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BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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The following poem by RICHARD HAYWARD contains a new idea—a rare thing now a days.—*Kickerbocker.*

I lent my love a book one day,
She brought it back I laid it by;
'Twas little either had to say—
My love so strange, and I so shy.

But yet we loved in different things—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And time stood still and wretched his wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt, what hardship bear?
But with her, ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there!

And she with me, so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid beneath of stone;
But in a crowd, all life and joy,
And full of beautiful impudence.

She married! Well a woman needs
A mate her life and love to share—
And little cares spring up like weeds,
And played around her elbow chair.

And years rolled by, and I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp and kept it bright,
'Till ago's touch my hair bespang,
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book
Which she had read in days gone by,
And as I read, such pensive shudders
My soul, I needs must curse or cry.

For here and there her hair was writ
In old, half faded pencil signs,
As if she yielded bit by bit
Her heart in dots and under lines.

And I knew I too late you took it,
I know it. Let me have it back,
This memento—'Tis a memento,
Unless you read it after this.

A Story for Children.

There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he ploughed it and planted the corn, and narrowed and weeded it with great care, and on his field he depended for the chief support of his family. But after he had worked hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for rain, and he began to have fears for his crop. He felt very sad, and went over every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day as he stood looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little rain drops came up in the clouds over his head, and he saw them and said to the other:

"Look at the poor farmer; I feel sorry for him; he has taken so much pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up; I wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little rain drop, what can you do? You can't even wet our necks."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much, but I can cheer the farmer a little. I'll go and tell him that I am coming to his aid. I'll try. I'll go to the field and show my good will; if I can do no more; and so here I go." And down went the rain drop—none came out on the farmer's nose, and one fell on a stalk of corn.

"Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that? A rain drop! Where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

The first rain drop had no sooner started for the field, than the second one said:

"Well, if you are going, I believe I will go too; here I come." And down dropped the rain drop on another stalk.

By this time a great many rain drops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about, and when they saw them going to cheer the farmer, and water the corn, one said: "If you are going on such a good errand, I'll go too," and down he came. "And I," said another, "and I," and so on, and the whole shower came, and the corn was watered, and it grew and ripened, all because the first little rain drop determined to do what it could.

Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do much. Do what you can—angels can do no more.

The Invisible Bridge.

No man ever dreamed so instructively, and to so good a purpose, perhaps, as Bunyan. There is something in the nature of dreams, though few profess to believe in them, that so relates them to the spirit-land that they excite interest and attract attention. The dreamer of Bunyan has led thousands to reflection and to seek their final home in Heaven. Whatever is illustrative of our duty, and inspires confidence in God, and faith in the sure promises of His word, is of abiding interest. If the following one shall lead any body to start upon a new life by entering the narrow way, and crossing the invisible bridge, the dream will not have been told in vain. It is related by the Rev. Mr. Baker, in a volume just published:

"A man dreamed once that he was going along in the broad road, and Satan was dragging him down to hell. Alarmed he cried he cried for help, and suddenly one appeared in lowly form saying, 'Bob, law me.' Immediately Satan vanished, and in his dream the man thought he followed the heavenly one in a straight and narrow way, until he came to a river where he saw no bridge. Pointing in a certain direction, the angel said, 'Pass over that bridge.' 'I see no bridge,' said the man. 'Yes, there is a bridge, and you must pass over it, for there is no other, and heaven is beyond.' Looking more narrowly, the dreamer saw what appeared to be a hair extending from one bank to the other bank. 'Pass over that,' said the angel. 'O, how can I?' said the man. 'It is to be done and cannot sustain me.' 'It will sustain you. I am from above—I cannot lie, and I give you my word it will sustain you.' And now, while the man was trembling and afraid to venture, he thought Satan again seized upon him to drag him down to hell. Urged by necessity, he put his foot upon the bridge, stender as it appeared; and found it a plank—a substantial bridge, and he went over safely, and entered shouting into the heavenly world."

Venus, one of the brightest of the planets, is now visible with the naked eye in the day time, and for two or three months to come it will be increasing in brilliancy, and may be seen every afternoon.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA BELLE, OR, WHO LOST THE WAGER.

My uncle Ned had set his heart upon marrying me to his cousin Rosalie; but the thing savored of compulsion to me, and I made up my mind to be just as obstinate as the nature of the case might demand.

I confess to being a little sentimental. I have read heaps of novels in my day, from the Children of the Abbey down to Bleak House, and the thought of having my uncle pick out my wife for me was intolerably repugnant to my ideas of propriety and to the rights of man.

Uncle Ned was a jolly old fellow, and laughed in my face when I told him I could not think of such a thing as permitting him to select my wife for me. I looked dignified and felt dignified; and was not a little mortified when the old fellow had-had right in my face.

"But, my boy, she is as rich as mud—with an income of eight thousand dollars a year," said he. "Think of that."

"My dear uncle, I beg you will deem me above mercenary motives in so important a matter as this," I replied, with a seriousness of the topic discussed.

"I know you can't mean to take a wife—she is old bachelor—eh?" continued he, punching me under the short ribs, as he poured out another of his abominable "guf-faws."

"Not so; on the contrary, I mean to take a wife just as soon as I can find one exactly suited to my mind."

"And you don't mean to marry a girl that has got any money?"

"That is perfectly immaterial, sir, as you are aware that my fortune is amply sufficient without the addition of a wife's dowry."

"But the money wouldn't do any harm, would it?"

"No, I should not object to a lover who possessed the requisite qualifications, because she happened to have a fortune at her disposal, though in my estimation it would add nothing to her fitness to become my wife."

"Indeed!" drawled uncle Ned, looking at me with such a funny expression that I could not tell whether he was going to laugh or get mad. I didn't care much; for I deemed it beneath his dignity to attempt an interference in such a delicate matter.

"But, Bob, Rosalie is the most beautiful girl in South Carolina. There are thousands of young gentlemen of the first family who are vying for her hand."

"They can do so, sir; I tell you plainly she can never be my wife, if she were a pearl and had all South Carolina for her dowry," said I, with dignified earnestness.

"Whew!"

"Your sneers will be as useless as my persuasions; they shall not move me."

"But, Bob, you know her father earnestly desired that you should be married, before he died," added the uncle, more seriously.

"I matters not, sir; I must be entirely unembarrassed in the choice of a wife. Let me tell you plainly, that, even if I had no other objection, the mere fact that you have attempted to draw me into this marriage were a sufficient reason for me to decline it."

"Oh! you young puppy, what do you mean by that?"

"Just exactly what I say, viz: that I will neither be led or driven into marriage with Rosalie. I think we have said enough about it."

I had begun to talk a little coolly. He was, in my opinion, treading upon the prerogative of a free born citizen.

"What did the old fog mean? Did he think I hadn't sense enough to choose my own wife? Rosalie was entirely out of the question—I could not, on principle, be drawn into a matrimonial connection, even though the other party was an angel and had a dowry of eight thousand a year."

"Mr. Bob, listen to reason. Rosalie is handsome, and graceful, and all that sort of thing; sings like a nightingale, plays the piano and harp, and can talk French like a Parisienne."

"It matters not, sir; I object to the principle of the thing, and I repeat, I cannot and will not marry her."

"'Bob, you are a fool!"

"Am I?"

"'Pon my word you are; you don't know on which side your bread is buttered."

"Enough, sir!"

"'But, Bob, you will pay us that visit, won't you?"

"Certainly; but do not flatter yourself that I shall make love to Rosalie. I shall go prepared to slun her; yes, to be even unconvicted for her. If I am, blame yourself for your impudent interference in my concerns."

"'Saucy puppy!" and my uncle laughed.

We were on the most familiar terms.

"You are a meddler; you make me saucy. I trust I shall always be prompt in resenting any invasion of my natural rights."

"'Hope you will, my boy; but I will bet one thousand dollars you marry Rosalie."

"'Done!"

"'But on one condition."

"'What?'"

"'That you come to my estate in South Carolina with a susceptible heart—that you are not engaged to another.'

"'I accept the condition,' said I, grasping his hand; 'uncle, you have lost the bet.'"

"'Not yet, Bob—wait a bit.'

It was rather foolish in the old fellow to make such a silly bet; but I was sure I could resist the attractions of my cousin Rosalie nearly all the time. If we played what she was my partner; if we rode in the carriage she sat by my side; if we walked, he monopolized Sylvio and left Rosalie to me—more than once the old fellow left me alone together as though he thought I was all ready to pop the question, and hand him over the thousand.

But I was discreet. I gave her a wide berth, and sighed for the love of the beautiful Sylvio Howard. I was head over heels in love—would have eloped with her in a moment, if she would have consented.

That night uncle Ned started for his plantation in South Carolina.

My father died three years before this conversation, leaving me an ample fortune. His two brothers had been in South Carolina for thirty years, where the father of Rosalie died, leaving my uncle Ned her guardian.

I had often been told that Rosalie was a very pretty girl; but she had been to the North only once, and then I was traveling in Europe, so I had never seen her.

I had written uncle Ned promising to spend a month with him in the autumn. Business had called him to Boston, where our interview occurred. He had more than once expressed a desire that his brother's property might remain in the family, and pressed me to unite my fate to that of his beautiful niece.

This was out of the question. A "made up match" was my abomination. Certainly I had no other reasons for my violent prejudice against the marriage. I considered it a sacred obligation to fall in love before I took a wife, and the idea of being pledged to Rosalie before I had seen her myself was so absurd that I had no patience to think of it.

And then I had a principle for my guidance in affairs of the heart, which absolutely forbade me to think of such a thing as a "marriage for convenience."

The autumn came and I paid my proposed visit to uncle Ned's plantation in South Carolina.

I was disappointed in my cousin Rosalie. She was a tolerably good looking damsel, but in my opinion very far from being like the beautiful creature she had been pictured to me.

"Isn't she handsome, Bob?" said my uncle. "Did you ever see such lips, such a head of hair, such eyes, such a graceful form? Isn't she handsome, eh, you dog?"

And the old fellow punched me in the ribs, and roared with laughter till he nearly split his sides.

I couldn't for the life of me see what he was laughing at, but he was laughing at me. "Isn't she beautiful, you rascal?" he continued.

"Passable," I replied very coolly.

"Passable! You puppy! What do you mean by say Rosalie is not handsome?"

"Tolerably," I answered, twisting off the leaf of a palmetto, which grew by the side of the bench on which we were seated, just to show him how indifferent I was.

"'Bob,' said he, looking more soberly, 'I had an idea you were a man of taste, but I see you are a likely to fall in love with one of my black swallows with the prettiest girl in South Carolina.'"

"Which that, uncle Ned?"

This remark was called forth by the sudden appearance, upon the gravel walk, of the loveliest creature I ever beheld, and that, considering I have flirted with the belles of Paris, Naples and Rome, is saying a great deal. I was confounded by the sudden apparition, and springing from my seat as if an electric shock had roused the slumbering blood in my veins, I stood bolt upright before her.

Shades of Venus! did any one ever see such loveliness! such a graceful movement! such a divine expression!

I could neither speak nor move, so completely was I paralyzed by the glorious beauty of the nymph.

"I didn't know there was any one so beautiful as her," stammered she, with such a delectable blush on her cheek, that I dearly went mad with enthusiasm.

Before I could recall my scattered senses the beauty bounded away as lightly as a fairy.

"What the devil was that, Bob?"

"What are you starting at?" said uncle Ned.

"'Who is she?' asked I, clasping my hands in the rapturous excitement of the moment.

"'That? Why that's little Sylvio Howard, one of Rosalie's friends, who is spending a few weeks with her,'" he replied indifferently.

"'Beautiful!' said I.

"'She is divine!'"

"'Tolerably good looking, but she is nothing to be compared with my Rosalie.'"

I was about to say something saucy; but I thought since uncle Ned really believed what he said, I would not hurt his feelings by denying it. At dinner I met both ladies, and was formally introduced to 'little Sylvio Howard.' I was provoked with uncle when he assigned me a seat next to Rosalie. I could hardly believe that with such a pair of beautiful eyes before me, and I hardly ceased to gaze upon Sylvio during the hour we spent at the table.

After dinner we went out to ride horseback. Uncle Ned annoyed me again by contriving it so that I could help Rosalie mount her horse, and ride by her side, and he, the provoking old fool, did those offices of gallantry for Sylvio.

"No use, old chap, you shall lose your bet," thought I, and I tried to be civil to my cousin.

I don't think I succeeded very well. I am very sure I did not fall in love with her. My eyes rested all the time upon the fair and graceful horse-woman who rode before me.

And thus it was for a week. Uncle Ned managed to keep me by the side of Rosalie nearly all the time. If we played what she was my partner; if we rode in the carriage she sat by my side; if we walked, he monopolized Sylvio and left Rosalie to me—more than once the old fellow left me alone together as though he thought I was all ready to pop the question, and hand him over the thousand.

But I was discreet. I gave her a wide berth, and sighed for the love of the beautiful Sylvio Howard. I was head over heels in love—would have eloped with her in a moment, if she would have consented.

In spite of my uncle's vigilance, however, I found opportunities to flirt a little with Sylvio, and one day I dropped her into a grove of palmettos in the rear of the mansion house.

Time was precious. I was the hero of a novel. Cruel uncles in bob-tail wigs sought to crush out the affections of my heart. In short, I threw myself at her feet, and with all the eloquence that Harvard College had been able to grow into my composition, I declared my love. I used classic terms, I quoted Milton, Byron and Shakespeare, and called on all the gods in the calendar of Greece and Rome.

Did she accept me? Of course she did; she couldn't help accepting me. I am not an ill-looking fellow, but no way in extenuation of her weakness, and I had popped the question in a decidedly original manner. To be sure she accepted me.

I printed twenty-four kisses on each of her pretty cheeks, and I brushed till I thought her eye lashes would take fire and chat me of my prize.

We kept our counsel for two or three weeks, and one morning, while we were riding out, we got away from Uncle Ned and Rosalie and eloped. I was about ten miles to a clergyman, who was obliging to supply me with a marriage certificate.

We rode back more leisurely. I was in my element. An elopement was just the kind of excitement to suit me.

We got back to uncle Ned's about dinner-time.

"Where have you been?" asked uncle Ned.

"Over to Rev. Mr. —. Allow me to present my wife," said I with perfect nonchalance.

"The devil!"

"Just so; and uncle Ned you have lost the wager. One thousand, if you please," said I, holding out my hand.

"Silly wretch!"

"Is it, Rosalie?" said he, turning to my wife.

"Eh, what do you mean, Sylvio?"

"Ha, ha, ha," roared uncle Ned. "I didn't know what to make of the affair at all."

"You have cheated me, then."

"I have cheated you into the hands of my wife, and the biggest fortune in South Carolina. The fact is, Bob, you were prejudiced against Rosalie. You cannot help resorting to her. I determined to give her a fair chance, though I had to tease the jade into compliance. You are taught."

"Not quite, uncle Ned, this is not a legal marriage; Rosalie was united to me under a fictitious name."

"I don't care a straw for that. You married the lady you held by the hand. But, Bob, we will have it over again. Do you see, you dog?"

"Of course, I did say so. I would not have lost my divinity for all the treasures in South Carolina. I paid over the money, and uncle Ned gave it to the free schools of his State."

A few weeks after we were re-married—and returned to the North with my Rosalie, the most beautiful and the most loving wife that ever lighted the destiny of a wayward fellow like myself.

A Clergyman turned Soldier.

Some twenty years ago, a young man, whom I shall name 'Jamie,' was a pastor of a large congregation of the established church of Scotland. At school and at college he was distinguished for his love of learning, and as a minister was unrivaled for his eloquence and mental attainments. He had been settled about a year, and was on the eve of being married to a fine young woman, whom he had loved from childhood, when the horrors and several English gentlemen, who were then on a visit to the north, attended Cork to hear the famous preacher. He more than verified his fame; he captivated his audience. His theme was the story of the church, its martyrs, its heroes, its undying hope, even when despair seemed to shroud its end; its endless night; its unshowered toils and its final triumphs, were each in turn presented to the minds of his hearers, with a power and feeling that defy description. He stood the genius of eloquence personified. But there was one among his hearers who was not bewildered by his glowing pictures.

The gentle-hearted Bella, his betrothed, when the congregation dispersed, followed him to the manse. He received her in his study, but while conducting her to a chair, she sank upon the floor and burst into tears. "O, Jamie! Jamie!" she exclaimed, as he raised her tenderly in his arms, and seated her on a sofa, "you have broken my pure heart!"

"How so, my Bella?"—explain!"

"You were drunk—having drunk, Jamie; and I wonder the elders did not take you out of the pulpit. You whined and ranted, and sometimes, God forgive me for saying so, I thought I saw the Evil One standing beside, laughing and clapping you on the shoulder. My pure brain reeled—I was blind and knew it—I am mad now—I cannot live out this day—I feel my blood freeze—O God, be merciful to me sinner, and save, ah, save my Jamie!" Her head reclined upon his bosom, she gazed upon him a moment, and expired in his arms.

He had preached his last sermon. No outcries of a congregation who loved him—no flattering offers of future preferment, tendered by the clergy, could induce him to resume his labors as minister.

Five or six years passed, when the writer of this, who was his school-fellow, accidentally met him in London. Jamie was then one of the principal teachers in a large educational establishment, and was highly esteemed for the moral excellence of his character, as well as his varied learning and skill as a successful teacher.

He was dressed in deep mourning, shaggy and wild, and when the labors of the day closed, he either wandered alone through the streets, or retired to his lodgings. The scene of Bella's death was ever present to his memory.

Her pure soul, he said, saw him as he was, a poor, vain, self-conceited sinner. For the purpose of concentrating his thoughts and infusing life into his sermons, he was in the habit of taking a glass of whiskey before entering the pulpit. The morning on which he preached the fatal sermon, he felt rather nervous, for he knew there would be strangers to hear him, and he took nearly two glasses. What he said, or how he conducted himself, no one of memory could recall. The death of Bella alone had surged into itself the doings of that dreadful day. The compliments he received sounded like satire and mockery, and the very name of liquor impressed him with horror.

He left home and came to London, where he obtained a situation as teacher; but every thing appeared so black to him that he expressed a fear that he should, in some unguarded moment, destroy himself.

His friend, who was a sailor, suggested some active employment, that would call into play his physical faculties, and thus give his mind a spell, and offered to procure him a place before the mast in a ship.

"I'll try your suggestion," he said, "but I shall have a favor to request of you, should I seek employment in India, where there is always plenty of fighting." "I will," he said, springing from his chair, "when my engagement expires I will purchase an English commission. I wonder the thought never suggested itself to me, for my ancestors, as far back as I can trace them, were soldiers. Better, far better die on the field of battle than fall by one's own hand." We separated.

A few weeks since, in running my eye over the list of those who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Inkerman, I saw the name of Lieut. Col. —. A letter from my friends has since informed me that he had served in India under Lord Gough, and was promoted for his gallant conduct in three campaigns. He was present at the battles of Alva, Balla, Klava, and Inkerman, and at last accounts was in good health, engaged in the siege of Sevastopol. He was still single; his heart was dead to love.—*Best. Atlas.*

Mother told me not to go.

ALLEN was sent to the city when quite a lad. The new scenes and new objects which met his eye, so unlike the quiet and unchanging life of his native village, filled him with interest and excitement. He never felt tired of looking and walking about in the time spared from his employment. Amongst other places, of which he heard much, was the theatre. Some of his associates went, and there was no end to the wonderful stories they told of what they saw and heard. Allen felt a desire to go too. He manfully resisted it however.

"Come," said one of his companions, "go with us to-night."

"No," answered Allen, "not to-night."

"So you always say, not to-night; come, decide at once to go."

"No, not to-night."

"Not to-night," still replied Allen, walking away.

"You shall have a ticket if you'll only come," again urged his companion.

Allen shook his head. "No, no," said he, "no, no, keep it yourself. I cannot take it."

"How obstinate," rejoined the other; "why, what can be the reason?"

Allen hesitated for a moment. "My mother told me not to go to the theatre; therefore I cannot go," he lengthily replied. His companion ceased to urge him longer, he beheld in Allen's face a settled purpose to obey, and he left without saying a word more. "That was one of his mother's last injunctions. 'My son, do not go to the theatre.' Under such circumstances some lads might have said, 'Why, I see no harm in the theatre; why should I not go? I see no reason why I cannot.' My mother, I fancy, did not know as much as she thought she did; she was off her head, cannot tell what it was, besides, other young men of my age go. I saw some lads who had frequented the theatre, and disobeyed their parents. Not so with Allen. His mother bade him not to go—that was sufficient for him. He trusted in her knowledge and confidence in her judgment, and he meant to obey her; yes, and what was better, he was not afraid to say so. It was a wise decision; and if every young man away from home had moral courage enough to decide doubtful questions in the same way, there would be many better men for it. Allen is now an excellent clergyman."

CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

A DANDY and his TURKEY.—Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a fashionable young man from the North, who had removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey. Marshall stepped on and asked him: were he lived, and said on being told:

"That's on my way, and I will take it for you."

When he came to the house the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?"

"O, nothing," said the Chief Justice, "it was on my way and no trouble."

"Who was that polite old man that brought home my turkey?" inquired this man of a bystander.

"That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my turkey?" asked he.

"To give you a severe reprimand and teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply.

True genuine graces never fails above doing anything that is useful, but especially, the truly great man will never feel above helping himself.

An Irishman's Views upon the American Question.

The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth says that an intelligent and learned Irish man and citizen of this country, is the author of the following appeal to his countryman upon the great question of the day.

We announce his sound, conservative, patriotic production to the perusal of all our readers, and especially to the perusal of all our adopted citizens of Irish birth:

Sir—It has been remarked by some philosopher of times past, that the man who causes one blade of grass to grow were none grew before, is a benefactor to the human race. Should I then by submitting the following considerations to the cool reflection of my esteemed countrymen induce every one of them to pause, for an instant, amid the political turmoil which surrounds him, and deliberately ask himself how much of it he is individually accessory, I would not call my suggestions ill-timed or uncalculated. I address myself particularly to the Irish portion of the foreign population—the more glorious the sun of the Metamorphosis; for with the life-guards of royalty—the mongrel Orangemen—I shall have nothing to do.

It is well known to every Irishman that in the main attempts which have been periodically made through the space of three hundred years, to shake off the incubus of British ascendancy, our only and consistent rallying cry was—"Ireland for the Irish." This cannot be forgotten. We were ever assisted to remain an appendage to the British crown, if they only allow us the privilege of being governed by native born officers. How then can we consistently complain of the party now organizing in this country, named the American party—a party whose only object is to preserve intact and inviolate the dearly bought heritages of that crusade for freedom, the most glorious that the sun of Heaven has ever looked upon since that morning of creation, when the stars of Heaven sung together for joy? A party which will forever remain the only breakwater on earth between liberty and oppression, perpetuating the blessings of existence to the remotest time, and ultimately saving us from our worst enemy—viz: ourselves. If we are to suffer any injustice, it is merely of a negative character. They do not propose to deprive us of anything, except so far as the deprivation is founded on the universal law of our nature—namely, self protection.—They do not propose to deprive you of the proceeds of your honest toil; they do not aim to send forth these cherished locusts to drag you out of the recess of your substance. Generously and hospitably they invite you to partake of the fertility of their land, but they contend for non-interference on our part in the management of their domestic policy. It is with the body politic as with the body physical, extremes are hurtful.

We cannot escape from the burning heats of the torrid zone, and plunge immediately into the frozen streams of the North; we cannot, without danger, pick into the desert and revel in the first spring we meet; neither can we with safety immerse in the dark and debasing thraldom of a hereditary bondage, into the noontide blaze of freedom, without a long and healthy training. Gratitude has been, at all times, characteristic of our race. The tribute of an Irishman is like Juvenal's bird, "crura avis in terris, nigroque simillibus cygnus."

Then let us prove to the American people that their countless favors are not forgotten—that we have determined to separate from the political parvenues who have meanly speculated on our impetuous feelings and religious fears, and now when the crisis has come, and the true American spirit is culminating heavenward, they are quitting us weakened as a party and despised as a people. There was a time when the word "American" sounded like the music of heaven in our incensed hearts; when the generous stream of American sympathy flowed warm and deep towards the perishing and oppressed billions of groans of your race. The strong men were sinking by thousands into the countless graves, the arm of America was stretched across the wave, and nobly rescued the remnant from a lingering annihilation, and how have we repaid her? We have actually helped to carry out, by our conduct at the ballot-box, that policy in free governments, that the minority shall govern. We have aided to ostracise from power and place the wisest and bravest men of this country, and substitute in their places a non-descript species of animals, who are now the laughing stock of the degenerated fools of European cabinets. Even he, the patriot of humanity, the sage of Ashford, whose wisdom moves that once checked—the wild whirl of our hereditary sin; whose brilliant animation awoke the sleeping embryo of expiring liberty in the wild pampas of South America; whose undying eloquence, recited around the camp-fires of Greece and Poland, served the heart of Siliote and Sarum to do or die—ever glorious in defeat, well-merited aspirations, through the instrumentality of street politicians and *barbette patriots*. Why not, then, abandon this suicidal course, which will ultimately end in our discomfiture and disgrace? Can we wish for a nobler, a holier termination than that of the founders of this favored republic? What emigrants in life were there? A life of privation and toil. A grave in the battle-field, but with the proud consciousness that they were leaving to their successors,

"A hope, a name.

They would rather die than shame."

But you may reply, our religion is threatened by this American party. I was almost of opinion that a man's religion was perfectly independent of external contingency—an inviolable compact between the Creator and creature, ratified by an approving conscience; and if founded on the immutable promise of Heaven, it cannot be subverted by human agency. If it has survived the shock of per-