

for restored concord, and a faithful adherence to that policy which best promotes this end, are not compatible with a hearty detestation of treason and a stern resistance to its slightest demonstrations. A skillful surgeon, after using freely the scalpel and cauterium upon a diseased limb, does not, when these painful agents have done their work and the angry malady has given place to a subdued reaction, continue to probe and irritate the tender point, lighting up fresh inflammation, and starting newly festering sinuses; but by soothing applications and remedies endeavors to restore health and vigor to the crippled and disordered member. War is surgery—heroic, primary and exhaustive: Peace is conservatism, and good, careful, judicious nursing.

It is not to be presumed that so sudden a collapse of a vast, continued, and bloody civil war, marked by unusual vindictiveness, should be immediately succeeded by a thorough and universal reversion of opinion and conduct. There are doubtless those who still swagger and bluster, indulging in silly and offensive speeches, which injure only themselves.—Let such simmer down into amiable moods if they will, or fret and chafe themselves into increasing fits of harmless and impotent rage. Either condition is quite material. They are not worth a moment's serious consideration. The results of State action in the South unmistakably indicate that the people accept the situation, and are resolved to make the best of it. The prejudices of the sections must and will give way—old things will yield to new—the dead past will be buried—and, “heart within and God o’erhead,” the country will take a bolder step onward and upward in the march of empire.

It is our duty, then, to adapt ourselves to the new order of events, and to act together in establishing upon a more permanent foundation the glorious institutions which so long rendered the name of the republic honored at home and respected abroad. In the language of William L. Goggin, of Virginia, and late of the Confederate army: “Let us be determined, *ever hereafter*, to bind the stars and stripes upon the ramparts of the Constitution, and in sunshine or in storm, in peace or in war, to hail *them alone* as the true emblems of the land of our fathers, as they shall ever be of the home of our children!”

As citizens of this old State of Maryland we have much to feel proud of—much to thank God for. Upon the very border—with hostile armies surging back and forth over our soil, year after year—connected by blood and social ties with those who lifted the arm of rebellion—our faith and loyalty have continued inviolate; and if, during a short reign of terror, the polar star of duty seemed to be hidden from view, it was but the drifting of a cloud over its fair surface, leaving its radiance purer and clearer for the momentary obscuration. No State