Family Circle.

THE STORM.

The gathering clouds obscure the sky,
The trembling birds to covert fly,
The awe-struck herds forbear to rove,
And stillness reigns throughout the grove.

The mower drops his scythe, to flee
To friendly cot, or sheltering tree;
While Nature, in each varied form,
In silent dread awaits the storm.

Now flash to flash, with lurid glare,
Succeeds, and lights the murky air;
And hark! above, from pole to pole,
The loud terrific thunders roll.

Why shrinks my friend? Why pale with fear?
Say, dost thou feel that God is near?
And thinkest thou not, when warblers fill
Thy bower, that He's nigh thee still?

In every flower that round thee blows—
In every blade of grass which grows—
In every glade which cheers thine eye—
In every stream which ripples by—

On every mount—in every dale—
In every wave—in every gale—
A thousand tongues, through nature's frame,
A God, a present God, proclaim!

And O if terror dim thine eye,
When Summer storms pronounce Him nigh,
How wilt thou meet that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall melt away?

Go to that blood whose cleansing flow
Shall make thy bosom pure as snow!
That blood to him its aid who seeks,
Far better things than Abel's speaks.

Then, then, thy soul, redeemed, forgiven,
Released from sin, at peace with heaven,
Shall mark, unmoved, e'en that dread fire,
In which ten thousand orbs expire.

AMY AND HER BROTHERS.

[From this delightful story of an orphan family, whose firm dependence on the God of the fatherless, combined with diligence and uprightness in business, carried them safely through the trials of their condition, we extract a few chapters for our young readers. It is written by the author of the *Blue Flag*, from which we made some extracts about a month ago, and published by the American Tract Society, H. N. Thissell, agent, No. 929 Chestnut St.]

THE OLD VISITOR.

Little as Pickard Howe liked to get up in the morning, he was not fond of being late at school. After lounging away the time when he should have been making his preparations, he generally went off at last in a terrible flurry, leaving confusion and disorder behind him.

Amy had gathered up the scattered books that Pick had thrown down in his hurried search for his geography; she had put his "morning shoes" into the closet, and restored to its place the brush with which he had given the parting touches to his curly hair. The traces of Harriet's careless, reckless habits were even more in number, yet Amy had gone about patiently restoring order, without one unpleasant expression ruffling her countenance, or one unkind thought marring the peace at her heart.

The four rooms which the old-fashioned house contained, had been severally visited and made neat and tidy by her skilful hands. Weary in body, she laid down on the old couch, but not to spend even a few short minutes in idleness.

The bland air of Indian summer was changing into the real keenness of autumn, and Amy well knew the little ones were unprepared for winter. An old cloth cloak of her father she thought would be quite an inexhaustible mine of material for clothing the boys, and as she lay, her busy hands were ripping away the worn collar, while from time to time her eye measured the ample folds of the precious garment.

She heard the outer-door open. It must be Willy returning from his mission. What news had he to tell? Her eager, questioning face turned toward him, but she felt too weary to follow her inclination to rise and meet him.

She had not a moment for thought, when Willy and his companion entered.

"This is my sister Amy, Mr. Dimer," said the boy. There was respect and affection in the tone; it was plain that sister Amy was in Willy's eyes worth seeing.

"A lazy Miss! lying down to work," thought the old man; but his face changed suddenly as Amy rose, and with an evident effort moved across the room to hand the stranger a chair.

"You want to raise money on your father's watch," he began abruptly. "How am I to know George Howe was your father?"

The family Bible lay on the table. What a treasure it had proved to Amy in her loneliness and anxiety! Now it was to serve a new purpose.

Again Amy crossed the room, and the old man's face softened as he noted the misfortune that had marred her person, but traced no mark of repining on her sweet face. Amy threw open the Bible at the family record.

"You will read the history of our little family there," she said, quietly.

Mr. Dimer put on his spectacles and took the Bible on his knee. It was long since the Holy Book had lain open before him, that old dealer in money!

There was a truth in that simple record that could not be doubted. Born, married, died; so short, so full of meaning, so complete was the biographical sketch of the parents, while the birth alone of the orphan children was registered; those children who were now to struggle along life's pathway side by side.

There was something in that family history which seemed to touch the heart of the old man. It spoke to him of the shortness of human life; it whispered to him of pity for the orphan.

"Amy, that's you," he said reading, then looking full into the young girl's face.

"That's my name," said Amy, quietly.

"Pickard! nonsense; what a name! Is that you?" he continued, turning to Willy.

"I am William, mentioned below," said the boy, pointing out with his finger the date of his birth.

"You are not big of your age," said the old man, disapprovingly.

"No; but I mean to do great things," said Will, with a smile.

"Let me see the watch," said the old man, thoughtfully.

Willy drew out the treasure again, and placed it in Mr. Dimer's hands.

"Didn't your father leave you any money?" said the old man, quickly.

"A little; but that is all gone, and we have debts beside, which we want to pay with the loan," said Willy, speaking up as the man of the family.

"An't you uneasy? What do you expect to live on?" said the man, turning towards Amy. "You wouldn't do much in the way of hard work."

"We own the house. It was left to my father by an old aunt. So the children will have a home. For the rest, I am sure the Lord will provide," said Amy, simply.

The pawnbroker looked through his spectacles into Amy's sweet, placid face. The poor young stranger before him had a security of which he knew nothing. His precious gains might be taken from him by fire, flood, dishonesty, or commercial changes, but Amy's portion was sure. She had an unfailing refuge in those words: "The Lord will provide."

Mr. Dimer looked down. He had accidentally turned with his elbow the page that contained the family record, and now the last of Malachi lay open before him. His eye caught the words: "For behold the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud—yes, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."

Like a swift arrow those words of denunciation seemed to pierce the heart of the old man; but turning from them he cast his eye up the page and read: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

He shut the book suddenly. Had he not read of the two portions in store for himself and the helpless strangers before him? He would not think of it, he would not attend to the matter in hand. "How much—how much"—he said, hesitatingly—"how much do you want to borrow on the watch?"

"Twenty-five dollars," said Will, again acting as spokesman.

Mr. Dimer took out a worn but well-filled pocket book. Five five-dollar notes he laid on the table.

Willy's eyes glistened, and he said joyously to his sister: "I knew the Lord would take care of us. Keep up heart, Amy."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said Amy, warmly.

"I don't do you any great favor," said the man. "You will have to pay me half-yearly for the use of the money, and I have the watch for my security. You can have it back, you know, when you return the money."

"May that be before a great while," said Willy, cheerily.

Mr. Dimer rose to go. Childless and alone he had lived, gathering up this world's goods, but not enjoying them. There was a charm to him in those young trusting hearts. There was a message of power to him from that old family Bible.

Love on earth and a home in heaven seemed better to him then, than all the gold of Ophir.

The old man was gone; there was no excuse for his lingering there.

"O brother! I am so glad," said Amy, as she took the bank-notes in her hand. The other arm she passed round Willy, and side by side they knelt. That was a real thanksgiving, not a mere saying of heartless, unmeaning words.

The God of the orphan was praised for all his mercies. The old stranger had a blessing called down on his unworthy head.

In every world-worn man there is a human heart that craves a God to trust, a Christ to lean upon—an unsatisfied heart.

This is hard to realize, and Amy would not have thought of seeking to give her faith to the man of loans and compound interest. Her calm trust had been better for him than a lengthy sermon.

DARKNESS.

It was a pleasure to walk along the lighted streets, and peep in at the bright windows, but now he did not suffer himself to stop, even to linger at the print-shops, but went straight on his course to Mr. Dimer's. He was out on business, and must not dilly-dally. Mr. Dimer was on the door-step—could he be watching for him?

"Here you are. I was just going to shut up. As it is, I've put out the gas in the front-shop; it was only wasting itself. Come in here," said the old pawnbroker.

The spot to which he led the way was not tempting, and a timid boy might have hesitated to enter, but Will was troubled with no such difficulties.

A sort of back-shed had been shut in and plastered; and here was plainly the old man's abode. The small, narrow bed, the single old table, bearing its one plate and cup and saucer, told of the home and habits of the pawnbroker.

"Sit down, boy. May be you'd forget your half-year was up?" said the old man, keenly.

"I had, but sister Amy hadn't. She knew the very day. She says it's right to be exact about business matters," said Will.

"Yes, that's right, sure enough," was the approving answer.

"Twenty-five dollars, at seven per cent., for half a year, that is just eighty-seven and a half cents, as I make it," said Will, laying the sum down on the table.

The old man took hold of it eagerly, and then producing a quit-book, made a minute of the payment, and, at the same time, gave Will a receipt for the sum paid.

The boy rose to go, but the old man detained him, saying: "Child, sit down. Are you afraid to stay a minute with an old man, who has nobody to speak to, not when he's aching to talk over some things he knows of?"

"You must lead a lonely life," said Will, kindly, as he resumed his seat.

"No matter about that, now!" was the short answer. "Here's what I want to see about—this flannel," and the old man pointed to the roll in the corner, "this flannel, I say, is for the poor. Five dollars I paid for it; yet I am going to give it away. I want you to take it to the ladies that take in poor children, and train 'em up right. Their place is only two blocks off—that's the right thing, take 'em young, before they get in bad ways. It's not easy learning old dogs new tricks! Will you do it, boy?"

"That I will gladly." Will was again rising as he spoke, but with an impatient gesture, the old man motioned him to sit down—and then went on: "It's for the poor, you see, but I want to do it on the sly; they say that's the right way. I han't never been dishonest, exactly—I han't never received no goods as I knew was stolen; but somehow I feel as if I'd better be doin' now, to wipe my old scores out."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," said Will, frankly.

"A body can't live for ever! I'm almost worn out," said the old man, quickly. "There was words in that big old book of yours that set me to thinkin' of that, pretty steady. You see I an't one of the 'jewels;' the 'oven' is more like for me, when my time comes. 'And the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.'"

These last words were spoken in low trembling tones that chilled Will's young blood, and he was silent.

"Yes, boy," Mr. Dimer continued, after a pause; "yes, the like of me had better be settlin' up with Heaven. Five dollars the flannel cost me. You take it to the ladies. They are doin' the right thing—and, may be, I'll get a share of the blessing."

"God forgives us freely, without our doing any thing; you know that, sir," said Will, modestly.

"I don't know any such thing! I don't feel it *here!*" said the old man, laying his hand on his heart.

"But Jesus suffered and died for us, that we might go free, and be happy with him in heaven," said Will, earnestly.

"What wouldn't I give to be a boy again, and take that in, just where I want it! It's no use now! I've been sowin' all my life, and the reapin' time is coming soon—it is here! O, child! thank God that you've found him now! It's hard work gropin' after him with worn old wicked hands!"

"Jesus can help you," said Will, affectionately.

"I don't know him! He don't know me! I *never* tried to know him when I was young. He don't want my poor old tagged-out life. I an't worth anything for him now."

"Have you got a Bible, that tells about Jesus?" said Will, earnestly.

"Yes, yes, I bought one, and opened it too. I read: 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God.' There it was, plain as print. There's nothing for me now, but just to do what I can to make up, and may be get off easier for that."

Poor Will! teaching others was a new business for him. How he longed for sister Amy's sweet, wise, persuasive words, to comfort and guide the sin-sick old man.

"Read about Jesus, and you'll understand it all then. Ask him to help you, and it will be all right by and by," said Will.

"Never! There's nothing right for me! Go, boy—go on your errand. Go, and be thankful you are not like me, too old, too bad to take in the best religion the Bible ever preached! Go!"

The last word was said imperatively, and Will hastened to obey.

"Round the corner there, No. 75," said the pawnbroker, in more softened tones, as he handed Will the roll of flannel. "Round the corner there. There's no word to be left with it, only an old Sinner sends it, and says to the ladies, teach the children right when they are young." The door closed suddenly, and Will stood in the street. He delivered the message as it was given to him, and then walked thoughtfully homeward.

"'Tis easier far, if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes,
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are hardened by their crimes."

These lines Will had learned long ago, but now they came to his mind in full force; from his heart he thanked God that he had early learned to love Him, and earnestly he prayed that he might so live, that old age might find him longing to go to his well-known Saviour, rather than groping after that Heavenly Friend, long forgotten and despised.

THE BLIND MOTHER'S LAST LOOK AT HER BABE.

On the last Sabbath of 1860, when the cold winds of December were wailing the dirge-song for the departing year, we met at the funeral of an infant. Not two summers had blessed the child. Disease came early, and quickly performed its fatal work.

Sweet words of Scripture were read, a short exhortation made, an earnest prayer offered, the benediction pronounced; and then, after a moment's silence, the friends were invited to 'take the last look at the deceased.' One and another came, and gazed with peculiar interest upon that beautiful little form, which seemed as if it were only sleeping.

But now all others step aside, for the mother approaches. *She is blind*—has never seen the child she loves, and now has lost. Forward she leans; her form almost covers the little coffin. She seems straining her sightless eyes to catch a glimpse of the loved one, before it is taken from her forever. But, as if convinced that this may not be, while the tears flow down her cheeks apace, she puts her fingers upon the face of the child. Every feature is carefully felt—the forehead, eyes, nose, chin. Gently she passes both hands over the entire body within her reach. She grasps tenderly and tightly the little hands which lie clasped upon the breast of the babe. Kiss after kiss she imprints upon those cold lips which she had so often kissed before, when they were warm with life; and then the mother, trembling, weeping, turns away. She has *looked* at her offspring as the blind only may. It was the last look, until the morning of the resurrection shall recall the dead to life again, and the omnipotent touch of God shall unseal the sightless orbs of His benighted children. Then may we hope that the mother, redeemed by grace, will behold her angel babe beside the Saviour, and in that realm where darkness and death may never reign, will join with the sweet child in songs of everlasting praise!

Christian Intelligencer.

Miscellaneous.

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY ON THE AMERICAN REBELLION.

CONTINUED.

PERILS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Not only is the united republic destroyed if the revolution proves successful, but even if the people of the Free States have the enthusiasm and sagacity to reconstruct their Union, and by a new National convention to re-ordain and re-establish the time-honoured Constitution, still an immense territory is lost. But the extent of that territory is not the principal element in the disaster. The world is wide enough for all. It is the loss of the Southern marine frontier which is fatal to the Republic. Florida and the vast Louisiana territory purchased by the Union from foreign countries, and garnished with fortresses at the expense of the Union, are fallen, with all these improvements, into the hands of a foreign and unfriendly power.

Should the dire misfortune of a war with a great maritime nation, with England or France, for example, befall the Union, its territory, hitherto almost impregnable, might now be open to fleets and armies acting in alliance with a hostile "Confederacy," which has become possessed of an important part of the Union's maritime line of defence. Moreover the Union has 12,000 ships numbering more than 5,000,000 tons, the far greater part of which belongs to the Free States, and the vast commerce of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, requires and must receive protection at every hazard.

Is it strange that the Union should make a vigorous, just and lawful effort to save itself from the chaos from which the Constitution of 1787 rescued the country? Who that has read and pondered the history of that dark period, does not shudder at the prospect of its return?

A COMPARISON.

But yesterday we were a State—the great republic—prosperous and powerful, with a flag known and honored all over the world. Seventy years ago, we were a helpless league of bankrupt and lawless petty sovereigns. We had a currency so degraded that a leg of mutton was cheap at $1,000. The national debt, incurred in the war of independence, had hardly a nominal value, and was considered worthless. The absence of law, order and security, for life and property, was as absolute as could be well conceived in a civilized land. Debts could not be collected, courts could enforce no decrees,—insurrections could not be suppressed. The army of the confederacy numbered eighty men. From this condition the Constitution rescued us.

The great law, reported by the general Convention of 1787, was ratified by the people of all the land voting in each State for a ratifying convention, chosen expressly for that purpose. It was promulgated in the name of the people: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, and to secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution." It was ratified by the people—*not by the States*, acting through their governments, legislative and executive, but by the people electing especial delegates within each State; and it is important to remember that in none of these ratifying conventions was any reserve made of a State's right to repeal the Union or to secede.

Many criticisms were offered in the various ratifying ordinances, many amendments suggested, but the acceptance of the Constitution, the submission to the perpetual law, was in all cases absolute. The language of Virginia was most explicit on this point. "The powers granted under the Constitution, *being derived from the people of the United States* may be *resumed by them* whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression." That the people of the United States, expressing their will solemnly in national convention, are competent to undo the work of their ancestors, and are fully justified in so doing when the Constitution shall be perverted to their injury and oppression, there is no man in the land that doubts. This course has been already indicated as the only peaceful revolution possible, but such a proceeding is very different from the secession ordinance of a single State resuming its sovereignty of its own free will, and without consultation with the rest of the inhabitants of the country.

"There was no reservation, (says Justice Story) of any right on the part of any State to dissolve its connection, or to abrogate its assent, or to suspend the operations of the Constitution as to itself."

ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.

And thus, when the ratifications had been made, a new commonwealth took its place among the nations of the earth. The effects of the new Constitution were almost magical. Order sprang out of chaos. Law resumed its reign; debts were collected; life and property became secure; the national debt was funded, and ultimately paid, principal and interest, to the uttermost farthing; the articles of the treaty of peace in 1783 were fulfilled, and Great Britain, having an organized and united State to deal with, entered into a treaty of commerce and amity with us—the first and the best ever negotiated between the two nations. Not the least noble of its articles (the 21st) provided that the acceptance by the citizens or subjects of either country of foreign letters of marque, should be treated and *punished as piracy*. Unfortunately, that article and several others, were limited to twelve years, and were not subsequently renewed. The debts due to British subjects were collected, and the British Government at last surrendered the forts on our soil.

THE STATE OF THE NATION.

At last we were a nation, with a flag respected abroad and almost idolized at home as the symbol of union and coming greatness, and we entered upon a career of prosperity and progress never surpassed in history. The autonomy of each State, according to which its domestic and interior affairs are subject to the domestic legislature and executive, was secured by the reservation to each State of powers not expressly granted to the Union by the Constitution. Supreme within its own orbit, which is traced from the same centre of popular power whence the wider circumference of the general government is described, the individual state is surrounded on all sides by that all embracing circle. The reserved and unnamed powers are many, but the State is closely circumscribed. Thus, a State is forbidden to alter its form of government. "Thou shalt forever remain a republic," says the United States Constitution to each individual State. A State is forbidden, above all, to pass any law conflicting with the United States Constitution or Laws. Moreover, every member of Congress, every member of a State Legislature, every executive or judicial officer in the service of the Union or of a separate State, is bound by solemn oath to maintain the United States Constitution. This alone would seem to settle the question of secession ordinances. So long as the Constitution endures, such an ordinance is merely the act of conspiring and combining individuals; with whom the general government may deal. When it falls in the struggle, and becomes powerless to cope with them, the Constitution has been destroyed by violence. *Peaceful acquiescence in such combinations is perjury and treason on the part of the Chief Magistrate of the country, for which he may be impeached and executed. Yet men speak of Mr. Lincoln as having plunged into a wicked war.* They censure him for not negotiating with envoys who came not to settle the grievances, but to demand recognition of the dismemberment of the republic which he had just sworn to maintain.

RELATIVE POWERS OF THE STATE AND FEDERAL GOVERNMENTS.

It is true that the ordinary daily and petty affairs of men come more immediately than larger matters under the cognizance of the State Governments, tending thus to foster local patriotism and local allegiance. At the same time, as all controversies between citizens of different States come within the sphere of the Federal Courts, and as the manifold and conflicting currents of so rapid a national life as the American can rarely be confined within narrow geographical boundaries, it follows that the Federal courts, even for domestic purposes as well as foreign, are parts of the daily, visible functions of the body politic. The Union is omnipresent. The custom-house, the court-house, the arsenal, the village post office, the muskets of the militia, make the authority of the General Government a constant fact. Moreover, the restless, migratory character of the population, which rarely permits all the members of one family to remain denizens of any one State, has interlaced the States with each other, and all with the Union, to such an extent that a painless excision of a portion of the whole nation is an impossibility. To cut away the pound of flesh and draw no drop of blood surpasses human ingenuity.

THE DOCTRINE OF SECESSION A NEW ONE.

Neither the opponents nor friends of the new government in the first generation after its establishment held the doctrine of secession. The States Rights party and the Federal party disliked or cherished the government because of the general conviction that it was a constituted and centralized authority, permanent and indivisible, like that of any other organized nation. Each party continued to favor or to oppose a strict construction of the instrument; but the doctrine of nullification and secession was a plant of later growth. It was an accepted fact that the United States was not a confederacy. That word was never used in the Constitution except once by way of prohibition. We were a nation, not a copartnership, except, indeed, in the larger sense in which every nation may be considered a copartnership—a copartnership of the present with the past and with the future. To borrow the lofty language of Burke:

"A State ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade on pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked upon with other reverence, because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to gross animal existence of a temporary perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection, a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are dead, and those who are to be born."

And the simple phrase of the preamble to our Constitution is almost as pregnant—"To secure the blessings of liberty to us and our posterity."

HOW THE REBELLION GREW.

But as the innumerable woes of disunion out of which we had been rescued by the Constitution began to fade into the past, the allegiance to the Union, in certain regions of the country, seemed rapidly to diminish. *It was reserved to the subtle genius of Mr. Calhoun*, one of the most logical, brilliant and persuasive orators that ever lived, to embody once more, in a set of sounding sophisms, the main arguments which had been unsuccessfully used in a former generation to prevent the adoption of the Constitution, and to exhibit them now as legitimate deductions from the Constitution. The memorable tariff controversy was the occasion in which the argument of State sovereignty was put forth in all its strength. In regard to the dispute itself, there can be no doubt that the South was in the right and the North in the wrong. The production by an exaggerated tariff of a revenue so much over and above the wants of government, that it was at last divided among the separate States, and foolishly squandered, was the most triumphant *reductio ad absurdum* that the South could have desired. But it is none the less true that the nullification by a State Legislature of a Federal law was a greater injury to the whole nation than a foolish tariff, long since repealed, had inflicted. It was a stab to the Union in its vital part. The blow was partially parried, but it may be doubted whether the wound has ever healed.

WHAT SUCCESSFUL SECESSION WOULD ACCOMPLISH.

Tariffs, the protective system, free trade—although the merits of these questions must be considered as settled by sound thinkers in all civilized lands, must, nevertheless, remain in some countries the subjects of honest argument and legitimate controversy. When all parts of a country are represented—and especially in the case of the United States, where the Southern portion has three-fifths of a certain kind of "property" represented, while the North has no property represented—reason should contend with error for victory, trusting to its innate strength. And until after the secession of the Gulf States, the moderate tariff of 1857 was in operation, with no possibility of its repeal. Moreover, the advocates of the enlightened system of free trade should reflect that should the fourteen Slave States become permanently united in a separate confederacy, the state of their internal affairs will soon show a remarkable revolution. The absence of the fugitive slave law will necessarily drive all the slaves from what are called the border States; and he must be a shallow politician who dreams here in England that free trade with all the world, and direct taxation for revenue, will be the policy of the new and expensive military empire which will arise. Manufacturers of cotton and woolen will spring up on every river and mountain stream in the Northern slave States, the vast mineral wealth of their territories will require development, and the cry for protection to native industry in one quarter will be as surely heeded as will be that other cry from the Gulf of Mexico, now partially suppressed, for obvious reasons, for the African slave trade. To establish a great Gulf empire, including Mexico, Central America, Cuba, and other islands, with unlimited cotton fields and unlimited negroes, this is the golden vision, in pursuit of which the great Republic has been sacrificed, the beneficent Constitution subverted. And already the vision has fled, but the work of destruction remains.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

The mischief caused by a tariff, however selfish or however absurd, may be temporary. In the last nineteen years there have been four separate tariffs passed by the American Congress, and nothing is more probable than that the suicidal Morrill tariff will receive essential modifications, even in the special session in July; but the woes caused by secession and civil war are infinite; and whatever be the result of the contest this generation is not likely to forget the injuries already inflicted.

A GENERAL REVIEW OF THE SITUATIONS.

The great secession, therefore of 1860–61 is a rebellion, like any other insurrection against established authority, and has been followed by civil war as its immediate and inevitable consequence. If successful, it is revolution, and whether successful or not it will be judged before the tribunal of mankind and posterity, according to the eternal laws of reason and justice.

Time and history will decide whether it was a good and sagacious deed to destroy a fabric of so long duration, because of the election of Mr. Lincoln; *whether it were wise, and noble to substitute over a large portion of the American soil a confederacy of which slavery, in the words of its Vice-President, is the corner-stone, for the old republic of which Washington with his own hands laid the corner-stone.*

It is conceded by the North that it has received from the Union innumerable blessings. But it would seem that the Union had also conferred benefits in the South. It has carried its mails at a large expense. It has recaptured its fugitive slaves. It has purchased vast tracts of foreign territory, out of which a whole tier of slave states has been constructed. It has annexed Texas. It has made war with Mexico. It has made an offer—not likely to be repeated, however—to purchase Cuba, with its multitude of slaves, at a price, according to report, as large as the sum paid by England for the emancipation of her slaves. Individuals in the Free States have expressed themselves freely on slavery, as upon every topic of human thought, and this must ever be the case where there is freedom of the press and of speech. The number of professed abolitionists has hitherto been very small, while the great body of the two principal political parties in the Free States have been strongly opposed to them. The Republican party was determined to set bounds to the extension of slavery, while the Democratic party favored that system, but neither had designs, secret or avowed, against slavery within the States. They knew that the question could only be legally and rationally dealt with by the States themselves. But both the parties, as present events are so signally demonstrating, were imbued with a passionate attachment to the Constitution—to the established authority of government, by which alone our laws and our liberty are secured. All parties in the Free States are now united as one man, inspired by a noble and generous emotion to vindicate the sullied honor of their flag, and to save their country from the abyss of perdition into which it seemed descending.

Of the ultimate result we have no intention of speaking. Only the presumptuous will venture to lift the veil and affect to read with accuracy coming events—the most momentous, perhaps, of our times. One result is, however, secured. The Montgomery Constitution, with slavery for its corner-stone, is not likely to be accepted, as but lately seemed possible, not only by all the Slave States, but even by the border Free States; nor to be proclaimed from Washington as the new national law, in the name of the United States. Compromise will no longer be offered by peace conventions in which slavery is to be made national, negroes declared property over all the land, and slavery extended over all Territories now possessed, or hereafter to be acquired. Nor is the United States Government yet driven from Washington.

Events are rapidly unrolling themselves, and it will be proved in course of time whether the North will remain united in its inflexible purpose, whether the South is as firmly united, or whether a counter-revolution will be effected in either section, which must necessarily give the victory to its opponents. We know nothing of the schemes or plans of either Government.

The original design of the Republican party was to put an end to the perpetual policy of slavery extension and acquisition of foreign territory for that purpose, and at the same time to maintain the Constitution and the integrity of the Republic. This at the South seemed an outrage which justified civil war; for events have amply proved what sagacious statesmen prophesied thirty years ago—that secession is civil war.

If all is to end in negotiation and separation, notwithstanding the almost interminable disputes concerning frontiers, the strongholds in the Gulf and the unshackled navigation of the great rivers throughout their whole length—which is probable—will never be abandoned by the North; except as the result of defeat on the field, it is at any rate certain that *both parties will negotiate more equitably with arms in their hands* than if the unarmed of either section were to deal with the armed. If it comes to permanent separation, too, it is certain that in the Commonwealth which will still glory in the name of the United States, and whose people will, doubtless, re-establish the old Constitution with some important amendments, *the word secession will be a sound of woe not to be lightly uttered.* It will have been proved to designate, not a peaceful and natural function of political life, but to be only another expression for revolution, bloodshed, and all the horrors of civil war.

It is probable that a long course of years will be run and many inconveniences and grievances endured, before any one of the Free States secedes from the reconstructed Union.

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