Brilliant genius, though this wit may rather and his eloquence
electric—rain his attempt to rise to eminence without the aid
of woman. If woman inspire not the warrior—yet her lofty hand
weave not liberty on his standard—the eagle of victory will never
perch thereon—or if it do—if she prefer to wade through streams
of blood—to pave his way with human bones to crowns and
thrones, rather than dying in the strife for freedom to leave a man
which she would hallow and pain a grave her tears would be
dew. If so, a curse is abroad on that land, and the Juma
fire of ambition will ese long scathe and scourch its very vitals.
If this calamity befall the young America—the pride
of the world—the home of freedom—and the asylum of the
oppress’d the sun of its glory will be darkened—and the stars—the
twenty six stars—The constellation of the west—The most brilliant
among nations will be dimmed and the utepes will be of a
deep dye—the crimson dye of blood—and the banner torn
and flying will pass away like the red cloud of an autumnal night. The nation will leave with a mighty conviction
the presaging thunders which forebode its dissolution. The song and
the dance—and the bright saloon will be exchanged for the
war whoop and the drum—the march and the camp. The
demon of war will be loosed—order become a chaos—and every
social tie be broken. The sun and the skies will meet in
the unholy conflict. The blood of martyred millions will
pursue in torrents from their veins—and run a purple river
to the ocean—and the bones of the owners will bleach their
fields. The hearth will be left desolate—the altar despoil
sanctity violated—and the wife and the daughter be left