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ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 31, 1862.

Selected Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

BY E. D. MORSE.

"From your Ep"
That was all of it I read,
Had there been no other word,
All her being 'twould have stirred,
Think not that, with curious eye,
Such fond missive I would spy;
Only these three words I read—
"From your Ep."

"From your Ep"
Tenderly the words I read,
From the field of bloody strife,
Where fall many a brave, young life,
For our only cause is given—
Ah! they wait in yonder heaven;
Folks, we'll not count as dead,
Such as you.

"From your Ep"
Lighter grows the maiden's tread;
Ah! I thank God, he's living yet!
Tears of joy their eyelids wet,
And her woman's heart beats fast;
'Gainst the letter came at last,
Her sweet lips press that, instead
Of her Ep."

"From your Ep"
Ah! her cheek is growing red;
He who penned that missive brief,
Could he guess her glad relief?
She has seen in dreams, at night,
Upturned faces, ghastly white,
Yet her brave though girlish heart
Ever hides its cruel smart;
Hints not love is mixed with dread
For her Ep."

"From your Ep"
Who the far of shores most tread
Of that sunny-spirited land,
Where our noble, patriotic band
Seek the tyrant to overthrow,
While the hearts that love them to
As that young heart has bled,
For her Ep."

"From your Ep"
We are strangers—yet I said,
Angels, guard him safe from harm,
Keep his heart all true and warm,
Bring him safely back once more!
Then, all doubts and heart ache o'er,
May that gentle maiden wed
With her Ep."

Miscellaneous.

The Deserter.

"Come here a moment please."
We had only a glimmer of light in the hospital, for the cuts were nearly all empty. Most of our wounded had been sent home; but the moon was full, and poured its white stream of radiance right down on the face of the man who had spoken to me.

"What is it you want?" I asked.
"I don't like to be alone. I feel rather strangely."

"You are excited; what is the matter?"
"The thin, keen features of the man wore an eager, restless expression; his black eyes shone fiercely.

"I'm a deserter, you know. This wound troubles me a little. You don't think I deserted from cowardice, do you?"
"Really, I know nothing about it. You are not well to-night; I shall give you something quieting so that you may sleep."

"No, no, just stay here a moment. Don't leave me."
He looked so eager that I sat down on his cot, let his pulse again, re-arranged his bandages, and placed his pillow more comfortably.

"Your touch is gentle as a woman's," he said, gratefully, sighing as he spoke. I sat still a while, then rose to order his medicine, but he grasped me by the hand and drew me down again by him.

"This moonlight reminds me of the night I came near losing my sword arm. I was Lieutenant in a Louisiana regiment. We had a pretty hard brush with your fellows, and I found myself face to face with the toughest soldier you ever saw. Twice I thought myself gone; our cartridges were out; with a great shout of 'Liberty and Union!' the Yankee came at me with a sabre, cutting a gash in my arm that laid me low. Fortunately they had to fly just then, or I should have been in the other world. When I came to my senses, I was all alone with just such a glare of moonlight in my eyes as shines to night. I was very weak and consuming with thirst, and most impatiently thankful to my brave comrades for leaving me thus. You must know that I joined the army without a spark of love for secession—

not a jot of principle in the matter—purely for the love of adventure, and with my French blood tingling at the thought of 'la glorie.' I have had different teachings since; so you need not be hasty in thinking me very contemptible. Glory has been the dream of my life."

Pale, wasted as he was, the young Lieutenant's face had a strange fascination on it. Now his eyes gleamed again, his proud mouth was tremulous with feeling that, of course, was yet incomprehensible to me. I tried to make him feel silent; but so intense was his desire to speak that I found it best to listen calmly—best for more reasons than one; life was low in the chalice, perhaps might sweeten its last few drops.

"Yes, glory has been a bright dream ever since I could listen to old stories of my ancestors in other lands, where our name was a proud one, a name I have tried to keep with honor. Well, I woke in the moonlight with a dim sense of concern for my generous friends who had left me to my fate, and a very urgent desire to get water; so I managed to crawl thro' the woods, sometimes rising to my feet only to fall again, though I had tied my handkerchief round my arm to stop the bleeding. I recollect passing a farm house before the fray

and as well as I could, made my way for it.—I was fortunate; though alarmed, the occupants were accustomed to danger, and kindly took me in. For some time I was very ill—during my illness our regiment was ordered off—indeed the Federals had gained possession of that part of the country. No one molested me, for the family was a poor-Union one, who had been robbed of nearly all their valuables, but who, notwithstanding our ill treatment, did not make known my refuge. I need not tell you how kind they were, how patient and careful; there was only an elderly woman, a boy of fourteen, a young woman in the family. From the time I first opened my eyes after the delirium of fever, until—no matter for time—but kindness and tenderest care from both, but principally the young woman, greeted me. I can see her great, dark, sad eyes, looking now at me. Dieu! how beautiful, how tender, how full of love. Love, did I say? adoration!

What a life was hers! Poor Nina, poor Nina! She was the daughter of one of the proudest and most influential merchants in New Orleans—her mother a quadroon slave. The father died one day with apoplexy without adjusting his "property," leaving Nina a slave. Too proud, too good, too beautiful—she fled, for her mother had already named the price—three thousand dollars. I gnashed my teeth at the accursed institution—she taught me that I was fighting to perpetuate. She, poor Nina, not even then safe from pursuers. I cannot express to you how gentle and tender was her care of me. I can only tell you it inspired the deepest love. The invalid raised himself on one arm, flashing dark eyes, deeper than ever were his black eyes—a noble brow, white and thin to spirituality—the proud lips quivering with pain and passion. Again I tried unavailingly to soothe him—he must have felt the strong tide of life ebbing, but it seemed only to nerve him on to speaking.

"I had left in New Orleans rare beauties, my own cousin, proud, elegant woman; I have frittered time away over soulless creatures; I have believed myself in love with motths, glittering, gaudy, vain beings; but never had I loved truly till I saw Nina. You do not know what it cost me to confess this even to myself. I, who had proudest of blood in my veins—I to love a woman tainted with African lineage! I feel wild—the room swims—hush, you must listen! Nina's voice was rich with melody, it became torture. Her gentle, healing distracted me, her light foxtail, her winning womanliness and modesty all jarred. I was nearly mad, and because I loved her—loved her whose price was three thousand dollars.

"I can see the room where I lay day after day battling dire thoughts—wan and weak, weaker than now, for to night I am strong—My wound would not heal, for my brain was on fire. So lying there on nice white pillow, fanned or read to by that beautiful, sad, passionate woman, who, even in her nice sense of beauty and order, in her loving desire to please, in her longing to amuse or change the current of my unhappy thoughts, betrayed the same emotion that was galling me. She wreathed flowers dextrously; she cooked the most delicate birds for my fastidious appetite; she sang softly low-toned ballads, rich and sweet in old French words. And I, cold, mute, passive, listened with ears intent to hear, eyes aching to drink in her loveliness; for she was lovely—yes, though only worth three thousand dollars.

"I will stop now; you are kind to be patient. I was dreaming one night of past scenes—of my beautiful, fashionable cousin; but their faces became suddenly dark and vicious as imps; their voices taunting, mocking me with my love of glory, my hopes of fame;—for it seemed as if Nina had told them of my love for her, and in their impishness it became a matter of rare sport to jeer and mock me with my sudden fall from greatness, from ancestral pride. I suppose I spoke aloud in my dreams for as I woke a pale face, floating in tears, I asked like a vision before me. So I knew that Nina had heard all. The next day I was left all alone. Oh, how long it was! how wearily impatient I became for my kind nurse, my tender friend! The day wore away, and evening came. In the long, tranquil twilight I watched the stars as a sick man will, longing for Nina. She came at last, slowly, feebly, as if very tired and weary, and depressed. For the first time I drew her close to me, her resisting head down on my bosom, and told her that I loved her better than life, better than fame, better than any human being in the wide, wide world. She was very still; only her soft breath on my cheek, only the beating of her heart close to mine told me that she heard. Again I spoke, more intensely, more impatiently, told her all my struggles; my whole heart poured itself out, and still she knelt at my side in silence.

"Speak, Nina!" I said, "only say one word."
"I would die for you—I would die; but I can not live and be yours," was her only reply.

"But, Nina, you must. Have I not given up all? Am I not willing to resign a claim which the world acknowledges—good birth? I was going on when she passionately exclaimed,

"I cannot bear it—stop! I cannot be beneath even you! I have no tame woman's heart; I have the fire of the South burning, leaping in my veins!" She rose quickly, standing beside me in her beautiful indignation, pride and love struggling together as they had done with me. Her words came wildly fast and in coherent. She spoke of her white father bitterly, witheringly; of her slave mother with unmixt contempt; of the world in disdain, almost cursing her Creator. She was in a passion of wild grief; of utter, unsubsided anguish. I tried to allay her sorrow, assuring her of my love. Gradually she calmed down; tears came to her relief. She addressed me as if I had been a little child she had unwittingly injured—all harshness, all reproach ceased to issue from her lips. It was like the hushing of a storm, the gentle rain after flashing electricity and gusts of furious wind.

"I recalled my childish lessons, long forgotten—of humility, of a Heavenly Father's love and mercy spite of seeming disfavor.
"Poor Nina, how quietly she listened!
"It was late when she bid me good night but I thought her happier when we parted.
"I do not know how long I slept when I was awakened by strange outcries, scuffling no less, remonstrance, rough replies, and, as I staggered weakly to the door, a sharp report. Two men rushed quickly past out of the house, leaving all silent within, excepting a low sound which I knew to be Nina's voice. I called, and presently the elder woman came, very much excited and alarmed, saying that the men were slave-catchers in search of Nina, who, by their going so hastily away, she feared was injured. The boy came also quaking into my room, where they at last brought my poor Nina. She was indeed wounded mortally—whether by her own hand I could scarcely determine, though I think it must have been self-defence.

"She opened her beautiful eyes only once upon me, thence closed them with the same tired, weary expression I had noticed in the evening. We watched her through the night, but human aid could not avail. She was gone before morning—to where she could not be sold for three thousand dollars!

"Dieu! do you wonder I deserted? Do you wonder I want to live to meet those wretches? Glory has been my dream—now vengeance has its place!
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," was my answer as the deserter's grasp tightened. His pale face glowed suddenly, his proud lips quivered, a convulsive smile played over his fine features—the broad band of moonlight still shimmered over the cot. The soldier had joined the ranks above.

[From the Troy Times.]
OS-CC-U-A-W.

Mr. LUMBARD—Dear Sir:—Some weeks since, in an interview which I had with certain gentlemen at Towanda, it was agreed that efforts should be made to learn the Indian name of Sugar Creek, with a view of changing, if possible, the name of some village or township through which it runs, to the original of the stream. In pursuance of this understanding I consulted the Hon. Thomas Maxwell, who is more thoroughly acquainted with the history of the celebrated Six Nations than is any man now living. In reply to my inquiry, he kindly furnished me the information contained in the accompanying letter. Please publish as a matter of peculiar local interest.

Yours,
F. SMITH.

F. SMITH, Esq.—Dear Sir:—In compliance with your request I have examined my collections of ancient documents, for the Indian name of Sugar Creek, and send you the result of my research.

I have a journal written by Conrad Weiser, an Indian interpreter, in 1736, of a journey through this country. In that year (1736) G. J. Gouch, of Virginia, requested of the Government in Philadelphia, that it should make known to the so-called Six Nations by a regular embassy, that he was desirous of establishing a peace between the allied Six Nations, living to the North, and the so-called Cherokee and Catawba, to the South.

"I was required to perform this duty, and received regular instructions from James Logan, Esq. at that time President. 1737, on the 27th February, I left home at Tulpohoken for Onontaga, which is the place where the allied Six Nations hold their councils." These are the words in which he commences his report, or journal. He seems to have been accompanied by Stoffel Hemp, a white man, and an Onondaga Indian named Orisgera, who had been sick some time at Tulpohoken. The lands at Tulpohoken, comprises part of Berks and Lebanon counties, and were settled in 1723 by Germans from Schoharie in New York, who penetrated the forests to the head waters of the Susquehanna where they built canoes and floated down the river to the mouth of the Susquehanna, on the head waters of which and the Tulpohoken, they settled, on lands belonging to the Indians. The lands were purchased by Thomas Penn from the Indians in 1732. Conrad Weiser had been acquainted with the Mohawk and Onondaga Indians and spoke their languages previous to his removal to Pennsylvania while resident at Schoharie. Hence he was employed by the Pennsylvania Government in their Indian affairs.

He was a German, and writes the Indian names of places as he pronounced them. This was obtained by the ear, as they had no written language. This peculiarity is seen throughout his journal. The name "Stoga" he writes Diaboga—Towanda is written Diawandaa; Seneca, Senickers and Cayuga is written Gaunker; Onontaga, Onontager, where the latter "u" occurs in a word he pronounces and writes it as if it were a "d." Our old acquaintance Michael Pfautz, always pronounced and wrote the name of Samuel Tuthill, "Dudhill." I have in my possession an assignment made by him to Captain Tuthill, of certain debts on a ledger kept by him written as follows: "I sine dis widin Lazar to Sam. Dudhill for de banifid of my creditors in de Stade of Niew York."

On reaching Shanokin, near Sunbury, Weiser was joined by Shikelline, a Cayuga, residing there, who was the father of the celebrated chief Logan, who was named by President Logan. They passed up the west branch of the Susquehanna to Williamsport, thence up the Lycoming to Towanda and Sugar Creek thence to Towanda and up to Tioga, thence to Onontaga and Binghamton, on the Chemung River (called by the Indians Utensungo, and written by Weiser Otsensungo), on their way to Onontaga. On the 27th April, 1737, he encountered "the Dawandaa Creek, meaning 'The fretful, or tedious.' Towanda Creek is meant, and on the 28th he says, "we left the Dawantua to the right hand and reached a water called Cocohu (the fierce). Subsequently he writes it, "Oscouli." I suppose the true Indian pronunciation to be Os-cu-la-wa.—On his return from Onontaga he passed down the North Branch to Shemoken. He stopped

a night at the present site of Towanda, and alludes to Sugar Creek, as the one at the head of which he found the Indians "living on the juice of the maple tree. They had no provisions to furnish his party, but he gave them abundance of maple sugar. From the best information I can gather, Os-cu-la-wa is the Indian name of your neighborhood.

Your friend,
THOMAS MAXWELL.

SPEECH OF COL. JOHN W. FORNEY,

Delivered in the Union Convention, Assembled at Harrisburg on the 17th of July, in support of the Resolutions adopted on that occasion.

The resolutions, Mr. President, which have just been read, comprise, in brief terms, the duty of the loyal men of Pennsylvania, and they will go to the country as an utterance that must produce healthful consequences.—There are elements in this assemblage which have never been combined on any former period of our country's issue. We have here representatives of the Republican party, the People's party, the American party, and of the loyal men of the Democratic party. I notice that at least twenty counties of the State have sent Democratic delegates to this Convention. The heavy gloom which seems again to have settled upon our unhappy country, has had the effect of extinguishing many dissensions. Men who have differed radically in former years now stand together like a band of brothers. But one motive animates this splendid organization—that of devotion to country and determination to maintain the Union. There is no spectacle, says a great poet, more inspiring than a brave man struggling with danger, and can there be any spectacle more inspiring than a great people struggling with their enemies. The fiend, slavery, which is the beginning of all our troubles, in tearing itself from the Republic, seems determined to tear the vitals of the Republic, away with it. For however men may differ, Mr. President, this is not merely a struggle for our existence as a free people, but it is a struggle between liberty and slavery.—All other issues have subsided before this issue. Slavery in beginning the war, to perpetuate itself, has laid a strong hand upon our free institutions, and is resolved, failing itself, to bury them in one common ruin. Those only deny it who themselves pray for the success of the rebellion, and those only believe what I have said who earnestly pray for the triumph of the Union arms. And it is a fact well calculated to agitate the soul, that bitter and dreadful as have been the general suffering in this extraordinary strife, notwithstanding thousands of homes are covered with mourning; although torrents of tears are shed over the freshly heaped graves of those who have fallen in defence of our flag, yet all these terrible lessons produce no impression upon many who live among and around us. These men see their country bleeding at every pore, and have no word of hope or comfort to give to her. While we, forgetting all old antagonisms and parties, while we throw off the cloaks of former organizations and reveal ourselves only in the garb of patriotism, they clothe themselves with all the hatred, and rancor and uncharitableness for which they have been so distinguished before, and prepare to strike at the country, if not in the name at least, in the name of the doctrines of that candidate for the presidency who less than two years ago marshaled the boats of disunion at the ballot box, and now leads an array of traitors in the battle field. [Applause.]

If, Mr. President, slavery is the cause of this great crusade upon human liberty, its immediate agents and ministers confess by all their acts that they are fully conscious of the truth of this assertion. They have pursued the full purpose which has now ripened into war, with a persistence which can only be explained by their close sympathy with the rebellion itself, and their sincere hatred of the government of the United States. Calling themselves Democrats, they are banded together in favor of slavery and aristocracy. Let me take a prominent example of the school. The old man who lives in neglected solitude within an hour and a half's ride of the capital of Pennsylvania. He is now beyond the Psalmist's age. He entered the Presidential chair more than five years ago, with as fair an opportunity to serve and save this country as ever had been presented to man. He was elected upon a distinct and voluntary pledge that he would give to the people of the unhappy territory of Kansas the right to dispose of their own affairs in their own way. Had he been true to this, we should have had neither secession or bloodshed. The history of his unparalleled treachery is written, written sir in carnage and in shame. It ought to be supposed that now looking over this history, he would seize the occasion to expiate his mighty crime by some manifestation of public penitence.—It might be supposed that now, in his old age, he would secure the favor and forgiveness of Heaven by appealing to those he still controls, to rally to the common defence and to shun his fatal example. But no, gentlemen, so far from this animating soul of the rebellion in the southern states is not more Jefferson Davis than the animating soul of the rebellion in the free states is James Buchanan. He seems to desire the immortal infamy of dragging our glorious Union into the dishonored grave he is himself soon to fill. Around his own home, as proved by the convention which assembled in his own country a few weeks ago, and by that which disgraced this hall on the 4th of July, his former followers, doubtless under his lead and counsel, mocked at the perils of the nation and delight in nothing so much as to embarrass and retard the operations of the constituted authorities. Is it possible that this man and his parasites can rally any portion of the people of Pennsylvania to their standard? Monuments themselves of the mercy of the government, permitted to live in comfort under the flag they toiled to defame and to dishonor, shall these men be permitted to go on in their work of treason? They proclaim that this war is an abolition

war—a war for the emancipation of the slaves—a war for negro equality—a war in which the white man is to be driven out of the field of labor by the colored race. This is the staple of their creed. This is the burden of their cry. Will James Buchanan, or any one of his creatures, here or elsewhere, inform me whether it was the abolitionists that formed the Lecompton constitution, and forced it upon the people of Kansas? Whether it was the abolitionists that fabricated the English bill, as measure even more infamous? Was it the abolitionists that persecuted and proscribed Walker and Douglas and Broderick? Did they murder Broderick? Did they retain in the Buchanan Cabinet the incarnate traitors who robbed the Federal Treasury, decimated the army, sent our navy to distant seas, sacked our arsenals—sent to southern ports incalculable supplies of the munitions of war? Was it the abolitionists, in a word, that prepared the way for the culmination of our national crime, Mr. Lincoln a bankrupt and enfeebled government, compelling him to reach the capital of the nation almost a fugitive and surrounded by his inauguration with all the ceremonial of, and preparation for internal strife? But, sir, apart from the duty of exposing these impudent and remorseless foes, there are other duties which must be discharged, and to which the great organization born to-day, must dedicate itself with stern and self-sacrificing patriotism. [Applause.]

The adjournment of Congress leaves to Mr. Lincoln those high responsibilities which he has proven himself so able to bear. He will find himself strengthened for still stronger measures by ample legislation. He can now throw himself upon the people and prosecute the war with renewed vigor. As your resolutions so well express it, it is fortunate "that we have at the helm of public affairs one so prudent, so upright, temperate and firm." Great are his trials, and great his labors. It has often been said that the duties of the President were too much in times of peace for any one man; several of our Chief Magistrates have fallen under the weight of these duties. But what must his condition be who in the midst of the remorseless rebellion, must give all his time and all of his judgement to the solution of stupendous and novel complications. He cannot satisfy all men? He cannot at a blow strike down every great wrong; it is possible that he may have been mistaken in the supposition that the slaveholding treason might be indulgently and magnanimously treated, and that the best way to convince the rebels was to exhibit to them a willingness of the Government to offer peace in the midst of war, and amnesty on condition of prompt submission. But now, that experience has shown that no moderation can reach the authors of this great crime, the President will undoubtedly profit by the lesson. And I am sure that the voice that goes up from this Convention to-day will invigorate and inspire him in the vigorous policy which is about to be inaugurated; a policy which I feel sure will be as stringent and as determined as the most exacting and enthusiastic of us could desire. Backed by the people, and empowered by law, there will hereafter be no hesitation in the employment of all means to put down the rebellion. No more doubts as to the confiscation of the property of rebels, no more protection of their houses, and crops, and goods and chattels.—Practical measures will forever dissipate the miserable error about negro equality and negro emancipation. Wonderful is the advance that has been made in public sentiment on these questions. Some of the most distinguished Democrats in Congress now take ground in favor of the employment of blacks in the army of the United States as a measure of imperative wisdom and necessity. The partisans who roam about the land alarming ignorant people with pictures of a black exodus from the slave free States, who look for riots in the great cities as a consequence of the competition of whites and blacks in various fields of labor, can read their own doom and the refutation of their own falsehoods in the ground taken by genuine Democrats in the National Legislature on this important issue. Whether they see it or not, whether they realize this or not, the people realize it. The object of this war is not abolition, but vindication—not abolition of slavery—but vindication of the offended majesty of the laws. To this end we send our white men into the field to fight in our armies. To save them from the privations of the long, weary march, to relieve them from the heavy service that wears and wastes them in the trenches and on our fortifications, it is proposed to invoke the aid of the thousands of colored men who are set free, not by the abolitionists, but by the slaveholders themselves. When this race is fully aroused they may render such a service, and be rewarded for it; there will be no further flight into the free towns of the North and North-west; but they will gladly remain under that flag which, while protecting them, they themselves defend. One other lesson has been taught within the last year, and that is, if the most loyal of the white people are those who are fighting for the Constitution and the Union, so the most loyal people of the seceded States are the blacks themselves. Shall we not use these blacks? Shall we not act upon the suggestions of some of our most gallant and experienced military men, and save our own brothers by accepting this ready, eager and honest assistance? What voter who has lost his relative or his friend by disease in the army, will not yield to this argument and ask that it may be carried into effect hereafter. The fact is, gentlemen, this war may as well be terminated to-day if we do not avail ourselves of this vast resource and of every other means justified by our own necessities and by the usages of civilized nations. I know there are some who shrink from the idea of arming the colored men. Have they forgotten that they were armed during the revolutionary war by the direction of General Washington himself; that in the bloody battle of Red Bank, near Philadelphia, it was a regiment of Rhode Island negroes under command of Col. Ray Greene, who turned the fortunes of the day and fought to the last around the dead body of their commander. In the second war with England, Andrew Jackson enrolled

the free blacks for the defence of Louisiana, and thanked them for their bravery after the victory was won. Has the colored race deteriorated since the Revolution, and our second struggle for independence? They ought to have wonderfully improved, if philosophers speak the truth or the census does not lie. The sympathizing gentlemen in the free states who are in the habit of talking about negro equality, and charging that as one of the great ends of the republicans, will hardly deny that the infusion of the blood of the chivalry of the south ought to have greatly improved the negro race in that quarter.—[Laughter.] Under this influence this race should certainly be improved, and according to the doctrines of oligarchists, more refined. For, the nearer they approach the beau ideal of a Southern gentleman, the better they are fitted to imitate his martial race. As Thaddeus Stevens once said, the Southern sun has a wonderful effect in bleaching the negro complexion. [Great laughter.] Do not be afraid then, gentlemen of being called abolitionist or the advocate of negro equality, because you demand that your relatives and friends in the army of the Union shall be succored, sustained and saved from disease and death by the stout arms of the loyal blacks, bond or free in the southern states. As I have said, the only practical abolitionists are the rebels themselves.—They have set more slaves free than a thousand General Hunters could have done. Emancipation, like the rebellion, is their work, not ours. As the Hon. William M. Everts said at Albany in 1860, as he was advocating Mr. Lincoln: "Gentlemen of the Democratic party, you say you have a majority in the country, why don't you unite them and defeat us at the polls?" But the rebels divided the Democracy then, with the deliberate purpose of dividing the country afterwards. Nor do they desire to escape this double responsibility. They wish to cut loose from the free States in order to enjoy their institution of slavery alone, and it was to save that institution that induced them to prepare for and precipitate this war. The only act of emancipation carried by the Republicans is the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and if the Republicans had not done that, they would have deserved the contempt of friend and foe. They were invoked to it by their own platform and by the authority of the great publicists of the South. The power existed, and they exercised it. What has been the result? The emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia has improved them.—Thus far the experiment has worked admirably. The repeal of a series of laws, operating alike upon free slaves, has made them ambitious to do well, and they are now more orderly, more peaceable, and more thrifty than ever.

So much for several of the most difficult questions growing out of this war. [Applause.]

The sympathizers with Secession who call themselves Democrats undoubtedly desire a peace with the rebels, and to bring this about they are industrious in dividing the Northern people, well known that the success of this plan must consolidate and encourage the traitors. No doubt when the uncle of the gentleman who is now fighting against his country in the army of the South—I mean Francis W. Hughes, of Schuylkill county—was presiding over the Breckinridge Convention on the 4th of July, the hope that stirred his heart was that peace might be accomplished on the well-known platform of himself and his nephew. I perceive that he is so anxious to effect this object that he has taken command of the campaign himself, and will doubtless make the State ring with elaborate orations on the basis of this peace is simply to degrade the people of the free States, to fill them with factions, to carve their domain into provinces, and to make all their great interests subordinate and obedient to the slavesholding despotism. Does any man suppose that such a peace would end the war? It might, indeed, realize Mr. William B. Reed's grand scheme of division and separation enunciated on the 17th of January, 1861, at National Hall, while Major Anderson was besieged in Fort Sumter; it might make New York a free city, independent of State and General Governments. With our Pacific empire lost to us; with the great West seceded, and Pennsylvania bound, like a captive, to the chariot wheels of slavery, Mr. Reed and his compatriots would exist in the fulfillment of their prophecies and plans; but there would be no peace. It would be one long and stubborn and exterminating border war—a war of sections—a war making the South powerful and the North powerless. What foreign nations would say to such a peace as this it requires no Anthony Trollope to predict. [Applause.]

I cannot refrain, Mr. President, the expression of my sincere respect of the manner in which the Republican party of Pennsylvania has come up to the good work to-day. It was the duty, and it will prove to be the interests, of that party to act with prompt patriotism in such a crisis. But it is so rare for men who have just elected a President, and who dispense such enormous patronage, to exhibit such magnanimity as we have seen to-day, that the evidence of it deserves to be highly commended. I have seen so much crime and falsehood, such an utter disregard of solemn oaths and obligations, as the fruits of the so-called Democratic rule, that when Mr. Lincoln was elected President I hailed his triumph with all the more joy because his hands were clear of these infamies; because he was under no covenant with the slave aristocracy. [Applause.]

In the coming campaign, although victory is, in my opinion, certain and sure, we shall have a bitter and a reckless foe to put down. Should we fail, our defeat will be accepted as a declaration in favor of the rebellion. The Administration will be arrested in the prosecution of this unholy war, and the sympathizers with Secession will insist that their machinations have been triumphant and their treason confirmed. The Breckinridgers expect victory because they have been so generously treated and so kindly tolerated. Fulminating their hatred of the country's cause in public and in private, corresponding with foreign monarchists who pray for our downfall, some of those who

war—a war for the emancipation of the slaves—a war for negro equality—a war in which the white man is to be driven out of the field of labor by the colored race. This is the staple of their creed. This is the burden of their cry. Will James Buchanan, or any one of his creatures, here or elsewhere, inform me whether it was the abolitionists that formed the Lecompton constitution, and forced it upon the people of Kansas? Whether it was the abolitionists that fabricated the English bill, as measure even more infamous? Was it the abolitionists that persecuted and proscribed Walker and Douglas and Broderick? Did they murder Broderick? Did they retain in the Buchanan Cabinet the incarnate traitors who robbed the Federal Treasury, decimated the army, sent our navy to distant seas, sacked our arsenals—sent to southern ports incalculable supplies of the munitions of war? Was it the abolitionists, in a word, that prepared the way for the culmination of our national crime, Mr. Lincoln a bankrupt and enfeebled government, compelling him to reach the capital of the nation almost a fugitive and surrounded by his inauguration with all the ceremonial of, and preparation for internal strife? But, sir, apart from the duty of exposing these impudent and remorseless foes, there are other duties which must be discharged, and to which the great organization born to-day, must dedicate itself with stern and self-sacrificing patriotism. [Applause.]

The adjournment of Congress leaves to Mr. Lincoln those high responsibilities which he has proven himself so able to bear. He will find himself strengthened for still stronger measures by ample legislation. He can now throw himself upon the people and prosecute the war with renewed vigor. As your resolutions so well express it, it is fortunate "that we have at the helm of public affairs one so prudent, so upright, temperate and firm." Great are his trials, and great his labors. It has often been said that the duties of the President were too much in times of peace for any one man; several of our Chief Magistrates have fallen under the weight of these duties. But what must his condition be who in the midst of the remorseless rebellion, must give all his time and all of his judgement to the solution of stupendous and novel complications. He cannot satisfy all men? He cannot at a blow strike down every great wrong; it is possible that he may have been mistaken in the supposition that the slaveholding treason might be indulgently and magnanimously treated, and that the best way to convince the rebels was to exhibit to them a willingness of the Government to offer peace in the midst of war, and amnesty on condition of prompt submission. But now, that experience has shown that no moderation can reach the authors of this great crime, the President will undoubtedly profit by the lesson. And I am sure that the voice that goes up from this Convention to-day will invigorate and inspire him in the vigorous policy which is about to be inaugurated; a policy which I feel sure will be as stringent and as determined as the most exacting and enthusiastic of us could desire. Backed by the people, and empowered by law, there will hereafter be no hesitation in the employment of all means to put down the rebellion. No more doubts as to the confiscation of the property of rebels, no more protection of their houses, and crops, and goods and chattels.—Practical measures will forever dissipate the miserable error about negro equality and negro emancipation. Wonderful is the advance that has been made in public sentiment on these questions. Some of the most distinguished Democrats in Congress now take ground in favor of the employment of blacks in the army of the United States as a measure of imperative wisdom and necessity. The partisans who roam about the land alarming ignorant people with pictures of a black exodus from the slave free States, who look for riots in the great cities as a consequence of the competition of whites and blacks in various fields of labor, can read their own doom and the refutation of their own falsehoods in the ground taken by genuine Democrats in the National Legislature on this important issue. Whether they see it or not, whether they realize this or not, the people realize it. The object of this war is not abolition, but vindication—not abolition of slavery—but vindication of the offended majesty of the laws. To this end we send our white men into the field to fight in our armies. To save them from the privations of the long, weary march, to relieve them from the heavy service that wears and wastes them in the trenches and on our fortifications, it is proposed to invoke the aid of the thousands of colored men who are set free, not by the abolitionists, but by the slaveholders themselves. When this race is fully aroused they may render such a service, and be rewarded for it; there will be no further flight into the free towns of the North and North-west; but they will gladly remain under that flag which, while protecting them, they themselves defend. One other lesson has been taught within the last year, and that is, if the most loyal of the white people are those who are fighting for the Constitution and the Union, so the most loyal people of the seceded States are the blacks themselves. Shall we not use these blacks? Shall we not act upon the suggestions of some of our most gallant and experienced military men, and save our own brothers by accepting this ready, eager and honest assistance? What voter who has lost his relative or his friend by disease in the army, will not yield to this argument and ask that it may be carried into effect hereafter. The fact is, gentlemen, this war may as well be terminated to-day if we do not avail ourselves of this vast resource and of every other means justified by our own necessities and by the usages of civilized nations. I know there are some who shrink from the idea of arming the colored men. Have they forgotten that they were armed during the revolutionary war by the direction of General Washington himself; that in the bloody battle of Red Bank, near Philadelphia, it was a regiment of Rhode Island negroes under command of Col. Ray Greene, who turned the fortunes of the day and fought to the last around the dead body of their commander. In the second war with England, Andrew Jackson enrolled

the free blacks for the defence of Louisiana, and thanked them for their bravery after the victory was won. Has the colored race deteriorated since the Revolution, and our second struggle for independence? They ought to have wonderfully improved, if philosophers speak the truth or the census does not lie. The sympathizing gentlemen in the free states who are in the habit of talking about negro equality, and charging that as one of the great ends of the republicans, will hardly deny that the infusion of the blood of the chivalry of the south ought to have greatly improved the negro race in that quarter.—[Laughter.] Under this influence this race should certainly be improved, and according to the doctrines of oligarchists, more refined. For, the nearer they approach the beau ideal of a Southern gentleman, the better they are fitted to imitate his martial race. As Thaddeus Stevens once said, the Southern sun has a wonderful effect in bleaching the negro complexion. [Great laughter.] Do not be afraid then, gentlemen of being called abolitionist or the advocate of negro equality, because you demand that your relatives and friends in the army of the Union shall be succored, sustained and saved from disease and death by the stout arms of the loyal blacks, bond or free in the southern states. As I have said, the only practical abolitionists are the rebels themselves.—They have set more slaves free than a thousand General Hunters could have done. Emancipation, like the rebellion, is their work, not ours. As the Hon. William M. Everts said at Albany in 1860, as he was advocating Mr. Lincoln: "Gentlemen of the Democratic party, you say you have a majority in the country, why don't you unite them and defeat us at the polls?" But the rebels divided the Democracy then, with the deliberate purpose of dividing the country afterwards. Nor do they desire to escape this double responsibility. They wish to cut loose from the free States in order to enjoy their institution of slavery alone, and it was to save that institution that induced them to prepare for and precipitate this war. The only act of emancipation carried by the Republicans is the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and if the Republicans had not done that, they would have deserved the contempt of friend and foe. They were invoked to it by their own platform and by the authority of the great publicists of the South. The power existed, and they exercised it. What has been the result? The emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia has improved them.—Thus far the experiment has worked admirably. The repeal of a series of laws, operating alike upon free slaves, has made them ambitious to do well, and they are now more orderly, more peaceable, and more thrifty than ever.

So much for several of the most difficult questions growing out of this war. [Applause.]

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