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STAR OF THE NORTH

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BRECKINRIDGE, LANE AND FOSTER.
 TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."
 Father and I went down to see
 The Chicago Convention,
 And then we saw more mimicry
 That it would do to mention.
 Chorus—With Breckinridge to take the lead,
 And General Lane to help on,
 Our numerous loaves we will oppose,
 As in the days of Jackson.
 The friends of William, King of York,
 Were there, quite confidential,
 Brains were much needed by the crowd,
 But could not claim attention.
 Old "Wigwag," the great Financier,
 Had many good advisers,
 Who found at last, without a tear,
 He was 'mong the outsiders.
 Knowledge is Power, and Gold is God,
 So says the ancient maxim.
 But both here on a rail were rode
 In spite of this good axiom.
 The friends of "Honest Uncle Abe,"
 Had the records bent o'erhauling,
 And found, by making a grand strike,
 They could give their foes a mauling.
 So we may talk just as we choose
 About qualifications,
 If mauling rails or towing boats
 Makes rulers for great nations.
 Our friends have met in Baltimore,
 And made their nomination,
 And Breckinridge, of Kentucky,
 Received their approbation.
 The Squatter King should join us,
 Against the nation's freemen,
 Instead of kicking up a fuss
 'Bout niggers 'mongst our Yeomen.
 The Lane is long which has no turn,
 And though loaves beset us fiercely,
 He'll Foster principles that live,
 And march straight on to victory.
 With Breckinridge to take the lead,
 And General Lane to help on,
 Our numerous loaves we will oppose
 As in the days of Jackson.
 —Philadelphia Argus.

ADDRESS
 Of the President of the U. S. to the Friends of
 BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.
 The great ratification meeting of July 9th, having adjourned to the Executive Mansion, and paid their respects to the Chief Magistrate, Mr. Buchanan appeared and spoke as follows:
 Friends and Fellow-citizens:—I thank you from my heart for the honor of this visit. I cordially congratulate you on the preference which you have expressed for Major Breckinridge and General Lane, as candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States over all competitors. [Applause.] They are men whose names are known to the country; they need no eulogy from me. They have served their country in peace and in war. They are statesmen as well as soldiers, and in the day and hour of danger they will ever be at their post.—They are conservative men; and in the course of their administration they will be equally just to the North and to the South, to the East and to the West. [Applause.] Above all, and first of all, they are friends of the Constitution and the Union. [Cheers.] and they will stand by them to the death. [Renewed cheers.] But we ought not to forget that they are also friends to the equality of the sovereign States of this Union in the common Territories of the country. [Cries of "Good!"] They will maintain that principle, which should receive the cordial approbation of us all. Equality is equity. Every citizen of the United States is equal before the Constitution and the laws; and why should not the equality of the sovereign States composing this Union be held in like reverence? This is good democratic doctrine. Liberty and equality are the birthright of every American citizen; and just as certainly as the day succeeds the night so certain will this principle of democratic justice eventually prevail over all opposition. [Cheers.] But, before I speak further upon this subject—and I shall not detain you very long—I wish to remove one stumbling block out of the way.
 I have ever been the friend of regular nominations. I have never struck a political ticket in my life. Now, was there anything done at Baltimore to bind the political conscience of any sound Democrat, or to prevent him from supporting Breckinridge and Lane? ["No! No!"] I was contemporary with the abandonment of the old Congressional convention or caucus. This occurred a long time ago; very few, if any, of you remember it. Under the old Congressional convention system, no person was admitted to a seat except the Democratic members of the Senate and House of Representatives. This rule rendered it absolutely certain that the nominee, whoever he might be, would be sustained at the election of the Democratic States of the Union. By this means it was rendered impossible that those States which could not give an electoral vote for the candidate when nominated should control the nomination and dictate to the Democratic States who should be their nominee. This system was abandoned—whether

wisely or not I shall express no opinion.—The National Convention was substituted in its stead. All the States, whether Democratic or not, were equally to send delegates to this convention according to the number of their Senators and Representatives in Congress.
 A difficulty at once arose which never could have arisen under the Congressional convention system. If a bare majority of the National convention thus composed could nominate a candidate, he might be nominated mainly by the anti-Democratic States against the will of a large majority of the Democratic States. Thus the nominating power would be separated from the electing power, which could not fail to be destructive to the strength and harmony of the Democratic party.
 To obviate this serious difficulty in the organization of a National convention, and at the same time to leave all the States their full vote, the two thirds rule was adopted. It was believed that under this rule no candidate could ever be nominated without embracing within the two thirds the votes of a decided majority of the Democratic States. This was the substitute adopted to retain, at least in a great degree, the power to the Democratic States which they would have lost by abandoning the Congressional convention system. This rule was a main pillar in the edifice of National conventions. Remove it, and the whole must become a ruin. This sustaining pillar was broken to pieces at Baltimore, by the convention which nominated Mr. Douglas. After this the body was no longer a National convention; and no Democrat, however devoted to regular nominations, was bound to give the nominee his support; he was left free to act according to the dictates of his own judgment and conscience. And here, in passing, I may observe that the wisdom of the two-thirds rule is justified by the events passing around us. Had it been faithfully observed no candidate could have been nominated against the will and wishes of almost every certain Democratic State in the Union, against nearly all the Democratic Senators and more than three-fourths of the Democratic representatives in Congress.—[Cheers.]
 I purposely avoid entering upon any discussion respecting the exclusion from the Convention of regularly-elected delegates from the different Democratic States. If the convention which nominated Mr. Douglas is in the same condition in that respect. The convention that nominated him, although it was composed of nearly all the certain Democratic States, did not contain the two-thirds; and therefore every Democrat is at perfect liberty to vote as he thinks proper, without running counter to any regular nomination of the party. [Applause, and cries of "three cheers for Breckinridge and Lane." Holding this position, I shall present some of the reasons why I prefer Mr. Breckinridge to Mr. Douglas. This I shall do without attempting to interfere with any individual Democrat or any State Democratic organization holding different opinions from myself. The main object of all good Democrats, whether belonging to the one or the other wing of our unfortunate division, is to defeat the election of the Republican candidates; and I shall never oppose any honest and honorable course calculated to accomplish this object.
 To return to the point from which I have digressed, I am in favor of Mr. Breckinridge, because he sanctions and sustains the perfect equality of all the States within their common Territories, and the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States establishing this equality. The sovereign States of this Union are one vast partnership.—The Territories were acquired by the common blood and common treasure of them all. Each State, and each citizen of each State, has the same right in the Territories as any other State and the citizens of any other State possess. Now, what is sought for the present is, that a portion of these States should turn around to their sister States and say, "We are holier than you are, and while we take our property to the Territories and have it protected there, you shall not place your property in the same position." That is precisely what is contended for. What the Democratic party maintain, and what is the true principle of Democracy, is, that all shall enjoy the same right, and that all shall be subject to the same duties. Property—this Government was framed for the protection of life, liberty and property. They are the objects for the protection of which all enlightened governments were established. But it is sought now to place the property of the citizen, under what is called the principle of squatter sovereignty, in the power of the Territorial Legislature to confiscate it at their will and pleasure. That is the principle sought to be established at present; and there seems to be an entire mistake and misunderstanding among a portion of the public upon this subject. When was property ever subjected to the will of the majority?—"Never." If you hold property as an individual you hold it independent of Congress or of the State Legislature, or of the Territorial Legislature—it is yours; and your Constitution was made to protect your private property against the assaults of legislative power. [Cheers.] Well, now, any set of principles which will deprive you of your property is against the very essence of republican government, and to that extent makes you a slave; for the man who has power over your property to confiscate it has power over your means of subsistence;

and yet it is contended that although the Constitution of the United States confers no such power—although no State Legislature has any such power, yet a Territorial Legislature, in the remote extremities of the country, can confiscate your property!
 [A voice.] "They can't do it; they ain't going to do it."
 There is but one mode, and one alone, to abolish slavery in the Territories. That mode is pointed out in the Cincinnati platform, which has been as much misrepresented as anything I have ever known.—That platform declares that a majority of the actual residents in a Territory, whenever their number is sufficient to entitle them to admission as a State, possess the power "to form a Constitution with or without domestic slavery, to be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States." If there be squatter sovereignty in this resolution I have never been able to perceive it. If there be any reference in it to a Territorial Legislature it has entirely escaped my notice. It presents the clear principle that at the time the people form their Constitution, they shall then decide whether they will have slavery or not. And yet it has been stated over and over again that, in accepting the nomination under that platform, I endorsed the doctrine of squatter sovereignty. I suppose you have all heard this repeated a thousand times.
 [A voice.] "We all knew it was a lie!"
 Well, I am glad you did.
 How beautifully this plain principle of Constitutional law corresponds with the best interests of the people! Under it, emigrants from the North and the South, from the East and the West, proceed to the Territories. They carry with them that property which they suppose will best promote their material interests; they live together in peace and harmony. The question of slavery will become a foregone conclusion before they have inhabitants enough to enter the Union as a State. There will then be no "bleeding Kansas" in the Territories; they will all live together in peace and harmony, promoting the prosperity of the Territory and their own prosperity, until the time shall arrive when it becomes necessary to frame a Constitution. Then the whole question will be decided to the general satisfaction. But, upon the opposite principle, what will you find in the Territories? Why, there will be strife and contention all the time. One Territorial Legislature may establish slavery and another Territorial Legislature may abolish it, and so the struggle will be continued throughout the Territorial existence. The people, instead of devoting their energies and industry to promote their own prosperity, will be in a state of constant strife and turmoil, just as we have witnessed in Kansas. Therefore, there is no possible principle that can be so injurious to the best interests of a Territory as what has been called squatter sovereignty.
 Now let me place the subject before you in another point of view. The people of the Southern States can never abandon this great principle of State equality in the Union without self-degradation. ["Never!"] Never without an acknowledgment that they are inferior in this respect to their sister States. Whilst it is vital to them to preserve their equality, the Northern States surrender nothing by admitting this principle. In doing this they only yield obedience to the Constitution of their country as expounded by the Supreme Court of the United States. While for the North it is comparatively a mere abstraction, with the South it is a question of co-equal State sovereignty in the Union.
 If the decrees of the high tribunal established by the Constitution for the very purpose are to be set at naught and disregarded it will tend to render all property of every description insecure. What, then, have the North to do? Merely to say that, as good citizens, they will yield obedience to the decision of the Supreme Court, and admit the right of a Southern man to take his property into the Territories, and hold it there, just as a Northern man may do; and it is to me the most extraordinary thing in the world that this country should now be distracted and divided, because certain persons at the North will not agree that their brethren at the South shall have the same rights in the Territories which they enjoy. What would I, as a Pennsylvanian, say or do, supposing anybody was to contend that the Legislature of any Territory could outlaw iron and coal within the Territory? [Laughter and cheers.] The principle is precisely the same. The Supreme Court of the United States have decided—what was known to us all to have been the existing state of affairs for fifty years—that slaves are property. Admit that fact, and you admit everything. Then that property in the Territories must be protected precisely in the same manner with any other property. If it be not so protected in the Territories, the holders of it are degraded before the world.
 We have been told that non-intervention on the part of Congress with slavery in the Territories is the true policy. Very well. I most cheerfully admit that Congress has no right to pass any law to establish, impair, or abolish slavery in the Territories. Let this principle of non-intervention be extended to the Territorial Legislatures, and let it be declared that they in like manner have no power to establish, impair, or destroy slavery, and then the controversy is in effect ended. This is all that is required at present, and I verily believe all that will ever be required. Hands off by Congress

and hands off by the Territorial Legislature. [Loud applause.] With the Supreme Court of the United States I hold that neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislature has any power to establish, impair, or abolish slavery in the Territories. But if, in the face of this positive prohibition, the Territorial Legislature should exercise the power of intervening, then this would be a mere transfer of the Wilmot proviso and the Buffalo platform from Congress, to be carried into execution in the Territories to the destruction of all property in slaves. [Renewed applause.]
 An attempt of this kind, if made in Congress, would be resisted by able men on the floor of both Houses, and probably defeated. Not so in a remote Territory. To every new Territory there will be a rush of Free Soilers from the Northern States. They would elect the first Territorial Legislature before the people of the South could arrive with their property, and this Legislature would probably settle forever the question of slavery according to their own will.
 And shall we for the sake of squatter sovereignty, which, from its nature, can only continue during the brief period of Territorial existence, incur the risk of dividing the great Democratic party of the country into two sectional parties, the one North and the other South? Shall this great party which has governed the country in peace and war, which has raised it from humble beginnings to be one of the most prosperous and powerful nations in the world—shall this party be broken up for such a cause? That is the question. The numerous, powerful, pious and respectable Methodist Church has thus been divided.—The division was a severe shock to the Union. A similar division of the great Democratic party, should it continue, would rend assunder one of the most powerful links which bind the Union together.
 I entertained no such fearful apprehensions. The present issue is transitory, and will speedily pass away. In the nature of things it cannot continue. There is but one possible contingency which can endanger the Union; and against this all Democrats, whether squatter sovereigns or popular sovereigns, will present a united resistance.—Should the time ever arrive when Northern agitation and fanaticism shall proceed so far as to render the domestic firesides of the South insecure, then and not till then will the Union be in danger. A united Northern Democracy will present a wall of fire against such a catastrophe!
 There are in our midst numerous persons who predict the dissolution of the great Democratic party, and others who contend that it has already been dissolved. The wish is father to the thought. It has been heretofore in great peril; but when divided for the moment, it has always closed up its ranks and become more powerful, even from defeat. It will never die whilst the Constitution and the Union survive. It will live to protect and defend both. It has its roots in the very vitals of the Constitution, and like one of the ancient cedars of Lebanon, it will flourish to afford shelter and protection to that sacred instrument, and to shield it against every storm of faction. [Renewed applause.]
 Now, friends and fellow-citizens it is probable that this is the last political speech that I shall ever make. [A voice.] "We hope not!" It is now nearly forty years since I first came to Washington as a member of Congress, and I wish to say this night that during the whole period I have received nothing but kindness and attention from your fathers and from yourselves.—Washington was then comparatively a small town; now it has grown to be a great and beautiful city; and the first wish of my heart is that its citizens may enjoy uninterrupted health and prosperity. I thank you for the kind attention you have paid to me, and now bid you all a good night. [Prolonged cheering.]
 THE BROKER AND HIS CLIENT.—One of the leading brokers of New York had a young man in his employ. The vast amount of money in his hands was a great temptation to him. Small sums were missed day after day; a quarter once then fifty cents, then one dollar, then two dollars were missed.—He was charged with speculation. The broker showed him how he could detect the abstraction of the smallest sum of money; the young man stammered and confessed.—"Now, said the broker, 'I shall not discharge, I shall not dishonor you. I intend to keep you, and make a man of you. You will be a vagabond if you go along in this way. Now let me see no more of this.'—He went to his work. He not disappoint confidence. He did honor to the employe; and the other day he was inducted into one of our banks in an honorable position, and his employer became his bondsman to the amount of \$10,000.
 Had he conducted as some would have done—sent the boy away, proclaimed his dishonor—perhaps he would have ended his days in the States Prison, and been sent to his tomb in the garb of a convict. But a young man was rescued from ruin who had been placed amid the temptation of money, and for a moment was overcome.
 IRISH WIT.—A Roman Catholic peasant boy in Ireland is reported to have listened attentively to a priest earnestly denouncing the "revival," and warning the people against it as the work of the devil.
 "Ah! thin, your reverence," replied the lad, "it must be a new devil, for that's not the old devil used to make the people behave themselves.

OUR CHILDHOOD.
 BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.
 'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
 To the soft winds gentle swell,
 And think we hear the music
 Our childhood knew so well;
 To gaze out on the even
 And the boundless fields of air,
 And feel again our boyish wish
 To be like angels there!
 There are many dreams of gladness
 That cling around the past—
 And from the tomb of feeling
 Old thoughts come throbbing fast—
 The form we love so dearly,
 In the happy days now gone,
 The beautiful and lovely,
 So fair to look upon.
 Those bright and lovely maidens
 Who seemed so formed for bliss,
 Too glorious and too heavenly
 For such a world as this!
 Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
 In a sea of light and life,
 And whose locks of gold seem'd streaming
 O'er brows so sunny bright.
 Whose smiles were like the sunshine
 In the spring time of the year—
 Like the changeful gleams of April,
 They followed every tear!
 They have passed—like hope—away—
 All their loveliness has fled—
 Oh! many a heart is mourning
 That they are with the dead.
 And yet—the thought is saddening
 To muse on such as they—
 And feel that all the beautiful
 Are passing fast away;
 That the fair ones whom we love,
 Grow to each loving breast,
 Like tendrils of the clinging vine,
 Then perish where they rest.
 And can we but think of these
 In the soft and gentle Spring,
 When the trees are waving o'er us,
 And the flowers are blossoming!
 For we know that Winter's coming,
 With his cold and stormy sky—
 And the glorious beauty 'round us,
 Is blooming but to die?
 A RARE CHANCE FOR EDITORS.—The proprietors of "Our Home," a Water Cure, located Dansville, Livingston county, N. Y., kept by Dr. Jackson, formerly of Glen Haven, publish through the Herald of that place an invitation to all editors of newspapers throughout the United States who are sick, to become their guests without charge, for three months, to take a course of treatment for that time. It says: "Those of you who are addicted to the use of Tobacco, Ardent spirits, Drug poisons, Tea, Coffee, or Opium, and would like to be relieved from your dependence on them, to you we extend this invitation."
 WALK OF LIFE.—We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast jaded, mangled, and chilled.
 A HARD NAME.—A man named Stone exclaimed in a bar-room, "I'll bet I have the hardest name in the company." "Done," said one of the company, "what's your name?" "Stone," cried the first. "Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."
 A COUNTRY PARSON was addicted to using the phrase, "I flatter myself," instead of "I believe." Having occasion to exhort his congregation, during a revival, he "flattered" that more than one half of them would be damned.
 AN INHUMAN ORDER.—A captain of a rifle company, out west, was guilty of an unheard-of piece of barbarity on one very cold day recently. He actually marched his men to the very brink of the canal, and then coolly commanded them to "fall in."
 A PERSON asked another if tolling a bell didn't put him in mind of his latter end. He replied (knowing that his innkeeper was a man of more than question morals,) "No, sir; but the rope reminds me of yours."
 AN INCORRIGIBLE wag, who lent his minister a horse, who ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he should have some credit for his aid in "spreading the gospel."
 THE following notice might have been seen some time ago stuck up in corset-maker's shop in Glasgow: "All sorts of ladies stays here."
 MANY beautiful women, when walking on the street, seem to be very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.
 Two girls, cousins, aged 15 and 16, hung themselves in Jackson county, Iowa, recently, on account of loving the same man.
 THE Chinese picture of ambition is "a Mandarin trying to catch a comet, by putting salt on his tail."
 PICTURE OF DESPAIR.—A poor pig with his nose through a garden fence, almost touching a cabbage stalk.
 PERSONS most surely rise to eloquence not by distinction, but by seeking a worthy end.
 CULTIVATE true sentiments, and good manners will suggest themselves.

The wife of John Adams.
 In a few weeks the proclamation reached the colonies at several ports. Abigail Smith, the wife of John Adams, was at the time in her home near the foot of Penn Hill, charged with the sole care of their little brood of children; managing the farm; keeping house with frugality, though opening her doors to the houseless and giving with a good will a part of her scant portion to the poor; seeking work for her own hands, and ever busily occupied, now at the spinning wheel, now making amends for having never been sent to school by learning French, though with the aid of books alone. Since the departure of her husband for Congress, the arrow of death had sped near her by day, and the pestilence that walks in darkness had entered her humble mansion; she herself was still weak after a violent illness; her house was a hospital in every part; and such was the distress of the neighborhood, she could hardly find a well person to assist in looking after the sick. Her youngest son had been rescued from the grave by her nursing; her own mother had been taken away, and, after the austere manner of her forefathers, buried without prayer. Woe followed woe, and one affliction trod on the heels of another. Winter was hurrying on; during the day family affairs took off her attention, but her long evenings, broken by the sound of the storm on the ocean, or the enemy's artillery at Boston, were lonesome and melancholy. Ever in the silent night remaining on the love and tenderness of her departed parent; she needed the consolation of her husband's presence; but when, in November, she read the King's proclamation, she willingly gave up her nearest friend exclusively to his perilous duties, and sent him her cheering message: "This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one; I could not join to day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent State, and tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and, instead of supplications, as formerly for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their councils and bring to nought all their devices."
 —George Bancroft.
 THE SAILOR'S LETTER.—A Sailor writing to his mother, gave the following account of a storm:
 "We have been driven into the Bay of Pundy by a pampoose right in the teeth—It blewed great guns, and carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and companion; the captain lost his quadrant and could not take an observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived safe at Halifax!"
 The old woman who could not read herself, got a neighbor to repeat it to her three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart, she then sallied out to tell the story.
 "Oh, my poor son!"
 "Why, what's the matter—he's not lost?"
 "He's a sympathizing friend."
 "O, thank God, he's safe, but he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right into the teeth—it blewed great guns, and they carried away the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjunction, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived at Hallelujah."
 A WAG thus plays upon the names of some of the United States Senators:
 A Senator of metal—Bell.
 A shining Senator—Bright.
 A verdant Senator—Green.
 A greasy Senator—Chandler.
 A depilions Senator—Wigfall.
 A lazy Senator—Doolittle.
 A healthy Senator—Hoals.
 A grave Senator—Tombs.
 A royal Senator—King.
 A brick of a Senator—Mason.
 Sporting Senators—Hunter and Chase.
 A pious Senator—Pugh.
 A provisional Senator—Rice.
 A colored Senator—Brown.
 A lowly Senator—Foot.
 An old "salt"—Seward.
 A hard nut for Summer to crack—Chestnut.
 A Good Dog.—A Worthy Dutchman sued his neighbor, a "gentleman from Erin," for killing his dog. In the course of his examination, the Dutchman being asked what was the value of his dog replied, "Ash for ter dog, he vos wort shust robbing at all; but Ash Pat vos so mean ash to kill him, py tam, I make him pay de full value of him."
 ANOTHER METEOR.—Another brilliant meteor passed through the heavens on Monday evening of last week, between seven and eight o'clock. Its course was nearly from east to west.
 The rose has its thorns, the diamond its specks, and the best man his failings.
 TO-MORROW is the day on which lazy people work and fools reform.
 WHY is a fool like a needle? Because he has an eye but no head.
 DID the horseman who "scoured the plain" use soap?
 IF you want to keep your health, don't

The Destiny of this Republic.
 BY JUDGE STORY.
 When we reflect on what has been and what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts!—What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence!
 The old world has already revealed to us in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece! lovely Greece! "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics, in fair processions, chanted the praise of liberty and the good—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her.—Her sons were united at Thermopylae and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions.—Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun—where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the parts won by destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A mortal disease was upon her before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate-chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, and swarms of the north; completed only what was begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute money.
 And where are the republics of modern times, and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but guarantees of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their strength.—The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained. When the invader comes; he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path.—The peasantry sink before him.—The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for a valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side, to check the whetstone of ambition. And Switzerland remains, with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.
 We stand the latest, and, if we fall, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constitutions never have been enfeebled by the vice or the luxuries of the world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning, simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free—knowledge reaches or may reach every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created!
 Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and suffered the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north, and moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lesson of her better days.
 Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruin is, "They were, but they are no!" Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven!
 I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion; resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.
 I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of her offspring, to teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never forsake her.
 I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are—whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of our