

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Why, sir, I am sorry his reading is so limited. I have marched deliberately, treading to the beat of the drum down the great street of the city of New York? Was it not one of the regiments of our brave soldiers? And, as they went, they sang that same terrible song: "John Brown, though his body is in the dust, his soul is marching on;" and the people, by the thousands and ten thousands, with the street and from the balconies and windows with their eyes and tremulous voices joined in the chorus: "Fanaticism is becoming quite general, affecting your regiments of soldiers, as well as the common people, even in the city of New York. The fanatics have gone thus far, they have dared to think and talk and write upon slavery—they have even sung a song—and this is not the only one, but they have gone further: they have dared to print incendiary and seditious documents. Who has impeded trade and subjected the country to an oppressive system of espionage. There stands a Senator, (Mr. Linn) and every man to look at him would think that he was half heart and a good part of the balance brains—he would not hurt anybody, a gentleman, as he is, who, upon being appointed to guard him. I do not wonder at the fact that John Brown, with sixteen white men and two negroes and a cow, held the Congress of Virginia for eight and forty hours, and that he was seized and stripped of his arms and sent them adrift down the Mississippi river on a slab? Who is it that has held northern men in confinement for their unexpressed principle and suspected ideas? Oh! sir, it is only these gentle Southern brethren whose offences never rise higher than trickery. I tell these Senators frankly and plainly, they are the direct advocates of slavery and the indirect apologists of rebels, the principles they have proclaimed are better suited to the traitor Congress in Richmond than to the Senate of Pennsylvania, and if uttered in the former place would call down the applause of the House. The Senator from Berks affirms that he will lift his hand against the government, have no right to protection in person, property or life. Good! truly! I agree with him there. But if these true patriots, have lifted both hands against the Government, have no right to protection as regards property or life, how do you get along with this next declaration that they came on as an armed force, and that the Government should be allowed to come to the aid of the Constitution? The Senator says they have no right to protection either in person, life or property; yet he claims that in the winding up every one of them shall be permitted to come into a national court, and take position behind the Constitution, and plead all its privileges in their favor. I leave him to harmonize it, and it is but one of many contradictions that I commend to his second sober thought. The Senator from Berks puts this question to us very earnestly: "Would it not be terrible to strip these innocent people in the District of Columbia of their property, their hard earnings, invested there in their slaves, and would it not be terrible to strip them of their property?" Mr. Speaker, this State must pay its sixteen million dollars per annum to save the country. Is it not terrible? If we all have to make sacrifices to save the country, ought not slaveholders to be willing to bear their part in the sacrifice? It is terrible for each one of us to have our dollars decimated; but if it is necessary, in order to save the country, very well; and we say to these slave owners: "You, gentlemen, must bear the burden, but rather the Senators on the opposite side; and I am ready to follow them in all their windings upon this question. They affirmed that the great democratic party is the conservator of the Constitution and of the country, and, as usual, they put you and myself, and our associates, upon the defensive. That is the custom, here and elsewhere. We, miserable fanatics, are the ones who have done all the mischief, and, like Milton's sin, we are the ones who have brought all the trouble upon the country. Before the war, in the papers, and everywhere, we must stand upon the defensive. Now, let us reverse that. While we may be accountable for some things, I tell you there is a heavy account that they must square up.

The modern, degenerated Democratic party is the great conservator of the country, is it? The impregnation of patriotism! The embodiment of political wisdom—the very hyperbole of party purity!! What party has for years co-operated with the slaveholders in this country, worked with them, coalesced with them, and faithfully done their bidding? The Democratic party, Mr. Speaker. I do not wish to ridicule any great association of men; but I remember to have seen (and you have seen the same) of this city a small man, in a black coat, with a white cravat, holding a long, black, devil-eyed mongrel hybrid. Mark the drill that follows: Speak! The dog yelps. Lie down! He obeys. Roll over! He hesitates not for dirt. Go lie in the corner! He goes, looking as a subdued, complacent dog only can look. Slavery has for the past twenty-five years treated the Democratic party precisely in this manner. Holding the Presidential office in the hands of a small man, a finger, it has whistled, and that party said, "here am I." It held up the crust, and that party laid down; it said "roll over in the dirt," and the party rolled over; and when it had made sufficient use of the party, it said, "go lie down in the corner." I do not ridicule anybody; but I say that slavery leaders have made the party speak and lie down as they desired. Gentlemen have come here and talked about compromise. Good heavens! Why did they not compromise with their brethren at Charleston when the old craft ground and when they put it into the docks of Baltimore for repair? Why did they not compromise then and not prove me for refusing to compromise now? What did one of their leaders say years ago? Said he: "we, through the influence of slavery at the south and the Democratic party at the north can hold the government; and when the time shall come that we cannot hold it we will separate and destroy it." That is what Calhoun said. Who plundered the treasury? A Democratic agent. Who stole your national arm? A Democratic officer. Who broke the peace in Congress? The national countenance turned pale? Democratic Senators. And, sir, they ought to have hung higher than Haman instead of being allowed to depart, as they were. Who sat in the Presidential chair, tied hand and foot, I admit, and under bond and mortgage—who sat there looking feebly on while the nation, with throbbing heart and quivering energies, appealed to him to nerve himself up and put his foot, like Jackson, upon the treason, but who sat there like the mummied fungus of a tree, with an overhanging power and did nothing—who was it? Democratic President. Who abrogated the Missouri Compromise and alarmed the fears of the millions of the North? The Democratic party. Who turned the fields of Kansas into a sea of blood? The same party. Who throng our national prisons, put in durance vile for social collision with open traitors, members of the same party? Who constitute the rebel army? Democratic brethren, whom the Senator from Berks proposes to restore to full communion and fellowship. And yet, sir, even here, con-

dutes springing up from the relations that exist between them. So, sir, in the relation of families there are obligations, and duties that are poor fellow being by the wayside unable to lift himself upon his feet, from the relation that exists between you and him as members of the same great human family, you are bound to administer to his wants even if there was no law, human or divine, requiring it. Justice, truth and virtue are everlasting principles that spring from the relation of things. Human laws and human constitutions are supposed to embody these eternal principles; and when they do embody them and are in harmony with them then they are legal and morally obligatory, but when they contravene these prior principles they are per se null and void. If the law of God and nature demand a thing and the law of the land prohibits it, the law of God and nature is paramount. If the Almighty commands a thing, and the Constitution forbids it, I say God's law first—and I am neither a fanatic or a traitor. Now, mark, sir; I believe the Constitution of this country, rightly interpreted, is the embodiment of the everlasting principles of liberty, truth, justice and right; and when I swear to maintain it, I swear to maintain the principles that the great Creator has ordained of old. But I follow this abstract principle a little farther. I did not come here to preach, although probably there are as great sinners here as anywhere. Now, sir, how does the Senator's doctrine operate? Let me look at it! You observe he did not confine himself to the Constitution merely; he was battling this "higher law" principle that has been hissed at and hawked at. How does his position strike in certain directions? Whom does it affect practically? The old Statesman Daniel was prohibited by the Constitution of the country from praying. You recollect the history. He faced the Constitution of the realm, threw up his window, prayed to God and took the consequences. Was he a fanatic or a traitor? You remember when the image was reared by legal authority, and every man commanded to fall down and worship it, there were three men who stood erect and said "God first and kings afterwards." They were thrown into a fiery furnace, but the form of the fourth was with them, and there was not so much as a hair of fire upon their garments. Were they fanatics or traitors? The Apostles were sent forth alone and single handed to do battle against the world. No kingly smiles illumed their path way; no royal patronage attended their progress; without titles, moneyless and friendless, their rule of duty, their hope and heritage was this: "Go preach. Lo! I am with you!" The authority of the land forbade them, under penalty of death, and their calm reply was, "Judge ye whether it is right to obey God or man." They acknowledged a higher law, and they were fanatics or traitors? How would you have held on to the land, when he woke up, ran against the Greek Testament, and found that the church and the world were all astray? He lifted the trumpet to his lips and blew a blast that shook all Europe; the Vatican quivered and the Pope cowered. The legal authorities commanded him to desist; but his reply was, "I shall go to the Diet of Worms, though there stood in my way as many devils as there are tiles on the house tops." And he went. Was he a fanatic or a traitor? Old Boyan, the eloquent speaker, was forbidden by the great nation of England to do what was as abhorred and absolutely right—prohibited to preach the Gospel to the poor. He refused compliance, went to jail, lay there twelve years, and during these years wrote a work that adds more to the glory of England to-day than the martial conquests of any king that ever sat upon her throne. He bowed to the supremacy of a higher law. Poor old limner Pilgrim's Progress! Though the good and the great honor him now—though his native land, in spite of the pyramids; its footprints are upon the sands of the Nile. Modern sophists may sneer at it, but ages since the "ancient of days" flung before its redeemed hosts the banner of fire and cloud, and constrained the waves of the sea to beat a retreat at their approach. The history of emancipation constitutes a bright page in the annals of England. For twenty long years such men as Wilberforce and Clarkson labored assiduously for the suppression of the slave trade and the abolition of slavery itself. They were derided and hissed at. Never flinching, they warred not, but poured the truth upon the nation's frozen heart, as fall the sun's rays upon the glacier, till icy selfishness and prejudice melted into streams of justice and mercy, affording a fit illustration of the great fact that:

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