

AN
ORATION

DELIVERED AT

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND,

Fourth of July, 1862.

BY

JOHN J. ARMSTRONG,
OF JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

NEW YORK:
PRINTED BY EDWARD O. JENKINS,
20 NORTH WILLIAM STREET.
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FLUSHING, JULY 10, 1862.

J. J. ARMSTRONG, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—The undersigned, in common with many other citizens of Flushing, having had the pleasure and satisfaction of listening to your excellent and patriotic Oration on the Fourth of July, respectfully request a copy for publication, in order to give it a wider sphere of usefulness, and strengthen public opinion in favor of our national cause.

Very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH H. KING,
HENRY CLEMENT,
NELSON J. GATES,
B. W. DOWNING,
L. B. PRINCE,
CHARLES LEVER.

JAMAICA, JULY 12, 1862.

Gentlemen,—Yours of the 10th inst. is before me. The Oration delivered by me before the citizens of your Town, on the "Fourth," was the work of haste, and in consequence of the short time allowed me, it did not receive that care the importance of the subject discussed demanded. Although conscious of its imperfections, I cannot do otherwise than comply with your request so flatteringly made, and communicated in terms so courteous.

Yours truly,

JNO. J. ARMSTRONG.

TO JOSEPH H. KING, HENRY CLEMENT, CHARLES LEVER,
N. J. GATES, B. W. DOWNING AND L. B. PRINCE, ESQS.

ORATION.

So numerous have been the celebrations of this day, extending back for a period of more than three quarters of a century, that a speaker far more competent than the one who now addresses you, might well entreat, at the commencement of his remarks, as I now do, your indulgence, while he asks deliverance from your criticism.

The history of the United States has many days that are sacred to every American heart; but this one is surrounded with incidents well calculated to arouse our national pride, the remembrance of which should induce all of us in the present crisis to feel the great responsibility resting upon each one to labor more earnestly, devotedly and faithfully than ever, for the preservation and perpetuity of those principles and institutions under which we have, as a nation, prospered.

On this day, eighty-six years ago, a small body of men without the pomp or pride of official station, assembled at Philadelphia to perform an act of the most solemn importance to them and of the greatest interest to the whole civilized world—they were men of no common order—each one a patriot, and for wisdom, courage, energy and counsel, well qualified to become a leader in the great cause to the support of which they solemnly pledged “their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.” It was upon this day, and in the document just read to you, that they asserted in the broadest sense the right of man to self government, and his capacity for its full and free exercise, so that upon this Western Continent they and their posterity

might enjoy a nation's independence, and might for ever be free from the fraudulent theories, the unjust usurpation of power, and the base pretensions of those who desired to establish over them a despotic rule. In doing of which they encountered not only the strong opposition of the home government, but in their own midst were the mercenary, the treacherous and the timid, who derided and opposed their daring effort.

The seeds of liberty then committed to the virgin soil of America, were tenderly nourished and sustained by the warm hearts of brave men and fair women, until

“Watered by Heavenly dew
The germ of Empire grew
Freedom its root.”

The men who thus labored have all gone to their final reward, and years hence, (when all who now live have passed from the busy scenes of life,) their names and character will become the subject of more general enthusiasm the world over, than they are to-day—their names have stirred the heroism of the world, and the battle fields, rendered sacred by their toils and privations, have become the Thermopylæ's of liberty. Statesmen are proud to utter the sentiments expressed by these illustrious men, and historians revel with delight amid the incidents connected with their lives. Wherever Liberty has an abiding place their names will be cherished, and wherever Tyranny crushes with its iron heel, their example will inspire others to noble deeds and heroic actions. Year after year will these speak of patriotism and self-sacrifice, and teach their lessons of duty and faith, and continually plead for the preservation of the best government of the world. Their names and character, their generous deeds, their sterling patriotism, and their warm devotion to their whole country will be re-

membered until virtue shall cease on earth, and earth itself be lost in chaos.

How great and wonderful are the changes that have been wrought since America assumed that position among the nations of the earth, to which by the "laws of nature and of nature's God," she was entitled. From three, our population has become thirty millions, and instead of thirteen Colonies, we have thirty-four States. We have a written Constitution securing popular rights, freedom of speech, of conscience, and of the press, and were rapidly becoming that "mighty continent," so well described by Charles Phillips, as the one that would "emerge from the horizon to rule for its time, sovereign of the ascendant."

But how stands the case now? The Union—the offspring of oppression—nursed in the cradle of blood, but strong enough in its infancy to destroy the serpent that sought its life—respected, honored, aye, and feared too by almost every nation—venerated and admired by the oppressed and down trodden of other lands—is now stained with the blood of its own children, shed in a strife provoked by passion and madness.

In a quiet bay upon the South Eastern coast of the United States, there is a fortress erected by the American government for the defence of a Southern commercial capital. Within its massive walls were gathered a band of seventy men, with but three day's rations; above their heads waved in graceful majesty the banner they and we so tenderly love; and a short distance from them was a mighty host, eager for their destruction. The stars of heaven looked down in solemn silence upon the scene. The evacuation and surrender of that fortress had been demanded, and from a sense of "duty" and of "obligations" to the government, the demand was courteously, but bravely refused. Sixty minutes were given before this host would open their fire upon that fortress. Oh!

what an hour was that—methinks that while the angel hosts of the sky averted their faces from the sight, the shout of wild exultation rang from the infernal spirits. The hour expired, and with it the angel of peace winged herself from that scene and left America. For hours “the leaden rain and iron hail” fell upon that fortress; but thank God, the seventy were not only unharmed, but were not dismayed. And not until the quarters within the fortress had been “entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge walls seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by the flames and its door closed from the effects of heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder,” only being available, and a small quantity of provisions remaining, the commandant evacuated the fortress, and marched from it “with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property” and saluted his flag with “fifty guns.” Those who then left that fortress, were greater in their defeat than those who entered it. And while the history of that bombardment will ever stand as a record of infamy to all who were engaged in it, it will at the same time enable Anderson and his little band to live in the grateful recollections of an admiring nation, and to share with Leonidas and his Spartan three hundred the renown due to heroic action.

Then it was that tyrants laughed, for, to them it seemed the downfall of the Republic; and the friends of constitutional liberty wept, for, to them it seemed the knell of freedom. Then it was that a rebellion, the most wicked the world has ever known, raised its horrid front, and cast a shade of gloom over the whole land, for it comprehended every ingredient that could add bitterness to the cup.

It touched New England’s heart to the core; the same thrill of anguish pierced the soul of New York and Pennsylvania, and the great North West; and, in-

deed, reached every patriot heart in the land. The genius of Liberty, in sorrow and pain, called her children from their quiet homes and firesides, to protect and defend all that was dear to them. The North, East and West have heard the cry, and have gone forward, not as invaders, but as Americans and patriots—as the sons of the sires of the Revolution—as lovers of their country, and ready, with their lives, to offer themselves as a sacrifice, so that the glorious visions of American liberty and independence, of American institutions and ideas, may be realized.

“ Oh! mother, when around your hearth, ye count your cherished ones,

And miss from the enchanted ring, the flower of all your sons.

Oh! wives, when o'er the cradled child, ye bend at evening's fall,
And voices which the heart can hear, across the distance call.

Oh! maids, when in the sleepless night, ye ope' the little case,
And look till ye can look no more, upon that proud young face—
Not only pray the Lord of life, who measures mortal breath,
To bring the absent back, unscathed out of the fire of death.

Oh! pray, with that Divine content, which God's best favor draws,
That whosoever lives or dies, he will save his holy cause.”

But who are the men upon whose souls rest the terrible responsibility of this conflict? They are those who have torn away from all the ties of country, and all of the glorious recollections of America in the past—many of whom have solemnly sworn, before Heaven, to support the Constitution, and have enjoyed the honors of official station under it; in their souls the thirst for power predominates, and self is made paramount to country.

For thirty years they have been plotting their work of mischief and national death, and now seek to establish upon the ruins of the United States, a Confederacy, whose foundation is a violated constitution and broken oaths, conceived in treason, born of outrage and fraud,

nurtured upon falsehood, and baptized at a font overflowing with fraternal blood. Around this band of leaders are vast bodies of soldiers, who, a few months since gloried in the name of American citizens, and who would gladly have shed their life's blood to protect the flag they now oppose. The most atrocious and wicked appeals were made to them by their leaders, by which their judgment, their sense, and their patriotism have been swept away; they have been made to believe that they were oppressed, but they have never felt it; and also, that their rights were jeopardized, when, as a matter of fact, they were as secure as ever they had been. In this way they had been induced to commit a crime, the effects of which will fall more heavily upon them than upon their more guilty leaders. And sad indeed for them will be the day, when they shall awaken from their delusion, as they are now doing, and realize, in all of its horror, the terrible work in which they have been engaged.

Upon what ground do these leaders assert their right? Is it the doctrine of State Sovereignty—the State greater than the general government?

Examine this in whatever light you please, and it cannot be maintained. The history of the Constitution refutes the claim; the instrument itself repudiates it; and the action of every administration, from that of Washington to the present time, rebukes and overthrows it. It is at war with reason, and subverts any union of the States.

The Declaration of Independence was issued by thirteen distinct, but *united* colonies, in the name and by the authority of the people. They, in the name of the “good people,” declared “that the *United* Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.” They not only, by this declaration, dissolved the tie by which they were connected to Great Britain, but, by

their act, declared that the people had bound themselves before God and the world, in the holy bonds of union, freedom and independence. From that hour, no one of the Colonies who were parties to the Declaration, could, without a violation of that instrument, of its own will separate from the others. Each was pledged to all, and all were pledged to each, *without limitation as to time*.

And although, by their Declaration they had declared themselves "free and independent," yet they did not form for themselves a government. They flattered themselves that none other than the system adopted by them would be needed.

The Revolution, under which they had been gasping for life, the war in which they had been, and then were engaged, had carried desolation into their dwellings, and mourning into every family, and had aroused in their minds somewhat of a fear with regard to a delegation of power to one general government. Accordingly, their union relapsed into a league of friendship between the several States, and they thereupon organized a confederated government for the whole. From this period the nation began to weaken and lose its power. A torpid numbness seized upon all its faculties; it became a source of trouble with foreign powers, and gave rise to much irritation and discord at home; it disabled the nation from performing its own contracts, and left it entirely powerless as to enforcing those in its own favor; and matters continued to grow worse, until domestic insurrection seemed almost inevitable.

It was this idea of State sovereignty, identified with unlimited power, that destroyed the Confederacy from its commencement. It was an alliance of States, each intent upon preserving its own sovereignty, averse to conferring power, lest it would be abused; and for the additional reason, that each successive grant of power

would be an abridgment of their own. These were errors of inexperience, and not of intention.

It was to remedy these defects that the Constitution of the United States, under which we now live, was adopted; its object being “*to form a more perfect Union.*” And this Constitution, after having been adopted by the people of *all* the States, became, and now is, the “supreme law of the land,” anything in the Constitution, or laws of the several States, to the contrary notwithstanding. The reasons for this are obvious. The people of the different States were in lineage, language and institutions, essentially *one*; bound together by a community of origin, but by the nearer and more endearing ties of kindred and affinity; they were, with partial exceptions, of the same religious faith; the history of England was the history of their fathers, and whatever of glory was therein contained, was, by right, their common inheritance. In short, by every circumstance surrounding their homes, by their relation to each other, as well as by their own express assent, they were in mind, in heart, and in destiny, one people. It is this feeling that has made us what we are—the only one that can give us a future, such as we desire, and secure to ourselves, and to those who shall succeed us, stability and power.

By giving to the General Government this power there need be no interference or clashing with the State Government. Each in its own sphere can perform its allotted duty, and at the same time not mar the harmony of the system. This power to the General Government came from the States, and it cannot be relinquished, except in the manner provided by the Constitution. To the States is given the full control of their domestic and internal affairs, upon all of which the people are free to act for themselves.

And as to the more important matters, by which our

relations to the other powers upon the high seas and beyond our own domain are governed, our system wisely confides these to a central power, by which they may at all times be regulated and controlled.

Intimately connected with the questions just considered, is another of vital importance, and without which we could not well exist as a government, viz, that of allegiance—but to what power?

It must be admitted that we owe this duty to some authority. Society without it would be anarchy—government without it would be a mockery, and the people who reject it would be but little better than a mob. It is the tie that connects the citizen with the government. The events of the past eighteen months show us that over a large and extensive portion of the country the people, or a large part of them, have seemingly blotted out all sense of this duty. It has been a part of the scheme of this rebellion to burn out, as it were, the popular heart and to subvert all national honor and pride. It appeals to State pride, to local jealousy, to sectional animosity, and to every passion opposed to a broad and patriotic nationality.

To the individual who rejects this obligation of allegiance to the General Government there is no country but his State—lead him where you will, and he is certain to regard that as above all else, and he cannot raise his head to admire, love and support the glorious country which ought to claim his devotion as an American, and his highest love as a freeman. This allegiance is due from the citizen to the Supreme power, which with us is the government, whether upon the sea or the land, at home beneath his own flag, or abroad. He may give up his State citizenship, as often as he desires, but that of the United States will follow him wherever he may go. When once due, it is always due. He who is “native born” owes it from the cradle to the grave: while the

man who becomes a citizen by adoption assumes that obligation at the hour of his naturalization. No such ties rest upon the citizen of a State. Massachusetts has no power to demand that any of her children should return from a neighbouring State to defend her soil. But the United States can call her citizens from any spot within her limits to defend, maintain and support the nation. If abroad, he is wont to claim his rights as an American citizen, and if in trouble, seeks the aid of that government, and not of his State.

The honest, patriotic and loyal citizen rejects this notion of allegiance to State *as his primary duty*; but adopts that broad and expansive idea so well conveyed in one of our national odes—

“ Who would sever Freedom’s shrine?
 Who would draw th’ invidious line?
 Though by birth one spot be mine,
 Dear is all the rest—
 Dear to me the South’s fair land,
 Dear the central mountain band,
 Dear New England’s rocky strand,
 Dear the prairied West.”

But, fellow citizens, do not the dangers and difficulties, the trials and sacrifices, to which the people of this Union have been subjected, since the commencement of this rebellion, teach us all lessons not very soon to be forgotten? Not one of us in all human probability, will live long enough to see our beloved land fully recovered from the effects of this dreadful carnage; yet the issues involved, and their importance to us as a people, will in some degree mitigate the anguish and distress incident to the struggle. While we are called upon to-day to mourn the loss of brave and distinguished officers, such as Ellsworth, Greble, Winthrop, Lyon, Lander and Baker,

whose valor, skill and bravery, have placed theirs among "the immortal names that were not born to die," we can still rejoice that there yet remain, not only the veteran chief, (whose counsel is yet sought, and who is ever ready to assist in guiding the ship of state safely through the dangers by which she is now environed,) but such others as McClellan, (who in the recent terrible conflict before Richmond, in which he shared the perils of the common soldier, and although outnumbered, surrounded and liable to be cut off from all supplies, with unsurpassed skill, and brilliant strategy saved the army from destruction,) Halleck, Burnside, Mitchell, Wool, Pope, Sigel, and others like them, to maintain the honor and vindicate the dignity of our flag; and that under them, there is an army, the noblest and most patriotic the world has seen, and with them may we not hope soon to see treason crushed and the Union restored. Then,

" Foreign foe, or false beguiling
 Shall our Union ne'er divide;
 Hand in hand while peace is smiling,
 And in battle side by side."

While we shall ever do honor to the living, who have taken part in so glorious a cause, are there not others who claim our regard, but whom no song of glory will ever awaken? Ask the parents whose children have fallen beneath the flag of their country, and who as death closed their career, amid the tramp of marching squadrons and the thunder of artillery, invoked Heaven's blessings upon that flag! Ask the sister around whose heart affection's chords were entwined, for the brother who left her side, stalwart in frame and in sound health, but whose lifeless corpse is brought her from the field of glory, with the starry banner as his winding sheet! Ask her who but yesterday crowned her brow with the bridal wreath, but

who now wears with it the widow's weeds! These were the unknown ones, whose names appear only upon the muster rolls, and whose courage, skill and endurance will be remembered only by their surviving associates. These have all died in a noble cause, defending the rights of man and the existence of a free government.

If it be possible, the country ought not, and I believe will not, allow a single name to be lost.

“When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

Am I not justified in saying, to-day, that we are to remain as a nation, one and indivisible? This my friends, is our manifest destiny, and the cause of humanity, of political freedom and of the masses, absolutely require it. Those who have derided our form of government, and hoped by means of foreign intervention or otherwise, to secure our overthrow, are doomed to be disappointed. We shall undoubtedly feel the shock incident to such a contest, but the nation will come from the fiery ordeal glorious in its strength, its power for good undiminished, and in all respects able to maintain its position among the nations of the earth with dignity and honor. The words of the hero and statesman, “The Union—it must and shall be preserved,” are not forgotten, and will be verified. Yes, it will be preserved for its elements of good, for the sake of those who have periled their lives

in its behalf; for the success with which it has been crowned in the past, and for the good it has to accomplish in the future. Rebellion to law and order, to good Government and duly enacted laws, to a wise Constitution and a noble Union, must lay down its arms. The Government never can, and I trust never will.

“The right shall live while faction dies,
All traitors draw a fleeting breath;
But patriots drink from God’s own eyes
Truth’s light, that conquers death.”

Let us stand by with unfaltering attachment the Union Washington devised for us, and remembering his advice, let us “frown upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest,” and “to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may attempt to weaken its bonds,” and let us never forget that “it is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, the support of our tranquility at home, our peace abroad, of our safety and of that very liberty we so highly prize.” Let us not be false to these teachings, nor permit the union to be broken upon the idea, that it may again be re-constructed.

What said Webster upon this? “It were but a trifle, even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture, which binds national sovereignty with state rights, individual security and public prosperity? No, if these columns fall they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum and Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears however will flow over them

than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of Constitutional American Liberty.”

It will teach us the necessity of obedience, as well as the folly of resistance, to the duly constituted authority. Washington in his farewell address tells us that “respect for the authority of government, compliance with its laws, and acquiescence with its measures are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty.”

In a country like ours no other rule could with safety be adopted. Our views with reference to the wisdom or policy of the laws, or with the plan pursued by the party in power, has nothing to do with the more important one of submission, when those laws have been enacted in the form and manner designated by the Constitution. This rule of obedience, on the part of all, furnishes the best guarantee required for the protection of the weak and defenceless from the grasp of the strong, the avaricious and lawless. Our fitness for self-government rests upon this principle, and so long as it remains there need be no just cause for resistance. Whenever unjust laws are enacted the people, in their sovereign capacity, can correct the difficulty; and so long as we have an intelligent, impartial and faithful judiciary we are provided against unconstitutional laws and unjust usurpation of power. The Constitution, in framing of which the noblest minds of the Republic participated, is the shield for each one of us against the encroachment of those who would tyrannize over the people, as well as against the ambitious schemes of wicked and designing men. Above it there is no necessity, beyond it there is no law, and outside of it there is no protection.

We also may learn from the experience of the past the folly of the heresy of secessionism. If I have been fortunate enough, in what I have already said, to make

myself understood, I think you will have no difficulty in determining the fact, that secession is a principle opposed to the theory of our government, and entirely destructive of the Union. Until the spring of 1861 the doctrine of secession had not been put in practice. Conventions had met, and men had resolved to try it; but—thanks to the nerve and patriotism of Jackson—the men who concocted it did not proceed. The conspiracy was crushed, but unfortunately the conspirators remained. Under their teachings treason of the most malignant kind has been brought into existence, producing solicitude at home and abroad, and filling our land, like Rama, with wailing and lamentation.

Secession furnishes no remedy for the grievances, real or imaginary, of the States who have attempted it; nay, it rather increases and aggravates every cause of disturbance, and will reward those who have inaugurated it, with an abundant harvest of disappointed expectations, as well as of sorrow and degradation.

Shall it be said of us, much to our reproach, that when the roll of nations is called, the one so dear to us and the hearts of thousands—the United States of America—shall be omitted? Shall we as a nation, with all that it is to us, and all that it may yet be to those who shall succeed us, and with the high trusts and great responsibilities which the hour and crisis have imposed upon us, sluggishly fold our hands and permit star after star to be plucked from our banner—and at the same time make no adequate effort to keep ourselves upon the path designed for us?

“On till you reassert the right
 Of freemen to their native land;
 Till, vindicated in the sight
 Of all the world, our flag shall stand;
 Till spotted treason, crushed in blood,
 Sinks to the pit from whence it rose,
 And Freedom, in the name of God,
 Shall triumph over all her foes.”

As a question of national strength before the civilized world, and therefore of national independence; of national life, struggling against anarchy, in the form of secession; as a question of law, government, and constitutional freedom, measuring its strength with an utterly profligate conspiracy, as well as of duty to our loyal citizens, there is no course, either of honor or safety, left to the nation, except to maintain the institutions of the country and enforce the laws of the land by the whole power of the American people.

Let the Government exhibit this fixedness of purpose, as it has done; but let the sword not be drawn for the purpose of revenge or hatred to the people of the States in which the rebellion has existed. Many of them have been misled and deceived, and I doubt not would at this hour gladly welcome the "old flag," as their protection, and hail with delight the day when they can seek shelter under the Constitution. Let this feeling be encouraged by all means, and as great a triumph is gained as has been won upon the field of carnage.

Let them understand (as the President desires and intends they shall), that the object of the Government is to preserve the Constitution and Union intact, to restore its violated obligations, and enforce its sacred guarantees in all parts of the land, and for the benefit of all; to ensure free government for the present, and to perpetuate it to all future generations. Subdue the rebellion at all hazards, but save the States. Take the leaders, and deal with them as justice demands, but protect the people—the misguided, deceived masses.

This war will teach us to love our whole country more deeply than ever we have done. We have grown great and powerful almost without our knowledge. Prosperity has blinded us, and prevented us from seeing the true source of our greatness. The race for honor, and the desire for gain, have left in the background

devotion to country. State pride has engendered bitter feelings, and made us almost forget that there were other States than the one to which we belonged. Adversity has now come upon us, to try our faith, our courage, and our patriotism. Now we feel the importance of a "Union of hearts and a Union of hands." We now see, as we should have done before, that we cannot well get along without it—our interest, our hopes, and our destiny must be one. This love of country is to be cherished by every honest and true man; it last forsakes a bad man, and adds crowning excellence to the virtues of the good. Next to religion, it challenges our admiration and support, and, need I add, that the man who forsakes his country is very likely to forget his God.

Let us go back and adopt the sentiment of a distinguished son of South Carolina, Christopher Gadsden—would that his spirit and principles were predominant there now! "There ought to be," said he, "no New England man, no New Yorker, known on the continent, but all of us Americans."

Or take, if you prefer, the words of Patrick Henry, uttered in the hour of our nation's birth-throes: "All America is thrown into one mass. Where are your landmarks—your boundaries of colonies? They are all thrown down. The distinction between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, New Englanders are no more. *I am not a Virginian but an American.*"

We have heard much, during the present war, about the intervention of foreign powers, in the matter of this rebellion. What is the duty of our nation and people in regard to all such intermeddling?

We are bound to treat all the nations as friends—to ask from them nothing but what we believe to be right and just, and under no circumstances to submit to anything that is wrong. This has been the policy of the Gov-

ernment in the past, and has proved entirely satisfactory in its results. Under it we have advanced steadily and with rapid strides, to a position second to none. The destiny of this nation has not been accomplished, and it must not be cut short. As a divided nation we would be at the mercy of the despots of the old world; but united, we may defy Europe combined.

While we do not desire any trouble with the foreign powers, still our motto, our language must be, "Hands off!" The United States needs no aid, and she cannot permit any interference *against* her. When England does justice to her own subjects and releases her iron rod from the little island near home, then it will be time enough for her to look abroad. Should she, or any other power, attempt to aid this rebellion, by her or their interference, it will then be found that the blood of those who fought in the Revolution and in the war of 1812 still courses the veins of our people, and that while we are capable of taking care of home affairs, we know how to repel and punish interference in our domestic matters. This continent is to be governed and controlled by the American nation. Any interference on the part of England, might provoke some inquiry by what right she holds Canada, and it might be quite troublesome for her to defend it.

No, no, let the powers of Europe attend to their own business, and America will do likewise.

Americans! the eyes of the world are now resting upon you. Far away in distant lands, where the wail of oppression is heard, there ascend unto Heaven prayers for your nation's safety and glory. Let not the hopes, which your past career has created, be disappointed.

"Go forward," as become a great and mighty people. See to it that no harm befalls the government. The national heart is still sound, and its desire is that the Union shall be preserved, in the spirit of its founders, for

the benefit of all. Let us remember that this country is too great, its history too rich in historic actions, and the future too grand to forbid our pursuing any other than a bold, manly and determined course towards those who now seek to overthrow it.

The past twelve months furnishes an instance of devotion to the Government, such as finds no parallel in history. An army, such as the world has never seen, has come into existence, almost by magic. It seemed

“As if the very earth again,
Grew quick with God’s creating breath;
And from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.”

Nor has this enthusiasm been confined alone to the native-born. The German war song, the Hungarian battle cry, and the hearty Irish cheer, have on every battle field mingled their notes with the stirring strains of our national airs.

How well they fought, with what courage and skill they have met and overcome greatly superior numbers, let the fields rendered sacred by their bloody struggles testify. These tell us that our nation shall stand to cheer and bless the world.

The clouds that gather across the horizon will disappear, the gathering storm has spent its fury, and all that treason, skill and cunning could do for our destruction, has been applied but in vain.

Our Union shall endure and its praises shall be heard when its assailants and protectors all sleep the sleep of Death. 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 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.

“ Yon glorious bow
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time’s dark surges. Its high arch,
A type of Love and Mercy, on the cloud
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves
Gathering the forms of glory and peace
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the Heavens.”

In no delusion of national vanity, but with a feeling of profound gratitude to the God of our Fathers, for His protecting care in the past, let us indulge the hope that our country and her people have been selected, and are yet to be preserved, as the instruments for preparing and maturing much of good yet in reserve for the happiness of the human race. Great good has already been produced by the solemn proclamation of our principles, and much more by the illustration of our example.

Let us then invoke upon our efforts the blessing and guidance of that Almighty Being “who is the Author of peace and the lover of concord,” and we shall then find order springing out of confusion, harmony evoked from discord, and years of freedom, prosperity and happiness in reserve for our now bleeding and distracted country.

“ When the weary years are halting
In the mighty march of Time,
And no new ones throng the threshold
Of its corridors sublime ;
When the clarion call, “ Close up,”
Rings along the line no more,
Then adieu, thou blessed country,
Then adieu, and *not before.*”