emotion.

Allow me, if not too late, to wish for Mrs. Paine, yourself and family, all the kind suggestions of the season, and many happy returns. Mrs. D. is in New York with our daughter.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Col. N. E. PAINE.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

ALBANY, January 10, 1863.

MY DEAR MARY—Thank you, my dear, for your kind note by Charlie, and the rest.

Your mother and Lydia are "walking Elysian fields amid ambrosial flowers" in the housekeeping line. Your mother is delightfully situated for her; free from care and noise, and, if she can content herself to stay away from me, is a thousand times better off than she would be here, where there are so many smoking, drinking, swearing, snoring politicians, that they

make both night and day hideous. Lydia's house is really very nice and pleasant.

You must write me often and let me know what is wanting in the home department. Love over and over to all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO A. M. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 10, 1863.

MY DEAR AUBIE—I hope you are all well at the Orchard, and getting along, prosperous and happy. I should like to know what improvement you and your brother are making at school.

I was thinking, the other day, that when I was about your age, I rode, one cold December day, on horseback thirty miles and back, upon a strange road, and much of the way through the woods. It was in the war of 1812. Do you think you could do it on "Dan" or "Jimmy?"

Much love to you and all the family, and remember how much hope I have for you and Stevie.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 15, 1863.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I did not hear from you yesterday, and have not to-day as yet. I did not write yesterday myself, and have a mind not to to-day, for both days were and are foggy, dark, wet, dripping and dismal, and I am afraid I should be equally gloomy.

I have felt so mournful over the death of Dr. Jackson, and the Harpersville news, that I have scarcely had spirits enough to write. Dr. Jackson and family came to B. just before we did. He was an early and intimate acquaintance, and a friendship grew up between us which was never shaken, and has been severed only by death. I have written Mrs. Jackson.

It true, what a dreadful accident that was at Harpersville! That was a fine neighborhood, and some of our best young people must have been lost. I wonder when this almost infernal folly—the skating *mania*—will give place to another.

I expect to reach New York as I wrote, but unless the weather is good, and you are well, don't try to meet me. I can get over a dozen ways. Nothing new here. Love to L. and S.

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

ALBANY, January 21, 1863.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I, that is, “this pleasing, anxious being,” reached here about nine last evening. The “rat-baiters” have not all returned as yet, but will be up in force to-day. I am unusually busy, having a Canal Board Session, Land office ditto, and business with the Governor. Many letters—among them one from Mollie, one from Lucie, and one also from Aubie, but none of interest besides.

Tell Lydia that I never enjoyed myself more in New York;—that her housekeeping is elegant, for me, and I enjoy a dinner or breakfast in her little dining-room ten times as much as in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Nothing new. I have scarcely seen any one. I hope you will be careful, and enjoy yourself as much as possible. I shall *catch up* in a day or two, and will write more, and better. Love to all.

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

CONGRESS HALL, LYONS, January 27, 1863.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I reached here in good time last evening, and had a good room, good supper, and a good rest. The trial

in which I am engaged will not be very long nor laborious; but no sooner was it known that I was here, than handbills were out for a speech.

I went to see your cousin, Mrs. S., and found her pleasantly located a little out of the village. I knew her by her resemblance to her good mother, and, to my surprise, she knew me at a glance. Mr. S. was out, and I had not the pleasure of meeting him. They live handsomely, and, I should judge, happily. They have two beautiful daughters, Helen and Virginia, the latter named after the loved and lost, and two fine little boys.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

ALBANY, March 2, 1863.

MY DEAR MARY—I had a pleasant visit to New Milford. I think you and John may well be proud of your relatives there, for I have seldom indeed, with all my large experience, seen such a pleasant home, such hospitality without pretension, such frank and friendly welcoming without over-doing, such complete good breeding and simplicity of manners, as I saw there.

I knew that Nellie was a woman of uncommon cultivation; but some have it the natural way, some pick it up in society wherever they go, and as Nellie is a person of quick and clear perception, I did not think so much of it. But it seems to *reign* there, and I am surprised that in so small an interior town there should be so much finish and ease.

I wrote your mother how they welcomed me, and everything was so till I left; and then Nellie would go with me to the *dépôt* to bid me good-bye.

What a sad thing it is for one so well fitted to adorn society, and to give light and joy and hope to the domestic circle, to be so stricken. She is not as well as when with us, but is most of the time about. She was evidently very glad to see me, and did her best to make it pleasant for me. I am rejoic-

ed that I went, for it was a pleasure to me, and all the more as I was sure she so much enjoyed my visit.

I could hardly see why; but I think she was very happy in her visit with us, and felt as if it would bring back some of the Orchard enjoyment. I shall always look upon her as a very lovely woman.

The session will close about the middle of April, and now time seems to run fast. I long to be home again.

Give love to Johnnie, Lottie, and the boys, and all be as happy as you can.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

ALBANY, March 4, 1863.

MY DARLING MARY—I received your dear letter with photographs inclosed. John's is first-rate—making him look as comfortable as an alderman after his turtle soup. Yours, though a pretty good one, does not look as well as you do. It is an excellent one for those who know you; to a stranger it does not show you as bright and sprightly as you are. I am glad to get them. I would give much if I had good ones of my parents and of our own "loved and lost."

You know not, my dear Mai, how much your father loves you, or how dear to him is your happiness; and my interest in John is the same. I was indeed full of gratified pride to see with what affection all the New Milford friends regarded you both. They could not say enough to prove their admiration. I shall always love and admire them for their friendship and regard for you.

I cannot say enough about the pleasure of my visit there. It is absolutely affecting to see Nellie's affection for our family. I shall always be glad I went. Nellie seemed so delighted to see me, and I think enjoyed my stay in a degree beyond my comprehension. I do so hope she may recover her health, for she is too valuable to her friends and to society to be lost to earth. And yet she is better fitted for heaven than for this sorrowful existence.

Give much love to all the dear ones at the Orchard, and believe me

Your most affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MARY STEVENS.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. WALBRIDGE, CHAIRMAN, AND OTHERS, COMMITTEE, &c., TOLEDO, OHIO.

ALBANY, March 12, 1863.

GENTLEMEN—I wish I could respond to your generous invitation of the 5th inst., by attending your meeting of the 18th in person; but I shall be unable to do so, and can only send you in this hasty note my acknowledgments and the assurances of my sympathy.

Of all human problems, the one to me most difficult of solution is, how a loyal mind outside of a penitentiary or mad-house can in any manner, under any pretence, to any extent, or for any purpose, aid, assist, countenance, wink at, or apologize for the black and murderous conspiracy and rebellion which are engaged in attempting to destroy our holy hope—the Union.

Our brave soldiers who are battling in this struggle—ten-fold more important than that which was waged for American independence—deserve, and should receive, the love and thanks of every man and woman, and be cheered by the united voices of a whole people, regardless of age, sex, condition, or political designation or opinion. But we must blush to own, that the rebellion they are resisting in battles of blood upon the field, dying amidst the malaria of marshes, and enduring the privations of the camp to crush, is justified, stimulated, and encouraged by politicians at home, and that, too, in the sacred name of Democracy!

Oh, Democracy! Democracy! how many abominations are practised in thy name! Thomas Jefferson was a Democrat, for he evolved the sublime theory of man's equality. Andrew Jackson was a Democrat, for he waged a war of extermination upon monopoly and privilege, and strangled the first serpent of secession by bold and intrepid measures, and by the star-

ting enunciation that "The Union must and shall be preserved." Both these great political lights remained faithful to the creed they cherished; they went to their rewards full of honors, and, like the setting sun, seemed greatest as they sank to rest. They fought the good fight; they finished their course; they kept the faith. But if Jefferson had finally changed his theories of man's equality to the advocacy of a government based upon the foundations of perpetual negro slavery, and if Jackson had sought the destruction of the Union by armed rebellion, or had justified or apologized for those who did so, they would have better represented *Demonology* than *Democracy*, and their memories would have been scorned and execrated instead of being embalmed in a grateful nation's heart.

Judas, so badly conspicuous in sacred history, breaks upon us as a disciple and follower of his meek and lowly master; but he was so no longer when he became copper-headed and copper-hearted, and betrayed his Lord to the Confederate Priests. Benedict Arnold was the proud associate of Washington in the early history of the Revolution, and his name was upon every tongue for military skill and intrepid daring. In an evil hour, like modern Arnolds, he became "dissatisfied with the prosecution of the war and the administration of the government," seceded from his high estate, and was a Revolutionary patriot no longer, but

"Left a traitor's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

More manly, however, than his copyists of our day, this illustrious wretch did not content himself with apologizing for and justifying those who robbed and pillaged and murdered his countrymen, but he entered the service to which he had sold his polluted being, and was first and foremost in the work of havoc and destruction with his blood-red hand. And yet Judas should pass for a worthy disciple, and Arnold for a distinguished patriot, with those who believe it is good citizenship and true Democracy to resist or embarrass the government in its efforts to crush the rebellion which seeks our destruction as a nation.

I am an old-fashioned and adhering Democrat, and believe in the sublime creed of Democracy to-day, as I have through a

long and somewhat eventful life. But Democracy, like coin, may be counterfeit, and in proportion as the true is valuable the spurious is vile and worthless. I believe, too, that no party, as such, can or should attempt to conquer the rebellion, but that all can and should act together in the grand accomplishment. I by no means include in my sweeping and censorious designation the great rank-and-file of the Democracy, whom I know to be true to the Union, who have been misled by self-constituted and fussy leaders by appeals to their partisan pride and prejudices, and creeds and traditions; for such are as mistaken as they are honest, in clinging to their partisan standards, and attempting to run the political car in the old ruts and grooves worn in times of party conflict, as though this intestine war were a bloodless canvass for the Presidency, and to be disposed of by platforms and regulated by resolutions. But the self-elected leaders, those who invoke partisan strife; who direct the partisan machinery, and would jeopard and divide our Union, if not madly destroy the best free government on earth, for the gratification of malignant feelings and unworthy aspirations;—they must take the highest niche in the temple of infamy, to which a world's opinion has universally assigned them for their baseness—for to-day they are the mainsprings of this murderous rebellion, by promoting strife at home, and they give its chief aliment and life and hope and endurance. They have been, by a common consent, designated as Copperheads, and no name could be more appropriate. Strutting under their borrowed plumes and vain conceits; claiming officiously to speak for Democracy, to whose *creed* they seem strangers, they boast of the many reproachful names the Democratic party has in other days been able to carry away triumphantly, and declare their ability to render this one reputable and popular. But they forget that it was that Democratic party which professed and practised the principles of Jefferson and Jackson which was thus successful; that it was not incumbered by treasonable leaders of the whole or half-blood; that it did not attempt to uphold conspiracy and rebellion against the government, and that so long only as its *doctrines* were popular and acceptable could it laugh at reproachful names. The true Democratic party might at any time have withstood successfully the mere des-

ignation of copperhead, but it has never seen the day, and God grant that it never may, when it could endure such leaders as these, and carry over the bleeding fragments of a murdered, crucified, and dissevered Union, both a brazen head and a copper heart.

An ancient fable tells us of a serpent—it was, doubtless, a copperhead—which gave up the lead to the tail instead of the head; that, in attempting to crawl through a wall, stuck fast, and remained there, indulging in outcry, too wilful to recede, and unable to progress because of changing to the front its *tapering tail*; and such seems now to be the position of the party which bears a serpent's name, and is executing a serpent's mission. The miserable accomplice of rebellion, its chief hope, its malign and mischievous co-worker and supporter, has already had its day, and indications are abundant that it is to be abandoned to its fate by those it has, by its snaky influences, betrayed into so grave an error as to apologize for treason and murder in this attempt to destroy the Union. The *Te Deums* so recently chanted to rebellion upon a high key by the sweet singers of secession, are no longer within the compass of their voices, and they are evidently about to lower their tones, or, in military as well as musical phrase, effect a "*change of bass*." As spring opens we shall see many who have boasted of their designation of copperhead crawling quietly out their political snakeskins, and taking sides with the loyal masses in crushing forever the rebellion. Let us, then, be of good cheer and of unfaltering purpose, and God will enable the seed of the woman not only to *bruise*, but to sever the head of this political serpent, rebellion, that has wound its scaly folds into our political Eden, and thus preserve our cherished Union for all coming generations.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

Messrs. H. S. WALBRIDGE and others, committee, &c.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. JAMES.

ALBANY, March 14, 1863.

MY DEAR COUSIN—I am glad that you threatened me with

an infliction, and delighted that you carried your purpose into execution. Please persecute me much oftener in this way.

I am yet here, all alone, in this cheerless city, and Mrs. D. is in New York. I go down to see her quite often. I am flattered that you like your cousin's way of talking. You are good judges, and if you approve the crude reports I think you would like them better still as they should be. I seldom see the reporter's notes, hence many laughable and some provoking errors. In my late speech in New York, at the Washington supper, I spoke of the Empire State in the constellation as "apparent queen," and the reporter made me say, "one parent queen." Classical, was it not? In remembering me to your mother, tell her I have just closed a letter to Toledo on public affairs, in which I draw a line between true and false Democracy, and I will send her a copy when it gets into print.

I expect to meet the judge at Johnstown, where I am engaged to prosecute a murder trial. I almost expect you to be with him, but not quite, because of the season. All would send love if they knew of my writing. Be pleased to remember me to the judge, your mother, sister, and all family friends, and believe me

Your affectionate cousin,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. YALE.

ALBANY, March 31, 1863.

MY DEAR DELIA—You may remember, when I thus address you, that I see you as in 1821, with your bright, genial, girlish face and laughing eyes, and that though my own hair is whitened with years, which was then brown in boyhood, I cannot make you seem to my mind's eye other than you were when last I saw you; so I call you "Delia," as I was wont to then.

Your good letters to Mrs. Dickinson and myself came in due season, and I sent them to her, and have since seen her and learned that she was delighted in the perusal of them. Her health is yet delicate, and she remains in New York.

Last week I spent in Connecticut, speaking against the

“copperheads” in the election campaign, where they have a very severe conflict. I spoke from one to two hours and a quarter, six evenings in succession; travelling from one to two hundred miles each day, between points where I was to speak. I came home, staid one day, and then went post-haste to Washington; did business there, and here I am again, as hard at work as ever.

I am pleased with the interest you feel in our little boys. We call them *sons*, and they call me “father,” and Mrs. D. “mother,” and their own mother “mamma.” I send you a note I received from one of them, who is twelve years of age.

You were right in thinking I went to Massachusetts when I left Wheatland, and I had spent considerable time there previously, but it was on business for my uncle at Caledonia, and when that was closed up I returned to Guilford, N. Y.

I will send you a speech made at Hartford, Conn. I think I am not what you term with great significance a “dry speaker,” and, unlike the one you mentioned, never use water while speaking, as it injures instead of benefiting the throat.

I hope to see you and renew our acquaintance, and bring you and Mrs. Dickinson together, when I am sure you will love each other. Commend me kindly to those who are near and dear to you, and remember with kindly affection your former, present, and ever

Sincere friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO D. S. DICKINSON, JR.

ALBANY, April, 1863.

MY DEAR STEPHIE—I have been away so much and so busy when here, that I have not had time to answer your kind letter. I have been in Connecticut, making speeches; and to Washington, where I was present at the Indian talk described in the paper I sent you. The speeches are not fully reported. The “Lean Bear” said, when he shook hands with the President, “he did not take hold of his hand only a little, he took hold of his body all over.” I stood near where they sat. When the President spoke, and the interpreter told them what

he said, the chiefs, when they were pleased with what he was saying, would exclaim Ough! Asiough! Waugh! as much as to say, "that is good." I hope the legislature will adjourn soon, for I much desire to be at home with you all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

GOV. BUCKINGHAM TO MR. DICKINSON.

HARTFORD, April 8, 1863.

DEAR SIR—Accept my thanks for your kind congratulations—not personal only, but for our whole country. We are indebted for our victory to just such patriots as you, who have thought less of their party than of their country.

Very respectfully yours,

W. W. BUCKINGHAM.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

ALBANY, April 10, 1863.

MY OWN DEAR MAI—I am indeed a bird of passage. I went to Connecticut and spoke six evenings in succession; came back to Albany, spent one day, went to Washington, reached there at ten A. M., did business till six P. M., started homeward, did all my ordinary business here, spoke three days in the Court of Appeals, made a speech at Tweddle Hall, went Wednesday to Johnstown, and prosecuted a murder trial two days, came back here last evening, have another cause in the Court of Appeals that I am watching, and some expect to speak in New York to-morrow, if I can get away. Won't that do for an old foggy? I had a letter from Nellie inquiring anxiously for you and Johnnie, as she had not heard from you recently. I trust you will soon return to the Orchard.

I shut my eyes and harden my heart, and long for the time to come when this legislature will expire, so that we can go "home again." Write often, dear Mai, and give much love to all. I have been so exceedingly busy that I have not

written as much to you at home as usual, but I do not forget you. Love a thousand times.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. DUKEHART AND OTHERS.

ALBANY, April 14, 1863.

MESSRS. JOHN DUKEHART, THOMAS R. RICH, and DANIEL C. BRUCE, Committee, &c.

GENTLEMEN—I have just returned to this city from a few days' absence, and find your invitation of the 7th inst., requesting me to address the Loyal Union League of Baltimore on the 20th.

The exceedingly complimentary, kind, and cordial terms of your note demand and shall receive my most thankful acknowledgments. Such generous and partial approbation of my humble services to the cause of Union, Constitution, and Government, repay all my labors ten fold, and turn aside and strike down the poisoned arrows which are sped by the votaries of treason. I regret most sincerely that I shall not be able to comply with your request. There is no place where I would rather speak than in the Monumental City, for I feel that I should there be inspired by a double portion of the spirit of liberty. The legislature of this State, with which at present I am officially connected, will close its session at or about the time of your meeting, but probably not before, and I cannot be absent.

I am rejoiced that you have inaugurated a movement so sublime and commanding. Its influence will be felt throughout our extended country. It will cheer the spirit of loyalty everywhere, and will cause the gorged and bloody genius of this murderous rebellion to reel and quake. I am proud to acknowledge as brethren all who are for the unconditional crushing of this rebellion and the maintenance of the Union, and all who unite in regarding as traitors those who by thought, word, or deed would embarrass government and encourage treason.

The question at issue is between free government and

the tyrannies and aristocracies of earth; and the wretched leaders who darkly conspire for the destruction of our Union and the subversion of our Constitution, and who forced rebellion upon their people, are the mere pimps and butchers of monarchy in disguise. It will be a mighty struggle, but the Constitution will prevail; hecatombs of victims may be offered, but not in vain, for conspiracy, treason, murder, and all the lesser villainies will finally come to judgment. Cotton, which was to have been crowned king by European accomplices in honor of the Iscariots who betrayed their country to crucifixion, will be degraded to the position of a mere subject; and slavery, the pretence for the war, will make its exodus from the political Egypt through a Red Sea of blood. It will give gibbets and jails and halters and pillories and exiles to its leaders here, and freedom and equality and life and vigor to the masses of the Southern people. Our country, when it has finished this work, as it will, will leap forward a century at a single bound. The votaries of king-craft abroad will, for their reward, find themselves a century nearer their disgraceful doom than they would have been but for these great trials of the popular elements. Their instruments here, whether on the battle-field or the meaner field of political warfare, will be forgotten, except for the wrongs they have perpetrated; and the people of this Union, stretching onward toward a hundred millions of souls, will be prosperous, peaceful, and happy.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. YALE.

ALBANY, April 15, 1863.

MY DEAR DELIA—I will employ this familiar address until you admonish me that I am taking a liberty unauthorized. Your notes have just been received, and read with that interest which I shall ever feel in everything that emanates from your pen.

I confess to a high and holy friendship for you, and have always spoken of you before my marriage, and since, to Mrs. D., as a person in whom I felt an unusual and touching inter-

est. I had said so much of you to her before your first letter, that she needed no introduction, and now she feels great anxiety to make your personal acquaintance, and will write you soon. She has been for a long time an invalid, but she writes with great beauty and facility. She is still in New York. Here it is noisy and tumultuous, but Mrs. Courtney resides in a quiet part of the great city, and there she is free from company when she chooses to be, and from excitement, and the ups and downs of the political capital. I go down every few days to spend the Sabbath with her.

I hope you will write me often, and as freely as our mutual friendship and early esteem demands and justifies; and I will add the pure and heartfelt pleasure experienced at a time of life when the sun is declining beyond the hills, and evening is gathering around her curtain, at the renewal of early ties. The domestic and social affections are all there is of heaven on earth, and their pure and sacred indulgence in interchange of thoughts, of kindred sympathies, of assurances of friendship and regard, of holy charities, and, far as may be, casting flowers in the pathway of those we love, is as high a duty as it is a powerful pleasure.

I have a large correspondence with persons far and near, of all ages and both sexes; and, though crowded with business and worn with application and exhausted with mental fatigue, there is not a day, I do not hesitate to declare, that it does not constitute one true source of enjoyment. When separated from Mrs. D. I usually write her every day. We all write each other often.

Write soon. I am here alone, and the voice of friendly regard soothes and consoles my spirit.

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. D.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

THE ORCHARD, Monday, April 27, 1863.

MY DEAR LYDIA—God be praised! I am once more at the dear Orchard home, and find all well. When I leave home at the commencement of a dreary winter, I never do so without

fearful forebodings—for who can tell what is in the future every coming moment, and the more so for one of our long, desolate winters,—and when I am permitted to return, I try to be thankful to heaven. It looks sunny and pleasant here—the lawns are green and everything is inviting. They were all delighted to see me—the boys wild with excitement. It is lovely here, and would seem much more so if you were with me, for then it would be home indeed.

The ten o'clock morning train is on now. It is a mail train, and reaches here at half-past seven. All wish to see you, and send worlds of love. May heaven bring you safe home.

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

No. 60 WALL ST., June 2, 1863.

MY DARLING MARY—Your dear note, so replete with beauty and affection, has just been received. I am proud that you and all the beloved ones are pleased with my Albany speech. It was hurriedly made and carelessly reported, and I am all the more glad that it has elements enough for your admiration left.

Every parent should leave some inheritance to children. It is my highest ambition to leave to mine, not a surfeit of perishable, vulgar, material wealth, which seldom elevates or ennobles, but a name which will pass into history for its integrity in life, and its patriotism in a crisis which tried men's souls.

I know, my dear child, your generous and confiding love; and although I may think your partiality has set a higher estimate upon the production than its merits will justify, yet I am none the less affected or flattered. I am always more solicitous of what those nearest and dearest to me think of my efforts than I am what the world will say or think. When you are as much accustomed to newspaper blunders as I am, you will care as little about it. It is, after all, "of no consequence."

I congratulate both you and John on the step he has taken in the church. It has given all his friends, I am sure, true pleasure. It is one of the most beautiful and impressive rites in the history of fallen man. It has made many better—not one worse.

Give much love to John, Charles, and the boys, and your mother, if still there.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO THE UNION STATE COMMITTEE OF
DELAWARE.

[At a late period in the canvass Mr. Dickinson visited Delaware, and spoke at the capital and several of the principal towns.]

NO. 60 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, June 5, 1863.

GENTLEMEN—Your exceedingly kind note, inviting me, in behalf of the Union State Committee of Delaware, to address the citizens of that State at their capital on the 9th instant, was duly received: I have also been honored by notes from Mr. Harrington, the Adjutant-General of your State, in behalf of his excellency Governor Cannon and of himself, in terms so flattering and urgent, that I have never more *desired* to accept an invitation than this one, and have delayed an answer to this moment in the hope that I might so adjust my business here as to be with you upon an occasion so full of interest.

But after every possible effort, I shall find it inconsistent with other imperative relations to be absent from this city at that time, and am therefore forced to the declaration that I cannot go. I have in no sense relaxed the efforts I have been making, nor abated the zeal I have manifested in the holy cause of the Union from the first overt act of the conspiracy against its integrity; but every day and every hour, as time advances, confirm and strengthen my faith.

Time “nerves my heart,” and, were I a soldier, would “steal my sword” to increased perseverance and renewed activity in crushing the corrupt conspiracy and dastardly rebellion by force of arms; for that is the most effectual disposition which can be made of them.

I regard this as the world's struggle between free popular government and despotism. It is so viewed by the tyrannies and aristocracies of earth, and hence, with all their pretended horror of domestic slavery, we see them sympathizing with a rebellion, proposing to rest for its perpetual foundations upon the groans of African servitude. That those who have been fattening like vampires upon the life-blood of their fellow-beings; who are bloated and intoxicated with privilege, and who live riotously upon earnings of the laborer whose children are starving for bread, should desire to see a government of freedom and equality overthrown, is not surprising. But that rational beings in the new hemisphere, and in the loyal States too, can add their sympathy and succor to a cause which "defies God and tramples on man," is a problem in its moral, social, and political relations which I know not how to solve.

The Rajah of Mysore, being afflicted with a carbuncle of threatening character, in the indulgence of a heathen bloody superstition, caused an infant of tender age to be slain nightly, and bound over it, in the expectation that it would be healed. The gorged and grasping and plundering votaries of the dominion of man over his fellow-man in the Old World, by a vicious organization, slaughter hecatombs of children daily, not to cure, but to perpetuate the huge political exerescence which disfigures their political and social system; and not contented with this enormity at home, seek to transfer it to our own favored land by the dissolution of our Union, and the destruction of our government. In the great day of accounts, when the hearts of all men are laid open to view, the swarthy Pagan with his hideous divinities, his obscene orgies, disgusting mummeries, and bloody sacrifices, will be esteemed an honest man in the sight of God than he of the Old World or the New, who, born in a Christian land, baptized in the name of the Trinity, reared in the light of gospel truth, yet seeks to place the heel of despotism upon the neck of unborn generations.

In a struggle so momentous I heartily reject and trample on all sickly sentimentality, all puling propositions of peace, all the frothy declamation and flimsy sophisms of canting hypocrites and ranting demagogues, small and great, over their parrot phrases "free press" and "free speech," and the bug-a-boo cry of abolitionism, and shall follow but one paramount

idea. It is this: The government is assailed by armed rebellion; one must prevail and the other go down! So long as this conflict continues, I shall be found on the side of the government, supporting any *administration* which is in good faith endeavoring to suppress it, and this too, whether its efforts are exerted in resisting the approach of rebel arms, hanging spies and traitors, sinking pirate ships, confiscating the property of rebels, liberating their slaves, enforcing conscription or raising colored troops; and I would also sustain it in snuffing out rebel journals and imprisoning spouting treason-mongers whenever necessary, and when the influence they exert is worthy of notice, which I admit is not often the case. But the power is abundant and I would leave its exercise to those charged with a duty so important, delicate and responsible, hinting to them the admonition, however, not to help dwarfed and obscure demagogues into a notoriety which they court, but cannot attain unaided. The great question now is, the existence of the government, the protection of the Union against conspiracy, rebellion, and treason, at any cost of blood or treasure, and by any and every means known to or justified by the rules of war, or practised by Christian civilization. This is the grand and absorbing issue, and let us not be diverted or driven from it by armed conspirators on rebellious territory, or their unarmed and less manly abettors, apologists, and sympathizers in the loyal States, who keep one foot in rebellion and the other out, ready to jump on to success on either side; nor listen to the *copperhead*, "charm he never so wisely;" but pursue the good work until it is fully, completely, and successfully accomplished.

When this conspiracy is crushed and the government vindicated, I care not how widely this new-fledged, pin-feathered philanthropy, yearning over treason and murder and traitors, expands itself. When rebellion lays down its arms, we shall have a real, an honorable, and enduring peace. But until the supremacy of the constitution and the laws is fully acknowledged, all the hosannas sung to peace by the sweet singers of sympathy with rebellion will prove illusory, even though in the amended if not improved language of the poet,

"The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And *Copperheads* shall lick Secession's feet."

We can crush the rebellion in spite of rebel arms, British sympathy and material aid, or the machinations of tad-pole politicians at home. But all that gives hope to rebellion, as these aids and comforts do, encourages it to postpone its day of yielding to the authority of government, and to stagger on a little further, to see what may come to its assistance; it protracts the war, and swells the sacrifice of life, already fearfully alarming.

It would hasten peace, if treason-apologizing journals could cease their advocacy of the rebel cause for the present, and indemnify themselves for their abstinence after the war is over, by depreciating the government, by eulogies upon rebellion and slavery, to their hearts' content; if gasconading orators could teem with eloquent invective a few months longer, when their delivery would be harmless, when they could howl like the dervishes of Syria against the government of their fathers, and indulge all the "freedom of speech" enjoyed and practised by their "illustrious predecessors" in the days of Balaam the prophet. The duty of all loyal men is plain and practical. Their success, with integrity of purpose and perseverance, is certain. Let the preservation of the Union and the constitution be the pillar and the cloud to mark the pathway until rebellion is dead and buried at the cross-roads, with its face downwards, as the ancients disposed of felons, and all other considerations be made entirely secondary and left to take their chances, and the sun of peace will speedily shine over us with healing in his wings.

Be pleased to remember me kindly to the gentlemen who have so generously desired my attendance and expressed their wishes in terms so complimentary, and believe me to be

Sincerely yours

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. BELL TO MR. DICKINSON.

125 FIFTH AVENUE, June 8, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR—I read your Chenango County Address with as much of surprise as of pleasure and of interest—surprise,

that I should find you the author of such a production, so variant from what the world has been taught to regard you or to expect from you.

Since our interesting (at least to me) ride on the Hudson River cars to Albany, I could the more readily understand and believe your interest in it. As a purely literary and elegant composition, and I may say, I trust, without your thinking that I speak merely for compliment, that I read it with delight, and that it deserves, as it one day will receive, a much wider circulation than among your immediate personal friends.

As you said, I had (I have no doubt in common with most of those who did not intimately know you) been taught to regard you purely as a politician and statesman, and had no idea of your culture of belles-lettres or the arts, much less of the sentiments and the affections.

But life is too short, after all, to give away, for all that power or fame can give, the nobler, if they are the softer and better, qualities that cling to and cluster around the heart, and I love you only the more, my dear Mr. Dickinson, for what you were kind enough to tell me of your past, and what might be called by some a weakness, but which I prize highest as the noblest and best of your qualities.

I feel very happy that I have met you. You have won me, and had long ago before I saw you, by the noble stand you took for the Union at the outset of the present struggle. I shall not fail to stand by you and support you in my weak way in the great work that is approaching, and I hope always to call you my friend.

Yours ever faithfully,

CLARK BELL.

MR. BIDWELL TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, July 3, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR—Please to accept my thanks for the photograph which, in compliance with my request, you have had the kindness to send to me. Already it adorns my book, where it will remain and be carefully preserved by my family, as I am

very confident, long after you and I have passed away. I value it highly.

I thank you also for your address. I have not had time to read it, but reserve that pleasure for the summer vacation, when I shall have time to peruse it deliberately and carefully. I have, however, taken some furtive glances at it, sufficient to assure me of a treat when I can take it up without interruption.

I rejoice to see the energy with which you have denounced this most unprovoked and nefarious rebellion—a rebellion which has desolated this fair land, has filled it with mourning, desolation, and woe, has gladdened devils, despots, and aristocrats, and has brought reproach on the cause of self-government and free institutions. In spite of the malice and desperate efforts of the arch-traitors, and of the grave discouragements we encounter in the conduct of affairs at Washington, I trust that, through the merey and favor of God, the spirit of the people will put it down in such a signal manner, that all patriots and friends of liberty will have cause for exultation and joy.

Yours truly,

MARSHALL S. BIDWELL.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS NELLIE MYGATT.

THE ORCHARD, August 9, 1863.

MY DEAR NELLIE—Well, that jaunt or journey—or visit or excursion, has been taken—and it partook of all these characteristics,—and we returned here last evening, and found your kind letter of Monday.

We took an easy carriage, and Mrs. Dickinson, our pet boys, two fowling-guns, two fishing-rods, myself and some other baggage started on Tuesday morning and went leisurely to Oxford, where we staid at the little hotel on the Governor Tracy side of the river, quite comfortably. We had a great many pleasant calls and cordial greetings from old family friends and acquaintances and strangers. Wednesday morning went to Guilford, dined at the little hotel, and spent the residue of the day with my sister, two and a half miles from there, on

the shore of a lovely little lake, where I astonished the boys by showing them that I knew how to row a skiff with power and skill, and was a true disciple of Izaak Walton in the "noble art of angling;"—feats which I had not attempted for thirty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Merchant, on our return to the village, insisted that we should exchange hotel quarters for their house, which we did, leaving the boys with their uncle on his farm to amuse themselves in gunning. On Thursday we assembled again, and started in earnest upon our "sentimental journey;"—visited my father's farm where I was reared, and all of its points of interest; and old friends, now "few and far between," I assure you; for of those of other days but few remain; the school-houses where we had attended separately and together; the place where Mrs. D. was reared, and where we were married; that where we commenced housekeeping, and the cemetery where our parents and other "loved and lost" ones repose; and you may well imagine, it was to us a season of deep interest and painful emotion. About 1814, I lost a lovely sister, aged five years. From that day to this, I have never thought seriously of that distressing bereavement without the tribute of bitter tears. My mother half borrowed, half adopted a little girl in her place of the same age, a loving child,—but she left the family at the age of fourteen, and I had never seen her since. She was especially near and dear to my mother, and tenderly beloved by all the family. To add to my emotion, I learned that this same child, now a widow-lady residing in Philadelphia, was in the neighborhood visiting her friends. It seemed as if it would wring out the last emotional grief of my heart to meet her, but I greatly desired to see her, and I did. She was yet a beautiful woman, with three little daughters, so like she was when I first knew her, that all the memories came back together in startling reality. She was very glad to see us, and greeted us as a sister. You can see now, dear Nellie, what the occasion was to us, from this mere hasty outline.

As soon as we reached Guilford, which is an agricultural town, with very little village, it was suggested that I should speak. I consented, of course; though I presumed that in the hurrying, haying and harvesting season at its highest pitch a meeting could not be gathered. They sent out oral notices Wednesday afternoon, by such chances as offered, and on

Thursday evening, over a thousand persons, nearly one-half ladies, had assembled to hear me, and I made a long speech, to which I can only say they listened with great attention and apparent interest. You can see that circumstances had no little influence in the matter. They came in pairs and single; on horseback and on foot; but most of all by twenties and thirties, on farmers' wagons with the "hay rigging" on. On our way up (as we came for *relaxation* and *repose*), it was agreed I should speak at Oxford, on my return on Friday evening, and on Friday, after viewing some points of interest and dining, we went to Oxford, and stopped at Mrs. Clark's, where we were hospitably and pleasantly entertained. Had a fine and successful meeting, said to be the largest ever held there. I called at your uncle's, and they as well as all family friends inquired with much affectionate interest for you. We remained in O—— until yesterday and then came home.

This visit was prompted by duty and affection. It was full of lights and shadows, but we thank our beneficent Father that we have been permitted to make it.

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON DECLINING RENOMINATION AS ATTORNEY GENERAL.

BINGHAMTON, August 24, 1863.

As the sitting of the Union State Convention approaches, it is frequently inquired whether my name will be before it for a renomination. I answer, by no means, with my consent or approbation. I yielded to the popular voice two years since under a controlling sense of duty. I had strongly urged the ignoring of political divisions, and the united action of all who proposed to prostrate the Rebellion and vindicate the authority of the government by force of arms, as best suited to the emergency. The elements for such a movement were unorganized; those who had been accustomed to meet in conflict for years, though of kindred faith upon this vital question at the time, had not yet learned to act together conventionally; and, to insure harmonious counsels, the occasion required sacri-

fices not now demanded. Being assured by indulgent friends that circumstances had given my name a relation of peculiar significance, and that it was necessary to the combination of the popular forces, I reversed a determination I had believed unalterable, and accepted the nomination.

The professional duties of the office of Attorney-General are congenial to my tastes, and I have found their discharge pleasing; but there are strong reasons, chiefly of a personal and domestic character, why I do not desire and cannot consent to incur their responsibilities longer. The stirring issues of the last twenty years, in official relations and otherwise, have so absorbed my time that private interests have been made secondary, and I have been withdrawn from my home until I am almost a stranger at my own fireside. I shrink not from any of the active duties of the citizen in this day of our country's peril, but I can discharge them with greater efficiency if left free from the weight of official obligation.

I entertain the same opinion of the Rebellion to-day that I did on its outbreak—that it must be put down absolutely and unconditionally, *by force*, if we would preserve the government of our fathers, and save our name from becoming a synonym for cowardice and baseness, wherever the history of the American Revolution has travelled or its fruits been realized. From the commencement of the rebellion I have urged the union of all true men, irrespective of political organizations, to aid the administration in crushing it. I have labored faithfully to that end, and such shall be my effort in the future. I propose to act and will act in the cause, with all whose views are the same, regardless of whence they came, or what have been their opinions upon other questions; and I will oppose all, whatever they may have been at other times, or may be called now, who are giving aid or comfort to the Rebellion, whether boldly, with arms in their hands, or through the cowardly and more insidious process of fomenting partisan strife, and encouraging resistance to the Administration in the prosecution of the war.

The rebellion has received its death-blow. It has now little power for mischief, save in its spasmodic struggles, as it gasps out its ignoble existence. It may, by galvanic applications from its friends in the loyal States, once or twice rise to its feet and stagger on a little further; but this will rather hasten than

postpone the hour of its final dissolution. As it passes away, and the law is preparing its halters and dungeons and banishment for conspiring leaders, let us pray for the forgiveness of the deluded masses who have been cheated or driven in this wholesale murder to minister to the unholy ambition of some of the most fiendish monsters who have ever desecrated earth. As for the mole-eyed politicians among us, whose poverty of intellect has not enabled them to comprehend the magnitude of the crisis, when they shall cease to encourage the murderers of our sons and brothers, let us endure their exhibitions of depravity and the ebullitions of their spite without a murmur, and in sheer pity measure out to them, as an antidote to their ineffectual virus, that scorn which is made most emphatic by expressive silence.

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. METCALF AND OTHERS.

BINGHAMTON, September 4, 1863.

GENTLEMEN—Official duties will not permit me to accept your generous invitation for the Union meeting of the 10th inst., I regret to say, for I sympathize with you in the struggle in which you are engaged, and in the objects of the meeting; besides it would give me unbounded satisfaction to meet your patriotic Governor Curtin, whose course I have greatly admired, and who deserves well of his State and of his whole country for his direct and manly energy in sustaining the cause of the Union.

The rebellion itself is in a state of rapid decay. If its foreign sympathizers are not in haste, they will scarcely find enough of it left to "recognize," and it will soon sink so low, *a state of deep debasement truly*, that the copperhead politicians will not employ it as stock in trade. Confederate shipplasters are already worth less by the peck than potatoes, and their armies are cut up and beaten by the federal forces, and demoralized and scattered by disaffection and desertion.

The last refuge of rebellion, and of its miserable accomplices in the loyal States, is the boast, that the President of the hun-

bug Confederacy will raise and arm 500,000 negroes by the promise of liberal wages, freedom from slavery, and bounties of land.

This resort is worthy of its source. The rebellion cannot muster one-half the number of colored soldiers in its borders, fit for military service, if they would go willingly; it cannot well spare those it has from the cultivation of crops and other labors at home; it has no money to pay the men now in the field, and cannot obtain it; it is questionable whether it dare arm, if it could, the negroes who are on their way to freedom through a surer and better title than rebellion can give, from the President of the United States; and as for the land belonging to the Confederacy so vauntingly exhibited, it was all offered in a single parcel, under the same title, more than eighteen hundred years ago, by a greater secessionist than Jeff. Davis, *without getting a single bid.*

Truly yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MESSRS. CARPENTER, HUBBELL, AND
ROBINSON, COMMITTEE.

BINGHAMTON, September 12, 1863.

GENTLEMEN—I am highly gratified to receive your invitation in behalf of the War Democracy of Wisconsin to attend and address their Mass Convention at Janesville on the 17th inst., and it would afford me higher gratification still, if I could comply with the request. But, too little time, too great distance, and absorbing engagements, will not permit me the privilege. I say I am gratified in your movement, and this is no mere formal phrase, for I am rejoiced beyond power of expression that another effort is to be made to assert the true democratic principle, and vindicate a name so honored in history, so dear to the lover of equal rights, so replete with glowing traditions, so laden with a glorious fruition, from the snaky influences of copperhead contamination. Rome once sat upon her seven hills, and her banner waved in triumph over a subjugated world; but a “change came o’er the spirit of her dream,”

and she became a land of fiddlers and dancers. The name of democracy has been a synonym for popular progress, equality, and other sublime political truths. It has never been employed to designate a peace party in war, nor a war party in peace; but has at all times been alive and sensitive to its country's honor and intrepid in its defence; and it will be an evil day for its future hopes when it is found to mean a combination of politicians who value party more than country. It lays the axe at the root of monopoly and privilege, and labors to advance the practical political equality of all men. Its theories shake the tyrant upon his throne, and console the captive when the iron enters his soul. It would strike off all fetters which despotism has forged for the limbs of labor, and raise up the masses to the station which Heaven destined them to fill. In short, its benign mission, in humble imitation of a higher and purer code, brings peace on earth and good will to men.

True democracy was illustrated in the war of 1812—a war forced upon us by the insolence of a power which just now seems to have forgotten the teachings its lessons inculcated. Mr. Madison, then President, was a patriot and statesman, but a stranger to war, and he entered upon the contest without adequate preparation. That struggle was a mere skirmish compared to this in which we are now engaged, and yet, in proportion to what was done, our mistakes and reverses were far greater than now. But the old democratic party of that day, with all true country-loving men, stood sleepless upon the watch-towers, supporting the administration, with all its errors, in sustaining the national honor, aiding it with men and money for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and the result is history. At the commencement of the war, the old federal party was in the very hey-day of hope, the height of its power in many of the States. It possessed an aristocracy of wealth, of talent and of letters, which rendered it truly formidable and imposing. It brought all these to the resistance of the measures of the administration, and seriously embarrassed its action. Like its modern and meaner copyist, it was a party of peace! It professed to support the government, but to oppose the administration, whose acts it pronounced “unconstitutional!” the usual resort of necessitous demagogues. It was opposed to the draft, and discouraged volun-

teering. Every reverse of our army was magnified, and every success belittled; it sought to create divisions and disaffection amongst the masses, and by the same means its copperhead successor so faithfully imitates, and it gave the same aid and comfort to the enemy then which is given now. But the people, under the lead of the democratic party, rallied around the standard of the administration as the standard of their country; the war was prosecuted with energy; in due time mistakes were rectified and errors avoided; our army became triumphant by land and by sea, and upon the great waters of the North and West, and the war closed in a blaze of glory at New Orleans. And where is the old federal party? More extinct in the political history than the Mastodon is in nature, for even the political quagmires and alluvial deposits furnish no "organic remains." So retributive and terrible was the popular vengeance that it left no traces to show upon what its wrath had fallen. History is now repeating itself.

The combination of copperhead politicians, like the unclean spirits of old, has entered into the democratic name and organization, and, with far less manliness than its ancient federal predecessor, is practising the same experiment upon patriotic endurance. It is alive to the support of the government, but brimful of conscientious opposition to the administration. It is opposed to the dissolution of the Union, but noisily counsels a speedy peace with a rebellion which declares dissolution its only terms. It is for a vigorous prosecution of the war, but opposed to furnishing either men or money for that purpose. It is against enlisting colored soldiers, because they chance to get "between the wind and its nobility," and to the raising of white ones because the "Black Republican administration is carrying on a war for the negro." It resists the draft because it is unconstitutional, and discourages volunteering because it is a wicked and unjust war on our part, which ought to be suspended by amnesties, and superseded by proposing to armed rebellion liberal terms of peace.

These and numerous other shifts, devices, wriggings and pretences are paraded to cover the disloyal schemes of a set of perfidious politicians, who aim at leadership and prefer a party which they can rule, and run in sympathy with the rebellion, to the integrity of the Union, the vindication of the laws, or

the triumphs of our country's Constitution. Acting politically in concert with a rebellion which threatens our nation's life, and receiving the plaudits of its public press; laboring beside a British aristocracy and French jesuitism in affording it aid and comfort, and contributing to its continuance in its work of desolation and murder, this knot of graceless politicians, coiling themselves together like clotted vipers, christen themselves *par excellence* the democratic party, and hiss out "traitor" to every democrat who adheres to the true principles of democratic faith according to the theories of Jefferson and the practice of Jackson.

It is only to be regretted that any portion of the democratic masses should be thus deluded and misled to follow an honored name when robbed of every single attribute which made it estimable, or commended it to the lovers of popular liberty. But "time at last sets all things even," and this error will be corrected. As for the base and brazen leaders who are playing political push-pin with rebellion in the name of democracy, and encouraging it to endurance, they will meet their appropriate reward in the curses and execrations of bereaved fathers and weeping mothers, and wailing maidens, now; and hereafter, in the scorn and contempt of all mankind. When the boastful and braggart rebellion, already jaded and reeling, shall go down, copperhead "democracy" will fall with it, and sink so deep that "no bubble will ever rise to tell where it went down."

As true democrats, my friends, we have but one course to pursue, and that is to give a thorough and sincere support to the administration, and aid and encourage it in putting down the rebellion by force of arms, and in vindicating the authority of the government. But while we should prosecute the war for this sole purpose, if *incidentally* our nation's shame, which has made us the reproach of neighboring states, should get disturbed or even destroyed by the action of those who would make it the corner-stone of their government, let us rejoice in the realization of the fundamental democratic idea, that *politically*, "all men were created equal."

Let us, I pray you, first rescue this edifice of humanity's holy hope from the conflagration which threatens it, and, when once it is secured to our posterity, determine by political strife

if we will who shall govern it. Such a course becomes the patriot—such the true democrat who confides in the principles of his creed and loves his country.

Congratulating you upon the brilliant successes which have for months attended the heroic army; remembering that an honorable and enduring peace awaits us at no distant day, by the overthrow of the rebellion, and desiring no other, I remain in the bonds of that faith which every true democrat reveres.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS NELLIE MYGATT.

September 22, 1863.

MY DEAR NELLIE—How are you this bright cool evening, my dear friend? All at the Orchard are anxious to hear, and all hope and pray you are better. All send assurances of their love and sympathy for you, and their kindest regards to the family.

We are gathering in our fruits, &c., for winter, and looking out for warm clothing, and preparing for the keen air of December, which will soon be upon us. The orchard leaves are all colors, and begin to present a truly autumnal appearance. In a few days they will cover the ground; and upon some bright October day, "when all the air a solemn stillness holds," how I love to go out and commune with nature's God, and peruse His book in the original! Be of good cheer, my beloved friend, for this will help you to rise above affliction; and believe me ever,

Your most affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO COMMITTEE FOR MEETING AT COOPER INSTITUTE, &c.

BINGHAMTON, September 30, 1863.

GENTLEMEN—I am favored with your invitation to address the Union Ratification meeting at Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, and wish I could do so, for I heartily support the

Syracuse Union nominations, and approve the principles declared by the Convention which made them. But our Circuit Court, in which I have engagements, sits to-day, and continues for a week, and I have no more independence or volition than the man in the parable, who was "arbitrarily" *detained*, if not "arrested," by marrying a wife; "*therefore I cannot come.*"

I could have nothing to say but what I have often said and repeated, that I exhort all who love our form of government, and cherish an affection for the Union, to act together, regardless of previous political faith, for the purpose of crushing the rebellion, "totally, absolutely, immediately," and, I will add, unconditionally. While the war should be prosecuted for this purpose alone, if, incidentally, the proposed corner-stone of the jack-o'-lantern confederation should *slide* off, let us remember that it removes a blotch, instead of leaving one, and is the legitimate fruit of conspiracy and rebellion. The prospects of the "confederacy" are rather sorry just now at home and abroad. The British government, having learned that we have sufficient force to conquer the rebellion and attend to our pirate-fitting *neutral* friends over the water beside, has determined that aiding "belligerents" under such circumstances does not promise to be profitable, and is therefore illegal. The benevolent aristocracy, seeing no hope of our destruction as a nation, and the erection of a slaveocracy upon our ruins, will again become intensely anti-slavery in sentiment, and will invest largely in the Bible Society and other humanitarian enterprises. The wily Emperor of the French, unable to find a piece of confederate territory large enough to recognize, unoccupied by a federal army, will probably attend to the elephant recently drawn in his Mexican lottery, and let us alone. Some hope is yet reposed by the anxious and sympathetic, in the acceptance of the bogus Mexican throne by Maximilian; and, should he accept, if he fails to visit the World's Fair, on his way to imperial honors, and enter a claim for the first premium on fools, he will neglect an important advantage. He will be sure to obtain it if he offers himself under these circumstances, unless some of the English subscribers to the "confederate loan, secured upon cotton at least three hundred feet from any building" (and probably most of it much further off), shall also propose, in which case the competition will be close and the result doubt-

ful. At home, it looks as anxiously to the result of the elections in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, as it does to the movements of Lee and Bragg and Beauregard; and the rebel press in Richmond, Charleston, and Mobile, are urging their friends in the loyal States to renewed energy and increased effort in the cause they have espoused; alleging that it is the best method of resisting the "Lincoln government and subduing the Yankees."

Maine and California have done their duty most nobly, and the great States yet to hold their elections will do theirs. The Union organization, composed of the loyal of all political parties, of those who support the government in a vigorous prosecution of the war, acts openly, in its combination, of those of former diverse creeds, and above all disguises. Its antagonist, which would not be known unless it was called *Copperhead*, doing business under the name of Democracy, is evidently engaged in a new effort at deception. Claiming to be purely and exclusively Democratic, it has placed upon its ticket two very respectable gentlemen, who are not and never were known as Democrats, but who hailed from the Whig and Know-Nothing ranks. This is doubtless for the purpose of withdrawing that class of voters from the support of the Union ticket. And besides, while expressing an unconquerable abhorrence of all abolitionists, charging them with being the sole cause of the war; it can be for no other purpose than to gain the abolition vote that it has placed upon its ticket one of the most conspicuous, eminent, and able members of the Buffalo Convention of 1848. And yet they tell us it is the Democratic ticket, and the Democratic party! Perhaps it is! "Weal pie," said Mr. Weller junior, "is hexcellent; specially when you knows the man as made it." Democracy, too, is a most excellent sentiment, and inculcates many sublime truths; but it is well enough to take heed at whose hands you receive it, and be reasonably certain that there are no claws beneath its temporary covering of pastry.

The shifts and devices of our opponents will all prove unavailing, however, and by reasonable effort the Union ticket must be elected by a large majority, notwithstanding the shock the public mind sustained in the withdrawal of the "Constitutional Union" candidates—two in number, and the accession

of the masses of that party, to a greater number still, to the Copperhead cause; must be elected, I mean, if the election is held; for, should an avalanche come down from Ohio and Pennsylvania, I am not without fear that our worthy Governor and his friends may insist on postponing the election, like the drafts in this State, until the constitutionality of the law authorizing it can be tested in the courts.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. CHASE.

BINGHAMTON, October 7, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR—I made all ready to start for Ohio on Monday morning, and speak at Tiffin to-day, where there is a great meeting. But, after every arrangement was made, by the advice of our physician and other friends I was compelled, from considerations of prudence, to give it up, and did so. My tour was planned for about three speeches in Ohio, and then a look at Pennsylvania.

No one can regret this more than myself. I was ambitious to serve the public; to identify myself in this campaign; to commune with the people of the West. *My* disappointment is greatest; and I really wanted to do *you* justice before your own people for conducting our finances with more skill than a financial department was ever conducted before.

"All's well that ends well," and I hope for a great triumph.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

No. 60 WALL ST., October 17, 1863.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I had a fair, *dull* run down, and reached Jersey City at eight; went up to the Astor in the "transfer carriage," and took tea, and then met the State Committee, who insisted I should go up to Cooper Institute and make a

bow, which I did. Then I went up to L.'s and had a good night's sleep. Tell "aunt Lu" to take the transfer carriage. It runs everywhere, and *her baggage will steady it!* Tell her, too, that I have notified Stewart, Arnold & Constable, and Lord & Taylor, that she is coming!

I regretted being away on our "wedding day," but we can celebrate it when I get home.

Give my love to all the dear ones. I have lately thought more of the little boys than ever before. Ask them to help you.

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. YALE.

October 25, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. YALE—Your kind letter has been received, and read with the interest which attaches to all your communications. It is almost a year since the receipt of your first most welcome letter, renewing our long-lost acquaintance—a letter which called up memories and awakened emotions as few have ever done, and has solaced many moments, given satisfaction to a desire indulged for years, to know where the currents of life have drifted one who was always remembered as an early favorite. The summer has fled, autumn is passing away, and, as Thompson expresses it, "soon cold, concluding winter comes at last, and shuts the scene."

I wish you could have been at the Orchard this autumn, and seen it presenting every tint of color in its fading foliage, and laden with a profusion of delicious fruits.

It is my expectation to spend Sunday, November 22, at Adrian, Mich., and to go to Jonesville on Monday, and will be under your direction during my brief visit. Mrs. D. sends her love, and may accompany me, but probably not this trip, as the season admonishes us of cold and storm. I must go to Chicago to speak Tuesday evening. I have had time to read your last, and treasure up its contents, but not to answer until now, and take it up as a most pleasing duty. It is pleasant to be remembered at all times with affectionate regard, more

especially so when those who love us are the friends and companions of life's spring-time. I should have been pleased to look in upon your cherished circle of children, as described by you, and congratulate you upon so choice a blessing. I do not wonder that your daughter was so much affected by the Lawrence massacre. I have never yet read the details, they are so abhorrent and monstrous. The rebellion^r seems to be wavering. God grant it a speedy transit to perdition, where its black, perfidious, and infernal schemes were hatched. Every day presses it nearer and nearer its final destination, and I do not believe foreign envy or copperhead malevolence can save it. I pray that I may live to see its final and irretrievable downfall; its inglorious, ignoble end.

With prayers for you and yours, and for all those you love, and for the cause of our country, I am

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. COURTNEY.

BINGHAMTON, October 14, 1863.

MY DEAR CHILD—We all thank heaven, my beloved daughter, that you escaped the terrible peril to which you were subjected on your return passage from Albany. May you long be spared to comfort those who love you. We are all about as usual, and send love to you and Samuel.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

JONESVILLE, November 23, 1863.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I reached here between four and five, and found Mr. Parker, Mrs. Yale's son-in-law, at the depot, who insisted on my coming to his house. I found "Delia," and a bevy of fine-looking daughters and grand-daughters, assembled from miles around, to meet me. Mrs. Yale received me with a

good deal of emotion. She has, of course, lost much of her girlish beauty, and her face bears traces of care and sorrow; yet she is a fine, stately woman, with many traces of "Delia" appearing through the deep lines of thought and the changes incident to so many years. She inquired anxiously and affectionately for you, and had hoped you would come with me. Jonesville is a much larger place than I had supposed. Some twenty gentlemen called on me soon after I arrived, and invited me to speak, to which I consented. I supposed the audience would be small; but when I went down, I found the fine, large Presbyterian church so full that a mouse could scarcely have got in, a fine stand of colors, &c. I made a full speech, with which the large audience seemed well pleased.

I write now, fearing I may not have time at Chicago, where I go this afternoon. I can only hope you are well, that God will keep, bless, and cherish you and all the loved ones, and enable us soon to meet again.

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

PEORIA, December 1, 1863.

MY DEAR LYDIA—I reached here at five; found your dear letter, for which please accept my love and thanks. The weather has been most severely cold; but is now mild and pleasant. At Ottawa, to-day, I dined with Sarah M. (now Mrs. H.), and was pleasantly received and entertained.

"Delia" says I was timid, thoughtful, and serious, when she knew me, and seemed to seek seclusion. She says, in later days, when trouble came upon her, she thought of me as one whose society and friendship she craved. One reason why she could not believe I was her teacher, was, that I gave no indications of such a nature for conflict with the world; and she thought I could not be the diffident and retiring boy she had known in his early years. She said she knew I had taste and capacity for teaching, and supposed she should hear of me as a distinguished professor in some college.

I am glad to hear from dear Mai. Love to all the dear ones, and may God bless and keep you from all harm.

Yours affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE ORCHARD, December 13, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. CRAWFORD— * * *

I reached my dear home yesterday at half past twelve, and found all as usual. Your cousin had suffered some from cold, some from care, some from the absence of the old gentleman she is in the habit of looking after, but on the whole is pretty cheerful and hopeful. The rest all quite well; and all unite with me in warm regards to you all and love to you and Illie. I am thankful to reach here again. I am almost painfully adhesive in my domestic sentiments, and when absent am full of forebodings; and when restored to those I love, I experience a corresponding pleasure.

You know not how much I enjoyed my visits to Cleveland, made pleasant by your charming and hospitable home and the society of yourself and family. I shall cherish it and the acquaintance it has extended as among the sunny memories of existence. Be pleased to remember me most kindly to Mr. Crawford, Willie, and Charlie, and give my love to your daughter, who was so mindful of my comforts. The family all join me in these remembrances.

Your affectionate cousin,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. YALE.

THE ORCHARD, December 14, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. YALE—I reached and filled all my appointments as I expected, although I had some twenty invitations which I could not accept, and returned home on the 12th instant. I recited to Mrs. D. the particulars of my visit to you, and she shared with me the satisfaction I experienced in this

pleasing tribute to early memories. One hope of my life has been rewarded by fruition, for I had long deeply desired to meet you as a dear friend of that sunny period of existence. It has given me much happiness to see you again on this side of Jordan, and review the scenes of youth. Remember me to your daughter and her husband. I most feelingly appreciate their kind and generous reception. My entire visit was full of interest, and I thank heaven that the favor was permitted me.

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. WESCOTT.

CHRISTMAS, 1863.

MY BELOVED SISTER LUCIE—I was moved to deep emotion by your affectionate note of last evening. It was far more acceptable than any other gift could have been. With me it is the height of earthly duties to cheer and cherish those whom God has taught to look to me for sustenance and protection; and I have for years lamented that a destiny, with a force stronger than any will of mine, has borne me into currents incompatible with domestic quiet and repose. But “there’s a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will,” and I am submissive. I have not ceased to remember you with fondness, nor to appreciate your affection, nor to acknowledge how much I owe you for so great a blessing.

I have written that sister, whom we both love so deeply, every day since she has been absent; and as age advances, and the evening of life is gathering around us, she seems to me more dear than ever. May God bless you and all those you love, and give you and them many returns of a season sacred to spiritual rejoicing.

Your affectionate brother

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. CRAWFORD.

134 E. 34TH ST., NEW YORK, }
January 10, 1864. }

MY DEAR MRS. CRAWFORD—Your good cousin Lydia came here before Christmas, and in the “course of human events” I followed by way of Albany, reaching there on Tuesday last.

The weather has been intensely cold here for a week or more, so much so that that celebrated and ubiquitous individual, “the oldest inhabitant,” has never seen its equal. I see that the West has suffered even more than we have. I entertain lively and agreeable recollections of my visit at Cleveland. Everything there was pleasing to me, especially my sojourn in your family, though you have drawn me out of my usual course and induced me to break over a long-established habit. I have all my life been averse to “cousining;” but your kind hospitality and attentions have quite changed my mind in that respect, and I shall be anxious to “cousin” at Cleveland again.

Please remember me with especial affection to my favorite State of Illinois, and say to her I hope *that State* will not relinquish its sovereignty until, in the language of the Constitution, it can “form a more perfect Union.” As “Illie” has been accustomed to exercises, let her translate this.

With kind regards to Mr. Crawford and Willie, and affectionate compliments to you, I am

Sincerely your friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO D. S. DICKINSON, JR.

60 WALL ST., NEW YORK, January 11, 1864.

MY DEAR STEVIE—Your beautiful letter was forwarded to me from Albany, and I was very glad to receive it. I think you are improving in writing, and hope you will write to me often how you all are this very cold weather, and how are the cows and “Jimmy,” the chickens and ducks, guineas and pigs, &c. You must see that all are well cared for. Learn

all you can; be industrious, obedient, loving and kind to all. This will give you self-content and happiness.

The weather has been cold here, but oh! how much colder in the huts of the poor, and in the tents of the soldiers. May God shield and protect them.

I send you a letter written by John Hancock, which was sent me by a friend. You must read his biography in the Cyclopaedia, and you will see what a patriot he was. The fairs would pay a hundred dollars for it, but you must keep it in your cabinet, as it was a present to me, and is a great curiosity. John and Mary expect to reach the Orchard to-morrow. Love to your mamma and all at home.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO THE WORKINGMEN'S DEMOCRATIC
REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION.

No. 60 WALL ST., NEW YORK, }
February 5, 1864. }

MY DEAR SIR—I have received your favor, advising me of my election as an honorary member of the "Workingmen's Democratic Republican Association of the City of New York." I approve of the objects of the Association as indicated by the constitution and by-laws, a copy of which you have kindly furnished me, and I thankfully accept the distinction tendered me. The inattention of the masses to public affairs, leaving all to the management of corrupt, debased, and trafficking politicians, and the guidance of creaking and worn-out machinery, has long been a source of alarm to the reflecting, and they will hail such a movement as this, originating with the popular elements, as the first evidence of a return from danger to duty. In all that distrusts and defies and despises the authority of cliques and combinations, in all that hails the uprising of the masses in their majesty, I shall be with you, regardless of names or designations, until truth shall stand triumphant, or be driven from the field by the pretensions of falsehood and error.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. STANTON TO MR. DICKINSON.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, February 12, 1864. }

MY DEAR SIR—I found your admirable ode on my table, and will have it printed immediately. On reflection, it appears to me that it would, perhaps, be well to publish it with a little notice of the circumstances that led to its being written. The lady may think it unfair to deprive her of the association with such a gem. But, in whatever form, I am anxious to be permitted to make known the authorship. Will you leave it to me to do as I please?

Yours truly,
EDWIN M. STANTON.

MR. HALE TO MR. DICKINSON.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, }
February 16, 1864. }

MY DEAR SIR—It is the wish of the Union party in New Hampshire that you should address our people on public affairs at your earliest convenience. In this request our delegation in Congress, House and Senate, cordially concur, and I write, as their organ, to convey to you their united wish that you should comply with this request. If you are able to do so, please write at once to Hon. E. Chandler, of Concord, New Hampshire, chairman of our State committee. I have written Mr. Chandler that I have made this request of you, and he will be expecting to hear from you. I sincerely hope it will be in your power to go to New Hampshire, and make a few of your able and telling speeches.

Very respectfully, your friend,
JOHN P. HALE.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

60 WALL STREET, February 17, 1864.

MY DEAR MAM—This is a severely cold morning, and we hope you will all look out accordingly.

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We are all well except your dear mother, and we hope she is improving.

I had expected to be at the Orchard before this, but business has detained me, yet I hope to be there soon.

I got away from Washington as soon as I could. It is not pleasant there. I do not think your aunt L. and cousin B. enjoy it much.

There is quite a history to the "Ode." The following is bulletined at the office of the People's Telegraph, No. 21 Wall Street.

" WASHINGTON, February 16, 1864.

" A large and brilliant audience greeted the tragedian Murdock at the Senate Chamber last evening. President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, the Vice-President and his family, and other distinguished persons were present. The ode "Am I for Peace," was read at the request of the President."

Love to every one at home, and remember that I am
Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. COURTNEY.

THE ORCHARD, March 2, 1864.

MY DEAR LYDIA L.—It seems home-like here in every respect except the absence of your dear mother; but the thought that she is with her loving child, and will be carefully and tenderly nursed, reconciles us to the loss of her society; especially as we believe that exemption from the thousand cares of a large family, gives her rest and enjoyment.

You know not, my dear child, how thankful I am for such an affectionate daughter to take care of her mother, and father too, and if I do not often allude to it, you must not suppose my appreciation less.

Do not overwork yourself, my child, in your efforts for the Fair.

Give my love to mother, and all at home send theirs.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

THE ORCHARD, March 4, 1864.

MY DEAR LYDIA—This is a bright and beautiful morning, and I wish I could know how you are.

I think some of our birds have begun to look in upon us. I heard one this morning inquire whether you were at home. I suppose it was the one you used to feed and water. We had a soldiers' meeting last evening, as you will see by the "Daily."

The boys are preparing for a "debate" in Prof. Vasbury's school. Question: "Whether it was right for the whites to expel the Indians?" &c. Aubie showed me his "argument" last evening. He goes hard on the Indians, and has some good ideas on the subject.

I hope and pray you may soon recover from your recent illness.

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. YALE.

[Extract.]

THE ORCHARD, April, 1864.

MY DEAR DELIA—We have recently returned from New York, where Mrs. D. has passed the winter, taking two days for the trip, although only eight hours' ride, as my dear wife was in feeble health, and I wished to make it as easy as possible. I think she is improving in her own home. I love Binghamton more than the great city; and shall close my office there, except for special cases. I can do a much larger business there, but absence from home disarranges our domestic affairs. Here is my home of over thirty years; all honor, and, I think, generally love and respect me. I am attached to the church here; here are the trees I have planted, the home I erected, and here repose the remains of those loved ones who have preceded

us to that better land; and it is more in accordance with my social tastes and affections.

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, April 17, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR—Dempster used to sing a song of a Scotchman and his wife, who suffered through a cold storm with their cottage-door open, because neither would shut it, as a matter of punctilio; and neither would speak, because upon such occasions the one who spoke first was, by an understood regulation, obliged to shut the door. In about the same spirit, we did not intend to write you until we heard from you, considering the circumstance of your running the blockade, going abroad, seeing Queen Victoria, and the Prince of "Frogmore," &c., and returning without letting us know it, except through remote sources. But as you have succeeded in executing a "flank movement," we have concluded to submit.

I had the pleasure of receiving a circular note from Mr. W. K. Scott, of your city, advising me that upon your nomination I had been made an honorary member of the Buffalo Historical Society. I was pleased with the remembrance, and determined to acknowledge it, as I now do, with thankful regards.

Mrs. D. has spent the winter in New York, and returned a week since. We relieve her principally from family cares which formerly pressed so heavily upon her; but there is always enough to draw out her anxiety, in so diversified a family as ours. Charlotte is well, and the little boys fast becoming great ones. John and Mary are called to mourn the death of their excellent friend Mrs. Gov. Tracy.

I have closed all my business in Albany and in New York, except for special retainers. I could have kept an office open there to advantage, but have too much business here to leave; which, with social and domestic considerations, determine me to settle down at home.

The family all unite with Mrs. D. and myself in affectionate regards to you and Mrs. Rogers.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MISS LOUISE C. THOMPSON AND OTHERS TO MR. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, April 25, 1864.

HON. D. S. DICKINSON—*Sir*—The Anchor and Wreath, composed of hair from the head of Washington and other distinguished Americans, lately on exhibition at the great Sanitary Fair, has been secured by several subscribers with the intention of its being presented to yourself.

As one of several young ladies taking an interest in the procurement of this emblem of hope and unity, I am well pleased, with other of my young lady-friends, in its presentation to one so eminently worthy of it.

Yours most respectfully,

LOUISE C. THOMPSON,
 MISS KATE BIRDSALL,
 MISS ELIZABETH BANCROFT,
 MISS ELLA BROWN,
 MISS FANNY CONNOLY,
 MISS MARY CONNOLY,
 MISS KATE TOWNSEND,
 MISS ISABELLA THOMPSON.

 MR. DICKINSON TO MISS THOMPSON.

BINGHAMTON, May 7, 1864.

MY DEAR MISS THOMPSON—The Anchor and Wreath on exhibition at the late Sanitary Fair, so beautifully wrought of hair from the head of the Father of his country, and others, with your generous note of presentation, has been received, and I regret that language does not permit me to express my sense of thankful pride, for so distinguished and flattering and yet so tasteful a compliment. I shall cherish this precious emblem, and the remembrance of those whose partiality made it mine, with grateful emotions; and shall pray that in this the evil day of our beloved land, my patriotism may deserve such a tribute from the fair hands and gentle hearts of my young coun-

trywomen. May the anchor of our Union's hope enable her to outride the storm which imperils her pathway, and the bitter lessons of adversity we are reading remind us, in estimating our responsibilities, that the hairs of our head are all numbered. Desiring to be kindly remembered to your associates in this pleasing testimonial, as well as the various contributors thereto, I am most sincerely your friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

MAY 8, 1864.

MY DEAR ELIZA—This is as lovely a May morning as I ever saw. It is literally "green with spring, fresh with dew, and bright with flowers," and the air is mild and balmy. I wish you were here to feel the genial influences of the beautiful surroundings. I hope, now that "summer draweth nigh," you will continue to improve in health and spirits. I came up from the city earlier than I expected. Lilla was worn out with her duties at the Fair, and has been quite ill, but is now improving. She is full of zeal and energy in anything she undertakes. She expects to come home in June for her usual summer visit. You may have noticed, amongst other rare curiosities at the fair, a wreath and anchor, composed of the hair of Washington and other distinguished men. Well, it was purchased by an association of gentlemen, by the request of some young ladies, and the ladies have presented it to me, with a beautiful note.

I wish I could see you this beautiful morning, and give you a few words of cheer, and receive the same from you. How are you getting along in this rough time of the world? The army of the Potomac is evidently moving, and we expect every moment stirring news. May God prosper our cause, and save our land from the grasp of treason.

The blue violets carpet our lawns, and give loveliness and beauty to all around. May God protect and bless you, my dear Eliza, and may your affection long cheer and console one who has never forgotten you, but is ever your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. YALE.

BINGHAMTON, May, 1864.

MY DEAR DELIA—Your kind note reached me in good time, and was read with even more than usual interest. I am glad if my last brought you any cheer to raise you up from depression in the numerous shadows that have crossed your pathway. “Into some hearts some rain must fall, some days are dark and dreary.” I hope, ere this, that you are in good spirits, and all those you love in good health.

The news from the army seems quite encouraging, and I have strong hopes that a crushing blow may soon fall upon this accursed, murderous rebellion. I know the loss of life is terrible, but rivers of blood must flow before treason and its accomplices can be extinguished. I shut my eyes to individual losses, and look away to great results, to freedom and humanity. I mourn the loss of my friend Gen. Wadsworth, a noble man. Sedgwick was a brave, experienced, and valuable officer. Gen. Robinson and Bartlett, both wounded, were our neighbors; both born and reared here, within my recollection; but, alas, it is vain to pursue this melancholy detail. How many widows weep, how many orphans wail; but a just God will bring its authors to judgment.

You know not, my dear friend, how thankful I am for this season of hope and promise, spring. It fills me with cheerful thoughts and aspirations, and draws out my heart in the love of those I hold dear. I am thankful for your affectionate remembrance, and that our good Father permitted us to renew the friendship of our early years, and to meet again on earth. I hope the dear privilege may be often awarded us. The renewal was of itself sufficiently pleasing to me, one of the most interesting events of a chequered life; and the belief that it has been so to you has made it tenfold more pleasing.

* * * * *

Sincerely your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MORRIS.

THE ORCHARD LIBRARY, May 15, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. MORRIS—This is a bright and beautiful afternoon, sent to bless us after the chilling and drenching rains of a week; and having spent the morning in church, I could not pass a few moments more wisely, certainly not more agreeably, than to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note from Oyster Bay—to acknowledge the increased interest and friendship your generosity and kindness permit me to indulge, since the better acquaintance from that Providential and pleasing meeting in the city of New York. When we knew each other only by a brief and casual meeting in the cars, and our conversation had been only upon public affairs, you wrote me that we had evidently much in common; and now that that friendly interchange has, by time and a better opportunity, permitted an exchange of social sentiments, I shall be very happy indeed if you can repeat the declaration. I have, I believe, often expressed to you by letter the pleasure I enjoyed in your society in that brief, cold, shivering ride. If not to you, I have to my family; and now, my dear madam, since our recent meeting, I feel that “the ice is broken,” and that I may address you with all the warmth and freedom of established friendship.

I see you appreciate Long Island. I should think it was the first piece of *terra* marked upon the creative sketch-book, and it will probably be the last to be disturbed by the final conflagration. Everything there is chronic. The weather-cocks always look the same way, and the magnetic needle never varies. “To be, contents their natural desire.”

I send you some garden violets and some of the blue wild ones, which at this season dress our green lawns with a lovely interchange of another tinge, and make them “darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.” I wish you were here to help your unseen friend, Mrs. Dickinson, and myself, admire so much of nature’s loveliness; but this, remember, is only one of the reasons why I should rejoice in your being here. The violets are not the only beauties of which we can boast. We have orioles, blue-birds, and wild mocking-birds, and though we have not, as Rasselas had, “every fowl which nature has taught to dip the

wing in water," we have almost every one which nature has taught to keep it out. Nor are birds to conclude our boast. It pleased our good Father, on last Monday morning, to send us a fine, rosy, and beautiful boy—the first specimen of incipient humanity that ever took the commencement exercises in lung display under this roof. I can only employ that remarkably original expression, that all are as "well as could be expected." The baby is really a fine one, and all its remarkable manifestations are noticed—whether it sleeps or wakes, complains or is silent, shuts its eyes or opens them, extends or closes its fingers, fasts or feeds. It is declared by its admirers to be the very dearest baby that ever lived, and the most wonderful in its perceptions. In short, I am inclined to believe the family will prove the truth of a saying which the newspapers attributed to me, when a lady complimented me upon a speech I had just made, saying it was one of my best, &c., that "my speeches were like babies, the last one always the prettiest!" You know, I presume, from what little you have seen of me, that I never could have said any such thing! But Mrs. D. is to write you, and if the baby is not "obligato," as they say in music, I am no prophet. Ah me! it seems but yesterday, if I leap over interesting events, since the birth of our child, the dear mother of this babe. *Sic transit vita.*

I have, my dear Mrs. Morris, if you will permit me to say so, a woman's heart for love—for all that concerns or enters into the domestic affections, her sacred sensibilities, her yearning sympathies, and her yielding heart; but upon the other hand, my manhood's soul is more obdurate than iron, firmer than "bars of brass and triple steel." I could weep day and night, if I would permit myself, to contemplate the suffering and sorrow which this war of "woes unnumbered" has brought to our land, but I will not. I closed my eyes in the beginning, so far as manly purpose was concerned, to all but great wickedness, great justice; great falsehood, great truth; great wrong, and great judgment. I am brimful of hope and faith. I am no military man, yet I should rejoice to lead an army against the villains who have plunged our land in blood and covered it with desolation. God speed Grant and Butler; go on, I say, "till rebellion's soul is dead."

Mrs. D. is quite happy in her rural yet town home, but is

quite feeble—too much so to write with her accustomed sprightliness; but she so much sympathizes with the interest I have expressed in your friendship, that she will make the effort. When you come to see us, I will show you some of her correspondence of other days, when she was less enfeebled.

Monday morning brings nothing new. Everything seems encouraging, and there is hope that this lying, thieving, murdering rebellion is on its "winding way." I am full of spirit and enthusiasm, as it is; and were I a lady and of your temperament, I should feel, like "O'Connor's child," "a prophetess' fire."

Alas, poor Wadsworth! One of the noblest spirits of this war has been quenched.

Sincerely your friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, July 31, 1864.

MY DEAR ROGERS—Your letter of the 28th reached me yesterday. It reads some like one from our old friend, Lot Clark, which his opponents got hold of and published about 1823 or '4. "I cannot conscientiously support the new Constitution, and—I will not!" I can very well understand your difficulties in longer supporting Lincoln & Co., or rather Co. and him. The main difficulty I see in your path is, the one which presented itself to Webster, "where shall I go?" You will find little in withholding support from the powers that be. You will find much more in going with those who control the Central Railroad, and run it and the State as a joint affair, in the name of Democracy! My position is one of far more embarrassment than yours. You know with what singleness of purpose I have, for more than three years, supported the Union cause. I have spoken in sixteen States, and given to it the best energies of my life. I did not permit myself to inquire whether I liked or disliked the Administration; whether it was fit or unfit for the occasion; weak or strong, wise or foolish. I saw

that it was engaged in an effort which I wished to second, and I sustained it with all the power I could command.

I have never withdrawn from the old Democratic party, never repudiated its doctrines, and have never joined the Republicans, in any sense, beyond voting the Union ticket of 1861, '2, and '3. I have not been at any time, and am not now, in the confidence of Republican leaders; and while I am vain enough to believe I am strong with the masses, I am confident that some of the leaders, at least, have been jealous of my popular *éclat*; have been fearful of my advancement, and have at all times done all they dare under the circumstances to disparage my efforts. They mean to make the *Union* party "*Republican*" for their own purposes, and they will allow no man of popular strength, influence, integrity and will, to interfere with them.

I believe Mr. Lincoln to be honest and sincere. That he lacks the dignity, and many of the qualities of a great statesman, I need not prove to you. He would have stood much better, I think, had he escaped being managed by office-holders and contractors into a *premature* second nomination. I have supported him up to this time, as an incident to the great question of the Union. The renewal of his lease is a different thing, and requires new resolutions.

I am aware that we are so politically corrupted as a people, that we cannot discern the difference between the support of principles and the support of men, and organizations called "parties." Because I continued my support of the *Union*, under Mr. Lincoln, to which my previous life had been devoted, they held that I had "turned;" and now, if he should take any absurd ground, calculated to destroy all hope of the Union, and should have an opponent whose course might tend to restore and maintain it, and I should support the latter, they would say I had "turned" again! I shall support, so far as I act, the Union cause. I shall support men, just so far, and no further than I believe their election will contribute to its advancement. If I think the election of Mr. Lincoln necessary to that end, I shall support him, otherwise not.

You see that I am independent as to men. My platform is easily read, and is the same I have acted upon from the beginning. Prosecute the war until the last rebel has laid

down his arms; take any element and every element within reach, to attain that end—no matter what, if it will strengthen government, and weaken the enemy; and press on, regardless of the cost, until the end is attained. I hold further that the States are in the Union, as much as they ever were; that *individuals only* are *criminals*, whether few or many, it makes no difference; that the war can have but one object, putting down the rebellion; and when that end is attained, the prosecution of the war must cease. (You understand me?) I hope and believe that slavery will, in the melee, be utterly and forever destroyed. The South have so often and so unnecessarily brought this accursed pitcher to the well, and nursed abolitionism *here*, so that they might have it as a bugbear to use *at home*, that I want to see it broken.

As to the Niagara negotiations, &c., I do not believe the world can furnish the history of as much folly, in so short a space of time, and with so little to gain, as was exhibited in having anything to do with it, official or unofficial, immediate or remote. The rebel knaves had nothing to lose, and all to gain. The government had nothing to gain, and everything to lose. The rebels achieved their object, and it can now be seen, how much comes from degrading a high position and dignity, to playing smart with *outlaws*.

I am obliged to you for the kind terms in which you allude to the subject of governor, in connection with my name. A New York gentleman visited me, as delegate, a few days since, and urged me strongly to come out stump, &c. But in either aspect, stump or convention, or both, I have determined not to think of it. I will remain strictly a private citizen. I love the Union cause, I love and have confidence in the Union masses, and, although I distrust some of the leaders, shall continue the advocacy I have given heretofore.

I am shocked with the corruption of men in and near place and power; I am disgusted with the blind and mean selfishness of the same class, embracing some in high stations; I am discouraged with the littleness of everything that speaks for us as a people; and unless I see some change, shall lash my boat's helm, and let her drift. May God rescue our nation; men seem bent on sending it to destruction.

All at home unite with me in affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Rogers and yourself.

Sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. SHEPARD.

THE ORCHARD, June 12, 1864.

MY DEAR COUSIN—We are all pained to hear that your noble son has fallen in battle, and though I can never know the poignancy of maternal sorrow, I know enough of the heart's affections to realize the impotency of all human consolation to a mother. But I tender you, in a sincere spirit of affection, the sympathy of myself and family in this hour of sad and sudden bereavement, and beg you will convey them to your husband and children. How much more graciously, my dear Mrs. Shepard, has our Heavenly Father dealt with you in his visitation than with others. Your son has been permitted to fall, in the pride and fulness of youth, in an honorable position, leading his brave troops in a crusade for freedom and the rights of man; others have been destined to see the objects of their solicitude stained with sin and shame, and go down to an ignoble grave.

The reflection that the "pure in heart shall meet again," may light up the Christian's hope, though it cannot stanch the bleeding tendrils which united beloved ones here.

The sin of this nation and people has brought God's judgment upon us in the form of this hell-hound rebellion. Like man's redemption, if the expression be not irreverent, we can only be cleansed by the blood of innocence; but happy will be in heaven the mother who offers her spotless son upon her country's atoning altar. Mrs. Dickinson and the family unite with me in affectionate regards to you, your husband and children, and I remain

Your affectionate cousin,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. SEWARD.

BINGHAMTON, July 4 1864.

SIR—Your favor of the 30th ult., advising me that the President, by and with advice and consent of the Senate, had appointed me Commissioner on the part of the government of the United States, under the treaty between said States and her Britannic Majesty, for the settlement of the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget's Sound Agricultural Companies, reached me on Saturday, the 2d inst., accompanied by the commission and other specified documents. The acceptance of this place, and the discharge of its duties, would so seriously conflict with established present and future purposes, that I am constrained to decline it. My acknowledgments are due to the President and Senate for the confidence implied by the selection and confirmation, and to yourself for the courteous terms of your communication. I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

D. S. DICKINSON.

The Hon. W. M. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

 MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. YALE.

[Extract.]

THE ORCHARD, July 4, 1864.

MY DEAR DELIA—The Orchard is very beautiful now, blooming with roses, and the air is laden with the perfume of flowers, trees, and shrubs. I have given full rein to my rural tastes, and the cooling shade is most refreshing in this hot, parched weather, I assure you. How much I wish you were here to enjoy it with us!

Since receiving your last, I have been to Buffalo on professional business, taking with me my little namesake, fifteen years old. I remained there nearly a week, then went to the Falls, where my son had preceded me with a friend. I arose at four in the morning, went out to see the wonders, returned to Buffalo to breakfast, went into court at nine, tried a labori-

ous cause, beat my opponent, and closed at five, dined at six, made calls until ten, retired, rose at four, reached home at one, and now, at two, am here at work in my office. So goes life with me. I have had numerous invitations for the Fourth, but declined them all.

I have often told the story of our early friendship, and all the peculiar circumstances attending it, and I have never told it to one who did not shed tears at the recital. It is a favorite theme with me. One of my auditors at Buffalo was much affected, and told me had known Elder Stone well, and had belonged to one of the churches where he preached.

The invalids are convalescing, and Mrs. D. somewhat relieved of the cares which had pressed too severely upon her. She desires much love.

Sincerely your friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. JAMES.

BINGHAMTON, July 6, 1864.

MY DEAR COUSIN—My good wife is quite too ill to leave home now, but hopes by next week to resume her plan of advance.

I wish I had been commander of the Kearsarge. I would have sunk that other British ship with its pirates on board, and then have left it to the government to dismiss me, disclaim the act, and apologize. But it is good news as far as it goes.

Our loving remembrances to all, especially to that bereaved sister.

Affectionately yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. JAMES.

BINGHAMTON, July 27, 1864.

MY DEAR COUSIN—Thanks for your cheerful little note of Saturday. I see that young lady who supports me begins to look homeward, though she speaks in high terms of the pleasing character of her visit. We are all anxious for her return,

but most anxious for her freedom from care and for her renovation, and hope she will remain as long as she can herself afford to be absent. We have no Canadian smokes; but for dearth of rain we are as good as the best.

I thank you for your invitation; but I cannot now, nor in some time yet, possibly leave home so long as I should wish to be absent to visit you.

Yours affectionately,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO COL. WILLARD.

BINGHAMTON, August 15, 1864.

MY DEAR COLONEL—I was right glad to receive your kind note. I had heard of the success of your son professionally. You, as well as his country, have good reason to be proud of him. I hope he may soon be restored to health and to friends and to his country's service. Give him my thanks and congratulations.

Now, see where the Democratic party would have stood, if it had sustained the war positively, unconditionally, and incidentally: the administration, Lincoln, and the Republicans would have had all the discredit of bringing on the war without the ability to conduct it; his administration would have been lost sight of; the war would have been closed up a year ago; and the Democratic party would have had the popular approval of the country, and could have walked over the course! Now, it has a taint of disloyalty, which, whether true or false, will cling to it, like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, for a century.

I have closed my business connection with Mr. Wright, and have set down to work industriously at my profession. I prefer so to close up life; and as affairs seem now, I do not expect to engage actively in the coming campaign. I have given three years to the public. The Union—the great idea of my life—is, I believe, now safe. If it is not, it will be the fault of the masses themselves, for the last three years have educated them fully in all that appertains to the question. I feel, as it looks now, as if my active labors were ended, though I have abated

none of my zeal in the great cause of the *Union*; men, abstractedly, are with me of little moment.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. SALMON.

THE ORCHARD, August 31, 1864.

MY DEAR LOUISA—There is an anecdote of an aged couple, who sat up, late in their married life, to see how it “seemed when they were young;” and encouraged by this example, and desiring to bring up as much of the early sunshine in our acquaintance as I can, I venture upon this address of familiar affection. Your last beautiful letter to Lydia was read and re-read by us both with great satisfaction, and we were both gratified and surprised, that, with the advance of years, and feeble health, and the ills of life which afflict us all, you should preserve so purely the real girlish hand of your school-days. We are at “home again”—not exactly from a “foreign shore”—more than we have been for years, and it is our desire and intention to devote more of the little space it may please our beneficent Father to vouchsafe us here, in domestic pursuits, than we have been permitted for years. I have declined persistently everything in the shape of office, and such is my future intention. A map-maker, a few years since, took a view of our house, but we have no copies. So many friends have desired one, that the very day we received your note, and before it came, I was engaging an artist to take it again, but we agreed to defer it until some of the leaves are fallen, so that more of it can be seen. It is all very plain and old-fashioned, but beautiful from its rural surroundings. And now this letter is written for two principal purposes: first, to tell you how much it rejoiced us to hear from you; second, that we want you to drop everything else, and come and make us a visit. You *must!* We invite your good husband and four daughters to come, if consistent. But we *insist* on *your coming*, and we will take good care of you and cheer you up and enjoy your society in earnest.

Your good cousin, Lydia, is feeble, but much of the time

comfortable. My health is much better than hers, and yet her hair is as brown as in youth, and mine is as white as snow. We have seen many afflictions, but God has been merciful to us in many ways. Lydia will write soon. We all send love to you and our affectionate remembrances to all your family.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO GENERAL CASS.

BINGHAMTON, September 26, 1864.

MY DEAR GENERAL—The Presidential campaign is again upon us in fearful earnest, and I have no doubt you would unite with me in praying that, if possible, at such a time as this the cup might pass. But the question cannot be put aside, and must be met with all its responsibilities. I have no attachment to either of the candidates, nor any antipathies against them, to move me a hair either way; and I am so filled with disgust at the mean selfishness, the prevailing littleness, and downright knavery of political parties, that were there no question beyond those of ordinary moment, I would not cross the street to turn the scale for or against either. But I regard the present struggle as vital and essential to national honor—yes, existence. It seems that Baltimore and Chicago have framed issues for us, and Mr. Lincoln and Gen. M'Clellan are and must be the representatives, respectively, of these great antagonisms, and that as a people we must stand or fall by the result. However much Mr. Lincoln may pretend to be *peace* or Gen. M'Clellan to be *war* before election, we all know that good faith and common honesty will force the one elected to carry out, in the administration, doctrines laid down by the Convention which placed him in nomination. Should General M'Clellan be elected, *all* will, in my judgment, be lost. The patriotic, self-sustaining, reliant feeling of the Union men will be overthrown and crushed out; rebellion will be rampant and intoxicated with success; the worst elements that the loyal States can produce will be marked for Southern purchase, and foreign interference will come with all its hypocritical inso-

lence, and, under the pretence of staying the effusion of blood, will secretly destroy us. I hope you will concur in my idea that it is the duty of every patriot, and of none more so than Democrats of the Jackson school, to espouse warmly the Union side. And I hope you will let your voice be heard and your views known at an early day. I am sure they will exert a powerful and healthy influence upon the public mind.

I send you herewith a sketch of some remarks made by me recently, on taking the chair at a Union mass meeting, and from them you may gather my opinions somewhat in *extenso*. I have been kindly invited to Detroit, and, if I can find time for a brief trip, mean to accept, but it is very uncertain indeed whether I can do so.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. HEATH AND OTHERS, COMMITTEE.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., October 10, 1864.

GENTLEMEN—Your kind note, inviting me to address a Union meeting at Seneca Falls at an early day, suited to my convenience, has been received, and I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in returning an answer through the press, as it enables me to communicate with numerous correspondents at a single writing.

My invitations are so numerous that I could not answer them, even briefly, were I to give my entire time to the subject, nor respond in person to one in twenty if I could speak daily. My friends, I am sure, under these circumstances, will excuse me from answering them individually.

In speaking within the last few days, in this State and in Pennsylvania, to very large crowds in the open air, during the damp, heavy weather, a cold and hoarseness have fastened upon my throat and lungs which demand a short indulgence. As soon as consistent I will enter the lists again, but at present appointments would not be prudent.

In the mean time, let me advise every *doubter*, if any such there be, to read the Baltimore resolutions, which manfully declare for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and the overthrow

of rebellion by force of arms—more especially to read the famous, if not *infamous* Chicago platform, which asserts and proclaims not only to America, but to the malignant and meddling monarchies of Europe—not only to the loyal people, but to a people in rebellion—not only to our own brave army, covered over with scars and glory, but to the starved and ragged wretches who burn and butcher in the name of the “Confederacy,” *that the war is a failure, and of course, the rebellion a success!* And then read Gen. M‘Clellan’s “conservative war” letter, accepting the Chicago nomination, upon a distinct and unanimous declaration of the Convention that *the war is a failure*, and closing with the assertion that *he believes the sentiments of his letter to have been the sentiments of the Chicago Convention!* If all will read carefully these three productions, stump speaking will be in poor request, and public gatherings will only be called to rejoice over the triumphs of truth, and laugh at the impotent and shallow efforts of political gamesters to deceive and betray an intelligent people.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. CURTIS TO MR. DICKINSON.

NORTH SHORE, STATEN ISLAND, }
 October 14, 1864. }

MY DEAR MR. DICKINSON—Could you possibly come to the island and speak before the election? Our friends here—a gallant band among the hosts of unbelievers—want you more than any man in the country. We could not have a large meeting, but it should be most earnest and significant.

If you *can* come, and will name a day in the first week of November or last of October, you do not need to hear how glad we shall be, and how useful you will be.

If it is impossible, as I fear, then do not trouble yourself to reply. I shall understand from your silence anything but indifference.

Most respectfully and faithfully yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MR. DICKINSON TO THE MISSES KNAPP.

THE ORCHARD LIBRARY, }
 Sunday, October 16, 1864. }

MY DEAR ELIZA AND MELISSA—We were all pained to hear of the death of your excellent mother. Though long expected, because of her infirm health, it is none the less startling and mournful. I have sometimes thought that the separation from those who command our solicitude and watchfulness, because of their weakness and depression, was more painful than from those in the full tide of health and hope. Her death brings up for me a long train of memories. She was a few years my senior, and when I was a rustic boy, was fully developing in early and beautiful womanhood. I remember her marriage with your father, when I was yet a boy, but had commenced to go in society. All the scenes of the little quiet party, to me *then* novel and brilliant, are as fixed in my mental vision now, as they were when I gazed upon them with the unclouded eye of youth, when they were passing before me.

I saw her in after years, when she was yet young, in a life chequered with *sorrows*, which she bore with the fortitude and patience known only to a woman and a Christian; and I thank Heaven that, though separated by distance, I was permitted to know her again, and revive a too long slumbering affection, and to see through the clouds and darkness which had gathered over her that same genial, affectionate spirit which made all who knew her love her dearly. Poor humanity is not permitted to know why the good are so afflicted here, while the undeserving are surrounded with what the world calls blessings, but we have faith that there is truth and justice in the divine economy, and that the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth, and that they will find their full measure of reward. All those who knew and loved her will mourn her loss, and to you earth will seem strange and her transit will leave a void which cannot be supplied. She will not return to us, but we shall go to her. Alas! how brief must be the space which separates those of advanced years from the fearful change; and even the young have no assurance of extension.

We all send you the assurance of our mournful sympathies,

and shall mingle our prayerful tears with yours, that God may bless this bereavement to us; that He may shield and protect you. It must be a pleasing reflection to you, as it is to us all, that you were permitted to watch over her during the long and painful season of her loneliness and depression; that you were permitted to stand by her bedside in the last earthly struggles, and to smooth her pillow and close her eyes with the hands of daughtery affection. You must write us fully and open; this affliction will draw us nearer to you, and we shall desire to benefit you in any manner possible. So command us freely. We regret we could not have been with you in this day of affliction, and would, could we have been seasonably advised. We will remember you with renewed and increased affection during the remnant of pilgrimage that is allotted us.

Your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. CONKLING TO MR. DICKINSON.

UTICA, November 9, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR—I seize the first moment, now that the tumult is passing, to beg you to accept my grateful acknowledgments for your generous sympathy. Your name, your presence, your letters, your approval, have strengthened us all; and added to the enthusiasm and attachment with which Oneida everywhere regards you, I trust it may yet be mine to attest, in some tangible mode, my appreciation of your kindness.

Your friend and servant,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. STEARNS.

BINGHAMTON, November 28, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 8th instant reached here during my absence for a few days, and since my return I have been too much engaged with business matters, deferred until after the election, to give it earlier attention.

An invitation was sent me to attend the meeting of wa

democrats in the city of New York, to which you allude, but I was addressing the electors in a remote part of the State, and did not receive it. I glanced hurriedly over the published proceedings, and I believe entirely approved them; but it seemed to me then, as it still does, that the meeting failed to present and discuss some of the most prominent and stirring issues of the day; issues which will not pass by us, if we seek to avoid them; issues which must and will enter into the very essence and life-blood of a true and enlarged and liberalized democracy, and form its foundations, and serve as its touchstone. For years there has been practically but little democracy save its venerated name, and its vicious and perverted and demoralized organization; and it is no matter how soon nor how summarily the latter is annihilated, with its defiling and desecrating leaders, to the end that its betrayed and plundered masses may gather again its disintegrated elements, and vindicate anew its principles and re-establish its power.

No higher tribute, perhaps, could be paid to a mere name than that which for a season has been bestowed by the honest masses upon democracy; and no other cause save that, and the Christian religion, could withstand for a twelvemonth such disgraceful associations as have gathered around it. The chief spirits of its organization have been recently mere machine-running, spoils-jobbing, place-hunting politicians, living by office-brokerage, and thriving by trade in political exchange; but without one single democratic instinct, antecedent, theory, or tradition whatsoever. Since this dastardly and murderous rebellion has been tugging at the nation's throat, a few fossilized Know Nothings have come to reinforce this ignoble leadership, and these twin ornaments of democracy (!) have wielded the destinies of this once great, powerful, and controlling party; have, in derogation of all its cherished principles, exerted its energies to embarrass the government and encourage the rebellion—to jeopard the very existence of democratic institutions, and

“Shut the gates of mercy on mankind.”

And yet, in spite of all these repellent forces, the charm of the democratic name has assembled great numbers around its

naked framework, and commanded a large popular vote. This should admonish us that democratic principles are dear to the masses; that the very name is a strong rallying-cry, and that in the overturning and upheaving of old organizations, true democracy, when restored to its former high estate, under the flag of the Union, will bear down all opposition.

Every true democrat has, in sentiment, been anti-slavery in the abstract. He must now be so in the concrete. Democrats and anti-slavery men have heretofore differed, not in doctrine, but in its application. The anti-slavery organizations sought to wage an immediate and exterminating war of opinion upon the institution of domestic slavery in the States of the Union. The democrats, as heirs and representatives, proposed to abide by the stipulations of their ancestors, and leave the institution exclusively to the States where it existed; trusting to the influence of time and the progress of a world's opinion to correct an acknowledged evil, and remove a foul stain upon our national escutcheon. The slave States were wont to point to the federal constitution as their sword and shield, and democracy in return acknowledged their right to enjoy the immunity. But this state of things has passed away forever. The slave-interest, intoxicated by previous successes, vauntingly inquired, with the Babylonish king, whether it had not built this institution by its mighty power; and in an evil moment for itself, but one auspicious for the cause of justice and liberty, inaugurated a rebellion for its alleged advantage and perpetuity; and the booming of the first gun at Sumter was a proclamation of freedom on earth and good will towards men, and sent this modern Nebuchadnezzar to pasture.

The question no longer admits of expedients, compromises or palliatives; but the true democracy must and will assert its fundamental principles of liberty, equality, and the rights of man, and neither slumber nor repose until the last handcuff has been cast away, the last human fetter has been broken, the crack of the last slave-whip has resounded, the last human being been sold into bondage in freedom's holy land; until the school-house rises upon the auction-block, and the church above the slave-pen. Then, and not till then, will the democracy have accomplished one great feature of its heaven-born mission.

I forbear at this time to comment upon the blessings which will flow from an improved system of industry, and a new social structure. But the subject is replete with interest and instruction.

The financial questions which now claim our consideration, whether of banking or revenue, will demand all the best lights which wisdom and experience can afford us; and they too will stand prominently in the foreground of the future, with their pressing necessities and mighty responsibilities, and must be met and disposed of accordingly.

I would gladly present my views upon them, but time is not given me. I may resume the matters of your communication at a future day. In the mean time,

I am sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. COURTNEY.

DELAWARE HOUSE, PORT JERVIS, }
December 21, 1864. }

MY DEAR LYDIA—We that were to have *arriven* have *arrove* about 9, just in time to attend a *bawl* here, though *I* did not dance. I only saw the *chaps* as they came down to the bar, and the *sistern* as they passed up and down the sitting-room, dressed like the Summit girls; “some in white, some in silk, and some in muslin de laine.” They had for music, I should judge, the “sackbut, psaltery, and harp, and all kinds of music;” but I resolutely refused to “fall down,” till I did so for the night. We got a supper in one room and retired before eleven. Your mother was of course delighted, for you know she enjoys such things. The “*light fantastic toe*” seemed to me rather *heavy*; for the dancing sounded like the rehearsal of “Berry Huckle;” “tiddle-bump, tiddle-thump, tiddle-clump, tiddle-crash, tiddle-smash, tiddle-bang!” and then the *calls* sounded like an old farmer driving dull oxen. They kept it going nearly all night. I lost most of it, having unfortunately fallen asleep; though when the servants went through the hall they stepped heavier than the enchanted horse that made all the bells in Paris ring when he put his hoof down. Your mother lay

awake to hear it, and does not, of course, feel quite as well as I do; though she is her kind of comfortable, and we go on at half past ten.

Tell that girl we have all learned so much—and none more so than the undersigned, the party of the first part. I mean, tell that spritely Julia (I don't know if I spell sprightly right), if you are not well enough, that her "uncle" will be obliged to her if, some time when she is in Broadway, she will step into Anthony's, and get half a dozen of my cartes de visite—full length, old edition, small figure, and one hand in the vest *buzzum*. Ask Stevie to call upon the man who is making my shoes (as odd a thing for me as it was for the junior Weller to have a new suit), and get the amount of his bill. If Steve is coming soon he may bring them, and if he stays long, he may send them by express.

* * * * *

Much, very much love from us to yourself, my dear child, and our beloved Stevie and Julia, with the affectionate remembrances which the Christmas and New Year's season ought to suggest and sanctify, and would, if men would be rational.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. JACKSON.

ALBANY, January 18, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. JACKSON—I am pained beyond description to hear of the death of your husband, and my early and excellent friend. No event for years has so cast a dark and saddened shadow over me, and none has taught me so impressively that "verily this is not our abiding city."

You came to Binghamton shortly before I did, and the Doctor was *one* of my earliest and most intimate acquaintances, and an early and true friendship grew up between us which was never shaken, and has been terminated only by death. I know you must feel the impotency of any human consolation, and yet I would tender you words of sympathy and condolence, and feel to exclaim for myself, in the language of the stricken

and bereaved King of Judah, "He will not return to me, but I shall go to him." Alas! how fleeting and transitory is life! But a few years since we were just embarking in professional life. Now he is gone, and I, many years his senior, still linger a little longer. Mrs. Dickinson is not with me, or she would join her mournful remembrances.

With affectionate regards to all your family.

I am sincerely your friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MORRIS.

BINGHAMTON, March 4, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. MORRIS—A beautiful little note from our excellent friend, Mrs. D., conveys the painful intelligence that you are afflicted by illness. I was beginning to turn my eyes anxiously towards the mails for an *expected* letter from you, but I now, since this sad news, hasten to convey to you the sympathy of myself and family, with the assurance that our prayers will be offered for your speedy recovery and relief. I have never been much ill myself, but sickness and sorrow are no strangers in my dwelling, and I *know* from my poor invalid wife and those who have passed beyond the reach of affliction, how sickness weighs down the heart. But I hope your bright and buoyant spirit will be as light and lovely as ever, and that the coming season with its hope and its sunshine, its mild breezes and its genial showers, its birds and its *buds*, its germs and early flowers, will cheer and revive you, and restore that *sprightliness* which is one of your characteristics in the eyes of a no very *youthful* friend and admirer. After a hard, cold, but consistent winter, the snow and ice are fast imitating Jack Falstaff,—going into a state of "perpetual dissolution and thaw," and evidences of the coming season are upon us. We shall go through a great many *squalls* before June, but it is pleasing to know that the cruel tyrant winter has given up his *reign* for the *rain* of spring.

The brutal rebellion seems reeling to its downfall,—slavery has gone to perdition to announce *its coming*, and if left to Grant

and Sherman and Farragut and their associates, it cannot last much longer. I have just the same determination that I evinced when first we met, on that cold December day on the Boston-bound cars;—a determination which enabled you, with more than a woman's perception, to identify your fellow traveller, though you had no reason to suppose he was within hundreds of miles. I always felt a little proud of that individuality. There never has been but one way of disposing of rebellion, and that I saw at a glance, as I now do after four years of terrible experience.

To-day Mr. Lincoln is inaugurated for his second term. May God bless and grant him wisdom. His election was not a personal triumph, but the result of the *love* of Union and *hatred* of rebellion. There is to-day a great meeting in the city of New York, to celebrate the recent Union victories. Here it is very rainy, and as it is a southeast storm, I fear it is bad time for such a display as they have contemplated. I was invited to speak, but could not conveniently go, and did not much care to, for I hate a crowd, unless it has some useful or necessary purpose, as much as Byron did a "dumpy woman." I wrote them that I acted upon the sentiment of Napoleon, that *good* news would take care of itself, and that I enjoyed the services that led to victory more than the celebrations, &c.

And now, my dear Mrs. Morris, what can I do to smooth your pillow? Let me know, and see if it is not done. I have added you to the list of those near and dear, and must retain you there, for the "few and evil" days of my pilgrimage. When entirely well enough, drop me a very brief (unfatiguing to you) note, telling me. I fear this long, rambling epistle will weary you, but I had not time to make it shorter. The "Pictorials" are after me with some antediluvian cuts, which would have done for Methuselah. I tell Mrs. D. she has procured them to make me look *old* enough for *her* husband, and to turn aside the attention of young ladies. If I had known they contemplated such a thing, I would have had it well done. With regards to Mr. M., and love from Mrs. D., and daughters,

I am your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS NELLIE MYGATT.

Thursday Evening.

MY DEAR NELLIE—I write as I talk—too freely and too incessantly ; but I cannot,—no I will not, let your beloved note of this morning go unanswered, or rather unacknowledged until Monday. I want to thank you for it now. I want to tell you how happy you all made me in my recent visit, and what a foretaste it was to me of that state where there is “rest for the weary, where the tree of life is blooming.”

I have spent most of my life buffeting the angry tides of existence, with a heart whose tendrils have been twining round its objects of affection, and still reaching for more, to compensate it for its bereavements by death and its deprivations of sickness and sorrow ; and yet the world has never known me and never will. I love the social and domestic circle more than “the applause of listening senates to command ;” the affection of cherished ones more than the ambitions of the Cæsars ; the sacred cares of home and the holy duties of religion more than the *éclat* of the popular voice, or the notes of the trump of fame.

* * * * *

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. COURTNEY.

BINGHAMTON, March 6, 1865.

MY DEAR LYDIA L.—This is a bright and lovely morning for March. Your mother is much as usual ; was well enough to go to communion service yesterday, but it seemed to fatigue her too much, and this morning she is not quite well enough to write. We are all getting on very comfortably as usual, and the baby grows smart and cunning every day. He is a very bright and lovely child, but rather too much of an idol, considering the uncertainty of life and all human affairs.

* * * * *

The snow is gradually disappearing, and we now and then hear a faint and stray note from some song-bird, who is wait-

ing for spring to raise the blockade. We shall be glad when genial summer, with its mild sunshine and gentle breezes, brings you with us again, and I hope no cruel mishap* may prevent your enjoying it. I do not mean to be much abroad; the more I am at home the more I love to be, and your mother is so much more happy when I am here to assure her that the world will turn on its own "*axle-tree*" if she does not see to "iling" it, that I hate to be away. Love to Sam.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1865.

MY DEAR LYDIA—We are all overwhelmed with astonishment and grief over the shocking death of the President. How ferocious is dying slavery. This sad event, which startles the nation, will keep me here just now, if nothing else, but I will write you every day. God bless you and all the dear ones. Love to all.

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, April 16, 1865.

MY DEAR LYDIA—It would be a great comfort to me if I could be with you at a time when I know your sensitive heart and weak, nervous system so much need my society and consolation. But these, my dear, are stirring and *terrible* times, and we must rise equal to the occasion. The whole city is draped in mourning, and all classes walk the streets in search of intelligence, and to converse upon the dastardly atrocity of the slave rebellion. I send you papers showing the doings in Wall street. I went down to help arrange for a meeting, and found thirty

* Alluding to an accident by which Mrs. C. was seriously injured the previous summer at Binghamton.

thousand people there before me. I am every moment busy, and business is pressing upon the office. I think I shall find it as pleasant and like it as well as I can anything away from the Orchard. I shall come up just as soon after the 20th as possible.

You can have no idea of the aspect Wall street presented yesterday, or the manner in which I was received from the balcony of the Custom House, from which I spoke without expectation or a moment's premeditation. Love to all.

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MORRIS.

THE ORCHARD, August 13, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. MORRIS—My good daughter, Mrs. Courtney, responded to your affectionate inquiry on hearing of my illness. You know not how it cheered the desolation of a sick-bed to be thus anxiously remembered by such a friend. Since then I have yours of the 26th from "Rye Beach," for which accept my best acknowledgments. Sickness I have realized for the first time; it is a fearful thing for any one, and more especially for one who bears so many relations as are upon me. For three weeks I did not look at a newspaper, nor wish to see one; for about two months I did not appear at the family table, nor attempt to write a letter.

I now appear regularly at the family repasts with a keen and healthy appetite, and I show my independence over my dear, good secretary, Mrs. Courtney, by attempting this scrawl to you—my first effort since my prostration! though my nerves are not yet steady. But I am bright and cheerful, and why should I not be, surrounded by so much affection under the domestic roof-tree, and from those bound by ties of sacred friendship? I ride out some, and walk in our pleasant grounds amidst shade, flowers, and birds, and would that my heart would be tenfold more thankful than it can be for my restoration from the perilous sickness which threatened to close my active, excited, earthly existence. It seems our good Father has yet work for me to do, humble though it may be, and

hence He who has watched over me, and rescued me from the "mouth of the lion and the paw of the bear," has saved me from the hand of this uncircumcised Philistine—the typhoid fever. I think, in a few days I shall be quite well again; and my physician says, I will then enjoy, with proper care, improved health. Since April, 1861, I have perhaps travelled more miles, made more speeches, written more for papers, and tried more causes, than any man in the United States over sixty; and so far as speeches are concerned, I have made more than any one, young or old. Now that the rebellion is down, it can be kept there without popular effort, and I look forward to much more ease and quiet. I shall go to New York about the first of September, for a while. When are you coming there? And, what is more important and interesting, when are you coming *here*? Pray, write me as early as consistent, for your cheerful, kindly words are doubly dear to me now. Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. Mygatt, Charlotte and her boys, and the baby, all unite with me in love.

Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

NEW YORK, September 4, 1865.

MY DEAR MARY—Lilla, Samuel, and Bell came down to the Astor to dinner, and we had a very pleasant time. Mr. King joined our party. * * * *

I am glad to learn by your dear, good mother's letter, that my beloved Dickie is better. Poor, dear, good little fellow! I can see his pale, suffering, beseeching face, lit up by his angel spirit, constantly before me. I did not suppose I could learn to love a babe so well at my time of life.

You must be very careful of your own health. Your over-exertion during Dickie's illness has been severe, and you must now have rest.

Much love and kind remembrances to all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1865.

MY DEAR LYDIA—Your good, kind letter of the 6th came yesterday. I deeply sympathize with you in the labor of love you are performing, in looking over our early family letters; and yet with my acute and painfully sensitive nature at all times, rendered tenfold more susceptible by my recent illness and the kind care given me by you and other members of the family, I should scarcely venture upon a task so full of earlier remembrances and replete with tender emotion. There is no one better qualified than you to arrange such correspondence for those who should come after us, either with or without help from any one; and I cheerfully commit it to you in all the sacredness which belongs to it, always remembering a good letter need not be destroyed because it has a clause in it which should not be given to the public. * * *

I want you to be as careful of the letters written by yourself as of the letters written by me, for they are the best of the two.

I was dining yesterday at the same table with Thurlow Weed, and Mr. Kinnair, a member of the British parliament, and another English gentleman of note; and a conversation arose relative to Mrs. Kinnair, whom, it seems, Mr. Weed knew. As it all came right, I showed your last letter—the *writing*, and read some portions of it—that relating to your views of my family letters, and your desire to edit them, &c., which produced any amount of encomium from all the gentlemen.

I feel my separation from you as painfully as you can, and am only consoled by the reflection, that so the world is ordained and such is life. I hope, if we are spared yet awhile, our present self-denial and efforts may conduce to our comfort when we have less capacity to be useful to others than now.

Accept for yourself the assurances of my best affections, and give much love to all.

Your affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

NEW YORK, September 14, 1865.

MY DEAR MAI—Your little gem of a book came yesterday. I love it dearly, for it is a treasure indeed; and yet your sweet letter was more priceless still. May God protect and cherish you and all those we love, and teach us how to deserve such affection as that which surrounds the home hearth. The weather is still oppressive, though a shade cooler than yesterday. I do, therefore, just as little as possible. Give much love to that precious mother and all the dear ones.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. CHARLOTTE DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, September 15, 1865.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE—Your kind, affectionate, and very beautiful letter came in due time, and is carefully put away with other valued tributes, for safe keeping. I hope God may spare our little household long to each other, and that we may live together in the harmony and love which we so well know how to appreciate. I was touched with the dear and beautiful notes of Stevie and Aubie. I have them also carefully treasured. This extremely warm weather continues, but as Samuel and Mr. Allen are absent, I must be here, though I do very little work. I continue to improve slowly, and should recover more rapidly if the weather were cooler.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, September 16, 1865.

MY VERY DEAR LYDIA—Your sweet little note with your photograph, and my cards came last evening. I am very glad you sent your photograph for I meant to have brought one, but

forgot it. It is, though, so far as I am concerned, a very poor substitute for (as D. D. Barnard said) "that divine original."

* * * * *

Ever since I have been here, with the exception of a day or two, when I first came, the weather has been not only hot, but exhaustive and depressing—no life in it, but full of suffocation. I am really much better than when I left, but this weather has kept me back, and my brain is sensitive, weak, and too excitable for anything but routine business, and as Samuel and Allen are both away, it is quite necessary for me to do that. I hope I shall improve rapidly when the cool weather comes. I have taken your advice and the doctor's, and put off all my circuit business.

* * * * *

I have been anxious about you, too, my dear one. In all you have to do and find to do, your lot is, I know, a hard one. I frequently feel self-condemned that, instead of having been forced into the channel of life which has made it so hard for you, I had not forced myself out of it, when we could have been more domestic, and you could have had more ease. Perhaps we should not have been better satisfied after all.

* * * * *

Give love to all.

Your most affectionate husband,

D. S. D.

MR. DICKINSON TO D. S. DICKINSON, JR.

NEW YORK, September 16, 1865.

MY DEAR STEVIE—Your note, written on my birth-day, was affectionate and beautiful. I read it with deep feeling, and have put it away for choice keeping. You know not, my dear boy, how anxious I am for your happiness, and how earnestly I pray that you may be a good and upright man. You will soon have to enter upon the responsibilities of life. Learn, then, all you can, without injury to your eyes; train your mind to industrious pursuits, and especially be kind to and love those

whom God has given you in the near and dear relations of life. This will make you at all times cheerful and happy.

Love to all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO A. M. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, September 16, 1865.

MY DEAR AUBIE—The dear note you sent me on my birthday was so beautifully written, and so full of affectionate regard, that it filled my heart with thankfulness. My letter to Mr. Webster was copied so finely, that I saw you were improving in your studies. This gives me great pleasure, for it will make you a useful young man at once. I love you very much, and have very great solicitude for you.

Be studious, be industrious, be affectionate to your mother and mamma, and be obedient to them; and love your good brother, and be kind and obliging to all, and you will be better and happier all your life. See how pleasantly you can all live together, and how happy you can make each other.

Love to all.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, September 21, 1865.

This is a bright, clear, coldish morning, my beloved Lydia, and I hope it smiles on you and all the loved ones at B., and finds you comfortably well.

All as usual here. I get along very well, but I find my brain yet too sensitive and excitable to take hold of labor, and am rejoiced that I put off my causes. Dr. Jones, and all who have had experience in such matters think I have improved wonderfully and when I look back and remember how dread-

fully sick I was, I thank God for my deliverance, and love you and all the family more than ever, for such kind, patient, and affectionate care of me during my peril. I would I might never be separated a moment from you especially, nor from those bound to us in the near and tender ties of domestic love. I hope we may soon have a reunion, though I cannot now fix the time for returning home.

* * * * *

So, my dear L., be, as you ever have been, patient and full of love for

Your most affectionate husband,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO A. M. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, October 11, 1865.

MY DEAR AUBIE—Your dear good letter of Sunday came yesterday. I was very glad to get it, and very much pleased with it. It was neatly written, well punctuated, and spelled right. Besides it showed that you had listened to and understood Mr. Greeley's address, and remembered it so as to describe it, and that too in handsome language. I read it to your mother, aunt Lillu and uncle Samuel, and told them I did not believe there were many boys of your age who could so well understand such an address, and describe it so well, in such apt language. Keep on, my dear boy, with your good conduct and studies, and you will soon be able to help me much. We are all well as usual here, the weather is bright and fine, but it is not as pleasant here as at home. All send much love to you and your mamma, dear Stevie, Mary, Johnnie and Dickie.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

(On her birth-day.)

NEW YORK, October 20, 1865.

MY BELOVED MARY—The light you brought to our house-

hold on your natal day has never been quenched, but has grown brighter and lovelier as time has advanced, and new relations have multiplied. I have only time to send you this one word of affection, and to hope that your dear boy may be as pure in paternal regard and love as you have been.

Wishing you and yours the choicest of God's blessings, and with love to all, I am your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS CLARISSA MYGATT.

NEW YORK, October 26, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS MYGATT—Your most acceptable note came in the usual course, and was very welcome. Pray do not next time apologize for writing so *much*, but for writing so *little*. We suffered no detriment from the incident which arrested our travel, and escaped *all* the perils in short, though like Paul we had them in number and variety. We *wholly* escaped *one* which greatly affected the apostle, and that was "peril among false brethren," for *we* found none but dearly-beloved friends.

Ah, my dear Clarissa, you know not how deeply my heart can sympathize with you in your inability to talk about your sainted sister, or converse on any subject that recalls her loss. Will you believe it? I lost a little sister aged five years in 1814, when I was 14 years of age. I have never, to this day, been able to speak two consecutive sentences of her, for grief and emotion will choke my utterance; and now that fifty years have rolled in succession their turbulent waves over life's ocean, other bereavements in a nearer relation have been mine, and my hairs are silvered with age, and my life has been one of excitement and vicissitude, and my heart is tested by time and trial, scarce a day has passed that I have not paid to the sweet memory of that beloved child the tribute of tears; and this recurrence now causes them to flow down my cheeks as they did at her little grave fifty-one years ago. The pure fountains of domestic love, so deep and exhaustless, tell me that we shall meet again and know each other *there*. We speak often of our pleasant visit to Westport, and to me, devoted to cares, it seems like an oasis in the desert of life. Mrs. Dickin-

son unites with me in kind remembrances to Mr. Treadwell and in love to you and the children, and *I* beg to be regarded as not merely a friend, but a most admiring and sincerely affectionate friend.

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO D. S. DICKINSON, JR.

NEW YORK, November 27, 1865.

MY DEAR BOY STEVIE—I write this for your 17th birth-day note and to tell you how much we all love you. You are now almost a man, and we all pray that you may be as a youth and man as upright as you have been as a boy. We must all love each other, and do all we can to render the journey of life pleasant, for it has many sorrows which cannot be turned aside, and at best is brief. May that Being who presides over the destiny of all his children keep and protect you, and shield you from all harm and temptation and evil.

Your mother, aunt L. and uncle S. all unite with me in love to you upon the occasion, and also to all the family.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO A. M. DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, November 27, 1865.

MY DEAR BOY AUBIE—I have not forgotten your 15th birth-day, nor to tell you how much you are beloved by us all, and how proud we are of our noble, manly boy. It is our prayer and desire and expectation that you will be as good a youth and young man as you have been a boy, so that all will see you are free from the follies and vices which destroy so many. You have high capacities for usefulness, if properly cultivated and improved, and we are satisfied you will do all in your power for good. God bless and protect you, my beloved son, and make you the support of your father and mother and of all the

dear household. Your mother and aunt and uncle write in love to you and all at home.

Your affectionate father,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. BALLARD.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY OFFICE, }
New York, November 27, 1865. }

MY DEAR SIR—On a recent short visit to Binghamton, we received the melancholy intelligence of the death of your dear boy, George. We know, alas! how painfully, my afflicted friend, how the parents' hearts bleed under such a bereavement. He was a beloved and excellent child; and his loss is beautifully portrayed in the obituary notice you sent me. Death long since held the majority of those with whom we have lived and loved; "they will not return to us, but we shall go to them."

This has severed another of the strong yet tender ties which bound you to earth; and though it is yet bleeding, the spirit that has flown beckons you away, where there are no separations nor sorrows.

"The world is full of farewells to the dying, and mournings for the dead." Mrs. Dickinson and myself, while we know the impotency of all human consolation, convey to Mrs. Ballard and yourself the assurances of our sympathy, and pray that this affliction may be sanctified to yourself and family for spiritual good.

Sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

LILLA'S, Sunday, December 24, 1865.

MY DEAR MARY—Your affectionate letter was indeed most welcome. Since I cannot be with you, I am always rejoiced to receive your letters. My domestic love is so strong that I ought never to have been tempted, even by a laudable ambition, into a course of life which has so much separated me from those

as dear to me as my life. I yet hope that a time may be permitted me with those whom God has given me to bless my declining years.

I returned from Washington last Tuesday, and found all as usual. Your aunt Lucie, who went up yesterday, will give you all particulars. * * * * *

I send you and John and the dear baby, Charlotte and the beloved boys, each and all a Christmas greeting from your mother and myself, Samuel and Lilla. Upon this holy festival, may we all experience renewed interchanges of affection: and cheer and console each other along the chequered pathway of life. May you be given strength from above to rear that precious bird of domestic hope, in which we all feel so much pride and solicitude, to be a light in the family circle, and an ornament to society.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

LILLA'S, December 24, 1865.

MY DEAR ELIZA—My argument at Washington was closed last Monday, and was characterized by the papers in advance as "powerful," in which opinion, it is needless to say, I concurred; returned here on Tuesday, and found your letter, congratulating yourself that it would be pretty sure to find me at *this* home. I found all here as usual, your aunt Lucie's eyes having improved. She went up to B. yesterday.

This is a rainy, snowy, uncomfortable morning, and I shall make the day one of physical and spiritual rest. To-morrow will be Christmas! I have written you how little I enjoy holidays, because of the excesses usually practised. The day is more tolerable in the country, where there is some sincerity; but I am too close an observer to feel much sympathy with what I see going on in this great Babel. There is nothing on earth that cannot be purchased here, most of it, to be sure, far above its value. Wealth and want, dinners and debaucheries, religion and rum, splendor and starvation, cards and coffins, music and

moanings are all strangely jumbled together. The poor shivering mendicant craving a crust greets you at every corner, and mourning goods are so abundant that you can *grieve* five thousand dollars' worth in a single outfit. So goes the world—such is life in a great sympathizing city. I thank God that enough of my life was spent in the country—a new country too—to have learned how beautiful is nature, and that “God made the country, and man made the town.”

May this be to you, my dear Eliza, a happy rather than a merry Christmas—full of consolation and rational enjoyment: and also to Melissa and Charlie. May He who guards us in all our out-goings and in-comings, shield, bless and protect you all.

Your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON

MR. DICKINSON TO STEVIE AND AUBIE DICKINSON.

NEW YORK, December 25, 1865.

MY DEAR BOYS—A very happy and joyous Christmas to each of you and all the loved ones at the Orchard. May God bless you, and guide you in the path which leads to happiness and honor.

I have but a moment to write, as we are just going out to church. Much love and greeting to your mamma, sister, John and Dickie.

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS KNAPP.

129 EAST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, }
NEW YORK, December 31, 1865. }

MY DEAR ELIZA—The last pulsations of this dear old year are now throbbing, and soon it will be gathered with the things that were. What a mighty chapter in human pilgrimage has it opened and closed forever! How many have been added to the busy throng of life, some to be loved by the gods, and die early,

some to live to hopeful and blooming youth, and then leave behind the gay company of life's unclouded morning, and lie down in death; some to enjoy life's meridian, some to be stained with crime, some to "pine in want and dungeon's gloom," some to be withered with dreary age, but all wending their way to judgment. How many, alas, during this eventful year have found repose in that sleep which knows no waking. How many have gone down with violence and butchery to bloody and unknown graves; and how many cry out, with the Patriarch, "me have ye bereaved of my children:" but the just perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart. The New Year will be ushered in with dance and song, and the sackbut, psaltery and harp. Old men and young, maidens and children, will hail it with gladness, and many welcome it as a deliverer; and yet, to me, it is an occasion of deep solemnity. How merciful it is that "Heaven to all creatures hides the book of fate," for who could look in upon its dark and mournful pages, and live?

This morning opened like the journey of life,—full of bright hope and golden promise; ere noonday dark clouds gathered, and its evening will be stormy and tempestuous, with no friendly sun to gild the distant hill-tops! The new morning will open upon life and death, wealth and want, all shades of morals,—and the bells ring, as Ralph Nickleby said, for the godly, "who are godly, because not found out!" but all, the good, the bad, the rich, the poor, the high, the low, are hurrying along together to repose again in that peaceful bosom from which they were withdrawn, where "there is rest for the weary." Like the dove, they will find that, after coursing over the desolation of life's ocean, there is no rest for the sole of the foot; and will return fluttering at the windows of the ark for admission. This existence, with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its smiles and tears, is a problem which I know not how to solve; but there is a secret something, independent of revelation, which "intimates eternity to man." When we go hence, how small a ripple shall we occasion on the surface of society. A few near and dear will mourn us, but the decree will go on, the spring will blossom, the evening will close around, the birds usher in the morning; and it will be said of us, "there lived a man."

But God bless you, my beloved niece. Your aunt and Lilla join me in love and kind wishes to you all, and hope for your health and happiness; and such is the prayer of your affectionate uncle,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO REV. Z. PADDOCK.

NEW YORK, January 29, 1866.

REVERED AND DEAR SIR—Your kind and cordial invitation extended me to address the Broome County Bible Society at Binghamton on the 30th inst., was duly received, and my final answer has been delayed to this, the latest moment that it could reach you seasonably, in the hope that by some changeful circumstance I might be relieved for a day or two from official service here, and permitted to meet you in the pleasing relation your partiality so generously assigned me; for I indulge an anxious desire to commune with my friends and neighbors upon an occasion which must be replete with sacred interest, and full of admonition and instruction. But my engagements are, for the present, incessant and imperative, and I can only bid you God-speed in this great and good work, by this hasty and meagre note. As a people, we have just emerged from clouds and darkness to light and sunshine. In other days we had “found our fellow guilty of a skin not colored like our own,” and, in disregard of the holy precepts of the Gospel, we bound him in moral and material fetters, and sold him and his wife and children into servitude. Africa, like a bereaved mother, stretched out her sable, supplicating arms to heaven, and it pleased our beneficent Father, for this deep transgression, to visit us in judgment with the terrible scourge of intestine war. Alas, how are its desolations, its want and woe, marked by bloody foot-prints along its dark and devious pathway. But in the rich plentitude of divine mercy, rebellion has been exterminated, and the olive wand of peace again waves over us. Let us, then, build up the waste places within our borders, and again be brethren of a common tie; seek to reclaim the erring and to console the stricken and the abject; to dry up the

mourner's tears, and to comfort the widow and the fatherless by a wide dissemination of the word of life, which sends forth from its exhaustless fountain streams which shall gladden the desert and cause the desolate domains of humanity to bud and blossom like the rose, which shall send light and hope as well to the cell of the captive as to the palace of the lofty, and tell that "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

With prayers for the success of the heaven-born mission in which the Association over which you preside is engaged, in the hope of a blessed immortality and in the spirit of Christian love, I am

Your affectionate brother,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO D. S. DICKINSON, JR.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1866.

MY DEAR STEVIE—You can scarcely imagine how much we have all been pleased with your visit, and how much we regret the necessity of your leaving for home so soon; but the loved ones there wish to see you, and it is doubtless best you should return. We are proud of your good appearance and address, but much more proud of your good behavior, and your integrity and upright conduct. You are soon coming to be a man. We are full of anxious solicitude for your welfare, and daily pray heaven for your safety and protection. Go on, my beloved son, in the path of honor and duty; be an example and guide to your little brother, and we shall all love you more and more, and God will smile on you and bless you. Now, the most you can do is to take good care of yourself—your moral and natural health—improve your mind by reading what is consistent with the condition of your eyes; by conversation with the good and intelligent, and by reflection and self-examination. At no distant day it will be important for you to choose some useful calling for life, and that should, even now, engage your attention.

With hope and love known only to a parent, I am

Your affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MISS CLARISSA MYGATT.

NEW YORK, February 26, 1866.

MY DEAR CLARISSA—Had your dear note of the 14th brought what Mr. Weller, Jr., denominated a “valentine,” it would have been very acceptable, for I cling to the thoughts and customs of earlier days and earlier years, whether of sadness or of joy, and I even write valentines sometimes myself. I did not write *this* year, for amidst the many cares of this “self-pursuing, anxious being,” it did not occur to me just at the right time, or I would have written one to *you*. With many lady friends I am too well acquainted to indulge in such pastimes; with others, not well enough. Few appreciate the hits one can give in such a communication. Some would be offended, perhaps, but I would have ventured in your case, had it occurred to me seasonably.

The occasion of the family gathering in which you have recently participated, must have been one overflowing with domestic interest, and chequered with alternate smiles and tears. Ah, what a holy foretaste of that love which abideth forever is given in such a gathering around the sacred home-hearth. How it solemnizes the mind; how it purifies and rectifies the heart, and how fully it assures us of the sublime, poetic truth, that

“In heaven above, where all is love,
There ’ll be no sorrow there.”

Remember me, I pray, to your parents, with deep and affectionate regard. A sainted spirit, gone to her reward, bids me love them and you—or *permits*, I should say, for I could not do otherwise if I would.

The winter’s reign has passed away, and though winds will wail like spirits lost, and storms will beat, yet the terrible enduring will not come again to afflict us, until another “winter of our discontent” rally round us. In one short month birds will sing of hope and promise to the burdened and weary heart; buds will swell and open to tell of resurrection; leaflets will spread and germs will sprout, and anon violets peep out, and grass-plats bid welcome to the dancing feet of glad and merry childhood.

Mrs. D. and Mrs. Courtney unite with me in love to you

and the children and regards to Mr. Treadwell, and I am, as
 ever, Your affectionate friend,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. DICKINSON TO MRS. MYGATT.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1866.

MY DEAR MARY—I am constantly engaged in the *Melton* case, and have but a moment to write, but I will speak a word or two to you, my “black-head,” and inquire how you are, and how is Dickie, dear boy?

Your mother is recovering from the effects of her fall, and went with me to Calvary church yesterday, which was rather a pleasant day.

It will soon, my dear Mary, be mild and pleasant and sunny weather, a part of the time at least. You will be able to go out some good days, and this will give you life and strength, provided you do not overdo it.

Much love from us all to John, Char., the dear boys, and Dickie.

Your most affectionate father,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MISS GORTON TO MRS. MYGATT.

(With extracts from Mr. DICKINSON'S correspondence.)

NORWICH, December 12, 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. MYGATT—In compliance with your request, I have examined the letters written to me by my valued friend, your ever-lamented father.

I do not think there is any letter of which you would wish an entire copy; but there are in all passages that illustrate what to me were the most charming traits of his character.

What attracted me most powerfully in Mr. Dickinson was his earnest, child-like faith in Divine goodness; his keen appreciation of the true and beautiful everywhere; his sympathy for suffering, wherever it was found; his inborn hatred of everything base or ignoble; and, above all, the loyalty and tenderness towards his friends, and especially the loved ones of his own household, that pervaded his whole nature, and seemed

more essentially a part of himself than the noble intellectual powers which won for him such high positions in public favor.

But words are too empty to describe him as I believe him to have been—the friendship he expressed for me, his affectionate and Christian sympathy in affliction, his genuine rejoicing in my joy, will ever remain among the dearest and proudest memories of my life ; and, while for my country I mourn that in her hour of need she has lost a great statesman, and a son whose loyalty not even his opponents dare question, for myself I grieve that I have lost a true friend, one to whose wisdom I could trust, if need be, my dearest interests, and whose pure friendship would never fail me, unless forfeited by some act of my own.

I enclose with this a few lines written by your father under the following circumstances: Mr. Dickinson and myself happened to meet one morning at the Binghamton depot, on my way to New York city. The day was a deliciously cool and clear one in July, 1864, the scenery charming, and your father (always a delightful travelling companion) especially brilliant. He had laughed at me a little for my enthusiastic admiration of the beautiful scenery as we passed along, and when we reached a point in the road where some canal lies nearly parallel with the railroad for a short distance, and glimpses of a beautiful stream were included in the landscape, your father insisted that I should express my feelings in poetry appropriate to the occasion. I declined, saying that “canal” was not a poetical word, and could not be used in poetry. He replied that as soon as the cars stopped he would prove to me that it could. So at the next station, taking a card from his pocket, he wrote:

“When I see the ‘canawl’ in all its ‘ragin,’
It looks so romantic and so *engagin*,
That I love it with all its cuts and crosses,
And its fine, fleet boats, and its elegant hosses.”

I treasure the card as a memento of one of the brightest days of my life. It must console you to think how “blessed among women” you have been, to have had such companionship and guidance so long, and to feel that you have been guarded all through your childhood and early womanhood, with tenderness so exquisite and love so wise and deep. May the God he worshipped so truly sustain and strengthen you!

* * * * *

In a letter written August, 1863, Mr. Dickinson says: "I have just returned from a 'sentimental journey' to Guilford, which lieth south of Norwich, where, for twenty-five years, from six to thirty-one years, (I am somewhat over the last-named age now,) I was a verb; that is, I was permitted 'to be, to do, and to suffer.' Mrs. D., my pet boys, and myself spent last week there, visiting former friends, points of interest, houses, churches, cemeteries, &c. We found excitement, gratification, fatigue, and all the varied emotions of the heart, and returned rewarded, because we were conscious that we had discharged a mission of duty and affection. The little town was, to us, full of sacred memories, and it is long since we have indulged the current unrestrained. My object was declared to be relaxation, repose, and a brief respite from mental care; and as I only addressed *two large* out-door meetings, one in Guilford and the other in Oxford, while I was away, you will see *how* I attained it. I am interested in your description of your 'watering-place.' I think I should chiefly spend my time on 'Gull Island.' I think it was Pope—it was he or some one else—who, in speaking of the eagle and her young, says, 'Eight callow infants filled the mossy nest, *herself* the ninth.' Now, when I parted with you, you had *three young men* with you, and I had a good mind to become the *fourth*. Then I could have seen the smiling water 'craft,' as well as the wide-spread land-craft. I suppose you have plenty of *mere* maids there, but should you chance to see a *mermaid*, or the coil of the *sea-serpent*, or the spirit of the sea, please give me a description."

In May, 1864, he wrote, "I never saw a finer May morning than this blessed one. I am quite sure that to be 'queen of the May' on such an occasion would be very flattering indeed. When winter gathers around her frosted curtains, I say with an involuntary shudder, 'shall I ever see spring again?' and I count the dark, stormy days, and the long, freezing nights, and hail the first evidence of the season of hope and promise, with a thankful heart; and when the earth is all 'green with spring, and fresh with dew, and bright with flowers,' as it was this morning, I would that I could pour out my whole heart in adoration and gratitude, that I have been spared for another season to those who love me, and who look to me for protection.

“I have principally closed my business abroad, that I may be more at ‘home, sweet home,’ for I have been tempest-tossed so long, and like the wearied dove unable to find repose, that I return to the domestic ark for admission.

“Grant, it is said, is teaching the old ‘ideas’ on the Potomac ‘how to shoot,’ and a battle is supposed to be raging there while I am writing. God *grant* him a safe deliverance, and a victory!”

“Nov. 24th, 1864. The good people of my native State, through their chief magistrate, were accustomed to forbid all *vain* recreations and servile labor on Thanksgiving day, and being a true and obedient son of that land of pretty women and rye gingerbread, I must not transgress such sensible and salutary ordinances. It certainly is not *labor*, much less is it *servile* for me to write *you*. It is, I admit, a *recreation*, but whether it is ‘vain’ you alone can tell. So, although it is Thanksgiving day, and I have many things to be thankful for, and among them your affectionate friendship, I will write.

“Well, then, after ‘tearing myself away’ from you and other valued friends that cold, dark and stormy Saturday, before election, I rode, per *boogie* (not *buggy*, as we have it) to Afton, where I addressed a large out-door meeting in the afternoon; a portion of the audience remained over, and I addressed them again in the evening, in a church. The next morning I rode home in the belief that the ‘Sabbath was made for man,’ &c., and found all in usual health and spirits. The result of the election has given me new life, has given me renewed and increased confidence in popular government, and has done more to break down rebellion at home and abroad than a dozen successful battles. * * * * *

“Winter is evidently coming upon us, but so long as I think ‘some things there be in this dreary world to love me, *even me*,’ I can defy the elements and be happy. I adopt the language of the Baptist hymn, ‘Christians, if your *hearts* be warm, ice and snow can do no harm.’

“Wishing you the generous compliments and salutations of the season, in advance, and invoking upon your head the blessings I would crave for all those I love, I am your affectionate friend,

“D. S. DICKINSON.”

In June, '63, he wrote :

"I am pained to learn that you have been so ill. Alas! how the bright and beautiful pathway of life may be rendered bleak and desolate by sickness, which bows and breaks down the spirit, which chills and withers the buds and blossoms of the heart. But our good Father has seen fit to remind us by lessons of vicissitude and trial that this is not our abiding place, to break the tendrils which twine around the heart and bind us to earth, to solemnize and rectify the soul and fit it for that land where there is 'rest for the weary.' * *"

* * I am happy to hear of the good prospects of the church at N. In these days of wickedness, error, and delusion, the church is about the only rock left which can resist the mad current of folly, fanaticism, and their corrupting concomitants."

In December of the same year: "'And what is this?' said I to my clerk, on entering my office yesterday morning, after an absence of four weeks, and finding on my table amidst law papers of all sorts and sizes, a large thin package inclosed in a newspaper and tied with a *thread*—the never-failing sign of a lady's fingers. 'Something' was the reply, 'left here in your absence.' I was not long in untying, and behold! to my delighted and astonished vision appeared the beautiful and charming present of your 'preserved autumn leaves,' which, a sweet poetess has said, 'have their time to fall.' I returned from a trip West on Saturday, the 12th, and read your kind note of the 22d, which I found at my home library, and learned that an affectionate remembrance was in store for me, but I did not dream that it was then sleeping on my office table, or that it was so exquisitely and elaborately beautiful, or that you had found so much time to devote to your rather *advanced* friend. A thousand thanks for a gift so precious; *ten thousand* for the generous emotions of friendship that prompted its preparation for me.

"The world wags on as usual, and I feel certain that the rebellion is reeling. I think Beecher fed the British lion something beside 'spoon victuals.' I admired the manner in which he bearded snob aristocracy, and vindicated his country. I think—to carry out your suggestion—that it must have been the 'Swamp Angel' and Beecher together that wrought the change in British sentiment. According to the

poet, ' *Angels* (Swamp) and *ministers* of grace (Beecher) defend us !'

"I have been through the West. It is a wonderful and literally a *great* country—not one tenth developed. In the cities and large towns, the social structure is much like our own, but in the farming regions much more '*clumped*.' There is an all-pervading *muchness*. The dwellings are lowly, unadorned, and the farm productions which are wasted are more than our farmers raise. Its powers of production are incalculable, but for a *home* it can never be as pleasant as the Atlantic States.

"I have just been requested to send an autograph (difficult to read, I suppose) letter to the great fair at Cincinnati, and I have just closed it—recommending President Lincoln to proclaim, that all found in arms January first, shall, when conquered, for life be clad like their butternut soldiers, ride on their own railroads, deal largely and exclusively in Confederate currency, take the statements of rebel leaders for *truth*, marry none but the most spiteful of secesh women, subsist upon such fare as they give to Union prisoners, and have grace said over it by Bishop Polk. ' If that don't terrify them, nothing will.'"

February, 1865 : "I was exceedingly pained to learn, as I did from our friend, Mrs. H., of your painful bereavement and affliction. Alas, how fleeting is life ! how those we love are hastening to the spirit land, and beckoning us away ! I know, my stricken friend, how to sympathize with your torn and bleeding heart. My two first-born—one half the little flock that God had given to bless me—were stricken down in early man and woman hood, and my heart left to feel the impotence of human consolation ; but I have schooled it to reconciliation, and to exclaim with Judah's king, ' they will not return to me, but I shall go to them.' May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, sustain you in your trials, and point you to that land where there are no separations and no sorrows. ' He gave, He took, He will restore : He doeth all things well.' "

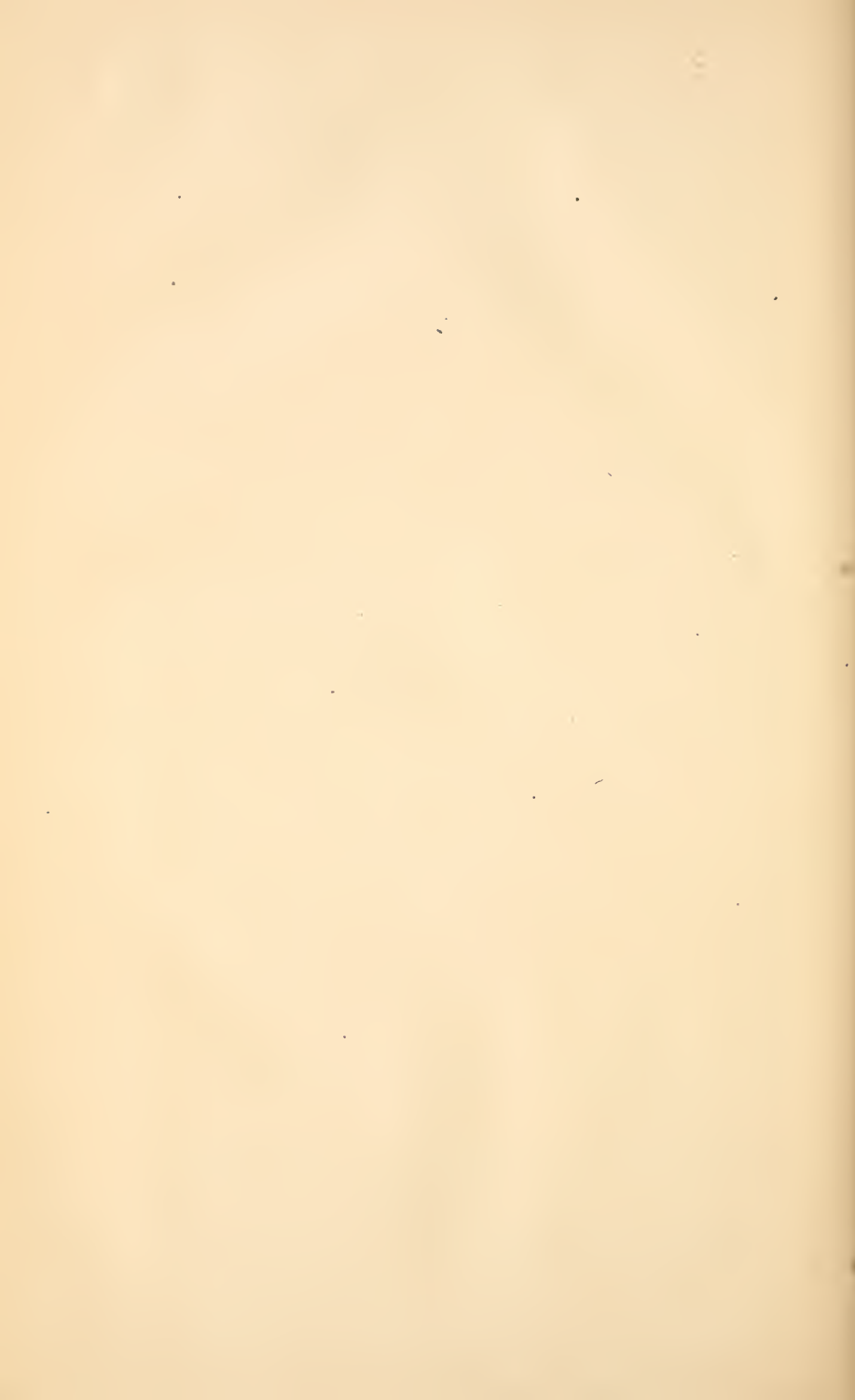
* * * * *

Give my sincere love and sympathy to your honored mother, and believe me

Very truly yours,

MARGARET R. GORTON.

P O E M S .



TO HER,
WHO, NOBLY, PATIENTLY ENDURING HER OWN BURDEN OF SORROW,
REMAINS TO COMFORT AND CHEER
HER CHILDREN;
THIS COLLECTION OF MY DEAR FATHER'S POEMS,
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE, TO THE POEMS.

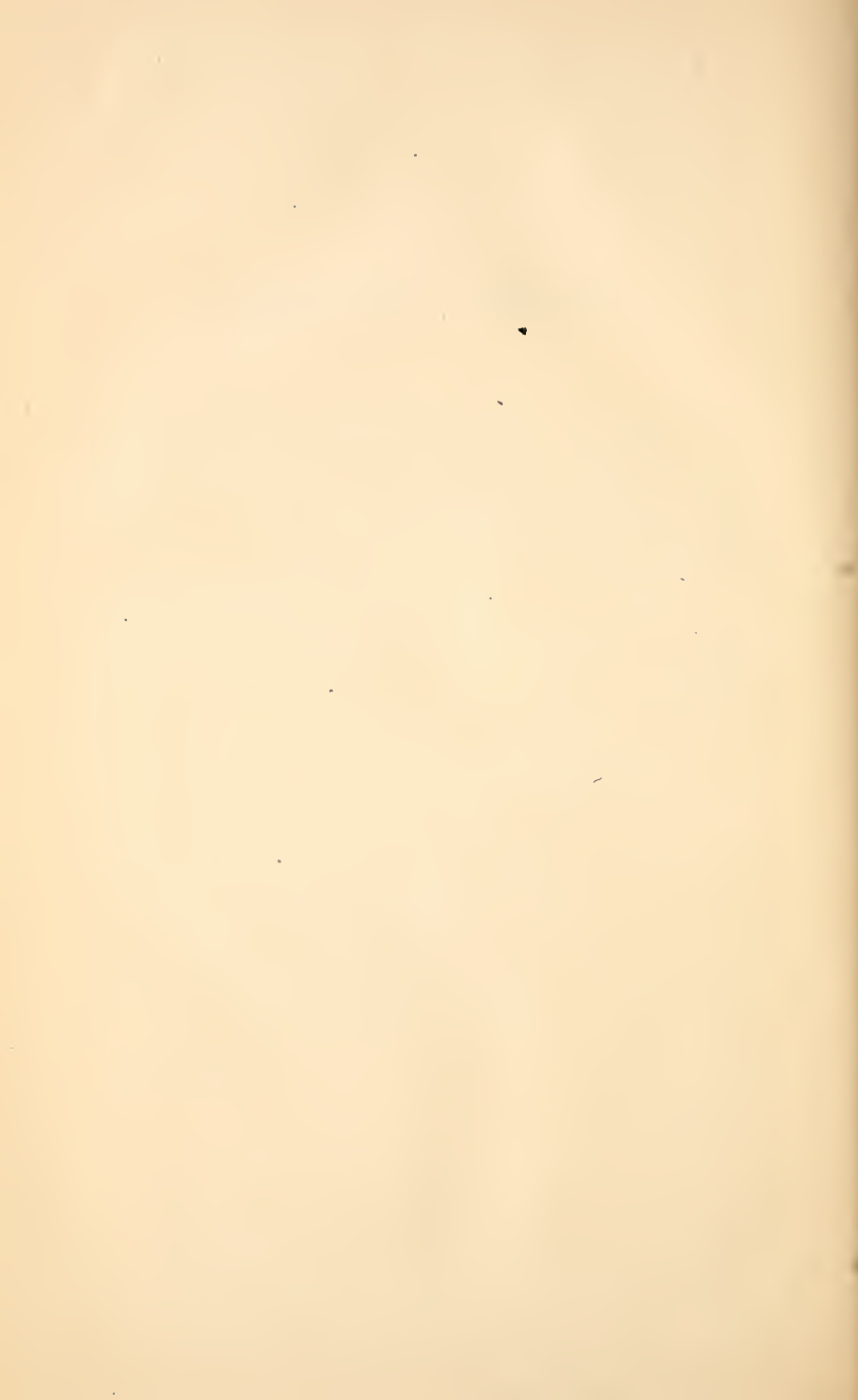
IN collecting and arranging poems written amid the varied cares of my beloved father's life, it is believed that they will receive a welcome throughout the land so dear to him, as well as in the immediate home-circle, from which such a precious link has been severed—so revered and almost idolized a companion removed.

To those who have known him only in the bustle and turmoil of public life, or, perhaps, through the press's medium, these heart-thoughts may present some idea of his *inner* being, of the sentiment which graced his refined mind, of the genial nature which rendered the home he blessed with his presence so bright and cheerful, and of the devoted love which ever made his foremost thought and desire the happiness of those about him—endearing traits which the countless cares and anxieties of an eventful life could never change or take away.

Doubtless, from time to time, many more have been written, which, were they gathered together, would add both to the size and interest of the collection; but having in my possession these only, it must go forth upon its mission as it is—speaking in every page, with an eloquence all its own, of the kindly heart whose noble pulsations have now ceased forever. It has been prepared while yet are fast falling bitter tears in his Orchard home, and over the flower-covered mound in quiet Spring Forest—a faint expression of a daughter's love.

M. S. D. M.

THE ORCHARD, October 2, 1866.



POEMS.

TO LYDIA.

IN youth's bright morn, when life was new,
And earth was fresh with dew and flowers,
And love was warm, and friendship true,
And hope and happiness were ours ;

We started, hand in hand, to thread
The chequered, changeful path of life,
And, with each other, trusting tread
The battle-fields of worldly strife.

We ranged in walks obscure, unseen,
O'er rugged steep, through vale and glen,
And climbed along the hill-sides green,
Unmindful of the future then.

We caught the song of earliest birds,
We culled the loveliest flowers of spring ;
We plighted love in whispering words,
And time sped on by fairy wing.

And as it passed, new joys were found,
And life was gladdened by the birth
Of prattling babes, who clustered round
To cheer with smiles our humble hearth.

Fate thrust us forth before the world,
And phantoms whispered earthly fame,
Where hope's proud banner is unfurled
And happiness too oft a name.

Thus lured along, we rode the dark
And foaming tide of public life,
And proudly dared, with slender barque,
The elements of storm and strife.

But storm and strife, thank Heaven, have passed ;
The night has fled, and morning come !
And we, tossed mariners, at last
Returned once more to hearth and home.

But of the loved ones God had given,
Two have returned—two sunk to rest—
In life's gay morning called to Heaven,
To the bright mansions of the blest.

They sleep amid Spring Forest's glades,
Where flow its streamlet's murmuring waves,
And oft at evening's gentle shades
We'll weep beside their early graves.

Yet loved ones cluster round us still,
To gild the days of life's decline,
And whisper—'tis our Father's will
That blessings yet are yours and mine.

No change of life, no change of scene,
No fevered dreams, no cankering cares,
No hopes which are, or e'er have been,
Nor wrinkled brow nor silver hairs,

Have ever changed that vow of youth,
Or blotted it from memory's page ;
But, warm as love, and pure as truth,
It ripens with the frosts of age.

A few more days, a few more years
Of life's capricious, fitful tide ;
A few more sorrows, joys and tears,
And we shall slumber side by side.

Then let us live—then let us love—
As when life's journey we begun,
Until we meet in worlds above
When this sad pilgrimage is done.

COME TO MY GRAVE ALONE.

[In 1847 Mr. D. experienced a severe affliction in the death of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Virginia E. Murray. Her grave is in Spring Forest Cemetery (where his, alas! is now beside it), and by it many of his leisure hours were passed. It was there that the following poem was written:]

COME to my grave alone, when no footstep is falling near,
And moisten my grassy bed with affection's gentle tear ;
Pause by the tell-tale stone, by the marble white and chill,
And think of the heart beneath, as the marble cold and still.

Come in the summer's prime, at the close of the busy day,
When the love-tune wildwood birds warble their vesper lay,
Kneel by my lowly couch, and whisper to Heaven a prayer
And the spirit of her you loved will hover around you there.

Come when the autumn's leaves are falling, faded and sere,
When the moaning November breeze sighs over the dying year ;
When the reaper's work is done, and the harvests are gathered all,
And think of the reaper Death, who gathers the great and small.

Come when the winter's cold, on crushing and icy feet,
Has travelled around the earth in his frosted winding-sheet,
And has blasted the woods and fields, in his journey of storm and
 strife,
And shown in the closing year an emblem of human life.

Come in the budding spring, when nature is fresh and gay,
When the petals of early flowers are bright with the dews of May,
And think of that Heavenly rest, that Spring of eternal bloom,
Where the loved shall meet together beyond the night of the tomb.

 THERE IS A TIME.

THERE is a time when the young heart,
 Replete with love's mysterious treasures,
Untouched by disappointment's dart,
 Drinks deep and oft of earthly pleasures.

There is a time when friendship's glow
 Beguiles the hour of grief and sadness,
 Expels the withering steps of woe,
 And lights the lip with smiles of gladness.

There is a time when hope, still young,
 Of joys to come is fondly dreaming,
 Ere the young heart with grief is wrung,
 Or beauty's eyes with tears are streaming.

There is a time when icy chill
 Rests on the breast where hope is springing,
 To scathe, to blight, to wither—kill
 The heart where joy is fondly clinging.

There is a time when dreary age,
 With fevered care and blighting sorrow,
 Writes on the leaf of life's last page
 That joys are not e'en for the morrow.

There is a time when death and gloom
 On funeral wing shall close our history,
 And show beyond the silent tomb
 Eternity's sublimest mystery.

TO BESSIE BOYD.

[In the winter of 1858 Mr. D. was engaged in the trial of a laborious cause in the Circuit at Owego, which lasted a week. During this period Bessie Boyd, a little girl four years of age, presented him a flower, which he placed in a glass of water, and it stood unnoticed until the trial was closed. On Saturday, after the verdict was rendered, Mr. D. noticed the fading flower and wrote as follows:]

THE sweet little flower you presented to me
 Was as bright as your own laughing eye,
 But alas! 'tis already beginning to fade,
 And soon it must wither and die.

But may that glad eye neither languish nor fade,
 And from sorrowing tears Heaven save it,
 Till the spirit that beams through its light and its life
 Shall return to the Father who gave it.

LINES WRITTEN IN 1841.

WOULD I were young, and as light and as free
 As when life's morning was fair ;
 And I revelled along in my childish glee,
 And ringlets hung in my hair.

When with busy feet, in my joyous play,
 I hurried the bees from their flowers,
 And the butterfly too,—and the bird from his spray,
 And minutes seemed little hours.

And I would that my breast was as free from care,
 And my heart was as full of joy,
 And my spirit was free as the mountain air,
 As it was when a child-like boy.

But 'tis all a dream, and a fevered brow,
 And the cares of life are mine,
 And my eyes grow dim as I look below
 Down the pathway of life's decline.

And I see old age with his trembling hand
 And his chilling and icy breath,
 As he points the way to that distant land,
 " The valley and shadow of death."

But I shall be joyous and young once more
 Where flowers perennial bloom,
 In a happier clime, on a peaceful shore,
 Triumphant over the tomb.

 THE SPIRIT-LAND.

COME to the spirit-land, come unto me,
 To this radiant isle in Eternity's sea
 'Tis as lovely and fair as the sunset at even,
 And is fanned and perfumed by the breezes of Heaven.

Come to the spirit-land, blooming with Spring,
 Where birds of bright plumage perpetually sing,
 Where the wild-rose and woodbine are woven in bowers,
 And Nature around you is smiling with flowers.

Come to the spirit-land, lovely and gay,
 And sprinkled with dews on the flowerets of May,
 Where Age never steals in its withering blight,
 And Morning's unclouded by shadows of night.

Come to the spirit-land, here is the mother
 Who nurtured thy childhood—thy sister, thy brother,
 And friends who have flown to this happier clime,
 From the fleeting and treacherous shadows of time.

Come to the spirit-land, hasten away
 From thy guilty and sin-loving fetters of clay,
 To this land of delight—to this haven of rest—
 Which our God has prepared for the home of the blest.

Come to the spirit-land, come unto me
 To this radiant isle in Eternity's sea ;
 'Tis as lovely and fair as the sunset at even,
 And is fanned and perfumed by the breezes of Heaven.

LINES.

[Written at the age of eighteen, soon after the death of a little sister whom Mr. D. dearly loved.]

THERE was an eye which beamed on me,
 Which pierced my heart with rapture through,
 Which I, alas, no more can see,
 To pay the tribute which is due.
 Closed is that eye in yonder vale,
 Long, long beneath the sod 'twill sleep.
 Mourn, nature, mourn to hear the tale
 And friends to virtue learn to weep.

There was a tongue which soothed my grief,
 Which talked away my load of woe,
 Which oft administered relief,
 And which my heart cannot forego.
 No more I hear those accents sweet,
 No more loved sounds from it can flow,
 Beneath yon tufted, grassy seat,
 It lies in rueful silence low.

There was a face on which I gazed—
 On which I gazed with fond delight ;
 But now, alas, I stand amazed,
 My morning sun has set in night.
 No more I see the fairest flower
 Which nature's hand has ever made,
 It withered in its fairest bower,
 And in the clay-cold urn was laid.

There oft at evening I retire,
 Where weeps the willow o'er the spot,
 With ceaseless, ever-raging fire,
 Deplore my own unhappy lot.
 Nor time nor tears will e'er restore
 The flower unto its native bed,
 But far away forevermore,
 'Twill sleep in silence with the dead.

Thus youth and beauty soon must fade,
 Sink to the grave, and there decay,
 Beneath the green grass sod be laid,
 Where friends will weep their souls away ;
 I, too, will sigh with throbbing heart,
 Which sorrow softened ere 'twas grown,
 My friend and I were torn apart,
 And all was lost which was my own.

ODE FOR THE TIMES.

[Written during the rebellion, in response to a question by a lady,
 "Whether he was for peace?"]

Am I for peace?—Yes—

FOR the peace which rings out from the cannon's throat,
 And the suasion of shot and shell,
 Till rebellion's spirit is trampled down
 To the depths of its kindred hell.

For the peace which shall follow the squadron's tramp,
 Where the brazen trumpets bray,
 And, drunk with the fury of storm and strife,
 The blood-red chargers neigh.

For the peace which shall wash out the leprous stain
 Of our slavery, foul and grim,
 And shall sunder the fetters which creak and clank
 On the down-trodden dark man's limb.

I will curse him as traitor and false of heart
 Who will shrink from the conflict now,
 And will stamp it with blistering, burning brand
 On his hideous, Cain-like brow.

Out! out of the way! with your knavish schemes,
 You trembling and trading pack!
 Crouch away in the dark like a sneaking hound,
 That its master has beaten back.

You would barter the fruit of our fathers' blood,
 And sell out the Stripes and Stars,
 To purchase a place with rebellion's votes,
 Or escape from rebellion's scars.

By the widow's wail, by the mother's tears,
 By the orphans who cry for bread,
 By our sons who fell, we will never yield
 Till rebellion's soul is dead.

TO DICKIE.

[Written for his youngest grandchild, on the first anniversary of his birth.]

FLOW'RET of spring, dew-drop of May,
 Bright germ of gladness from above,
 Thou cam'st, like golden sunshine's ray,
 To warm our hearts with life and love.

Oh, may that happy, heavenly face
 Speak smiles, as now, through youth and years,
 And in its age betray no trace
 Of blasting sin or bitter tears.

May 9, 1866.

TO MY ROOM.

[At Mrs. Owner's, Washington, at the close of Congress, 1848.]

OLD chamber, adieu, thou hast been to me all
 That a monarch could boast of his sumptuous hall;
 The place where repose and reflection I've sought,
 Thou hast been to me surely a chamber of thought;
 Thou hast witnessed my studies, my cares, and my toil,
 And the vigil I've kept by the lamp's midnight oil;
 Thou hast watched o'er the slumbers that came to relief,
 Seen the tears that have flowed when I dreamed of my grief.
 How I cherish and love thee the tongue cannot tell;
 My old friend, my protector, I bid thee FAREWELL.

TO MRS. SEARS.

[On the celebration of her tin wedding.]

MAY your life be as happy and joyous and bright,
 As *this* ten of your being has been,
 And your sunset at evening be cloudless and bright
 As a service of shining *new tin*.

May your ways be as smooth as tin vessels are wrought,
 And be free from contention and din,
 For a life of vexation and folly is fraught
 With more bruises than battered up tin.

And forty years hence! when its years have been told,
 And the curtains of age gather in,
 May *that* wedding be purely a wedding of gold,
 And as happy as this is *in tin*.

HARRY TIN BROECK.

September, 1863.

TO HELEN.

MAY that fair face, like this bright page,
 Remain without one line of sadness—
 From girlhood's morn to evening's age
 Be lighted up with smiles and gladness;

And may the currents of thy life
 Flow gently as Chenango's river,
 Reaching, beyond all storm and strife,
 The bosom of their bounteous Giver.

I'M GROWING GRAY.

I'm growing gray. Ah, me! what writes
 These fearful wrinkles on my brow?
 What withering hand is it that smites
 Its blighting influence on me now?

I'm growing gray. And am I he,
 Who oft in boyhood's frolic ran
 To climb upon my grandsire's knee,
 And gaze upon the gray old man?

And little recked that—ah, so soon—
 Corroding time with silvery hair
 Would shade my forehead ere life's noon,
 And set his seal of wrinkles there.

I'm growing gray. Alas, 'tis true,
 My auburn locks are fading fast,
 Like flow'rs, once nurtured by the dew,
 Then frozen by the wintry blast.

I'm growing gray. My childhood's glee,
 My joyous laugh, my sportive mood,
 My chasing of the humming bee,
 Are all exchanged for solitude.

I'm growing gray. Death's pioneer
 Is dreary age and hoary hair,
 Displacing beauty's roses here,
 And leaving deadly blisters there.

EXTRACT

FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER OF THE BROOME COUNTY
 COURIER, JANUARY 1, 1836.

ANOTHER year has fled to realms unknown,
 And we survive this wreck of time. How many,

Ere yet another year has sudden flown,
 Of us shall then remain, or which, if any,
 Is wisely veiled by heaven from human ken.
 'Twould blight and sear the heart to read its fate,
 Which man cannot avert—must bear; but then
 Procrastination notes the hour so late,
 That the full heart leaps forth with joy and gladness,
 When truth would tune its chords to grief and sadness.

In one short year, the fell career of death
 Has in his march laid many a loved one low.
 The dimpled, rosy cheek, and balmy breath,
 And beauty's brow, and breast of generous glow,
 Are sad and pale, and noiseless as the tomb;
 The bridal wreath is changed, the funeral pall
 Is spread, and joy exchanged for blight and gloom;
 The festive sounds which rang in yonder hall
 Are silent now: the pride, the hope, the stay
 Of kind and loving friends is borne away.

Time! thou canst soothe the wounds thou canst not heal;
 The throbbing brow can find relief in tears;
 But the full heart can never cease to feel
 Through the long vista of succeeding years,
 Till it is cold and passionless and dead—
 Slumbering in dust, and pulseless as a stone.
 O grave! thou dreary, dreamless, endless bed,
 How irksome, fearful, de-olate, and lone!
 Thou last great enemy of man; thou foe
 Of all his race; thou pregnant source of woe.

Ruthless, remorseless conqueror! whose sway
 Is limitless, whose mighty power's untold;
 When shall the dawn of everlasting day
 Thy adamantine prison-house unfold,
 And rouse thy victims from their dreamless slumber,
 Unclose thy ponderous and gloomy portals,
 And loose from thralldom all that countless number
 Of long-forgotten, unmourned, hapless mortals?
 When shall the night of death dispel her gloom,
 And burst in morning on the silent tomb?

SONG OF THE PERISHED ELM,

AT THE CHENANGO BRIDGE.

OH, sing of the moments when I was young,
 When my praises were lavished from every tongue,
 When the village maidens plucked leaflets fair
 From my branches, to garland their shining hair ;
 When my roots shot deep from Chenango's mould,
 And I little dreamed I should e'er be old.
 But I revelled along in my pride of birth,
 And drank up the strength of the genial earth,
 And my waving branches spread far and wide,
 As gaily attired as a blushing bride.
 My foliage was first of the vernal year,
 And the last in autumn to wither and sere ;
 The waves of Chenango danced merrily nigh,
 And whispered their sweet, soothing lullaby,
 And the passing stranger, as he gazed upon me,
 Said I flourished, in truth, like a *green bay tree*.
 Then around me the lark ushered in the day,
 And wild robin warbled her twilight lay,
 And the village swain with his chosen maid
 Stole gently beneath my refreshing shade ;
 And I furnished for all a secure retreat
 From the winter's blight and the summer's heat,
 And thought I was rooted so firm and fast
 That I almost defied the red lightning's blast.
 But trees are an emblem of human kind,
 And my roots were stealthily *undermined*,
 Which left me to perish with heat and cold
 For no crime, but for *growing old*.
 And those who had rested the most in my shade
 Were the last to aid me when thus betrayed,
 When a little effort with kind good will,
 And I should have flourished in beauty still.
 When a party were taking a pleasure-ride,
 They passed, like the priest, on the other side ;
 And the hoary gate-keeper called for his toll
 For the corporation that had *no soul*,
 And exclaimed o'er his dimes, with a corporate grin,
 " I gather them in ! I gather them in ! "
 I stretched out my perishing branches bare,
 And beckoned my earliest friends back there,

And my trunk swayed forth with an audible groan,
 And the wind responded with hollow moan ;
 But no mortal uttered a single sigh,
 And one coldly remarked, " the old elm must die."
 But trees are an emblem of human life,
 And will spring up again where comes no strife,
 In a radiant land of eternal day,
 Where no branches wither, nor trunks decay,
 Where no grief or sorrow is ever seen,
 And the foliage of trees is *forever green*.

 EXTRACT

FROM THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS OF THE " BINGHAMTON DEMOCRAT,"
 January 1, 1850.

THE town-clock struck the hour of twelve,
 As I was sitting sad and lone,
 And time, the auctioneer of fate,
 Seemed to cry, " Going, going, gone."

" But what has gone ? " a voice inquired,
 " Of aught I once could claim for mine ? "
 And old Time mournfully replied,
 " 'Tis eighteen hundred forty-nine."

'Tis gone with years beyond the flood,
 'Tis buried in that shoreless sea
 Whose waters roll their sullen waves
 Darkly towards eternity.

And with it, human hopes and joys
 Have perished like the shoots of spring—
 The ripening fruit, the full-blown flower,
 And tender buds just blossoming.

Hushed are the lips, dimmed are the eyes
 Of many a lovely one and fair
 And many a gathering fire-side group
 Find in their midst a vacant chair.

And time speeds on with ceaseless flight ;
 The present hour is yours and mine,
 But none, alas, can beckon back
 Old eighteen hundred forty nine.

* * * *
 The eye which now is sparkling bright,
 The brow now cheerful, clear, and fair,
 Must yield, alas! to withering age,
 And Time must write his wrinkles there.

The breast which now beats high with hope,
 Nor knows of sorrow, grief or woe,
 Must taste in time affliction's cup,
 The heart be wrung, the tears must flow.

Oh, let us then be brethren still,
 Our numerous errors be forgiven,
 And we, when death's dark curtain falls,
 Again meet, face to face, in Heaven.

And when around our cheerful fires
 We hail the day with festive mirth,
 Let charity remember there
 The lowly, cold, and cheerless hearth.

Relieve the houseless, abject poor,
 Raise up the drooping, dying head,
 Clothe suffering, shivering, helpless want,
 And give the breadless orphan bread.

Console the mourners, dry their tears,
 Bind up the riven and bleeding heart,
 Sweeten affliction's bitter cup
 And friendship's heavenly balm impart.

Cheer up the aged ; life to them
 Is but a bleak and wintry day,
 And hope, which lures the pilgrim on,
 With them, alas! has passed away.

The sun no more will rise and shine
 Upon their dark and cheerless way,
 Until it breaks death's night of gloom
 And bursts in one eternal day.

Oh, guide the young, teach them to prize
 The fleeting moments as they roll,
 To shun temptation's murderous snares
 Which canker and destroy the soul.

Then, if you will, join in the dance
 'Mid joy and song, and mirth and wine,
 While winds are sighing o'er the grave
 Of eighteen hundred forty-nine.

And may all blessings be your lot
 Which Heaven, in mercy, sends us here,
 While with an open heart and hand
 I wish you all a happy year.

TO MELISSA.

DAUGHTER OF A VALUED FRIEND OF MY BOYHOOD.

ACROSTIC.

MUCH as I admired thy mother
 Ere my manhood's life begun,
 Loving her in sacred friendship
 In affection's golden sun ;
 So I'll love her dark-eyed daughter
 Smiling bright as laughing water,
 As a dear and cherished one.

MARY.

[WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MISS MARY C. PRATT.]

MARY ! my mother's—daughter's name,
 More beauteous than the stars of even !
 The dearest name I know on earth ;
 It tells of home, and hope, and Heaven.

TO MRS. J. A. C.

ON HEARING OF THE BIRTH OF HER SECOND GRANDCHILD.

IF a daughter's *first* child makes her mother so grand,
 Then, surely, when blessed with another,
 In her circle of friends she may take a high stand
 As a very great, very grand mother.

[Mr. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, in a speech in Congress complimented Pope Pius on his advocacy of liberal principles, &c. Mr. D., on reading his speech, wrote:]

POPE'S Essay on Man was a wonderful plan
 With which very few writers can cope,
 But I'm quite afraid 't will be thrown in the shade
 By this essay of Mann on the Pope.

[During the administration of General Taylor, a serious controversy arose between Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, and Mr. Porté, Mexican Minister, over a question concerning duties on tobacco, which was finally amicably settled. Mr. D., on hearing of the adjustment, wrote as follows:]

THE tobacco dispute is settled, 'tis said,
 On what terms and conditions the people don't know;
 But 'tis thought Monsieur Clayton took it into his head
 To give to Mr. Porté a *quid pro quo*.

[During a session of the United States Senate in 1850, Senator Badger, of North Carolina, was seized with a fit of sneezing, so boisterous and immoderate as to cause great merriment, especially in the galleries. Mr. D. sent him the following:]

A NOISE in the Senate is quite out of place,
 If 'tis one that spectators are like to be pleased at,
 And a member should know, if outsiders do not,
 That the Senate in session *is not to be sneezed at*.

TO A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

EMBLEM of life and loveliness,
 Welcome, sweet harbinger of spring,
 Clad in thy early summer dress,
 And hurried here on fairy wing.
 Would thou wert fadeless as the sky,
 All redolent of hope and gladness;
 But soon, alas, thou'lt lonely lie
 Emblem of death, of grief, of sadness.

Emblem of life, thing of an hour !
 How soon thou'lt hang thy sickly head,
 Bowing beneath the conqueror's power,
 And sleeping with the silent dead.
 Emblem of life, beyond the tomb
 Thou'lt form again a beautiful wreath ;
 Thou'lt germinate amid the gloom,
 And triumph o'er the monster, death.

ODE

[On the stand taken by Daniel S. Dickinson in the United States Senate, 1850.]

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Saw ye not that reverend form,
 Dauntless 'mid the Senate's storm ?
 Heard ye not that fearless voice ?
 Felt ye not that flashing eye,
 Dreadful as the bolt of fate,
 When the tempest hurtles by ?
 Vainly Faction hurled her fire
 On the patriarchal sire ;
 Vainly Cunning wove her wiles
 With a warp of lying smiles ;
 Vainly Bribery stood in wait
 By the patriotic gate,
 Grimly closed, and opening never,
 To corruption locked forever !
 Still he stood—the Constitution
 Firmly grasped within his hands—
 Pointing sternly to the labor
 Of the Revolution's bands.
 Monmouth, Moultrie, Saratoga,
 Flashed upon his vision then—
 All that we, the sons, inherit
 From the iron-hearted men ;
 All that we can hope to save us
 From the tyrant's gory rack,
 Crushing in one awful moment
 Millions into misery back.

II.

Fools! what, thought ye then to daunt him?
 Monticello met his sight;
 Vernon, hallowed Vernon, glittered
 In its own immortal light;
 While the Eagle * shone before him,
 And above the wedded Stars, †
 Glorious from a hundred contests,
 Where they led the battle cars.
 Traitors, did ye think to daunt him?
 With a bulrush daunt the power
 Burning in the patriot-tempest
 When it rends the tyrant's tower;
 With your bat-wings daunt the sunlight,
 As it surely seeks our sod,
 Bearing on its healing lustre
 Many a signet-seal of God.

III.

Statesman! patriot! laurelled hero!
 Think'st we can forget the time
 When, from faction's black miasma,
 Thou didst purify the clime?
 Hark! the far Pacific answers;
 List the broad Atlantic's rhyme;
 Yet together they are grandly
 Keeping up the Union's chime.
 What! forget? Yes, when forgotten
 Freedom's bell at midnight rung, †
 Telling that another nation
 Into glorious being sprung.
 Yes, when we forget our Union's
 Mission is to tower and shine,
 Laughing at the assaults of faction,
 Patriotism's Palestine;
 Only then thou'lt be forgotten,
 And the wreath that thou hast won,
 Eagle, stars, all, all evanished
 With the name of Dickinson!

* The image of an eagle is placed over the Vice-President's chair, and, of course, faces the Senate.

† The Stars and Stripes float from the dome of the Capitol during the sittings of Congress.

‡ At Philadelphia.

TO DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

THERE is a Temple—sò I read, my friend—
 Upon the brow of a most glorious hill,
 Thither ten thousand pilgrim footsteps tend
 And many now its golden portals fill ;
 Tablets there are, where each one writes his name ;
 It is the Temple and the hill of Fame.
 Thither thy course is tending. Slowly now,
 And with most cautious steps thy way is traced ;
 Yet thou shalt stand at last upon its brow,
 Thy forehead with a wreath of glory graced.

SYBIL.

Valentine's Day—1850.

 “WARRIOR, WHAT OF THE FIGHT?”

BY GEORGE ADAMS.

[The author respectfully begs leave to inscribe these few lines to Daniel S. Dickinson, the Roman of Broome.]

AH! still thou art there on the outpost of honor,
 Those same silver locks gleaming forth like a star,
 While thy country is feeling the fiend grasp upon her,
 Thine arm in her service still stretches afar.

Thy voice, like the knell of defeat to her foemen,
 Rings thrilling and trumpet-toned strong in his cause,
 Giving joy to her children, and hope to the yeomen
 Who take up the sword for her Union and Laws.

The eye of a nation in glad expectation,
 From myriads of firesides is single to thee,
 And notes of thanksgiving from those not yet living,
 Shall swell to thy name in this “Land of the Free.”

We watch thee as one of those God-lighted beacons,
 Set firmly and fitly for guiding us through,
 Whose radiance no partisan mist ever weakens,
 Plain showing the masses the path of the true.

We greet thee as one with a hand on the tiller,
 As rages the tempest and thickens the gloom,
 An eye to the compass, a breast to the billow,
 A soul to the working of treachery's doom.

We see thee as one with his limbs in the harness,
 Pledged firm to the rescue of Liberty's home,
 From villainous hands that would batter and tarnish
 Its glorious walls from the base to the dome.

We behold thee a champion whose mind never cherished
 A wish or a thought to American wrong,
 Before whom the wile of the traitor *has* perished
 In years that have passed into story and song.

We trust to thy heart while *one* traitor is riding
 The car of revolt and destruction amain,
 To stand like a tower, unshaken, abiding,
 Till traitors and treason shall perish again.

God help thee! old Democrat, sound the dread charges,
 Full, full on the heads of the foes of thy laud,
 Withhold not the blast, 'twill be chorused by Angels,
 And long to thine honor and glory shall stand.

And millions shall bless those white hairs as they're floating
 Before the rude blasts of the Heavens for them,
 And hail the stern form that's so nobly devoting
 Its strength to preserve them their loveliest gem.

And memory away in the future surviving,
 To bear up the glorious truth shall delight,
 That thou didst come forth, (scorning party conniving,)
 And stand for our heritage firm through the fight.

OF PEARLS.

TO THE HONORABLE D. S. DICKINSON.

BY HIS STUDENT-AT-LAW.

[The following poem is founded upon a legend mentioned by the classic authors of Ancient Italy: Early in the morning the mussels or pearl-bearing oysters rise to the surface of the sea and catch the dew-drops that fall from the skies. And then descending, the sunshine nourishes the drops of dew until they become pearls, whose formation is still a matter of much scientific question.]

I.

WHEN Day her golden gate unbars,
 The mussels of the ocean rise,
 And catch the tear-drops of the stars
 That issue from their closing eyes;
 And then, 'tis said, they sink again,
 And fix their sea-shells to the sod,
 And guard in silence, 'neath the main,
 Those dew-drops from the skies of God.

II.

The Sun looks down through all the days,
 And bright illumines the parent shell,
 And, nourished by his genial rays,
 The little jewels shine and swell,
 Till all their mystic growth is done,
 And, joined and freed from baser things,
 These lovely offsprings of the Sun
 Become the pride of courts and kings.

III.

And thus I caught in days of youth,
 Thy truths and precepts, which, sublime,
 Were nurtured by the rays of Truth,
 And moistened by the dews of Time;
 And now, when months with onward roll
 Have passed me in Life's mazy whirl,
 I ope the casket of my soul,
 And lo! thy precepts are as pearl.

Binghamton, N. Y., April, 1855.

