

The Carlisle Herald.

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NO. 5.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:—\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

Poetical.

Conjugal Poetry.

"Our friend, David Baker, Esq.," says an Eastern paper, "who has produced some of the best poetry ever written by a Maine bard, pleased at a little incident that happened to his family, (the first occurrence of the kind,) gives vent to his feelings in the following imaginative piece:

MY CHILD'S ORIGIN.

One night, as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through it a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
Of dawn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dream,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of pain,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
And find the door of Heaven again.

When some fellow of the practical sort,
Without any imagination, and not possessing the "divine afflatus," attempts to destroy the little illusion of David, as follows:—

ST. PETER'S REPLY.

Full eighteen hundred years or more
I've kept my gate securely closed,
There was no "little angel" stray,
Nor one been missing all the while.

I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor left the door of Heaven ajar,
Nor has a "little angel" left
And gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that "blushing bride," and see
If she don't frankly own and say
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it by the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That should your number still enlarge,
That you will not do as before,
And lay it on old Peter's charge.

Miscellaneous.

THE BATTLE OF PULTAVA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

By E. E. H.

It was on the 8th of July, of the year 1709, that the decisive battle of Pultava was fought, between the two most singular monarchs who were then on earth; Charles XII, illustrious by nine years of victories. Peter Alexiowitch, by nine years of pains-taken-to-make-his-troops-equal-to-the-Swedish-troops; the one glorious in having given states, the other in having civilized his own; Charles loving dangers, and fighting only for glory; Alexiowitch never fleeing peril, and making war only for his interests; the Swedish monarch liberal through the greatness of his spirit; the Muscovite never giving except for some view; the former of a sobriety and continence without example, of a natural magnanimity, and who had been barbarous only at one time; the latter not having thrown aside the harshness of his education and of his country, as terrible to his subjects as he was admirable to strangers, and too much addicted to excesses which have even shortened his days. Charles had the title of "Invincible," which a moment could take away from him; the nation had already given to Peter Alexiowitch the name of "Great," which a defeat could not make him lose, because he owed it not to the victories.

To have a clear idea of this battle, and of the place where it was fought, it is necessary to picture to oneself Pultava on the North, the camp of the King of Sweden on the South, verging a little towards the East, his baggage behind it about a mile, and the river of Pultava on the North of the city, running from the East to the West.

The Czar had crossed the river at a league from Pultava, from the side of the West, and commenced to form his camp.

At the break of day the Swedes came out from their entrenchments with four iron cannons for their artillery; the rest were left in the camp with about three thousand men; four thousand remained with the baggage; so that the Swedish army marched against the enemy twenty-one thousand strong, of whom they had about seven thousand Swedes.

Generals Renschild, Lovén, Levenhaupt, Slipenbak, Sparre, Hamilton, the Prince of Wirtemberg, a relative of the King, and some others, most of whom had seen the battle of Narva, made all the subaltern officers remember that day when eight thousand Swedes had destroyed an army of eighty thousand Muscovites in an entrenched camp; the officers related it to the soldiers; all encouraged themselves in the march.

The King conducted the march, carried on a litter at the head of his infantry. One part of the cavalry advanced by his order to attack that of the enemy; the battle commenced by this engagement at half past four o'clock in the morning; the enemy's cavalry was at the West, on the right of the Muscovite camp; Prince Menzickoff and Count Goltzow had placed it by intervals between redoubts filled with cannons; General Slipenbak, at the head of the Swedes fell upon his cavalry. All those who have served among Swedish troops know that it is almost impossible to resist the fury of their first shock; the Muscovite squadrons were broken and forced in; the Czar himself hastened to rally them; his cap was pierced with a musket ball; Menzickoff had three horses shot under him; the Swedes shouted victory.—Charles did not doubt that the battle was gained; he had sent in the middle of the night, General Creutz with 5000 cavalry or dragoons, who were to take the enemy on the flank, while he would attack them on the front; but his misfortune willed that Creutz should lose his way, and he did not appear.

The Czar, who had time to rally his cavalry; if he fell in turn upon that of the King, which, not being supported by the detachment of Creutz, was in its turn driven back; Slipenbak even was made prisoner in this engagement; at the same time seventy-two cannons fired on the Swedish cavalry from the camp; and the Russian infantry, debouching from their lines, went to attack that of Charles.

The Czar then detached Prince Menzickoff to post himself between Pultava and the Swedes; the Prince Menzickoff executed with competency and with promptness the order of his master; not only did he cut off the communication between the Swedish army and the troops remaining at the camp before Pultava, but having met a reserve corps of three thousand men, he surrounded it and cut it to pieces. If Menzickoff made this maneuver himself, Russia owed to him her safety; if the Czar ordered it, he was a worthy

adversary of Charles XII. In the meantime the Muscovite infantry left their lines and advanced in battle array into the plain; on the other side the Swedish cavalry rallied at a quarter of a league from the army of their enemy; and the king, aided by his field-marshal Renschild, ordered everything for a general combat.

He ranged in two lines those of his troops who remained, his infantry occupying the center, and his cavalry the two wings. The Czar disposed his army in the same way; he had the advantage of numbers and that of seventy-two cannons, while the Swedes had to oppose him, only four, and they commenced in need of powder.

The Muscovite Emperor was at the centre of his army, having then only the title of Major-General, and seeming to obey General Czernetoff; but he went, as Emperor from rank to rank, mounted on a Turkish horse, which was a present from the "Grand Seigneur," exhorting captains and soldiers, and promising recompenses to each one.

At nine o'clock in the morning the battle recommenced; one of the first discharges of the Muscovite cannon carried the two horses from the litter of Charles; he caused two others to be attached; a second discharge shattered the litter in pieces, and overthrew the king; of the twenty-four "Arabians" who relieved each other in conveying him, twenty one were slain. The Swedes dismounted gave way; and the enemy continuing to overwhelm them, the first line recoiled upon the second, and the second fell. It was in this action, a line of only ten thousand Russian infantry, put to rout the Swedish army; so much were affairs changed!

All the Swedish writers say that they would have gained the battle, if they had not made mistakes; but all the officers pretend that it was a great thing to fight it, and a greater thing still to confine themselves in this country lost, against the advice of the wisest, against a warlike enemy three times greater than Charles XII by the number of men, and by the resources which failed the Swedes. The recollection of Narva was the principal cause of the misfortune of Charles at Pultava.

From the Chicago Post.

A FINANCIAL SKIRMISH.

Beau Hackett Encounters A "Tiger."

Editor Post:—"The world is growing better. I know it. Men have forgotten their sordid selfishness and mean passions, and are studying how they can best advance the interests of their fellow beings. The doctrine of total depravity is defunct, virtue reigns triumphant.

For example, I received a remittance the other day of fifty dollars from the gentleman from whom I descended in a direct line, he being my father. Fifty dollars is wholly inadequate to the purchase of an ordinary suit of clothes in these times. What would purchase canvas enough for a circus tent three years ago, now went for a canvas—back duck now. To be brief, I felt as much lust with my fifty dollars as I did without it.

But a philanthropist came to the rescue. As neat and handsome a man as ever I saw, (and I see myself daily) saw me take the money from the post office, and immediately volunteered to send me any assistance that I might need. The money was not heavy, and I found no difficulty in carrying it myself, for it was principally paper.

But ah, what a generous friend that young man proved. He could not be induced to forsake me. He saw that I was in distress, because the sum of money was not as large as I desired, and he proposed to reveal a plan, gratuitously, (bless him!) whereby I could double it. I was enraptured with my new acquaintance. We strolled together, arm in arm, and were very happy.

We met a half a dozen individuals displaying all the fixtures and ornaments belonging to perfect gentility, including mustaches. My friend introduced me to all of them, with stanning politeness.—He had a peculiar habit of shutting one eye when he introduced me. I think the operation had a sort of magic or mesmerizing influence, for I observed that the other gentlemen shut one eye too. The new acquaintances all joined my particular friend and me in a general promenade. My "particular" whispered in my ear that I had better take good care of my pocket-book; that a stranger never knew who to trust, and all that. He said I was perfectly safe as long as he was with me, but if I felt any uneasiness he would carry my money in his pockets. I overwhelmed him with gratitude, and told him I didn't want to annoy him so much.

Said he to his friends: "Let's take Beau Hackett to see the tiger." I thanked him kindly. Told him I had a free ticket to a menagerie, which I never used, and that I had no particular objection for the brute creature.

"But you want you to fight the tiger," was the unanimous chimera. I protested. Informed my friends that I was not an athlete, and never indulged in any such sports. With a good rifle I could probably hold my own with a tiger if he came within my fire limits. My particular friend said they meant a faro bank. It was a gay institution, and I could make a fortune in a few minutes. It occurred to me suddenly that a bank was just the thing I needed, seeing I had considerable capital on hand. I consulted with my friends, and they were all in favor of it. We went up stairs in a big brick house and stopped in room No. 6. One man stood behind a table, which was covered with green cloth. On the table were a deck of cards, a silver box, and a

heap of ivory checks. The green cloth, I was told, was intended to be a verification of Tom Moore's line, "The innocent gambols on the green." I saw one man who seemed to be taking up a collection. He had a saintly face, and declared himself ready to "copper the bet." Thereupon he doubled a ten dollar note on the ace and covered it with a copper cent. A man, wearing the expression of a broken down tragedian, fopped four shillings on the tray and lost. He took it coolly though, got up and walked back and forth on the floor, looking like a picture of Napoleon at Helena, (Ark.), and presently began to recite some lines that were running in his head. Said he, in a truly tragical voice. "The king is dead, the king is dead!"

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed a man at the table, "why didn't you tell me so. I've got my money on that card." I coppered a bet. I liked the fun.—The crowd gathered around me, and I think from my elegant bit attenuated form, and alacrity with the "tiger," they mistook me for John Morgan. Their attentions to me were astonishing. I coppered a ten dollar bill on a double-headed Jack and have never seen it since. I got a round of applause on it though.—They called that "black." I looked around and was unable to see but one.—He was a stalwart Ethiopian, reclining with his head on a spittoon. I was afterwards told that sleepers were the dead beats. I observed one man who seemed to have a mathematical turn of mind.—The red checks were worth more than the white ones. Taking one of them in his fingers he asked, "If a piece of ivory one inch in diameter costs five dollars, how much will an elephant come to?" I couldn't tell.

I coppered another ten dollar bill through spite, and it disappeared suddenly. I told the banker he didn't let my money stay on the table long enough to know whether I won or lost. He insisted that he knew his "biz," and told me to try my luck again. I told him if my luck continued as it had commenced, my money would not go a great way. He said he thought it would go a good deal further than I expected. The "looker-out" began to look sick. I asked him what was the matter, and he said his share of the profits of the bank consisted only in a division of the silver, and he had not made a cent since the war broke out. Whereupon he stalked away, whistling. "When this cruel war over," I kept betting. I had had bad luck, and I wanted revenge.

As my funds diminished I became more excited. I bet recklessly. I coppered the queen for a dollar, and her majesty snubbed me. The tray betrayed me; the deuce played the dickens, and the whole deck was lugged against me.—Finally, I planked down my last five on the ace. I announced that it was my last. My particular friend went around on the opposite side of the table. He cared me no more. The dealer called the ace; lost. There was a buzz for a moment then loud laughter. My smiling friends gathered on one side of me. I was about to ask my "particular" to see me home, when the earth opened to receive me. They knew the plank too well; they stood just right, the spring went off at the proper time, and I arrived suddenly in the basement, in three feet of water and some mud. I felt, for but as soon as I straightened up upon the water I was willing to admit that such was not the case. The splash in the basement attracted a policeman who was half a block distant, and he rushed in to see if a safe had been blown open. I told him I was a "hoo card," and I wanted him to take me up tenderly. He took me up. I offered to conduct him to room number six, if he wanted to see where I came from. We went to number six.

From the appearance of the room one would have supposed that it had been occupied eight years ago, no later. Table, green cloth, coppers, sleepers, betters, all were gone. I related my story briefly to the policeman. He said, if stupidity were trump, I could play against the whole world. I told him that was equivalent to an assertion that no policeman ever gambled, and we parted. Policemen are badly brought up in this country anyhow.

I have lost a good friend, and I don't know where to find him. My "particular" holds forth at number six no longer. The Thompsonian physic was no remedy in his case. But he is a good man, and I advise every one who becomes acquainted with him to cultivate him. Never desert him as long as you have any money left. It would break his heart. Let his passion for play be not to his discredit.—A Christian is a good man, but he is a better.

I am, contingently,
BEAU HACKETT.

Breeding an Insurrection.

The Pottsville Miners' Journal, for January 24, 1864, announces that the miners five miles belonging to Messrs. Heckelcher & Co. have stopped work because they do not get "leaders" and "committee men," who take it upon themselves to force honest workmen to lay down their industry, and leave their families to suffer, at their arbitrary command.

Recently this firm found it necessary to close one of their six mines, which yields a peculiar quality of coal for which there is no demand at this season of the year. Thereupon the "committee-men" ordered the workmen to stop work in the other five, under penalty of summary and severe punishment.

The Miners' Journal says: "The great majority of the men employed in these collieries are much incensed against the leaders and committee-men, who, by their system of threats and bullying, have so frequently deprived them of employment during the last season, and now also expose so many families to want during the winter season."

If the people in Pennsylvania do not put down these lawless combinations, they will in a very short time see the ruin of one of their most important industries. The ruffians who call themselves "committee-men" have now for nearly eighteen months defied and violated the law with impunity. They are not punished; every week they grow more formidable and more arbitrary.

Messrs. Heckelcher & Co. ought to set an example to the fellow-citizens; they ought at once to vindicate their rights, and bring to justice the ruffians who injure them and their workmen. They owe this not only to their interests and those of their employes, but to the general welfare; which is stabbed through them. Their course is doubtless not without difficulties; the sheriff of the county, to whom lies their first appeal against the riotous violence, is, we understand, a Copperhead, and has refused to act before in similar cases. But they must appeal to him formally; if he refuses, let him be indicted as one of the conspirators, and let the Governor act. He at least is a man of energy and a respecter of law.

It will not do to trade or compromise with such villains as those committee-men and their tools. An example will be made now of half a dozen ringleaders; then the mob will sink away, and order will be restored. But every day these wretches are permitted to have their way will strengthen them and make their power more formidable.

Because we tolerated mobs in the South, which tarred and feathered, hanged and robbed, and exiled honest citizens, we have now a rebellion to deal with. Because Judge Hoar was driven out of Charleston, and no one was found to appeal to law; because hundreds of other American citizens, of less note, but with equally sacred rights, were imprisoned, beaten, robbed, tarred and feathered, and expelled from Southern States, and no appeal was made for justice against such violence and outrage—therefore our brothers are dying on Southern fields.

Let the people of Pennsylvania take warning in time; no civilized community can exist that tolerates lawless men. Comfortable citizens, whose property is not at all endangered by law, may say "it does not concern us," but they will find presently that it does concern them, and very nearly too. The peaceable citizens of Pennsylvania are breeding an insurrection; they are fattening a monster which will presently attempt to throttle the State. It concerns the life and pocket of every honest man from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, to crush this monster at once.

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The Preciousness of Littlethings
Everything is beautiful, says B. E. Taylor, of Chicago, Illinois, when it is little—little shoes, little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children. Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cosy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, little farms the best tilled. Little books—the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Love is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little. The sermon on the Mount is for little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. The Roman said: *Veni, vici, vici*—I came—saw—conquered; but dispatches now-a-days are longer than the battles they tell of.

Everybody calls that little they love best on earth. We once heard of good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a wife. We saw her; she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what could she be but little?

We rather doubt the stories of great argosies of gold sometimes hear of, because Nature deals in little, almost altogether. Life is made up of little; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is gloomy with little stars.

Milium in parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember best.

How soon we forget.—A leaf is torn from the tree by rude gale, and born away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from among its fellows? Who is sad that it is gone! Thus it is with human life.

There are dear friends perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken, and for many days the grave is watered with tears of anguish. But by-and-by the crystal fount is drawn dry; the last drop cozes out, the stern gale of forgetfulness folds back upon the exhausted spring; and Time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the closed sepulchre without waking a single echo by the footsteps.

INAUGURAL CEREMONIES

OF

GOV. A. G. CURTIN.

Splendid Display of the Military.

VETERAN SOLDIERS IN LINE.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE STATE CAPITOL.

OATH OF OFFICE ADMINISTERED.

Gov. Curtin Duly Installed for the next Three Years.

The second inauguration of Gov. A. G. Curtin took place this morning, on the platform erected for that purpose, in front of the State Capitol. Notwithstanding the bad weather, rain having fallen almost constantly here for the past few days, the spectators were numerous and enthusiastic. Various rumors were circulated for the past week that the Copperheads would prevent the re-inauguration of the Governor elected by the people at the last election, which had no doubt the effect of attracting the bone and sinew from the country, to resist any such wicked attempt. It was boldly asserted that the party had solemnly resolved in caucus to prevent the inauguration. We can hardly believe this, but if that be the fact they certainly concluded wisely to abide the expected will of the people.

The military display was certainly a creditable one. Those who had the management of the same, deserve the thanks of the loyal citizens of Pennsylvania. The Copperheads in the Senate refused to appoint a committee to make arrangements for the ceremonies, consequently that arduous duty devolved upon a single committee, consisting of Messrs. Alleman, Smith, of Philadelphia, and Jackson, members of the House of Representatives, and we congratulate them upon their success.

The various organizations and delegations having formed as directed by the committee of arrangements.

THE PROCESSION
moved at eleven o'clock, in the following order:

Chief Marshal W. H. Keppner and Aids.
McClellan Hospital Band of Philadelphia.
Maj. Gen. Couch and Staff.
Maj. Gen. Stabel and Staff.
U. S. Cavalry from Carlisle Barracks,
21st Pennsylvania Cavalry.
Battery E, 5th U. S. Artillery.
Maj. Gen. Hancock and Staff.
Independent Company of Infantry.
Liberty Band of Philadelphia.

Col. W. B. Mann's Philadelphia Regiment.
Douglas's Band.
Revenue Guards (20th Pa. Vols.)
Band.
One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Regiment
P. V., Col. Jennings, with battle flag.
Lancaster Union Cornet Band.
Open Barouche, drawn by four white horses
containing Gov. Curtin and Legislative
Committee of Arrangements, with
City Zouaves as escort.

Officers of Gov. Curtin's Staff.
Assistant Marshals Murray, McCormick
and Eggle.
Heads of Departments.
Ombuds containing Old Soldiers.
Carriage containing Provost Marshal General
of Pennsylvania.
Carriage with Board of Enrollment.
Carriage containing Brig.-Gen. Pleasanton
and Staff.
Carriage with Clergy.
Carriage containing Judge Pearson and Ex-
Governor Porter.

Members of the Bar in Carriages.
Philadelphia Delegation in Omnibuses.
Citizens in Carriages.
Assistant Marshal.
Friendship Fire Company—N. Y. fire hats,
red shirts and blue pants—steam fire
engine drawn by four horses,
and decorated with flags.
Assistant Marshal.
Hope Fire Company—N. Y. fire hats, army
Orcercoats and black pants—carriage
draped in mourning.
Assistant Marshal.
Pittston Fire Company—N. Y. hats blue
shirts and black pants—carriage hand-
somerly decorated.
Assistant Marshal.

Good Will Fire Company—citizen's dress,
with Button engine drawn by four horses.
The procession moved down Second street
to the gubernatorial mansion, and after re-
ceiving the Governor, proceeded down Sec-
ond street to Paxton street, out Paxton to
Front, up Front to Chestnut, out Chestnut to
Fourth, out Fourth to Market, up Market to
Second, up Second to Pine, out Pine to Front,
up Front to State, out State to the Capitol.

Flags, wreaths, and various national em-
blems were displayed along the route of pro-
cession, and the streets were lined with spectators.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE STATE CAPITOL.
The House met at 11 o'clock a. m., after appointing a committee, consisting of Messrs. Watson and Walsh, to wait on the Senate, and invite them to participate with the House in the inaugural ceremonies, took a recess till 5 minutes past 12 o'clock, when the House was again called to order, and the Speaker, officers, and members of the House proceeded in body to the portico to take part in the inaugural proceedings.

The certificate of election of Governor was then read by Mr. Hammersley, Clerk of the Senate.

The oath of office was administered to the Governor by Speaker Penny.
The Governor then proceeded, amid the most flattering demonstrations of applause, to deliver the following.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.
Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:
Called by the partiality of my fellow citizens to the office of Governor of Pennsylvania for another term, I appear before you to solemnly renew the prescribed obligation to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, and to discharge the respon-

sible trust confided to me with fidelity. When first summoned before you, three years ago, to assume the sacred duties of the Executive office, the long-gathering clouds of civil war were about to break upon our devoted country. For years treason had been gathering in might—had been appropriating to its feindish lust more and more bountifully of the nation's honors—and had grown steadily bolder in its assumption of power until it had won the tolerance, if not the sanction of a formidable element of strength even in the confessedly loyal States.

The election of a President in 1860, in strict conformity with the Constitution and the laws, though not the cause, was deemed the fit occasion for an organized attempt to overthrow the whole fabric of our free institutions, and plunge a nation of thirty millions of people into hopeless anarchy. The grave offence charged against the President elected seemed alone to consist in his avowed fidelity to the Government, and his determined purpose to fulfill his solemn covenant to maintain inviolate the Union of the States.

When inaugurated, he found States in open rebellion, disclaiming allegiance to the Government, fraudulently appropriating its property and insolently contending its authority. Treason was struggling for supremacy in every department of administrative power.—In the Cabinet it feloniously disarmed us—our arsenals were robbed to enable the armaments of crime to breach a continent in fraternal blood—our coasts were left comparatively defenceless to fall as easy prey to traitors—our navy was scattered upon distant seas to render the Republic helpless for its own protection—officers, educated, commissioned and sworn to defend the Government against any foe, became deserters, defied Heaven in shameless perjury, and with fratricidal hands drew their swords against the country of their allegiance, and when treason had thus completed its preparations, wanton, wicked war was forced upon our loyal people.

Never was so causeless. The North had sought no sectional triumph, invaded no rights, inflicted no wrongs upon the South, aimed to preserve the Republic, not to destroy it, and even when Rebellion presented the sword as the arbiter, we exhausted every effort consistent with the existence of our Government to avert the bloody drama of the last three years. The insolent alternative presented by treason of fatal dismemberment or internecine war, was met by generous efforts to avert the storm of death which threatened to fall; but the leaders of the rebellion spurred peace, unless they could get their infernal ambition over the ruins of the noblest and freest Government ever devised by man.

Three years of bloody, wasting war, and the horrible sacrifice of a quarter of a million lives attest the desperation of their purpose to overthrow our liberties. Mourning and sorrow spread over the entire nation, and defeat and desolation are the terrible trophies won by the traitor's hand. Our people have been sorely tried by disasters, but in the midst of the deepest gloom they have stood with unflinching devotion to the general cause. Relying upon the ultimate triumph of the right, they have proved themselves equal to the stern duty, and worthy of their rich inheritance of freedom. Their fidelity has been well rewarded. In God's own good time, He has asserted his avenging power; and if this war is persisted in by the leaders of the rebellion, as has become evident, then slavery and treason, the fountain and stream of discord and death, must soon share a common grave.

In this great struggle for our honored nationality, Pennsylvania has won immortal fame. Despite the teachings of the faithless and the hesitation of the timid, she has promptly and generously met every demand made upon it, whether to repel invasion or to fight the battles of the Union whenever and wherever her people were demanded.—Upon every field made historic and sacred by the valor of our troops, some of the martial youth of Pennsylvania have fallen.—There is scarce a hospital that has not been visited by our kind offices to the sick and wounded, there is not a department in which brave men do not answer with pride to the name of our noble State, and while history endures, loyal hearts will turn with feelings of national pride to Gettysburg, where the common deliverance of Pennsylvania and the Union will stand recorded in the unsurpassed glory of that bloody field.

I need hardly renew my pledge, that during the term of office on which I am about to enter, I will give my whole moral and official power to the prosecution of this war, and in aiding the National Government in every effort to secure early and complete success over our malignant foes.

For the preservation of our national life, all things should be subordinated. It is the first, highest, noblest duty of the citizen—it is his protection in person, property, and all civil and religious privileges, and for its perpetuity in form and power, he owes all his efforts, his influence, his means, and his life. To compromise with treason; would be but to give it renewed existence, and enable it again to plunge us into another causeless war.

In the destruction of the military power of the rebellion is alone the hope of peace; for while armed rebels march over the soil of any State, no real freedom can exist, and no governmental authority, consistent with the genius of our free institutions, can properly operate.

The people of every State are entitled under the Constitution, to the protection of the Government, and to give that protection fully and fairly; rebellion must be disarmed and trodden in the dust. By these means, and those alone, can we have enduring union, prosperity and peace. As to the past, I will

in the future, in faithful obedience to the oath I have taken, spare no means, withhold no power which can strengthen the Government in this conflict. To the measures of the citizens chosen to administer the National Government adopted to promote our great cause, I will give my cordial approval, and earnest co-operation. It is the cause of constitutional liberty and laws.

Powers which are essential to our common safety should now be wisely and fearlessly administered, and that Executive would be faithful, and held guilty before the world, who should fail to wield the might of the Government for its own preservation. The details of my views on the measures which I recommend are contained in my recent annual message, and need not here be repeated.

I beg to return to the generous people of my native State my hearty thanks for their unflinching support and continued confidence. They have sustained me amid many trying hours of official embarrassment.—Among all these people, to none am I more indebted than to the soldiers of Pennsylvania, and I here pledge to those brave men my untiring exertions in their behalf, and my most anxious efforts for their future welfare, and I commend here, as I have frequently done before, those dependant upon them, to the fostering care of the State.

I cannot close this address without an earnest prayer to the Most High that He will preserve, protect and guard our beloved country, guiding with Divine power and wisdom, our Government, State and National, and I appeal to my fellow-citizens, here and elsewhere, in our existing embarrassments, to lay aside all our partisan feelings, and unite in a hearty and earnest effort to support the common cause which involves the welfare of us all.

Centlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, I pray you, in God's name, let us, in this era of the history of the world, set an example of unity and concord in the support of all measures for the preservation of this great Republic.

When first summoned before you, three years ago, to assume the sacred duties of the Executive office, the long-gathering clouds of civil war were about to break upon our devoted country. For years treason had been gathering in might—had been appropriating to its feindish lust more and more bountifully of the nation's honors—and had grown steadily bolder in its assumption of power until it had won the tolerance, if not the sanction of a formidable element of strength even in the confessedly loyal States.

The election of a President in 1860, in strict conformity with the Constitution and the laws, though not the cause, was deemed the fit occasion for an organized attempt to overthrow the whole fabric of our free institutions, and plunge a nation of thirty millions of people into hopeless anarchy. The grave offence charged against the President elected seemed alone to consist in his avowed fidelity to the Government, and his determined purpose to fulfill his solemn covenant to maintain inviol