powder, and hoped-not expected, but only hoped-it would not burst.

THE EXPLOSION. In 1861 the explosion came. The irresistible antagonism of the two ideas could no longer be confined within civil limits. It broke out into bullets, cannon, and vast armies. Then began a different course of American statesmanship; then was shown that God's laws never intermitted their penalties; that you cannot transgress without blinding the moral sentiments. Then when the two classes of men looked at the problem, one said we have learned, seventy years' experience is quite enough. We have deided that these two elements cannot abide side by side peaceably. The other said, No. we have learned no such thing. The old element which, at one end of the line, was limited by Buchanan, and which, at the other end of the line, touched the centre of the Republican party, fell

SUMTER AND SLAVEBY.

We stand to-day only the grandchildren of 1801, when the old Federal element was preserved in the bosom of the Whig party; for the Genesis of ideas is as necessary for our best interest and progress as any other. Hamilton, who distrusted the masses on that side, and Jefferson, who believed in nothing, fought to rule the nation; then this dastard party that stole the glorious name of Democrat, and believed neither in God nor man, clutched the hearts of the people. The lees of that incredu-lous spirit was still apparent in 1861. The conservalive element of the Republican party could not and did not believe that the moral sense of the nation was buried. Yet, in the words of our martyr President, it was the duty of statesman-ship to save slavery and the nation at the same time. The duty of the magistrate of this land was to save the nation without touching slavery. Thus was lifted the ex-ception into the rule, giving to slavery not recognition but guarantee. Thus was put aside the habeas corpus, the right of personal liberty, the marriage institution, and normal elements of Saxon civilization. Any statesmanship would have said no matter how dark the cloud, the Rebellion will cease. Never mind how much protection to slavery, I mean to save this State without destroying the marriage institution; I mean to save civil freedom without de-stroying the elements that gave it birth. But the error of that statesmanship was that it libelied the truth and put fetters on loyalty. It misunderstood the revolution; it slandered 1776 and 1789 by permitting it to go forth that the constitutional toleration of slavery was a guarantee. On the contrary, the other divergent channel of American thought said this-Ninetyhundredths of American constitutional civil life is liberty. Ninety-nine hundredths out of every one-hundredth in the blood of each true Yankee is equality; and one-hundredth exces-tion is slavery. Therefore, when the State is in danger, when the Republic shricks out, I have six weapons with which to assail it. By the Army, the Navy, or the wealth. I have the blood, I have the price, I have all sorts of rule, and there lies for slavery a thunderbolt stamped by God at the moment constitutional teleration is needed. It is not only my right, it is my duty as a magistrate to seize it as to endorse it before I spend a dollar or shed a drop of blood. The policy of Washington was, we must bury a half polity of washington was, we must bury a nati million of men; we must empty the vaults of every bank; we must break the source of every man's industry; and then, at last, in my great grasp, I may take slavery. As a magistrate I have no right to see the moral difference between slavery and freedom. But slavery was not in the Constitution; what we call its premises were but a film, a mere film; the screen which 1789 put between the monster and the magistrate of the republic, and said you must not look through that screen. Hidden behind that is a sin and a fault; but with your magistrate's eyes you cannot see it. The language of all our Presidents, from Washington down to Polk and Pierce, was, they had no right to look through that screen. But when the first gun was fired at Sumter it shrivelled up. The real power of the people rolled it up like a scroll in the flame; and for the first time in the history of the nation the eyes of the Chief Magistrate had the right to see slavery and the sin which it inflicted. He has the constitutional right, as a ruler and a magistrate, with his right hand on

THE CORNER STONE OF PEACE.

For the first time in the history of the try the Constitution remanded its magistrate ck to nature; and let him see as a President all he could see as a man. When it gave him that right, economy and patriotism and duty to the State, all the blood of our soluier heroes to insure perpetuity and promptness of results, dictated that the first thunder-bolt which he hurled at the Rebellion should be that which would be sure to kill it, and guarantee peace the moment it was killed. Now, my friends, as I said, there is no use in going back to the past except for the light that flashes on the present. The light thrown on the present moment from the lost suggests this:—We stand at the same point of divergence to-day; and it is our priviege and right to bring back the South as stands to-day, to the great results achieved for freedom, no matter what are the essentials. The divergent line is a thought which says to the nation in the laws of God, whether you like it or not, in the essence of things, whether you see it or not, there is but one permanent cornerstone for the peace of this people; and that is the present recognition of the glorious results of the war. It is the fact that the negro has on this American continent every right which a white man has. (Cheers.)

THE "HAPPY" NEGRO.

Do not think the negro stands here to an-nounce that principle or reject it in behalf of the race you represent; not in the least. The man who has here such a right to-day; the man who has the most right to fold his arms and await the future with the least anxiety; the man who is under the least cloud, is the negro. He is the only man, his is the only race, matter what happens, no matter what clouds and thunderbolts break over us, can see no change that will not be for the better.

I am not just now siguing to the white race of this continent on the ground of duty; there is a better argument than that—a selfish one. It is no sort of consequence what your prejudices are; it is no sort of consequence how bound you are to a certain policy. This is an evident thing-that God has not put it within the bounds of possibility that in this generation this Union should be harmonically reconstructed with a leaving out of the negro. It

counct be done. THE INCUBUS OF SLAVERY.

You may try it but it, cannot be done. Instead of holding these black men aloof, and keeping the negro at arm's length, every sensible man with the light of history streaming over his pathway, knows that the white race should be righteous. Thank God, there are four millions of black men south of Mason and Dixon's line who have the right of the ballot! The reason who have the right of the ballot! The reason why I say it is this:—It is mere common sense that every man entitled to have that power, who would use it for the cause of the Union, should be entrusted with it. I have no dread, old as I am, I am not dazzlei by the mere frippery and furbish of what is called statesmanship. It is all humbur. A man seated in a wainut chair, on green velvet, with ceiled roof over his head, chops logic and calls it policy, which has not begun to advance to the first requisite of being necessary. It is a rule quite general, on the con trary, that every conviction in history you mee outside of the executive and statesmanlike intel lect of the age. Some men, if they went to Europe to look for statesmanship, would go to the Cabinet of the Tulleries for Napoleon, to London fer Disraeli; but in an hundred years when man hunts up the statesmanship of nineteenth century, he will go down to the rocky island of the Italian coast, where on man, who krew what his nation needed and knew how to achieve it, freed and resulted his country. Though, after the name of Garibaldi, should you not be ashamed that your hearts should go with him to the hills of Rome and not be at first shocked to the heart with the utter. ances of South Carolina and New Orleans Statesmanship is simply to know what your lands and to devise the means for obtaining it. think the time will come when perhaps amongs the foremost men of our epoch, men will find one whom they know on the gibbet of Harper's

Ferry; for that man knew how to make the con-sciences of millions awake into life, and to make them aghast at the awful horrors of slavery. There is a true statesmanship; but, as I said, look at this subject. Only think of the pulpits of commas and of iterature wherein no one was taught these lessons! It was slavery that stood in the pulpit; it was slavery that distributed the sacramental emblems; it was slavery that edited the North American Kepievo; it was slavery that presided over Harvard College; it was slavery that poisoned Chesnut street. Out of the pit you dug up the North. The conscience and the blood of the nation came up for that in torrents and defiled; and it is a wonder that it did not come out unpoisoned at the last.

Here we stand to day, and the miracle is we were so ready in that call for the right and the Doubtless every man is bound to rejoic and thank God to-night when he thinks that if ten years ago I, er any one, had stood on a platform like this, and told you, men of Phila-delphia you shall live in ten years to see negroes dictate the law in Richmond and seated in the Capitol of Alabama to form a Constitution for the State, you would have hissed me from the hall and sent me to s innatic asylum. But to-day we live here to confess that we heartily recognize the permanent stride the nation has made; but there is a limit to it, as when you come to the illustration you must acknowledge.

IS THE SOUTH CONQUERED? We have got two elements at the South, black and white. In what mould of mind are they? Well, some men imagine after Antietam, and Gettysburg, and Atlanta, and the surrender of Richmond, and Lee going back to be President of a college, that every Southerner is ripe for Union. They think that a little smoke and half-a-hundred cannon on the soil of Virginia have made the South cower. My friends, if five years will turn the principles of young and ferrous the material service of mental services of the material services of the services vent men to the matured conviction of men of middle life, he is not worth the turning. The mistakes of a generation are in that way; history does not show it to be thus. God never calls for the arena of new ideas by this method. God removes great mistakes by His messenger, Death; and when a man's brain is too cold for a new idea, his heart too stiff and tight-bound to come up to any further progress, he gently hides them from the world, and gives room for the new idea to take its place.

Do you think that if Bull Bun had been the last battle of the Rebellion that it would have forced Philadelphia into the bellef that slavery was right? Do you think that if you were to have Bull Runs from the 221 of July, 1861, down to the trump of doom, that it would have runed the Declaration of Independence? I will tell you, No. That when Gabriel's trump sounded you would find Massachusetts crying out, in spite of all, that man was created equal. (Cheers.) And so the same principle exists in he South. Come with me to Georgia, and will show you a woman whose delicate hands had never done a bit of work until after she was orty years old. She had counted her revenue n her past life at from eighty to nearly one hundred thousand dollars yearly; she gave her husband and two sons to the Confederate army, and they lie under the sod of the Rebellion; now she works from early dawn in caring for boarders that she may thus earn the bread for her children. Do you think such men and women are ashamed of their convictions? Do you think they will likely part with them? We have abolished slavery; we can do it. We can-not abolish the master. If you attempt to re-strict him, it will take at least from twenty to twenty five years to elapse. twenty-five years to elapse.

You are building on a quicksand. You have got to curb them with iron; you have got to curb them down with granite to make them sale to build upon. I appeal to philosophy: I appeal to common sense. I have no prejudice against Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, and Wade Hampton. I respect them in a certain sense as decided men. Now I know these men as exactly as I know my own impulses. I know that if you had whipped New England back to Plymouth Rock, you could not ever wipe out of her people the principles that her forefathers brought there. That is no compliment to New England; it is just as true of the South. You can never build safely on Beauregard and Hampton and others of that element. I tell you, as a student of history and as a business man, if the South was one homogeneous white race, this Union could not be restored for twenty years; the very circumstance by us is. South four millions of a race that can be greatly instrumental in restoring the Union.

A COLOR-BLIND PRESIDENT WANTED. Now then, from that I arrive at my idea of estoration. It is not whether I like negro suffrage or not; it is not whether it may have been the best thing or not. We don't make Governments of the best things. I know that negro suffrage would lead to the prompt, reasonable, and quick restoration of the Union. There is no path to it except by negro suffrage; no other very specious way of negro equality in South Carolina; and then weak Re publicans shrink back and say, I am not in favor of negroizing South Carolina. My dear friends, the question is not what you will do or will not do: the attempt to save it by anything else is like the attempt of 1861 and 1862 to save the Union without touching slavery. Men thought they could do it; that it was their duty to do it; and they tried to do it, burying in the swamps of the Chickahominy the best blood of the nation, and expending three thousand millions of dollars. But God took them by the hand, led them up to the path in which He was willing for

them to walk. In 1863 statesmanship bowed his head, but common sense abolished slavery. In the signs of trouble men are apt to say, Don't you see the good ship of the republic to be too heavily loaded, and that you cannot swim unless you throw over the cargo of principles? I say it makes no matter what becomes of the hall when the cargo is gone; the only thing before us is to get the idea into the White House which makes the safety of the republic. I know the idea which is finally to guide this nation safely, and the only idea that can do it, is for us to finish the work God has given this nation to do. It cannot be done until a magistrate sits in the White House who is color-blind; till he does not know the colored man from the white man.

THE TRUE RECONSTRUCTION. Let me say to you one thing which I think strue, and that is all that we gained, if the South comes back into Congress-all that we gained as the fruits of the war we lose if she comes back not in the hands of the negroes-we turn backward in our progress. Don't think me a isnatic—and I am only giving what Sheridan said when in Boston:— Gentlemen, I have met no loyalist in the South that did not have a black skin." (Applause,) When I say any recon-struction that does not bring those whose votes are loyalty-and, in truth, loyalty is but a synonym for black-I do not mean a few sprinkled handsfull of white men exceptional to others of the race may be allowed to come in—I mean the State must be based on loyalty—the point which the nation touches when they come back is the advance point. It will never go beyond it.

LEGISLATIVE VAGABLES. Centlemen, look at the history of legislation; suppose two-thirds of Massachusetts should put a prohibitory law on the statute book; what is the history of it next year? that large minority comes up into the Legislature, and they file down, and trim down, and pare away, and undermine, and pick to pieces, and muddle, and checkmate the whole of the past legislation. The consequence is that for ten years after that statute gets on its feet its object is almost null. Take the tariff. The merchants put tariff on the statute book by a large majority and they think the work is done. They are mistaken. For in the next Congress the minority devote themselves to filing away, confusing, muddling, putting the inpatting the judiciary at the law, constraing the phrases of the statute, misstating, and finally that statute is almost void in attaining the object of its creation. That is the history of legislation.

CONGRESSIONAL "SAINTS," Let the anery South—the reluctant South—the dissatisfied South come back to Congress, the history of legislation will be re-enacted upon the statute books of the country, and in ten years it is confused and undermined. You know this, It will be a most successful effort, you think, if, for instance, the South has given up every hope of retrieving their debt, Why, when

the news of the late election in Pennsylvania | Texas may be moulded into Massachusetts; but reached Georgia in official or unofficial testion will be by the earnest work of the men that mony, what did the slaveholders do? The late know and feel what they want by giving their mony, what did the slaveholders do? The late slave owners made lists of their emannipated slaves, put upon them the prices of 1880; got all their documents ready; for what? Simply to nic them in Congress some day-and that near, they think-and claim compensation for them. The moment New England sent its returns, and Pennsylvania appeared above ground with it-action, their expectations arose, and they await an opportunity to get into Congress. But you say, "Don't fear, they will never do it." Consider a moment. Suppose that South Carolina should send back a delegate to Congress, what would be its first effort—its first practical effort? There would be a bill brought on the national debt—a financial measure suggested to the Secretary of the Treasury—or a bill calling upon the country to pay the Federal debt. The south would say, "Sentlemen, acknowledge ours and we will guarantee yours." But some of you say, Congress would never allow that-Congress is not made up exclusively of saints. (Applause.) Now and then some black sheepome wavering, easily won men, by some myste rious accident, truly unaccountable, wriggle into Congress. If we could have the Stevenses. the Shermans, the Sumners, and the Fe sendens men who have been giving bonds for the love they felt for their children, and will leave honored names for their heirs to bear, we should have no such fear. But men wriggle up, nobody knows how, and can be easily led, having no decisiveness of character. Such were the men, when in 1846 Texas stood at the door, and its scrip-holder said, "Here is a million of and its scrip-noider said, "Here is a minion of dollars worth of Texas bonds, you may have them for five dollars a hundred to-day. You can easily pass measures to have them mature and make great profits." This was something. Some of the members say, "Ah, ere is a business transaction; now we will vote to let Texas in; those bonds will mature, and we will make riches," Suppose South Carolina or Georgia should produce a million dollars worth of paper stuff, and ask simply twenty-five cents currency or five dollars in gold—they would vote right off to have the paper mature, and the million of dollars bought for five dollars—a nice financial scheme, in which lots of money would be made, and the greatness of the South vindicated. They speak to these wriggling parties in Congress, and tell them of the scheme. They say in reference to the introduction of a bill for paying the Confederate debt, its flavor is bad— it savors too much of the South; but the Southern men say, "Well, suppose you compensate us for our slaves set free; give us something—let us trade—let us trade!"

WE ARE A GREAT PEOPLE. Let South Carolina be compensated for her slaves—the national credit would be depre-ciated, the bonds would sink, and a voice would come up from the sea-board, from hundreds of thousands of families, saying, grant anything, but only save the credit. And when the great emergency would seem so near, the people would say, grant anything; and the object of the Southern people would be accomplished. But there never was such a people as ours. They are as true to-day as in 1862; and the warriors of this nation have made up their minds that this eroch is the epoch of justice, and with their

trusted leaders they are determined to show it to the world. (Applause.) The intellect of this great nation is like the intellect of 1862, the molten lava which cries out, "Stamp me with any name, but let it be the name of liberty." They want the world to know that they as a people will make this nation a just nation for all time; and they will do it. This is the condition of the nation. From the action of the Democratic party, the response from Ohio, the Seymours, Pendletous, Vallandighams, Woods, and others, the nation has learned a lesson. What gave us the defeat in Ohio, Connecticut, and the other States? what did this but the action of the Republican party itself, which tore up the programme into frag-ments, instead of keeping it whole. When, in 1867, it was declared by Congress in the Consti-tutional Amendment that the necessity of the hour demanded negro suffrage as a national measure, it was sent out as policy which the nation in its hour of peril demanded—enunciated by the Republican party as a method to save the integrity and honor of the nation. And if now this great measure is to be stricken away in an hour by men coming from the South feeling themselves endorsed in their rebellions we are in the trough of the sea, instead of riding on its waves. And until we set forth by a grand declaration that the measures which the nation adopted in its direct hours shall be upheld, the bonds of this nation-made to sus tain the country and to aid in vindicating its honor and power-are in constant peril.

WHITE OR BLACK PUPILS?

I have had a conversation with a fit represen tative of a portion of the Southern people: s man with whom I spent a day, born in North Carolina, a Presbyterian clergyman, and a professor in a college in a Southern State, a profes sor of moral philosophy, and a man who was forced into the late Rebellion because everybody went into it, survived and went back to his professorship when the war ceased. Having fluished the classes in the day time, he went out and taught the negroes in the night time. No sooner did his white students hear of this than sooner did his white students hear of this than
they said to him:—"Professor, if you teach
negroes in the evening you can't teach us in the
day time. Choose!" He replied:—"I do choose
—the negroes in the evening!" (Applause.) And
in speaking of the repudiation of the Southern
debt he said—"You made us repudiate the debt,
we submitted. You have put it upon record, we have done it, too! but if ever we get inside of the walls of Congress, and don't pay every dollar of that debt, or exhaust all our efforts in trying to pay it, we are the veriest scoundrels God ever created." If this is the purpose of a Presbyterian clergyman, professor of moral philosophy, a retired scholar, what do you expect and think of the thousands of people who live in that section of country and the Democratic wire-pullers in that vicinity?

OUR DEST A MORAL ELEMENT.

And what effect will all this have on the finances of the country? Don't think I make too much of finance; don't think I dwell too nuch upon it; don't say I make too much of the debt. Debt is simply a word of dollars and cents in France. Debt is only a question of coin and paper in England. But debt in America is a moral element. What makes the difference be tween the American mechanic and laborer and the Dutch, French, and Italiau? This is it. When Saturday night comes to that American laborer, he has a dollar left after buying all necessary for the subsistence of his family—this to have for Christmas, which, when it comes, will find bim better off, with something to buy a book, paper, go to a lecture, or in sending his son to gain an education at some academy. This is the great method in which Americans live, every succeeding generation constantly

stepping higher.
With the German peasant it is a recurring wish that to-morrow may be as good as way yesterday. A Yankee never made that prayer. yesterday. A Yankee never made that prayer. It is with him a prayer that to-morrow may be better than to-day or yesterday; and with the surplus dollar the father came to be educated, and uplified a stage higher than his ancestors. But this debt lies like poison. American cividation and progress, would to God that it could be paid up quickly, would to God that it could without being thrust back by terrible revulsions in the market because that will cause it sions in the market, because that will cause ! to be as a heavy yoke passed around the neck of the American laborer wherever the flag floats you and I know in that next move of 1868 when the Americas people are to choose a new inspiration for the next four years—are to launch—we should never do an act to retard the progress of the duty which shall be imposed upon us. You cannot wreck the ship, thank God! Nothing can defeat the great American people. Based on a rock the blood of our fathers cemented—standing fair on the true principles of right, the glorious ship shall float out the storm.

THE WORLD WON'T "DELFT" ALONG. ome content themselves in saying, "Well it will all be over in twenty years; we will drift along alt right." No; God don't rule the world by drifts. Galveston never drifted to Philadel phia; Texas never drifted into Pennsylvania. Galveston may be litted into Philadelphia;

assistance to get it! Baces do not move nor drift; you sluggards will be lifted by earnest men somewhere. These men in the South will not drift, but they may be elevated. Let the world feel by our action in 1868. Let us put a right idea into the Presidential chair, such an idea as your Thad. Stevens represents. (Ap-plause.) I don't say the man, I don't care any-thing for man, but I use the name of Stevens as a counter for the idea that he represents; if we put such an idea in the chair, we will gain seventy-five per cent, of what the war has earned. Put McCleltan, and you will earn two sud a half per cent. Grant, and you will receive forty per cent. I don't care for the names merely. I use them as symbols of the ideas they represent-all I want is to get what the blood has earned.

A VOICE FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY. When I saw those boys go out of Boston-the young men from colleges and schools, the hus-bands from their wives, sons from their parents, it was a sad day; but sadder still when they came home with weaker ranks and banners in rags, when I saw standing about me those who sat at home and did not record one word or act -word spoken or deed of action to guarantee the terms carned by their soldiers' blood. I remember the disastrous, bloody defeat at Ball's Bluff-when the Germans of the 19th Regiment lost all their officers, and the magistracy of Massachusetts sent down men there. A petition was sent back by the soldiers, saying:-Tell them we are here for an idea, and ask that you should put at our head a man that has an idea for which we would be willing to die. And, now, that same petition which these Germans sent up to the Governor of Massachusetts—the men that sleep in the swamps of the Chickahominy cry out to you to put into the White House a man for whose policy they would be

GRATITUDE TO GRANT.

And now, fellow-citizens, whom does the voice of the nation designate as the man who is to succeed to that position? (A voice, "Grant!") Yes, Ulysses S. Grant, the great General. Let me say that no man more readily accords him his great military fame than I do. Place if you will among the Wellingtons, Napoleons, and Casars of history. Lie down at his feet, and thank him that by the cannon and the edge of the sword he saved the republic. When he said to the nation, "I will fight it out on this line, if it lasts forever," he meant it. Is it necessary that we should ask of such a man, who never quits the line he has once adopted "Sir, on what do you intend to carry the na-tion?" He is not a man whom you can bring down by a side pressure and mould him. He is granite. He is vim. It was because he was granite and vim that he carried us safely through

IS HIS RECORD BOLD? But before you sanction for office such an one of iron will, be sure you have the right understanding. But never say—and it is a theory upon which men have their beliefs—Grant's power is his reticence. What is it? It is the symbol of aristocracy. But these men sit down at the feet of a man and accept him as a leader, because he does not tell them where he stands. Is this Democracy or Republicanism—is that genuine party interests? What did Calhoun genuine party interests? What did Calhoun say?—"In this country nothing can be kept secret; nothing that could be kept secret is worth keeping secret," for the genius of our institutions is publicity and giving it forth to the world. The American people boasts now that its leader does not condescend to tell them what he thinks. There are two reasons why a man does not talk. One is that he has got nothing to say; that is not good to make a President of. Another is that he does not tell what he thinks: that is not good timber to make a President of.

Every one demands that his candidate for office shall declare himself and the principles he maintains. Grant has not made this record equivocal. General Grant is the only great man of the day every one of whose abilities have been fully endorsed through his recticence, as they say. What is or who is the man not one of whose actions has ever been known to speak? We know where Stevens, Sumner, Blatt and these man target. Blair, and those men stand. They have declared themselves. We want such men—whose records are bold as the Declaration of Independence and clear as the North Star. Let him be a Democrat, a Confederate, a Conservative, a disloyalist in the guise of a Democrat—he speaks, his very actions speak, and we know where to find him. Has Grant yet, by word or deed, spoken of where he stands, on what side,

WHAT WE WANT IN A CANDIDATE.

I am perfectly well informed what it is that is going to rule this continent—character. Pledges do not amount to that; caucuses are unworthy the record; platforms are only convenient for certain occasions. What we want must be men of character, men of brains; because in the long run brains always rule. The divine right of brains, right workings, and a warm heart must rule; and it is such men, with such brains, and such hearts, who should be our leaders. It should be men carved out of the character of brains and character of heart, and in this emergency, when this nation now looks forward to -that great characteristic will prevail in selecting the man-a symbol of a great idea to fill the Presidential chair. If we had known this in 1864, when we sent back a rugged grantle man home, and went down into the bloody soil of Tennessee and took up a drunkard, we would not now have had a national disgrace. We want a man whose bias and learning and unconscious gravitation is towards that indispersable radicalism that I have tried to describe,

WHY WAS NOT GRALT AT NEW ORLEANS? Take Grant. The President sent him to make a tour through the South, and telegrams flashed back and forth from Washington to New Orleans of a great riot; that New Orleans was the scene of slaughter of patriots, black though they were. I will not-impute a dishonorable act to Grant, or his motives in not going to New Orleans during that riot and putting it down, but he ought to have been at the front. He should have been there to vindicate protection to loyalty wherever it existed. Grant's duty was to prove the au-thority of the Government, and to make the streets of Galveston and New Orleans as safe as these. During the great riot the scales hung even in the balance. John-on, with the power of President, in one, and Sheridan, with the loyal heart in the other, and they hung even. Nobody could comprehend why the Lieuten

ant-General was not in New Ocleans, and putting his weight into that scale with Sheridau. He should never have done as McClellau, go on board of a steamboat at a safe distance, a dozen miles from the battle. He should have gone into New Orleans, and said to the President, "Interfere with me, if you dars (applause); I am military commander of the United States entrusted and commissioned to make loyalty rule." Had he announced that purpose, and gone to New Orleans, Johnson's scale would have kicked the beam. Instead of that he went to Chicago—went on a pic-nic. Think of Wel-lington sitting in London and told of a rebellion in Dublin, do you think the "Iron Duke" would have gone to shoot deer? We see men in our national Congress who have stood for long years before the people, having taken a firm, decided stand in the affairs of the nation and a voice to speak. If we had known more of the man who now occupies the office of Chief Executive, and had the admonition contained in the few words spoken by Henry Wilson in a speech delivered in his own native town in 1865—"that he knew that Johnson was a traitor"—the nation would not have been now in such a perilous position. I was out West and made my protest against Clysses S. Grant, and the Republicans said one thing and then another. They placed their backs against the wall and said, "We must follow him, plause.) If we don't the Damocrats will." (Applause.) If we do not give it to him, he will join the enemy." I don't think there is an infonitesimal homocopathic possibility that in any possible manner Grant could listen for one moment to a Democratic nomination without quitting the Repubblicans forever, (Applause.)

EMPEACHMENT MEANS RECONSTRUCTION. Now, my friends, you say, "What is the use of talking? It cannot be averted." I don't know that; many a stranger thing has happened than that Grant should be President. In the Old Rye Whiskies.

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NO. SOT CHESNUT STREET.

next twenty-four months nobody knows what is possible. Throttle that Rebel in the White House. Who knows what effect that would have upon Grant's nomination? Men seem to forget impeachment (applause) does not mean merely getting rid of Andrew Johnson. peachment is not a barren branch throwing Johnson into the canal. Oh, no? it means a great deal more than that. Impeachment means reconstruction.

Four years ago I said in Boston that if a hun dred Yankees, energetic men that build rail-roads to the Pacific, the men that dot continents with cities, the men that send fleets to the Indies, the men that begin with nothing and die owning a country; Yankee babies who, six months old, look over the sides of their cradles and plan out a pattern-that set of men-if hundred such could have been trusted with the settlement of this question, and trusted with all the powers of the Government, they would have finished it in a year at one-third the price that the nation did it, and give us back the States in 1863, and like a watchmaker selling a watch, guaranteed them to run for a year (ap-plause), and I believe it. I have no doubt of it.

A STATESMAN AND A FOOL,

I have a friend in Boston who had a ship repairing at Norfolk. When they fixed that Sumter gun, he heard of it. A merchant, acting on business principles—the largest result in the shortest time, at the cheapest cost-what did he do? Telegraphed down to Norfolk, "Bring my ship north of Mason and Dixon's linwhether she is finished or not, no matter what condition she is in so as she will float; bring her into a free State." The captain did it, and he saved his boat. The Secretary of the Navy he saved his boat. The Secretary of the Navy heard that gun, sitting in Washington surrounded with red tape, files of documents (statesmanship) from the top of his head to the end of his beard, never did anything, and the Rebels took Norfolk and \$3,000,000 worth of munitions of war. I call that merchant a statesman, and I call that Secretary a fool.

(Applause and laughter.)

Now, then, I say if these one hundred men had been trusted with the question, they would have settled it on business principles. They would have gone down to South Carolina. They would have said. "There are 390.000 white would have gone down to South Carolina. They would have said:—"There are 390,000 white men; there are 380,000 black men. They are inevitably loyal. They can't help it. They could not help it if they wanted to. And these are Rebels, and they could not help if they wanted to. And they would have said:—'Give the hellet to these men give land to these the ballot to these men, give land to these men, and make a South Carolina." Shut those men out until God pardons them and the future can cultivate them. They would have given us

WILL THE NEGRO FIGHT AND WORK?

Instead of that, statesmanship (!) puts on it spectacles, looked down South, and said:-wonder if the negro will fight i" (Laughter, They sent over to France. They searched the records. They got the opinion of the German metaphysicians and the ethnologists of California, and the wise men of Oxford, and the practical men of Algiers, and they made a book It was full of figures and facts, and finally they concluded they might risk it, that perhaps, the negro would fight. So, in the summer of 1863, with great trembling, and believing that he was not responsible for it, and turning his eyes away from the danger, the President said to Massa chusetts-"You risk it," and she sent down two regiments, and it was found that, like any animal that had a home, a child, and a wife he would fight just as well as anybody else. They said—"I wonder if he would work," Then they went to get the opinions of college professors, and they concluded that possibly he would WOLK.

Now, a common-sense man would have said. "Will a slave fight as well as anybody else?"
Will a slave work? No, if he has got any sense
and can think." But will the negro fight? Yes,
Will a negro work? Of course, whenever he
gets paid. That would be an inevitable motive to work. (Applause.) Common sense would have said settle the matter at once. So would the business men who went down there. We dismissed all these things. We put a President there who pardons those men and gives them back their estates, and the railroads, and severa back their estates, and the rathroads, and millions in rolling stock. He gave up all that had been confiscated, and there it stands. Rebelhon knows it. Disloyalty treads upon it. He has a treasure for it, while the negro begs for an acorn, for a foot of ground to stand on, begs rebeldom to allow him to buy a farm.

IMPEACH THE PRESIDENT IN SEVEN DAYS.

What does impeachment mean? It means, that when you have regarded it, that the President was a traitor in 1865, and that every one of his acts was traitorous, that Congress recalls the pardons and resumes the lash. It means that having convicted Johnson of an intentional pur rose to resist Congress and deride the course of the nation, every one of his acts since the fall of '65 is void, and disloyalty trembles in the courts, and the property of the men in Virginia and South Carolina is the property of the nation, and loyal men are to take it and divid-. That is what impeachment means. It does of mean a mere measurable punishment of the traitor. It means setting right ithe actions o he man in the White House, and tearing out disloyalty, the reverse of the two years. I would impeach the President in seven days. I would despatch him in seven more, and the next day have Congress pass a law that his pardons were vold, and that the land south of Mason and Dixon's line belonged to the nation. Mason and Dixon's line belonged to the nation.
But you would say "That is a very radical measure." Yes, it is. The land is full of widows and orphans. Every hearthstone has an empty chair. Out of every table you have taken a truit. Who shall pay you that great debt? If you had ridden as I have for five or six hours with a half idiot on the opposite side of you, a representative of Anderson ville—if you had lived under the same roof, as I have for six weeks, with an only and loved boy brought home from Libby prison, a body without a soul. It took eighteen months to restore that intellect which God had given him, and all a mother's fond devotion to bring back her child, would you think any measure was hard enough to teach one section of a land that never again, by teach one section of a land that never again, by any human possibility, should one root of such bitterness be left, or one chance that any dissification or any disloyalty should make these cradles fight over again the battles that we have

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