

*Cayuga Chief*

Auburn, N. Y.

Tuesday Morning, December 25<sup>th</sup>, 1855

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**From “The False and the True: An Address by Thurlow W. Brown, in Preston, on Sunday, November 11, 1855”**

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Heroism has its false and true. The true is not that of the field of battle. The flaunting of banners, the swell of music, the roar of cannon and the sweeping rush of armed squadrons, is intoxicating. Under such excitement men madly rush upon death – and the world applaud. On the so-called field of honor, men stand up and shoot at each other; but they dread the brand of coward more than an enemy’s aim. A thousand-fold more heroic is he who has the nerve to bid defiance to the taunt of cowardice, and refuse to defy God and sacrifice himself at the demand of a bloody code. The world – its every-day life – is full of moral heroism before which that of the battle-field grows dim. When the *Arctic* was slowly going down, Holland stood calmly by his gun, and its last alarm appeal, as the waters met upon the deck, was his knell. *The helmsman of the ill-fated Erie is not forgotten; when the steamer was wrapt in flames, he calmly stood at the wheel and kept the prow shoreward, the cords burning into cinders upon his arms, and his body dropping into the fiery furnace of the hold. They meet death face to face, and yield their own lives to save those of others.* “More steam!” cried the captain of a lake steam- [c.3] er, when she was rapidly drifting before the storm upon the breakers. “It will not do!” was the answer of the engineer. “*More steam or we are lost!*” was thundered the third time, the breakers then booming directly ahead. With compressed lips, the engineer emptied barrels, of oil into the furnace, and then jumped astride the safety valve and held it down. As the flames in the furnace kindled up with a fearful intensity, a shiver ran through the throbbing machinery, for a moment the trembling fabric was poised amid the boiling waters, and then slowly and sullenly moved away from the fatal shore. Three hundred lives were saved. It is such heroism which should be commemorated in marble, for it needs a heart truly brave to stand silently in such positions and look death unfalteringly in the eye. There are not nobler illustrations of moral courage on record than are furnished in American history. When young Hale was tempted with gold and honors of promotion, if he would desert his country, he proudly answered from the scaffold: “*No! I only regret that I have not a thousand lives, instead of one to spare my country!*” He died with a prayer for his mother and his country, upon his lips. “There are so many by that name,” said one signer of the Declaration of Independence to another, “that they will not know who to hang, when we are taken.” With a steady hand, the patriot again took the pen, and added the

name of his residence. “*Charles Carroll, of Carrollton,*” will ever live in the scripture of Revolutionary fame. . . . .

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Auburn

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The *Cayuga Chief*, published at Auburn, is to be removed to Wisconsin, where Thurlow W. Brown\*, some eighteen months since, took up his residence “among the maples.” The *Chief* has done valiant service in the cause of temperance and human rights in the Empire State, that it will be equally chivalrous and efficient in the “prairie West,” is our devout wish. – *N.Y. Reformer*.

May the chief ever merit the good words of the “**REFORMERS.**”

\*Thurlow W[eed] Brown, 1819-1866.