





THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH. A TALE OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER XII. HISTORY-BLOSSOMS.

Ever the orange tree of human events stands with its buds, its blossoms, its ripening fruit, its golden harvest...

his colleague occupied their accustomed seats in the broad aisle during the day. A form and voice were also wanting in the choir; the bright, effervescent face, slightly subdued, perhaps, was still there; beside it, as hard as expressive, yet strongly resembling it in feature and tone...

GAARD EMANCIPATION-OBSERVANCE. Of the Emancipation of the National Capital. The anniversary of the signing of the act for the emancipation of the slaves of the District of Columbia was celebrated Thursday evening, April 16, by a demonstration in the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, Washington City, D. C.

in ages yet to come. (Loud applause.) The contrast was in the midst of the colored race. But they should not be called "contrabands." They were men and brethren. They were not free, nor were the other colored people. The colored race must carve out its own destiny. They are men, and must venture, as do the whites. (Cries of "That's so.") Many of the negroes have prejudices against emigration.

A BLOODY CONTEST IN VIRGINIA. A terrible contest took place in Virginia on Saturday and Sunday last, resulting in a substantial triumph to the army of General Hooker. On Saturday, General Hooker sent a force, under General Sickles, to attack the rebels in the rear, and this movement proved to be a success, when the rebel General Jackson, at the head of a large force, attacked, and, for the moment, overwhelmed the corps of Gen. Howard...

CALL FOR A MEETING OF THE Loyal WOMEN OF THE NATION. In this crisis of our Country's destiny, it is the duty of every citizen to consider the peculiar blessings of a republican form of government, and decide what sacrifice of wealth and life are demanded for its defense and preservation. The policy of the war, our whole future life, depends on a universal, clearly defined idea of the end proposed, and the immense advantages to be secured to ourselves and all mankind, by its accomplishment.

THE NEW BIRTH OF THE NATION.

A DISCOURSE Before the Twenty-Eight Congregational Society, Boston, Sunday, April 26, 1863, by S. M. W. JONSTON, Minister of the Free Church at Lynn.

From the edge of a continent were stripped the sediments of all geologic ages, that the Mayflower might plant his foot on the bare corn of the globe. It was no vain omen. This man was God's radical, set free to face the naked Ideal of a State, and to build his New England on Essential Justice. His children cannot escape the consequences. It is their destiny to go straight to the roots of every problem, and reach down to central truth. Yala for them to dash their walls with untempered mortar, or to cherish a lie till it divides the house against itself.

child. We are indeed yet on the threshold, paying fearful price in working off the taints of that counterfeit time—political formulas and traditions, military red tape and boasting talk. Every demon rends us as he goes. Every false notion clings as God wrenches it out, and tears away with it ten thousand dear lives. Doubtless we have fallen on days of great duties and little men. Doubtless we are bound to prove the systems that have debased us and the men who are bred of these systems, civil and military, to the bitter draught. Doubtless the men of deeds yet stand and wait. Doubtless Abraham Lincoln represents the average of the popular mind instead of leading it. He is a leader who most need. I know it is the necessity of such a work as lifting a whole people to a higher level, that they should go no faster than they can go armily and as a whole. It is their safety also, that no man be strong enough to wield perverted way. Yet even that it makes a real moral difference whether a people, half converted to a duty that admits no delay, are looking to a weak prudent Thomas or an inspired Paul. It must be an immortal cause which can outlive a policy that thrice demoralized an awakening public conscience by the repudiation of Fremont, then of Hunter, then of Phelps; that retained in coverage of our armies, through a year of exhausting disaster and shame, an officer of unimpeachable character; who symbolizes in the nation; and who holds up the post of public service from men like Butler and Hamilton, who are brave enough to confess themselves converted to a sterner loyalty to Freedom than the rest.

But how fine are these first fruits of popular regeneration—courage, sacrifice, zeal; a million volunteers on battle-fields, and ten million loving hearts ministering to their needs; this elasticity of heart; this stability of credit and social order through tests which prove them impregnable; this discovery that the moral issues of war are more indispensible than the material; this solidarity of sympathy created by common perils; this recognition of the sovereignty of each in the society of Government, and that bank, factory, farms are no longer personal investments, but dependencies on the public well. There is no limitation but is shattered—no narrow interest but is rebuffed. No life aloof; our private feelings in the forward steps of the nation—our griefs, the defeats and backslidings that cloud the whole land—our pride, the defenders of the Nation—our precious dead, the Nation's treasures; on the battle-field no infidel but the coward; at home no heretic but the cold heart that beats not for Fatherland; our Sunday sermons that bear no putting words for substance endurable long; our only thought like a sword, swift, sure, trenchant. What a literature is preparing! How many lives are poems, how many hearts are tragedies! What a Fate-Drum is this whole history, outstripping the Greek in its revelation of Eternal Justice!

What Education! We look forward a whole generation, and can see not one step in its work but will be incompatible with self-indulgence and dream as this war is to-day—which will not call for heroes and martyrs—which will not sift pretences and try souls, and open great grandly and womanly spheres as this does. God's plants are century plants, and generations wait for their bloom. These years we live in are the flowering time of the Democratic Idea; and the rich fruits come speedily.

We are held to the American doctrine that what the free mind sees, the free hand shall execute; that the Ideal and Practical do not dwell apart, but in one. We call a right or duty Utopian, and while the gigantic, imperilled interests would trample its fanatic under foot, behold it is a practical necessity! The prophet is no longer in advance of his age—it sweeps by the laggard. The end of Slavery seemed to him a long way off; but see what two years of war have done!

We have had experiences that the forces of anarchy in our civilization cannot go beyond a certain point; without striking against conservative limits in the nature of civilization. There is a certain amount of moral self-restraint for preserving order. He whose schemes go to the point of destroying that, is crushed out in common sanity and common sense. Fernando Wood wants to abolish the Government. He begins with beating in the doors of the State legislative chamber, and posting shoulder-stickers among the representatives of the people. The effect is to offend his own party, and put Gov. Seymour, for the dignity of his office and State; on the side of law and order. The traitor of the West called on its population to cut off New England. It was to bid them cut off the top of their brain and the top-rod of their blood. It was to call to civil war, and the overturn of every State government in the West. This diabolical anarchy was worthy the men who ran through the legislature of Illinois a bill to lash the bare back of any negro man, woman, or child who should enter the State. Well might it in the confusion of the wretches who devised it, and in breaking down whatever else they have devised. When executive authority in our large cities becomes mob rule and run rule, a return to social decency becomes imperative. Congress tolerated Border State declaration till the question was whether that should end or the Nation; then set it off. When the mismanagement of the army threatens the dissolution of the State, Hooker at last goes to his head, and treason is purged from its staff. Slavery was the fetish of the American people till it annihilated the fetish, flung the ballot-box on the hurricane of war in Kansas, broke the very staff of compromise on which the poor Nation was hobbling. When at last Buchanan, Floyd and the rest, mined the earth under us, stole our arms, locked the doors and applied the torch, the assembled Nation wringing its feet, and redoubtful at each decisive vote as it will again bring to bear, if Northern treason ever reaches the point of firing its Summer gun. The Knight of the Golden Circle has but to come out of the dark. He will find this time an army to deal with as well as a government. When Slavery tried the stiletto of the political assassin, a Hand turned it back to her own bosom. When she summoned the cannon of revolution, it recoiled and exploded, burning the fetters of the Slave. The conspirator against society is hurried into swift confession of his fell intent; which confession is suicide. This has saved us again and again, and will continue to save us, till our hearts are as ready as our hands to be true.

As poison pushes to the surface, so does the pure blood. Character cannot be hid from justice as such a time, nor be hid unjustly. Slammer goes back to the Senate. McClellan retreats from command, though the whole opposition stands at his back. Banks sinks a factitious Anti-Slavery reputation, and Butler proves that a true Democratic feeling underlies his bad politics. Burnside can make defeat respectable—and it is worth many of these bitter tears the nation sheds, to treasure up the sweet, immortal words of Mitchell to the Port Royal freedmen, and remember how he fled and died. There is always a revolution some inevitable point when all the powers that be try to put down, but whom the logic of events brings up again and again, till the purpose of the struggle centres in his person. And when in this crisis of ours, you see one who was the first in peace to plant the flag on the summit of the continent, and the first in war to plant it on the summit of political justice, and it is now the only man who can effectually rally to those on whom the solution of this orally by battle hangs, the man who stands in the slave for a Monitor, and whose tread would shake the South,—you will be slow to believe that such a Destiny is to be thwarted, or that the nation to fall back of due justice to one so manifestly set free for her services. It is not we who put a man in the focus of events. It is not in our power to put him out of it.