

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 10 1859.

NUMBER 26.

For the "Star and Banner."

My Two Friends.

Youthful ties join them together,
And one faith, which looks above
To a Father, Friend and Brother,
Ties them in the bonds of love.
Fond recollections still are blending
With their hopes so deep and broad;
Prayers for each from each ascending,
Go together up to God.
Mutual joys and tears are even
As the sunshine and the dew,
Which will make the plants of heaven
Blossom here to bloom anew.
Together let them sing that song—
That new song full of love;
That they may still the time prolong
When they have met above.
Duty calls—she would remind me
That I cannot linger here;
I must go—must leave behind me
No ancestor but a tear.
I ask no sigh, I ask no sorrow,
When I say the last farewell,
Life's a day, and on the morrow
We may meet where angels dwell.
I ask not that my name be spoken
When they mingle with the gay;
But when silence is unbroken,
At the closing of the day—
In the twilight hour of even,
When the first lone star they see,
If their thoughts go up to heaven
I would have them pray for me.

To Endure.

There is a world of significance and of triumph in this little verse. The elements of all true worth, moral progress and virtue are contained in it. It is life's first great lesson, the comprehension of which furnishes the key of all other knowledge. It has been beautifully said:

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to do that which is right,
To give to the world the best we can,
That is our duty.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to rest!

The world's long history is luminous with the exemplifications of the might of this unambitious but sterling, steadfast virtue. The impulse of zeal, or the energy of will, may be sufficient for the execution of a single great deed. Few men there are who have not, at some time in their lives, had purposes and impulses which, if they could have been made permanent, would have made them heroes.—To resolve is easy; but to remain resolved—to endure the ordeal through which every noble purpose must pass—to transmute the energy of the momentary volition into the unalterable course and current of the soul—this is the stamp and the achievement of only true moral heroism. It may be the world knows it not—the world knows but little of the realities of things; but the recording pen of Truth will trace the lineaments of greatness and goodness in the history of the man who endures, rather than of the man who dares.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And though you know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and to be strong.

Yet endurance is a modest virtue, within the reach of all. All men may be heroes, but all can learn patience and endurance. The weakest of our race may here take rank among the foremost. The trials of woman are seldom chronicled by the historian, or sung by the poet; yet they often have the elements of the true sublime. In silence—oft-times in solitude—unseen trials and evils, for which there is neither solace nor cure, are met with a patience that bespeaks the loftiest traits of human nature. It is peculiarly the virtue of the poor; poverty calls for it and nourishes it; and in the "short and simple annals of the poor," are often to be found the exhibitions of the highest virtues. Happy are they who bury their own sorrows, in the depth of their own souls, and open their hearts to the sorrows of others; who, having learned patience through suffering, can sympathize with and console the wretched and the erring.

DON'T STAND ON THE TRACK.—"The train," says a railroad Gazette, "may steal suddenly upon you, and then a little tripping, a slight mis-step, a slip of the foot, and we shudder to think of your crushed and bleeding body." So it is in the journey of life; perils are around you on every hand. Don't stand in their path and defy them; don't stand in their path and disregard them. Perhaps you now and then take a little intoxicating drink. My friend, if so, you are "standing on the track," while the car of retribution comes thundering on—moving in a right line—approaching with steady and rapid wheels. Will it not bear down and crush you?—Perhaps you spend an occasional evening with a party of friends, amusing yourselves with cards or dice, staking small sums to make the game interesting. My friend, you are "standing on the track." Thousands have stood there and perished.—Don't wait to hear the rattling of the rushing wheels, but stand on the track. At a safe distance, stand and view the wrecks which your ponderous train will spread before you. Look well to the ground on which you plant your feet, and forget not for those many days, our parting words, "Don't stand on the track."

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another.

Two kinds of Riches.

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long in the fire and was silent.—Then, as the deep thought began to pass away, his eye grew bright, and he spoke:—"Mother, I wish to be rich."
"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?"
And the child said, "because every one praises the rich. Every one enquires after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say well his lessons. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children blame him not, for they say he is a wealthy boy."
The mother saw that her child was in danger of believing wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause them to be held in honor who lead unworthy lives.

So she asked him, "What is it to be rich." And he answered "I do not know." Yet tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me!"

The mother replied:—"To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man." Then the boy looked sorrowful, and said: "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, the gain of money is not the only nor true wealth. Fires may burn it down, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber make it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth like that of the way-side beggar, without a garment. There is another kind of riches, which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but have the praise of God.

"Then," said the boy, "may I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?"
The mother laid her hand upon his little head and said:—"To-day, if ye will hear His voice; for He hath promised that those who seek early shall find it."

And the child said, "Teach me how I may be rich before God."
Then she looked tenderly on him, and said, "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that in your heart you may love the dear Saviour and trust in him.—Obey his word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom of heaven."

Eastern and American Women.

The National Intelligencer is publishing a series of letters from a citizen of Washington, who is travelling in the Old World. In his last letter he thus compares the women with those of his own country:—"In my rambles in the village of Balbe, I was struck with the beauty of the children, and the extreme youthfulness of some of the Arab mothers. I saw several young females, not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, with babies in their arms, evidently their own; and I was told that it was quite common throughout Syria. Many of the women were very beautiful—much more so I think than either the Circassian or Turkish women. It was quite enchanting, their fine complexion, dark eye-brows, and flashing eyes; and for regularity and delicacy of features, I have seldom seen them equalled, except in other parts of Syria. In Nazareth I saw some of the best formed and most beautiful women I had ever seen in any country; I believe it is noted as much for the beauty of its female population among tourists, as for its historical interests; but at no place did I see what I really thought approached the perfection of beauty in so high a degree as in Bethlehem. The women of Bethlehem are absolutely bewitching. I never saw such perfect profiles, such eyes and eyebrows, and such delicate little hands and feet. Not that I mean to say that they have all the higher attributes of beauty our own fair countrywomen, for that would be sacrilege! There is nothing in the East, or in Europe either, or any where else that I have ever visited, to compare with the ladies of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.—Talk of Parisian beauties! Lively and vivacious they are, to be sure; but not dignified, not quietly, not gentle and modest. Talk of English beauties! Grand enough, fair, but not graceful, and stiff as buxum. Italian beauties; dark, dull, and greasy. German, fat and florid; Turkish, tall and buttery; all well enough in their way; but, Marshalla! it won't do to mention them in the same breath with American beauties!"

How many fine hats serve as covers for worthless heads, and how many plaited bosoms cover a hollow cavern where a heart should be lodged.

The glitter of riches often serves to draw attention to the worthlessness of the possessor, as the light emitted by the glow-worm reveals the insect.

"The Old Folks at Home"

BY E. P. CHRISTY.

Way down upon the Swannay river,
Far, far away—
Dah! who my heart is turning over,
Dah who do old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sally I roam—
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.
All the world an sad and dreary
Every where I roam—
Oh, darkey, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.
All round the little farm I wandered,
When I was young—
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many do songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I—
Oh take me to my kind old mudder,
Dah let me live and die!
All the world an sad and dreary,
Every where I roam—
Oh, darkey, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.
One little hut among the bushes,
And a tree I love—
Still fondly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I hear the bees a humming,
All among de comb—
When will the breeze the banjo trumming,
Down in my good old home!
All the world an sad and dreary,
Every where I roam—
Oh, darkey, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

TAINT LIKE.—An old certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like it's the very picture of him." An old farmer only dissented. "Taint like?" he exclaimed everybody; "just show us where in 'taint like?" "Taint, no! 'taint," responded the farmer, "don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket? It would be as like again if he had it in some body else's."

QUEER MARRIAGE RELATIONSHIP.

We have been informed by an intelligent resident of Western Virginia, that there resides near him a man about 30 years of age, whose matrimonial history is as follows: When he was child his father died. His mother soon married a very young man, and died. His step-father, but 19 years older than himself, married a young wife and died, when our hero married his step-mother.—Washington News.

When Oliver Cromwell first coined half-crowns, an old soldier, looking at one of them, read this inscription:—"God with us," on one side, and the "Commonwealth of England" on the other side. "I see," said he, "that God and the Commonwealth are on opposite sides."

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME SWEET HOME."

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in noticing the death of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," pays the following tribute to the author of the song:

"The little song that he has bequeathed to his countrymen, gives him a full assurance of an immortality, honored and gratefully. It has been sung with simple and rude earnestness in the humblest hovels; and at the time the news of his death was received, Tripler Hall was echoing its beautiful language, as it fell from the lips of the world's best singer. It is a priceless gem of song. Everybody knows it, everybody has been soothed by it at home, and has wept over its sweet suggestions when abroad. It is forever associated with the dearest spot on earth, and is enshrined in every heart, while it links the author's name by golden chains to all futurity."

Souls—Not Stations.

Who shall judge a man from manner?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes;
Princes fit for something else.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May be clothed the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.
There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls not dresses,
Loves and prospers who are me,
While he values those the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

The following choice morsel, of an editor's selection in the South-West, to entertain his reader, is given to the *Home Journal*, as a characteristic of Western country poetry:

"Give me a kiss, my charming Sal!
A lover once said to his blue eyed gal,
"I won't" said she, "you saucy elf,
Scrup your lips and help yourself."
"When we hear," says the Boston Post,
"men and women speak lightly of the indelible part of the community, we feel just like tracing back their genealogy.—We have done so in several instances, and you would be surprised at what we learned. The most aristocratic man of our acquaintance is the grandson of a fiddler; the proudest woman, the daughter of a washerwoman."

An Irishwoman, who kept a little grocery, being brought to her death-bed, called on the point of breathing her last, when her husband to her bedside.
"Jamie, there's Missus Maloney, she owes me six shillings," said she faintly.
"Oh! Biddy, darlint, ye're sinnable to the last," exclaimed the husband.
"Yis, dear, and there's Missus McCraw, I owe a dollar."
"Oh! I be jabbers, ye're as foolish as iver."

SPEECH OF JUDGE CONRAD,

AT HARRISBURG.

I am proud of my native State for many things—for her patriotism and power—for her glorious past, and her mighty future—but for nothing more than for her honest gratitude to our national benefactors, from Washington down to Scott; and it is with no ordinary exultation, therefore, that I greet and congratulate you on this proof that the sons of the Keystone are as ready to reward great deeds as to achieve them; and that, if the bosom of her hills has iron for our country's foes, their brows are rich, in laurels for her champions.

Behold I ascended this stand, a respectable citizen said to me, "If you address us, forget that you are a Whig, and tell us—all party considerations aside—why you ask us to vote for Gen. Scott?" Forget that I am a Whig! When I can forget that Franklin and Jefferson, Washington and Clay were Whigs—when I can forget that it is a distinction baptized in the pure blood of the revolution, and hallowed by the genius and patriotism of our country's noblest spirits—when I can forget that its principles are the vital air which liberty breathes, and that its policy is the palladium of the union and glory of my country—when my reason forgets its highest duties—when, in short, my right hand forgets its cunning, then, in that starless midnight of the mind, I may forget that I am a Whig; but till then, never. It is the political faith of truth and right—a faith glorious alike in victory and defeat, in good report or evil report. I have given it my youth and manhood; my health, hope, and fortune; and having thus long lived in it and for it, I will, if Providence vouchsafes me an unclouded reason, die by it.

But I am also a Democrat—for a Democratic Whig is the best of Democrats—and respecting the sincerity of the masses that constitute the party to which I am opposed, I will willingly comply with the request to state why I want your votes for General Scott. For I do ask them—earnestly ask them, believing that your dearest rights and interests are involved in your action. I will speak frankly and plainly; and trust that you will hear me without prejudice, and decide, not for faction, but for the right, for public justice and public gratitude.

I ask your votes for Winfield Scott, because you are compelled to choose between him and Franklin Pierce. There is no other choice. To vote for a third candidate is the suicide of suffrage. It is to deny a privilege and to walk a duty; it is neutral, and the neutrality of a freeman is the crime of a slave. I hold that Franklin Pierce is not only inferior—how inferior!—to Gen. Scott, but that he is, *per se*, and positively, unfit for the Presidency.—I hear my reasons.

One of the most vital of the liberties of the people—one bought with blood, sanctified by time and secured by charter—is the Right of Petition—a right inalienable to us, and formidable to tyrants only. No freeman would brook his abatement in the weight of a hair. It was cheaply bought and would be cheaply preserved, with an ocean of blood. Yet Franklin Pierce, by his vote in Congress, denied and sought to destroy that right.—Therefore is he unfit.

Equal in sacredness to that liberty—superior to all else—is Religious Freedom—the right to worship God without kneeling in letters. Franklin Pierce is the leader of the party in New Hampshire, which denies that freedom to a portion of her people—no matter what portion—denies it by constitutional enactment. That party controlled the question; Franklin Pierce controlled that party; but he neither exerted that power, nor, when occasion offered, opened his lips, in or out of the Convention, to utter a word, one poor word, for the most sacred of human rights trampled down at any under his very feet. He is therefore unfit; and to reward him would be to share his crime.

He is unfit, further, because he represents a platform of principles the most odious and destructive. [Here some of the over-crowded benches fell, creating a momentary confusion.] That fall is ominous of the fate of his platform and his party—first a crash, [applause] and then the shouts of an exulting people. He is unfit also, because he is allied at the South, with the rankest and most arrogant foes of the Union—men who would tear the Constitution into shreds, and twin those shreds into a throne for slaves; and associated at the north, with a pliant and hungry horde, ready to kiss those things or to wear them, if the majesty of the South deign but to give them a kick or cast them a copper.

But more than all is he unfit, because he takes a nomination made in fraud, and in defiance of the known will of the party constituency represented—or rather betrayed—a monstrous and measureless outrage upon the republican principle. That nomination was made, not merely not, withstanding Pierce was inferior to the eminent statesmen suggested by the people, but because he was thus inferior—that inferiority being his sole merit and their sole motive. What else can be pretended? True, he is urged as a hero; but his military achievements, what are they? Nothing. He is commended, also, as a statesman; but what are his civil triumphs? Nothing. In war, what battle did he win, or help to win? None. In peace, what principle has he illustrated? None.—What measure did he carry in Congress? Again, none. What work has he produced at home? Still, none. The celebrated Rochester displayed his ingenuity by a poem on "Nothing." The Loofoo Convention adopted the same subject. His history is a blank—his exploits a dream—his claim a shadow. Nothing constitutes his career; nothing warranted his nomination; nothing can effect his election; for, as his merits are nothing, nothing can come of nothing.

regard the contemptuous trifling with such a sacred duty, as full of fearful peril. Our government can survive earthly quakes from below and torrents of fire from above—anything but self-contempt. To degrade the Presidency, that most august of human trusts, is a crime without an equal, a *lesa majestas*, a treason against the life and honor of the Republic. Its effect, if not its object, is to deprive the Constitution of its guardians, by driving the gifted and patriotic into retirement or exile; and to debase the highest office to the lowest ends, by placing it in the hands of an imbecile and obscure tool of faction—some Didius Julianus of the political pretorian band. We to the land where such a profanation can with impunity be attempted. But I have no fear. The orb that rose in 1776, and has flooded the world with its radiance, can never decline into that inky ocean of shame. The dignity that was occupied by Washington, is still hallowed in the eyes and hearts of the people; when it ceases to be, freedom will cease to be.

The triumphs of Scott have ever arisen, not from the weakness of his enemy—for he has always had "loemen worthy of his steel"—but from his own superior genius and valor. So be it now; for I would rather dwell on his claims than on his rival's deficiencies! Why should we vote for Gen. Scott? I will answer.

Some forty-five years since, a youthful student sat in the office of a sage of the Old Dominion, B. Watkins Leigh, and pondered on the condition of his country and the duty that he owed her. The times were out of joint. The nation seemed loosened from their moorings, and were driven clinging on the waves of an almost universal war, like icebergs in a polar tempest. Our own bright land did not escape the storm. Her flag had been outraged upon every sea; her sons dragged into slavery, and even forced to raise a parricidal arm against their country. War was inevitable, and at a fearful odds—a war not only for honor and freedom, but for existence itself. Was it well that he, that gifted student, and his warm nerves, should bear his dear country, should nurse his schemes of tranquil ambition, when such a peril and such a duty invoked him? No; and his high brow glowed with his quick eye flashed, as he vowed himself, for life or death, to the cause of his country. By that resolve was Winfield Scott—every faculty of his high nature, every drop of his noble heart—dedicated to the duties of patriotism. Never was a purer offering laid upon a holier altar; and for that, that noble resolve, and its nobler fulfillment, do I now claim your admiration and gratitude.

The gathering clouds soon burst upon our country. She struggled, but her heart seemed, for a time, faint, and her nerve less. Calvary followed Calvary, until, in the base surrender of Hull, treason and reproach were added to her afflictions.—Her heart swelled, her frame quivered with rage, and she shed hot tears of shame and sorrow. One patriot there was who determined that the gulph of shame, like that of Curtius, should be closed, though it entailed him; and he offered himself a sacrifice. In the desperate struggle on the heights of Queenstown, death itself seemed to shrink from his daring. "You are the target of every rifle—cover your uniform with this coat," said Kearney to Scott.—"Never!" was his reply. "I will die in my robes." Listen this fact through an opponent's trumpet: Kearney himself, surrounded by an overwhelming force, Scott thus addressed his men. Can Greek or Roman history afford a parallel? "Hull's ignominious surrender," he said, "must be retrieved. Let us, then, die arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living.—Who is ready for the sacrifice?" Hull's surrender was retrieved—his gallantry did wipe out that stain—the first and last of our country; but Scott became the prisoner of the foe; and amid the perils and privations of such a captivity, surrounded by British systems and Indian assassins, he filed the first and bravest of his sacrifices for his country. For this, I ask votes for the patriot, and inquire, in his own words at Queenstown, "Are you ready?"

Again Scott was free—again at the head of a gallant band of freemen—and again before a superior force of the enemy; and for his have been no holiday achievements; every laurel leaf on his brow has cost a death struggle. Lundy's Lane is one of the best fought fields in history. The sun went down upon the conflict, and the night wore on—the harvest noon struggling through the clouded heavens and siftingly lighting up the field where Death was the victor; and yet victory answered nobly, death, Niagara, and the clash of bayonets, and the shrieks and shouts of the combatants, still made night hideous.—Scott was the very spirit of the battle-storm. His tall form was seen, crimson with blood, in every desperate eddy of the fight, and his clarion voice was heard above the wild-est din of the conflict. He throttled victory, and conquered against fate. And when, covered with wounds supposed to be mortal, he fell, his last orders were to charge, and his last effort a murmured shout of victory. For this, I ask your vote. Each the people give but one suffrage for each drop that, then gushed from his good bosom—poured out for them and theirs—and the debt of gratitude will, at least in part, be paid; posterity will do the rest.

I have no time to follow Scott up to the period of the Mexican war. Forty years of service in camp and council have passed over him; but the vow of the youthful enthusiast is still the rule of the hoary patriot—he is still and ever all his country's. Glorious deeds had been done on the Rio Grande and in Northern Mexico; but the nation had advanced not a step towards the achievement of a peace. Gen. Scott proposed a renewal of the adventurous march of Cortes; but the scene had changed, and where the Spanish vessels had moved peaceably, the castle of San Juan now frowned defiance; and, instead of friendly Tlascaltans and feeble Aztecs, the American General must encounter an armed and powerful empire, a country impregnable by nature, skillfully fortified, and obstinately defended. The diffi-

culties seemed insuperable, and his project was denounced as romantic madness.—Napoleon once disclosed a military plan to one of his staff; "It is impossible!" said his friend. "I see no means of its achievement." Napoleon led him to a window, and pointing to the glowing, mid-day sky, asked—"Do you see that star?" "No," was the reply. "I do," said the Emperor, and it was his only answer.—Gen. Scott thus saw the star, hidden from feeble visions, which was to light and guide him on his path of glory. The Administration long withheld their sanction; but they had no other hope; Scott alone could save them; and at length they grew, not averse, but full of glory, and the glory of our history and the wonder of the world, and for its sole author, Winfield Scott, do I ask your gratitude and support.

I will not characterize that campaign—I cannot; but you have it—the world has it by heart. Never was the president and comprehensive weight of human genius more wonderfully displayed than by Scott in his preparation and execution.—Every difficulty was foreseen, every contingency provided for. This plan was worked out like a problem in Euclid.—We cannot follow him in his eagle flight from the surf to the Gulf, to the bowled towers of Vera Cruz, and the startled cliffs of Cerro Gordo, from miracles to miracle, from victory to victory, over conquered impossibilities and crushed thousands, to the captured Capital.—But you will remember the universal anxiety felt her, at home, when he descended into the valley of Mexico; when, his communications destroyed, his army disappeared among the enemies ten-fold its superior in all save courage and conduct.—Weeks and weeks elapsed, and not a word was heard of them. The suspense grew agonizing. We watched—as friends which the dark waves in which a darling alter has plunged, but from which he does not emerge. White lines whispered, "He is lost—has he perished?" And the response was, "How can it be otherwise, with a force so inadequate, against a foe so formidable?" At length, when overwrought terror became despair, the tidings burst upon us—a torrent of glory! Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey were won, and how fluttered our flags, how blazed our bon-fires, and how uprose our shouts, again and again, when we learned that our noble little army bivouacked in the plaza of the Capital; and beneath the Stars and Stripes, as they waved above the triumphs of Cortez, stood Winfield Scott, the laureled conqueror of Mexico! I stand beneath that banner now—a bright glory has ever since gleamed from its stars; and pointing to those fields of fame, I ask, in the name and by the authority of those achievements, unequalled in grandeur and glory, I ask your votes for Gen. Scott.

It is impossible briefly to sketch that campaign. Its battles are so many and glorious; that they mingle their light, as the stars which form the galaxy melt together and cast a stream of glory across the heavens. But this is Churubusco's day; and the Nation, in all time, "Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named."

Instead of one battle, its achievements comprise five distinct battles and five illustrious victories. Time looks back upon no such one day. Our army was but 8,500 strong, and was engaged hotly on foot and horseback, in the open field, and before the strongest fortifications, with 32,000 men, well disciplined, armed and equipped. It made 3000 prisoners, and killed and wounded 4000 of the enemy! Any one of those five victories—brilliantly gloriously strung together and radiantly bound upon the fair brow of our country—any one would have struck the world with wonder; together, they stagger credulity, and raise a monument of American heroism that will stand till our mountains melt into plain. We meet to celebrate that victory of victories, and we cannot forget the patriot hero to whom we owe it—who never doubted and never erred—who never stumbled and never faltered—"the noble nature."—(I quote the poet literally.)

Whom passion could not slake; whose solid virtue shot of accident, nor dart of chance, Could neither grieve nor pierce."

Had the life of Scott known but that one day of glory, for that alone I would ask, and you could not, in justice and gratitude, deny your suffrages.

And how were those services, countless and inestimable, rewarded? Who does not blush over that page of our history! The retro-victor's champion, the conqueror of that army he had led in triumph—was accused and treated as a malefactor, and was dragged to a shameful trial for the high offence—it was his only one—of having covered his country with glory. And what did the hero—at the head of a victorious and devoted army—under that unprecedented outrage and wrong? Lion-like to the foe, he was meek and lowly to the laws and authorities of his country. The magnanimity of Agassius, of Hannibal and of Belshazzar, in bowing to a harsh authority and resigning a career of glory, has been applauded to the echo; but even more illustrious was the noble submission of our own great-hearted patriot, for his was a deeper and a darker wrong. His example in defiance to the law is more glorious and of more substantial value than even his victories—and it is for you to reward it. The earnestly of that deliberate wrong to proud and lofty innocence, it is yours to redress; the reproach of that base ingratitude to a national benefactor, it is yours to wipe away. And therefore do I ask your votes for Winfield Scott.

Pending that persecution, Scott was visited by a temptation, which who but Scott would have resisted? The people of Mexico, appreciating the virtues even of a foe, offered him a million and a quarter of dollars in cash and the chief magistracy of the country. They asked no more to his own government. Com. Porter had established a precedent of acceptance. Scott was persecuted—his lifelong devotion rewarded with disgrace—

But even more illustrious was the noble submission of our own great-hearted patriot, for his was a deeper and a darker wrong. His example in defiance to the law is more glorious and of more substantial value than even his victories—and it is for you to reward it. The earnestly of that deliberate wrong to proud and lofty innocence, it is yours to redress; the reproach of that base ingratitude to a national benefactor, it is yours to wipe away. And therefore do I ask your votes for Winfield Scott.

This would redress him. Like Aristides, his probity in office had kept him poor—this would enrich him. His foes had stripped him of his station—this would confer a loftier one—a place among princes. Of course he accepted an offer so brilliant? Why should he not? Far from it. He at least hesitated? Not a moment. "My life"—such was his sublime answer—"belongs to my country. I would rather be her humble servant than the monarch of earth's richest empire. Discarded, I will still cling to her; persecuted, wronged, requited with contumely and disgrace, it will yet be my glory to love and cherish her; to serve and suffer, to live and die for her." Is not this man worthy of your votes? Would you be worthy of him, if you denied them? For this I ask your suffrage.

Glorious as has been his military career, the civil life and services of Scott equally claim your admiration and gratitude. He is, and has ever been, the friend and advocate of Peace. His letter to the Peace Convention avows his opposition to unnecessary War, and his life approves that profession. You remember the Canada Rebellion. Our neighbors struck for Independence, a cause to which American hearts must give a throb and thrill of sympathy. The sympathy was met by British arrogance, and an American boat was fired by an invading soldier in an American port, and sent, while the flames rose above the bodies of slaughtered Americans, down the Niagara and over the cataraict. The war spirit on the frontier shut up like a bale fire. Collision seemed inevitable. What politician, what diplomatist was then found adequate to the crisis? Scott alone was considered, by a Democratic administration, capable of averting the storm. He did avert it. Without arms, without aid, singly, by dint of his own wisdom and eloquence, he saved the country from a war which, had it come, would have strained her every sinew to cracking, and made her every pore sweat blood.—Which of your boasted civilities can point to such a triumph? I ask, for that triumph, your votes.

Again, on the Northeastern frontier, in 1839, the troops of England and of this country were actually in the field against each other. One drop of blood then shed, would have sluiced seas of blood. Again a Democratic administration has recourse to the civil abilities of Scott—for who then dared doubt them? And again he averted the conflict, extorting, by his talents and triumph, the applause of all parties, and confirming in both countries his title as the *Great Pacificator*. In this character, as the Apostle of Peace, and for these services, do I ask your votes for Gen. Scott.

The time-honored patriot claims your reverence as the champion of the Union—its earliest, steadiest, and staunchest.—No spot of the nation, no North, no South, no East, no West, can claim him as its own. His patriotic life has been spread, like sun-light, all over the land he has loved, and served so long and well. In his youth, when the North plotted treason at Hartford, he shamed the malevolent spirit back to its den, by the glory of his victories on the line. In after years, when the South renewed the dark example of Charleston, with nullification, he was again interposed to save the Union. The patriot Jackson was then at the head of the government; and in that dark hour, for it was as dark as another night, when upon midnight, where did he look for aid, whose lofty civil and military qualities and devoted patriotism he could trust to avert fraternal war? Our land had many great men; but his sagacity directed him to Scott. He sent him to the scene of excitement and danger; and with his giant hand upon the helm, all was safe. The first intellects of the nation united in applauding his invaluable services; and the magnanimous Jackson, through the Secretary of War, Gen. Cass, expressed his high admiration and acknowledged his profound gratitude and that of the country. Will any Democrat deny that the noble Jackson applauded or withheld the gratitude which he bestowed? Under the sanction, then, of the great name of Andrew Jackson, I ask your votes for Gen. Scott.

And in the latest period of the Union, where was Gen. Scott? Earliest by the side of its noblest defender, the illustrious Henry Clay—Clay, whose pure and mighty spirit, when it had achieved its last and loftiest triumph, bore on high to Washington the glad tidings that his country was saved. By the side of Clay, Scott labored earnestly and effectively, day and night, for the compromise, and when it passed, he received for his early, arduous and constant championship, the thanks of the departing patriot. For that devotion to the Union which merited and won Clay's admiration and gratitude, I ask your votes.

Such has been the entire career of Scott—ever the friend of peace, of Union, of humanity. Our greatest warrior is our calmest sage. Our bravest hero is the gentlest, most humane of men, one who would not win the laurels that hid the bald first Caesar's brow, at the price of one unnecessary tear. That spirit made him the father of his soldiers, and even the pining friend of a conquered foe. Witness the Cholera scenes in the camp at Chicago, when pestilence smote the army, and those who breathed death, at the common's mouth, fled appalled from this new horror. Scott was their General, not their surgeon; of course, he retired to safer quarters, and left the sick and dying to the care of those who provided for the duty? He was incapable of the thought. Let us look in upon one of the scenes then so frightfully common. On the naked floor of one of the army huts is stretched a dying soldier, deserted by all, save one, for it is the seasonal death of death—in a fatal and death in the agonies of the convulsed sufferer—death in the fixed distortions of those who have exhausted to suffer, yet these, from huts over a dying soldier, hold the cup to his lips, and utter words of kindness in tones of cheerful consolation. It is too late; the sufferer gives to his ministering friend a last and message for his distant family; greaps his hand, looks up