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REBEL LITERATURE.

FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR, by Edward A. Pollard, of Richmond, pp. 386. G. B. Estlin, New York; G. M. Briggs, Philadelphia; Shryock, Chambersburg.

CONFEDERATE REPORTS OF BATTLES: Issued by order of the Confederate Congress; pp. 578. Some publishers.

WAR PICTURES FROM THE SOUTH, by G. B. Estlin, a Confederate Colonel; pp. 352. D. Appleton & Co., New York; Shryock, Chambersburg.

Of the more than four score histories, biographies, narratives, &c., relating to the present war, which we have perused, we have read none with more interest than the record of this bloody drama as made up by our enemies, its treasonable authors. Headley and Abbott have their popular histories, dazzling with romance and fascinating in style, but imperfect in all the elements of standard history; and Smucker, and half a score of others, have crowded the press with volumes of but middling merit. But all have been more or less widely circulated and read, because of the absorbing interest felt in the great struggle involving our National existence. To these must be added the ponderous volumes of Putnam's Rebellion Record, Harpers elegantly executed History, now being published, and hundreds of individual narratives of correspondents, officers, and half-fledged historians, which have risen to the dignity of muslin covers. But from all these the intelligent student will turn to learn from our enemies. The works before us display the highest literary ability, and will be invaluable when the future historian comes to his mighty task of recording how treason betrayed a government; started the world with its bloody work, and then faded out in desolation, dishonor and death.

Nearly three years ago the first shock of battle between the hosts of loyalty and treason was witnessed on the memorable field of Manassas. The Union army went forth confident in its strength, and with the heart of the Nation beating high with the hope of a decisive triumph. The rebel capital was deemed an easy conquest, and there were few who believed the war could last beyond the limits of a single campaign. But on the 22d of July the fond expectations of the North were exchanged for the keenest disappointment and humiliation. On Sunday, the 21st, the conflict which was to overthrow rebellion and restore peace to the United States was fought, and the government and the people were alike appalled at its disastrous issue. The undisciplined three months' volunteers, brave but unskilled in the terrible work of war, and sadly wanting in courageous and competent commanders, were, by the accident of the hour, routed in utter confusion, and driven in dismay upon their Capital. Over 350 loyal hearts lay chilled in death upon the abandoned field; 1,500 fell with ghastly wounds, and most of these, with many others, were left captives in the hands of the triumphant foe. The country, unshooked in the sad sacrifices of war, was shadowed in mourning over its fallen sons, and the crushed hopes and threatening future, made the boldest and bravest tremble for the safety of the Republic.

But victor and vanquished now alike point to the issue of that struggle as a dire disaster to the cause of the South. The rebel historian, in his review of the events of the first year of the war, pronounces it "the unfortunate victory of Manassas;" and subsequent events, as recorded in the second volume, which closes with the discomfitures of Vicksburg and Gettysburg, point with a conclusiveness that logic cannot impair, to the over-ruling power that humiliated a great Nation in the day of its pride, to teach it the high and sacred duty before it. Had Manassas been a decisive victory for the Union arms, the rebellion might have been dissipated; compromise would have inflicted its deadliest stab at the vitals of the Republic, and Treason would have again filled the places of honor and power, and renewed its mingled perjury and treachery in every department of the government. The present generation might have been spared this deadly struggle at the cost of honor and the sacrifice of the very genius of our Free Institutions; but the great conflict between Right and monstrous Wrong—between Freedom and the devouring crime of Slavery, would have been postponed, not averted; and each year Treason would have gathered might, and poisoned the hearts and paralyzed the arms of the North, and thus made a continent an easy prey to its wicked schemes of dismemberment, oppression and anarchy. But the All-wise Ruler interposed His hand, and the day of humiliation and sorrow over the lost field and cruel sacrifices of Manassas, were but the sore trials which called us to appreciate the full measure of our peril, and whose full fruition will bless mankind with a redeemed, disenthralled and Free Republic.

The task of the rebel historian is one of painful embarrassment. He must confront every principle of humanity and justice, and every obligation of the citizen to justify his cause; and it is not wonderful that his pages should abound with the most scathing denunciation of rulers who attained their power by perjury and usurpation, and wield it only by drenching our fair land with fraternal blood. Pollard is unsparring in his condemnation of the tyranny he aided to establish. He objects to hiding the madness of the rebel rulers, and to placing over the whole gilded mass of falsehood the figure of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the second Daniel come to judgment. He pronounces the rebel cabinet nothing more

than "a collection of dummies," and declares that it "has really no constitutional existence." He says that "drunken patriots, cowards in epaulets, crippled toadies, and men living on the charity of Jefferson Davis, are trained to damn all newspapers in the South for pointing out abuses in places of authority;" and that "these creatures would conceal all the shortcomings of the administration, and represent that our army was perfect in discipline, and immaculate in morals, &c., all for the purpose of wearing a false mask to the enemy." Thus defiantly does the first rebel historian of the war denounce the great usurper, at the very throne of his power.

The causes which led to the war are discussed by Pollard with more than usual candor and with great ability, but of course from the extreme Southern stand point.—Slavery was certain to be restrained in its aggressions and restricted in its dominions, and therefore it had to go to war to escape the growing conviction of a free and intelligent people against its brutalizing tendencies and its withering desolation. He passes hastily over the uprising of the North which culminated in Mr. Lincoln's election; declares him a "delightful combination of a western Lawyer with a Yankee bar keeper;" repeats as a matter of history, the New York Herald's slander about Lincoln going to Washington disguised in a Scotch cap and Military cloak; details the bombardment of Sumter and tells how its capitulation "was instantly announced in every part of the city by the ringing of bells, the pealing of cannon, the shouts of couriers dashing through the streets, and by every indication of general rejoicing." It was Slavery's first appeal to the "terrible arbitrament of the sword, and its first victory—the sure precursor of its speedy humiliation and death. The battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, is described fully and fairly; the blundering accidents of the day on both sides acknowledged with impartiality, and the ultimate rout of the Union army is conceded to have been the work of chance and panic rather than a defeat. All the works before us, in their narratives of that conflict, declare that the rebel army was several times on the point of utter discomfiture. Pollard says, that when Heintzelman threw his division into the action, the rebel lines gave way, and adds that "as our shattered battalions retreated, the slaughter was deplorable;" and again he says—"Under the incredible stress of the enemy's fire the retreat was continued. The enemy seemed to be inspired with the idea that he had won the field, * * * and our troops fell back sullenly." Gen. Bee approached Gen. Jackson with the exclamation—"General, they are beating us back," to which Jackson replied—"Sir, we'll give them the bayonet," whereupon Gen. Bee succeeded in rallying his routed troops with the words—"There is Jackson standing like a stone-wall. Let us determine to die here!" At noon he says "the condition of the battle-field was now, at the least, desperate, and our left was overpowered," but Gens. Johnston and Beauregard rushed to the front and after the most earnest efforts succeeded in re-establishing the rebel line of battle, and after a struggle which he describes as "unutterably sublime," the Union columns were broken, and he says, "the rout became general and confused; the fields were covered with black swarms of flying soldiers, while cheers and yells taken up along our lines for the distance of miles rung in the ears of the panic-stricken fugitives." Of the effect of the news in the South he says, that "the results of the victory of Manassas were, on the first days of its full announcement, received as indicative of a speedy termination of the war. The advance of our army upon Washington was impatiently expected.—A few days passed, and it became known to the almost indignant disappointment of the people, that our army had no thoughts of an advance upon the Northern capital."—Thus does the historian record the fruits of the first rebel victory—complaining that it turned to ashes in their hands, and a year later, when he came to sum up the full fruits of that triumph he declares it "the unfortunate victory of Manassas!" That Washington could have been captured without a serious struggle had Johnston and Beauregard followed up the defeat of Bull Run, does not admit of doubt, and with mingled truth and sorrow does Pollard refer to it as "a lost opportunity" that has since been "repeated to the South with additions of misfortune." But one thing, it is now confessed, saved our Capital from rebel hands, and it carries with it a moral of fearful import. The advance of the rebel troops was restrained by the reliance of the insurgent leaders upon Democratic assurances given in the North, that they would not sustain a war upon their "Southern brethren." This vain hope stayed the triumphant advance of treason, lest an assault upon the Nation's Capital would arouse the people to such a spirit of resistance as to render impotent those who were to paralyze the Free States by a diversion in favor of the rebels. Thus did Northern treachery perform one good work in the history of this war, however faithless the purpose.

Col. Estlin, whose little volume is most graphically written, was in the battle of Bull Run as a rebel officer, and he candidly puts at rest the long disputed question as to the shocking barbarities practiced by the rebels troops after they had won the field. He says:

"Like a thunderbolt Kirby Smith fell upon the foe; our men fought desperately, and in a moment the Federal troops, who

had felt certain of victory, were everywhere driven back. Scarcely had they commenced retreating, when it became impossible to restrain our troops. A giant Texan, throwing away his rifle, took out his Bowie-knife, with one blow he split the skull of a wounded man who had fallen to the ground, and this became the signal for a general butchery. Like wild beasts, the incensed soldiery fell upon their victims, hewing, stabbing, slashing like mad men!"

"A fearful panic seizes upon the Federal troops. Even the bravest fly before such an onslaught—they give way and in mortal fear, officers and men run for their lives like startled deer. * * * The advance spirit of our soldiers now almost bordered upon the horrible. BEAUREGARD took advantage of this YENDEU; MOOD: he ordered his whole army forward, and with wild exultant cheers fell upon the broken enemy. Stuart had collected all his cavalry together and swept across the plain like a whirlwind, clearing everything before him. "The enemy was now a full flight at every point, and so quick was our advance that all order in our ranks was lost. A rumor suddenly spread that Kirby Smith had fallen. A cry of anger and horror passed through the ranks of the whole army.—Our troops now maddened with rage, fell mercilessly upon their opponents, and a fearful massacre commenced. Scenes of horrible cruelty too fearful for description ensued.—Our men were no longer human beings; covered with blood and dust and gun powder, they fell upon their flying opponents with un-governable fury!"

Such is the description of a rebel participant of the "fraternal" character of the men who have made, unton war, and who, with their Northern hypocritical allies, whine for the olivebranch of conciliation and compromise! Pollard follows the war with patient energy and commendable candor through all its varying vicissitudes down to Gettysburg. He reviews the various campaigns at times with a most caustic pen, and is unsparring in his criticisms upon the tyrannical and inordinate ambition of Davis. In his review at the close of the two year he charges upon the folly and vanity of Davis the responsibility of most of the disasters the rebels have suffered. He says that Congress accomplished nothing; "all its legislation was patch work." The cabinet, he says, "still served as a ridiculous cypher," and of Davis he adds:

"The military pragmatism of the President was his worst failing. He had treated Price, one of the earliest heroes of the war, with cold and insolent neglect. He had constrained Gustavus Smith to resign, and deprived the country of one of its most brilliant generals. He had seen the unfair opportunity of a sick fustian on the part of Beauregard, to deprive him of his command in the west and give it to a favorite. He had even attempted to put Jackson in leading strings, for it was the Presidential order that set bounds to his famous Winchester expedition, and that would have timidly recalled him from his splendid campaign in the valley. There was reason to suppose that Lee's return from the territory of the North was constrained by the views of the Executive; and that the President who had once defeated the captive of Washington by his interference at the first field of Manassas, had again repeated his intermeddling, removed a decisive victory from the grasp of the army, and turned back the war for years. While he quarreled with men as Price, Beauregard, Gustavus Smith and Johnston, he maintained such favorites as Holmes, Heth, Lovell and Pemberton. No man ever more sovereign in dislikes and dislikes. Favorites were elevated to power, and the noblest spirits consigned to obscurity by the fiat of a single man in the Confederacy, and that man, one of the stoniest prejudices, the hardest obstinacy, and the most un-governable fondness for favorites."

Such was Pollard's estimate of Davis after two years of trial and it is a significant fact that the only history of the war from the rebel side approaching completeness, thus loads the rebel chief with the blood of his countrymen

"The recoil at Gettysburg was fatal," says Pollard, "and the return of Lee's army to its defensive line in Virginia, was justly regarded in the North as a reverse in the general fortunes of the contest." He complains that when news was received of Lee's disaster, "the temptation of despair was again whisper to weak minds," and the growing financial embarrassments, with the "cupidity," developed among the planters, by the temptation to sell cotton to the Union men on the Mississippi, all conspired to make the loss of the second year of the war any thing but hopeful on the part of the insurgents. The results of Gettysburg and Vicksburg are not reviewed by Pollard, but he preses a minute and faithful account of the causes and consequences of these disasters in the third volume, not yet issued. It is noticed in the Richmond Sentinel, a few days ago, his advertisement for the third volume, in which he said that it would be issued soon, "provided paper could be procured for it!" If he regarded the finances as threatening them with destruction in 1863, when the currency was at a discount of but nine hundred per cent., what may his consequences in his review of the third year of the war, when the currency was depreciated to twenty five hundred per cent., and the issue of his history is questionable because of the fact that paper cannot had in the whole confederacy?

As a specimen of the accuracy of historians on both sides, in recording events in the enemy's country, give Pollard's account of Stuart's raid to Chambersburg in 1862. He says "an expedition penetrated to Chambersburg" but "met with no resistance, accumulated no stores, and accomplished nothing beyond the results of a reconnaissance, and a wonder of one of the most rapid marches record." Speaking of the behavior of the rebel troops in this their first expedition on loyal soil, he says:

"This expedition let the Yankees a remarkable souvenir of Southern chivalry. Private property was uniformly respected by our troops; Yankee citizens were treated

with scrupulous regard, and many kindnesses were shown the alarmed people in a knightly style, which would have been creditable to us had it not been made ridiculous by excess of courtesy, and a tender and ceremonious politeness which was in very absurd contrast to the manner of the enemy. On entering Chambersburg, 'the soft-mannered rebels,' as Col. McClure, the Yankee commander of the post described them, treated him with the most tender politeness." Indeed the narrative of this officer's experience furnishes a curious leaf in the history of the war. To the great amusement of the people of the North, Col. McClure gave a long account in the newspapers of the strained chivalry of our troops. He related how they had "thanked him for being candid," when he told them that he was a Republican; how he was politely asked for food by the officers; and how a private in Stuart's terrible command had "with a profound bow," asked for a few coals to light a fire."

"We presume that there is now no escape from us going down in rebel history as the 'Yankee commander of the post,' when Stuart captured Chambersburg; but the positive assurance that 'private property was uniformly respected' by the rebel troops reads most awkwardly to us, and recalls rather vividly the recollection of half a score of horses we must have begged Stuart to accept in return for the 'most tender politeness,' with which his command treated us. We know by the saddest experience that the horses disappeared with Stuart in the 'knightly style' of the 'Southern chivalry,' and as history assures us that 'private property was uniformly respected,' the 'excess of courtesy' and the 'tender and ceremonious politeness' with which we were treated by the chivalrous foe; must have won them from our generous appreciation of the honor conferred by the appearance of such distinguished guests at Norland.

The official record of battles from rebel officers is valuable as a work of reference, and will be indispensable in making up the history of the war. The whole of the works are re-printed from the Richmond edition in the best style, and must command a large sale.

PERIODICALS.

The United States Service Magazine is a new monthly of 112 pages, got up in the very best style of the typographical art, and bearing evidence of marked ability in all its various departments. It has leading articles on Chattanooga, with a map; The Northern and Western Lakes; A Few Facts about Artillery; A Modern Fable with an International Moral; The Use of Iron in Fortifications; Greek Fire and other Inflammables; Modern War, in Theory and Practice; Rambles over the Field of Gettysburg; with the Burial at Gettysburg in Poetry; the Editor's Department, and a complete epitome of Army and Navy Intelligence. "Later Rambles over the Field of Gettysburg" are from the pen of Professor Jacobs, of Gettysburg, and are to be continued. The Editorial direction of this periodical is in the hands of Prof. Henry Coppée, of the University of Pennsylvania—a gentleman of high literary attainments, and well schooled in military science. He is not entirely unknown in Southern Pennsylvania, having tendered his valuable services to the State during the rebel invasions of 1862 and 1863, and rendered most essential aid to the authorities. The Service Magazine, under his control, must take the very front rank as a standard military journal, and the wide spread interest felt in all that pertains to the war should give it a large popular circulation. Price \$5 per annum. C. B. Richardson, 596 Broadway, New York.

THE AMERICAN Exchange and Review, for January, has an able article on The Rate of Interest; another on Fall Mail; a racy and thrilling description of The Field of Gettysburg after the Battle; a searching review of War Charges and War Payments; a curious article on Mormon Legislation and Church Temporalities, and an able paper on Quicksilver. It also has its Insurance, Monetary, and other departments well sustained. \$3 per annum. Whiting & Co., Philadelphia.

THE Historical Magazine, for January, has a rich caricature of an early fracas in Congress; an English journal of the Siege of Savannah; Historical Notes on Slavery in the Northern Colonies and States; an interesting paper on John Campbell, the publisher of the first American Newspaper; another on Early Congressional Customs; Notes and Queries, and other valuable historical information. \$3 per annum. C. B. Richardson, 596 Broadway, New York.

THE Continental Monthly, for February, opens with an interesting paper on Thomas Jefferson as Seen by the Light of 1863, by Mr. Sheldon; an article on the English Press by Mr. Rowe, of London; a review of Mr. Chase's Treasury Report, by F. P. Stanton, and other contributions, some of which are anonymous; but all adding to the gradually increasing excellence of the Monthly. Price \$3. John F. Trow, New York.

SOLDIERS' PACKAGES BY MAIL.—The President has signed the act recently passed by Congress, providing that articles of clothing, being manufactured of wool, cotton or linen, and comprised in a package not exceeding two pounds in weight, addressed to any non-commissioned officer or private serving in the armies of the United States may be transmitted in the mails of the United States at the rate of eight cents, to be in all cases prepaid, for every four ounces, or any fraction thereof, subject to such regulations as the Postmaster General may prescribe. Other materials than those above specified if sent by mail, must be pre-paid by stamps at letter rates—three cents for every half ounce or fraction thereof.

ALWAYS punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger

GEN. GANTT AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

Slavery the Cause of the Rebellion.

NECESSITY OF ITS DESTRUCTION.

Cooper Institute, on the 1st inst, New York, was filled with an intelligent audience who had come to hear an exposition of the views of Edward W. Gantt, late a General in the Rebel army, on the subject of our great National struggle, and the means of obtaining a speedy and permanent peace.—On the platform were Dr. Tjng, Judge Daly, Wm. C. Bryant, Gen. Anderson, and other persons of note. Gen. Gantt was introduced by Wm. E. Dodge, and was received with hearty acclamations of applause. When it had subsided, he said:

Our country had been separated too much in sentiment and impulse, and Providence, which directed alike the destinies of individuals and of nations, was to weld us by war into one homogeneous and powerful nation. The local institution that has had stood between two sections had been broken down by the war; we begin better. [Applause.] I am glad to meet so many citizens of your great State. The State that I have the honor to represent has been linked to you for many years in destiny, trade and a common sentiment, more than with any other part of the United States. But we have been strangers a long time; and while you have prospered, we have become impoverished, while you have become great and powerful, we have become desolated. Around some of your fireplaces mourning sits; ours are all draped in sorrow; we have a country drenched in blood; we have a country desolated; our towns and villages are well-nigh impoverished; our people either sleep upon gory battle-fields or in silent grave-yards all over the land, or are held by the force of bayonets to the vilest and most loathsome despotism that ever held man in Slavery upon the face of the earth. The New Yorker who years ago visited our sunny clime would be much struck with these sad changes. Few of the old familiar friends he used to meet would now greet him. But he would be more struck with the change of sentiment that has come over our people since the institution of Slavery brought the country into the vortex of civil war. We thought if war commenced and we told you so, and we believed it conscientiously, that grass would grow in the streets of New York.—Geo. N. Sanders said so, and I believed it; and I spoke of myself, when I came into the city, in light of it to see if there was not a sprig or two. But I never saw so many people in my life. If Jeff. Davis could go out conscripting here he could catch more men than there are in the whole Davis limits. And you have become wealthy, you have improved in trade, in commerce, public improvements, and public buildings; when you were not much about fighting when you commenced. I presume many of you believed with us that if you were deprived of cotton you would be destroyed, and that you could not do without slave labor. But you have done without it—you can do without it. You came, however, to the conclusion that it was the province of New York to fight for the Union, and I tell you the time will never come in your history when you can cease to fight for the Union. [Applause.] The war will pass away and a new order of things will come up. New York cannot afford to do without Arkansas, and Arkansas cannot afford to do without New York; but the peace-at-any-price men would let Arkansas go, and allow the men who had lived in suffering and privation waiting for the flag to come—would let them go and be conscripted by Jeff. Davis and allow Arkansas to go out of the sovereignty in which New York is bound up. The time is approaching when those who love their country will look to the means that will insure permanent peace, and the most rapidly recuperate us from our misfortunes. There are many questions presenting themselves which you do not take hold of with that freshness and power that Southern people, who are looking to the future of themselves, and their country, are in the habit of doing. We begin to see our way clearly. It is true, much yet is to be done. Three hundred thousand men in arms are not to be laughed at—are not to be despised. If you were to lay down your arms and call them to meet you in a Peace Convention, they would flame like a comet over the land, and leave desolation wherever they came. But the United States have the power and you have the determination, to have the flag of the country borne until it shall have waved every portion of it. [Cheers.] What is the cause of this war? We in the South understand what is the cause of this war; and we are going to treat the cause. We will not have our children subject to the same suffering and anguish that we have felt.—We know that there is but one disturbing element in the country. We know that there is but one tree of evil, and we intend to lay it at the root of the tree. [Great cheering.] Had there been no negro Slavery there would have been no war. [Cheers.] There never was any bitter contest in the country that negro Slavery was not the corner stone of it. What was it we tried to compromise year after year? Was it horses, was it dogs, was it cats, was it women? Why no; it was the question of negro Slavery.—It was always some kind of new guarantees for negro Slavery. A great many of us said the Constitution would not do, because it didn't protect negro Slavery enough. And now some northern men are afraid the Constitution will be changed so it will not protect Slavery. We attempted to settle this question by diplomacy and statesmanship.—We could not do it. What did I say myself—and I was a very good type of a Pro-Slavery man—I said if the Constitution of our fathers would not protect Slavery, no guarantees would do it. I wanted to give that power an expansion westward to the ocean, and in another direction to take in Cuba and part of Mexico, and all we could get beyond: Men talk about compromise, but the Southern people would not compromise, heard anything to, compromise. A man passion and talked about compromise and kept his head on his shoulders. And yet men talk about sending peace commissioners down there now! [Laughter.] The question could not be compromised, and we submitted it to the last arbitrament, that of the sword. But I am a little too fast; we said we are willing to do it; we didn't believe we should do it. Times have changed, and now unless a man is a political back he will march boldly up to the question presented, and not be afraid of being called a turn-coat, or as they say, a "damned Abolitionist." In the South when the struggle commenced there were but two ideas and they revolved round the negro—one was, we should stay in the Union to protect the negro; the other was to go out, still to protect the negro. Well, I "went out," and made my fight for the negro, and I stand before you one of those objects whom certain heathy more people at the North will over as "subjugated Secessionists!" [Laughter and

cheers.] When I got back again, where do you suppose I found many of my Northern friends? Sitting down holding on to the nigger! I have had my fight about this thing. I have been shot at more times than I have got negroes. I don't think a white man's life ought to be put up against the property he has in a negro. [Gen. Anderson entered at this time, and cheering ensued for several minutes.] I do not recollect exactly where I left off. Oh, yes, I left my Democratic friends holding on to a nigger.—[Laughter.] I had enough of that question, and I have let loose my negroes—that is, they have confiscated them all except one; and Mr. Lincoln has pardoned me, and the negro he set free. And so, between him and Jeff. Davis, they have pretty well broken me upon the negro question. I noticed when I came North, a "subjugated Secessionist," a certain class of persons affected to mourn for my severe fortunes; but while it was known that I quit the Rebel service regarding it as corrupt and foul, and because Jeff. Davis takes the last thing in the world a Southern Union man has, I do not hear them say that is hard. But just let Congress pass a law about confiscating Rebel horses or negroes, and you hear them begin to raise a howl.—I do not myself believe in a sweeping confiscation act. I tell my people the North will welcome them back not sullenly but with rejoicing all over the land. As to the leaders I do not believe you have any great partiality for them. Had there been no negro slavery there would have been no technical North and South. To be sure, some say it was the tariff; but they could have had their Lowell and Manchester in Arkansas, had it not been for negro Slavery. Others say it is because Southern politicians lost power in the government. What made them lose power? Because they had the eternal negro stick in all their platforms. You based your success and we based ours on that. You based your success on it, and I know it. But let us not abuse each other; let us go ahead to uphold the flag all over the land, and when that is done, let us remove the cause of the war. Negro Slavery is the disease. Let us treat that. A man comes to a quack doctor with a nail in his arm. The doctor polices both ends of the arm and puts poultices on the patient's back, but never draws out the nail. And that is the way some would treat this National disease. But we have suffered terribly at the South, and all our sufferings, and deprivations can be traced to negro Slavery, and we are determined to extirpate it forever.—[Cheers.] I do not care what we are called. I have got past that. You never can have peace while slavery exists. Since the question was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, and the Abolitionists have let us alone another party comes and says you shall have Slavery whether you want it or not. The moment the Abolitionists ceased talking about it, the peace-at-any-price party took it up and said, you shan't come back without you have Slavery. This is the way these people reason. We have got to start life anew; we want peace; we want a peace that is permanent. Oh, and is not felt the war as we have. Oh, and is not felt the war as children are nearly upon the point of starvation; therefore it behooves us to look about and see if we can avoid this trouble in the future. We know we cannot have permanent peace while negro slavery exists. We cannot recover from our misfortunes if negro Slavery is allowed to remain. I have studied this question of Slavery a little. My practitioner was a very bitter man on the Slavery question. Just for the fun of the thing, we used to slip through the N. Y. Tribune. It was a firebrand, you know. We did it quietly in our office. But, as I said, times are changed, and I read The Tribune now, and it is a right good paper; and I read The Times and Herald, and all of them. You do not have to talk about humanity to the negro, but humanity to the white man says take this thing out of the way and let the Government go on. I tell you solemnly before Heaven, there is but one way to restore this Government, and that is to pass your columns forward. Do you suppose that I, a Southern man, would come and explore you to send the dagger to the heart of my people with every impulse of mine throbbing with this war; drag along to add still more to our sorrows and woes. I want a quick, powerful blow struck that the whole thing may collapse. And when you talk about missions to them and about electing peace candidates to the Presidency you give them aid and comfort whether you intend it or not. They do look forward to this thing, and their leaders tell them to hold on just twelve months longer, and these men in power will be overturned and a new party will come in to give them place. These articles written here are circulated South, and are commented upon in a way to suit the Southern people, who are led to believe they are evidences of weakness on the part of the United States Government; and that they have much to hope from these things. Let platforms go down, perish institutions, but survive my country, and the country will save the Constitution. We want to start upon the pathway of a higher destiny, and we cannot do this until the Government is restored; and that can never be restored except at the point of the bayonet. Gen. Gantt described the agricultural, mineral, and other resources of the State.

I have noticed that although neither Lincoln nor Jeff. Davis are handsome, yet Lincoln's face will bring three times as much as Jeff's in Arkansas. [Laughter and applause.] The soldier has a large quantity of greenbacks, and the Arkansas a large quantity of land that he is glad to sell for them, and in five years his other half will be worth more than the whole of it would be with slavery, slaves, and all. And in a few years their sons and daughters will inherit as ever. All the light is out of our people. Trade will bind us together. Men will trade over cotton, even though one of them wear a blue coat and the other a gray coat.—[Laughter and applause.] This, then, will not only be the regeneration of the country, but the binding of it together, and God Almighty so intended it; he intended that these institutions should be preserved and upheld under all circumstances. I got perfectly bewildered when I think of this great country, where a man from Maine is at home in Louisiana. 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