

Business Directory.
CARPETS.
TOWNSEND & CO.
 No. 39 South Second St., above Chestnut
 PHILADELPHIA.
 Importers and Dealers in
 Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window
 Shades, &c., &c.
 AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.
 March 24, 1863.—y

JOHN C. BESSON,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
 Master in Chancery,
 MILLVILLE, N. J.
 Will attend the Courts in the Counties of Cumberland, Cape May and Atlantic.
 Deeds &c. accurately drawn and ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE taken.
 April 7, 1863.

B. F. FERGUSON,
 ARTIST,
 S. W. cor. Arch and 5th Sts., Phila.
 (Over Parrish's Drug Store.)
 I engraves surpassing the finest engravings on Ivory, executed in the best style, on the most reasonable terms. Also, Photogravure colored in different styles. Call and see Specimens.

J. C. KIRBY,
 Surgeon Dentist,
 Respectfully offers his professional services to the inhabitants of Cumberland County and the public generally. Office—in the two-story building, 6 Doors West of E. Davis & Son's Hotel. Feb. 2, 1861. BRIDGETON, N. J.

CHAS. E. EDWARDS,
 SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,
 OFFICE—Corner High & Sansufras sts., MILLVILLE, N. J.
 Sept. 14, 1861.

S. E. M'GEAR & BRO.,
 CHEAP DRY GOODS AND
 TRIMMING
 STORE.
 GROSSCUP'S BUILDING,
 Commerce and Laurel Sts., Bridgeton, N. J.
 S. E. M'GEAR. F. M. M'GEAR.

F. A. GINENBACK,
 Stationery & Notion
 STORE,
 NO. 26 EAST COMMERCE STREET,
 IN THE PLACE TO REPAIR CHEAP
 CLOCKS. CAP PAPER,
 STEEL SPECTACLES, LETTER PAPER,
 PLATED PAPER, NOTE PAPER,
 SILK BARDS, BILL PAPER,
 LEATHER GARDIERS, ENVELOPES,
 STEEL CHAINS, LEAD PENCILS,
 STEEL KEYS, PENS,
 And a large assortment of useful articles. Please call and examine my stock.
 Feb. 25, 63.

H. LANING,
 SURGEON DENTIST,
 H. LANING, having pursued a regular course in Jersey and Philadelphia, would offer his professional services to all who may see fit to give him a call. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or my charge. Office—in the New Building opposite the Stratger Office. Entrance to the Dental Department through the front of the building. Dec. 27, 1862.

JACOB TUCK,
 UNION CLOTHING STORE,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.
 The largest stock of Clothing for Men or Boys, always on hand, which is offered at the lowest City cash prices.

MADISON HOUSE,
 M & P. T. WATSON,
 LIVERY STABLE ATTACHED.
 37 & 39 North Second St.,
 BETWEEN MARKET AND ARCH,
 PHILADELPHIA.

FANCY & Staple Dry Goods,
 HOSIERY, GLOVES, HANKYERCHIEFS,
 and Fancy Dress Trimmings,
 Commerce Street, opposite the Clerk's Office,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.
 D. SHEPPARD. A. R. GARRISON.

Harris & Davis,
 BOOT, SHOE AND LEATHER STORE
 NO. 16, CARLE'S BUILDING,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.

PEDRICK & CHEESMAN,
 DEALERS IN
 IRON, STEEL,
 AND
 BLACKSMITH COAL,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.
 ANVILS, VICES,
 BELLOWS, &c.
 ISAAC PEDRICK. JOHN CHEESMAN

WILLIAM M. WILSON,
 IMPORTER & WHOLESALE Druggist
 No. 208 Market Street,
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.
 Dealer in Drugs, Dyes, Spices, Oils, Varieties, Chemicals for Medicine, Analysis, Photography, &c. Manufacturer of White Lead, Zinc Oxide, &c. &c. Agent and Operator in Foreign and Domestic Patent Medicines.

Bridgeton Marble Works,
 Laurel Street, near the first Presbyterian Church.
 Monuments,
 Tombstones,
 Head-Stones and Posts.
 GEO. W. CLAYPOOLE.
 Bridgeton, Sept. 7, '61.

TWO-HORSE LEVER POWER.
 I would call attention to Farmers and others who have not used the TWO-HORSE LEVER POWER, which has been thoroughly tested and proven to be a power that must supersede all other kinds of power. It is of very Light Draught, and can be moved from place to place readily, it being on wheels with four casters, and can be placed in position for work in less time than any other kind of power. The best recommendation I would refer those in want of a good power to the following persons:
 JEREMIAH DEBOIS—Irishman's Mill.
 DAVID YOUNG—Fairton Road.
 JOHN WILGINS—Store Creek.
 LEWIS BROWN—Hopewell.
 This is to certify that I was called upon by Mr. J. DeBois, as a disinterested person, to test a run on down shaft, which I did in ten minutes time and the result was ten bushels of grain. Thereafter driven by H. Bisbing and L. Bowen.
 AARON NICHOLS.
 Farmers and others in want of Power should call upon the subscribers at the mill Company Foundry, No. 100 feet of Iron Penning for sale cheap or made to suit a lot of any width.
 H. BISBING.
 Oct 25th, 1862.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.
THE NATION'S SONG.
 TUNE—"THE GRAVE OF ROSAPARTE."

Till late, o'er all the land fell the soft smiles of Heaven,
 Like sunshine and dewdrops abundantly spread;
 White-shouldered and harvest with plenty were given,
 And nowhere a shadow of evil to dread;
 No thunders of battles, nor clamors of discord,
 Disturbed the repose of the people's serene;
 From greatness to grandeur increasingly onward,
 Above and beyond what the world had yet seen.
 Alone, thus we lay in the sight of all nations—
 The envy and wonder of princes and kings;
 With Heaven beaming for us in loving embraces,
 And peace bounding kindly with soft balmy wings,
 When, oh! black rebellion smote his loud trumpet,
 And our continent's blood ran on the land!
 Our faith is severed—our liberties threatened—
 Our banner torn down by a traitorous hand!
 Columbia, dear, where now are thy triumphs?
 O, where the protection thou boasted so long?
 Was thy beauty and glory like fair summer blossoms,
 The plaything of childhood, or rude drunkard's song?
 The heathen will triumph, and persecute mock thee,
 And laugh at thy ruin with rapturous scorn.
 While the poor and oppressed who for refuge had sought thee,
 In sad disappointment shall leave thee forlorn.
 What now is thy banner, the bond of thy Union,
 The pledge of fidelity sacred and dear?
 And where is thy brotherhood's blessed communion,
 Thy fellowship symboled in peace and in war?
 The cannon's loud boom, and the battle's rattle clang,
 With cities in ruins and warriors in blood!
 The knell of Republican glory and splendor,
 For us "Temple of Fame" has a century stood!
 O God! our Redeemer, remember thy covenant,
 Vouchsafed to our Fathers in anguish and tears!
 And send to their children the living engagement,
 That shall the fierce tempests of time indignation,
 All'er the apostates who dare to rebel!
 And help us to scorn with supreme detestation,
 The spirit of discord, the demon of hell.

Our Mistakes About One Another.

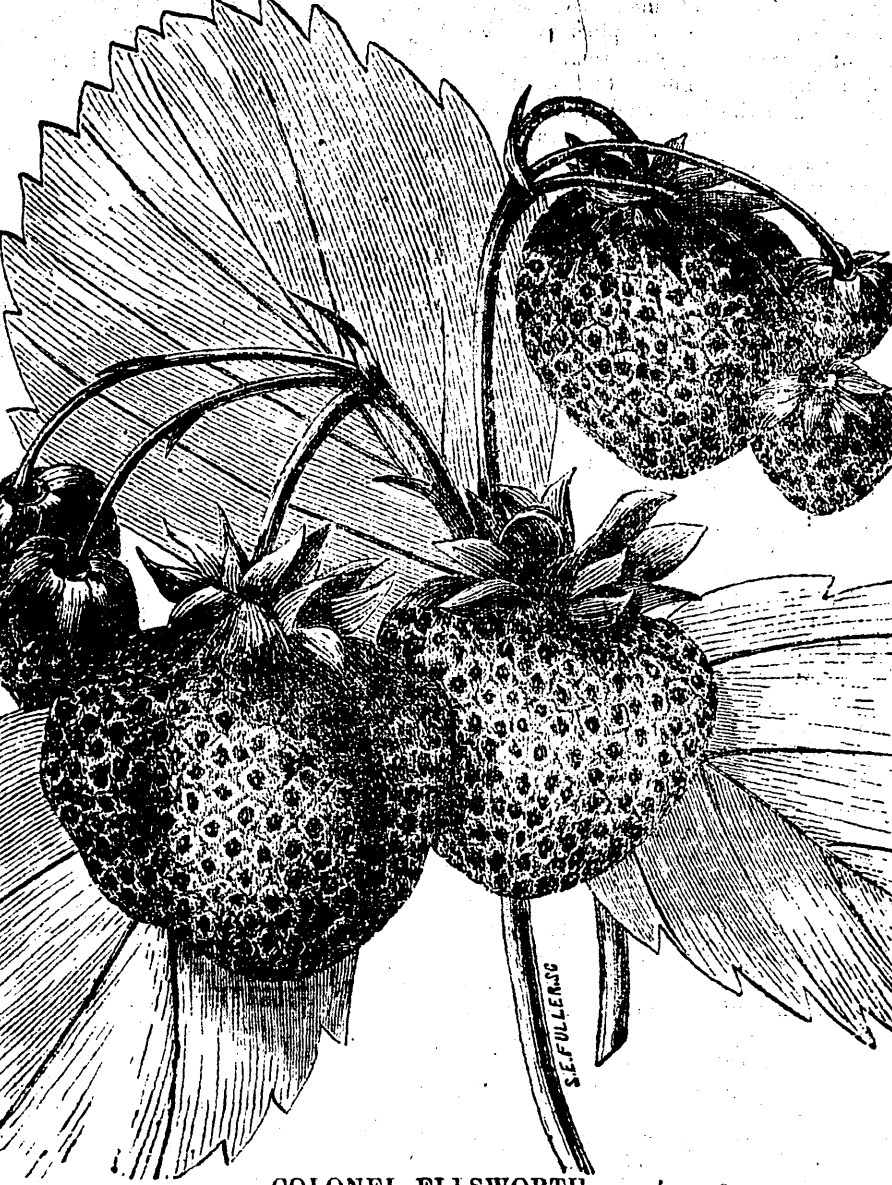
He who can take the mental and moral measure of his neighbor with perfect fairness, is a *rara avis* or rare bird in social life. We are apt to gauge one another by standards warped, by prejudices arising from our own peculiar habits and associations, a long way out of the straight line of abstract right. In fact, only a great mind can judge other minds with entire impartiality. A good classical scholar usually feels more or less contempt for a person utterly ignorant of Latin and Greek. Even a college bred man, if caught tripping in his reading of the dead languages, is sure to be taken to task by the pedants and martinetes of the schools. Paley, the immortal author of the "Evidences of Christianity," mispronounced a single Latin word in the first sermon he preached after receiving his degree of Doctor of Divinity, whereupon he was made a target for the epigrammatic smartness of a score of scribblers whose combined brains, if they could have been put into one head, would have been no match for the great intellect at which they presumed to jeer. It is a vulgarism, undoubtedly, to call a column a *colonne*, and one of our distinguished public men, now in his grave, was often ridiculed during his lifetime for making this mistake. Yet he was a sound statesman and a fine orator, and his name will live in history long after every carping critic who assailed him has been forgotten. The truth is that to undervalue the man who knows little or nothing of a subject in which you yourself are thoroughly versed, is *human nature*. If the greatest philosopher alive should call the captain of a ship her binnacle, the man at the helm, though perhaps unable to read or write, would account him an ignorant lubber.

One of the most common mistakes committed by persons who move in what are termed the higher circles, is to estimate men by their outward polish. Persons who show no regard for the conventionalities of the fashionable world, are generally held in low esteem by fashionable people. We have more than once seen, with no small degree of indignation, a plain, honest, sensible man, unacquainted with the usages of society, made the butt of a group of liping effeminate puppies incapable of anything beyond the coarsest small talk. Beau Brummel considered "a fellow who could send his plate twice for soup" a creature utterly beneath the notice of a gentleman. In the estimation of that tailor-made man, to break a rule of table-etiquette was a graver offence than to transgress one of the Commandments. One of the most noble-hearted philanthropists we ever knew ate mashed potatoes with plum-pudding. The mess he made of them was certainly not to our taste, but we never thought it any disparagement to his character as a Christian that his gastronomical ideas were somewhat heathenish.

The opinion which an unsuccessful man expresses of a fortunate competitor is almost always unjust. The merits of the eminent lawyer who has more clients than he desires, are invisible to his threadbare professional brother Counsellor Suitless; nor can the Rev. Drowsy Drawl, who preaches a small congregation to sleep every Sunday, say anything remarkable in the discourses of Dr. Lucid, whose voice stirs men's hearts like the sound of a trumpet, and into whose church the multitude crowd until the very aisles are full. As a rule, if you don't entertain a good opinion of one who has eclipsed you in the world's estimation, the best way is to keep that opinion to yourself. The probability is that it is tinged with prejudice; but even if impartial, few will believe that there is not a spice of envy at the bottom of it.

Again—Never despise a man for not knowing something that you do know. It is not improbable that he may know a thousand things with which you are entirely unacquainted. In forming an estimate of your fellows, try to come out of your own individuality, to discard self, and to measure men by principles and not by prejudices.

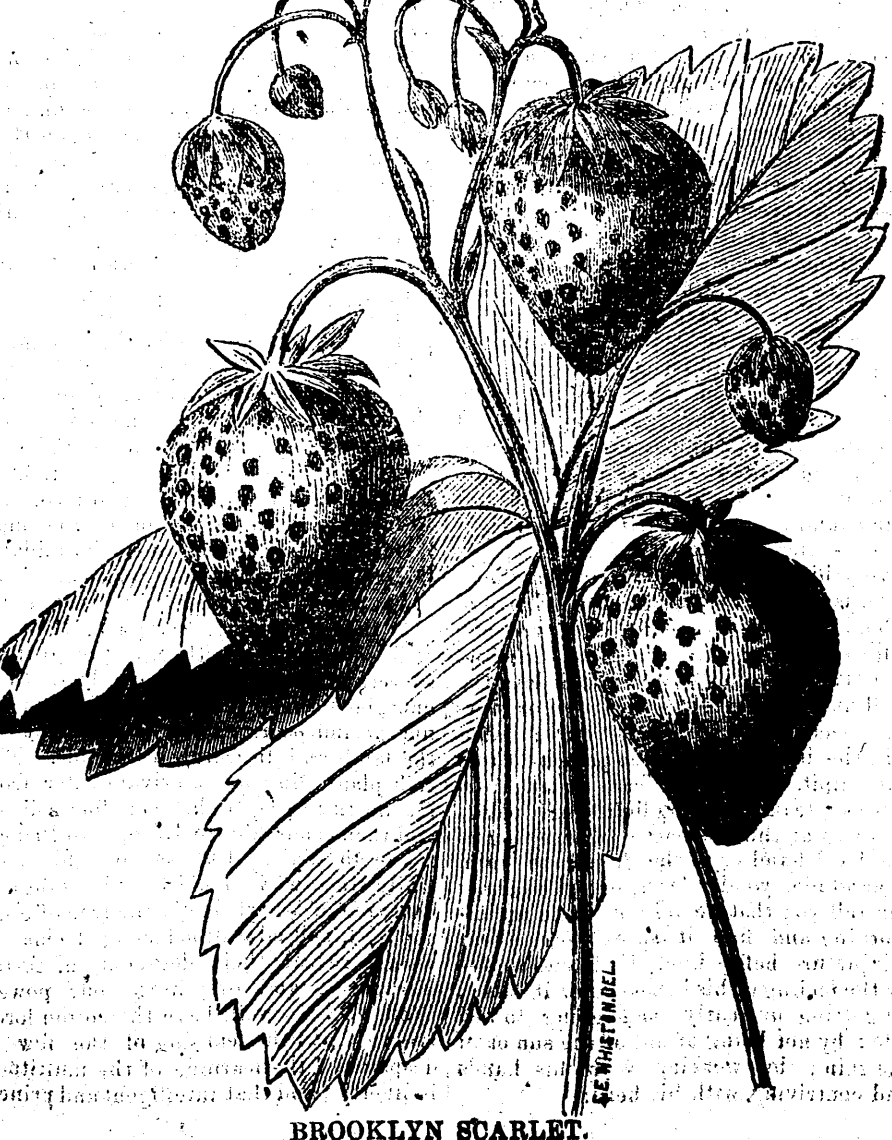
NEW STRAWBERRIES,
 Distributed to Subscribers of New York Tribune.



COLONEL ELLSWORTH.



MONITOR.



BROOKLYN SCARLET.

"The Tribune prize Strawberries,"—as named because we purchased them, at a very large price, to bestow exclusively upon the subscribers of either edition of THE TRIBUNE for 1863, intending to send out of each kind to every subscriber who expresses a wish to that effect at the time of subscribing, as that is the price charged by nurserymen for similar plants. Indeed, neither of these prize strawberries could be obtained at any price whatever, as we have secured every plant that can be produced in the year 1863, exclusively as prizes to our subscribers. We have incurred the large outlay necessary for this purpose, because we have an earnest desire to see the propagation of improved fruit greatly extended, and because we believe that every one who receives these plants and grows the fruit will hold THE TRIBUNE in kindly remembrance for enabling him to enjoy such a good gift of a kind Providence, and with thereafter feel an increased desire to improve all the list of fruits. It is thus that health and happiness will be increased.

As these plants have all to be grown from the few plants that we bought of Mr. Fuller in the autumn of 1862, he will be able to send them to subscribers until after the 1st of September, 1863, when they will be carefully packed in oiled silk or paper, and forwarded, through the mail, at our expense, or by express at the expense of the recipient. The choice plants will be sent to persons who send us a year's subscription for either the Daily Semi-Weekly, or Weekly TRIBUNE, indicating at the time if subscribing that they desire the Strawberries, and the distribution will be made in the order subscribers names and requests for Strawberries are received.

Single subscribers will receive their plants by mail, done up in sealed silk, or other suitable oiled substance. The plants will be sent in packages, to correspond with the number of names in the Club; and where the number will warrant it, they will be sent by express, packed in boxes.

New subscribers who desire strawberry plants should say so at the time they send their money, as we do not intend to send any to those who will appreciate them. They are too valuable not to be wasted. There are parties who would gladly contract for the exclusive right to all the seedlings at 25 cents a piece, and there are many subscribers who would not, as soon as they see and taste the fruit, part with their prize for a \$5 "greenback."

HOW THESE NEW STRAWBERRIES WERE PRODUCED.

The following statement is made by Andrew S. Fuller, horticulturist, Brooklyn, the originator of these strawberries: "I say that since I commenced sowing seeds of the strawberry for the purpose of producing new and improved varieties, I have always selected seeds from the largest and most perfect berries obtained, and the results were that I produced some few good varieties each season; yet they were not such as I was willing should go out as my seedlings. Every season I selected the seed with more care than I did the previous one, and found that I made constant improvement. I therefore determined that I would put forth extra exertions and see if a few extra choice varieties could not be produced. I did it, as you will see, but although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner. Then look what a home and a life she has deserted. She was surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father. "Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink, or wear, now?" groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?" queried the stranger.

"Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter that's an editor, and lives in the mill; and the duce only knows how they are to earn a living."

NEW USE FOR BUGGIES.—On Sunday, the 2d inst., the citizens of Selma, Alabama, were thrown into the greatest excitement by reason of a report which reached there in the afternoon, to the effect that a large force of Yankees, perhaps, even then, on route for the purpose of destroying the government works, and laying waste the private property of individuals. A company was soon formed, and in a short time, the usually quiet city presented quite a martial appearance.

During the organization of the company the question of arms, ammunition, &c., was being discussed, when an old gentleman, very much excited, and towering a head and shoulders above the crowd, exclaimed in a senatorial voice:

"Ain't there no cannons to defend the city?"

"Voice from the crowd."—Yes, but they are not mounted."

Old Gen.—Why ain't they mounted?"

Voice—"Because we have no carriages."

Old Gen.—(Still louder and more excited)

"Then were in the devil are all the buggies!"

INFALLIBLE REMEDIES.
 We have no faith in quack medicines, but think it always best when sick to apply the following, as they are the best, and are so simple remedies, for certain disorders, which we can recommend as infallible:
 For sea sickness—stay at home.
 For drunkenness—drink cold water.
 For accidents—keep out of danger.
 For fear of sheriff—pay your debts.
 To be happy—be honest.
 To please all—mind your own business.
 To make money—advertise.
 To have a conscience—keep the commandments.
 To do right—take your home newspaper.
 To prevent stammering—speak nothing but the truth.
 To sleep well—be industrious.
 To have your memory blessed—pay the printer.

THE GIRLS OF THE PRESENT DAY.—We are sorry to see the girls of the present day have such a tendency to utter wordiness; growing up most anxious to cultivate their legs than their heads, and to encircle their legs with whalebone rather than their brow with wreaths of love, kindness and beauty. As a general thing, those who are handsome think they are lovely. Far from it. The dentist applied the teeth "Uncle Ned" the cotton-wool option the eyes, and a skillful mechanic the legs and arms; an artist furnished paint, a Yankee the hoops, some "French milliner" gets up artificial maternal founts, and the very devil rolls himself to give them a disposition to talk, gossip, make mischief, and kick up all sorts of boberies among respectable people generally. Vanities of vanities, saith the preacher. We love the girls when they are like girls, but this counterfeited article is an intolerable humbug. But the girls now-a-days are neither fit for wives, nor do they know enough for mothers.

Gen. Rosecrans, a few days ago, received the following pertinent letter from an indignant private: "General—I have been in the service eighteen months, and have never received a cent. I desire a furlough for fifteen days, in order to return home and remove my family to the poor house." The General granted the furlough.

We have only to add that the colored prints

Golden Grains.

GATHERED FROM THE FIELDS OF THOUGHT.
 He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company and choice of actions. Idleness is the bane of a young man.
 Let us respect the majesty of time; let us contemplate with veneration the ages which have rolled past, rendered sacred by the memory and the remains of our ancestors.—*Chateaubriand*
 When once idleness can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to five like beasts.
 The least degree of ambiguity which leaves the mind in suspense as to the meaning, ought to be avoided with the greatest care.—*Adin*
 Experience teaches, it is true, but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered, but the same event never occurs again.—*Markton*
 Those who are the most wary of life and yet the most unwilling to die, are such as have lived to no purpose, who have rather breathed than lived.
 The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time.—*Adin*
 A wise rich man is like the back or back of the chimney, and his wealth is the fire; he receives it not for his own need, but to reflect the heat to others' good.—*Seneca*
 To despise is to be ungrateful beforehand. Be not looking for evil. Often thou draineest the gall of four white evil is passing by thy dwelling.—*Tupper*
 We must have a diet of company as well as of books.—*St. Pierre*
 Cast forth thy act by word, into the everlasting, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die.
 In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed be true, not wavering in the heart's affection, for that becomes not the good, and the virtuous.—*Pope*
 Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot—no, not by the strongest and noblest flame.

Did You Ever?

Did you ever dance at a snow ball?
 Did the fellow who went a smacking, hook a smack, or even catch a smack—in the face.
 Is it modest for an officer to appear at a ball on undress uniform?
 Did you ever kiss the face of a clock?
 Did you ever see an ear-ring in an ear of corn?
 Do you know the name of the tailor who sewed the patch on the coat of tar?
 Did you ever see the chair the sun sets in?
 Did you ever see a pillow from the bed of the ocean?
 Did you ever see a man come from off ice (office) without having been on ice?
 Did you ever climb the pole the earth turns on?
 Did you ever see a granite block for the temple of fame?
 Did you ever see a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore they saw him steal it.
 A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:
 "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it."
 The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and with dignity arose and brushing back his hair, said:
 "If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner."

COURAGE.

One of the greatest tests of courage, says a humorous writer, is for a young man just going into society to spend an evening with a party of young ladies, and make a tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and to sit down and dispose of his hands without putting them in his pockets. These are achievements of which few men can boast.—
 But the greatest trial comes at the parting, when the young ladies look so saucy and independent, as if they did not wish any one to accompany them home.—
 Then the boy who has pluck enough to go up to the prettiest girl, and with his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, an croaking out his ell, stammer out, "Shall I see you home?"—
 She, of course, takes his arm, and they walk home feeling as awkward as two gossies.

How a Soldier Rescued a Gawler.

A professional growler was going on about the war, in a hotel, a few weeks since, retreating everywhere and every day, and denouncing our generals as blockheads and blunders, when a young soldier, to whom the conversation was chiefly addressed, replied:
 "This war has done one thing, at least—it has developed a more military genius than any other war in history. Why, there are men in every village of the North who, with their feet cocked upon the stove, a cigar in their mouth, and a gin cocktail in their hand, will fight a battle in ten minutes, that was ever fought by Caesar or Napoleon. I have no doubt there are those in this room, that can capture Vicksburg and Charleston, while a man is lying on his cravat, march into Richmond in forty seconds, and put down the rebellion in an hour. Halleck and Hooker are good enough as far as they go, but they have no military genius. To find that you must come North and mix among the bar-room and freeds heroes."
 The growler subsided.

THE PIONEER HAS A LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY COUNTY PAPER IN THIS STATE.

Only \$1.25 per Year in Advance!

JAMES B. FRERGUSON, Editor.

The PIONEER is printed one day earlier than usual this week, that our readers may have the news as soon as possible.

Observance of the Fourth of July.

The Fourth of July was observed in this county in a variety of ways. In Bridgeton there was no public demonstration.

In Deerfield the day was celebrated the first time since 1823. Morris H. Stratton, Esq., of Salem, delivered the oration in the morning.

In Fairton a grand demonstration was made throughout the day and evening. In the morning an oration was delivered by Franklin F. Westcott, Esq., which we give entire to our readers this week.

An oration was delivered in the afternoon by Rev. C. H. Whitecar. It was a finished production, reflecting much credit upon the speaker.

The evening was enlivened by a display of fireworks, and a good time generally, at the residence of Mr. Williams, near Fairton.

The day was celebrated at Dividing Creek in good style. Hon. P. Ludlum delivered the oration in the morning, and we doubt not, gave satisfaction to loyal men of all parties.

The oration of the day at Millville was delivered by Rev. R. V. Lawrence, of Mount Holly. The speaker was quite eloquent and elicited much applause.

Upon this subject much contrariety of opinion afflicts the public mind. Could we all have been agreed—could we all have seen eye to eye and face to face—the unity of action, that would have resulted from this unity of sentiment, would long ago have closed this war with its sea of blood and tears.

PHILADELPHIA DOTTINGS.

DEAR PIONEER:—We have just worried through one of the dullest Fourth of July Anniversaries it has ever been our province to chronicle.

DEAR PIONEER:—We have just worried through one of the dullest Fourth of July Anniversaries it has ever been our province to chronicle. No grand or lofty buncombe, so epidemic on that day, made its appearance.

In days of yore it was set down as a fixed fact that a man had certainly lost the Fourth if he did not come home with zigzag steps, after the manner of a Jersey wren fence.

Where, then, can we find a sufficient cause of the war? We shall not find it in a difference of opinion, as is alleged by many Southern emissaries in Europe.

That English Revolution; was it an insurrection of the English masses to electate Hampden or Cromwell to a throne—to exchange one king for another—or was it the indignant remonstrance of an outraged people against tyrants and tyranny?

That French Revolution; was it an insurrection of the French masses to make Napoleon Emperor, or was it a frantic spring after liberty by a people exhausted by a thousand years of wrong, who, after having beheaded their King, found that they had only exchanged the tyranny of Louis for the worse tyranny of Robespierre, and so, having snuffed full of Robespierre, thought that at last they had discovered in Buonaparte a man who could save them alike from the monsters of the Jacobin club, and from the coalheated despots of Europe, striding forward in alarm to devour their young Republic.

No, fellow citizens, the sin of ambition has had, in the past, too many loads to shoulder. Doctors in Statesmanship, and especially Doctors in Theology, seeing a bad state of affairs, in a nation, and being at their wits end, to account for it, have agreed to lay the blame upon ambitious men; just as doctors in natural philosophy, when unable to account for phe-

FREE AND SLAVE LABOR! AN ORATION

DELIVERED AT FAIRTON, N. J., JULY 4th, 1863.

BY FRANKLIN F. WESTCOTT, OF BRIDGETON.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

To him who is about to address his fellow citizens on the 4th of July, 1863, a dilemma is proposed.

Neither can the South complain that the North, taking advantage of its superior numbers, has seized upon the offices of the Government and wielded them in hostility to her interests.

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fast me, you cannot play upon me.

And if this war has not been produced by the machinations of a few able intriguing men at the South, much less has it been caused by the fulminations of a few obscure, derided fanatics—as they have usually been called—at the North; in other words, by the Abolitionists.

Neither can you account for the war, as so many have done, by supposing it to have been caused by the overmastering ambition of a few Southern leaders.

Speaking from the sincerity of my heart exactly what I believe, I pray you to yield me that kind consideration which Americans should always accord the humblest citizen about to tell honestly what he thinks concerning the Republic.

And let us first remember that a conclusion like this which is upheaving the foundations of a Continent, can be the work of no trivial cause.

Who, pray, are these omnipotent Abolitionists? In the year 1860 how large a multitude could they muster in the land? Twenty thousand votes, perhaps, all told; and they were the twenty thousand most despised and hated men in America.

No, Gentlemen and Ladies, neither in the Tariff nor in the selfishness of the North, nor in ambitious Southern leaders, nor in the Abolitionists can you find a cause sufficient to have produced this war.

That account for a rebellion like this, two thousand miles long, fifteen hundred miles wide, supported by half a million men in arms, and every one of them fighting with the energy of an incarnate fiend, you must show a cause that is pervasive, that effects society to the very core, that extends wide, that goes down deep—yes, as deep as Hell!

Where, then, shall we find an explanation large enough to comprehend this tremendous result? What is that that has subdued the universal wilderness—the unbroken forest—that once covered the North American Continent? Whence have come these crowded cities, these roaring factories, these winged luxuries, these landscapes rich with corn and wheat?

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gress in the spring of 1863, told his friends that the South could never be united against the North on the Tariff question; that the sugar interest of Louisiana would keep her out, and that the basis of southern union must be shifted to the slave question.

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No, Gentlemen and Ladies, neither in the Tariff nor in the selfishness of the North, nor in ambitious Southern leaders, nor in the Abolitionists can you find a cause sufficient to have produced this war.

That account for a rebellion like this, two thousand miles long, fifteen hundred miles wide, supported by half a million men in arms, and every one of them fighting with the energy of an incarnate fiend, you must show a cause that is pervasive, that effects society to the very core, that extends wide, that goes down deep—yes, as deep as Hell!

Where, then, shall we find an explanation large enough to comprehend this tremendous result? What is that that has subdued the universal wilderness—the unbroken forest—that once covered the North American Continent? Whence have come these crowded cities, these roaring factories, these winged luxuries, these landscapes rich with corn and wheat?

That French Revolution; was it an insurrection of the French masses to make Napoleon Emperor, or was it a frantic spring after liberty by a people exhausted by a thousand years of wrong, who, after having beheaded their King, found that they had only exchanged the tyranny of Louis for the worse tyranny of Robespierre, and so, having snuffed full of Robespierre, thought that at last they had discovered in Buonaparte a man who could save them alike from the monsters of the Jacobin club, and from the coalheated despots of Europe, striding forward in alarm to devour their young Republic.

No, fellow citizens, the sin of ambition has had, in the past, too many loads to shoulder. Doctors in Statesmanship, and especially Doctors in Theology, seeing a bad state of affairs, in a nation, and being at their wits end, to account for it, have agreed to lay the blame upon ambitious men; just as doctors in natural philosophy, when unable to account for phe-

nomens, lay them to the charge of electricity; and just as doctors of medicine, when unable to discover what is the matter with a sick man, always pronounce that he has liver complaint.

Neither can the South complain that the North, taking advantage of its superior numbers, has seized upon the offices of the Government and wielded them in hostility to her interests.

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fast me, you cannot play upon me.

And if this war has not been produced by the machinations of a few able intriguing men at the South, much less has it been caused by the fulminations of a few obscure, derided fanatics—as they have usually been called—at the North; in other words, by the Abolitionists.

Neither can you account for the war, as so many have done, by supposing it to have been caused by the overmastering ambition of a few Southern leaders.

Speaking from the sincerity of my heart exactly what I believe, I pray you to yield me that kind consideration which Americans should always accord the humblest citizen about to tell honestly what he thinks concerning the Republic.

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Now if Labor is the basis of society, will not the laws that govern Labor likewise mould society? And if within the same country there are two sections, with two different systems of Labor, will not these two different systems of Labor produce to different systems of society?

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pled liberty is fame, wisdom and power." Henry A. Wise boasted in Congress, that not a newspaper was published in his District. In South Carolina, one out of every seven of the white population can neither read nor write.

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try slavery, to destroy the Union too? It is the Union that has always been its impregnable bulwark. In this nineteenth century of the Gospel, a nation pretending to Christianity, but founded solely on a denial of the fundamental rights of man, could not live amid the universal horror and detestation with which it would be regarded by the nations.

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