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BY W. LEWIS.

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AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS.

An individual, masked under the vulgar name of Sam, furnishes just now a good deal more than half the pabulum wherewith certain legislators and journalists are fed. Whether he is a mythical or real personage—a magus or a monkey—no body seems to know, but we are inclined to regard him as a magus, because of his general acceptance among Dialectic politicians, and because of the irresistible merit of his occasional "coming down" on something or other affords the newspapers. We saw a puffy old gentleman the other day, with a face like the sun, only more red, blue and spotty, and a dismally wheezy voice, who came near being carried off with a ponderous apoplectic chuckle, which seized him when somebody casually observed that "Sam was pitched into the pole," and he was only relieved from the fatal consequences by a serious of desperate movements, which resemble those of a seventy-four getting under way again after the sudden stroke of a typhoon. Now, if Sam was not unquestionably a real personage, and this old gentleman unquestionably a real disciple of his, we are at a loss to account for the reality of the phenomena thus exhibited.

But whether real or mythical, it has been impossible for us to raise our admiration of Sam to the popular pitch. After due and diligent inquiry, we have arrived at only a moderate estimate of his qualities. In fact, considering the mystery in which he shrouds his ways, we are disposed to believe that he is more of a Jerry Snuck than a hero. The assumption of secrecy on the part of any one naturally starts up suspicion. We cannot see why he should resort to it if he harbors only just or generous designs. We associate darkness and night with things that are foul and we admire the saying, that twilight, even though a favorite with lovers, is also favorable to thieves. Schemes which shrink from the day, which skulk behind corners, and wriggle themselves into obscure and crooked places, are not the schemes we love at a venture. And all the veiled prophecies, we apprehend, are very much like the one we read of in the palace of Meron, who hid his face, as he pretended to his admirers, because his brightness would strike him dead, but in reality because it was of an ugliness so monstrous that no one could look upon it and live.

There is an utterance, however, imputed to this impervious and oracular Sam, which we cordially accept. He is said to have said that "America belongs to Americans," just as his immortal namesake, Sam Patch, said that "some things could be done as well as others;" and we thank him for the concession. It is good, very good, very excellent good, as the logical Touchstone would have exclaimed—provided you put a proper meaning to it.

What is America, and who are Americans? It all depends upon that, and accordingly as you answer will the phrase appear very wise or very foolish. If you are determined to consider America as nothing more than the two or three million square miles of dirt included between the granite hills and the Pacific, and Americans as those men exclusively whose bodies happened to be fashioned from it, we fear that you have not penetrated to the real beauty and significance of the terms. The soul of a muckworm may very naturally be contented with indentifying itself with the mould from which it is bred, and into which it will soon be dissolved, but the soul of a man, unless we are hugely misinformed, claims a loftier origin and looks forward to a nobler destiny.

America, in one sense of the word, embraces a complex idea. It means not simply the soil with its coal, cotton, and corn, but the nationality by which that soil is occupied, and the political system in which such occupants are organized. The soil existed long before Vespucci gave it a name—as long back, it may be, as when the morning stars sang together; but the true America, a mere chicken still, dates from the last few years of the 18th century. It picked its shell from the first time amid the cannon-volley of Bunker Hill, and gave its first peep when the old State-house bell at Philadelphia rang out "liberty to all the land." Before that period, the straggling and dependent colonies which were here were the mere spawn of the older nations—the eggs and embryos of America, but not the full-fledged bird. It was not until the political constitution of '89 had been accepted by the people that America attained a complete and distinctive existence, or that she was able to continue the figure with which we began—to spread her "sheeny vans," and shout a cock-a-doodle to the sun.

It would be needless, at this day, to state what are the distinguishing principles of that political existence. They have been pronounced ten thousand times, and resumed as often in the simple formula which every school-boy knows—the government of the whole people by themselves and for themselves. In other words, America is the democratic republic—not the government of the people by a despot, nor by an oligarchy, nor by any class such as the red-haired part of the inhabitants, or the blue-eyed part; nor yet a

government for any other end than the good of the entire nation—but the democratic republic pure and simple. This is the political organism which individualizes us, or separates us as a living unity from all the rest of the world.

All this, of course, would be too elementary to be recounted in any mature discussion, if recent events had not made it necessary to an adequate answer of our second question—who, then, are Americans? Who constitute the people in whose hands the destinies of America are to be deposited.

The fashionable answer in these times—"the natives of this continent, to be sure!" But let us ask again, in that case, whether our old friends Uncas and Chingachook, and Kag-ne-ga-bow-wow—whether Walk-in-the-water, and Talking-snake, and Big-yellow-thunder, are to be considered Americans par excellence? Alas, no! for they, poor fellows! are all trudging towards the setting sun, and soon their red and dusky figures will have faded in the darker shadows of the night. It is, then, the second generation of natives who are driving them away—who compose exclusively the American family? You say yes; but we say no! Because, if America be, as we have shown, more than the soil of America, we do not see how a mere cloudy derivation from it entitles, in the name of America. Clearly that title cannot inure to us from the mere argillaceous or silicious compounds of our bodies—clearly, it descends from no vegetable ancestry—and it must disclaim to trace itself to that simple relationship to physical nature which we chance to enjoy, in common with the skunk, the rattlesnake, and the catamount. All these are only the natural productions of America—excellent, no doubt, in their several ways—but the American man is something more than a natural product boasting a moral or spiritual genesis; and referring his birthright to the immortal thoughts, which are the soul of his institutions, and to the divine affections, which lift his politics out of the slime of statecraft into the air of great humanitarian purposes.

The real American, then, is he—no matter whether his corporal chemistry was first ignited in Kamschatka or the moon—who, abandoning every other country and foregoing every other allegiance, gives his mind and heart to the grand constituent ideas of the republic—to the impulses and ends in which and by which alone its subsists. If he have arrived at years of discretion—if he produce evidence of a capacity to understand the relations he undertakes—if he has resided in the atmosphere of freedom long enough to catch its genuine spirit—then is he an American in the true and best sense of the term.

Or, if not an American, pray what is he? An Englishman, a German, an Irishman, he can no longer be; he has cast the slough of his old political relations forever; he has asserted his sacred right of expatriation (which the United States was the first of nations to sanction,) or been expatriated by his ardent love of the cause which the United States represents; and he can never return to the ancient fold. It would spur him more incessantly than powder spur the fire.—He must become, then, either a wanderer or a nondescript on the face of the earth, or be received into our generous republican arms. It is our habit to say that we know of no race or creed but the race of man and the creed of democracy, and if he appeals to us as a man and a democrat, there is no alternative in the premises. We must either deny his claims altogether—deny that he is the son of God and our brother—or else we must incorporate him in due season into the household. It is not enough that we offer him shelter from the rain—not enough that we mend his looped and window raggedness—not enough that we replenish his wasted midriff with bacon and hominy, and open to his palsied hands an opportunity to toil. These are commendable charities but they are such charities as any one, not himself a brute, would willingly extend to a horse found astray on the common. Shall we do more for our fellows? Have we discharged our whole duty, as men to men, when we have avouched the sympathies we would freely render to a cat? Do we, in truth, recognize their claims at all when we refuse to confess that higher nature in them, whereby alone they are men, and not stocks or animals? More than that, do we not, by refusing to confess a man's manhood, in reality heap him with the heaviest injury it is in our power to inflict, and wound him with the bitterest insult his spirit can receive?

We can easily conceive the justice with which an alien, escaping to our shores from the oppression of his own country, or voluntarily abandoning it for the sake of a better life, might reply to those who receive him hospitably, but deny him political association: "For your good will, I thank you—for the privilege of toiling against the grim inclemencies of my outcast and natural condition, which you offer, I thank you—for the safeguard of your noble public laws, I thank you; but the blessed God, having made me a man, as well as you—when you refuse me, like the semi-barbarians of Sparta, all civil life—when with Jewish exclusiveness, you thrust me out of the holy temple, as a mere proselyte, to the gate—you intended kindness sent over with malignity, and the genial wine-cup you offer brims with worm and gall."

We are all aware of the kind of outcry with which such reasoning is usually met. We know in what a variety of tones—from the vulgar growl of the poisonous pugilist to the minatory shriek of the polemic, phrenic with fear of Scarlet Lady—it is proclaimed that foreign exiles into our life are venomous, and ought to be vehemently resisted. Nor do we mean to deny the right of every community to protect itself from hurt, even to the forcible intrusion, if necessary, of the ingredients which threaten its damage. But that necessity must be most distinctly proved. The case must be one so clear as to leave no doubt of it, as an absolute case of self-defence. Now, there is no such overlying necessity with us as to compel either the exclusion or the extrusion of our alien residents. They are not such a violent interpolation, as when grains of sand, to use

Coleridge's figure, have got between the shell and the flesh of the snail—that they will kill us if we do not put them out and keep them out. A prodigious hue and cry against them wakes the echoes of the vicinage just now, such as it raised when a pack of hungry foxes stray into the honest henroost; but the clamor is quite disproportionate to the occasion. The foxes are by no means so numerous or predacious as they are imagined to be, and there is no danger of them for the future that we need to be transfused with fright, or scamper away in a stampede of panic terror. The evils which our past experience of naturalization has made known to us—for there are some—are not unmanageable evils, requiring a sudden and spasmodic remedy, and menacing a disastrous overthrow unless they are instantly tackled. The most of them are like the other evils of our social condition—mere incidents of an infantile or transitional state—of a life not yet arrived at full maturity—and will be worked off in the regular course of things. At any rate, they solicit no headstrong, desperate assault; only a consciousness of what and where our real strength is, and patient self-control.

On the other hand, it is a fixed conviction of ours, in respect to this whole subject of aliens, that there is much less danger in accepting them, under almost any circumstance, than there would be in attempting to keep them out. In the latter case, by separating them from the common life of the community; making them amenable to laws for which they are yet not responsible; taxing them for the support of a government in which they are not represented; calling upon them for purposes of defence when they have no real country to defend, we should, in effect, erect them into a distinct and subordinate class, on which we had fastened a very positive stigma or degradation. How lamentable and inevitable the consequence of such a social contrast!

The reader, doubtless, has often seen a wretched oak by the wayside, whose trunk is all gnarled and twisted into knots or he may have passed through the wards of an hospital, where beautiful human bodies are eaten with ulcers and sores; or he may have read of the Pariahs of India, those vile and verminous outcasts, who live in hovels away from the cities, and prey on property like rats and weasels; or, again, chance may have led him through the Jews' quarters, the horrid ghettos of the old continental town, where equal or accompanies ineffable crime; or finally his inquiries may have made him familiar with the free blacks of his own country, with their hopeless degradations and miseries! Well, if these experiences have been his he has discerned in them the exponents—in some the symbols, and in others the actual effects—of the terrible spirit of exclusion, when it is worked out in society; for, it is a universal truth, that whatever thing enjoys but a partial participation of the life to which it generally belongs, gets, to the extent of the deprivation, diseased. It is also a universal truth, that the spread of that disease will, sooner or later, affect the more living members. Makes any class of men, for instance, an exception in society; set them apart in a way which shall exclude them from the moral relations which shall breed in them a sense of alienation and degradation at the same time, and they must become either blotches or parasites, which corrupt it; or else a band of conspirators, more or less active, making war upon its integrity.

Let us suppose that some ruler—a Louis Napoleon or Dr. Francia—should decree that all the inhabitants of a certain country, of oblique or defective vision, should be rigidly confined to one of the lower mechanical occupations; would not all the squint-eyed and short-sighted people be immediately degraded in the estimation of the rest of the community? Would not the feeling of that debasement act as a perpetual irritant to their malice, lead them to hate the rest and to prey upon them, and so feed an incessant feud—open or sinister, as the injured party might be strong or weak—between the strabismic families and those of a more legitimate ocularity? In the same way, but with even more certainty and virulence of effect, any legal distinctions among a people, founded upon differences of birth or race, must generate unpleasant and pernicious relations, which, in the end, could only be maintained by force. Say to the quarter million of foreigners who annually arrive on our shores that, like the *metoiki* and *persoika* of the Greeks, they may subsist here, but nothing more; that the privileges of the inside of the city, suffrage, office, equality, ambition, are closed to them; that they may sport for our amusement in the arenas, look on at our courts, do our severer labors for us, and reverentially admire our greatness; but that they shall have no part nor lot in that political life which is the central and distinguishing life of the nation, and so forth; you convert them infallibly, into enemies—into the worst kind of enemies, too, because internal enemies, who have already effected a lodgment in the midst of your citadel. Coming as an invading army these thousands, with avowed and friendly purposes, they might easily be driven back by swords; but coming here to settle and be transmitted into a caste—into political lepers and vagabonds—they would degenerate into a moral plague which no human weapon could turn away. Proscribed from the most important functions of the society in which they lived, they would cherish an intense separation from the general interest, and, as they grow stronger, form themselves into an organized and irritable class. Their just resentments, or their increasing arrogance, would sooner or later provoke some rival faction into conflict; and then the deep-seated, fatal animosities of race and religion, exasperated by the remembrance of injuries given and taken, would rage over society like the winds of the sea.

History is full of warning to us on this head. No causes were more potent in sundering the social ties of the ancient nations than the fierce civil wars which grew out of the narrow policy of restricting citizenship to the indigenous races. No blight has fallen with more fearful severity on Europe

than the blight of class denomination, which for centuries has wasted the energies and the virtues, the happiness and the hopes of the masses. Nor is there any danger that threatens our own country now—scarcely excepting slavery—more subtle or formidable than the danger which lurks in those ill-suppressed hatreds of race and religion, which some persons seem eager to foment into open quarrel. Already the future is walking in today. The recent disgraceful exhibitions in this city—the armed and hostile bands which are known to be organized—the bitter taunts and encounters of their leaders—the low imputations of the Senate-house—the pugilistic melee, ending in death—the instant and universal excitement—the elevation of a bully of a bar-room into the hero of a cause—the imposing funeral honors, rivaling in pageantry and depth of emotion the most solemn obsequies that a nation could decree its noblest benefactors;—all these are marks of a soreness which needs only to be irritated to suppurate in social war.

Our statesmen at Washington are justly sensible of the dangers of sectional divisions; but no sectional divisions which it is possible to arouse are half so much to be dreaded as an inflamed and protracted contrast between natives and aliens, or Catholics and Protestants. The divisions which spring from territorial interests appeal to few of the deeper passions of the soul; but the divisions of race and religion touch a chord in the human heart which vibrates to the intensest malignity of hell. Accordingly, the pen of the historian registers many brutal antagonisms—many lasting and terrible wars; but the most brutal of all those antagonisms, the most lasting and terrible of all those wars, are the antagonisms of race and the wars of religion.

It will be replied to what we have hitherto urged, that our argument proceeds upon an assumption that aliens are to be totally excluded from political life, whereas nobody proposes such a thing, but only a longer preparatory residence.

We rejoice, that the persons and parties who are now agitating the general question, because they propose the exclusion of adopted citizens from office, do, in effect, propose a total political disqualification of foreigners. All their invectives, all their speeches, all their secret assemblages, have this end and no other. They agree to ostracise politically every man who is not born on our soil; they conspire not to nominate to any preferment, not to vote for any candidate who is born abroad; and these agreements and conspiracies are a present disfranchisement, so far as they are effective, of every adopted citizen, and a future anathema of every alien. Whether the aim be accomplished by public opinion, by secret conclave, or by law, the consequences are the same; and the general objections we have alleged to the division of society into castes apply with equal force.

We rejoice again—in respect to the distinction made between a total exclusion of foreigners, and a change in the naturalization laws—that it is a distinction which really amounts to nothing; for, firstly, if the probation be extended to a long period—say twenty-one years, as some recommend—it would be equivalent to a total exclusion; and secondly, if a shorter period—say ten years—be adopted, the change would be unimportant, because no valid objection against the present term of five years would thereby be obviated. Let us see for a moment.

Firstly, as to the term of twenty-one years: We say that, inasmuch as the majority of foreigners who arrive on our shores are twenty-five years of age and over when they arrive, if we impose a quarantine of twenty-one years until they shall have reached an age when the tardy boon will be of little value to them, and when their faculties and their interests in human affairs will have begun to decline. Whether they will care to solicit their right at that period is doubtful, and, if they do, they can regard it as scarcely more than a mockery. How many of them will live to be over forty-five or fifty years of age, if we leave them to loiter in the grog-shops, and amid scenes of vice, as they are more likely to do if not absorbed into the mass of citizens? How many, having passed twenty-one years of political ban, and even of ignominy—for it would come to that—would be thereby better prepared for adoption? The younger ranks of the emigrants might possibly benefit by the hope of one day becoming citizens, and look forward to it with some degree of interest, but to all the rest it would be a *fata morgana*, and the protracted test virtually an interdiction.

Secondly, as to any shorter novitiate—say ten or twelve years—it would not be more effective, in the way of qualifying the pupil, than the existing term. As the law now stands, an alien giving three years' notice of intention, must have been five years consecutively a resident of the United States, and one year a resident of the State and county in which he applies—must be of good moral character—must be attached to our constitution and laws—must abjure all foreign powers, particularly that he was subject to—and must swear faithful allegiance to the government of his adopted country—before he can be admitted a member of the State. What more could we exact of him, at the end of ten years or twenty to these requirements, than at the end of five years, would he be more likely to be fit at the end of ten? In short, is there a single disqualification which zealous nativists are apt to allege against foreigners—such as their ignorance, their clannishness, their attachment to foreign governments, and their subjection to the Roman Catholic Church—which would be probably alleviated by means of a more protracted embargo? None: on the contrary, as we have intimated in another place all their worse qualities would be aggravated by the exclusive association among themselves for so many years longer, in which they would be kept—while they would lose as we shall show more fully hereafter, the best means of fitting themselves for good citizenship, in losing the educational influences of our actual political life.

It is true, in respect to the present laws of

naturalization; that our efforts have shown a baneful laxity in enforcing their conditions, and that our leading parties, corrupt everywhere, are nowhere more corrupt than in their modes of naturalizing foreigners, but there is no reason to expect that either courts or parties will grow more severe under stringent laws. They will have the same motives, and be just as eager, to license fraudulent voters than as they are now; and the few days before the great presidential election will exhibit the same disgraceful scenes of venality and falsehood. No simple change in the time of the law, at any rate, can work any improvement. Nor will such a change render it any more difficult for the dishonest alien to procure the franchise. He can just as easily swear to a long residence as a short one while it will happen that the rarer we make the privilege, the more we increase the difficulties of access to it, the longer we postpone the minority, the greater will be his inducements to evade the law. In proportion as a prize becomes more valuable, the temptation to a surreptitious seizure of it increases, but where an end is easily achieved, the trouble of waiting till it be obtained in the regular way is preferred to the hazards of a clandestine or criminal attempt to carry it off.

Besides, it is a puerile piece of injustice towards the alien to inflict him with a disability because of our own laches. We have failed to administer our laws as they should be, and, experiencing some injury in consequence, we turn round to abuse the foreigner, like a foolish and petulant boy who licks the stone over which he stumbled. The more magnanimous as well as sensible course would be to amend our own faults. Let us make the five years of probation what the courts may easily make them, by rigidly exacting the criterions of the law—an interval of real preparation for citizenship—and the present term will be found long enough.—But whether long enough or not, the question of time—that is, whether it shall be five years or ten—is a simple question of internal police, not of lasting principles, to be determined by the facts of experience, and by no means justifying the virulent and wholesale denunciations of foreigners it is the fashion with some to fulminate.

In fact, the entire logic of the nativists is vitiated by its discriminating character.—Because a large number of the Irish and a considerable number of the Germans have been reduced, by the long years of abuse which they have suffered at home, to an inferior manhood, it is argued that all the rest of the Germans and the Irish, and all the Swiss, English, French, Scotch, Swedes and Italians, must be made to suffer for it; but what a grievous error! The poor exiles and refugees, many of them, are no doubt sufficiently debased—some even excessively insolent, too—but among them there are others who are not. Among them are thousands upon thousands of men of hardy virtues and clear intelligence, whose industry contributes vastly to the wealth as their integrity does to the good order of our society. Law-abiding like slaves for us, they have built our cities and railroads, piecing the western wilds, they have couched them to blossom into gardens; taking part in our commerce and manufactures, they have helped to carry the fruits of the globe. It was from their ranks that our statesmanship recruited Gallatin, Morris, and Hamilton; that the law acquired Rutledge, Wilson, and Emmett; that the army won its Gages, its Mercer and its Montgomery; the navy its Jones, Blakeley, and Barry, the arts their Sully and Cole; science its Agassiz and Guyot; the philanthropy its Eliot and Benezet; and religion its Witherspoon, its White, its Whitfield, and its Cheverus.

The adopted citizen, no doubt, preserves a keen remembrance of his native land; but "lives there on earth and soil so dead?" as not to sympathize in that feeling? Let us ask you, oh patriotic Weissnicht, all fresh as you are from the vociferations of the lodge, whether you do at heart think the less of a man because he cannot wholly forget the play-places of his infancy—the friends and companions of his boyhood—the old cabin in which he was reared—and the grave in which the bones of his honored mother repose? Have you never seen two long separated friends from the Old World meet again in the New, and clasp each other in a warm embrace, while their conversation blossomed up from a vein of common memory, in "Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth."

And did you not love them the more, in that their eyes grew liquid with the dear old theme? Or is there, in the whole circle of your large and respectable private acquaintance, a single Scotchman to whom you refuse your hand because his affections melt under the "Auld Lang Syne" of Burns, or because his sides shake like a falling house when "Hallowe'en" or "Tam O'Shanter" is read? Can you blame even the poor Finchman if his eyes light up into a kind of deathless glow when the "Marseillaise" twisted from some wandering hurdy-gurdy, has yet power to recall the glorious days in which his father and brothers danced for liberty's sake, and with gay audacity towards the guillotine? We venture to say for you "No!" and we believe, if the truth were told, that often, on the lonely western plains, you have dreamed over again with the German his sweet dream of the resurrection and unity of the Fatherland? We have ourselves seen you, at the St. George dinners, oh Weissnicht, swell with a very evident pride when some flagrant Englishman, recounting, not the battles which his ancestors for ten centuries had won on every field of Europe, but the better trophies gained by Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, or Cromwell, told you that a little of that same blood coursed in your veins! The blood itself, as it tingled through your body and suffused your cheeks, confessed the fact, if your words did not! How then, can you who gaze at Bunker Hill with tears in your eyes, and fling up your hat of a Fourth of July, with a jerk that almost disengages the shoulder, retire to your secret conclave and chalk it up behind the door against the foreigner that he

has a lingering love for his native country? Why, he ought to be despised if he had not, if he could forget his heritage of old renown; for it is this traditional tenderness, these genial memories of the immortal words and deeds and places, that constitute his patrimonial glories, which show that he has a human heart still under his jacket, and is all the more likely, on account of it, to become a worthy American.

Do not delude yourself, however; into the shallow belief that the aliens, because of these sentimental attachments, will be led into the love of their native governments, which, having plundered them and their class for years, at last expelled them to our shores. Ah! no—poor devils—they have not been so chucked under the chin, and fondled and caressed, and talked pretty to, and fed with sweet cakes, and humored in all sorts of self-indulgences by the old despots as to have fallen in love with them forever and ever. On the contrary, if the reports are true, quite other endearments were showered upon them—such as cuffs and kicks, with a distinct intimation, besides, as Mr. Richard Swiviller said to Mr. Quip, after pounding him thoroughly, that "there were plenty more in the same shop—a large and extensive assortment always on hand—and every order executed with promptitude and despatch." Now, these are experiences that are apt to make republicans of men, and to fill them with other feelings than those of overweening attachment to oppressors!

But this is a slight digression, and we return to the main current of our argument, to say—what we esteem quite fatal to all schemes for excommunicating foreigners, or even greatly extending their minority—that the best way, on the whole, for making them good citizens is to make them citizens.—The evils of making them a class by themselves we have already alluded to, and we now speak, on the other hand, of the benefits which must accrue to them and to us from their absorption into the general life of the community. It is universally conceded by the liberal writers on government and society, that the signal and beneficent advantage of republican institutions (by which we mean an organized series of local self-governments) is, that their practical influences are so strongly educational. They train these subjects constantly into an increasing capacity for their enjoyment.

In the old despotic nations—as we are all aware—where the State is one thing and the people another—the State is in reality a mere machine of police, even in its educational and religious provisions—maintaining a rigid order, but acting only externally on the people, whom it treats either as slaves or children. It does not directly develop the sense of responsibility in them; nor accustom them to self-control and the exercise of their faculties. But in free commonwealths—which abhor this excessive centralizing tendency, and which distribute power through municipalities, leaving the individuals as much discretion as possible—the people are the State and grow into each other as a kind of living unity. Thrown upon their own resources, they acquire quickness, skill, energy, and self-possession; yet, made responsible for the general interests, they learn to deliberate, to exercise judgment, and to weigh the bearings of public questions, and to act in reference to the public welfare. At the same time, the lists of preferment being open to them, they cultivate the virtues and talents which will secure the confidence of their neighbors. Every mode of ambition and honor is addressed to them, to improve their condition and to perfect their endowments; while a consciousness of their connexion with the State imparts a sense of personal worth and dignity.

In practice, of course, some show themselves insensible to these considerations, but a majority do not. The consequence is that the commonality of the republic are vastly superior to the same classes abroad. Compare the farmers of our prairies to the boors of the Russian steppes, or to the peasants of the French valleys! Or compare the great body of the working men in England with those of the United States! Now, the American is not of a better nature than the European, for he is often of the same stock; nor is there any charm in our soil and climate unknown to the soil and climate of the other hemisphere; but there is a difference in institutions. Institutions with us are made for men, and not men for the institutions. It is the jury, the ballot-box, the free public assembly, the local committee, the legislative assembly, the place of trust, and, as a result of these, the school and the newspaper, which give such a spur to our activities, and endow us with such political confidence. The actual responsibilities of civil life are our support and nutriment, and the wings where-with we fly.

If, consequently, you desire the foreigner to grow into a good citizen, you must subject him to the influences by which good citizens are made. Train him as you are yourselves trained, under the effective tutelage of the regular routine and responsibility of politics. He will never learn to swim by being kept out of the water any more than a slave can become a freeman in slavery. He gets used to independence by the practice of it, as the child gets use to walking. It is exercise alone which brings out and improves all sorts of fitness—social as well as physical—and the living of any life alone teaches us how it is to be best lived. Nor will any one work for an end in which he and his have no part. They only act for the community who are of the community. Outsiders are always riders. They stand or sit aloof. They have no special call which may get on as it can, for all them. But incorporate them into it, and it is as clear as the apple of their eye. Choose a person selectman of the village, and he conceives a paternal regard for it instantly, and makes himself wondrously familiar with its affairs, and their practical management.—Show a ruler fellow the possibility of a place in the police, and he begins to think how important the execution of the law is. Hang the awful dignity of a seat in the justice's bench before the ambition of the country