

ence can here oppress the poor, no oppression can arrest the risings of talent and merit. No capital can purchase the bondage of labor, and no law fetter the liberty of man. It is the home of freedom. I rejoice in the thought. I have seen dark and anxious hours in the two years past. But hope and faith has never deserted my heart. I saw through the clouds a glorious future. And we are nearing it. Like the sailor approaching the shores of his home, I cry out, Land ho! Glorious tidings fly through the land. The lightning lends its wings, the voice shouts, the enemy flies. We have met them and they are ours. God has tried us, he has afflicted and humbled us, but now he makes bare his arm, and victory upon victory comes crowding upon us. Our firm democratic institutions shall stand. Freedom shall reign all through the land. The

oe shall be conquered, and liberty shall triumph. And I say to you, I say to my friends, never, never yield this priceless inheritance of human liberty. Never sacrifice by any compromise the unrestricted universal freedom of your nation, never consent to any arrangement in which you may not look back upon your father's lice and home, and still triumphant say, Jerusalem the mother of us all is free.

Christian Loyalty is love to the Constitution of the land. This is a word which quivers on every lip, and technically it is almost exclusively an American word. Europe talks of concessions and charters, and municipal franchises. England boasts of her *Magna Charta*, and Constitutional liberty. But yet the English empire has no constitution in the American sence of the word. The English Constitution is composed of concessions wrung from the crown by the people, laws and precedents, usages and customs, unwritten, uncompiled existing in court records and parliamentary laws and royal acts extending over hundreds of years. These are entirely shut out from the sight of the unlearned, and who are governed by them, and known only to the professional man. And for years the cry of Europe has been for Constitutions, and Constitutions are what tyrants hate. But America and America's freeman have a Constitution grand and glorious, read and known of all men, the grandest, wisest and completest uninspired document in the world. This Constitution is the expressed sovereign power of the people of the United States. Constitutions must emanate from the sovereign power, and it therefore commences thus: "We the people of the United States in order to form a more perfect union, &c., do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." It implies concessions and self restraint, personal concessions in return for mutual support.

There is indeed no freedom where there is no law. Savage freedom affords no protection, but constitutional and mutual restraints guarantee every man protection from the vio-

lence of every other man. Political liberty is tranquillity of mind arising from the consciousness each person has of his personal safety.— Such is the American Constitution. Made by the people themselves, made for themselves, forming and arranging the very terms and conditions on which they could or would live as such. It is not a charter, but a mutual constitution for mutual support and protection formed by a people in the exercise of their own sovereign and indisputable right which they have entered into solemn league and covenant to support, to live by, to uphold, and to die by. And this constitution is

administered by the people, or by their lawfully appointed representatives. The Government is vested in three equal and co-ordinate departments. The Legislative which creates laws, the Judicial which interprets them, and the Executive or President who executes them. And this constitution with all the rights and privileges and immunities, with all the freedom and liberty it guarantees, devolves upon the people of the land to be supported.

Who will watch and guard them if the citizens do not? They owe it to themselves, they owe it to their noble sires who framed this instrument with a wisdom and sagacity but little removed from inspiration; they owe it to the generations which shall come after them here upon this continent, to uphold and perpetuate it unimpaired. If this Constitution fails, if this government goes down, if our institutions vanish away by the infidelity of the nation to its trust, by the rage of partizanship, where wholesome legislation will be the exception and bad government the system, if disloyalty, or a political demagogism, or corruption of manners, or want of virtue, intelligence or patriotism shall prevail, then the nation is gone. If once overthrown, this Constitution will never be restored; if these institutions are demolished, they will never be reared again. Liberty, freedom, and happiness, all depend, under God, in making the Constitution as it is, or changed in the manner therein prescribed, perpetual. And this Constitution I love. I loved it when a boy and then read and re-read it. Since then I have studied it for months together, and my admiration of it has always been increasing. I see its germs in the principles which my forefathers brought with them across the ocean. I see its infant birth in the Articles of Confederation drawn in 1777, when the thirteen provinces joined themselves together, and took the name of United States, uniting for defence, security and general welfare, and then adopting a glorious symbol of Stars and Stripes, to represent them in the world. I witness the imperfections and weakness of this confederation through the American Revolution, and wonder if the nation will not yet fall asunder. But then I hear Virginia calling for a Convention, and in 1786-7, the states by repre-

representatives meet in council, to form a Constitution that shall bind them into an eternal Union, and make them a nation, one and inseparable, forever. The work was accomplished, yet not without difficulty. But the result was the creating of a nation out of nations. *E Pluribus Unum*,—a consolidated & absolute government, of united people. The Confederacy was felt to be a curse. The nation was falling to pieces, and in its place the people formed a Union, where many might enter, but from which none could depart. Many doubted the success of the operation.— Good men opposed it, but wiser men counselled its acceptance. On the 17th of September, 1787, Washington, as President of the Convention which formed it, affixed his signature. That hour the United States were born, and from that hour a history, a progress, and a glory has been ours, unparalleled in all the world, and it would seem that none but devils would have wished, or dared to attempt to destroy so grand and so holy a thing.

Now christian loyalty is love to the constitution. I would transmit it as I have received it. To maintain it unbroken and supreme

over the whole land, I would contend to the last. And when violent assault is made upon it, any amount of suffering (fearful as is civil war) to maintain the just order of a nation, is nothing to be compared to the higher and more awful results which must ensue upon its overthrow. The preservation of the constitution in its authority over the whole nation is cheap at any cost. I say therefore never give up the contest for the constitution. Compel this cursed rebellion to submit to its authority if we perish let us perish nobly maintaining the glorious emblem of liberty, constitutional laws and order. Let us wake up, let us feel in this matter, let us be terribly in earnest in this thing, forgetting party, forgetting business and interest and friends if need be, until there shall not be found a traitor in arms, nor a skulking copperhead from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf. But again, christian loyalty is love to the government as well as love to the constitution. Our constitution is the charter of our government the fixed and final guide for its perpetual regulation and control. In a certain and important sense the government is subordinate to the constitution: The government must submit to the constitution, be ruled by it, defend it, protect it, fight for it and at all expense preserve it and, uphold it by any and every means. It must insist upon uncompromising obedience and punish the offender with a condign severity. Months ago, it was asked, have we a government? but the question is no longer necessary. Thank God we have a government. Patriots take courage, and traitors are feeling its terrible lashings. I take courage each day as I see more and more the strength and

vigor of the government. Our laws are intelligible, and our President during the term of his service is absolute. He is the people's choice. The people nominated him and elected him, and no president of late times has represented a larger proportion of legal voters. He has been chosen by the people to rule them for four years. The administration of the government has been wholly intrusted to his hands with constitutional advisers, but no constitutional superior, yet responsible to the people for abuse of the powers and responsibilities intrusted to him. He has taken the oath of office, swearing to uphold the constitution, maintain the authority and supremacy of the laws and transmit to his successor the government intrusted to him, unimpaired. The government without the constitution is dead. It is a splendid scheme, a noble form, a magnificent conception, but there is no potentiality in the government until life is infused in it by the almighty people, by saying in the majesty of their right, Abraham Lincoln, be thou president for these four years. Then the imagined body becomes a living soul. Then the government rises into being in the administration, and you cannot torture them into a separation without destroying each. The constitution is really no more without an administration, than an administration would be without a constitution. For one, my loyalty to the government, in which I find the glory of my country, is my loyalty to the administration of the government in its personal representatives of the people's will. My loyalty to the constitution compels me to be loyal to an administration. For me to be disloyal to an administration would be, to be disloyal to the constitution of the land in which I glory, and to the citizenship in which I rejoice. I will agree with any man that this does not necessitate my complete satisfaction in opinion or concurrence in sentiment with all the doings of an administration. I certainly did not agree with all deeds of James Buchanan's administration, and yet I claim the same loyalty for that as for the present. Nor does my loyalty compel me to agree in sentiment with all the actings of the present administration. My conscience and my judgment are in the keeping of no man and no president. But I certainly see no cause for condemnation for those acts concerning which such violent vituperation has been poured upon the head of our government. I wish the President was the embodiment of the iron will and terrible sternness of old Hickory and that every sympathiser with treason North and South had been made to hear the words addressed to him that were addressed to J. C. Calhoun and to South Carolina; and to feel the weight of that arm he reached out over them, when he said *By the Eternal! This Union must and shall be preserved.* If Lincoln has stretched the powers of the constitution to preserve the nation, I know that Jackson would in such a time as this have stretched them a thousand times more if necessary. The unalterable interests

at stake would have justified him in doing it, and I know he would have done nothing undemocratic. In his estimation particular times made arbitrary arrests, imprisonments and suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*, democratic and constitutional and every patriot says amen. I have sometimes wished for Jackson who was ever ready to take the responsibility to stand at the helm. Perhaps I have been wrong. Perhaps the gentleness, the mercy, the forbearance and the toleration that our President has manifested to the rebels and their abettors has been by far the wiser course. And yet this generosity, this forbearance, and this integrity is pointed at as evidence of weakness and imbecility. But while a man disagrees in judgment with the policy followed, why should he make war upon the administration? If it is weak, will this aid and strengthen it? The true patriot if he thinks the government is weak, will rally around it, to support it and sustain it. What will you call a man, who believes the administration too weak, too imbecile, to grapple with the present rebellion successfully, and yet not only does not try to strengthen it, but actually is engaged in making it weaker: Such an hostility to the administration, seems to me to be only a convenient name for hostility to the government itself. The great question, and the only question for the patriot now to consider is, how can I do anything towards helping the administration of the country, crush the rebellion and put down every enemy? A nation's overthrow is coolly planned by the wickedness and ambition of a few men, who had nothing to lose but every thing to gain. They roused up millions to accomplish their principles and hurled them upon us in an unsuspecting hour. Having stolen our money, our ships, our arms and our property, and bound us hand and foot as they supposed, they savagely made the onslaught. But the nation must protect and defend itself at whatever cost. And here we stand. The rebellion must be put down. The government must stand, and this administration, not my administration, but the administration of the country must be upheld by the country. Men and money and time must be given, or far greater evils must inevitably ensue. And the administration is to subdue or destroy; subdue the enemies of the nation if it can; destroy them if it must; as the Father should subdue or destroy the robber or the murderer who invaded his household, that the chief magistrate now as in former day, may be justly called the savior of his country.

The crisis has been wonderful. What a gigantic rebellion, and what obstacles to overcome and difficulties to remove! And yet there has been a progress made which astonishes and bewilders the world. What fleets of wood and iron have been built, what fortifications reared, what arms manufactured, what armies have been raised, what battles fought and victories won! What a magnificent spectacle our government to-day presents—its stability, yet magnanimous to its bitterest foes—supported by hundreds of thousands of men in whose hearts the deepest, purest patriotism dwells. It has endured insult, defiance, unfaithfulness in its officials, absolute disobedience to superior authority, and the most undisguised partiality for the welfare of its enemies. Surely the last charge that justice will

the present

make against the administration, is arbitrary violence or undue severity. Its mercy and forbearance will only render the rebellion and its abettors the more odious. My greatest charge against the administration has been its leniency, its hesitancy to punish treason, or to ostracise its abettors. Justice, humanity, and the rights of men demand that those who have brought war upon this peaceful, happy nation, interrupted its trade and commerce, destroyed its property, damaged its business, disturbed society and slaughtered its citizens, should receive the most unexampled vengeance. And if in an earnest, honest effort to suppress this horrid, infamous rebellion, a few two-penny newspapers have been suspended, and a few ranting demagogues have been arbitrarily arrested and imprisoned for a time, it seems to me, that that man must be a very indifferent lover of his country to raise a hue and cry over that; and material for party capital must be scant indeed, when in all places and upon all occasions, even when the country is surging with rejoicings, and on fire with the blaze of victories over rebels, party men are raving over arbitrary arrests, ringing the changes on that euphonious word, 'Vallandigham,' but can not find one word to express abhorrence for treason, love for country, sympathy with the effort to save the nation, or joy for such glorious victories. I will not call such men traitors, but I surely should not call them patriots. With such, party is first, Vallandigham second, and country third. For a man to call them patriots, would be to make himself a fool. My loyalty to my country is love for its government. It has a government. I have perfect confidence in its ability and in its ultimate success, to put down this rebellion, and I have not the least fears for the liberties of the land from any thing yet done. Only the most strenuous conservatism has yet been exhibited. The man who could say, "If I could restore the Union without freeing a single slave, I would do it; if I could restore the Union by freeing every slave, I would do it," is a man if any thing too conservative for the times. And the man who could receive and dismiss the Albany and the Ohio delegations in the manner he did, has something of the stamina of Old Hickory.— My regard for the present administration advances with its own career. Its growth is in all the attributes which must attract the love and confidence of every patriot. It has dared to do what it thought right. It has dared to stand on the side of God. It has dared to acknowledge Him, to invoke His aid, and acknowledge His presence and blessing. It has dared to regard the oppressed, and to proclaim universal Liberty throughout the land, and to let the oppressed go free. The christian people of this land can not fail to honor

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— sustain such an administration. I look over the scene spread out before me. I behold a glorious government, tossed like a rattle ship upon the billows of violence and fury, reeling, but facing the tempest. I see an administration distinguished by moderation and honesty,—a pilot berthed and unresting at the helm, determined to bring the ship of state into a haven of peace. I see his lofty head above the anxious multitude around him, tranquil and determined, not fast enough, not stern enough, not avenging enough, I am ready to say. But what man says, or dares to say not honest enough, patriotic or conscientious enough, or not enough trying and determined to do right? I see him, his locks tossed by the tempest around, with uplifted eye and with a voice which all can hear, shouting, look

alot! look alot! I survey this noble scene,
 and I say to my heart, before I can be disloyal
 to such a government, to such an administration,
 let the thunderbolts of Heaven dash into
 pieces my soul and body. To my nation, my
 country, to the principle of Freedom, to the
 Constitution and the Government, while I live,
 I will be faithful, so help me God. My friends
 and fellow-citizens shall never have it to say
 of me, dead or alive, he was accused or suspected
 of disloyalty. They may say if they will, I was
 a lunatic, or a fool, or a red tape man or an
 ignoramus. I care not; but no man shall insult
 me by questioning my loyalty, or mortify my
 feelings by telling them, your father was
 accused of disloyalty and of opposition to the
 authorities of the land in their efforts to suppress
 the Great Rebellion. That, to my mind is an
 infamy next to what rests upon the name and
 character of Benedict Arnold, or Judas Iscariot.
 And I know that millions feel as I do upon the
 subject of Christian Loyalty. I read and fact in
 the rush to arms to uphold the Government and
 assist the Administration, and in the unwavering
 support which the Administration receives from
 noble men of every rank and class and party. I
 read it in the blazing patriotism which dwells in
 the bosom of our citizens; in the devotion to duty,
 in the endurance of toil and hardship of our
 soldiers, and in the deep and absorbing interest
 which the millions feel for the success of our
 arms and the overturning of the rebellion. And
 such loyalty, such patriotism, such devotion under
 the blessing of God cannot be in vain. Success
 has been largely held back from us until late.
 But now victory follows victory. Our invincible
 legions have met and conquered the foe. The
 embattled towns and formidable fortifications
 and the battle fields are ours. Prisoners, cannon,
 flags and stores, trophies of war beyond measure
 are in our hands. The vital point in the Confederacy
 has surrendered. The Grand Army of the Confederacy
 is flying in confusion. Tribulation and agony
 make the skeleton bones of the Confederacy shake
 and clatter with affright. Even its sham glory
 has departed, and its weakness and rottenness
 are apparent. God is discovering to them their
 shame and their nakedness. The elements and the
 streams are fighting against them, and precipitating
 their destruction and soon may Port Hudson and
 Richmond, Charleston and Mobile be in the
 possession of our forces. Without removing a
 single leaf from the green and nobly earned
 laurels of our Generals and our armies we give
 to God the glory. We thank him for these
 victories. We have prayed for his help.— We
 have importuned him to go forth with

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struggle, preserve our noble institutions, and
 establish freedom upon an immutable basis.—
 They will bring peace and prosperity again to
 our country, and start it forward upon a career
 of undying greatness. The clouds which now
 lower upon us, the storms which now toss our
 noble ship will soon all have passed and there
 will open before a free and noble people a future
 of illimitable extent and unparalleled
 greatness. Well may Europe and crowns
 heads contemplate us with fear, for we
 has not been told them. the half

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JUBILATION IN JAMESTOWN OVER THE LATE VICTORIES.

The news of the fall of Vicksburg came to hand by telegraph on Tuesday last about 4 p. m. just on the heels of the announcement of the victories at Gettysburg, and threw the place into the wildest excitement. The guns, great and small, were brought out and set a-booming! the bells, little and big, were rung; bunting was displayed; fire-crackers and other pyrotechnics were set off; and the "glorious Fourth" was acted over again, "and more too." At dusk the stores and places of business were closed and a call for a meeting of exultation at Jones Hall circulated. In the evening a partial illumination took place. The stores of DeFOREST WELD, COMSTOCK, BOTSFORD & C. B. PINNER, and Odd Fellow's Hall were fully illuminated and some others partially so. The large show windows of WELDE store illuminated by gas jets from above and curtained with the Stars and Stripes in which shone the legend "GRANT," one window and "MEADE" in the other together with the entire front presented a brilliant appearance. The front of Messrs. COMSTOCK, BOTSFORD & Co's was no less brilliant. In the windows of PINNER's store were the words "Gettysburg," and "Vicksburg."

A cannon was hoisted to the roof of the Jones' Block and belched forth thundrous invitation to the jollification. The evening was rainy but the hall was filled on an hour's notice. Col. A. F. ALLEN was called to preside. Hon. R. P. MARVIN opened with a fervid, nervous, glowing speech, and before he was through the flames of patriotic exultation were beyond control. Men went there *chock full of glory*, and before the meeting closed the most extraordinary scenes ever enacted in Jamestown took place. We cannot undertake a synopsis of the speeches; we had the power" with the rest of the crowd and took no notes. It was with Judge MARVIN's speech as it was with all the others—the audience would listen until they got such a head of steam on that they could hold no longer, and then at some reference of the speaker they would go off like a lot of beer bottles—pop. And if the speaker didn't furnish the pretext, the crowd would find one; some fellow, coming over with glory, would interrupt to shout out "three cheers for MEADE," or GRANT, or SICKLES, or any other man; they didn't care. They would shout for anybody that was in the field. Probably the excitement reached its culminating point at an eloquent reference to the "Excelsior Brigade," Gen. SICKLES, and the Chautauqua boys with him, by

the speaker. The most intense excitement existed and was evidenced by extraordinary performances of all kinds. The *light* flashed through the audience like an electric shock, and the crowd, with a hundering shout, sprang to its feet as one man; men jumped on their seats, shouted, jumped up and down, stamped, screamed, laughed, cried, shook hands with their neighbors and played such fantastic tricks before high heaven, that one would think them all drunk or crazy. The room was a wild, swaying, heaving mass of excited, joy-be crazed humanity; arms gesticulating wildly, hats, caps, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, canes, &c., thrown towards the ceiling, filled the air. Old, staid, dignified, gray men were the most prominent actors in this strange scene. After awhile the joyous tumult subsided only to break out again afresh once in every five or ten minutes during the whole evening.

Judge MARVIN closed his speech by asking the audience to rise and pledge each other with clasped hands *never* to give up this contest until the Union was restored. The audience arose. At this moment, Mr. Benjamin RUNYAN, an old, gray-headed patriot of the war of 1812, springing with all the fire of youth on the platform and advancing took the speaker by the hand and pledged him there his fidelity to the Union. The effect was as exciting as magnetism. The whirlwind of excitement was renewed. And so the thing went on. Hon. M. BURNELL, Rev. S. W. ROE and Theo. BROWN, Esq., succeeded in capital speeches, and about midnight the proceedings closed with an eloquent, classic and glorious speech by Rev. Mr. KINGSBURY, and a tornado of cheers for "OUR BOYS IN THE FIELD."

Jamestown never saw such a scene before, but we hope she may see more of them! When Richmond falls, when the war closes honorably, *when our boys come home*—then look out for music. "May we be there to see."

THE 24TH MAINE REGIMENT.—This regiment, which now numbers about 600 men, arrived last evening at seven o'clock from Port Hudson, *en route* for Augusta, Maine. As they had been most hospitably entertained at Dunkirk, they did not stand in immediate need of the bountiful repast prepared for them by our citizens, who, therefore, in lieu of filling their stomachs crammed their haversacks with all sorts of good things, and sent them on their way rejoicing.

The regiment left Augusta on the 12th of last January, 900 strong, and arrived at New Orleans on the 21st of May. Its loss in officers has been two Surgeons and two Lieutenants. The number of sick brought here was twenty, four of whom were so ill that it was deemed best to send them to the General Hospital.

The following is a list of the Field and Staff officers
 Colonel—G. M. Atwood.
 Lieut.-Colonel—Eben Hutchinson.
 Major—Wm. Holbrook.
 Surgeon—R. L. Harlow.
 Adjutant—C. C. Hines.
 Quartermaster—O. A. Fillebrown.

DEATH OF LT. ROBT. HALL.—It is with feelings of pain we record the death of another victim of the Slaveholder's Rebellion. Lt. ROBERT HALL was a nephew of JOHN A. HALL, Esq., of Busti, and has for some years past made his home at his uncle's, Hon. C. HALL of Warren, Pa. He enlisted in the beginning of the war in the "Raftman's Guards" under Col. ROX STONE, late acting Brig. General, and afterwards served under the gallant Col. McNEIL, his company D. being attached to the 1st Pa. Rifles, Reserve Corps, popularly called the "Bucktails." The "Guards" won their first laurels in the fight at Drainesville, and having proved themselves reliable were ever afterwards kept in the front, and as it were led the forlorn hope in succeeding battles.

ROBERT participated in the disasters of the Peninsular campaign under McClellan, and with his cousins RIBERO and MONROE HALL, sons of ORRIS HALL, Esq., of Warren, and in the same company, were taken prisoners and conveyed to Richmond. After a brief captivity they were exchanged and returned to their Regiment. They were all in the bloody fight at Antietam, where MONROE lost his life. ROBT. was in the attack upon Fredericksburg under BURNSIDE, and his Division led the attack upon the rebel intrenchments, took a portion of them, and about 600 rebel prisoners, all that were taken by us in that disastrous fight, but the attack not having been supported, as BURNSIDE ordered and as it ought to have been, they were obliged to retire. Robert was also in the late battle at Chancellorsville, after which he procured a ten day leave, the first he had been allowed during the war. He was at Warren and Busti the first week in June, and we had the pleasure of a moment's interview with him. Lively, full of glee, and possessing a rare fund of humor, he was the delight of his friends during his brief visit, and yet he had a strange presentiment notwithstanding he had thus far escaped the darts of death which had fallen thick and fast around him, that he would never live through another battle. He settled up his business and made arrangements while here for the disposition of his property, firm in the belief that his summons to the eternal world was at hand and ready like a brave soldier to meet it. In a 3d day's fight at Gettysburg, he was shot through the head and died instantly. 1st Lt. RIBERO HALL is missing, probably a prisoner.

Thus has perished another brave heart, a victim to this most causeless and wicked rebellion, whose blood cries aloud for vengeance, and calls upon those who shall live to settle our national difficulties to terminate them upon the everlasting principle of Justice and Humanity so that the precious blood so freely shed in the cause of Liberty shall not be poured out in vain.

The Democrat says that there has been a secret organization, with its oaths, signs and passwords, instituted in almost every town in the north, our own (James-town) among the number. Its object: a forcible resistance to the draft." The *Journal* insinuates that the *Democrat* man must be a member, and intimates that he should be made divulge. These organizations are known under the name of Union Leagues, we suppose.