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ADVERTISEMENTS

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The Poets' "Essay on Man."

What strange infatuation rules mankind [Chatterton.
What different spheres to human bliss assigned; [Rogers.
To loftier things your finer pulses burn, [C. Sprague.
If man would but his finer nature learn; [R. H. Dana.
What several ways men to their calling have, [Ben Jonson.
And grasp at life though sinking to the grave. [Falconer.
Ask what is human life? the sage replies, [Cowper.
Wealth, pomp and honor are but empty toys; [Ferguson.
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain, [Quarles.
Weak, timid landsmen on life's story main; [Burns.
We only toil who are the first of things, [Tennyson.
From labor health, from health contentment springs. [Beattie.
Fame runs before us as the morning star, [Dryden.
How little do we know that which we are; [Byron.
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast; [Pomfret.
Of fleeting joy too certain to be lost; [Waller.
For over all there hangs a cloud of fear, [Hood.
All is but change and separation here, [Steel.
To smooth life's passage o'er its stormy way, [Tim Dwight.
Sum up at night what thou hast done by day; [Herbert.
Be rich in patience if thou in gudes be poor; [Dunbar.
So many men do stoop in sight unsure. G. Whitney.
Choose out the man to virtue best inclined, [Rowe.
Throw envy, folly, prejudice, behind; [Langhorn.
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise, [Congreve.
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys. [Dr. Johnson.
Remembrance worketh with her busy train, [Goldsmith.
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again; [Drayton.
On high estates huge heaps of care attend, [Webster.
No joy so great but runneth to an end; [Southwell.
No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear, [Thompson.
Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear; [Sheridan Knowles.
Grief haunts us down the precipice of years, [W. S. Landor.
Virtue alone no dissolution fears; [Edw. Moors.
Time loosely spent will not again be won, [R. Green.
What shall I do to be forever known? [Cowley.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on. [Joanna Baillie.

LOUISIANA.

SPEECH OF S. T. WALLIS.

AT THE INDIGNATION MEETING HELD AT MASONIC TEMPLE, BALTIMORE, THE 15TH INST.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson Presiding.

The following speech as copied from the Baltimore *Gazette*, is well worth a careful perusal by our readers. Mr. Wallis is well known, not only to the people of the State but to the entire country, as one of the purest and ablest of Maryland's sons. The speech is as follows:

My Fellow-Citizens:

I could, under no circumstances, add anything that it were worthy you should hear, to what has already gone to you from the hand and from the heart of the venerable and eminent citizen who presides over this meeting and whose distinguished abilities, and long and honored public services, give to his utterances the authority of a judicial sentence. But I am particularly unfit this evening even to do the little justice that I might ordinarily be able to do to the questions before you, for it is but an hour or two since I returned from a two days' absence from the city, during which I was engaged in severe professional labor. I have, therefore, neither voice nor strength to speak to you as I could desire, and I am only here, as you are here, because I feel that it is an occasion on which no man should willingly remain at home, where he may rest under the vine and the figtree of the laws and Constitution of his country. The hand of the military despotism, it is true, is not at your throat or my throat. There is tranquility in our streets, thank God, to-night. But we should be unworthy of the name of American citizens if a blow stricken at the bosoms of our brethren of Louisiana, as foul as this blow is, did not wound our bosoms also.

Fellow-citizens, if we have been taught anything from our cradles, it is that this Government is a government of Law, and not a government of force. One of the controlling reasons assigned by our forefathers in the Declaration of Independence for dissolving the connection between the Colonies and the Government of England was the assumption of the King of England to put the military over the civil power. In forming the original Revolutionary Constitution of this State of Maryland, with the echo of that Declaration in their ears, your forefathers made it one of the leading and fundamental principles of your Bill of Rights, that at all times and in all cases the military should be under strict subordination to and control of the civil power. As the tide of our civilation has swept over the wilderness, and new States have sprung into being in its course, each one of them in its turn has made this vital principle of free government the corner-stone of its political organization. It has been borne from the farthest East to the remotest West, and the farthest of our far-off sisters planted it deep in the foundation of her Constitution when she reared it on the golden borders of the Californian Seas. The republican system under which we live would be a mockery without the maintenance of this vital element of its existence, and whenever an attempt is made, no matter how slight, to overthrow it, there is no time for parleying or waiting. We cannot stand still until the outrage shall have been consummated. We should rush forth at the first alarm as at the sound of the tocsin and rescue the public liberty, before there is time to smite it. There is no question of politics or of party at such a moment. "In question merely political," says Junius, in his noble letter to Lord Mansfield, "an honest man may stand neuter. But the laws and Constitution are the common property of the subject. Not to defend is to relinquish, and who is there so senseless as to renounce his share in a common benefit, unless he hopes to profit by a new division of the spoil?" And I tell you, fellow-citizens, that if now, as in the infancy of this Republic, the cradle of liberty is to be rocked, the whole land must rise up and stand as a nursing mother beside it!

What does this thing mean, my friends, that brings us here to-night? Is it not the simple and single question whether the people of this land are to be governed by their laws and Constitution, or are to be regulated as a regiment of cavalry? Whether they shall be governed by their institutions or be governed by Lieutenant Generals?—That is the question, and that is the issue that is behind the entire question. It is that and nothing more. How does the matter stand? Two or three years ago the President of the United States thought proper to interfere in the affairs of Louisiana. How? Interfere for the purpose of carrying out any of his constitutional obligations? No! I do not propose to introduce anything into what I have to say to you that savors of partisan political discussion. If I were capable of prostituting such an occasion and abusing your confidence by turning them over to the purposes of partisanship, I should be as unworthy as the basest of carpet-baggers whom reconstruction has created from the dust of Louisiana, as the vermin sprang up from the dust of Egypt when it was smitten by the wand of Aaron. But when I read the message of the President of the United States, delivered day before yesterday to Congress, and find that he places the defense of his interference, with the army of the United States, in the affairs of Louisiana, on the ground that assassination and murder are rife there, and that his armed interposition was a matter of duty and necessity to save the lawful Government and society in that unhappy State, I cannot feel bound by any respect for his high office to treat that as true, which I know not to be true. I cannot submit to be told that he interfered to save what as he says, the laws and Constitution required him to save, when I hold here, in my hand, the report of the Senate committee of February, 1873, and read in it the telegrams which the President of the United States permitted his own brother-in-law, Casey, the United States Marshal in Louisiana, to address to him—the executive head of this Government—inviting him to intervene for the purpose of saving what? Human life, society and government? No! But the Republican party—to "save the Republican majority, and give Louisiana a Republican Legislature, and State Government." This was what he commanded the soldiers of the United States to save—and such a salvation! I protest, that when in the face of this, which no man can tell the truth and gainsay, I hear the noble and unhappy people of all those Southwestern States denounced as Thugs and murderers, because they are not silent under it all—when I hear a Lieutenant General of the Army of the United States demand that they be declared "banditti" by an Executive proclamation, and handed over to a military commission so that he may crush them with his gauntletted hand, I feel that there is no extent of human indignation which can rise to the level of it. The people thus threatened and maligned have nevertheless borne it all with a fortitude and courage unparalled—an endurance such as no free people were ever called to exhibit before.—After General Grant had given them the salvation of which I have spoken, they submitted with patience to the military power of the Government, until at the last popular election they vindicated their rights and lawfully asserted and re-established their political supremacy. What followed? Once more the Republican party required to be saved, and the army of the United States was summoned for its second salvation. The Legislature of Louisiana had just begun its organization.—Upon every principle known to representative government, that Legislature was the judge, and the only judge, of the qualifications of its own members. Neither Governor nor President had lawful part or lot in determining whether they were qualified or not. And yet, in the face of this, and of what every man who knows anything knows to be the law, the soldiers of the United States—your soldiers and mine, fellow-citizens—the soldiers of the people of the land, and not the soldiers of the President—are placed at the disposal of the pretended Governor of Louisiana to drag from the Legislative hall of the State the representatives of her people—American citizens of gray hairs and honorable and patriotic lives. The President sends in these troops at Kellogg's bidding, to repeat, in all that was possible of pettiness, the usurpation to which the Cromwells and Napoleans at least gave grandeur. And who was his chosen agent to consummate this work? It was General Sheridan whom he selected for the performance of this "duty." And who is General Sheridan? No desire to win any man's applause shall induce me to do him injustice. Not the fact that he represented feelings which I did not share, and gave his sword to the support of what I did not sympathize with, shall prevent me from giving him the credit which belongs to him as a soldier, and of which he would have deserved more, if his reputation had not been linked with the devastation of war rather than with its glory. The President selects him to engage in this work of salvation. And what manner of man is he? I saw in the papers, and I have no doubt it is true, for it came from the Associated Press, and it has not been denied, an account of an interview that was had with General Sherman, the General-in-Chief of the army. He thinks well of General Sheridan, because he is a man who will obey orders, and who would burn the city of New Orleans as readily as an Indian village, if he were ordered to do so!—That is the sort of man, fellow-citizens, who governs through "military commissions;" that is the sort of man, the experience of whom taught our fathers that the military should be subordinate to the civil power.

Orders? Orders? The fitness of a man to execute the most delicate trust that could be confided to an American citizen lies in his readiness to obey orders? Whose orders? The orders of the Constitution? The orders of the American people? No! but the orders of the President and Kellogg.—That sort of man, that sort of insolence and trash has to be put down, my friends, and the soldier who leads American armies, or fights in their ranks, must be taught that his glory or duty does not consist in being a Hessian or a Cossack. He must be taught that the first order he should obey is the order of the Constitution and the laws of his land and that a soldier's

OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW

is the only thing which makes the distinction in his calling between the trade of murder and the honorable profession of arms. The President then, sends this deputy of his own down there, and the first thing he does is to discover that there have been several thousand people murdered during the last few years on account of their political opinions; that the whole country is swarming with banditti, and that congress or the President should declare them banditti, and then I will save Congress, he says, the necessity of any further legislation upon the subject. Leave them to me! Fellow-citizens, do you measure the height and the depth of the insolence of that? Leave a large part of this country of ours to "me." And, forsooth, who am I?" Do you know, fellow citizens, what a military commission is? A drumhead trial and a short and bloody shrift! My venerable friend here (turning to Mr. Reverdy Johnson) knows what military commissions are. The blood is hardly warm in his heart yet, that was curdled by his experience of their wicked and cruel enormity. In the light of such pretension as General Sheridan has the audacity thus to set up, do we exagerate, think you, in using the language of the resolutions you have heard? What is a military despotism but the despotism of some one man, the despotism of some "me," rendered worse than the despotism of a mere man by being the despotism of a brutal soldier? Now, I had hoped—somewhat against hope, I confess—that the President of the United Sates, when the opportunity was offered to him, would relieve himself from the odium of this and of the approval of it ascribed to him by his Secretary of War that the President would have said: "The sentiments uttered by General Sheridan are unworthy of his position as an officer of the United States. They are an insult to the nation, and he should no longer stand one instant in the command of which he has shown himself so utterly unworthy." But what does the President say? He grants that General Sheridan did suggest measures which would not be exactly legal, although he suggests that it would be a great blessing to the country if they were. That is to say it would be a God-send to this country, he thinks, if the whole subject—the destinies of three or four States, and the liberties, lives and institutions of their people—could be handed over to "me." And he says that the soldiers of the United States are not lawyers, and that "General Sheridan was looking at facts, and possibly not thinking of proceedings which would be the only proper ones to pursue in time of peace." In such jargon the President of the United States, under the responsibility of his high office, feeling, or bound to feel the dignity and the sense of duty and respect which belongs to it, presumes to tell the Congress of the United States that in

THIS INFAMOUS OUTRAGE

upon the people, the Lieutenant General was "not thinking!" Aye, gentlemen, it shocks not only your common sense and sense of right, but even your sense of humor. It would be ludicrous beyond expression, if it did not so justly provoke your righteous indignation and resentment. But this is not all.—When this very Message is read in the Senate of the United States, and the President thus says to the Congress assembled that the suggestion that the Southern people are to be declared "banditti," and the suggestion of the establishment of military commissions, and all that, were made by Gen. Sheridan when he was

NOT THINKING,

a Senator rises in his place and dares to say that such meetings as this to-night, shouting their indignation at the outrage, are manifestations of the same conspiracy that was begun at New Orleans. He dares to say that the people of New Orleans, standing bound like martyrs, and you, and I, and all of us, are engaged in it—a conspiracy, I suppose, against "me." My friend behind me suggests that there is another meeting going on—another conspiracy—at

FANUIEL HALL

to-night, and I thank Heaven, with a deep thankfulness, after all the troubles of past years, that the time has come when there is one subject in which the voices of Fanueil Hall and of the people of Maryland can go up together.

Fellow-citizens, the matter does not bear amplification or discussion. The statement of the question now presented to this people is the presentation of everything that belongs to it. It is, I repeat, the simple question whether the laws of the land govern the land; whether the Constitution of the land, or whether it is to be governed by "me;" whether you and I are banditti, or whether we are American citizens? It is the laws and the Constitution,

THE COMMON HERITAGE OF THE PEOPLE,

which are to be defended. If the outrage were committed in behalf or in the name of any party to which you belonged, you would feel it to be an outrage and would rise up against it, as you rise up against now, for the instincts of freedom are always uppermost in the American heart, above the instincts of party.

One word more, and I have done.—Hard things have been said by President and Lieutenant General of these poor people of the Southwest. Assassination is said to be in the air, murder rife, and outrage rampant. Suppose it were as true as it is false, whose doing would it have been? Who has governed that unhappy section since the war ended? Who has made it what it is?

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE

for the errors and the faults of all that downtrodden land except those who irritate and misgovern and oppress it?—I tell you that if assassination were rife, assassination is but the reprisal which crushed human liberty takes of power. If you deny a people relief and right through their tribunals of justice, thro' their laws and their Constitution—if you give them no refuge but despair—they will take vengeance with their own right hands; and although to take it be crime, it is a crime to which you drive them, and the sin of the crime is on your head.

I look forward with every hope and desire of my soul to the time, to come ere long, when

ALL THIS WRONG WILL BE RIGHTED,

when the people of Louisiana will be vindicated and stand forth in the dignity and majesty of self-government, and whether it be soon or whether it be late, I trust that the venerable man who is by my side (Hon. Reverdy Johnson) may live to see it and rejoice in it, and rejoice, too, in what he has done to-night to hasten it. Reading not long ago the history of the French Revolution as told by Louis Blanc a passage struck me, which springs to my memory as I speak. It was at the last meeting of the French Convention, when Delleville rose and asked: "What hour is it?" Another member answered:

"IT IS THE HOUR OF JUSTICE,"

and Delleville shouted: "It is the hour of Constitution." I say to you, my fellow citizens, that, much as you may desire justice to those oppressed brethren of yours and mine, the hour of justice will never come to them until, bright and unclouded, out of the darkness of to-day, you call up for them the hour of the triumphant Constitution.

If there be any friend within the sound of my voice, and I see very many, from whom I was separated in opinion during the strife which ended ten years ago, I trust he will do me the justice to believe that not one word I have said to-night is suggested by the remembrance of the animosities of those days. I am grateful that they have sunk in their graves, and have endeavored, as far as one humble man might, to plant flowers in the sod which is over them. There is no man who hopes more than I from the re-established union of these States, when it shall be, consolidated in the affection and the trust of the people through the blessings of good government spread over them as a mantle. I feel toward that restored Union in the genuine spirit of the old Roman superstition, which believed that whatever the lightning fell upon was made sacred and immortal. The thunderbolt of the late war, which fell harmless upon the Union, has given to it consecration.—But, my fellow-citizens, you can only make it immortal by making it worthy; you can only make it immortal by making it deserve immortality, and so long as there exists one portion of this land where the cry of oppression and outrage wrung from another part does not meet with responsive indignation and sympathy, the Union is not what it ought to be and must be. It is empty of the heart that alone can make it loved; and, gentlemen, it can never be animated by the true spirit of the Constitution so long as you permit to be injected into its veins the black blood of military despotism.

MARTHA'S LOVE STORY.

"I don't care to remain in Sydenville, if Martha Moore is going to flirt in this way with every young man that comes in her way.

Bernard Clyde spoke shortly and sharply, with a perpendicular wrinkle between his brows. Captain Fortesque looked at him, with an amused shrug of the shoulders.

"Clyde," said he, "if I did not know that you are in love, and consequently not responsible for your behavior, I should pronounce you the biggest jackass going."

"It is time and trouble thrown away to waste one's heart upon a girl like Martha Moore," said Clyde, sullenly.

"She's pretty as Hebe, mischievous as Euphroyne, and as incomprehensible as all the heathen gods and goddesses rolled into a jumble," said Fortesque, meditatively. "My June is over. The yellow October leaves are dropping around my path. Yet, if I were ten years younger, I should be tempted to try my luck under the beryl-light of those wonderful eyes of hers. Don't look alarmed, Bernard. You are safe for all of me."

"Nonsense!"

"Do you think so? Now, I call it very good sense. But let's talk together like men of the world. If you really love Martha Moore, why don't you rally your mental forces, and tell her so, like a man?"

"Because she won't give me a chance—because she treats me as if she was Queen Imperial, and I the Court fool!"

"Pshaw! It's only a woman's way."

"Is it? Then I may as well own up at once that I neither like nor comprehend it."

"Poor Clyde!" said Captain Fortesque; "he's very far gone, indeed!—But have you asked her to go to Primadellis concert? That happens just now to be our greatest attraction."

"Of course I have asked her."

"And what did she say?"

"That her sister Miriam would be happy to go, she didn't doubt; as for herself, she hadn't quite made up her mind whether she cared for concerts or not."

"Confound Miriam!"

"Just what I say myself. But I shall not ask her a second time. I have still enough of a man's red blood left in my veins to resent an insult whether it be spoken from bearded lips, or only implied from a girl's velvet mouth!"

"I wonder if he isn't coming."

Martha Moore looking more distractingly pretty than ever, dressed to go out in soft blue cashmere, with a blue silk opera clook, edged all around with a foamy fringe of swans down, and a knot of heaven-blue lobelia in her bosom, while the light of the shaded lamp mirrored itself on her dead-gold hair, and the long lashes hung over the shifting gleam of her beryl eyes.

Her sister Miriam, an elderly maiden with hair worn thin at the parting, and incipient crowsfeet developing in the angles of her countenance, sat darning stockings opposite in a most unbecoming *neglige* of green gingham.

"If he does come, after the snub you gave him last Thursday evening, he's a bigger fool than I take him to be," said Miss Miriam, grimly.

Martha was silent a moment or two, and the tick of the old wooden clock behind the door was painfully audible to her. Suddenly she started up.

"I won't be cheated out of Primadelli's singing," she said, with quivering lips, and with a scarlet stain either cheek. "I will go to the concert, whatever else may transpire!"

She ran up stairs to the solitary apartment, where Christopher Moore, her brother, was reading and smoking in front of a great wood-fire, with a back-log worthy of olden time, and sap bubbling cheerfully out of a score of crevices.

"Hello!" said Christopher, laying down his book with an air of resignation. "Is it you, Elf? Then farewell peace of mind and quiet meditation."

"Don't be tiresome, Chris," said the little fairy in blue, with the dead-gold hair and strangely-shining eyes. "Get your hat and coat."

"For what?"

"To take me to Primadelli's concert."

Christopher opened wide his kindly common-place eyes.

"But I thought you didn't care to."

"Thought! thought! thought!" cried Martha, stamping her feet tumultuously on the floor. I wish people wouldn't think! I do want to go—and I mean you shall take me! I love operatic singing, and it isn't once a year we have such a star as Primadelli here. Get your hat quick, Christopher, and don't stand staring there, as if your entire being were changed to eyes!"

"All right," said Christopher. "Just wait a minute until I get my gloves.—Now then, I am at your service, little Queen Positive."

Martha clung, with a little shiver, to his arm as they walked side by side along the star-lit avenue of elms, that led to the more densely-built portion of the little town of Sydenville.

"Martha, why didn't you go with Bernard Clyde to this concert, when he asked you?" suddenly demanded her brother.

"Because I didn't choose!" retorted Martha, with a toss of the dead-gold braids.

"Why do you treat him so, Martha? valorously persisted Christopher. "A fellow like that that's worth his weight in gold, with a heart as big as a cart-wheel, and—"

"Don't be a goose, Christopher!" said Martha saucily. "One would think to hear you talk, that he was the only man in the world!"

"So he is as far as you are concerned Martha; and you had no right to lure him on, and then rebuff him, like a cat tormenting a mouse. Be serious now, if it's a possible thing," as Martha laughed hysterically, "and ask yourself if—"

"Now do stop moralizing!" interrupted Martha, pettishly. "We are coming to the concert hall, and I'm sure we are late. Do you think we shall get anything of a decent seat?"

Christopher Moore was silent.

"As well write in the sand," quoth he to himself, "as to talk to a woman who is a born coquet."

The concert hall was crowded; and after some difficulty, Miss Moore was accommodated with a camp-stool, under the back gallery, where she could see nothing but the back of Mrs. Squire Seabury's garnet-velvet hat. This, however, she did not mind much, as the silver torrent of Signora Primadelli's singing reached her, clear as crystal, and soft as oil, and—but this consolation she would scarcely own, even to herself. Bernard Clyde stood a few seats away, with folded arms, and grave face, intently turned toward the stage.

"Why don't he look at me?" thought Martha, half offended. "I know he saw me come in! I do think it would only be polite to glance around once in a while!"

But Bernard Clyde never turned his head.

"He will surely come to say a few words of greeting when the concert is over," thought Martha, picking ruthlessly away at the swansdown border of her wrap.

But there was where she was mistaken; for Mr. Clyde had vanished from his place; when at the end of the programme she looked around, and found herself born along by the side of the audience. Just in front of her she could see Christopher's good-humored face and broad shoulders.

"Come on, sis, I'm all right!" said he.

And struggling out into the darkness rendered doubled dense by the brilliantly-lighted hall she had just left, Martha made a blind plunge at his arm.

"I thought I should never have caught up with you!" she cried, breathlessly. "Why didn't you wait? Look! the bows are torn off my dress and Mrs. Seabury put her foot on the trail, and tore half a yard of the nicest flouncing down. I hate concerts!"

There was no reply.

Martha busied herself in adjusting the damaged skirt, still clinging tight to her companion with her other hand.

"Did you see Kate Dunham's new seal-skin cap?" she asked, presently.—Don't you think sealskin a hideous fur?"

Still no answer.

"Now you are vexed with me," she said, plaintively; "and all because of Bernard Clyde. Must I tell you the truth, Chris? Must I own that I do love him, dearly, dearly, dearly? Only, you see, he's offended with me, and—"

To her indescribable amazement, her escort faced around under the elms, dropping her arm, as he did so.

"Offended, Martha—I offended! My love, my love, I have your heart's secret at last! You love me after all!"

Martha Moore uttered a cry.

"I thought it was Chris!" she faltered, beginning to tremble all over. "Oh, what have I said?—what have I done?"

"Take my arm again, Martha," said Clyde, quietly. "Do you think that I am the man to take a mean advantage of your misapprehension. I give your words back to you."

Martha slid her little hand slyly into his, and nestled closer to his side.

"I don't want them back again, Bernard!" she faltered. "It was all true, though I did think I was talking to my old brother Chris. I do love you, Bernard, and I was almost heart-broken when I thought of my silly and heartless coquetry had driven you from me!"

"My darling!" he whispered, softly. Just then Chris came striding up behind.

"Is that you, Martha?" he cried.—"What a fright you have given me! I thought you were lost, and—Who is that with you."

"It is Barnard Clyde," said Martha.

"The little thrill that quivered in her voice told the whole story.

"Oh! said Chris, meaningly. "Well, in that case, I guess I'll go and get the logs to burning before you come, for it's a frosty night."

And that was the way that Martha Moore's heart was caged at last.

THAT farmer understood human nature who said: "If you want your boy to stay at home don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

A widow refused an offer of marriage because she didn't know what to do with her first wedding ring.

A London journal recently announced "A Sunday evening discourse for advanced tinkers.

What was never seen—the impression taken by a typo an a girl's lips.

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