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"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY."

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Poetical.

THE SONG OF THE RAVEN.

BY C. ROBB, FIRST KENTUCKY.

[When the Army of the Cumberland retook the field of battle of Chickamauga, on the 27th of November, hundreds of our dead of the battle of the 19th and 20th of September lay upon the field, still unburied.]

A raven sat on a blood-stained stone
And pecked away at a fleshless bone,
Singing his song in a raven tone,
That echoed wild as a spirit's moan—
War! War! War!

Then he flapped his wings and hopped away
Over the ground of the dreadful fray,
In search of a more nutritious prey,
Shooting aloud his ominous lay—
War! War! War!

Still flapping his wings he hopped around
To a noble form stretched on the ground,
A human frame of an ancient friend,
Still shouting aloud the doleful sound—
War! War! War!

Then lighting there on the hero's breast,
Where a form of beauty once found rest—
"There a fond affection was blest—
He cried as he plucked his raven crest—
War! War! War!

From the mouldering flesh was torn apart
With a raven's skill and a raven's art,
Till the evil bird reached the heart,
Crying again with an angry start—
War! War! War!

The heart that had once so proudly beat
To the quiet home or the busy street,
With the hopes of life was a raven's meat;
Mixed was the song with the moral sweet—
War! War! War!

When the red moon lighted up the east,
The bird of song prolonged his feast,
With his little time from Satan leased,
And hoarsely croaked, like a savage beast—
War! War! War!

And with a fondling pride he sank his beak
Feeling the flesh from his quarry sleek,
Swallowing still each quivering flesh,
Whilst the echoes caught his angry shriek—
War! War! War!

Then lifts his head of the blackest dye,
The blood-stained breast strikes the hero's eye,
And in echoes reaching to the sky,
Still hoarsely comes the raven's cry—
War! War! War!

That cheek, that eye that so kindly smiled,
With a loving touch so pure and mild,
Was food for the bird, with song so wild—
War! War! War!

Miscellaneous.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.

A little, thin, tired, wistful face, looking out of the window—the black window of the tall, narrow, gloomy old house on Water street.

Certainly there was nothing pleasant or attractive in the view which presented itself—nothing which could awaken any light in the sorrowful face of the child who looked at the little strips of sodden clay soil, where the pale, sick-looking grass grew sparse and scattered; and then there were the backs of the houses, close and cluttered, frowning and mouldy with age and neglect.

You had to stretch your neck to get a glimpse of the blessed green from the window; there were no soft green vines to clothe the bareness and decay; no flowers whose hearts thrilled out into bloom and fragrance for a living joy and beauty, as flowers always are. The old houses leaned over, with their rattling windows and broken blinds, with their dead-brown faces, dreary as any prison wall, and I think that the face of this little girl grew drearier as she gazed.

She was hardly out of her eleventh year, and her face looked pallid and sickly, with large, brownish eyes that held some trouble in them, and seemed old beyond their time; and the mouth had lost its trick of smiling, if it ever had one, and had settled into a kind of sorrowful patience that is very pitiful to see in children's faces.

Hope Loring was an orphan. Two-thirds of her life had fallen to her in the country. She was a delicately organized little creature in soul and body; shy, sensitive, susceptible. She would never have gained her tenth birthday, if it had not been for the free, careless, out-door life of the woods, and hills, and meadows, in which her widowed mother had allowed her only little daughter to run at her own sweet will, while the mother stayed at home, as mothers will, toiling early and late to keep that woful, so terrible to a woman, from the door.

But the strong arm and the loving heart that would have made "sweet home" for the mother and child, were still under grass of summer, or snows of winter. And at last, the mother's was still there, too, and with her seventh birthday, Hope Loring was an orphan.

So she fell into the hands of her mother's only brother, a poor man, a hard-working, but not unkindly one, who had more motive to feed than he could well afford; but he could not let his only sister's only child go starving and shivering into the cold of country girl came to live within the thick, close walls of the great city.

"She dwelt an orphan and an alien in her uncle's family. No other there meant to be kind to her; in a certain sense each member was sorry for the little homeless, fatherless, motherless child; but after all, none understood her.

"Four people there were; cramped and fretted, and sour and oppressed by poverty.—The long, wearisome hand to hand struggle with toil had worn into the soul of Hope's uncle and aunt, and hardened and made them somewhat coarse, and the children were square too; indeed boys, and girls ranging down from their teens into, by and by, quarrelsome, selfish, dissatisfied, with their lot, and not knowing how to make it better—to be pitied certainly.

And into this atmosphere with its discordant elements in the house, the hot, noisy, crowded city, came little Hope Loring. She had carried the homesickness at her heart, in her face ever since. How she wept and starved for a sight of the cool, concordant elements in the house, the hot, golden among them. What visions haunted her fields of red fragrant clover, with the fresh dew sanded all over them.

How her heart grew sick thinking of the singing birds in the roof of the cool, ample blossoms; and the little brook which snarled its skin of blue waters among the stones, and then cleared itself out, broad, smooth again, and went on, singing and tripping to the river; and the sandy country lanes, and the old brown roads wandering past the mills, and up the hill, and round the creek, and back of the meadows; oh, hungry eyes, oh, hungry soul of little Hope Loring, that went aching and crying for these lost joys in the dark, high chambers crowded by the thick walls where your life had fallen to you.

But suddenly she saw, a wistful face looked out of the window, a change came over it like a burst of sunlight. A little girl, who warmed the thin, pallid cheeks. The brown eyes grew dark and warm with a quick amazement and joy.

"Oh, see there!" burst in a quick cry from the room above.
And there, in the window of the opposite house, stood a small glass pitcher crowded with flowers; roses in a red fire of bloom, and fragrant mignonette, and trailing sprays of honeysuckle, and fuschia; all these, some hands of small white hand had just placed in the window opposite.

Hope knew in a moment that it was a stranger's, some visitor's probably, for she had heard that the widow woman who did work in the sewing machine had been ill. "The lady down there must have caught the child's exclamation, for she stepped to the window and looked up, and saw the small, eager, delighted face above her. She was a lady to the heart of the way with short and easy. The sight touched her.

"Do you love flowers, my child?" she said to Hope, and the smile which she said it was beautiful to see.

"Yes, yes, ma'am," said Hope Loring; and something in her voice doubled the assent in her words.

"Well, come down here, and you shall have some of these."

And Hope went, and her heart and feet were so light as they went to be going down the windows for dandelions and daisies. And the gentle-faced and sweet-voiced lady gathered from the glass pitcher some of the fairest flowers, and placed them in the little hand of the child, who with the woman who worked on the sewing machine lay asleep on the bed.

"Oh, they are like the roses round our porch!" cried Hope, bending down and drinking their beauty sweetly.

The old fragrant scent was more than she could bear. She broke down in a great storm of tears. The small, thin figure shook under the sob which heaved it to and fro. All the fine and beautiful things she had seen and heard of in those years were in those sobs.

"Poor child—poor little girl," said the lady, and she smoothed Hope's hair with hands like the dead mother's that were gathering dust; and then she sat down on the little stool at her feet, and won from her the story of her little life.

Hope held nothing back. She found comfort in telling it all, in her simple, straightforward way. And as she told, she straightened her little body, and her face grew more and more like the face of the woman who worked on the sewing machine; and her eyes grew more and more like the eyes of the woman who worked on the sewing machine.

"Next week I am going into the country, to pass the summer with my mother's people. My child, would you like to go with me?"

"Oh, ma'am!" said Hope.

Four days had passed. Mrs. Hastings had seen Hope's aunt and uncle, and obtained, with no difficulty, their consent to take the child with her. They considered the offer of Mrs. Hastings an especial one, for the child had lost its mother, and she was such a small, shy thing that they hadn't the heart to put her at it.

So one afternoon Mrs. Hastings, with her carriage, intending to take Hope home with her, and make some improvements in her wardrobe before she could accompany her to the country. Hope's aunt met her at the door with a face singularly troubled and solemn.

"The child has been very ill," she said.

"The doctor said it is a bad case. She must have had a slow fever in her veins for a long time, and a shock and excitement of some kind, too great for her weak, over-tought system, has set her back."

"So Mrs. Hastings went up the stairs to the small, dark chamber, where the child lay, with her little thin face pale and sharpened terribly.

"Hope, don't you know me?" asked Mrs. Hastings, as she entered the room.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, you are the lady who had the flowers in the window."

"Well, my dear child, you must make haste and get well, as you wish to go with me. You shall have birds and flowers at every window."

Hope put out her thin, hot hands and shook her head.

"No, I shan't go with you," she said, "I am going where I shall have flowers prettier than those in the window forever. I shall than those in the window forever."

see them and walk amongst them, and they will shine on me all the time. I am going to God and my mother. And the gentle lady and the weary, toiling aunt wept to hear her.

And Hope turned to the lady, and her parched lips smiled joyfully.

"There are no brick walls there," she said; "and I shall have the great fields always. It is better, even, than to go with you; that seemed Heaven enough before. But I shall not forget you, and sometime, perhaps, I shall know you again—the lady who set the flowers in the window."

Mrs. Hastings watched the child the rest of the day. That night the little, tired, overburdened soul went out on that path which we must all walk—one by one.

They gazed about a little, still, dead face, and murmured that it was "too bad" just as the joy and happiness had fallen into her life that she must die.

"They did not know what they said. Hope had gone to the warm, bright bloom of the eternal summer, to the little children's best love, the peace and freedom, the care and love of God and His angels, and these are wiser and tenderer than even a mother's.—Arthur's Magazine.

LAW AND MANNERS ON THE ROAD.

All of us have ideas more or less correct, in regard to the law which regulates our use of the highways; and, at any rate, good sense and good nature are usually very good guides. A few words on the subject, however, may not be a waste.

It is commonly said that every one has a right to half the road. This is practically true, and comes about in this way:—I meet upon the road—our legal rights are exactly equal, and both have right to our own several ways without obstruction, so, popularly, "everybody owns half and you half."

The law does in fact facilitate matters, and directs each to turn towards his right hand. The road belongs to "work" wide enough for two teams abreast, this opinion has a clear title to a passage on his right hand side of the way; and no one has a right to obstruct another while on his own proper track.—This is true whatever the load or the team; for if one can drive such a load that another can pass him but with difficulty or not at all, then their rights are no longer equal. This point becomes very important in winter, for it is no joke to turn your horse and all into the deep snow while your neighbor goes smoothly along in the beaten path. No one has a right to load his team as so, to obstruct another who is going on his proper track.

A fourth may choose the part which pleases him or any portion of his right hand half the way and the team must yield to him. This is clearly so in winter, and no man is obliged to stop into the snow for one or two horses. This is the law, and the Court awards it.

Now for the manners of the road, which, in some instances, differ from the law. The first requirement of road manners is good nature and an accommodating spirit.—Do to others as you would have them do to you. Always be willing to yield more than half the space, then you will be most likely to be equally well treated. They who exact inches will have inches exacted of them. If your neighbor has a heavy load, consult his convenience as far as possible; you may sometime be loaded. It has become a rule of courtesy to turn out for the horse and logs, and for other heavy teams in winter for them, say, "we often cannot turn out and never safely, so, if you want wood, accommodate us." which we are very willing to do. But remember it was a heavy load, and if you have a reciprocal duty to perform, obey, which I am sorry to observe is not always born in mind. When you have unladen and are returning empty, just recollect that you and the whole road are yours, and if you have no more than fair that you should be particularly obliging to those whom you meet now and give them their full share of the path.

One word in relation to teams going the same way; which case, and shippers should be particularly careful. It is no more than fair that you should be particularly obliging to those whom you meet now and give them their full share of the path.

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GLOVERSON, THE MORMON.

A Romance, By Artemus Ward.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.

The morning of which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of native-born young and handsome wives. He had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha; in Nebraska, with a mule-train, for goods; but although he had performed the tedious journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely and peculiarly attracted to the city of the West.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mule train, with the Mormon steed sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart, this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one—but please I have them come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear?—Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlight prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle."

You Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Molly, with your cheeks so rosy; and you, Susie, with your eyes so blue; and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—your—other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, dearests?

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will." And so farewell! cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said, "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once. For I must away."

He had not gone far when the trace of the off-hand mule became untracked. The mule, a singularly refractory animal—snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty, and tottered feebly towards the mule, who was near by, falling down in her yard, with the remark, "Dear Mother, I've come home to die!"

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

"Alas! Reginald Gloverson, our good friend, has been killed. He is a quality of mule, and he has thrown himself upon his inanimate form, crying, 'Oh my son—my son! only say who you want to!' In vain, then may you die if you want to!"

Reginald had passed on.

CHAPTER II.

FUGITIVE TRAPPINGS.

The mules were never found. Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's wife. She had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal—snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty, and tottered feebly towards the mule, who was near by, falling down in her yard, with the remark, "Dear Mother, I've come home to die!"

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was preparing to set among a select assortment of gold and crimson clouds in the west. The sun shone brightly at 'set' where it wants to, and so, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson, the Mormon.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can," she softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before! And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw them! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lies, only a good deal more so—"

"Twenty-one souls with a single thought, of our government, as at one!"

"They were united, they were!"

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well never mind what it shows.—Only this writing Mormon romance is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

The tower of Babel.—After a ride of eight miles, we were at the foot of Bier-Nimrod. Our horses' feet were tramping upon the remains of bricks, which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes arose a pile of masonry, the ruins of the tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly hoped to scale high Heaven. Here also it was that Nebuchadnezzar built, for bricks bearing his name have been found in the ruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brick-work presented the appearance of a wall. With your finger you can touch the very bricks, large, square shaped, and massive, that were "thoroughly" burned; the very mortar, the slime, now hard as granite, handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious men. From the summit to the mound, far away over the plain, we could see glistening, brilliant as a star, the golden dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. To pray at some period of his life; to kiss the sacred dust around; there at some time or other, to bend his body and count his beads, in the daily desire of every devoted Mohammedan.—Lester in Blackwood.

Later in Eyes.—An eye fancier in a Western journal writes thus learnedly of the mysterious "It has often been said that a woman with a hand ever, that general, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, is always an entertaining, agreeable, and lovely companion. We never knew," says the eye fancier, "but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose, which looked, as the Yankee says, 'like the little end of nothing whittled down to a point.' This gray eye, which is a sign of long life, and great talents and captures like a bird in a woman's eye. In woman it is the noble significance, as in his beauty. The blue eye is admirable, but such can be seen at the police office; generally, with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery."

CONTRAST.—An army correspondent says that within the past week he has seen some ten or twelve cases of self-mutilation by soldiers desirous of getting to the rear. These cases were generally through the hand, the right hand, and then go back to the hospital in hopes of being sent to Washington to the recruiting. The surgeons having noticed the character of the wounds, burned and discolored with powder, was sufficiently indicative of their origin; they reported, the matter to headquarters, and the delinquents in future are to be put upon the skinning table. It is customary in ordinary cases to put the patient under chloroform; but as a punishment to the coward, the surgeons now perform the amputation of wounded fingers without any anesthetic.

Mr. Gustave Almerd has written a book, in which he describes the priests of Chili. The recent catastrophe at Santiago gives interest to his descriptions. He expresses much of the opinion of the minor grades, the monks, who jolly fellows—smoking, drinking, swearing, and making love as well as a man of the world. It is not uncommon to see in a wine shop a fat monk, with a red face and a little rumor, as the first comer. Such are the people, and such are the priests, who form a fourth of population, in the country where the great human burning took place."

The human race is rapidly dying out. Our loyal friends that their opponents brutes, beasts, copperheads, black snakes, etc. Like to know where you're going to find your men pretty soon.

A man named Lewis is under arrest in Philadelphia for an attempt to murder his own sister, against whom he had conceived an extraordinary hatred.

"Why is a printer and a pretty girl alike?" "They both make impressions."

"Now what's the difference between the impressions?" "Why one's on paper, and one on the heart?"

The abuse we get from Abolition party reminds us of the well known truth that a pig, after wallowing in filth, generally chooses a clean person to rub against.—Louisville Journal.

The shoemaker who made a boot for the foot of a ladder, is second cousin to the latter who made "the" for general intelligence.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIED AGAIN.

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American Romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun

Political.

[From the New York World.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

An editorial biographical sketch of President Lincoln, printed, a day or two since, in the Tribune, is exceedingly meagre in that part which covers his congressional experience. The period was brief, it is true, and Mr. Lincoln made but one speech, which is preserved. That effort, to which our contemporary makes no allusion, was on the question of reference to an appropriate committee of President Polk's message to Congress.

This date was January 11, 1848, and the speech was written, revised by the author, and published in pamphlet form by Messrs. J. & S. Gideon, of Washington. We desire to complete the record of Mr. Lincoln's public life by extracts from, and comments on, his extraordinary document.

The speech was made during the war with Mexico, which, for the prompt accomplishment of the purposes for which it was made, demanded all the moral and political resources of the Republic. It is a noble and beautiful, fidelity, alike required that President Polk should not be embarrassed by mere partisan opposition. All those considerations, however, did not restrain Mr. Lincoln from indicating the views of a just and patriotic citizen, which, in malignant, unparliamentary terms, equals anything said of the present chief magistracy by the most vituperative enemies of his policy.

One of the prominent points in the speech of Congressman Lincoln, to which we are now inviting attention, was the true boundaries of Texas, and in discussing that point much consideration was given to exposition of the legal relations existing, according to the speaker's convictions, between a people and a territory, which preserves the speaker's opinions on that subject, and contains in the following extract, which preserves the words in italics contained in the pamphlet copy revised by the author:

"Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have a right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a noble and beautiful theory, which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an organized government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people may revolutionize, and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of the people of any territory may revolutionize, and near about them, who may oppose their movements. Such minority was precisely the case of the Tories of our Revolution."

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