

up their lives—offered their lives knowing that they must die and that it was a sacrifice. They did it bravely and as heroes do it. You have called the men of the Revolution patriots and you honored their patriotism. How many of you have said and felt that the hour of such patriotism has gone by? But has it? Was there ever a people that would show more parity of motive, more bravery of heart and mere of self-sacrificing devotion than the people of America are showing to-day, and I care not on which side of the line you put it? There is as much bravery and self-sacrificing devotion to-day as there ever was, and we do not know it. We thought we lived in a pusillanimous age. We thought that we lived among a people who would sacrifice everything before they would rise up in defence of their political rights. But when the necessity came, that necessity stamped upon the earth, and a nation rose to its surface in arms. All have been surprised at the great lesson of the day, and none so much as politicians. They used to go to caucuses and say, "You must do thus and so," and the people will submit. We did not know where the blood of the nation was to be found. We thought it was in the resolutions gotten up in the caucus. It never was there; it lay back out of sight, but when the necessity came it came into the sight. Hereafter I will say, for one, that I have learned a lesson that has done me good, infinite good, for political action yet to be. I thank God that even in this terrible hour we have developed a blessing and find a patriot people worthy of constituting a free nation. [Applause.] There are some here perhaps who are weighed down with a load of grief and the staff on which they leaned for support has been taken away. A cherished son may have been snatched away and offered up on the altar of his country. They mourn him, and mourn him they well may. But for them the pen of the historian will write in golden letters, and their names will live, while wars are forgotten, on the page of the country's history. Their names will not only represent the individual, but the embodiment of the principle of patriotism, a love of country and of glory. It is said that we are gaining success, and I believe it is so. That success will be a grand one for us not only because it will be over a brave foe, but because it will tend to produce a oneness of country. Why has not victory perched upon our banners before? We have lacked in the choice of banners before? mistakes were made in this regard in the Revolution, when such men as Washington and Lafayette were chosen as leaders. No mistake has been made in this regard in the so-called Southern Confederacy. They made their first and last choice, and they chose well. They prepared for what they undertook. For twenty years before the Rebellion the subject was canvassed and the conviction became settled of the impending struggle. The first warning we had of this rebellion was the attack on Fort Sumter, and we now see in its full vigor the treason that was whispered thirty years ago in South Carolina. Darkly and resolutely it worked, and had it not been for its leaders, it had been driven into the Gulf of Mexico long ago. We have received this lesson and have profited. We have got Rosecrans (Applause) who stands like a stake of iron driven into a quarry of marble. We have Grant. (Applause.) We need not trouble ourselves about his rear; he is in the habit of looking front and he is ready to move on Vicksburg. We have got Meade. (Great applause.) We have got Meade and Meade has got the rebels. If we have great leaders we have nothing to fear. Volunteers will come forward when victory is chained to the banners. A noble man has gone, the brave and patriotic Foote. Although we can ill afford to lose a great man we need not despair. From his ashes will spring up other heroes. If we are determined to conquer the result of the struggle will be a Republic and the greatest nation on the earth. (Great applause.)

The band then struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." After which the Rev. John McClellan Holmes was introduced. His remarks were loudly applauded.

SPEECH OF REV. MR. HOLMES.
We meet again, after two years, to renew the pledge of devotion to the nation. The crisis was now upon us, and we are assured of victory.

They were assembled also to learn the lesson of duties. Prominent among them was the duty of loyalty unconditional and entire—a duty that says, "This is my country, and by that country I will stand or fall." [Applause.] As part of loyalty we should sustain those who held office, and are charged with governing and administering.

ing. We must stand by them with our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honors, even though we distrust their wisdom. We must co-operate, "heart and hand," so that the country will have a single front. The second lesson is that of faith. At the present time it was eminently meet that we should place a supreme trust based upon the rectitude of our cause, and that based in Him who is the God of our country and the God of battles. There has been too much of a disposition to feel at times that everything was going to ruin, and that the Southern Confederacy would be a success. It must not be so, and we must not believe it. We must think that the country has been sanctified by the revolution; that the cause is the cause of liberty of humanity, which God approves, and it is not for us to doubt. For right is right, and God is God, and right it must be. To falter would be sin. God has placed before us a glorious destiny, and he was not one of those who thought that this nation is to be given over to political demagogues. Dark hours may come upon us, but the sun will finally shine out in the clear sky. The third lesson is that of enthusiasm. It is a very important element of success, and God always helps those who are enthusiastic. We are not to struggle with a faltering hand and step; we are not to give with a stinted liberality. Those soldiers that follow the great leader are always enthusiastic. Cromwell and his Puritan troops marched along invincible to the tones of "O! Old Hundred." We have every reason to be loyal, to be believing and to be enthusiastic. We have it in our glorious government and institutions and in the noble men that God has raised up to accomplish this great work. Victory follows and the only honorable peace that we can get. When the sun has cast its radiant beams upon the cliffs of the Alpine ranges, a shepherd leaving his cot sounds his bugle, announcing to those far down in the valley that the sun has risen. The horn is answered by another and another until it dies away in the distance, each one communicating the fact. And when the glorious day shall arrive of our success, from the Gulf to the Lakes, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, there shall come the bugle call proclaiming, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

At this hour the brilliancy of the scene became apparent to all. Rockets, Roman candles, etc., were showering sparks and balls of fire in all directions. The band played a sentimental air. The Chairman then introduced the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith. In commencing, he said that a gentleman had his gig run into by an omnibus. He asked him if he was going to sue for damages. The gentleman answered that he already had enough; but if he sued for anything it would be for repairs. (Laughter.) It is unnecessary to ask how we get into trouble as a nation; the great concern is how to get out of it, and the part we are to bear in the contest now going on. Our nation is the greatest and strongest nation on the earth. England and France, in order to save themselves, have to have an alliance. In two years the greatest army of the world has been assembled. Our resources have been great to overflowing, and we have supplied the starving poor of other lands. We have made the South what she is, and if she goes out of the Union and stays out, she perishes. We have supported her like a pauper. In conclusion, he related several laughable anecdotes illustrative of the times.

Mr. S. E. Church being introduced made some patriotic remarks and on exclaiming "Will you now say that you pledge your hearts and your lives anew to the service of your country?" the enthusiastic audience gave a telling response in the affirmative.

Remarks were made by other gentlemen not included in the programme who volunteered to speak. The Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. Samuel Hotaling and Mr. Banvart were each received with applause.

The audience slowly dispersed at a late hour highly pleased with the exercises of the evening.

The following letters were read:

BROOKLYN, E. D., July 1, 1863.
DEAR SIRS:—It would afford me much pleasure to be present, and to act as one of the Vice Presidents, at the Union Jubilee to take place at the Square in Bedford avenue, on the coming Anniversary of our National Birth-day; but as I am engaged to speak at a similar demonstration on that day, in the Methodist Church at Orient, L. I., it will be impossible to accept your invitation. You are at liberty to use my name if, in any way it can be of service to you.

Such a demonstration as you propose to give on our approaching National Jubilee, is one that, in the present crisis of our history, is peculiarly appropriate, and has my most cordial sympathy. We cannot do too much just now to inspire our people with the spirit of Christian patriotism.

The "Union Leagues of Loyal Men" have my sympathy, when it can be of any service they can use my name; and when not otherwise previously engaged, they can command my personal aid in word or deed.

I am, gentlemen,

Yours, very truly,

B. PETERS.

To Messrs. James D. Sparkman, S. Tuttle, Ambrose E. Snow, Com. of Invitation.

GENTLEMEN:—I have been honored with an invitation to speak at a meeting to be held in Bedford Square, on the 4th of July, by the 19th Ward Union League of Loyal Men. Your invitation is a very high compliment, and a proof that I hold no other principle than that by which all loyal men are actuated at this present moment, viz: obedience to law, and a conscientious support of the constitutionally chosen representatives of the people. Your invitation, gentleman, is more than complimentary. It is an assurance that my efforts in this community, in my own humble sphere, are appreciated. For when so respectable a body of men as those constituting the "Loyal League" would invite me to speak on

themes suggested by the immortal Declaration of Independence, and that too, at this particular time of this great nation's existence, I must feel myself highly honored. Though I thus prize your kind invitation, you will pardon my declining to speak on the occasion, as I have ever sought retirement rather than public life, and my habit of thought might lead me into a sermonizing style, which you will admit, would be entirely out of place, at your Grand Union jubilee.

All things considered, I think I can accomplish more for the noble cause, by pursuing the even tenor of my way, than by my appearing at a public meeting for which I find myself entirely unfitted.

You will, Gentlemen, take these reasons into your kind consideration, and accept my grateful acknowledgements for your invitation.

Yours most sincerely,

S. MALONE.

To Messrs James D. Sparkman, S. Tuttle, Ambrose E. Snow, Committee of Invitation.

50 Ross Street
Brooklyn, E. D., June 27, 1863.

James D. Sparkman, S. Tuttle, Ambrose E. Snow, Esqs :

GENTS:—Your circular extending me an invitation to act as one of the Vice-Presidents at the Grand Union Jubilee of the 19th Ward Union League, to be held in the Square on Bedford Avenue, on the 4th day of July, is received. The day appointed is a most appropriate one, and I am extremely sorry that I will be unable to aid you by my presence, as previous engagements will necessarily compel me to decline the honor extended me. If it will have any effect towards enhancing the objects of the meeting, you can use my name.

Believing the object of the meeting a glorious one, and entitled to the support and sympathy of all good and patriotic citizens, I am very respectfully yours, &c.

A. LIMINGER.

To Messrs J. D. Sparkman, S. Tuttle and A. E. Snow, Committee:

GENTLEMEN:—Your invitation to me to act as one of the Vice-Presidents of the 19th Ward Grand Union Jubilee, is received, and I sincerely regret that it is out of my power to comply with your request, as I have other engagements.

Very truly yours,

A. F. KRACK.

June 30, '63.

BOWRONVILLE GROVE FESTIVAL—18TH WARD.

In the afternoon a large and highly respectable company of the elite of that portion of our city, were present and listened with delight amid the shaded grove to the patriotic sentiments and songs which the inspiration of the day and hour called forth. The stage was gracefully decorated with our country's flag. C. W. Godard, Esq., presided. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Wortman. The Union Quartette sang, "Who would Sever Freedom's Land," which was de-

servedly encored. The Déclaration of Independence was then read by Mr. Ryan; "Star Spangled Banner," by the Band; and a song, "The Flag of the Free," by the Quartette.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—One year ago, some of us who are now present, assembled here in this place, with nature smiling all around us, to pay a passing tribute to the memory of our Fall : ers, and also to take counsel in regard to the great pending struggles of the day. It will be remembered that the severe, and disastrous battles before Richmond, had just been fought; and the Country was filled with sorrow, and mourning, since which time, our armies have met with varied success, sometimes gladdening the hearts of all true patriots, and at others, filling them with weeping and sorrow, and perhaps, this may justly describe our condition to day.

But what, however, have we done to lighten the burthen which has rested upon the true friends of the Government, and I pray God that our most sanguine hopes may be fully realized. Eighty-seven years ago, this day, our fathers bequeathed to us an inheritance the most sublime that was ever transmitted to man, and from that day onward until within a very recent period, we rapidly and steadily increased in greatness, without a parallel in the history of the world. But, alas! what is our condition on this great natal day which we should so justly venerate? What has brought about this great change? What has caused rivers of blood to flow, and mourning in almost every household? Why is it that to-day, instead of celebrating this anniversary throughout the land, as in days that are past and gone, our people are engaged in horrid strife upon the bloody field? What, I ask you, is all this about?

I think I propounded about the same queries last year, and I now repeat them, and earnestly call the attention of those who hear me to their vital points, for here may be found, as the lawyers say, the very pith of the case.

Ladies and Gentlemen—You will hardly expect on this occasion an old-fashioned 4th of July address. The times and condition of our country suggest new themes, more interesting, and more necessary to be considered.

Last year, the same orator who will now address us, favored us with a production that attracted the attention of the whole country; in fact it was a grand onward march, in the right direction, breaking up new ground, and demonstrating most clearly the necessity of new action, and it would almost seem that, in this obscure place, a new platform was erected for the nation to base action upon.

Our speaker, then, pointed out the cause of this infernal and wicked rebellion, and also, pointed out the remedy, and I respectfully ask you to compare the views advanced on that occasion with what has transpired since, and then ask yourselves, if I am not justifiable in making this remark. But I will not detain you, I only ask your careful and earnest attention to what will be said to you on this occasion, and I promise you a rich reward.

Ladies and gentlemen, I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, the Hon. H. B. Stanton.

SPEECH OF MR. STANTON.

Mr. Stanton, by way of exordium, sketched an elaborate picture of the war. He then said that when he reflected that the wounds it was inflicting would not wholly heal for a century, and the burdens it was imposing would be felt by unborn generations, he realized the beauty of the Divine apothegm, "blessed are the peacemakers." Though an advocate of peace he was not in favor of scabbing over the ulcer, but probing it to the core, and making the cure radical and perpetual. Such a peace could not be obtained by compromise. In the sectional disturbances of the past, compromise had always been the panacea administered by the political Galens of the era. When the pending convulsion exhibited its premonitory symptoms, the majority of our people looked for relief to the empirics of the old school. And perhaps the alarmed North, during the winter of 1860-'61, would have given the South all that its moderate men demanded as the condition of staying the march of Secession. This crisis passed away long ago. The Negro Propaganda, made arrogant by many victories, was not now to be appeased by Northern abasement of the olden type. Secession, concocted thirty years ago, aimed not at ruling but at destroying the Union. When the conspiracy reached its climax, its an-

thers made the election of Lincoln, to which they had essentially contributed, the pretext for striking at the nation's life. Having succeeded so well in their plot, would the Catilines now consent to a restoration of the Union? All such hopes had perished amid the carnage of a hundred battle fields. No considerable party in the North would now dare offer such terms of compromise as the South would at one time have accepted; but even if through some miracle the belligerents could proclaim an armistice and negotiate a restoration of the Union, it would hardly come up to the level of a truce. The war was not merely an "irrepressible conflict," but a struggle for the mastery between irreconcilable principles, politics and peoples. It was a war between the

Roundheads and the Cavaliers, between Democracy and Aristocracy, between Freedom and Slavery. Permanent peace could be obtained only through the triumph of the Right over the Wrong. Therefore, having become involved in this contest, the only sure way out was the way straight through. Nor could we hope for permanent peace when secession had carried five or six States out of the Union, and a terrible war was imminent, large numbers turned toward division as the means of pressing peace. But the booming of Beauregard's cannon at Charleston roused the North to reflection. They saw that severance of the national unity was death to the Republic. Then our whole people rose and clamored for relentless war against the conspirators. But this contest, dragging its weary length through more than two years, had naturally produced a Northern party ready to accept peace on Southern terms, i. e. division. Conceding for the moment that the North would tolerate the idea, the belligerents could never agree upon a line of separation. Run it crooked or straight, and it would encounter fierce hostility along every mile of its extent. The border slave States would be precipitated into civil war on the mere question whether they would unite with the North or the South, ultimately involving in their quarrel both sections. Even if by Divine interposition a line could be agreed upon, a throng of other obstacles would crowd the path of negotiation. Who should pay the damages inflicted by the war, and especially upon the South? Her cities in ruins, her fields wasted, her agriculture blasted, her trade destroyed, her people pined with want, her sectional pride humbled, her cherished institution shivered from foundation to pinnacle, her territory trodden under foot by an invader whom she was wont to despise, would she accept peace without reparation for these injuries? Would the North consent to compensate her? Who would pay the War debt of the respective Sections? The North could pay its own. But would not the poverty-stricken South, always arrogant and grasping, with its stocks a thousand percent, below par, insist that the rich North should aid it in discharging obligations incurred during the War? In adjusting this dispute, would the negotiators have to drop their pens and seize their swords? Supposing that all this long list of difficulties could be surmounted, two others overtop them like mountains. He alluded to the Territories and to Slavery. Should the millions of acres lying between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and stretching through twenty-five parallels of latitude, rich in their soil, their forests, their mines, their lakes, their rivers, and capable of giving homes to myriads of people, be consecrated to free labor forever, or be doomed through coming generations to human slavery? Having adjusted this controversy, which had heretofore baffled the cunning of statesmen, and was one of the main causes of the pending war, how would the high contracting parties dispose of the whole subject of slavery? In the past, it had fomented dissensions that had defied the soothing expedients of those whom the populace called sages. The President had proclaimed lawful freedom to three millions of slaves. A million had obtained actual deliverance from bondage. Would the Negro Propaganda accept a peace that did not restore the ancient status of Slavery? Would the North provoke the scorn of the world by consenting to such a restoration? If it dared to attempt it, would it avail ought while a hundred thousand battle-scarred negroes, carrying Federal rifles, were marshalled in every state below the Potomac and the Ohio? It was not emancipation that bathed St. Domingo in blood, but the attempt to reduce her freedmen again to Slavery. Let America ponder the historic lesson. But even if we could settle these questions on paper, and make them lie still long enough to inaugurate the two Governments, and yet leave the original causes of the war not only undisposed of, but aggravated a thousand fold by this bitter struggle,

both sides would burn with resentment and watch for provocations to renew the contest. Every mile of the thousands along the dividing line would be a point of contact to provoke collisions. The strife that crimsoned the Scotch and

English border for centuries, before their union, would be reenacted for leagues on either side of landmarks separating the North from the South. Two years would see us plunged into another sectional war, involving the same principles, breeding the same hates, inflicting the same evils, as that now raging. Principle and policy therefore teach that, having become involved in the present struggle, the only sure way out is the way strait through: Compromise and separation, then, being precluded, not of permanent peace but of perpetual strife—rather, it only now remained for us to seek solid peace by prosecuting the war until we had compelled the insurgents to yield obedience to a Constitution and a code which they themselves had adopted, and their leaders had again and again sworn to

support. Mr. S. after urging a vigorous, relentless prosecution of the war for this object, and pronouncing a warm eulogium upon the skill and valor of the army and navy, went on to inquire whether the government could succeed in this contest. It was an adage that in war the longest purse wins. England overthrew the greatest soldier the world ever saw because she could raise more money than France. While the rebel government was utterly bankrupt, we had hardly touched the edge of our financial resources. When Mr. Chase loaned his first \$50,000,000 in the summer of 1862, the *London Times* sneeringly said he had extorted it from the fears of the New York bankers, but he would not be equally successful when he came for his next \$50,000,000. Since then we had raised more than a thousand millions, and had not asked Europe to lend us a dime. Since Congress adjourned four months ago, the people had paid into the treasury one hundred and fifty millions for a single class of U. S. Stocks—the 5.20's. Our receipts from customs and the income tax would reach full two hundred millions annually. And despite these burdens, our people were never more prosperous than now. Look to the South. In Richmond Jeff Davis' minions would give you \$500 in Confederate money for \$100 in Greenbacks. Lee's troopers in Pennsylvania spurned their own paper currency, and demanded ours. In Southern cities, exchange commanded a premium of a thousand per cent. The time approached when Confederate bonds would be on sale, not per pound sterling, as money, but per pound avoirdupois as waste paper. And in the production of all the articles needed to sustain a long war, the superiority of the North over the South was greater than in the item of money. In food and raiment, in manufactures and the products of the arts and sciences, in the necessaries, and particularly the luxuries of life, the inferiority of the South was pitiable. Her people were pinched with hunger; they were short of meat. They ate the little they got without salt. Gentlemen paid \$30 for a pair of boots, while their sons went barefoot, and their daughters wore dresses which ere the war, they would hardly have tossed to their black waiting-maids. Nor was Northern superiority less conspicuous in its ability to supply armies and navies with munitions of war.—Our raw materials were as inexhaustible as our resources of money and materials. The enrollment would show nearly three millions of men in the loyal States capable of bearing arms. We could keep a million of white soldiers in the field without sensibly depleting society or crippling industry. Beside these, a third of a million of Negroes were ready to respond to our call when properly made. The black soldier was admirably adapted to this war. He knew the South, was used to its barbarisms, was enured to its climate, his heart was in the cause, and Port Hudson, Milliken's Bend, and other bloody fields testified that he could fight. Looking to the ominous future, he hoped to see a quarter of a million of black soldiers wearing the army blue. Slavery and the Rebellion should perish together, while the Union they sought to destroy rose to immortal life. This Administration might not end the war. Disasters might overtake the good cause in the next presidential election. But, though some Vallandigham should sit in the executive chamber, with two hundred thousand, or even one hundred thousand negroes in arms, the Proclamation would stand. Slavery

would fall; the Republic would be saved. For, shoulders that had borne knapsacks in the tented field would never crouch to receive the lash of plantation overseers. Hands that had carried rifles in the battles-fray, would never submit to wear the manacles of masters. Men who had mounted the deadly breach amid the gleam of bayonets, the whistling of bullets, and the bursting of shells, would never thereafter debase their own manhood nor allow that of others to be debased merely for wearing a skin colored like their own. In fine, such were our resources in money materials and men, that we could sustain a debt heavier than that of England, and prosecute a war more vast than ever taxed the energies of France. Nor should we despair of ultimate triumph because of our slow progress. We were crushing a conspiracy that had been maturing for a third of a Century, in half the states of the Union, under the auspices of men conspicuous for talents, daring, energy and determination. The nature of the contest produced obstacles in the path of success peculiar and almost unparalleled. History abounded with illustrations of the two propositions, that civil convulsions are the fate of nations, and that conflicts between hostile races and irreconcilable principles are always sanguinary and protracted. The civil wars of the Stuarts embroiled England for half a century ere permanent peace was secured under William. Frederick of Prussia fought incessantly for ten years, against half of Europe, to maintain the integrity of his dominions. The French Revolution ere it yielded to a stable Government, convulsed a whole continent for ten years. Our fathers struggled through a seven years contest to lay the foundations of this Union. Within the recollection of children, England, France, Turkey and Sardinia, with all their immense military and naval resources, spent a whole year in reducing a small sea port in the Black Sea. Our Republic could not hope to escape the common destiny of nations, nor this conflict the checkered fortune of great wars. It did not become us to repine, but to meet the exigency like wise and determined men. During his speech, of which the above is only an abstract, Mr. S. discussed many other points which we have not room even to mention. He concluded by saying that the rebels desired peace through a dismemberment of the Union. They scorned all other terms. We must not tolerate the idea of disunion for a moment. Our country could not be rent in twain and leave each half intact. Rather would it crumble into many fragments. Oppressed millions in foreign lands have looked with longing eyes towards the Great Republic of the West, whose brightness shines afar over the seas. Its fall would appal all that is generous and liberal on the face of the globe. Personifying its overthrow in the death of the Polish Chief, it might then be said—

“Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.”

No! The Republic of Washington and Franklin, of Jackson and Webster, of Marshall and Story, of Dwight and Prescott, of Whitney and Fulton, so great in arms and arts, in law and literature, in statesmanship and science, the home of the rich, the heritage of the poor, the shadow of whose fame has filled the whole earth, shall not pass away. The cause of Representative Government and Constitutional Liberty is storm-beaten on a wild and dangerous sea. As the tempest-tossed mariner, when chart and compass fail him, steers his bark by the Polar Light, so we, in the dark and troubled night which is above us and around us and upon us, will guide our course by the fixed star of the National Unity.

At the conclusion Mr. Stanton was heartily applauded, when a dispatch announcing the success achieved by the Army of the Potomac, was read. The Quartette followed in a beautiful song, “Why am I so Weak and Weary?” The solo passage by Miss Emily Mead was exquisitely performed, and rarely have we listened to a quartette whose voices harmonized as well, and who exhibited such taste and promptitude in execution.

The Rev. Mr. Newman was then introduced, who spoke as follows:—I am sure you will not expect a long speech from me at this hour. So long as such men as Stanton lives, the Union will be preserved. Neither lawyers nor doctors have anything to do with spiritual matters, but ministers. Now, what has Providence done for us? Why was it that the general government ordered the coast survey of our Southern shore, but that our gunboats might safely travel up the bayous and rivers of the South? Why was the sewing machine invented just at this age but that a million garments might be furnished in a day for our armies? Truly the ends

of the earth meet. My friend said he was for peace. I am for war. If any man comes into my house and insults my wife, I will make him feel the weight of this arm, and I will go to heaven as soon for doing it as for saying my prayers. There is a great riot at the South. I am for putting it down. I am like the Quakeress and her nephew Thomas. "What art thee doing, Thomas, with that coat and hat?" "Why, aunt, I am going to the war; this is my dress." "Thee going to the war, Thomas—a good Friend?" "Yes, aunt, I am going." "Well, Thomas, thee must not hurt anybody, but when you meet a rebel do thy duty." "Do you think our fathers were such fools as to put the element of self-destruction in

the foundation of the fabric they were forming? No. The Union was made to continue forever and forever. It must continue. We must take high ground on the question of rebellion. Rebellion is always wrong, either in heaven, on earth or in hell. What do copperheads do when a child rebels? They put on the strap. So "Father Abraham" does. Always remember that rebellion is wrong—at morning, noon or night. Our fathers were not rebels—they had the sanction of God on their side. I declare to conservatives, one and all, that the time has come when the last son of Africa must be freed. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation should have been read to-day with the Declaration—the war will not end till we come to this. I felt proud when I saw a company of African recruits in Canal street pass by without insult or hisses. God is proportioning our success in the field in proportion to our complying with this sentiment. The Army of the Potomac has been fighting only as it were on one side. Now both sides fight, and, I pray God, with abundant success.

Quartette, "Our Country's Flag," was then performed by Miss Mead and Russell, and Mr. Tier Eginton.

After a vote of thanks to the orator, singers, and chairman, the large assemblage dispersed, having enjoyed a rich feast of patriotism and music.

Subsequently C. W. Goddard, Esq., entertained a number of guests at his residence in the vicinity.

YOUNG MEN'S CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION. The Celebration at Myrtle Avenue Park.

The picnic of the Young Men's Catholic Association, on the 4th, was very numerously attended. Several thousands of ladies and gentlemen were present, and enjoyments suitable to the day were indulged in with a hearty good will. The grounds were well adapted for the purpose. Shaded with lofty oaks, resembling our native American forests, with cool, shady woods and dells. Terrill's Band performed the music in a masterly manner. Some twenty-five pieces were performed. Professors Trenor and Rivers had charge of the dancing, assisted by an efficient committee. Youth and beauty went hand in hand, tripping on the light, fantastic toe. Seldom have we seen so large a company together where such good order and good humor prevailed.

Mr. Edwin James, the English barrister, was the orator of the day. He commenced by taking a rapid survey of the country, referred to the debt of gratitude which was due to the men who framed the government and created the nation, and to our duty as citizens, who have so much reason to be proud of their inheritance. Our prosperity had been interrupted by a rebellion, on the causes of which he would not stop to dilate. The nations of Europe were anxiously watching the struggle, some believing that republican institutions were on their trial, and hoping that they will fail, ardently desiring the separation of the Union forever. Never did patriotism respond to its country's call as did the loyal States of the Union. On many a field our armies have acquitted themselves honorably. There has been no great naval engagement; but the brave men who sunk in the Cumberland, and as the waves rolled over them kept their standard at the mast, and uttered their last convulsive cry for their country's glory, have achieved renown that will never die. (Loud applause.)

The orator next recounted the events of the past two years, contending that the want of success by the cause of the Union was owing to the incapability of the Government, by which he

meant the administration, and particularly to the mismanagement of the War Department.

Our armies have been wasted by disease, their ranks thinned by unnecessary carnage, their courage paralyzed, and their honor sullied by the impotence of generals. Generals have been appointed and displaced by secret political influences. A cautious, prudent-like general was ordered to report himself at Trenton, and an empty, braggart, vain-glorious boaster took his place. (Cheers.)

The defeats at Fredericksburg, the retreat from Winchester, the alarm now felt for the safety of the capital, the panic at Pittsburg, the barricades in the streets at Baltimore, the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, the threatening of Harrisburg, are facts which will forever tarnish the history of this civil war.

This national humiliation does not arise from the want of personal courage or power of endurance of our soldiers, but from the ignorance and the inflated vanity of many of their commanders.

Men who never set a squadron on the field, nor the division of a battle know more than a spinstery.

have been intrusted with the destinies of this war, appointed and displaced, re-appointed and replaced, in a manner which, but for the vast interests involved, would excite ridicule. Merit has been thrust aside, and the minions of faction and of party have crept into its place.

He then contrasted the Government of England with our own, and said that the Ministry of Great Britain would have been forced to resign and give place to new men. The subject of arbitrary arrests, was discussed at length, and the Government denounced for the arrest of Vallandigham and others. He contended that the Confederacy could not be recognized without a complication that would lead to a war. This was not a revolution, but a rebellion, rank and unjustifiable. Upon this pretext, South Carolina drove the Union to the verge of a civil war; and she led the van of this rebellion upon the pretext that the general conduct of the North and the laws of some of the States obstructed the surrender of her fugitive slaves.

The manner in which Mr. Seward had met the question of recognition by foreign powers entitled him to the gratitude of the nation.

Mr. James said: We must appreciate the difficulties of this national crisis, and endeavor to rise to the level of the national emergency. Do you believe that this great Republic, this national consolidation of States, can ever be restored? is the question now upon every lip. A considerable party in this country, and many of deserved influence from their talents and their position, advocate peace.

I venture to differ from them. At this juncture, the demand for peace shall not come from the North, nor be canvassed, while one single rebel holds a sword within his grasp. Lay down your arms, I would say to them, and I will be the very first to put an end to this internecine struggle.

We were at peace, why are we not at peace now? The North has not waged the war for any purpose of aggression or conquest, but it has been forced upon us in self-defence. You, the South, had the Constitution and the laws, the Executive, the Congress, and the courts, much controlled by yourselves. You were dissatisfied with legal proceedings and constitutional remedies. You have grasped the sword, and brought the horrors and the guilt of this civil war upon the country. You have aimed at the destruction of a Government by which your interests have been protected and favored.

You have severed the bonds of the Union, and concealed the compact which secured peace. You fired upon the flag, the sacred shield of our nationality. You seized the national forts, and plundered the national arsenals. You cried, 'Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war' on the loyal citizens of Western Virginia. You poured your armies into the peaceful valleys of Tennessee and Missouri. You have dissolved the dream of peace and happiness which slumbered over half the Western Hemisphere. You have caused the widows' tears, and the orphans' suppliant cry. The cry for peace is to come from you, and you only. This is the language which, I think, should be addressed to armed rebellion.

An ignoble peace would be a national degradation! At this moment, with the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania before us, it would be attributed to fear. That man is a true patriot who can devise some mode by which the struggle can be terminated; but the North must not, can not, sue for peace. Is it to be a war of subjugation? The term is used by those who forget all the lessons of history. A war of subjugation of

such a people, on such a territory, is beyond human effort. If Vicksburg is captured, and if the army of Lee were defeated and scattered into companies to-morrow, beyond all power of reorganization, a war of subjugation would be impossible.

More eloquent lips than mine have discoursed on these occasions, on the bright future and the glorious destinies of this country. We meet here in an hour "big with the fate" of a nation's hope. Is this grand Confederation to be annihilated and resolved into the original elements? Are the States, which now compose it, to return to their isolated condition, and new Unions to be formed out of its wreck? Is this mighty continent to be divided into petty republics, as Italy was in the Middle Ages? Is it to fall, as all republics have fallen, into anarchy and chaos by the corruptions, the ambitions, and the treachery of its own citizens? Athens thought herself immortal, but she lived to be insulted by the servile Ottoman. We are too young to die! Our republic

may live when the monarchies of Europe shall be forgotten; but its life depends on the courage, the firmness, and the patriotism of its citizens. Are we to behold the broken and dishonored fragments of our once glorious Union, and see States dissevered, discordant and belligerent? It depends upon your devotion and your energy. Sacrifices have already been made; you must be prepared to make more.

This occasion demands from us the tribute of our gratitude to those brave men whose unyielding courage and ardent patriotism have upheld the prowess of the national arms. Let us assure our soldiers that their blood has not moistened the soil of Virginia in vain; and the cause for which they cheerfully died, shall suffer no dishonor at our hands. Eschines, in that remarkable speech against Cleophon—dear to the memory of every classic—postrophized those who had fallen for their country's liberty on the plains of Marathon and Platae, and called from their graves the spirits of the illustrious Athenian dead. I invoke you by the same charm. Sink all differences—make party faction subservient to your country's honor. Let every youth before me be able to say, with the illustrious orator and patriot of Rome:

"Defendi rempublican adolescens."

And no prouder epitaph can adorn the tomb of the old than the words:

"Non desertam senex."

The history of a magnificent past is before you. Whilst wars have devastated every nation of Europe—while civil discord has torn and dismembered kingdoms—we have been at peace. Europe has been convulsed with revolutions—we have been pursuing peace, and have been blessed with unexampled prosperity. The rickety despotisms of Europe have been shaken to their foundations, and we have been unharmed; and, severe as the ordeal of our country must pass, let every eye and every hope be:

*"The star shall remain to all invulnerable,
Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw,
And saying those that eye her."*

Judge McCunn followed briefly, when the festivities of the occasion were resumed by the large number present. The dancing was kept up till a late hour.

THE CELEBRATION AMONGST THE GERMANS OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT.

There was less than the usual display of fire-crackers, firing of guns, pistols, &c., in the 16th ward. Early in the morning societies and other parties proceeded in carriages and on foot to the neighboring woods, taking with them numerous of those little kegs, which contained that peculiar beverage, to which the German stomach especially is accustomed. The "Liedertafel," accompanied by their wives, children and friends, made a trip in numerous carriages to Strattonport, where they joined in the festival, managed by the College Point Turnverein. Several societies of New York were also there with bands of music and made the entertainment, which took place in the beautiful grove on the Flushing bay, a glorious one. They all returned at a late hour, decorated with green leaves and boughs, fully satisfied with the style in which they spent the fourth.