

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Family Paper---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Science, Art, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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PUBLIC SQUARE. ☐

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Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Sept. 11, 1861--13.

PHYSICIANS.

B. M. BLACHLEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office--Blachley's Building, Main St.,
Waynesburg and vicinity, that he has returned from the Hospital Corps of the Army and resumed the practice of medicine with special attention to the treatment of the sick, June 11, 1862--13.

DR. A. G. CROSS,
WOULD very respectfully tender his services as a Physician and Surgeon, in the treatment of the sick, in Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

DR. A. J. EGGY,
RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity as a Physician and Surgeon. Office opposite the Republican office. He hopes by a due appreciation of the laws of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. April 9, 1862.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, dealer in Paints and Oils, the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Lignors for medicinal purposes.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Drover's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Boot and Shoe maker, Blachley's Corner, Main street. Boots and Shoes of every variety always on hand or made to order on short notice.
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JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Lard, Soap, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Oil, Molasses and Looking Glass Plates.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. Our door seat at Miller's Store, Main Street. Sept. 11, 1861--13.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.
SAMUEL MALLISTER,
Saddler, Harness and Trunk Maker, old Bank street.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in Tobacco, Segars and Snuff, Pipes, Cases, Pipes, &c., Main street, Waynesburg, Pa.
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

CASHIERS' BILLS.

Select Poetry.

From the New York Observer.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

Cultivate a cheerful spirit,
Surely earth is not so drear,
Nor our destiny so cheerless,
But we may be happy here.

Manifest a cheerful spirit,
'Tis a tribute due His love,
Who has deck'd the earth in beauty,
And invites to bliss above.

Manifest a cheerful spirit,
Though a weight your heart oppress;
Do not burden others with it,
Lest they share in your distress.

Manifest a cheerful spirit,
It will chase the clouds of care,
Or will gild them with its brightness
'Till a brighter hue the wear.

Manifest a cheerful spirit,
Let its radiance appear,
Pleasantly in all the future
Smoothing out the lines of care.

Manifest a cheerful spirit,
Let the language you employ,
Let your very voice and manner,
All conduce to others' joy.

Manifest a cheerful spirit,
Let its genial influence flow,
With the light each day diffuses
Mitigating human woe.

MANTENO, ILL. G. H. S.

Miscellaneous.

SABBATH MEETING IN WASHINGTON.

SPEECHES BY GEN. CASEY, ADMIRAL FOOTE AND SENATOR WILLEY.

A correspondent gives us the facts of a movement in Washington in behalf of the Sabbath in the Army and Navy, which is like to have important results. A Sunday or two ago, the Secretary of the North American Republic delivered a discourse on the Claims and Relations of the Civil Sabbath in Rev. Dr. Gurley's pulpit—the President and many of the public men of the nation being present; and a large public meeting was held at night to promote this vital interest in the Army and Navy.

The Rev. Mr. Cooke and Wm. E. Dodge, Esq., of New York, made addresses; and, when appealed to for his testimony as an experienced Army officer respecting the value of the Sabbath to the soldier, Maj. Gen. Casey rose hesitatingly from his seat, and gave utterance to these golden words:

"I have been thirty-six years in the service of my country—five of them in the Florida War. I know, by experience, the value of the Sabbath to the Army.—If I were to undertake a long march, I should expect to get my men through in better time and condition by resting one day in seven than by continuous marching. I would appeal to the American people to save our American Sabbath. If it degenerates into a European holiday our institutions will perish. Our wealth may be lost in this terrible war; but it can be recovered. Our young men may be cut down in battle, and others will grow up. But, if we lose our American Sabbath, it can never be restored, and all is lost."

The effect of these few, simple words—first public address, perhaps, of a gray-haired, war-worn General—transcended all common oratory, and there were few eyes unmoistened in the assembly.

Rear-Admiral Foote, on a similar appeal being made to him, responded in a like train—citing instances in his own experience of the benefits of the Sabbath on vessels of war, and enforcing the obligations of commanders to maintain stated worship in the absence of chaplains. In his earnestness, he left the pew for the aisle, forgetting his lameness, while he pleaded for Christian fidelity on the part of those who profess Christ, whether in civil or military life, and urged the fundamental importance of the Sabbath to the health, discipline and spiritual welfare of men on land or sea.

Senator Willey, of Western Virginia, made the closing speech, which was full of patriotic and Christian sentiment, and earnest in its defence of the right of the soldier and sailor to his day of rest. He expressed the belief that the only reliable soldiers were those who were controlled by moral principle, and contended that the way to increased efficiency to the Army was to preclude it with such influences as always accompanied a well-kept Sabbath.

Our correspondent states that one of the immediate results of the agitation of this subject has been the transmission to the commanders of squadrons of the President's memorable Sabbath order, with instructions from the Secretary of the Navy to cause it to be read on board every ship in the service.

He who is never satisfied with others may learn, if he observes, that nobody is ever satisfied with him.

Though death be the penalty of sin, he may be saved by the blood of Christ.

THE WAR!

ELOQUENT SPEECH OF

RICHARD O'GORMAN

Before the Democratic Central Club of Philadelphia.

THE RESULTS OF THE WAR DISCUSSED

Mr. O'Gorman for Reconciliation and Peace!

Richard O'Gorman delivered an address in Philadelphia on Monday evening, under the auspices of the Democratic Central Club, of which the following is a full report:

There is a legend among the dwellers by the Rhine that on one night in each year, when the moon is at the full, the great Emperor Charles leaves his tomb, and, clad in his royal purple, with crown on his head and scepter in his hand, stately and majestic as in life, walks the earth again and revisits the scenes he loved. When the moonbeams fall on the noble river and fling from bank to bank a bridge of light, across that bridge the monarch walks, and from the hill beyond, with outstretched arm, scatters benedictions all over the German land.

He blesses cornfield and vineyard, hamlet and castle, city and fort; he blesses the flocks and herds; he blesses the sleeping people; and then, his loving mission ended, he returns, softly as he came, to his resting-place in La Chapelle. Who knows whether such things may not be? I would rather trust the instincts and traditions of the people than the wisest theories of philosophers. If love indeed can exist on earth, so pure, lofty and unselfish that not even death can sever the bonds, if communion may be between the living and the mighty dead, then, chide it not as a wild superstition.—Bear with it at least as a harmless fancy, and forgive the enthusiast, if such there be, who dreams that on this, the anniversary of the day when the great founder of the North American republic first saw the light, his spirit, too, may be permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon; to retrace in loving pilgrimage the scenes of his ancient renown; to breathe into the hearts of those to whom his memory is dear some of the patriotism which fired his own heart, and to bless again, with his benign presence, all the bounteous land, in whose service every thought, hope and effort of his noble life were spent. (Loud cheers.)

Along the road I have travelled to-day, all through the gallant little State that stretches between this city and my home, lie battlefields of that cheerless but persistent struggle, in which his steadfast soul, staggering under the weight of his own cares, yet bore up the fainting heart of the American people—Monmouth, Princeton, Trenton, the Delaware blocked with ice; the dreary huts at Morristown and Valley Forge, in which, amid the snows and famine of winter, courage and hope which seemed almost to freeze and die over all the scenes of his toil and his peril—still repress the glory of his great name.— (Applause.)

But it is here, I think, more than any other where; here, in this good city of Philadelphia, where the spirit of the chieftain would linger with the most tender remembrance. Here it was he saw the great work of his life completed. Here, in your State House, sat that convention of delegates from the original States, who were charged with the solemn duty of determining whether on any and on what terms these sovereign States could become united.

Over this great assembly George Washington presided. They succeeded. By their wisdom, moderation and discretion, they obtained their object.

After four months of earnest deliberation and toil was completed that great charter of American freedom—that noble compromise of conflicting prejudices, jealousies and theories—by which alone these sovereign States, differing in climate, productions, interests, habits and traditions, could then have been united in one confederation, could since then have been kept united, or can now be re-united, if such be God's will. I mean the Constitution of the United States. (Loud and long-continued applause.)

By arms the States had won their independence from foreign rule. By mutual concession and rational compromise they achieved a higher triumph over themselves.

By means of that concession and compromise they became united into the confederation which we call the "United States" and, though ruin may be drawn down on this confederacy ere yet the generation that stood by its cradle shall have passed away; though that great charter be rent by fanaticism, trampled on and violated by fraud; or evaded by fraud; though the people, misled by the folly, recklessness and selfishness of a few, may with their own hands cast down and shatter the throne and

valueless fragments the great diamond which their forefathers bequeathed to them, and fondly hoped they would guard it as their own souls, until after age had gazed on its lustre with increasing pride; yet still the memory of that wise assembly—of the men who composed it—of the man who presided over their counsels—of the work they achieved, and the gallant era from which they sprung, will be dear to every heart and every home all over the earth, where still lingers the blessed faith that, in spite of failures, defeats and disappointments, rational liberty is yet within the reach of rational men. (Cheers.)

Washington was steadfast, loyal, valiant, moderate wise, and good. There appear in history many characters more brilliant and dazzling. I know of none more sterling, well-balanced and complete.

He was indeed the right man in the right place. The true representative and embodiment of the best qualities of his people and his age. For I am far from thinking that the prominent men of any country or time are the producers of its greatness or the cause of its decay.

They are not the creators, but creatures. A heroic age will seek heroism, and by a sure instinct find it and cherish it and set it at its head. A prudent age will find prudent men. An honest age will find men for its guides. An age of fickleness, recklessness, levity, selfishness, and corruption, will set in its high places men after its own image and likeness—reckless, selfish and corrupt—use them and cast them aside, first elevate and fatter, and then despise, insult and destroy. This is the undeviating law of history—king or kaiser, duke or President—as the people are, so will their ruler be, for good or ill. When, therefore, you honor Washington as chief of the armies of the States; as head of that convention by whose wisdom they were united in one confederation; as President of the States so united, and pronounce him to have been in each capacity brave, faithful, chivalrous, wise and good, honor to the people and the age in which he lived, for of their character he was the highest type and exemplar. (Continued cheers.)

On the 4th of March, 1794, only sixty-nine years ago, his career of forty-five years of public life was brought to a close; on that day in your State House his successor in the office of President was inaugurated. Gen. Washington assisted at the ceremonies, and when they were done, leaning on the arm of James Wilson, a valued citizen of Pennsylvania, and then a Judge of the Supreme Court, he walked to his dwelling. He was silent and wrapt in thought all the way; at last, when he turned round at his own door, he became for the first time aware that his steps had been followed by a reverent and silent crowd, who stood there uncovered to pay their last obeisance to the man they had trusted and loved.

This last tribute of respect was too much for him. The fountain of emotions long controlled, overflowed at last. Tears burst from his eyes.—Every effort to speak was unavailing, and waving to the people a mute benediction and farewell, he entered his house and was seen as a public man no more. Could Washington take the same path to-day what a different sight would meet his eyes! But sixty-nine years gone by, and yet how woefully all is changed!

Then, with the young republic all was well. Independence from foreign control had been obtained. The States had agreed to unite on terms which afforded a hopeful prospect that they could for ages live together in peace. Congress had assembled and deliberated with dignity and temper; nay, the only question from which difficulty might be apprehended had been discussed and dealt with as became men conscious of their duty not to a section or to a party, but to all the United States. In the first Congress of the United States, on February 12, 1790, a memorial, signed by Benjamin Franklin, on behalf of the "Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery," was presented to the House of Representatives and read. It prayed that the House "would countenance the restoration to liberty of those in bondage" and "that they would step to the very verge of the power vested in them for discouraging every species of traffic in their fellow-men.

The subject of this memorial, after repeated discussion, was referred to a special committee. Their report was submitted to a committee of the whole, and they striking out a considerable share of the report, confined themselves at last to the simple declaration "that Congress has no authority to interfere with the emancipation of slaves, or in the treatment of them, within any of the States, it remained with the several States alone to provide any regulations therein which humanity and true policy may require." And he that question seemed then to have been wisely and definitely decided and set at rest forever. "In the name of the people of the United

States, North and South, peace and good will seemed to reign—now, how strangely, how woefully all is changed.

American has drawn its sword against itself. By American hands American blood is shed, American cities are ruined, American fields are ravaged and laid waste.

A civil war of a magnitude and destructiveness scarce ever equalled in the annals of barbaric ferocity rages throughout the land.

American ports are blockaded, American commerce is preyed on by American ships. American money is lavished. American lives are spent in perfecting and applying the most efficient means of spreading among Americans death, havoc, and desolation.

Christianity, shuddering, veils its head in woe.

Even the common human instincts revolt at the horrors that accumulate on this devoted people—yet, scholars and statesmen, poets, preachers, and philanthropists seem to take pleasure in the scene, and pronounce it good. The gentlest benevolists gloat over the news of battles, and have become oligarchs of slaughter. Nay, even ministers of the Gospel, Bible in hand, incite their congregations to war and bloodshed, and invoke on the extermination of brother by brother the benediction of the God of peace. The strangest inconsistencies cross one another. One is bewildered in a maze of contradictions. What does it all mean? The civilized world stands aghast. Which of us is mad—the civilized world or we? Was Cain but performing a meritorious act in slaying Abel?—Was his sacrifice rendered more acceptable because it was wet with his brother's blood? Is Christianity all wrong? Must we unlearn it and accept the creed of Attila, and of Omar and Alva?

Are we right in what we are doing in America? May there not be some doubt about it?

I do not speak with the voice of this faction or that. I don't echo their watchwords or share their antagonisms.

These things are only the bubbles that float for a minute on the strong current of a nation's history. And to-day, sacred as it is to the memory of him who stood in life on an eminence so high that the gusts and storms of faction, of jealousy and intrigue, roared far below; of him through whose great soul beat the strong pulse of a nation's pride, of a nation's destiny and hopes—to-day for his sake, if not for our own, let us raise our hearts as near as we can to his level and strive to look at events and judge of them as they would have been seen and judged of by him.

Remember, a time will come when all these things will be history.—There will come a future before whose awful censure will surely pass the men and measures of to-day.

Think you, if that future adjudges that we of the North and South, East and West, have been waging this war unjustly, inhumanly, recklessly or without cause; if it turns out that by war the United States shall have been severed, while by negotiation, compromise, reasonable concession, the Union could have been saved—think you history will take count whether it was by Democrats or Republicans the wicked deed was done or permitted? Think you the weight of blame will be nicely adjusted between woolly-heads and copperheads, disunionists and abolitionists?

Not so. On the whole American people—North and South, East and West—on those that commit the wrong and on those that suffer it to be committed; on the actors in this strife and on the lookers-on—on all will fall the damning guilt of the blackest crime against humanity ever committed—of blasting its fairest hopes of rational freedom and desolating the richest inheritance that God has ever granted to man. [Loud applause.]

It is on the whole nation the blame, if blame there be, will fall. Is the nation, North and South, right in this civil war? Is the war just?—is it necessary?—is it likely to lead to any good result to either North or South?

These are questions not set down, I know, in the political catechisms of the day.

In the primer of faction the first interrogatory is: "Are you for a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

To that I answer Yes. Any and every war that ought to be prosecuted ought to be vigorously prosecuted. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. If war must be, let it be prosecuted with every vigor consistent with the laws of war—with humanity and civilization. But indeed it seems to me that no question can be more unnecessary, for there never has been a war, as far as the people of the United States are concerned, in which more vigor and energy have been displayed.

Volunteer armies have sprung up as if by magic—money has been provided by voluntary contributions with a liberality unparalleled in history. If any want of vigor has been exhibited it has been exhibited by the administration, not the people.

All the administration asked from the people they got, and if anything has gone wrong, they, if any, are to blame. It is for the soldiers in the field vigorously to prosecute the war. They are there to fight, and have fought, and will fight, no doubt, when called on. Their duty is to preserve discipline, to be loyal to their flag, to obey and act, not think or hesitate.

We, on the other hand, who are not soldiers, have other duties, and our first duty is to think—to think for these same soldiers and for ourselves. Our duty is to watch our public servants, to canvass public acts, for these acts may influence the fate of ourselves and of our children. To criticize strictly, but justly, making all due allowances, and if it becomes our honest and deliberate conviction that our public servants are acting to the injury of the common weal, then it is our duty to protest against their acts, to discuss them publicly; to hold them up to the light of public opinion, and, if they be unwise, by all constitutional and legal means to oppose them.

Thus, while I have no difficulty in saying that this war and every war should be vigorously carried on while it lasts, it is still quite proper to consider the more important question which lies beyond, whether it is necessary or wise that this war should have been carried on at all. [Applause.]

I leave out of the discussion tonight all question as to the constitutionality or legality of the transactions of the day. I do so because those of our fellow-citizens who are more eager for continuing the war, have invented a source of authority, not granted by either the Constitution or the law, called "the war power," and to this, as far as I can learn, no limits have as yet been assigned, save and except the good pleasure of those in whose hands it happens to be deposited. With these persons any argument founded on the Constitution or the law is of course mere waste of words.

Looking, then, at the matter merely by the light of the plainest principles of interest, I ask to what good end can this civil war now lead the nation, or the partisans of the war either North or South?

I assume that war merely for its own sake is not considered desirable by any one. Peace is the normal and healthy condition of society.

War is disease—of all wars, a civil war is the worst. I do not believe that even the most sanguinary of philanthropists will argue that it is of itself a good thing for the people of America to kill one another.—American money can surely be put to better use than in bombarding American cities or in digging canals to divert from them navigable rivers, or in converting into lakes and swamps, tracts of highly fertile American soil. [Cheers.]

Nay, much as our American fellow-citizens of African descent may shine as warriors, I think it will be admitted that their labor might be more productive in raising cotton, or sugar, or rice, than in learning the goose step, or singing John Brown's hymns, or seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth.— [Laughter and cheers.]

There are no laurels in civil war. There are no laurels to be gathered there. It is a national disgrace, and only admissible when some overruling necessity renders it inevitable.

The cause of quarrel in this instance is of old standing, and is really and in fact in the beginning only between certain of the Southern and certain of the Eastern States.—The Southern States complained that their eastern brethren were bad neighbors, meddling, troublesome, inquisitive, and interfering in the conduct of domestic concerns, over which they could have no conceivable right or control, and they gave repeated warnings that unless that meddling was discontinued they should part company.

The Eastern States, on the other hand, averred that their Southern neighbors were, in fact, in a vicious, God-forsaken condition; that they managed their domestic affairs in a highly disreputable manner; that they (the Easterns) would meddle just as much and whenever they pleased, and that whether their Southern neighbors liked it or not they should mend their ways as instructed, and stay in the Union to the end of time.

Now if the quarrel had been left between these two belligerents, possibly nobody would have been much hurt. But the Eastern people were determined not to let the matter rest there, and so they set to work with admirable adroitness, and by degrees led the North and West into a quarrel, and so it grew from bad to worse, until it flamed out at last in civil war. Let me stop here to pay a tribute to the extraordinary energy of that same New England race.

It calls itself Anglo-Saxon, and perhaps is; but however that may be, it has put forth in this affair a force and ability of intellect and manliness, their way. It is our

present. It thunders from the pulpit. It prevails in the Senate; it has the press under its control. It manufactures everything—boots, arms, shoddy, and public opinion.— (Cheers and laughter.)

It gives its treasure for public purposes with prodigal liberality, and reimburses itself by the shrewdness of its speculations or the immensity of its contracts.

It bids the West and the Middle States go and fight its battles, and they go. It governs the Senate, the army, the navy, the cabinet, the President, and keeps turning the whole dangerous machinery of government round its pliant fingers with a quiet confidence in its own infallibility which would be pleasant to look at if it were not exceedingly alarming. (Loud and continued applause.)

It has now the management of this civil war. What is to be the result of it? As to its objects we are all agreed; honor, east, west, all parties say it is a war for the Union. In order to preserve the Union we are called on to prosecute the war vigorously, and if we can thereby preserve the Union by all means let the war go on. Secession I consider a fatal mistake—a great calamity to the South as well as to the North—and would adopt all honorable and legitimate means to prevent it.

If this Union is divided into two confederacies, I very much fear further division will be found necessary. I don't believe the principle of cohesion exists either in the South or in the North or West.

We have, no doubt, by the severity of our measures, done much to harden and consolidate into one common sentiment of strong aversion to ourselves the jarring elements in the Southern States.

In the North and West, on the other hand, the pressure of the war has not been of a kind to produce any such invigorating effect.

In a word, I fear the great confederation would break into fragments, both in the South and in the North. European intrigues would keep them apart, and utter exhaustion and disgrace be the result. What, then, can be legitimately done to avert this mighty evil ought to be done.

Is war the way to stay it? Can you unite a people by war? By war you can overpower, subjugate, devastate, annihilate; but can you unite? "War for Union" sounds to me like nonsense.

The experiment has been often tried before now, and I know of no case in which it has completely succeeded. Holland tried it in 1830, when Belgium revolted, and Holland failed. Russia is in a state of chronic war for union with Poland. It tries the bayonet, the gallows, the knout, and can't succeed. Austria plays the same game with Venice and Hungary, with what success we all know. Even England and Ireland, for six hundred years, have been vigorously prosecuting a war for union, and I verily believe that they are as far from any real, cordial, reliable union now as they were on the day when they commenced (Loud cheers.)

History is against the experiment—reason revolts at it. By war you repel, not attract or unite. Every battle fought, every town destroyed, every field laid waste, is a drop more in the chalice of bitter memories which make aversion instinctive and eternal.

If this be so—if by war we cannot restore the Union, but rather render it impossible—on what grounds can this war be defended?

But I may be told, by successful war we may be able to conquer the southern people and confiscate and possess the southern land. We can then set the negroes to work for us, and grow cotton, and rice, and sugar for ourselves. That idea is intelligible enough. That, however, is not restoring the Union.

To unite the land, and not the people, is what simple men are in the habit of calling subjugation, and subjugation of a most cruel, barbarous, and inhuman kind. But, even at the best, such subjugation never is complete. Destroy Charleston; destroy Vicksburg; open the Mississippi; break the back of the southern power; trample it under foot, and you will still have to keep it; and for this purpose an army of occupation and a permanent navy, such as would be needed for such service, would be as Washington warns you in his Farewell Address, a permanent danger to the republic. (Great Applause.)

You see what inroads on republican liberty have been made thus far.—But these find men to excuse them on the ground of temporary necessity—the passing exigency of the war. But think of a future, when this necessity shall be continued, the war power permanent.

But some of my friends in the war for the Union party say that we say that I have friends in the war party who are sincere in their belief that I am in mine—they say to me—If you think no good result will

be the result of it? As to its objects we are all agreed; honor, east, west, all parties say it is a war for the Union. In order to preserve the Union we are called on to prosecute the war vigorously, and if we can thereby preserve the Union by all means let the war go on. Secession I consider a fatal mistake—a great calamity to the South as well as to the North—and would adopt all honorable and legitimate means to prevent it.

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In the North and West, on the other hand, the pressure of the war has not been of a kind to produce any such invigorating effect.

In a word, I fear the great confederation would break into fragments, both in the South and in the North. European intrigues would keep them apart, and utter exhaustion and disgrace be the result. What, then, can be legitimately done to avert this mighty evil ought to be done.

Is war the way to stay it? Can you unite a people by war? By war you can overpower, subjugate, devastate, annihilate; but can you unite? "War for Union" sounds to me like nonsense.

The experiment has been often tried before now, and I know of no case in which it has completely succeeded. Holland tried it in 1830, when Belgium revolted, and Holland failed. Russia is in a state of chronic war for union with Poland. It tries the bayonet, the gallows, the knout, and can't succeed. Austria plays the same game with Venice and Hungary, with what success we all know. Even England and Ireland, for six hundred years, have been vigorously prosecuting a war for union, and I verily believe that they are as far from any real, cordial, reliable union now as they were on the day when they commenced (Loud cheers.)

History is against the experiment—reason revolts at it. By war you repel, not attract