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BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

O F

Rutgers College,

B Y

REV. GEORGE JUNKIN, D. D : L. L. D.

JULY 1st, 1856.

5 NEW YORK :

PRUDEN & MARTIN, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 13 SPRUCE ST.

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PEITHESSOPHIAN HALL, July 2d, 1856.

REV. GEORGE JUNKIN, D. D.: L. L. D.

SIR:—At a meeting of the Peithessophian Society, it was unanimously resolved, "That the thanks of the Society be presented to Rev. GEO. JUNKIN D.D.: L.L.D., for his able and highly interesting address, and that a copy of the same be requested for publication." We, the Committee, respectfully submit the above resolution, trusting that you will accede to the request of the Society.

Yours, &c.

CHARLES M. HERBERT,
PHILLIP BERRY,
EDW'D MILLER.

Committee.

[COPY.]

MESSRS CHAS. M. HERBERT, PHILLIP BERRY, and EDW'D MILLER,

Committee.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor of acknowledging your note of this day, requesting a copy of my address delivered yesterday before the Peithessophian and Philoclean Societies of Rutgers College, for publication. I beg to say, in assenting to your flattering and complimentary request, that this address was prepared with the expectation of delivery within three days before two different audiences—one North, one South. It was designed thereby to feel the public pulse on the great public question. Circumstances rendered its delivery before a Virginia audience impracticable, and I am *therefore* the more decidedly willing to have it thrown before the public, that my friends South may see it, and how I talked among Northern men.

With many wishes and prayers for the prosperity and success of your Alma Mater, and for yourselves personally, I remain

Your humble servant,

GEO. JUNKIN.

A D D R E S S .

YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE PLITHESOPHIAN
AND OF THE PHILOCLEAN SOCIETIES :—

“ EVERY human mind is necessarily analytical and analogical : it belongs to the Creator alone to produce absolute originals.” This profound remark of America’s most profound and eloquent Biblical expositor, has been verified a thousand times since its utterance, and is now verified in passing events. There is no new thing under the sun. Though modern infidelity has discovered that “if God be not everything he is nothing,” it is only a *discovery* to those in whose minds “there is no remembrance of former things ;” for infinite wisdom, a thousand years before He appeared in human flesh, assured His church that “the fool hath said in his heart, *there is no God.*” Modern Pantheism is merely ancient Atheism, once forgotten and again remembered. “The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be ; and that which is done is that which shall be done.” The French savan in his deep philosophy of “the true, the beautiful and the good,” which originates a trinity in the human mind, and then merges it in the wine, roast beef, and plum pudding trinity of the great English philosopher, has only dug up the old bones of a philosophy that had gone to sleep in the days of David and Solomon. So the amateurs in the fine arts, who have made the

wonderful discovery, that the human mind is the originator of beauty; and the Creator of that mind is but the copyist from His own creatures' works, who seem to think that there is more beauty in the sculptured marble than in "the human form divine;" who bow down before the daubings of Rubens and the chiselings of Michael Angelo, but see little or no beauty in the Lord and Maker of them all, that they should admire Him; or in the living, fearfully and wonderfully made originals, the productions of whose rude resemblance has immortalized the chisel of the one, and the pencil of the other. These amateurs have produced nothing new; they have merely happened upon some fossil deposits of an ante-Roman, or, perchance, an ante-deluvian age. The materialistic philosophy which formed the basis of the fine arts practised among the descendants of Tubal Cain, is reproduced by the same school in our own day; and the mystic philosophy of the Rhine, the Seine and the Cam, is but the ancient Alpheus re-bubbling up his waters, not pure and limpid as of yore, but foul and fœtid, from the fathomless fountains of a modern Arethusa.

But, my respected audience, you are not to understand me as objecting to investigations in the fields of physical science. Far from it. Let the plowshare run deep; let its broad furrows roll over on all the vast plain, and throw up to the admiring gaze, exhaustless treasures hid in the sand. Let all her engines be called into requisition to draw up from the deep mines of nature the boundless treasures of old Plutus; and let her suck the abundance of the seas; but then, let her not lose sight of the God of nature, and Issacher-like bow down between her base burdens of earthly matter.

Nor do we object to speculative philosophy—not at all.

But let her also know, that she has nothing to speculate *upon*, or to speculate *with*, but as she borrows the one and the other from the grand original—the Creator of matter and the former of Spirit. The philosophy whose start-point is outside of God will find its terminus in atheism—the most absurd of all absurdities. Oh ! there is a sublime philosophy in the remark of that strange genius, John Randolph, of Roanoke, who, when he had ascended to the summit of Virginia's loftiest peak, and surveyed in dread and solemn silence the richness and the beauty, the grandeur and the glory of the scene spread out before him, turned to his servant with strong excitement, and overpowering emotion, and said, "John, if any man says there is no God, tell him he lies !" Yes, my hearers, the philosophy which begins in God, and is wrought in God, will end in God. "I am Alpha and Omega." Perhaps this is the only truth which cannot be proved, because its self-evidence is greater and stronger, and higher, and more overpowering upon the human belief than any other truth. And yet arguments, long and labored, have been instituted for its demonstration. To me they appear like the reasonings of one who would construct syllogisms to convince and lead me to a belief in the existence of yonder sun. They all assume the thing to be proved, and fall short of the conviction already existing in the mind. Infinite wisdom pronounces the atheist a fool, and *quoud hoc*, he is incapable of reasoning.

No, all that man's mind can do is to analyse the works of God—Material and Spiritual. Hence all originals : our conceptions are mere copies and always imperfect. These we take up and retrace synthetically to their source ; and thus we seem to prove his being, which we had really assumed at the outset.

These remarks prepare the way for one upon "The History of European Civilization." It is a singular fact, that in the course of his very learned and fascinating, and really philosophical lectures on this topic, the author makes no mention of the Bible, nor—unless I am greatly mistaken—any direct allusion to it, nor any precise and express reference to Christianity as a spiritual religion. The last is indeed brought forward as an element, but only in its socio-political aspects; not as a system of heart-sanctifying truths. This might be easily accounted for, had the author been a Romanist; but for a Protestant to write a history of *European* civilization with such an hiatus is passing strange. It is like a history of the American Revolution with Washington left out. Two reasons, however, suggest themselves; the one from his political position, and the character of his auditory; the other from his own religious character.

But now, the omitted agency is the very one which a christian philosopher wishes above all to understand—the influence of the Bible, and its literature in civilizing Europe. The physico-social development and the intellectual, we have no objection to, but to omit the better half of the inner man, when he professes to treat him all—ah! this abyss between Christ and human civilization, is it fixed and must it always be? Had the Bible nothing to do in civilizing modern Europe?

We admit gladly the great benefits to man, from the improvements in physics—the useful and the fine arts have been carried to a higher pitch of perfection where true religion was unknown; so intellectual culture, as contradistinguished from moral has run up. So it was in ancient times. Egypt and Babylon, Athens and old Rome were in these regards highly refined and civilized nations.

So modern Paris is the centre, according to M. Guizot—and the world assents to it—of refinement. Yet, nevertheless, in the higher type of civilization—that which regards man as a moral and immortal intelligence—the ancient cities were infinitely behind christian cities of modern times. So Paris herself is at once the most barbarous and the most highly civilized city on the globe. In mere physical development she stands unrivalled—she rules the fashions of the world. So, too, is it in regard to purely intellectual progress. But then her ignorance and her atrocities within the sphere of the higher civilization are equally transcendent. More brutal barbarism the sun never blushed at, than has been enacted in her streets ; and at her unhallowed sexual and other impurities the moon turns pale. We might very justly parody Pope's thrust at Bacon.

“ Do parts attract thee ? Think how Paris shined, ”
 “ The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

But what now has an unchained Bible done for civilization ? This we must answer with extreme brevity. Look at England. When the Bible was set free within her realm three hundred years ago, she had a population of three and a quarter millions, now over twenty six—an increase of about eight fold. France then had twelve millions—now thirty six—an increase of three fold. Scotland, when she received a free Bible, had less than three quarters of a million—now more than three millions. But numbers may not measure civilization. What then was the moral and religious state, and where was liberty ? Liberty ! Like the Bible, its revealer, it was under the feet of brutal tyranny. Where is she now ? Let “ the meteor flag of England,” as it covers the free and the brave, flouts the pale blue sky, and reflects the light of yonder sun from

every mountain wave, and every clime under heaven's broad canopy, proclaim the response. Where there is no free Bible, how is the higher civilization, and where is liberty? Let the iron sceptre of despotism crush out the wailing response from the heart-broken millions of Italy, of Spain, of Austria, of Russia, yea. of beautiful France, of republican France. Oh! the moral degradation of religious bondage, even of civilized republican France: and what then is freedom of conscience in other parts of despotie Europe?

But we must return a moment. Where is that rocky desolation upon which Julius Cæsar found it impossible to winter a Roman Legion? Where! Britannia, reversing the case of the fabled island of the poets, was first cut loose.

“ Delos, jam stabili revincta terra,
Olim purpureo mari natabant,
Et moto levis hinc et inde vento,
Ibat fluctibus inquieta summis.”

But she did not long float unquiet o'er the summit waves, until a gracious Providence interposed,

“ Mox illam geminis deus catenis,
Hæc alta Gyro ligavit, illæ
Constanti Myæono dedit tenendam.”

Now and forever she is bound by no fabled deity, but by the God of Heaven, not to two miserable barren rocks in the midst of that narrow pool, called the Mediterranean, but to a mighty continent, itself bounding and limiting the two mightiest oceans of the globe: bound, not by two chains of iron, but by the everlasting bonds of a common Bible and a common blood. Yes, my friends, England has passed, not like Europa, across the Hellespont, on the back of a bull, but across the wide Atlantic, upon the

back of "a great eagle, with great wings, long winged, full of feathers, which had divers colors, and which took them and bear them on her wings." "So the Lord alone did lead them, and there was no strange god with them." And, to change the figure, "In the mountain of the height of Israel will I plant it; and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar: and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell."

Yes, Americans! The Anglo-Saxon race has emigrated "to the lands that caught the setting light;" not, indeed, in large masses did the eagle discern their approach,

"But they came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave,
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave,
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

"And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong,
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song.
And over their bright and glancing arms
On field and lake and sea,
With an eye that fires and a spell that charms
I guide them to victory!"

Yes, fellow citizens, Albion is an Island, cut loose in all the deep feelings of her soul, from the crushed homes of freedom in the old world, and bound by all that is tenderly endearing in community of blood, and all the cords of love generated by that higher civilization, so little known on the continent of Europe, bound to the Anglo Saxon race on this broad land,

“ Where no pent up Utica contracts our powers
 But the whole boundless continent is ours.”
 Yes, “ All hail ! thou noble land,
 Our fathers’ native soil !”

Thou art soon to comprehend only a mere fragment of the dominant race : whilst we shall swell, before the end of the present century, to a hundred and ten millions. Still we shall be one race, and have one Bible, and one civilization.

“ While the manners, while the arts
 That mould a nation’s soul
 Still cling around our hearts,—
 Between let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun ;
 Yet still from either beach,
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 We are one !”

Already, my friends, have I made a considerable advance toward the heart of my subject, without a distinct communication of it,—

OUR NATIONAL POSITION.

Logically, in view of this vast theme, the questions would pour in upon us, thus : Where ? How ? When ? What ? Wherefore ? Where am I ? How came I hither ? When came I ? What is my position ? Wherefore—for what wise ends ? But this simple and natural order has been already violated in the onward flow of feeling, rather than of thought : and as the second has been most largely anticipated, let us finish it first.

How came we into our present national position ? The substance of the response is already in your possession ;—an unchained Bible—a free Bible enfranchised the souls

of our fathers from the bondage of sin, and kindled in them an intense desire to worship God in a "church without a bishop," and to serve man in "a state without a king." Startled at this heaven-generated and Bible-born doctrine, the giant despot of the world aroused all his agencies, and leagued them together to put out its light, and again to chain the Bible in his own den. Religious disabilities and bloody persecutions forced our fathers from their ancestral homes. Every colony but the first was the direct result of this effort to chain down the word of God. This drove the woman into the wilderness, symbolically and literally. The Bible therefore became their chart across the Atlantic, and faith stood at the helm and guided every vessel to these wilderness shores. No wonder this nation loves the word of God. Here they find their simple democratic religion, as Burke somewhere calls it, the very element of their political freedom. The fundamental doctrine of federal representation lies at the basis of both covenants, and of their civil institutions.

When came they hither? In 1607 and 1620, and at many other points of time, until July 4th, '76, when they became a confederacy of nations, by cutting the cord political which bound them to the mother country. In 1790 they became one nation, under one constitution—when this life-ligature brought bone to his bone, and bound the *disjecta membra* into one compact body. Before this they had no government, but only advisory councils and committees. Now, by the *unity* of the diverse—E PLURIBUS UNUM, they are ONE NATION. *Esta perpetua*, while sun and moon endure!

Where? It is our next inquiry, and we may answer it geographically, fiscally, intellectually, morally and politically. To the first only, however, can we respond

without running into the next, and answering the *What*.

Geographically, then, we stand betwixt two boundless oceans. Not like Israel of old, between a lake and a pond. Not like gigantic Russia, between an arm of a sea on the one hand, and a branch of a lake on the other. But we cover the vast temperate zone from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have thousands of miles of coast, thrown open to face the commerce of all the world. In the other direction, from the regions of almost eternal snows, to the perpetual buddings of the tropical summer. Nor is it at all unlikely, that we shall be obliged, by the laws of charity, to throw the broad folds of the stars and stripes over the poverty-stricken and priest-cursed republics on our southern borders, simply to protect them from themselves and from suicide. Almost equally probable, though not so imminent, is the movement on our northern quarter, by which England, when feeling herself about to sink under the crushing weight of a despotic alliance just now beginning its formation, turning a wishful eye toward her first-born of colonies, will exclaim, "Save me, or I perish!" and will fling her American possessions, aye, and herself, too, into the arms of our protection.

When that day shall come,—and come, I think, it will, and we shall have warned Russia off from the North-west coast, our boundary will be from pole to burning line. But let us contract the wings of our imagination; let the eagle stir up her own nest, and flutter over her own young. Our actual territory, inclusive of its location mid oceans, gives us a national position hitherto unknown in the annals of the world. Rome, territorially, and otherwise the greatest, never had facilities for commerce; for, until her later acquirements westward, just at the commencement of her decline, she was an inland nation. To the great oceans

she was a stranger. Navigation to her was a keel-boat amusement ; commerce, a trade in small marketing. Our Octogenarian Eagle spreads a wider wing than Rome's at eight hundred !

But this leads towards the "What !" and we had better let this last coalesce with the "Where ;" for our geographical position has everything to do with our fiscal powers—our resources physical—Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce. All soils we have, and in them, all exuberance ; all climates, and by them all varieties of earth's teeming bounties ; all minerals, from the almost worthless gold up to the invaluable iron and coal ; and in them the measureless means of developing the unknown capacities of our soils for producing the necessities and the luxuries of life, and so far indefinite increase of a laboring population. But the law here is well settled—population is directly as the means of comfortable subsistence ; so that our vast agricultural resources seem to remove to an almost indefinite distance, the starvation boundary where population presses upon the means of subsistence.

But if the depth of the soil and the depth of the mine are not to be fathomed for centuries to come, who can measure the height of the column agricultural which must be constructed over them ? And then, manufacturing industry, and the fiscal power it generates are measureless as the former, for they produce the material upon which that industry operates. And here we must anticipate one department of the intellectual field. Our mechanical ingenuity is a fiscal energy ; and no people on the earth, or that have dwelt on it, at least since the great deluge, have been gifted by indulgent heaven with so large a capital in this kind. Our scientific power, embodied in our mechanical ingenuity is working mightily toward the redemp-

tion of man from the painfulness of that physical curse, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." For all labor-saving machinery, from the spinning wheel to the rover, and the jenny of ten thousand spindles; from the wheelbarrow to the iron horse, whose snortings are heard from Dan to Beersheba; from the foot-pad with his mail pouch on his back, to the *Morseum*; from the toothless reaping hook, to the wide swathed M'Cormick—all, all proclaim for labor, alleviation to its sorrows, and increase to its comforts. By this power America is extending her dominion over man; at this hour she is levying contributions upon all kingdoms, and subsidizing all nations. The Sublime Porte long since doffed his turban to the American shipwright. The Czar of all the Russias sits *tete-a-tete* with an American Engineer. His Imperial Majesty of the Brazils buys American engineering talent at royal prices. Scientific France pays her most profound obeisance, as the American iron horse gulphs up the waters of the Seine, and thunders along in the suburbs of the civilized world. Even proud old mother England seems ashamed of her own very natural jealousy upon sight of her oldest daughter passing her in the race of improvement, and winning the applause of the nations; and shows no fidgety nervousness at the thundering roar of American cars on English rails, or American lightning snapping into her ears intelligence from Paris or Vienna, Sevastopol or St. Petersburg. Why should the old lady be any longer jealous? Is not she like her daughter an iron nation? Is not the Anglo-Saxon race an *iron race*? Is it not by working as an artificer in this peculiarly Anglo-Saxon product, it has placed itself upon its lofty iron throne, as protector of humanity—as Guardian of the Liberties of the world? Let then the Jew, with his financial talent dealing in gold, subsidize the nations; but let America, with her mechanical talent work-

ing in iron, and the arts of peace, bind them in stronger and more enduring bonds.

We have now erected another column, high and glorious, and are prepared to throw across the summits of these two, the triumphal arch of civilization--so far as physical improvement is embraced in it. Commerce, though often the occasion of war, belongs to the arts of peace. Our geographical position ensures to us the commerce of the world. No people ever had such facilities. The entire material for ship-building we produce within ourselves. The mechanical skill we possess is nowhere exceeded. Our natural harbours are everything, as to number, safety and position, that can be desired. Accordingly, despite the temporary check, and forced change of capital from commerce to manufactures along our northern seaboard, by the restrictive measures of Mr. Jefferson, it soon revived, and has kept steadily ahead ever since : so that in our eightieth year, we have the largest commercial marine in the world. To this there is added the vast impulse of the Pacific trade, which, in a sense, it is impossible for us to avoid monopolizing, so great are our advantages in that wide water over everything that floats. What a vast expansive arch ! Its eastern segment butting against the Pyrenees and western Europe ; its western against the Himmalehs and eastern Asia ; its middle segment, which must be made of iron, cutting our mighty continent in two, whilst it binds it together ! Is it conceivable that the United States will refuse or neglect to supply the iron key-stone to this stupendous arch, while she is an iron nation, and all her mountains full of iron and coal ? No ! surely such short-sighted policy cannot long control such a far-seeing people. No ! America will complete the semicircle. A work, not of such high national importance simply, but of such deep concern to the wide world, will

not long stand unfinished, an object of jeering and scorn to our national imbecility. Oh no! such dishonor does not await our loved and honored Union. I see already the crimson flush suffuse her cheek; I see the big heart of the nation swell at the grand conception. She glances for a moment at the two grand pillars of the nation's physical and fiscal prosperity—*Agriculture, Manufactures*—the crowning arch of commerce, she sees almost complete, wanting—wanting only the vast iron key, to perfect its symmetry and secure its perpetuity; she springs to her feet, and by one mighty effort drops in the crowning key; and there it stands complete—agriculture, manufactures and commerce, the grand triumphal arch, over which the nations, all must pass in their onward movement to the higher civilization. And there it will stand in its glory, when the triumphal monuments of Alexander and Hadrian, of Napoleon and Wellington shall have crumbled to dust.

The old song that nature degenerates in the New World is now out of fashion. Alas! fashions will change, and tailors, bonnet-makers and ballad-singers must change their stock or lose their change. There is now no Dr. Johnson to ask, "Who reads an American book?" Poor Johnson! he is himself shipped away into the dust of ages behind Noah's flood. Who reads an English Dictionary?

But I may not enter the intellectual field in a belligerent attitude. The Gittite is dead, the Philistines have decamped, and the glory of victory over such foes as remain, would not be worth the smoke or the gas of the conflict. Oh, no! The world admits that America has intellect—yea, even genius. And although by no means as fully developed, as it is in some countries, and as is most highly desirable; yet the intellect of the nation is more univer-

sally waked up, than that of any nation of ancient or modern times. This is the peculiarity of our intellectual position. In other lands and all ages, education has been a monopoly ; the idea of its universality was never entertained, and of course no effort was ever made to realize it. Of consequence from this and the shortness of time since we became a nation, it must necessarily result, that many instances of superior intelligence must occur in the older nations. A glance, however, at our educational systems must soon satisfy every thinking mind, that a very high position is in prospect for us. Literature, Science and the Arts, useful and ornamental, are now cultivated by many even enthusiastically. The highest and most important of the sciences—Theology, is cultivated more abundantly and successfully than in any country. But this leads to another distinct topic.

What is our position *morally* ? The proper answer must be, *on the Word of God*. The nation's morality, as well as its religion professedly rests on this rock. We are a divided people religiously as truly, and as really as we are in a civil or political sense : and precisely analogous, in practical fact, though not in organic form, is our condition in reference to the Bible, as to the constitution and the union. We are a united people in the great fundamental principles of religion and morality, and submit to the arbitrament of the Bible : but where there are differences of interpretation, we have no grand tribunal—no infallible judge to decide between sects. We just agree to differ. A consequence of this perfect religious liberty and right of private judgment is substantial agreement, with circumstantial diversity. Hence sects. But where the right of private judgment is denied and religious freedom forbidden to man, there they have circumstantial agreement and substantial diversity—agreement in ceremonies

and trifling observances, with utter disregard of fundamental principles. Their unity is the union of knaves in the bond of hypocrisy ; our diversity is a diversity about trifles in the bonds of peace, love and truth.

The sects, then, are our national peculiarity, but they are the guardianship of our truth, purity, safety and union : and woe to this land, when the sects pass away and all men agree in one religious creed. In the present state of the race, minute uniformity of doctrinal belief can result only from a want of thought, and can exist only by a universal moral paralysis, or the coldness of a spiritual death.

The idol of uniformity, indeed, haunted our fathers, after their arrival upon these shores, although they had fled from the persecutions which the idol had stirred up. It required a century more to teach the important lesson, that now floats with our flag on the breezes of every clime—we are many ; we are one !

As our common law in state and church is based professedly on the Bible, we are accordingly a Sabbath-keeping people. This great national institution, placed in the universal statute book of nations, by the Creator of them all, is part of our national policy. A large amount of woe-ful desecration of the day of sacred rest, doubtless exists all over the land ; but still the truth is general, we are a Sabbath-keeping nation. This day of rest and moral and religious culture is recognized in all our legislation—State and national ; and in all the great movements of all the governments and general habits, customs and observances of the people.

A farther consequence of this freedom in religion, is our missionary character. Having long experienced the blessedness of a free Bible and a free mind ; having full knowledge of their effect in consolidating the foundations

of all our institutions—civil, political, literary, scientific, social, all—we have been awaked to a sense of their importance to other nations, and a desire to disseminate the glad tidings over all the earth. Our position relatively to them is one of thrilling interest in this behalf; and we have begun to feel our obligations. But I must reserve this thought for its proper place, and proceed to

Our position *political*: and this as to internal and to external relations.

Perhaps it is a nostrum, but your speaker has long felt it necessary to dissent from the theory of the individual man's solitary and insulated position by nature; and that thus viewed, he has his largest liberty: that he voluntarily enters into a social compact—i. e. constitutes society; and in so doing, yields some of his natural rights as a consideration for having the remainder better secured.

On the contrary, I hold that society is, by his Creator's act, the natural state of man. He is born in society; he lives in society, and he cannot live out of it. No man can expatriate himself from society without committing suicide. Yea, more, that government, too, is an ordinance of God, not a device of human ingenuity. The form, indeed, and the particular agency, i. e. the officers of government, God has left to the members of society to mould and appoint: but the thing itself—the great principles of law, and the necessity of their application, and the power of government—all are of God; there is no power but of God. Man surrenders no rights when he enters into society. At his entrance he is incapable of it; he is a helpless infant, and has the right of protection and never can lose it but by forfeiture of life after maturity. The right of self-protection he never *surrendered*, but he *assumes* it, as soon as his powers for its exercise mature: and he cannot surrender it afterwards; but if his own powers are not

adequate, he has the right of requisition upon society to aid him with all its force. Such, I suppose, are the teachings of the Bible and sound philosophy ; and on these principles rest our political institutions—our national and State governments. In the formation of these governments man had little to do, God did every thing. No created intellect laid the scheme of these republics ; the very men employed by their Originator to execute His divine and glorious plan, until very near its completion, had not even a dreamy conception of the work, as a whole, in which they themselves were employed. The feller of timber in the solitudes of Lebanon, the driver of the ox-teams that dragged the logs to the sea, the raftmen that floated them to Tyre, the quarry-men, and the stone-cutters that squared the blocks and fitted them for their place—none of these had a clear knowledge of the glorious edifice for whose erection they labored. Without such knowledge each performed the part assigned him, and the better for his ignorance of the whole stupendous plan. So in the more glorious erection upon these western shores, man had a simple executive agency, and without him the work could not be carried on ; but the divine Architect alone saw the whole magnificent structure, and the relations of that whole. He directed by His unerring eye, and aided by his own invisible hand, each workman, in his several location—the hewer of timber, the hewer of stone, the founder in brass and iron, the sculptor in wood, the goldbeater and the carpenter ; and when each had accomplished and completed his part, he guided every movement ; no clamorous clashing of weapons was heard, no war-mallet and battle-axe, but part came to his part, as if drawn by an invisible, yet invincible attraction ; and the glorious temple of liberty arose in all the gracefulness of her symmetry, the elegance of her proportions, the massive grandeur of

her strength, the unity of her design, the majestic sublimity of her original conception—E PLURIBUS UNUM! And there she stands in the very centre of the world; the joy of the whole earth. Behold her! The eyes of the nations are fixed upon her. The exiled sons of freedom from all climes, turn their bleeding footsteps toward her shrine. Crushed humanity directs its face toward her, and strains its eyeballs to catch a ray of her glory, and sighs forth its heart's dying groan for her communion; where liberty dwells, oh! there be my home!

Yes, fellow citizens, this magnificent temple enshrines the temporal hopes of bleeding, groaning humanity. The Siberian exile, and the Russian serf, the Hungarian and the Polish peasant, the Austrian and the German boor, have heard of American freedom, and do sigh for its enjoyment. The light of her shekinah has penetrated the dark dungeons of the inquisition, and thrilled the bosom of many a Copernicus, a Sylvio Pelico and a Madiat.

Now, my friends, north and south—friends of freedom, all! Shall this glorious Temple of Liberty—this *chef d'œuvre* of the Almighty Architect, this central attraction of an enslaved world—shall it be hurled down and torn to atoms? And like another Bastille, by the deluded and misguided friends of Liberty! Shall the stars and stripes which bear your commerce and your thunder in triumph over the waves of all the oceans, and float in sublime majesty over yon magnificent temple, be trampled in the mire, and torn into ribbons, and worn in derision beside the stars and garters of a titled despotism, in all the enslaved nations! What say you? *No!* "The union, it must be preserved!"

I knew ye would say so. *Nil desperandum de republica.* The master idea in an American head is *Union*. The dominant feeling in every American heart is *UNION*. And

never, since our Joshua, on the bank of the Jordan, was inaugurated before the angel of the Lord, has the glorious idea of UNION sunk deeper into the American heart, than *now*, in this very distracted hour. Why! it is the very depth and strength of this feeling, which everywhere generates this prurient anxiety and trembling apprehension about dissolution. Away, then, with this unhallowed hallucination! Who wants to dissolve the union? Who? Who! in all the land does not repel the insinuation against himself as a charge of treason? What party does not repel it, and if brought, hurl it back upon the other as the very charge of blackest crime? Oh no! away with this foolish idea! "The Union, it must be preserved." This is not an open question. The American mind and heart cannot and will not discuss it. We are divided, yet ONE. This is our unique character. This is God's revelation to America. Revolutionary France had it not, and on the rock of this ignorance her noble vessel split, and her flag, "one and indivisible," went down in a sea of blood. She sowed dragons' teeth, and she reaped monsters. On the contrary we are MANY—we are ONE. We have union without consolidation; central power without centralism; a centripetal force, with an exact balance of a projectile impulse; a sun around which 13 planets at first revolved, without each disturbing the other, or all the central ruling body; but now the 3 and the 1 have interchanged, and we have thirty-one planets in the same zodiac, all moving on in their several orbits, and keeping up a perfect balance without serious perturbations. Such new ones as may yet be hurled forth as tangents to the great circle, may be some little time in tracing out their true path; but the laws of attractive and repulsive power, are unalterable as their great Author; and these, too, cannot be left to roam long in the wide zodiac. A few revolutions will

bring them to *position*, as our military friends say, and whether little and hot, like planets near the sun, or large and cool, they will roll on in their appointed spheres, with all their companions, great and small.

“ Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.”

Our position in regard to the rest of the world is that of one family to another. Families can live near to each other in bonds of peace and friendship, but they cannot so live in the same house, commingling together. So national peace and commercial harmony require segregation and seclusion, but not morose non-intercourse. Two circumstances render close and entangling alliances unnecessary and easily avoidable: one has been mentioned. Our vast expanse and consequent variety of soil, climate and production, renders it almost unnecessary for us to seek such alliances even for commercial purposes. We are a great family; but, moreover, divided into great families, so that our family commerce, within our own lines—especially if the third great segment of the arch were completed—exceeds our foreign, both in magnitude and value: we are a family of nations at home.

The other is the circumstance mentioned in Washington's *legacy*. “ Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course ”—from foreign alliances. Ours is a system Copernican, complete within itself, and need not disturb and conflict with others. And if, as we have seen, without any unkind intermeddling, we may and do subsidize the nations by our mechanical genius and other intellectual powers, much more may we and do we operate an analogous influence for good upon the political destinies of the world. We have not been sent

on a crusade of destruction like the Israelites into Canaan. Ours is a mission of mercy. Ours is a "masterly inactivity"—"stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Or as Isaiah says, "Their strength is to sit still." Let our shekinah loom forth upon the nations from our temple of Liberty, and it will guide their feet through the Red sea of many a bloody revolution, and the sands of many an howling desert to the peaceful Canaan of the brave and the free.

These remarks run us on from the "what"—to the "wherefore!" The reasons for which we occupy this position; the obligations of it are various. Why has God given us such boundless fiscal resources? Why has He held us up a spectacle to the world's gaze—a mighty nation with a most efficient executive government, without any national debt, and burdened only with the puzzling question about the disposal of her surplus revenue; and all this, too, when she is only beginning to develop her resources.

And then our intellectual energies, our moral and religious life; our political powers; what do all these call for? Can these ten talents be designed as a deposit in the cold earth! Duties, then, great and solemn be upon us. Only a few dare we delay to touch.

Morally, we are destined to teach the nations a pure religion. This covers all our vast missionary field. America can put a Bible in every family on the globe, and an Expositor of it in every thousand of earth's teeming population. Let every American christian look at the facts, make his own calculations, and do his own duty: then let him look up for the approximating millennial day. This is our work: we are the most competent to it, and the fittest for it of all the nations. The Bible made us what we are, and we are bound to make it appear to the nations

what it is. The Anglo-Saxon, as improved by its contributions levied upon all tongues, is destined to be the missionary language over the whole field.

Another duty of our national position is to fight down, and to death, the atheistical philosophies of Europe—especially of the Continent, “that small field where kings ran mad,” but where now philosophers, who have ignored kings and politics, and governments, and common-sense, run both mad and crazy. The philosophy of North Briton; the philosophy of common sense, which is the all-pervading system in the American intellect has this work to do, and she will do it.

This is no trifling task, but it is necessary as a means to the higher duty just mentioned. Should our country be flooded with the atheistical speculations of the Continent, our Bible perishes, our foundations of morality are swept away, our laws are nullified, our courts of justice become a farce, and their oaths a bugbear, our political foundations sink in the maelstrom; and our glorious temple of Liberty becomes an engulfed mass of ruins; the experiment of a free self-governing nation the sport of pandemonium. These results flow from a false metaphysics; and there is no prophylactic remedy, but the true philosophy of common sense and the Bible. Our Edwardses must then buckle on the harness, and face the floods of atheistic barbarism, as they roll in from Europe. In view of these unbounded demons, our motto must be, “spare no arrows.”

Nearly related to this gigantic foe of freedom; and yet avowedly hostile to him, whilst actually co-operating to the same end, are the legions of the man of sin—the great apostacy. Roman Catholicism must find its death in America; and here, thanks to the Lamb who carries on the war with this master power of darkness, we have wide grounds and free graves for papists, whilst in Popish ter-

ritory, there is no grave for Protestant corpses. Our duty is to pass the spear-point of truth through the heart of the dragon. Of this he seems to have a presentiment and therefore is most industriously disgorging his legions on our shores, and with an adroitness peculiar, almost to Jesuitism, induces us to build alms-houses, and other places of refuge for the minor children, that their fathers may be the more free to fight for their masters at Rome and Vienna.

Our national position, according to the prophecy of Washington, has so enhanced our power, that despotism while with dropped head and grinning teeth, and glaring eyeballs, it chafes intense desire to spring upon us with hyena ferocity, yet quails and skulks away into the dark dens of its inquisitions, on the one hand, and its lager beer shops, and gay saloons on the other. Open attack is hopeless, therefore the policy—*divide and conquer*. Hence despotism—diabolus incarnate, is wielding these two opposite interests for the accomplishment of one end—utter infidelity and stupid credulity—atheism and papism—lager beer and Falernian wine, no matter what, if only the American people can be so intoxicated that the house shall divide against itself, and so fall, and become an easy prey to the grand enemy.

Thus :

“ Devil with Devil damned,
Firm concord holds”—if perchance

they can only induce freemen to disagree and “live in hatred, enmity and strife,” if only the union can be dissolved, and the hope of freedom to man, be abolished for ever.

You perceive at once, my fellow citizens, that the wise and prudent policy of even the American Fabius becomes thus unavailing. In vain does Washington exclaim, “why

forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? why quit our own, to stand on foreign ground? why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice?" True! very true, and wisely uttered, thou venerated Father of a nation. But then Europe will not suffer us to abide thus in our own far-off home by ourselves. Despotism has disgorged her millions, and brought this battle to our gates. Do you not hear the thunder of her artillery battering upon the walls of our union? "Divide and conquer," in maddened yell bursts forth the watch-word from one wing of this assaulting host; in deafening shout from the other it reverberates, "Divide and conquer."

Yes, my friends, this war is brought to our doors: these battles of popery and atheism against liberty must be fought by American theologians, and American metaphysicians; and these bloodless battles must be fought in the joint use of the Word of God and the reason of man.

These wars of the Lord and of Liberty over, and the hostile legions abashed and driven from the walls of our citadel; what will our position be? and our duty? One hundred millions of freemen, spread over a mighty continent, with a commercial and martial marine whose eagle wings darken all the billows of all the seas; with an agriculture and a mechanism firm as the pillars of our everlasting hills; with a militia, the true *gens-d'arme* of freedom—over ten millions: with seven thousand miles of coast facing all the oceans, indented all along with harbors and bristling with batteries, and breasts ready to man them; and with a Washington—if, indeed, among a hundred millions we can find him—at the head of a government, the most energetic, though not the quickest conceivable. From such a body politic, with gigantic skeleton of

huge granite mountains, with veins and arteries of vast rivers and railroads, and all under the control of electric nerves, terminating in the central deposit of life, what may not the world expect? What ought to be her doings in the eyes of humanity? What does God, who placed us in this position, expect of us?

I answer, besides the duties already enumerated, to be *Atlantic* and *Pacific*, like our own mighty oceans—to bear upon our shoulders the political heavens, and to quiet down the commotions of a sin-agitated earth. The balance of power over the civilized world will then be in our hands. Even now, the opinion of America is a notable element in the deliberations of parliaments and cabinet councils, the world over: then no great question will be decided among the nations, without our advice and consent. Toward the great Republic will all eyes turn before any modification of international law will be determined on. American diplomatists will be of the quorum, whenever a congress of nations shall sit upon the destinies of humanity. Should it ever be otherwise, and should combinations of kingdoms be formed to crush out pure christianity, and the liberty which it generates, a note from some future Milton, under the direction of some future Cromwell at the head of the republic, will arrest the sailing of fleets, and the march of armies.

But now, my friends, this responsible, glorious, and proud national position, present and prospective, depends absolutely upon the preservation of our NATIONAL UNION. That gone, the depth of our misery, degradation and dishonor, will be measured by the present height of our felicity, grandeur and glory.

For thirty years our national position, relative to the African race, has appeared to me the grand providential problem of the nineteenth century. God is working out

its solution, and glorious will be the result—and the time of the end is near. Through the follies, crimes and cruelties of Spain, Holland, Portugal, France, England and America there have been thrown upon this continent, three millions of the race whom God hath painted black and brought hither. Why did God bring them? Had He no wise purpose? Does He work by guess? If this is blasphemy, why brought He the African to these shores?

God's actual doings are the exponent infallible of His designs. "What hath God wrought?" He hath christianized more than three millions of His sable sons. A higher and a holier christianity pervades this mass, than does any equal mass of humanity on this globe, except in Britain and America. He has civilized as well as christianized, in two hundred and thirty-six years, a larger portion of human beings than have been civilized and christianized by the agencies of all churches in all the world for the last thousand years. These are facts of history, veritable as she has recorded on any section of her sphere. True, this race is yet rude and coarse: yes, but it has a higher civilization than that of France: it fits man, not for a display of mere physical elegancies and refinements at the Tuilleries, Versailles, or Notre Dame, where a corrupt-hearted usurper of despotic power may soon be crowned by a still more corrupt and despotically inclined tyrant; but it fits him for the glories and refinements of the New Jerusalem, where he shall stand in bright array among the thronged bands washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and shall witness the coronation of the King of Kings.

What, then, does God mean to do with this Africo-American race, just equal in number to the Israelites when they crossed the Red Sea, and to the American Colonies when they crossed the Red Sea of revolution in '76? What will He

do with them? Make use of them to pull down the temple of Liberty, and extinguish the hopes of the world!! Who believes it? If, then, God cannot be guilty of such folly, what will He do with them? Here again His doing is the expositor of His design. He will take them back to the place of their fathers' sepulchres in sufficient numbers to use them for the civilization and christianization of a mighty continent. Here is the grand problem; here its solution. Amid the griping lust of avarice, and the lazy love of ease, and the rage of fanatical ignorance and stupidity, and the malignant plottings and schemings of corrupt president-making demagogues, God is pressing toward the accomplishment of His own blessed and glorious plan for the regeneration and salvation of a continent.—He is now making the wrath of man to praise Him, and when these agitations shall have brought the American people to a realizing apprehension of the difference between a war of revolution or a foreign war, and a civil war, which arrays a mighty nation one half against the other, He will restrain the remainder, and the people—not the demagogues and fanatics—but the mighty CHRISTIAN PEOPLE will stay the sword, and say with one glad voice which will reverberate from ocean to ocean—‘Ye are brethren, marching on toward the conquest of the world for its glorious Master, see that ye fall not out by the way.’ Let the human master exercise all his legal rights, but whenever God shall put it into his heart to send his servant home to his fatherland, let us furnish the means.

Now, my respected audience, there is a way for the accomplishment of this work without danger of collision. Let each of the States pass the same law, requesting Congress to propose an extension of their power, so as to remove existing doubts. Let the proposed amendment to the Constitution run thus—Congress shall have power—

“To appropriate the sum of five millions of dollars annually for the removal to Africa of such colored persons as are free or may become free and willing to go.” This would be but a revival in substance of Mr. Munroe’s plan, which had however primary reference to recaptured Africans. It would leave the question of slavery itself, where God and our constitution leave it, at the bar of individual conscience ; and it would give the United States Government no power over it whatever, whilst it would open a door for the return of captive Africa to his own land. Of course, this movement must begin and be largely carried forward in the southern States, before it would be advisable for the northern to touch it. Should the south and the north unite and two-thirds agree, the emigration of the free blacks would progress as fast as the safety of the two races could allow ; and when free people of color did not offer in sufficient numbers, government might compound with their owners for the purchase of others.

This simple plan would accomplish three grand objects, each of which might be glory enough for one nation.

It would restore to freedom in fact, half a million of men, who are already nominally free, yet forever tantalized and chafed to madness with the perpetual remembrance of their really degraded social and political position.

It would civilize, and christianize, and bring into life and actual being untold millions of their own race, for long ages lost to humanity in the deep and dark solitudes occasioned by the slave trade, and carry representative democracy and the English language in triumph over a vast continent.

And it would save the union. By transmuting all the bad passions which cluster around the slavery agitation, into a heaven-born charity, which aims to accomplish so

stupenduous and benevolent a work, it would create an emulation between the extremes of our American Empire, whose thrilling energies in the cause of humanity and of God, must reinstate in its own masterly power, the great and glorious characteristic—we are many, we are ONE.

And now, young gentlemen of the Peithessophian and of the Philoclean Societies, my engagement has been met ; my work here is done. I have occupied too much time—too much for my capacity—but my heart was full, and none of you will say I have consumed too much time for the grandeur of my theme. You, young and educated men of this glorious UNION! You must do the rest. Into your hands is the God of heaven just about to commit the Trusteeship of the world's redemption. Gird up the loins of your minds, and face the responsibilities of our NATIONAL POSITION. Dare, in the sight of high heaven, to do your duty, faithfully and fearlessly. Never despair concerning the republic. Remember, that whilst there were many synagogues in Israel, there was but one ark and one Temple. So shall peace, prosperity and happiness continue to spread all over this vast continent, and high o'er mountain crag, and briny billow shall continue to wave in elegant simplicity, in unclouded glory, and with untarnished honor, the eagle banner of our GLORIOUS AMERICAN UNION!

