

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
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Pres. Malcom's Baccalaureate Address
LEWISBURG UNIVERSITY, AUG. 17, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: You have now passed through the curriculum of a liberal education, and received the honors to which your diligence and proficiency entitle you. In addressing you now for the last time as your President, it is not with the hope to make up my manifold deficiencies as a teacher, nor for the mere purpose of performing an appropriate ceremony, but in order to avail myself of the last opportunity of suggesting useful hints, and to express, on behalf of the Faculty, in this public manner, our sentiments of affectionate regard.

A host of topics present themselves as suitable for parting words, but the occasion limits me to two or three, and in choosing these I am led not by the opportunity they afford of exhibiting my rhetoric, nor even by their pre-eminence importance above all other counsels; but I limit myself to these because I can say much, and these hints comport with my present mood.

I. **The importance of PROMPTITUDE in action.** Already have you seen evidences of this in the recitation room, where the effect of neglecting one lesson may remain perceptible through the course of that study. Just so have you seen the effect of want of promptitude on the play ground, and so will you see it in the operations of life. The actual and immediate loss is never the whole result of a postponed act. Every day and every act has numerous, though often not obvious relations to coming events, and one negligence by a chain of sequences which no human power can control, involves confusion, embarrassment and possibly defeat.

Want of promptitude is waste of time, for either the duty must at last be discharged under tenfold embarrassment, and to the neglect of duties then incumbent, or it is utterly irretrievable, and one's whole life—perhaps eternity—must feel the consequence.

But beside all losses and embarrassments growing out of a want of promptitude, there is a still greater penalty, the enfolding of the mind itself. To allow ourselves to neglect an action at its right moment, is to introduce lassitude and anarchy among our faculties. The subordination which should exist among our several powers can not be maintained, if dictates of love, duty, or interest are wantonly set aside either through cowardice, indolence, or indecision.

Not infrequently we are kept from an act at its proper juncture by anxious and prolonged deliberation—unable to decide till the use of deciding has passed away. I am no enemy to full deliberation; but the arrival of the crisis must foreclose it. Deliberation is a means to an end, and when unreasonably prolonged, is nothing but painful and pernicious hesitancy. Better is it to act, if we are not quite sure, for life is action, earnest, laborious action.

Fasten your mind on the question, and if it be an important one, fast, pray, seek advice, reflect, bring before you every circumstance and consequence, then determine, and, after such decision, let the matter stay decided. Treat every doubt, which does not grow out of some new consideration, as a temptation of the devil, or a weakness of your own judgment. Let the worst come, you will be secure of having the consciousness of having endeavored to do right, and this, after all, is man's highest reward, next to the approbation of God.

II. Another consideration which I would urge upon you is the **importance of harmony of character.** The longer you live, the more will you see the consequence of proportion and adjustment in your preferences and pursuits, determined by a comprehensive recognition of what is good and true. Splendid geniuses have flashed their brilliancy on astonished communities, but the glory of their talents was dimmed by the faults of their lives; and while they dazzled, they led astray. Even the benevolent apostle of some prominent form of charity, has on the whole made his life a damage by his exclusiveness; and has driven himself into some fretful retirement, where both his

usefulness and his peace have been abolished.

What I mean by a harmonious character, is one in which the intellectual powers receive proportionate culture, the passions move in their proper limits, and all truly good objects are regarded in the measure of their respective importance. It does not destroy this harmony to devote one's self to a particular calling, either professional or philanthropic, for each of us has some bent of mind, some speciality in training, fitness, or opportunity which both justifies and demands devotion to some primary pursuit. So netting not only does not impair the general welfare, but promotes it just as it is best that the eye devotes itself to seeing, and the hands to work. But if all were eyes, where would be the hands? If you have no love but for one good object, and no energies but for its advancement, you detach yourself from all who might aid, but have preferences of their own, and may in the result do more mischief by what you reject than good by what you support.

To cherish any attribute of humanity or pursue any vocation so as to blind us to other excellencies or other aims, is to make us partisans, bigots, or devotees. Such are the men who fill the earth with discord and bitterness, keeping themselves fevered by excitement, or irritated by opposition, and are generally nullified by defeat.

True benevolence is general, as well as ardent; as universal in its aims, as it is vivid in its degree; not only earnest and self-sacrificing, but embracing all proper objects, and slurring no moral principles. Rabid and one-eyed zealots are to human nature what distortion is to a work of art. Their ill shape fits with nothing, and works with nothing.

Go into the world not to be mere farmers, lawyers, or divines, but men, and let whatever concerns men, concern you.

The grand centrality of your character is fixed by moral principle, regarding Jesus as the only way, truth, and life, and the gospel he taught as the sum of all good to man. We may contribute, or dispute, or teach, or toil to accomplish specific results, but all will be adjusted and controlled rightly when your grand aim is to transform ourselves and others into the image of Christ. The moment you think yourselves great men, or desire to be so, that moment you become a moral blot on the world. Conscious dignity and greatness may be felt and enjoyed while we realize our utter insignificance, and exult only in our fragmentary oneness with God and his Christ. Attainments in wealth, honor, or knowledge may safely be made when we regard every acquisition as a talent which we value only as increasing our power to do good.

Among the various influences which tend to disturb this harmony of character, I know of none more certain to occur or more likely to prevail than detraction. Men observe with impatience the tokens of superiority in others, and merit alone is sufficient to make plenty of enemies. If in thousands of cases this malignity toward merit has kindled the flames of martyrdom, or wore out its victim in dungeons, how can you hope to be appreciated, much less rewarded, in a world like this. The servant is not greater than his lord, and you must not be jostled from your property by finding yourself abused for your very virtue's sake, while impudence and meanness ride prosperously.

The two considerations I have presented you, promptitude and proportion, point to my remaining suggestion, viz:

III. Keep before you usefulness as the grand end and aim of existence.

Regard mankind as not only as your brethren, but as God's children; and spend your existence as God spends his in blessing them. O, there is nothing in this world so ennobling, so joyous, as earnest co-operation with God, oneness with him in feeling, purpose, plan, measures, successes and rejoicings. This brief and humble existence is thus made part and parcel of a system of universal and perpetual goodness and advantage—a fit connection to an endless progression in honor and happiness.

Happy the man who devotes himself to the general good, with that comprehensiveness and promptitude which I have described. Constantly is there welling up in his bosom the joyous emotions of a benefactor, while his own virtues are matured. Misfortunes may overtake him, or success may be denied, but conscious of co-operation with Christ, he is willing to be like him in mortification, assured of being with him in a final and certain triumph.

Without this fixed purpose of usefulness, a man's whole course of action is a course of steady moral degradation. While we remain on earth, progress, either in good or evil, is unavoidable, just as the tree must either grow or decay, and our moral condition will always conform to our moral acts. He who acts for self, nourishes his bad attributes, and makes war on all that could ennoble him.

You will, at times, be at a loss to determine the usefulness of an undertaking, and your recourse must then be to the question, *what is right?* a question which the Word of God will enable us to decide in cases where it is not possible for finite man to determine what is good on the whole be useful. When the abstract question of right proves difficult of solution, we have the biography of Jesus for our intelligible and safe expositor. What, but a Divine mind would have thought of sending, with the revelation of a perfect code of life, a perfect exemplification of it, in a living and acting person!

Strange, that Heaven's great teaching, through the life of Christ, should be universally regarded as a mere exhibition, and not a requirement. The life of Christ was a disclosure of the life of God, so far as humanity could embody it; and he who imitates it, partakes, to that extent, of the Divine Nature. His is the constant joyousness of being a benefactor to his race, and an appendage to his God. He shares in the mission of Christ, and by an inflexible process is "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." The man whose single aim is usefulness, has, prevailing in his heart, the delicious singleness of love—love to God and love to man; and then in the sublime language of John, "God dwelleth in us."

To bring these remarks to a close, let me just glance at the moral influence you will exert after death. Incalculable as must be the influence of our life, as we go along, it is as a sand to a globe in comparison with the influence we leave behind to spread, like heaven, till time shall be no longer. O, my young friends, remember the tolling bell will not be the last notice men will take of you; nor will the harsh-sounding clod on your coffin bury up your power for good or evil on the earth. Not of Abel only can it be said that "being dead he yet speaketh"—every one leaves imperishable influences—you will—you are every hour flinging them from you, as the great Stagyrite thought we did phantoms of ourselves. Who can compute the influence of one life? Related, as is every event, to a complicated maze of other events, the myriad movements produced or modified by it, reach on to endless ages. A casual remark often gives a turn to the whole career of the youthful listener, whose presence we had not even noticed.

But this thought of posthumous influence is not useful only for caution, it is a ground of glorious consolation. You may seem to do little for God, and your retired positions may have no apparent potentialities for good. The stone that marks your grave may have no labored epitaph, and the mourners that place you there may be the lowly ones of earth. No institution may call you its founder—no biography may perpetuate your name in libraries—no science may have grown in your hands—no children may rise up and call you blessed. But only keep right on, obscure and feeble though you may be, and depend upon it you shall rejoice with exceeding joy when you rest from your labors, and your works do follow you. Never yet did obscurity of position keep from the world the influence of goodness, though full of it was the blaze of publicity overpowered virtue.

Go then, beloved and respected pupils, to your life-long work—prompt in action, expansive in purpose, and single in aim. Our eyes and our affections will follow you as you proceed along successive years. Our personal happiness and gratitude will be augmented by your well doing, and your alma mater, already honored by your diligence and love of order as students, will be advantaged by your attainments in science, or successes in office.

Be assured you will find in the supporters and teachers of this College, fast friends, and that the love you have won as students, will not fade, though mountains or oceans may keep you from our sight.

Praying that you may live long—shine brightly—labor much—reap abundantly, and in the world to come, all meet again in peace, I bid you affectionately, though reluctantly, farewell!

A Big Tent at the North!

The State Committee of the Prohibitory Liquor Law, have purchased another Big Tent, which will accommodate three thousand persons. They also think themselves fortunate in securing the services of Wm. Nicholson, Esq., and Mr. Morrison, to speak in this Tent. The appointments, so far as made, are as follows:

Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Sept. 1st and 2d; Danville, Montour county, Sept. 4th and 5th; Sunbury, Northumberland county, 7th and 8th; Lewisburg, Union county, 10th and 11th; Williamsport, Lycoming county, 13th and 14th; Lock Haven, Clinton county, 16th, 17th and 18th; Bellefonte, 20th and 21st.—From this time to the election, the Tent will go where most can be effected. The

friends will see that all necessary arrangements are made. We hope in all instances county meetings will be held during the day, at 10 A. M., 2 P. M., and in 73 in the evening, unless notice is given to the contrary. Let the masses rally to the Tent and speak a great word for God and Humanity.

E. W. JACKSON,
Cor. Sec. of State Cent. Com.

"Star"-Light on Division.

Any one who has observed carefully the course of the New Berlin *Star* during the present campaign, will agree with us that, with the exception of a few assertions as to the increased taxation caused by a Division—assertions not proved, nor capable of proof—that paper has concealed and befogged the Division question as much as possible. Instead of stating the truth that the *Division* question is the only true and practical local question before the people of Union county, that paper has falsely, and with intention to mislead its readers, repeated that the *Railroad* was the question of the day. Every man who writes editorials for that paper, knows that such a perversion is, in intention and in purpose, a deception. "Snyder the Railroad candidate—Bonds got to be secured again—Snyder to get a new law to tax the people—Gundy to sign them over again;" these were the declarations of the *Star*, or of its co-workers, the *Times* and *Volkersfelds*. Each and every one of these allegations is false, and the *Star* men knew and know it.

The *Star* has professed to be the organ of the Whig party, and as such had no right whatever to interfere in local county questions, or to take sides for or against any candidate, before the nomination. All will say that the duty of a party organ is to harmonize, and not distract, the party—to show "equal and exact justice" to every member of it, and not to crush one candidate and exalt another. But, what has been the *Star's* course? Why, not content with praising Mr. Simonton, the *Star* and its German echo denounced Mr. Snyder as a "Railroad" man, as one who "ought to be cut dead;" and various other statements were made—false statements—not to make a fair case between the two candidates, but to prejudice, falsify, and destroy the chance of one, (Mr. Snyder). The Democratic *Times* itself did not show more virulence against Mr. Snyder, than did this professed Whig organ against one of the oldest and most respected Whigs of the county.

The *Star* nowhere stated that Mr. Simonton was the Anti-Division candidate, nor that the Division was the issue. On the contrary, it asserted that the *Railroad* was the issue—stirred up the Reputation caldron of last year, and snuffed its savory contents—and with the alarms sounded upon the false discovery that virtuous old George Heimlach had his delicate integrity wounded by Israel Gutelius' offer to bribe, carried the Caucus ticket (which had previously been agreed upon by those who have sometimes had such nominations ratified, and sometimes have failed of that great end.)

The New Berlin people never wished this question settled by the people themselves—never would submit that a majority should determine it—although some were willing to give up if *two-thirds* were for Division! They trusted to their cunning and wire-working with candidates, rather than to the justice and strength of their cause. The proposition to have the Division question tested by votes at the ballot box, instead of by running candidates upon that issue, was not even noticed by the *Star*, until the people in Convention forced it so to do.

And, now that Mr. Simonton is nominated on the part of Union county, this same *Star*, of the 18th ult., has the hardihood—the unblushing effrontery—to state as follows:

"We do not believe that the nomination of our present Ticket is a test on the Division question, but on the contrary, that their nomination is a test, and was on all hands intended so to be before it was made."

—Let us examine the case in detail. In the first place, Mr. Simonton has but a little over one-fifth of the vote of the county! 2d. Many in White Deer, Kelly, Buffalo, Lewisburg, Chapman, Washington, and other towns who did not vote for Mr. Snyder, are decidedly in favor of Division, and will vote for it. 3d. Twenty times the effort was made for Simonton that was for Snyder—effort in time, men and money. The Caucus ticket had every candidate and many of their friends at work, thoroughly and systematically.—New Berlin men canvassed the Beavers from door to door. The opponents of the Caucus had no unity of action, and their vote was scattered. 4th. Some who were deceived on the Bribery humbug, now understand who deceived them, and why. 5th. The Democratic strength is mostly around Selingsgrove and Lewisburg, and that party elsewhere is more generally for Division than the Whig. The reasons, that

New Berlin men promise active Whigs, in Neutral or Division towns, office at some future time, if they will oppose Division; and thus influence many whose judgment and interest are for Division, to oppose it. But the examination of the Whig vote polled, also testifies that the nominating election was no test on the Division question.

Below is the vote for Scott last Nov'r, and for Assembly last month, arranged in districts as they have been, and as they most naturally would be, on the Division issue, properly presented:

Districts. Whig vote in '52. Vote in Aug. Deficiency.

DISTRICTS.	WHIG	DEF.	
Perry	133	43	90
Washington	127	80	47
Chapman	134	40	94
Penna	300	176	124
Lewisburg	233	126	107
East Buffalo	116	31	85
Kelly	124	53	71
White Deer	188	84	104
	1355	633	722

[most absentees by 89]

CENTRAL DISTRICTS.

DISTRICTS.	WHIG	DEF.	
Center	185	74	111
Middlecreek	71	35	36
Union	158	81	77
Buffalo	158	118	40
West Buffalo	99	40	59
Millburg	73	39	34
Hartley	260	88	172
	1004	478	526

[most absentees by 45]

ANTI-DIVISION DISTRICTS.

DISTRICTS.	WHIG	DEF.	
New Berlin	83	64	18
Limestone	95	69	26
Centerville	117	96	21
Beaver	245	140	105
West Beaver	183	145	38
	723	518	205

205—313 over.

It will be seen that the Division districts did not get out half their vote, while the Anti-Division vote was over *five-sevenths* polled. New Berlin had only 15 absent—Penna had 124! Limestone, 26 absent—East Buff, 85! Centerville, 21 absent—Lewisburg, 107! West Beaver, 38 absent—White Deer, 104! Thus it will be seen that the Divisionists made comparatively no efforts at home, much less in the Neutral districts; while the New Berlin Anti-Divisionists and Caucusites put forth their mightiest energies, and polled every vote they could.

We next give the votes as cast for the Representative, as proof to every one that Division was not made the test question:

DISTRICTS.	WHIG	DEF.	
Perry	40	36	
Washington	7	2	
Chapman	32	8	
Penna	12	165	
East Buffalo	4	27	
Lewisburg	10	51	
Kelly	28	15	
White Deer	72	12	
Center	73	1	
Middlecreek	27	8	
Union	74	10	
Buffalo	107	11	
West Buffalo	39	1	
Millburg	87	2	
Hartley	51	27	
New Berlin	65	2	
Limestone	68	1	
Centerville	94	2	
Beaver	140	—	
West Beaver	148	—	
	1185	418	76

Perhaps the *Star* will contend that the *Commissioner* was the test. But it so happens that the *Star* said nothing about Mr. Seebold's views on Division, although his views on Railroadism were blazoned forth conspicuously. And while it barely admitted Mr. Gundy at the last day—after he had paid for it as an advertisement!—to insert a brief card, it wronged and insulted him by alleging that he was "grating," and warned the people not to be "deceived" by him in reference to the County Buildings. The following is the vote for Commissioner, and when compared with that for Representative will be additional proof that no such test was made:

DISTRICTS.	WHIG	DEF.	
Perry	2	24	13
Washington	67	4	19
Chapman	3	3	26
Penna	19	119	22
East Buffalo	3	29	—
Lewisburg	4	121	—
Kelly	5	49	—
White Deer	40	42	—
Center	71	3	—
Middlecreek	82	—	11
Union	82	28	—
Buffalo	69	41	—
West Buffalo	35	6	—
Millburg	37	2	—
Hartley	22	61	—
New Berlin	63	1	—
Limestone	67	4	—
Centerville	90	1	—
Beaver	140	—	—
West Beaver	151	—	—
	955	539	101

The whole vote of the county last year we also copy, to show where THE VOTE went to come is located:

DISTRICTS.	WHIG	DEF.	
Perry	235	Center 271	New Berlin 143
Washington	227	Middlecreek 120	Limestone 159
Chapman	278	Union 297	Centerville 147
Penna	589	Buffalo 248	Beaver 307
East Buff.	178	W. Buff. 191	W. Beaver 211
Lewisburg	426	Millburg 173	
Kelly	163	Hartley 391	
White Deer 319			
	2410	1300	1368

Number who voted last year, 5078
" petitioned for Div. 2130
" petitioned against 1846

—Having thus given the facts and the figures in the case, we remark in closing, that the Division question is yet to be decided. If the machinations of the Heimlach party at New Berlin succeed in misleading the people by diverting them from the true issue at present, they will only postpone the evil day. Hundreds of resolute men are determined not to let the question rest until it is FAIRLY and HONESTLY tested, on its merits alone; and in a long contest, they are fully equal to New Berlin. Thus far, the opponents of Division are doing all there is doing upon the question, but not honestly and aboveboard. The friends of Division are doing next to nothing; and unless they go speedily to work, and that in earnest, they will most assuredly be defeated—and another "forty years in the wilderness" climbing the mountains or threading the hills to Longstown, may be before them and their children. One thing is certain—new County Buildings, somewhere, will soon have to be erected; and SOMEBODY will have to pay for them!

The Russian Minister.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—We see it reported that M. Bodiseo, the Russian Minister, has undertaken to muzzle a Washington newspaper, after the fashion of St. Petersburg. We hope he will have "a good time." [An article in the *Union* respecting Russia, displeasing him, he not only "stopped" his own copy, but demanded of the Secretary of State that he suppress it wholly.]

This reminds us of an incident we have heard related of this gentleman in the earlier days of his mission. Some years ago, he was passing over the Rochester & Syracuse Railroad on an excursion to Niagara with a party of friends. If we remember rightly, it was his wedding tour. When the train reached Syracuse, an attaché, or secretary, or something, took a fancy to quarrel with one of the men employed about the depot, and with the insolence of a petty official, raised his cane and struck him. The man was about to take justice into his own hands, but the fellow claimed the protection of his master and his suite, who, of course, all took his part, and supposed their diplomatic character would enable him to get off with impunity.

Mr. Smith, the conductor and agent, immediately waited on the Minister in the car, stated the case, and civilly but firmly remarked that such an unprovoked outrage could not be tolerated here; and wound up by expressing the hope that the Minister would end the business, as he easily could, by apologizing.

The Minister smiled. Apologize! Did *monieur le conducteur* know whom he was addressing? It was M. Alexandre Bodiseo, Ambassador of the Emperor of Russia! Mr. Smith coolly replied, that, if he was the Emperor of Russia himself, he was entitled to an apology. And he added, that, until he got it, that train would stop where it was, in the Syracuse depot.

Great was the indignation of the circle when this audacious speech was translated all around it, and it was found that diplomatic proceedings were so suddenly brought to a standstill. Terrible oaths were sworn at the conductor, the railroad, the company, the country, the—everybody! But as they were all in Russian, they did not hurt anybody.

"I order this train to go on!" said the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, stepping out on the platform. The passengers stared. Bystanders winked at each other. The little popcorn and candy boys opened their eyes wide at the man with the long beard, and thought he must be crazy. But the train did not budge an inch.

"I order this train to go on!" repeated M. Bodiseo, bringing his cane vehemently down on the platform, by way of emphasis. No result. The smoke curled lazily up from the locomotive, and the fireman and engineer leaned back on the wood-pile to enjoy the fun.

Fortunately at this moment a Washington acquaintance, who happened to be on board, came out, and undertook to explain American customs to the Ambassador. A long colloquy ensued in some foreign tongue, which nobody understood. The upshot of it was, however, that a handsome and courteous apology was tendered and received—the Minister adding that his ignorance of the language and customs of the country had led him into a mistake. The whistle sounded, the bell rung, and away went the train, carrying two or three wiser people out of Syracuse than it brought in half an hour before.

It is barely possible that M. Bodiseo's labors with the press may terminate in a similar way. After all, it is the education, not the man, that is to blame. M. Bodiseo is a sensible and accomplished gentleman, as such things go in Russia. There, his requirements would be treated as perfectly reasonable and proper. Persons go and stop at the bidding of high

diplomats. Here, however, high diplomats oftener come and go at the bidding of the press.

—Upon this affair, "ONE OF 'EM," a correspondent of the *Phila. Daily Register*, writing "Ang. 1853, mercury at 96 deg." improves the opportunity (and so doing, a friend remarks, "rises from the ridiculous to the sublime") to unbosom himself, as follows:

Bodiseo and the Washington Papers.
Now, Bodiseo, den be quiet,
Hold that pesky tongue o' yours;
Why must you be raisin' riot,
Allers some new trouble brewin'.

Keep your temper, frosty stranger,
Cool and sleek as Russian sleet;
There's a mighty sight o' danger
Bein' riled, in such a heat.

People brings on apoplexy,
Fumin' so, and gittin' hot—
Don't let that—er trouble vex ye,
In the little brass yu've got.

Where's the use of makin' trouble,
Tryin' to drive them papers in?
Pay 'em, man, they'll all see double
For you, if they hear the tin.

Poke 'em in the ribs with praises,
Give the creturs golden fruit;
Then they'll do your work like blazes,
Followin' in your master's suit.

Can't you see that "Union" paper's
On your side, in every bout;
But it mustn't let our people
Find its secret likin' out.

Don't be cuttin' any antics
With your ugly Russian bear;
Our backwoods is full of Bruins,
Furren ones is nothing rare.

Yankee natur can be bullied,
P'raps its mighty easy bough't;
But 'twas never seen a runnin'
When it ought to stood and fought.

Halt upon your tracks, and listen—
Don't you hear the mighty roar
Of the first great gun of Freedom,
Thunderin' on the Turkish shore?

Boomin' o'er the tremblin' waters,
As they swell to bear the sound
Onward to the mountain echoes,
Wakin' up the nations' round?

What's them echoes but the voices
Of the mighty dead of old,
As the hero-host rejoices
Over Freedom's summons bold!

Face you fight with all creation,
Take advice from one who knows;
If you rouse the Yankee nation,
Turnin' it from trade to blows;

And above your kings and kingdoms,
If our banner'd eagle screams;
And before your marshall'd armies,
If our sword of Freedom gleams—

You'll see sights, most noble stranger,
Never seen on earth before;
When the people's great avenger
Sweeps to triumph, evermore;

When around your kings their kingdoms
Rattle like the summer hail;
And their vast and dread defences,
In the hour of trial fail!

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