Family Circle.

NEARER HOME.

"Heaven is my Father-land,
Heaven is my home."

O'er the hill the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on:
Slowly droops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone;
Gone for aye—its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will come;
Still 'tis sweet to know at even,
We are one day nearer home.

"One day nearer," sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore,
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture—
"I am one day nearer home."

Worn and weary oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal sore we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! Yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

THE SICK MAN'S DEED OF LOVE.

He was a poor cripple—with fingers twisted out of all useful shape, and lower limbs paralyzed so that he had to drag them after him wearily when he moved through their locomotion—a poor, unhappy murmuring, and at times ill-natured cripple, eating the bread which a mother's hard labor procured for him. For hours every fair day during spring, summer, and autumn, he might be seen in front of the house where he lived, leaning upon the gate, or sitting on an old bench, looking with a sober face at the romping village children, or dreamingly regarding the passengers who moved with such strong limbs up and down the street. How often bitter envy stung the poor cripple's heart! How often, as the thoughtless village children taunted him cruelly with his misfortune, would he fling harsh maledictions after them. Many pitied the poor cripple; many looked upon him with feelings of disgust and repulsion; but few, if any, sought to do him good.

Not far from where the cripple lived was a man who had been bed-ridden for years, and was likely to remain so to the end of his days. He was supported by the patient industry of a wife.

"If good works were to be the only passport to heaven," he said to a neighbor one day, "my chances would be small."

"'Well done, good and faithful servant,' is a part of the language of welcome," was replied; and this neighbor looked at the sick man in a way that made him feel a little uncomfortable.

"I am sick and bed-ridden—what can I do?" he spoke fretfully.

"When little is given, little is required. But if there be only a single talent it must be improved."

"I have no talent," said the invalid.

"Are you sure of that?"

"What can I do? Look at me! No health—no strength—no power to rise from this bed. A poor, helpless creature, burdening my wife. Better for me, and for all, if I were in my grave."

"If that were so, you would be in your grave. But God knows best. There is something for you to do, or you would be no longer permitted to live," said the neighbor.

The sick man shook his head.

"As I came along just now," continued the neighbor, "I stopped to say a word to poor Tom Hicks, the cripple, as he stood swinging on the gate before his mother's house, looking so unhappy that I pitied him in my heart. 'What do you do with yourself all through these long days, Tom?' I asked. 'Nothing,' he replied, moodily.

"'Don't you read sometimes?' I queried. 'Can't read,' was his sullen answer. 'Were you never at school?' I went on. 'No, how can I get to school?' 'Why don't your mother teach you?' 'Because she can't read herself,' replied Tom. 'It isn't too late to begin now,' said I encouragingly; 'suppose I were to find some one willing to teach you, what would you say?' The poor lad's face brightened as if the sunshine had fallen upon it; and he answered, 'I would say that nothing could please me better.' I promised to find him a teacher, and as I promised, the thought of you, friend Croft, came into my mind. Now here is something that you can do; a good work in which you can employ your one talent."

The sick man did not respond warmly to this proposition. He had been for so long a mere recipient of good offices—had so long felt himself the object toward which pity and service must tend—that he had nearly lost the relish for good deeds. Idle dependence had made him selfish.

"Give this poor cripple a lesson every day," went on the neighbor, pressing home the subject, "and talk and read to him. Take him in charge as one of God's children, who needs to be instructed and led up to a higher life than the one he is living. Is not this a good and a great work? it is my friend one that God has brought to your hand, and in the doing of which there will be great reward. What can you do? Much! Think of that poor boy's weary life, and of the sadder years that lie still before him. What will become of him when his mother dies? The almshouse alone will open its doors for the helpless one. But who can tell what resources may open before him if stimulated by thought? Take him, then, and unlock the doors of a mind that now sits in darkness, that sunlight may come in. To you, it will give a few hours of pleasant work each day. To him it will be a life-long benefit. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

The sick man could not say "No," though in uttering that half-extorted assent he manifested no warm interest in the case of poor Tom Hicks.

On the next day the cripple came to the sick man and received his first lesson: and every day, at an appointed hour, he was seen at Mr. Croft's room, eager for the instruction he received. Quickly he mastered the alphabet, and as quickly learned to construct very small words preparatory to combining them in a reading lesson. After the first three or four days the sick man who had undertaken this work with reluctance, began to find his heart going down into it. Tom was grateful, and the neighbor who had suggested this useful employment of the invalid's time looked in now and then to see how matters were progressing, and to speak words of encouragement.

Poor Tom was seen less frequently than before hanging on the gate or sitting idly on the bench before his mother's house, looking so unhappy that I pitied him in my heart. 'What do you do with yourself all through these long days, Tom?' I asked. 'Nothing,' he replied, moodily.

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Poor Tom was seen less frequently than before hanging on the gate or sitting idly on the bench before his mother's dwelling, and when you did find him there as of old, you saw a different expression on his face.

As soon as Tom could read, the children in the neighborhood, who had grown to like him, always gathered around him at the gate when they happened to find him there, supplied him with books so that he had an abundance of mental food, and now began to repay his benefactor, the bed-ridden man, by reading to him for hours every day.

There was something about him that strongly attracted the boys of the neighborhood, and he usually had three or four of them around him, and often a dozen, in the afternoon, when the schools were out. There was no nonsense; low, sensual talk, to which boys are sometimes addicted, found no encouragement in his presence. His influence over these boys was therefore of the best kind.

The parents of some of these children when they found their sons going so often to the house of Tom Hicks, felt doubts as to the safety of such intimate intercourse. The report of these boys took their parents by surprise; but, on investigation, it proved to be true, and Tom's character soon rose in the public estimation.

The cripple's eagerness to learn, and rapid progress under limited advantages, becoming generally known, a gentleman, whose son had been one of Tom's visitors, and who had grown to be a better boy under his influence, offered to send him in his wagon every day to the school-house, which stood half a mile distant, and have him brought back in the afternoon.

It was the happiest day in Tom's life when he was helped down from the wagon and went hobbling into the school-room.

Before leaving home that morning, he had made his way up to the sick-room of Mr. Croft.

"I owe it all to you," he said, as he brought the white, thin hand of his benefactor to his lips. It was damp with more than a kiss when he laid it back gently on the bed. "And our Father in heaven will reward you."

The advantages of a school being placed within the reach of Tom Hicks, he gave up every thought of serious difficulty. His bent, stiff fingers could not be made to hold either pen or pencil in the right position, or to use them in such a way as to make intelligible signs. But Tom was too much in earnest to give up on the first, or second, or third effort. He found, after a great many trials, that he could hold a pencil more firmly than at first, and guide his hand in some obedience to his will. This was sufficient to encourage him in long-continued efforts, the result of which was a gradual yielding of the rigid muscles, which became in time so flexible that he could make quite passable figures, and write a fair hand. This did not satisfy him, however. He was ambitious to do better; and so kept on trying and trying, until few boys in the school could give a fairer copy.

"Have you heard the news?" said a neighbor to Mr. Croft, the poor bed-ridden man. It was five years from the day he gave the poor cripple, Tom Hicks, his first lesson.

"What news?" the sick man asked, in a feeble voice, not even turning his head towards the speaker. Life's pulses were running very low. The strong struggle with disease was nearly over.

"Tom Hicks has received the appointment of teacher to our public school."

"Are you in earnest?" There was a mingling of surprise and doubt in the low tones that crept out upon the air.

"Yes, it is true what I say. You know that after Mr. Wilson died, the directors got Tom, who was a favorite with all the scholars, to keep the school together for a few weeks until a successor could be appointed. He managed so well, kept such good order, and showed himself so capable as an instructor, that, at the election to-day, he received a large majority of votes over a number of highly recommended teachers, and this without his having made application for the situation, or even dreaming of such a thing."

At this moment the cripple's well-known shuffling tread and the rattle of crutches was heard upon the stairs. He came up with more than his usual hurry. Croft turned with an effort, so as to get a sight at him as he entered the room.

"I have heard the good news," he said, as he reached a hand feebly toward Tom, "and it has made my heart glad."

"I owe it all to you," replied the cripple, in a voice that trembled with feeling. "God will reward you."

And he caught the shadowy arm, touched it with his lips and wet it with grateful tears, as once before. Even as he held that thin, white hand, the low moving pulses took a lower beat—lower and lower—until the long suffering heart grew still and the freed spirit went up to its reward.

"My benefactor!" sobbed the cripple as he stood by the wasted form shrouded in grave-clothes, and looked upon it for the last time ere the coffin-lid closed over it. "What would I have been except for you?"

MRS. SIGOURNEY'S EXPERIENCE WITH HOUSE SERVANTS.

It has been my good fortune to have employed several, who were faithful in their service, and reciprocated every expression of kindness. This alleviated, on their part, any sense of hardship, and made their exertions a pleasure. I greatly valued every evidence of their attachment, and though the complexion of some of them had a darker shade, they were to me as my own flesh and blood. Indeed, those of the latter description have seemed to me inclined to put more heart into their work, and therefore to call more forth in return. Twenty-five years was I served by such an one, to whom our interests were her own, who delighted to see our guests, exulted in our joys, and in our bereavements sympathized. Difference of color was no barrier to friendship, and since her death, the desire of being served from personal regard still remains with me, a search,—perhaps an illusion.

I should like to speak of another, whose face and form are among my earliest recollections. She was not of the African race, but a specimen of the honest New England character, and a native of beautiful Norwich, my own birthplace. She must have been in full prime when I first remember her and her attentions to my childhood. An adept was she in the culinary art, in neatness, the spirit of order, and the care over every article that appertained to her dominion. Of the virtues that belonged to the sphere of unassuming industry, she was a model. Possessed of good capacities, diligent, truthful, and not lightly given to change, the hearts of those whom she served might safely trust in her. The integrity and punctuality which were essentials in the training of the olden time, were inherent in her character, and from their habitual practice no temptation caused her to swerve. She had a deep respect for knowledge, and employed her intervals of leisure in the perusal of useful books. Whatever she undertook was well and thoroughly done, and the interests of those under whose roof she dwelt were her own. Great kindness of heart had she for the sick and sorrowful, and spared no pains either in nights of watching, or other offices of aid, to relieve them, according to her ability. She had a sense of propriety, and a wisdom of speech, for she was not given to much talking, which won the respect of all who knew her.

When age drew over her, having been for years the faithful assistant of beloved friends of mine, her place was in the chimney corner of their spacious and nicely furnished kitchen, and her occupation to superintend their other servants. Their reliance on her was entire, and never disappointed. They could leave home without anxiety, knowing that their wishes would be carried out as perfectly as in their presence, and that her example to the younger ones would be consistent and salutary. By economical expenditure, and carefully laying aside the surplus of her wages, she was enabled to participate in the charities of the day, and to show an untiring liberality to such of her kindred as needed aid.

It is a remarkable fact, in these days of household fluctuation, that during her long life of fourscore and four years, she had lived but at three different places, after the attainment of her majority left her free to choose a home. This proves not only her constancy of goodness, but their power of appreciation who employed her, and the praise of both.

After the death of the benefactors with whom she had happily dwelt for almost half a century, she returned to the scenes where she first drew breath, that she might have the nursing care of sorrowing relatives. The solace of religion attended her, for she was a true follower of the Saviour, and had been enrolled with his visible flock from her early youth. The weight of years, and the loneliness of one who had outlived most of those with whom life began, led her to lean more entirely and tenderly on him, and his grace was sufficient for her. There was peace in her soul until the last.

Venerated friend, farewell! Thy useful, contented, unblemished course is complete. May we have strength to be faithful like thee, in all life's duties, and calmly to meet its close, with a conscience "void of offence towards God and towards man."

Thayer's Home Monthly.

Merit *vs.* **Money.**—An important reform in the British army has just been introduced by the Duke of Cambridge. He has abolished the purchase of commissions in the service. Soldiers hereafter must earn and deserve, not buy them. This regulation is said to have produced a terrible sensation in Tapedom.

Miscellaneous.

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY ON THE AMERICAN REBELLION.

CONTINUED.

OPINIONS OF THE FATHERS.

Had the Union, thus established in 1787, been a Confederacy, it might have been argued, with more or less plausibility, that the States which peaceably acceded to it, might at pleasure peaceably secede from it. It is none the less true that such a proceeding would have stamped the members of the convention—Washington, Madison, Jay, Hamilton, and their colleagues—with utter incompetence; for nothing can be historically more certain than that their object was to extricate us from the anarchy to which that principle had brought us.

"*However gross a heresy it may be* (say the Federalists, recommending the new Constitution) to maintain that a party to a compact has a right to revoke that compact, the doctrine has had respectable advocates. The *possibility* of such a question shows the necessity of laying the foundation of our national government deeper than in the mere sanction of delegated authority. The fabric of American empire ought to rest on the solid basis of the consent of the people."

Certainly, the most venerated expounders of the Constitution—Jay, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, Story, Webster—were of opinion that the intention of the Convention to establish a permanent consolidated government, a single commonwealth, had been completely successful.

"The great and fundamental defect of the Confederation of 1781 (says Chancellor Kent) which led to its eventual overthrow, was that, in imitation of all former confederacies, it carried the decrees of the Federal council to the States in their sovereign capacity. The great and incurable defect of all former Federal governments, such as the Amphyctionic, Actæon, and Lycian Confederacies, and the Germanic, Helvetic, Hanseatic, and Dutch Republics, is that they were *sovereignties over sovereignties*. The first effort to relieve the people of the country from this state of national degradation and ruin came from Virginia. The General Convention afterwards met at Philadelphia in May, 1787. The plan was submitted to a Convention of Delegates chosen by the people at large in each State, for assent and ratification. Such a measure was laying the foundations of the fabric of our national policy where alone they ought to be laid—on the broad consent of the people." (1 Kent, 225.)

It is true that the consent of the people was given by the inhabitants voting in each State; but in what other conceivable way could the people of the whole country have voted? "They assembled in the several States," says Story; "but where else could they assemble?"

SECESSION A RETURN TO CHAOS.

Secession is, in brief, the return to chaos from which we emerged three-quarters of a century since. No logical sequence can be more perfect. If one State has a right to secede to-day, asserting what it calls its sovereignty, another may, and probably will, do the same to-morrow, a third on the next day, and so on, until there are none left to secede from. Granted the premises that each State may peaceably secede from the Union, it follows, that a county may peacenbly secede from a State, and a town from a county, until there is nothing left but a horde of individuals all seceding from each other. The theory that the people of a whole country, in their aggregate capacity, are supreme, is intelligible; and it has been a fact also, in America, for seventy years. But it is impossible to show, if the people of a State be sovereign, that the people of a county, or a village, and the individuals of the village, are not equally sovereign, and justified in "resuming their sovereignty" when their interest or their caprice seems to impel them. The process of disintegration brings back the community to barbarism, precisely as its converse has built up commonwealths—whether empires, kingdoms, or republics—out of original barbarism.

Established authority, whatever the theory of its origin, is a fact. It should never be lightly or capriciously overturned. They who venture on the attempt should weigh well the responsibility that is upon them. Above all, they must expect to be arraigned for their deeds before the tribunal of the civilized world and of future ages—a court of last appeal, the code of which is based on the Divine principles of right and reason, which are dispassionate and eternal. No man, on either side of the Atlantic, with Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins, will dispute the right of a people, or of any portion of a people, to rise against oppression, to demand redress of grievances, and in case of denial of justice, to take up arms to vindicate the sacred principle of liberty. Few Englishmen or Americans will deny that the source of goverument is the consent of the governed, or that every nation has the right to govern itself according to its will. When the silent consent is changed to fierce remonstrance, the revolution is impending.

REBELLION NOT REVOLUTION.

The right of revolution is indisputable. It is written on the whole record of our race. British and American history is made up of rebellion and revolution. Many of the crowned kings were rebels or usurpers. Hampden, Pym, and Oliver Cromwell, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson—all were rebels. It is no word of reproach. But these men all knew the work they had set themselves to do. They never called their rebellion "peaceable secession." They were sustained by the consciousness of right when they overthrew established authority, but they meant to overthrow it. They meant rebellion, civil war, bloodshed, infinite suffering for themselves and their whole generation, for they accounted them welcome substitutes for insulted liberty and violated right. There can be nothing plainer, then, than the American right of revolution. But, then it should be called revolution. "Secession, as a revolutionary right," said Daniel Webster in the Senate, nearly thirty years ago, in words that now sound prophetic, "is intelligible. As a right to be proclaimed in *the midst of civil commotions, and asserted at the head of armies*, I can understand it. But as a practical right existing under the Constitution, and in conformity with its provisions, it seems to be nothing but an absurdity; for it supposes resistance to government under the authority of government itself; it supposes dismemberment without violating the principles of Union; it supposes opposition to law without crime; it supposes the violation of oaths without responsibility; it supposes the total overthrow of government without revolution."

THE FOUNDERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

The men who had conducted the American people through a long and fearful revolution were the founders of the new commonwealth which permanently superseded the subverted authority of the crown. They placed the foundations on the unbiassed, untrammelled consent of the people. They were sick of leagues of petty sovereignties, of governments which could not govern a single individual. The framers of the Constitution, which has now endured three-quarters of a century, and under which the nation has made a material and intellectual progress never surpassed in history, were not such triflers as to be ignorant of the consequences of their own acts. The Constitution which they offered, and which the people adopted as its own, talked not of sovereign States—spoke not the word confederacy In the very preamble to the instrument are inserted the vital words which show its character, "We, *the people* of the United States, to ensure a more perfect union, and to secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity, *do ordain and establish this Constitution.*" *Sic volo, sic jubeo.* It is the language of a sovereign solemnly speaking to the world. It is the promulgation of a great law, the *norma agendi* of a new commonwealth. It is no compact.

"A compact," says Blackstone, "is a promise proceeding from us. Law is a command directed to us. The language of a compact is, We will or will not do this; that of a law is, Thou shalt or shall not do it. (1 B. 38, 44, 45.)

THE LANGUAGE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

And this is, throughout, the language of the Constitution. Congress shall do this; the President shall do that; the States shall not exercise this or that power. Witness, for example, the important clauses by which the 'sovereign' States are shorn of all the great attributes of sovereignty: no State shall coin money, nor remit bills of credit, nor pass *ex post facto* laws, nor laws impairing the obligations of contracts, nor maintain armies and navies, nor grant letters of marque, nor make compacts with other States, nor hold intercourse with foreign powers, nor grant titles of nobility: and that most significant phrase—"This Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof, *shall be the supreme law of the land.*"

Could language be more imperial? Could the claim to State "sovereignty" be more completely disposed of at a word? How can that be sovereign, acknowledging no superior, supreme, which has voluntarily accepted a supreme law from something which it acknowledges as superior?

The Constitution is perpetual, not provisional or temporary. It is made for all times—"for ourselves and our posterity." It is absolute within its sphere. "This Constitution shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of a State to the contrary notwithstanding." Of what value, then, is a law of a State declaring its connexion with the Union dissolved? The Constitution remains supreme, and is bound to assert its supremacy till overpowered by force. The use of force—of armies and navies of whatever strength—in order to compel obedience to the civil and Constitutional authority, *is not "wicked war," is not civil war, is not war at all.* So long as it exists the Government is obliged to put forth its strength when assailed. The President—who has taken an oath before God and man to maintain the Constitution and laws—is perjured if he yields the Constitution and laws to armed rebellion without a struggle. He knows nothing of States. Within the sphere of the United States Government he deals with individuals only, citizens of the great Republic, in whatever portion of it they may happen to live. He has no choice but to enforce the laws of the Republic wherever they may be resisted. When he is overpowered the Government ceases to exist. The Union is gone, and Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Ohio are as much separated from each other as they are from Georgia or Louisiana. Anarchy has returned upon us. The dismemberment of the commonwealth is complete. We are again in the chaos of 1785.

WHY THE CONSTITUTION DOES NOT PROVIDE FOR SECESSION.

But, it is sometimes asked, why the Constitution did not make a special provision against the right of secession. How could it do so? The people created a Constitution over the whole land, with certain defined, accurately enumerated powers, and among these were all the chief attributes of sovereignty. It was forbidden to a State to coin money, to keep armies and navies, to make compacts with other States, to hold intercourse with foreign nations, to oppose the authority of the Government. To do any one of these things is to secede—for it would be physically impossible to do any one of them without secession. It would have been puerile for the Constitution to say formally to each State, "Thou shalt not secede." The Constitution, being the supreme law, being perpetual, and having expressly forbidden to the State those acts without which secession is an impossibility, *would have been wanting in dignity had it used such superfluous phraseology.* This Constitution is supreme, whatever laws a State may enact, says the organic law. Was it necessary to add, "and no State shall enact a law of secession?" To add to a great statute, in which the sovereign authority of the land declares its will, a phrase such as "and be it further enacted that the said law shall not be violated," would scarcely seem to strengthen the statute.

It was accordingly enacted that new States might be admitted; but no permission was given for a State to secede.

PROVISIONS FOR AMENDMENT.

Provisions were made for the amendment of the Constitution from time to time, and it was intended that these provisions should be stringent. A two-thirds vote in both Houses of Congress, and a ratification in three-quarters of the whole number of States, are conditions only to be complied with in grave emergencies. But the Constitution made no provision for its own dissolution, and, if it had done so, it would have been a proceeding quite without example in history. A constitution can only be subverted by revolution or by foreign conquest of the land. The revolution may be the result of a successful rebellion. A peaceful revolution is also conceivable in the case of the United States. The same power which established the Constitution may justly destroy it. The people of the whole land may meet, by delegates, in a great national convention, as they did in 1787, and declare that the Constitution no longer answers the purpose for which it was ordained; that it can no longer secure the blessings of liberty for the people in present and future generations, and that it is therefore forever abolished. When that project has been submitted again to the people voting in their primary assemblies, not influenced by fraud or force, the revolution is lawfully accomplished, and the Union is no more.

WHAT IS REBELLION?

Such a proceeding is conceivable, although attended with innumerable difficulties and dangers. But these are not so great as those of the civil war into which the action of the seceded States has plunged the country. The division of the national domain and other property, the navigation and police of the great rivers, the arrangement and fortification of frontiers, the transit of the Isthmus, the mouth of the Mississippi, the control of the Gulf of Mexico; these are significant phrases which have an appalling sound; for there is not one of them that does not contain the seeds of war. In any separation, however accomplished, these difficulties must be dealt with, but there would seem less hope of arriving at a peaceful settlement of them now that the action of the seceding States has been so precipitate and lawless. For a single State, one after another, to resume those functions of sovereignty which it had unconditionally abdicated when its people ratified the Constitution of 1787, to seize forts, arsenals, custom houses, post offices, mints, and other valuable property of the Union, paid for by the treasure of the Union, was not the exercise of a legal function, but it was rebellion, treason and plunder.

THE UNION CLOTHED WITH IMPERIAL ATTRIBUTES.

It is strange that Englishmen should find difficulty in understanding that the United States government is a nation among the nations of the earth; a constituted authority, which may be overthrown by violence, as may be the fate of any State, whether kingdom or republic, but which is false to the people if it does not its best to preserve them from the horrors of anarchy, even at the cost of blood. The "United States" happens to be a plural title, but the commonwealth thus designated is a unit, "*e pluribus unum.*" *The Union alone is clothed with imperial attributes; the Union alone is recognized in the family of nations; the Union alone holds the purse and the sword*, regulates foreign intercourse, imposes taxes on foreign commerce, makes war and concludes peace. The armies, the navies, the militia belong to the Union alone, and the President is Commander-in-chief of all. No State can keep troops or fleets. What man in the civilized world has not heard of the United States? What man in England can tell the names of all the individual States? And yet, with hardly a superficial examination of our history and our Constitution, men talk glibly about a confederacy, a compact, a co-partnership, and the right of a State to secede at pleasure, not knowing that by admitting such loose phraseology, and such imaginary rights, we should violate the first principles of our political organization, should fly in the face of our history, should trample under foot the teachings of Jay, Hamilton, Washington, Marshall, Madison, Dane, Kent, Story and Webster, and accepting only the dogmas of Mr. Calhoun as infallible, surrender forever our national laws and our national existence.

A PARALLEL.

Englishmen themselves live in a united empire; but if the kingdom of Scotland should secede, should seize all the national property, forts, arsenals, and public treasure on its soil, organize an army, send forth foreign ministers to Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria and other Powers, issue invitations to all the pirates of the world to prey upon English commerce, screening their piracy from punishment by the banner of Scotland, and should announce its intention of planting that flag upon Buckingham Palace, it is probable that a blow or two would be struck to defend the national honor and the national existence, without fear that the civil war would be denounced as wicked and fratricidal. Yet it would be difficult to show that the State of Florida, for example, a Spanish province, purchased for national purposes some forty years ago by the United States Government for several millions, and fortified and furnished with navy yards for national uses at a national expense of many more millions, and numbering at this moment a population of only 80,000 white men, should be more entitled to resume its original sovereignty than the ancient kingdom of William the Lion and Robert Bruce.

The terms of the treaty between England and Scotland were perpetual, and so is the Constitution of the United States. The United Empire may be destroyed by revolution and war, and so may the United States; but a peaceful and legal dismemberment, without the consent of the majority of the whole people, is an impossibility.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

But it is sometimes said that the American Republic originated in secession from the mother country, and that it is unreasonable of the Union to resist the seceding movement on the part of the new Confederacy. But it so happens that the one case suggests the other only by the association of contrast. The thirteen colonies did not intend to secede from the British empire. They were forced into secession by a course of policy on the part of the mother country, such as no English administration at the present day can be imagined capable of adopting. Those Englishmen in America were loyal to the Crown; but they exercised the right which cis-Atlantic or trans-Atlantic Englishmen have always exercised, of resistance to arbitrary government. Taxed without being represented, and insulted by measures taken to enforce the odious but not exorbitant imposts, they did not secede, nor declare their independence. On the contrary, they made every effort to avert such a conclusion. In the words of the "forest-born Demosthenes"—as Lord Byron called the great Virginian, Patrick Henry—the Americans "petitioned; remonstrated, cast themselves at the foot of the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministers and Parliament. But their petitions were slighted, their remonstrances procured only additional violence and insult, as they were spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne."

The "Boston massacre," the Boston port bill, the Boston "tea-party," the battle of Lexington, the battle of Bunker's Hill, were events which long preceded the famous Declaration of Independence. It was not till the colonies felt that redress for grievances was impossible that they took the irrevocable step, and renounced their allegiance to the Crown. The revolution had come at last, they had been forced into it, but they knew that it was revolution, and that they were acting at the peril of their lives. "We must be unanimous in this business," said Hancock; "we must all hang together." "Yes," replied Franklin, "or else we shall all hang separately."

The risk incurred by the colonists was enormous, but the injury to the mother country was comparatively slight. They went out into darkness and danger themselves, but the British empire was not thrown into anarchy and chaos by their secession.

THE CAUSE OF THE SOUTHERN REBELLION.

Thus their course was the reverse of that adopted by the South. The prompt secession of seven States because of the constitutional election of a President over the candidates voted for by their people was the redress in advance of grievances which they may, reasonably or unreasonably have expected, but which had not yet occurred. There is the highest authority of the Vice President of the Southern "Confederacy," who declared a week after the election of Mr. Lincoln that the election was not a cause for secession, and that there was no certainty that he would have either the power or the inclination to invade the constitutional rights of the South. In the free States it was held that the resolutions of the convention by which Mr. Lincoln was nominated, were scrupulously and conscientiously framed to protect all those constitutional rights. The question of slavery in the territories, of the future extension of slavery, was one which had always been an open question, and on which issue was now joined. But it was no question at all that slavery within a State was sacred from all interference by the general government, or by the free States, or by individuals in those States; and the Chicago Convention strenuously asserted that doctrine

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