



If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!! - Gen. Dix.

# The Oregon Argus.

W. L. Adams, Editor.

OREGON CITY:  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

### What do They Wish?

The organs of treason in this State are all terribly down on 'Lincoln's war.' Jeff Davis's war, of course they have no word of condemnation for. The position occupied by these papers may be satisfactory to them but it does seem to us that it must be very unsatisfactory to such of their traitor patrons as have a thimble full of brains or a particle of honor; if indeed a secessionist could be supposed to possess either. They are all whining over the "cost of blood and treasure" occasioned by the war—the "great national debt" incurred by the war—the "advance on coffee and domestic" in consequence of the war—the "burthens of future taxation" to foot the war bills—the "injury to commerce" by the embargo imposed by the blockade—the "widows and orphans" made by the war,—besides as many other "horrors of war" as they can crowd into their distended brains.

Now all this makes up no stronger a case than the torics made up against the war of the revolution. Our revolutionary fathers knew as well as we do that war is a great calamity, that the horrors attendant upon any war are truly fearful, but they knew also as well as we do that greater evils may be inflicted upon a people than war. War or an unjust government being forced upon them as a choice, they wisely chose the former as the lesser evil, and determined to resist the imposition of the latter, though it cost them every dollar they possessed and the blood of every patriot father and son on the continent. For this, posterity has honored them up to the time of this rebellion, and every patriot honors them still. Torics couldn't appreciate the lofty sentiments of patriotism that inspired our fathers, any more than their descendants, the sympathizers of rebellion, can now appreciate the motives that prompt Union men to fight the battles of this second revolution. The torics of the Revolution were ahead of their descendants in all the essential elements of manhood. They, while they opposed the war, assigned as a reason that it was an immense sacrifice to secure a doubtful good—they thought the privilege of instituting a democratic Union, at best a doubtful experiment, was hardly worth fighting for. Their descendants, to avoid war, are willing to see this same government shivered into fragments, after an experience of more than eighty years has demonstrated that it is the best government in the world. The torics, while they denounced the war, proclaimed on the house-tops just what they wanted done to stop it. Do their descendants ever tell us through their organs how they would have the war stopped now? The torics wanted our soldiers to "stop the war" by laying down their arms, taking the oath of allegiance to King George, and delivering up Washington, Adams, and the leaders of the Revolution generally, to be executed by British authority. Do their descendants wish us to lay down our arms, hand over the archives at Washington to Jeff Davis, and permit him to hang Lincoln, Scott, and as many more 'leaders' as he may demand? If they do, why not come out and say so? The torics, like the two hundred and seventy signers at Charleston blurb, whose names are all attached to their 'humble address' and published to the world? The torics in all their public gatherings, rallied under the British flag, to show the world which side they were on. Do their descendants in the Northern States dare even by plain explicit language to show which side they are on? Their general whine and incessant grumbling satisfy us that all their sympathies are with Davis, and that they would rejoice to see the rebel army victorious in every battle, yet they dare not say it, neither dare one of them that believes in a hell lay his hand on his heart and swear before God that it is not so. We know which side they are on, but do one half of their subscribers know? and are these subscribers satisfied with their incessant whine about the war without ever once giving us a plain straightforward plan of ending the difficulty? Are these fellows in favor of submitting to the rule of the slave power, headed by Jeff Davis, as a 'compromise' to end the war, secure peace, and save the Union?—then let them say so. We are not in favor of it, for what appears to us a good reason, found in an innate sense of honor and a sense of duty due ourselves, our posterity, and the world,

in maintaining a free government. We show our hand on this point—if the anti-war men differ with us, let them show their hand. The man who is willing to close the war on such terms, may pass in a crowd for a man, although he has no more exalted ideas of the blessings of liberty than the ass who plucks the thistle upon the common, or loftier sense of honor than a hog.

Are they rather in favor of acknowledging ourselves whipped and recognizing the rebels as constituting an independent nation, in order to close the war? Then why not say so? This would be rather humiliating to the loyal portion of the government, which was dragged into the war by rebels, who never condescended to ask for a convention of States to agree upon the terms of a peaceful separation, but who stole our property, robbed our treasury, made 'confederate' officers of men already holding federal offices which they hadn't resigned, and then battered down one of our forts, after having elected a President, chosen subordinate to life officers, and declared seven States out of the Union, all by conventions, without even submitting these questions to the people of their own States.

Now as humiliating as, under these circumstances, a recognition of the independence of this rebel confederacy would be, we are not prepared to say that we might assent to it, if, by such a course, we could bring about a political millennium, make a permanent peace, and end the difficulty forever. But would it do that? All men all over the North, of all political parties, whose claims to statesmanship or even to common political sagacity are recognized by the people, are unanimous in their opinion that it would not. They say that it is preposterous to suppose that a convention between the free and slave-holding sections could ever settle upon any mutually satisfactory arrangement as to the tariff, the property already seized and confiscated by the rebels, the division of the territories, the proportion of the public debt to be assumed by each section, the navigation and commerce of the Mississippi river, besides the difficulties of making a treaty as to the rendition of fugitive slaves, to say nothing of the duties we owe legal citizens demanding protection in all the rebel States; we repeat that there isn't a man possessed of brains enough to drive an ox-team, who doesn't know that these questions, if ever settled at all, wouldn't stay settled for a year, and that the effect of any settlement of them would result in turning a convention into a bloody mob, and laying a foundation for repeated, constant bloody war. The combined wisdom of the whole North has cooly, dispassionately, and without party bias, surveyed the whole question, in all its mighty meaning, and the public mind has become permanently fixed in the conviction that there is no course left for the Government but to maintain its authority and crush out this inhuman rebellion, thoroughly and efficiently, even though it cost an ocean of blood and exhaustless treasure.

The administration in power is acting in harmony with a burning, golden desire, that pervades the swarming hosts who have sworn eternal fidelity to the Union in all the loyal States. The North, cool, dispassionate, magnanimous, and brave, has become thoroughly aroused. A hot-headed, blustering, and cruel oligarchy, has stirred up a blind and formidable rebellion, it is true, but it is a rebellion which nevertheless it is in the power of the North to crush. The Almighty intends it shall be crushed, the spirits of departed heroes and good men in both hemispheres desire the triumph of the right, and triumph it will. Momentary rights and temporary defeats may be looked for, but the whining curs who are now piping at the heels of the most popular President that has headed this Government since the days of Washington, without being able to give a reason why, might just as well make up their minds to emigrate to the rebel confederacy soon, if they ever expect to enjoy the sweets of Jeff Davis's 'dissemination.'

One of the half-breeds who has lately been removed from an important office in this State, to which he was appointed by Buchanan, solely on the ground that he was a tool for Jo Lane and had a capacious stomach for holding dirt, has since had a son born to him, which he calls "Jeff Davis."

The Louisville Journal says: In less than three days after the defeat at Manassas, more than 200,000 fresh volunteers were offered to the U. S. Government. Another defeat would call out 200,000 in two days. Defeats strengthen the U. S. Government more than victories ever strengthened any other.

EMIGRANTS COMING.—A dispatch to the Sacramento Union, from Carson City, N. T., says: Emigrants are pouring in from the Plains every day. It is estimated the number coming across the Plains this season will reach 25,000 or 30,000. Indiana, Illinois and Iowa send the largest number.

CHANGE.—Poor Slater has left the Union as editor, and is succeeded by P. J. Malone. The readers of the Union are congratulating themselves on heretofore having good English presented to them.

FAST TIME.—We receive news from the East now, by Pony and Telegraph, in eleven days. This is an advance of ten days within a year past.

would be likely to try. In one case of which I heard, a company of four found that they had opened a claim that would not pay. But, keeping their own counsel, they worked along with great zeal, cleaning out their sluices at regular intervals, but as regularly replacing secretly the small amount, until at length it began to amount to a considerable sum. If inquired of as to how much they made, evasive answers were returned, and this game was played so low down that at length parties actually secreted themselves close by, so as to come out while the sluices were being cleaned up, and while the claim-owners evinced apparent surprise and discomfort. The spies were gratified by seeing a very rich lay out in the sluices. This game was repeated once or twice, until a good offer was made for the claim, which the owners accepted, declaring themselves tired of the mines. So they cleaned up their gold for the last time, and relinquished the claim to its new owners. These, after washing diligently for several days, invited some friends to come and see the turn-out. The rifles were taken out, while anxious, expecting faces bent over, expecting to be feasted with the sight of a pile of gold. But how the owners' visages elongated when the result proved that they had been most egregiously sold. I give this story as I had it from one who professed that he gave it of his own personal knowledge.

It is beginning to be a commonly received opinion that Oro Fino is played out. But there is a great amount of gold along its wide flats to be taken out sooner or later. In many places there is complaint of lack of water. Some who have rich claims, run day and night, by means of alternate sets of hands, so as to improve to the utmost the short mining season, and not be compelled to remain longer than possible. During my stay in the mines, there have been two South Fork excitements, drawing several hundred men from Oro Fino to a new placer seventy-five or a hundred miles away. In the first case, most of the adventurers came back disappointed. In the second stampede, it appears that they struck it, as not many came back. But many of those who started for South Fork either did not go there, or, going by, did not stop long, but hurried on toward the lower country.

But my passage is at last secured on a Cayne train to Walla Walla, and I must cut this down to a long-short, being in haste. I shall probably drop a note from Walla Walla, if I stop long enough.

J. D. LOCKY.

### Union Triumphant in California!

The returns of the recent election in California stand about thus for Governor:

Stanford (Rep.)	55,000
Conness (Union Dem)	33,000
McConnell (Secession)	33,000
Total Union vote, about	88,000
Secession vote, about	33,000
Majority for the Union as it is,	55,000

Well done, California!

MR. CHITTENDEN.—No one in Washington seemed to feel more intensely our late disaster at Manassas than the venerable John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky. When he rose on Monday morning he asked, "Well, what further news?" He had gone to bed under the delusion that the Federal army had triumphed. "We are routed—utterly routed," was the reply to his question. The old man started back in astonishment, and when the facts were brought before him he went back, sat down, and putting his head down upon his hands burst into tears.

COURSE OF GEN. McDOWELL.—It is stated that Gen. McDougall, in a late speech in the U. S. Senate, took the ground that the President is justified in all that he has done to conquer the rebels. This is the proper way for the Union men to talk; no other course can possibly contribute toward the success of the cause. We must take our stand either for the lawful Constitutional Administration of Lincoln or for the bogus concern headed by Davis, Beauregard & Co.

SINGULAR MEETING.—A member of the 11st Regiment of New York states that in one of the charges of that regiment upon a rebel battery, he met at the point of the bayonet a member of one of the Virginia regiments, with whom he had formed intimate relations of friendship while the rebel soldier was at college in New York.—Each instantly recognized the other, and instead of carrying out the work of death, they shook hands and separated.

A CONTRAST AND A DIFFERENCE.—The Pennsylvania Fourth Regiment, whose three months' term of service expired on the eve of the recent battle, deliberately turned tail and marched homeward. On the other hand, the brave Sixty-ninth (Irish), whose time was up, insisted upon going into the contest, where they covered themselves with glory.

JUDGMENT FOR NEWSPAPER ARRESTS.—The publisher of the Catskill (N. Y.) Recorder has recovered in judgments and costs over two hundred dollars from one of his delinquent subscribers, who had taken the Recorder for a long time without paying for it, and like the boy who pulled the tap from a barrel of cider, had a good time in seeing "how long the darned thing would run." He knows now just how much the good time cost him.

RENTED.—Gen. Garrison has rented a building at Washington for the confinement of female prisoners.

and cities again filled with the hum and throngs of busy trade, and her rivers and shores once more vocal with the steamer's whistle—that anthem of a free and prosperous commerce—then let her stand fast by the Stars and Stripes, and do her duty and whole duty as a member of this Union. Let her brave people say to the President of the United States, "You are our Chief Magistrate; the government you have in charge and are striving to save from dishonor and dismemberment is our government; your cause is indeed our cause; your battles are our battles; make room for us therefore in the ranks of your armies, that your triumph may be our triumph also."

Even as with the Father of us all I would plead for salvation, so my countrymen, as upon my very knees, would I plead with you for the life, eye for the life, of our great and beneficent institutions. But if the traitor's knife now at the throat of the republic is to do its work, and this government is fated to add yet another to that long line of sepulchres which whiten the highway of the past, then my heart-felt prayer to God is that it may be written in history, that the blood of its life was not found upon the skirts of Kentucky.

### Life in the Mines.

Oro Fino, Aug. 15, 1861.

Ed. Argus: My last letter was dated and dispatched only yesterday, but as the period of my sojourn here is likely to close soon, I will employ part of the leisure with which I am burdened, just now, in giving the result of my observation for your benefit. In this region, provisions and purses are somewhat light, and even the literature, of which a supply is kept by our old townsman, C. L. Goodrich, is light too.—To this general rule there are of course exceptions, as prices are heavy enough in all conscience, and occasionally drunken men may be seen along the streets whose heads are heavy from the influence of bad spirits. But for a mining section, there is not overmuch drinking going on. Gambling, too, is on the wane, as gold costs too much sweat to be squandered lightly.—Here and there, however, along the streets of this mountain city, as evening sets the miners free, the saloons flash out their invitations into the darkness, and on various tables within glittering piles of coin stretch out invisible cords of attraction to those who pass by, and a subtle tempter whispers: "Play; if you can but guess the cards aright, you may become rich without work!" But the more a man puts down, the less he takes up, and this result is naturally so discouraging that it is not long persevered in. The highest gambling I saw in the mines was between professed gamblers; then it was diamond cut diamond, and the sharpest wins. It is a study for a painter to see with what eagerness and apparent unconcern men, who have schooled themselves to hide all expression, can sit for hours, and, as has happened in some cases, even for days, with scarce an intermission, immersed in a game of cards. To stand by, and watch a game of terrible excitement, where the fires of passion burn in the heart, and see no flush mount the cheek, no added gleam in the fixed eye, shows the control which mind gains over matter, allowing none of its secrets to be discovered. Sometimes, but rarely, such a perversion of nature is seen as a creature bearing the semblance of a woman, surrounded by the reek and filth of a gambling hell. Alas, how fallen!—Woman, the angel of creation, changed to a demon! The style of femininity (even amongst the respectables) in the diggings, may be illustrated by an incident which occurred after this wise: A Chinaman, the first who ventured into the gold field, despite the prohibition against that race, after being made the subject of one or two miners' meetings, expecting to be allowed to remain, had purchased kettles, wash-board, irons, &c., and set up an opposition wash-house. Two strong-minded females, perceiving their craft to be in danger, armed themselves with axes, and, storming John Chinaman's castle, demolished all his works, and threatened to exterminate poor Johnny if he didn't pack. The result of their action, and another mass meeting on his account, resulted in his immediately vacating the premises. Some of the Oro Fino miners have expressed regret that Chinaman was not allowed to come in, as they could thus sell claims, otherwise to be abandoned. But, in a year or two, all these chances will be snuffed up, as they can be worked to better advantage. At present, less than eight or ten dollars per day will not pay running expenses and ordinary miners' wages. But, in the gold-hunter's lottery, men go further and fare worse than in almost any other pursuit.

Amiability has been said to be the sub-soil of society. That is, where society exists in its usually settled state. But in new gold mines, nothing being settled, the population being so fluctuating, the rule does not hold good; and selfishness is the sub-soil. Men, whose interests are not conflicting, and who, under other circumstances, would be obliging neighbors and perfectly truthful, in the mines work with so single an eye to their own advantage, and feel themselves under so little obligation to be veracious in their statements if inquired of concerning the result of their work, that really it is quite surprising. If a man doing well is asked, he will probably make a considerable subtraction; if really doing poorly, he will be apt to make a large addition. Indeed, it is often the case that men owning poor claims are so anxious to deceive, that a process described as 'salting' is resorted to, which in some cases proves successful with the unwary. This is done by sprinkling fine gold over the dry dirt of old prospect holes, or wherever prospectors

him worse than would an adder? Have we, within the brief period of eighty years, descended so far from the mountain heights on which our fathers stood, that already, in our degeneracy, we proclaim our blood too precious, our treason too valuable, to be devoted to the preservation of such a government as this? They fought through a seven years' war with the greatest power on earth for the hope, the bare hope of being able to found this Republic, and now that it is no longer a hope nor an experiment but a glorious reality, which has excited the admiration and the homage of the nations, and has covered us with blessings as "the waters cover the channels of the sea," have we, their children, no years of toil, or sacrifice, and of battle even, if need be, to give to save it from absolute destruction at the hands of men who, steeped in guilt, are perpetrating against us and humanity a crime, for which I verily believe the blackest page of the history of the world's darkest period furnishes no parallel. Can it be possible that in the history of the American people we have already reached a point of degeneracy so low, that the work of Washington and Franklin, of Adams and Jefferson, of Hancock and Henry, is to be overthrown by the morally beggared and pigmy conspirators who are now tugging at its foundations? It would be the overturning of the Ark in the sands at his base.

But our neutral fellow-citizens in the tenderness of their hearts say: "This effusion of blood sickness us." Then do all in your power to bring it to an end. Let the whole strength of this Commonwealth be put forth in support of the Government, in order that the war may be terminated by a prompt suppression of the rebellion.—The longer the struggle continues, the fiercer will be its spirit, and the more fearful the waste of life attending it. You, therefore, only aggravate the calamity you deplore, by standing aloof from the combat. But again they say, "we cannot fight our brethren." Indeed, if your brethren can fight you, and with a good will too. Wickedly and wantonly have they commenced this war against you and your institutions, and ferociously are they prosecuting it. They take no account of the fact that the massacre with which they hope their swords will ere long be clogged, must be the massacre of their brethren. However much we may bow our heads at the confession, it is nevertheless true that every free people that have existed have been obliged at one period or other of their history to fight for their liberties against traitors within their own bosoms, and that people who have not the greatness of soul thus to fight cannot long continue to be free, nor do they deserve to be so.

There is not and there cannot be any neutral ground for a loyal people between their own government and those who at the head of armies are menacing its destruction. Your inaction is not neutrality, though you may delude yourselves with the belief that it is so. With this rebellion confronting you, when you refuse to cooperate actively with your government in subduing it, you thereby condemn the government and assume towards it an attitude of antagonism. Your inaction is a virtual endorsement of the rebellion, and if you do not thereby give to the rebels precisely that "aid and comfort" spoken of in the Constitution, you certainly afford them a most powerful encouragement and support. That they regard your present position as friendly to them, is proved by the fact, that in a recent enactment of the Confederate Congress confiscating the debts due from their own citizens to those of loyal States, the debts due to the people of Kentucky are expressly excepted. Is not this significant? Does it leave any room for doubt that the Confederate Congress suppose they have discovered under the guise of your neutrality a lurking sympathy for their cause which entitles you to be treated as friends if not as active allies? Patriots as was the purpose of her apprehensive statesmen in placing her in the anomalous position she now occupies, it cannot be denied that Kentucky by her present attitude is exerting a potent influence in strengthening the rebellion, and is therefore false alike to her loyalty and to her fame. You may rest well assured that this estimate of your neutrality is entertained by the true men of the country in all the States which are now sustaining the Government. Within the last few weeks how many of those gallant volunteers, who have left home and kindred and all that is dear to them, and are now under a Southern sun, exposing themselves to death from disease and to death from battle, and are accounting their lives as nothing in the effort they are making for the deliverance of your Government and theirs; how many of them have said to me in sadness and in longing, "Will not Kentucky help me?" How my soul would have leaped could I have answered promptly, confidently, exultingly, "Yes, she will." But when I thought of this neutrality, my heart sank within me, and I did not and I could not look those brave men in the face. And yet I could not answer "no." I could not crash myself to the earth under the self-abasement of such a reply. I therefore said—and may my country sustain me—"I hope, I trust, I pray, nay, I believe, Kentucky will yet do her duty."

If this Government is to be destroyed, ask yourselves, are you willing it should be recorded in history that Kentucky stood by in the greatness of her strength and lifted not a hand to stay the catastrophe? If it is to be saved—as I verily believe it is—are you willing it shall be written that in the immeasurable glory which must attend the achievement Kentucky had no part?

I will only add, if Kentucky wishes the waters of her beautiful Ohio to be dyed in blood; if she wishes her harvest fields, now waving in their abundance, to be trampled under the feet of hostile soldiery, as a flowery garden is trampled beneath the thrashings of the tempest; if she wishes the homes where her loved ones are now gathered in peace invaded by the proscription of a military despotism, sparing neither life nor property; if she wishes the streets of her towns and cities grown with grass and the steamboats of her river to be rotting at her wharfs, then let her join the Southern Confederacy. But if she would have the bright waters of that river flow on in their gladness; if she would have her harvest peacefully gathered to her garner; if she would have the lullabies of her cradles and the songs of her homes uninvaded by the cries and terrors of battle; if she would have the streets of her towns

that courage which submits to the laws.—Lucifer was a non-submissionist, and the first secessionist of whom history has given us any account, and the chains which he wears fitly express the fate due to all who openly defy the laws of their creator and of their country. He rebelled because the Almighty would not yield to him the throne of Heaven; the principle of the Southern rebellion is the same. Indeed, in this submission to the laws is found the chief distinction between good men and devils. A good man obeys the laws of truth, of honesty, of morality, and all those laws which have been enacted by competent authority for the government and protection of the country in which he lives; a devil obeys only his own ferocious and profligate passions. The principle on which this rebellion proceeds, that laws have in themselves no sanctions, no binding force upon the conscience, and that every man, under the promptings of interest or passion or caprice, may at will, and honorably, too, strike at the Government that shelters him, is one of utter demoralization, and should be trodden out, as you would tread out a spark that has fallen on the roof of your dwelling. Its unchecked prevalence would resolve society into chaos, and leave you without the slightest guarantee for life, liberty, or property. It is time that, in their majesty, the people of the United States should make known to the world that this Government, in its dignity and power, is something more than a moot court, and that the citizen who makes war upon it is a traitor, not only in theory but in fact, and should have meted out to him a traitor's doom. The country wants no bloody sacrifices, but it must and will have peace, cost what it may.

Before closing, I desire to say a few words on the relations of Kentucky to the pending rebellion; and, as we are all Kentuckians here together to-night, and as this purely a family matter, which concerns the honor of us all, I hope we may be permitted to speak to each other upon it with entire freedom. I shall not detain you with observations on the hostile and defiant position assumed by the Governor of your State. In his reply to the requisition made upon him for volunteers under the proclamation of the President, he has, in my judgment, written and finished his own history, his epitaph included, and it is probable that in future the world will little concern itself as to what his excellency may propose to do, or as to what he may propose not to do. That response has already brought a burning blush to the cheek of many of her sons, and is destined to bring it to the cheek of many more in the years which are to come. It is a shame, indeed a crying shame, that a State with so illustrious a past should have written for her by her own chief magistrate, a page of history so utterly humiliating as this.—But your Legislature have determined that during the present unhappy war the attitude of the State shall be that of strict neutrality, and it is upon this determination that I wish respectfully, but frankly to comment. As the motives which governed the Legislature were doubtless patriotic and conservative, the conclusion arrived at cannot be condemned as dishonorable, still, in view of the manifest duty of the State and of possible results, I cannot but regard it as mistaken and false, and one which may have fatal consequences.—Strictly and legally speaking, Kentucky must go out of the Union before she can be neutral. Within it she is necessarily either faithful to the government of the United States, or she is disloyal to it. If this truth of neutrality upon which her well-meaning but ill-judging politicians are halting, can find any middle ground on which to rest, it has escaped my researches, though I have diligently sought it. Neutrality, in the sense of those who now use the term, however patriotically designed, is, in effect, but a snake in the grass of rebellion, and those who handle it will sooner or later feel its fangs. Said one who speaks as man never speaks, "He who is not with us is against us"; and of none of the conflicts which have arisen between men or between nations, could this be more truthfully said, than of that in which we are now involved. Neutrality necessarily implies indifference. Is Kentucky indifferent to the issues of this contest? Has she, indeed, nothing at stake? Has she no compact with her sister States to keep, no plighted faith to uphold, no renown to sustain, no glory to win? Has she no horror of that crime of crimes now being committed against us by that stupendous rebellion which has arisen like a tempest cloud in the South? We rejoice to know that she is still a member of this Union, and as such she has the same in resisting this rebellion, that each limb of the body has in resisting a poison whose point is aimed at the heart. It is her house that is on fire; has she no interest in extinguishing the conflagration? Will she stand aloof and announce herself neutral between the raging flames and the brave men who are periling their lives to subdue them? Hundreds of thousands of citizens of other States—men of culture and character, of thought and of toil; men who have a deep stake in life, and an intense appreciation of its duties and responsibilities; who know the worth of this blessed government of ours, do not prize even their own blood above it—I say, hundreds of thousands of such men have left their homes, their workshops, their offices, their counting-houses, and their fields, and are now rallying about our flag, freely offering their all to sustain it, and, since the days that crusading Europe threw its hosts upon the embattled plains of Asia, no deeper or more earnest or grander spirit has stirred the souls of men, than that which now says those mighty masses whose gleaming banners are destined ere long to make bright again the earth and sky of the distracted South. Can Kentucky look upon this sublime spectacle of patriotism unmoved, and then say to herself: "I will spend neither blood nor treasure, but I will shrink away while the battle rages, and after it has been fought and won, I will return to the camp, well assured that if I cannot claim the laurels, I will at least enjoy the blessings of the victory?" Is this all that remains of her chivalry?—of the chivalry of the land of the Shelleys, the Johnsons, the Allens, the Clays, the Adairs, and the Davises? Is there a Kentuckian within the sound of my voice to-night, who can hear the agonized cry of his country, as she wrestles and writhes in the folds of this gigantic treason, and then lay himself down upon his pillow with this thought of neutrality, without feeling that he has something in his bosom which stings

him worse than would an adder? Have we, within the brief period of eighty years, descended so far from the mountain heights on which our fathers stood, that already, in our degeneracy, we proclaim our blood too precious, our treason too valuable, to be devoted to the preservation of such a government as this? They fought through a seven years' war with the greatest power on earth for the hope, the bare hope of being able to found this Republic, and now that it is no longer a hope nor an experiment but a glorious reality, which has excited the admiration and the homage of the nations, and has covered us with blessings as "the waters cover the channels of the sea," have we, their children, no years of toil, or sacrifice, and of battle even, if need be, to give to save it from absolute destruction at the hands of men who, steeped in guilt, are perpetrating against us and humanity a crime, for which I verily believe the blackest page of the history of the world's darkest period furnishes no parallel. Can it be possible that in the history of the American people we have already reached a point of degeneracy so low, that the work of Washington and Franklin, of Adams and Jefferson, of Hancock and Henry, is to be overthrown by the morally beggared and pigmy conspirators who are now tugging at its foundations? It would be the overturning of the Ark in the sands at his base.