# THE SENTINEL.

WEEKLY.

"I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN BE PRESIDENT"—Henry Clay.

VOL. 1. RALEIGH, TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1866. NO. 25.

THE SENTINEL.

WM. E. PELL, State Printer.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Weekly Sentinel is published every Tuesday morning.

The Semi Weekly on Mondays and Thursdays.

Terms:

| | |
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| Weekly, one year, in advance, | $3 00 |
| Semi-weekly, one year, in advance, | 5 00 |
| Semi-weekly, six months in advance, | 2 50 |
| Daily, one year, | 10 00 |
| Daily, six months, | 5 00 |
| Daily, three months, | 3 00 |
| Daily, one month, | 1 00 |

THE SENTINEL.

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## THE DUTIES OF DEFEAT.

## AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE TWO LITERARY SOCIETIES [illegible]OLINA, UNIVERSITY OF NORTH [illegible], JUNE THE 7[illegible] [illegible] EX-GOV. ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.

Correspondence.

[illegible]ctic Hall, June 8th, 1866.

[illegible] Vance: *Dear Sir:*—In behalf of [the Dial]ectic Society, the undersigned have [been i]nstructed to request for publication a [copy o]f the speech delivered by you on the 7th [inst.], before the Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

They are influenced by the desire to make public the wise and statesmanlike views it contains concerning the relations of the Southern people and the duties in consequence incumbent upon them.

In making this request they believe they have the concurrence of all who heard it.

We have the honor to be

Very respectfully, &c.

T. M. Argo,
L. Phillips, } Committee.
G. Graham.

Charlotte, N. C., June 16th, 1866.

Messrs. T. M. Argo, and others, Committee of the Dialectic Society, Chapel Hill, N. C.:

*Gentlemen:*—Your note has been received, in which you request a copy of the speech recently delivered by me before the two Societies of the University, for publication.

The time allowed me for its preparation, after the acceptance of your invitation, was so limited that I feel unwilling to have it published.— But deferring to your complimentary opinion, I cannot refuse to comply with your request.— The manuscript is therefore placed at your disposal.

Thanking you, and those whom you represent, most sincerely, for the honor you have done me, I am, gentlemen,

Very truly yours,

Z. B. VANCE.

## ADDRESS.

*Gentlemen of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies:*—As the traveler, who, during his absence, has learned that a great fire has swept over his native city, welcomes with the keenest rapture the first glance of his own home, which he trembled at the thought of finding in the ashes of the general ruin, so should we rejoice, to behold our honored University surviving the wreck of so much that we loved and revered. Though staggering under the blows of adversity, I am most happy to see for myself, this day, so goodly a display of her ancient life and energy. May she soon attain to that full measure of prosperity and usefulness, which has heretofore rendered her the pride and chiefest ornament of North Carolina!

Since the first keel of an European vessel grated upon the sands of the new world, and the first axe was lifted against the vast forest which covered it as with a crown of glory, the lines could not have fallen to the educated young men of our State in a more interesting or important era. We stand to-day amidst the stranded fragments and floating timbers of the greatest civil war in history. Astounded at the mighty results we are as yet unable to comprehend them. Indeed, their profound significance, their full philosophical import, can scarcely be gathered by this generation. For we are not yet at the end of the Revolution as is popularly supposed, but are only, as we trust, at the end of armed violence. The changes, which constituted the real objects of the Revolution, began with us, only when the last Confederate soldier, by laying down his arms, had removed that last obstacle to their approach.

Revolutions are not now what they were.— They partake in the manner of their accomplishment of the spirit of the age; and are hurried forward by the same impulses of science and discovery which have so ameliorated the material affairs of the world. How suddenly all of our well settled theories in regard to the relative powers and duties of the States and the Federal Government, have been overthrown, and the whole system changed, it is astonishing to contemplate. The almost immediate emancipation of three million five hundred thousand slaves, without one moment's preparation, of either themselves or their masters, for the great change, is equally unprecedented, and brings us with breathless haste, face to face, with some of the most startling and dangerous questions of the age. But when we remember some of the chief strides of physical science in the past few years, our wonder will diminish. It was but thirty-six years ago that the first railroad was built, and the first steam engine mounted upon his iron track. Already there are in existence fifty-six thousand miles, threading and permeating the civilized world; more than enough, if stretched out in straight and parrallel lines, to bind an iron girdle twice around the solid framework of the globe!— That narrow highway of the lightning—now become the guide and friend of the engine,—if stretched by its side, would enable one to hurl his words around the entire earth, returning to him who spoke them almost ere they had sounded upon his own ear! By these and similar wondrous agencies, during the recent war, two stupendous *corps d'armee*, who were facing each other on the banks of the Potomac, would steal in their pickets under cover of darkness, and, rushing away with all their trains and animals, and munitions of war, would, within a few short hours, be hurled against each other again in deadly strife on some distant field half across the continent! Change, therefore, not only comes upon us, but cometh with speed and with power.

Perhaps in modern annals there will scarcely be found a parallel to the complete ruin and impoverishment of the people of the Southern States. Absolute annihilation of a great community by armed violence is deemed scarcely possible in modern times, though instances are not wanting among the ancients, before a [hu]man code of international law had interposed [to] protect the weak against the strong, and mitigate the horrors of war. The most wonderful example was that of Carthage. Though her walls were 27 miles in circumference, and she could keep five hundred elephants for the public amusements; though she could send three hundred thousand soldiers to the invasion of Greece, while Rome was engaged in a death struggle with a petty town only twelve miles distant from her walls; though the waters of every sea were white with her sails and the shores of every known land were visited by her merchants, or planted with her colonies; yet the iron hand of her rival crushed her so utterly into the dust that there is not a [illegible]; no literature, no relic of her laws, her language or her blood remains. The very site of this great city is of the doubtful knowledge of the antiquary. Such barbarous inflictions of a barbarous age we have indeed escaped, but changes greater than the dreams of the wildest, and ruin, social and political, fearfully deep, has been our hapless lot.— A glance at these things, for the purpose of attempting to deduce the outlines of the changed duties which devolve upon us, will suffice to-day.

What with the value of our slaves, the injury inflicted upon real property, the destruction of personal, the depreciation or annihilation of all manner of stocks and securities; together with the sums expended in the maintenance of the war, make our material losses alone, all told, in the estimation of the most prudent, equal to five thousand million dollars! And of that highest and noblest property of a State—her citizens—full two hundred and fifty thousand of our bravest and best have perished by the casualties of war alone! The filling up of this fearful outline, with the revolting minutiæ of individual suffering, or the estimation of the moral losses we have incurred, is a task I have neither heart nor time for attempting. The whole scene reminds one of the prostration of Rome, drawn by one of the panegyrists, when addressing the Emperor Theodosius: "Thou, Rome, that having once suffered by the madness of Cinna, and of the cruel Marius raging from banishment, and of Sylla that won his wreath of prosperity from thy disasters, and of Cæsar compassionate to the dead, didst shudder at every blast of the trumpet filled by the breath of civil commotion. Thou, that beside the wreck of thy soldiery perishing on either side, didst bewail amongst thy spectacles of domestic woe, the luminaries of thy Senate extinguished, the heads of thy consuls fixed upon a halberd, weeping for ages over thy slaughtered Catos, thy headless Ciceroes and unburied Pompeys;—to whom the party madness of thy own children had wrought in every age heavier woe than the Carthaginians thundering at thy gates, or the Gaul admitted within thy walls; on whom Emathia, more fatal than the day of Allice—Collina more dismal than Cannæ—had inflicted such deep memorials of wounds that, from bitter experience of thy own valor, no enemy was to thee so formidable as thyself." Would that, with the spirit of prophecy, I could add the remainder of the quotation: "Now first in thy long annals, thou didst rest from a civil war in such a peace, that righteously and with maternal tenderness, thou mightest claim for it the honors of a civic triumph!"

Upon our own beloved State a full share of these common calamities has fallen. Nor does it relieve them of their crushing weight to remember the deep hostility of her people to the policy which inaugurated them. Quiet, conservative, law-abiding, as her people have ever been,—though jealous of their rights and honor, and ready at any moment to perish for them,—yet slow to violate compacts, they have never ceased to prefer exhausting all civil remedies for the redress of public grievances rather than evoke the terrible and uncertain arbitrament of revolution. Steady in the exercise of this resolution, she was forced, the very last, into a conflict which she was the very first in maintaining. The sufferings of our people have, indeed, been fearfully commensurate with their honesty and their courage. With her homesteads burned to ashes, with fields desolated, with thousands of her noblest and bravest children sleeping in beds of slaughter; innumerable orphans, widows, and helpless persons, reduced to beggary and deprived of their natural protectors; her corporations bankrupt and her own credit gone; her public charities overthrown, her educational fund utterly lost, her land filled from end to end with her maimed and mutilated soldiers; denied all representation in the public councils, her heart-broken and wretched people are not only oppressed with the weight of their own indebtedness, but are crushed into the very dust by taxation for the mighty debt incurred as the cost of their own subjugation! The very race of beasts of burthen,—by which alone we could extort bread from the half tilled earth,—was, at the close of hostilities, almost destroyed; leaving us destitute of even the means of labor! Such a picture of suffering should seem sufficient to sate a greedy victory, and should move the deepest depths in the bosoms of her loving sons. Truly might they, as during the ever memorable year 1865, they beheld "all this wealth and glory turned to dust and tears," have fancied that they could hear

"A cry of nations o'er her sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea."

It was enough to cause her despairing children to re-echo the plaintive wail of the poet over fallen Venice:

"There is no hope for nations. Search the page
Of many thousand years,—the daily scene,
The flood and ebb of each recurring age,
The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
Hath taught us naught or little,—still we lean
On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
Our strength away in wrestling with the air."

There was indeed a cry and a lament, through all her borders. From her Alpine heights to her tidal sands, from her plains and valleys and all her habitations, the wail went up. The [illegible] cypress, [illegible], became the emblem of her woe; and her sombre pines, moaning in the breeze, sang requiems alone, as for the dead. And though nature was still kindly, and invited us to forget our sorrow; though the sun still warmed and cherished the earth; though the early and the latter rains still descended according to the promise, clothing the fields with verdure, and causing the tender herb to put forth; and though the mocking bird,—sweetest of our warblers,—embowered within the shadows of his leafy home, poured forth his glorious song, "every note that we loved awaking," yet no joyous response stirred our bosoms. It seemed, indeed, that despair had claimed us for her own. We felt that it was demanded of us to sing a song in a strange land, and we could but hang our harps upon the willows of our own native rivers,—famous now with the rich memories of our children's blood,—and weep when we remembered the pleasant places from which we had fallen. It was in truth a prospect [illegible] and fathers, who had bravely borne all the sufferings of a four years war, have sunk down like the oak which, having withstood the storm, yet falls in the ensuing calm, and died, "rejoicing exceedingly and being glad that they could find the grave."

Such are the changes through which we have passed and are still passing. Such is the condition, physical and social, of your country at the moment when you are to enter upon the earnest duties of life. You will probably agree with me in thinking that the time is an important one, and that the duties before young men of education and patriotism differ widely from, and far exceed in weighty responsibility, those which have devolved on any of your predecessors.

It will not be improper to glance at some of the peculiar fields where your energies, as well as your kindly charities, may be most beneficially expended. The task of uplifting and regenerating our fallen country, indeed, belongs to us all; but it will devolve more especially upon you. Neither spent, nor broken down, by the fierce conflicts and deadly disappointments of the past, your fresh spirits are not only endowed with the vigor necessary to successful action, but they can more easily bend to the Procrustean bed of circumstances, which is spread for the repose of a conquered people,—wherein lies, now, and at all times, the true secret of statesmanship.

The work is not so near hopeless as it would seem at first, and it is noble, and glorious beyond anything that ever fired the ambition of youth. Though the destruction is so wide spread and thorough, it should be remembered that there is nothing which can exceed the recuperative powers of nature when aided by the industry of man. These gaping wounds in our country's bosom are to be healed, these enormous losses of our wealth are to be repaired, these wasted fields are to be restored to the glorious verdure of peaceful abundance; from the ashes of the homes which once sheltered us must arise the beams and rafters of homes still as beautiful and as happy. The blackened chimneys must no longer stand, grim and solitary, in the landscape, surrounded by rank and [illegible] weeds, the sorrowful [illegible] of the sweep of desolation as it marched, devouring our substance, but must be made to send up again, from mansion roofs, the cheerful columns of smoke which once bespoke plenty and repose, and to glow again with the winter's blaze of domestic peace and sacred hospitality. All the bloody footprints of ruthless war must be erased by the hand of intelligent industry.

Looking despairingly at the condition of things, the country turns toward her young men, and calls to them to lead the way in preaching and practising *hope*. You are required, above all things, to teach our people to look up from the crumbling ashes and prostrate columns of their present ruin, to the majestic proportions and surpassing grandeur of that temple which may yet be built by the hand which labours, the mind which conceives, and the great soul which faints not.

An officer leading his men into battle, himself going first and charging home upon the enemy, with the high and lofty daring of a hero, rallying his troops when they waver, cheering when they advance, applauding the brave and sustaining the faint hearted, bearing aloft the colors of his command, and struggling with all the strength and spirit of manhood, resolving to conquer or to perish, is esteemed one of the noblest exhibitions of which man is capable. We thrill and burn, as we read the glowing story, and exhaust the language of praise, in extolling his virtues. But not less glorious, not less worthy the commendations of his countrymen, is he who in an hour like this bravely submits to fate; and scorning alike the promptings of despair, and the unmanly refuge of expatriation, rushes to the rescue of his perishing country, inspires his fellow citizens with hope, cheers the disconsolate, arouses the sluggish, lifts up the helpless and the feeble, and by voice and example, in every possible way, urges forward all to the blessed and bloodless and crowning victories of peace. It is a noble thing to die for one's country; it is a higher and a nobler thing to *live for it*.

The best test of the best heroism now, is a cheerful and loyal submission to the powers and events established by our defeat, and a ready obedience to the Constitution and Laws of our country. Being denied the immortal distinction of dying for your country, as did your fathers and your eldest brothers, you may yet rival their glory, by *living* for it, if you will live wisely, earnestly and well. The greatest campaign, for which soldiers ever buckled on armor, is now before you. The drum beats, and the bugle sounds to arms, to repel invading poverty and destitution, which have seized our strongholds and are waging war, cruel and ruthless, upon our women and children. The teeming earth is blockaded by the terrible lassitude of exhaustion, and we are required, through toil and tribulation, to retake, as by storm, that prosperity and happiness, which were once our own, and to plant our banners firmly upon their everlasting ramparts, amid the plaudits of a redeemed and regenerated people. The noblest soldier, now, is he that, with axe and plough, pitches his tent against the waste places of his [illegible] there shall arise another like unto it; and that from its barren fields, there shall come again the gladdening dawn of dew-gemmed meadows, in the rising, and the golden waves of ripening harvests, in the setting sun! This is a beleaguring of fate itself; a hand to hand struggle with the stern columns of calamity and despair. But the God of nature hath promised that it shall not fail, when courage, faith and industry sustain the conflict; and this victory won, without one drop of human blood, unstained by a single tear, imparting and receiving blessings on every hand, will be such as the wise and good of all the earth may applaud, and over which even the angels might smile in rejoicing.

Now, from the earth, directly or indirectly, spring all the wealth of man, whether it be in flocks upon the hills, in palaces within the city, or in ships upon the sea. In this prolific and [illegible], failing source alone, must be laid the foundations of our regeneration, and the Plow is the great instrument with which it is to be effected. The oldest born, the simplest and most beneficent of inventions, the father and [illegible] of all the implements of [illegible], [illegible] of agriculture, of manufactures, of commerce and of civilization. Remembering this, it will be your first and last great duty, whether as legislators or as private citizens, to encourage, foster and protect *labor upon the soil*; being assured when it prospers that all other desirable things shall be added.

During the course of the recent war it was often a subject of remark that each side was grievously deceived in its estimate of the other. And especially was it a favorite opinion at the North, that we of the South were not capable of sustaining for a protracted period the rigors of war. It was said that our climate, and more especially the system of slavery, had unmanned us, and sunk us into effeminacy, and rendered us totally unfit to grapple with the hardier and more robust races of the North. How they were undeceived by four years of the most desperate strife against overwhelming numbers and resources, it is the province of history to tell. Nor need we fear to let *them* write that history; for a denial of the full and glorious import of our deeds would be a confession of their own shame and inferiority. It will be our duty now, in better ways, and under happier auspices, still further to undeceive them, by the vigor and energy with which we shall clear away the wreck of our fallen fortunes, adapt ourselves to circumstances, under changed institutions and new systems of labour, and the rapidity with which we shall travel in those ways which lead to the rebuilding and adorning a State. Nor will it admit of a doubt that the same courage, constancy and skill, which led our slender battalions through so many pitched fields of glory, will, when directed into the peaceful channels of national prosperity, and quickened by the sharp lessons of adversity, be sufficient to place the Southern States of the American Union side by side with the richest and the mightiest.

Deserving also of your earnest attention is that moral ruin—scarcely less extensive than the physical—which dogs the footsteps of revolution. No classes of our society have altogether escaped it, whilst in some its ravages have been fearful. The peculiar counteracting influences—those of schools and school masters—the general poverty of [illegible] considerations of [illegible] spent by the wisdom of our Legislators in happier times for the education of the poor children of the State, and the consequent abandonment of our system of Common Schools, are by no means to be reckoned among the least of our many misfortunes. To the thousands of children, whose parents were heretofore unable to educate them, are now added other thousands reduced to a worse condition by the results of the war. Their situation forms a subject of the most serious magnitude, and imposes additional obligations upon all, who, like you, have been favoured with the means and opportunity of education. But amongst all the sacred duties which will devolve on you as citizens and patriots, there are some more sacred still than others; and one of these is the looking after, and caring for, the orphans of those who perished in your defence and mine. Numbers of them are destitute not only of the means of education, but of subsistence itself. Without friends or protectors, they will wander into ways of wickedness and ruin. It has already been my painful fortune, to witness an instance of such an one brought into the courts of Justice, charged with crime committed under the influence of want, and in the absence of a father's teachings. But that father was sleeping far away in a rude soldier's grave in the wilderness of the Chickahominy, and his orphan boy, without a parent, a protector, or a friend in the world, lone and homeless, had wandered among strangers and been tempted into crime. I visited him in prison, where, without a coat, without shoes or hat, and his few remaining garments displaying his pale and delicate frame, he told me his simple and piteous story. His tender years and helpless condition appealed so strongly to the court that the penalties of the law were not inflicted on him. A kind gentleman came forward, agreed to give him a home and became bound for his better behaviour; and being admonished to go and sin no more, he was led away. But my heart bled within me, when I remembered that he was only one of thousands whose fortune was equally hard, and that he had thus lost home, and father, and an honest life, *for you and for me!* Oh! my friends, may God do so to you, and more also, if you ever turn your backs upon an orphan child of one who perished in your defence! Their blood was shed, whether wisely or unwisely, in your behalf; let it appeal to you for their naked and helpless children, from the fields of slaughter where they spilled it, and woe be unto you, if it appeals in vain! "The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead."

Nor do our duties to these brave men cease with their children. There is a debt which neither test oaths nor Congressional amendments have forbidden us to pay. We owe to the dead what it is possible to do for their remains and their memories, and no charge of faithlessness to our new obligations, it seems to me, should stand between us and its discharge.

"Their bones are scattered far and wide,
By mound, by stream and sea,"

and it is not for the purpose of eulogising the cause for which they perished, (for that is already in the hands of history,) that we would gather them up for decent sepulture, and perpetuate their memories by tablets of stone. It is simply to testify our love for our own blood, and our grateful admiration of the virtue and patriotism, and unavailing courage, which laid them low. From that fatal wall of Gettysburg to the banks of the Rio Grande, ten thousand miles of travel are marked by the golgothas of our kindred. In nameless valleys, on rugged mountains, in wild and solitary swamps, the noblest, and the bravest, and the highest, of Southern manhood,—children of the Cavalier and the Huguenot,—sleep in shallow and unknown graves, or moulder upon the soil like the beasts that perish. The lawgiver and the ploughman, the poet and the cart boy, the accomplished scholar and the rude father of the hamlet, rest side by side awaiting the final trump, and many a mother that bore him knows not of his lowly bed, nor can cast one flower upon the grave of her lost boy. And yet the nations listened to the roar of that boy's musket, and watched, with [illegible] "empire" through the belching flames and glittering bayonets of many a battlemented height! Lustre and glory,—everything but success,—he shed abundantly upon his country.

"The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claims kindred with his sacred clay;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with his fame forever."

When the civilized world has rung with the praises of these men, and even the generous of their foes have not withheld the homage ever due to valor and to virtue, certainly we may be pardoned for seeking to do this poor honor to our own.

"If I, a Northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?"

The very least that we can do, is to bring their remains home and bury them with decency and in silence. No monuments of victory are for us, no national jubilee can we celebrate, no songs of triumph can our maidens sing, or garlands of glory weave; there is no welcoming of returning conquerors, nor erecting of triumphal arches for us, to console us for our great suffering. We are all alone with our great defeat and that heavy sorrow, which, "never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting," in our household; and all that we have left for our comfort is the sad, yet tender light which plays around the memory of those who died to make it otherwise! The poor honors we show to them are as much shown to ourselves, and still more to humanity. Respect to the memory of the worthy dead is older than civilization. In all ages, and among all nations and peoples, from those "who dwell within the gates of the rising sun," to those who behold his mightier light give place to the dreamy dominions of the evening star, it has been usual to remove those who died for country, and to celebrate their virtues with the highest funeral honors.

Our noble country-women, abounding in that tenderness which ever cleaves to misfortune, have undertaken this pious duty. But you must help them, the whole people of the South must help; and small, indeed, will be the hopes we may claim of the living if, by refusing, you show yourselves insensible to the virtues of the dead. I hope yet to see the honored dust of [illegible] and placed where gentle hands can strew, by beautifying and adorning his quiet home, that we love him all the same, [illegible] all the more, though he died in vain. And in due time, I doubt not, monuments of marble and granite will tell the stranger how North Carolina cherishes the memory of her illustrious children.

"Tread lightly,—'tis a soldier's grave,
This lonely mossy mound,—
And yet, to hearts like mine and thine,
It should be holy ground.
Tread lightly,—for this man bequeathed,
Ere laid below this sod,
His ashes to his native land,
His gallant soul to God!"

The time is not far distant, when as citizens, I trust, you will be permitted to take a part in the government of your country. The path of the statesman for the past decade has been beset with peculiar difficulties; nor is it likely that the surroundings of the present period will prove less embarrassing to any public man honestly seeking his country's good. The lessons of experience would make us all wise, if they were not forgotten. In taking whatever positions your talents or inclinations may cause to be assigned you, my most solemn injunction would be to burn into your memories, forever, the teachings of the terrible experience of the past five years. The great problem we have just worked out is full of mighty meaning. Its theorem is demonstrated in characters of "fraternal blood," and all its corollaries teem with changes of power and the downfall of systems. Let it ever be before your eyes, and learn of it, among other wise things, that the yielding to blind passions and personal resentments, when the happiness of thousands is entrusted to your judgment, is a *crime* for which God will hold you accountable. The subjection of every passion and prejudice in the breast, to the cooler sway of judgment and reason, when the common welfare is concerned, is the first victory to be won in a political career. Without it, you can win no other, in which your country can rejoice. The philosophy of politics exhibits many instructive phenomena, which you should carefully study. The federative system of separate and quasi-independent States, which composed the American Union, embraced many peculiar features in relation to the science of Government, little known or practiced by other nations. Years ago, M. Guizot pronounced it the most difficult and complex in the world; an opinion which the infinite disagreements of our own statesmen, in regard to its power and limitations, have amply justified. Its structure, originally, was not unlike the planetary system; as each State was assigned, by its authors, an orbit in which to move around the General Government as a grand centre. The dangers, against which its founders seemed most anxious to provide, were to arise from the imperfect balancing of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, a predominance of either being esteemed fatal. Should the former prevail, the Government would be destroyed by the flying off of the States, or the dismemberment of its parts. This would be secession. Should the latter predominate, there would be an end of the system, by the crushing out and merging of all the parts in the Central Government. This would be consolidation. It was believed that the Constitution (law of gravitation) had so wisely distributed its forces that each would act, in accordance with the original design, without destroying the other. But these fond hopes were doomed to a terrible disappointment.— Whether it be that, as history teaches, there has been a constant tendency to centralization among all governments which had maintained and thrown off the feudal system; or that no government can stand the strain of civil war; or simply that men, in times of great excitement, cannot preserve judgment to discern the right from the wrong, or integrity enough to keep intact an official oath, it is needless on the present occasion to inquire. The recent attempt, on the part of a minority of the States, to withdraw from the system, was successfully resisted by the majority, in the name and by the authority of the Central Government. In order to [illegible] this, powers were claimed and exercised by the [illegible], as the contest progressed, higher [illegible] than the wildest consolidationist ever dreamed of asserting before. This destroyed, in letter and spirit, the original compact, utterly and absolutely; and so disturbed the whole system that, in the very nature of things, it is impossible for it to oscillate into place again. The predominance of the centripetal power is complete, and the results established, logically, are that the States can not withdraw, that they are subject to coercion, not only as to their external relations, but as to their internal policy, their domestic laws, and everything else whatsoever pertaining to sovereignty. It *does not* logically follow, however, not even by the logic of revolutions, that, having neither the legal nor the physical power to withdraw, they are yet out of the Union. That were, indeed, a moral and a physical impossibility. The very flower of the prerogative of the States is, therefore, swept away by the decision of this tribunal which is the last resort of Kings, and to which a conquered people can interpose no demurrer.

Such is now the actual state of things, unfortunate as we may regard it, and contrary as it may seem to all of our ideas of the true purposes of the government. But it is our country still, and if it cannot be governed as we wish it, it must yet be governed some other way; and it is still our duty to labor for its prosperity and glory, with ardor and sincerity. I earnestly urge upon you the strictest conformity of your conduct to the situation; to what the government actually is, not what you may think it ought to be. It is our bounden duty as honest men to give our new formed Institutions a full and fair trial—especially the new system of labor; and if they prove better than the old, let us forget our sufferings and be thankful. And let us not doubt, if the occasion should ever come, that for the sake of her own theory, Massachusetts will cheerfully submit to the same degradation which North Carolina has borne.

In the discussion and progress of political questions, you will mostly find that there are practically three divisions of the people, though there generally appear but two. Two of these occupy the extremest opposite positions, whilst the third, usually denominated conservative, [illegible] the character and worth of its leaders. [illegible] it always rule, [illegible] there would certainly be less of progress, there would yet be less of civil commotion, and far more of true happiness.— But strange to say, though in a majority, this class is seldom in power; for paradoxical as it may appear, the extremists are nearer to each other than to the intermediate class, and generally combine to overcome it. It is, moreover, a well known defect of popular government, that they are prone to mistake the zeal and earnestness of the extremists for sound policy, which contributes further to their triumph. The cooler wisdom of the conservative statesman is generally appreciated after the mischief is done.— Those bold and striking qualities, so apt to captivate the young and enthusiastic, in war and in politics, are mostly dangerous to good government. And yet mankind have been ever eager to be deceived by them. Even history, stern and dignified, lends itself, perhaps unconsciously, to the damaging delusion. Whilst page after page paints the glories of the hero who plunged his country into war, and brought desolation to the doors of his people, a few brief and passing lines suffice for the sagacious statesman who has honored his humanity by preventing slaughter. It is to some extent so, in the nature of things. The great deeds done are tangible and real; the great calamities *avoided* are only in the mind, and we cannot fully grasp them. Just as the sublime description of Dante's Inferno, with all the powers of the most vivid imagination, fails to inspire an idea of torture half equal to that which we feel by holding the finger for one moment in the blaze of a candle. But if history could be differently written, and were it possible to set against what this great man has done, charged with the misery which he inflicted, that which another greater and better man has *not done*, credited with the suffering which he has spared his people, how different would be the verdict of posterity! and how naked would many a popular hero appear! Alas, alas! why will civilization permit its true heroes to sleep in forgotten graves, while marble and bronze celebrate the virtues of those whose greatness consisted in their power to inflict wretchedness!

There is no more valuable lesson to be learned from the troubled and conflicting scenes of the recent past, than the obvious value of self-respecting consistency to the character of a public man. And this, not in the narrow and popular sense of that much abused term, as meaning an unchanging adherence to one opinion or set of opinions. The dullest intellect and the meanest spirit can not only do that, but is most apt to do it; whilst wise men see the necessity of changing as often as the ever varying phases of the case may render it indispensable; as a good general changes front as often as it is required in order to face the enemy. But all public men should propose certain great truths or principles as their objects to be attained—never to be abandoned except upon the clearest convictions of their falsity—and though the means, by which those principles should be preserved, may be varied to suit expediency, through good and evil report the great objects should be conscientiously adhered to. This is consistency. You will find it not only the best policy for the truth's sake, but to inspire confidence. For without truth there can be no confidence, and without confidence governments cannot, any more than armies, be led to victory. A blunder, honestly confessed, is already half atoned; persisted in wilfully, it perpetuates ruin and becomes a crime. Nor is it excusable to attempt the extenuation of one blunder, by

(Continued on fourth page.)