

been imminent. Mr. Buchanan was not General Jackson. Eminent in many things he lacked constancy and courage—two qualities which, in times of danger, are of more avail than a thousand other virtues. He tampered with what was plain, palpable treason. He vacillated when to do so was crime under his inauguratory oath. He allowed his closet to be invaded by disunionists—his treasury to be robbed, his arsenals and armories to be plundered—his flag to be dishonored—his country's *prestige* to be abased. Where Scott, like Jackson, would have armed for successful resistance—would have gibbeted for example—would have invaded for peace—Mr. Buchanan folded his hands and counted the hours for his term of office to expire when he should be rid both of his oath and his responsibilities. The true men of the country stood aghast at the President's unfitness for the crisis, for all saw that, ere his term expired, the revolutionists would succeed in plunging not one, but five or more States into the wild vortex of their mad schemes.

Amid all this excitement and painful display of weakness on the part of the President, Scott stood firm, ever ready to act as a true citizen and soldier. The country looked to him in hope, feeling that all would be safe in his hands. The army began to disintegrate—its officers to “resign” and take up arms against their old flag—the forts and arsenals were given up, one after another—the Major-General commanding in the Department of Texas, with infamous betrayal of trust and unparalleled effrontery, *contracted* to deliver his garrisons, arms and *loyal men* to those who, as the consideration for the *transfer*, gave the promise that all those arms, garrisons and, if possible, the men, should be turned against the country which had given him all the honor, means and position he possessed. But, not all these things served to dismay the patriotic men of the East, North and West so long as Winfield Scott was true to his oath and his flag.

He is true! His faith is the faith of our fathers—his devotion is that of our fathers—his constancy is that of our fathers. May he be spared to see his insulted flag planted over every fortress, every Government building, every highway from the Potomac to the Rio Grande!