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# THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN THE

# PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

RALEIGH N. C.,

ON THURSDAY, THE 27th NOVEMBER, 1851,

BY

REV. DRURY LACY, PASTOR.



PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.



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RALEIGH, N. C.

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1851.

## CORRESPONDENCE :

RALEIGH, NOV. 29, 1851.

REV. DRURY LACY :

Dear Sir:—The undersigned listened with great gratification and pleasure to your eloquent and excellent discourse, delivered in the Presbyterian Church, on Thursday last, Thanksgiving Day.

They take an early occasion to express to you their conviction of the great good it is calculated to accomplish, in arousing the people to a fuller sense of their obligations to perpetuate that priceless legacy of our forefathers—THE UNION; and to beg that you will furnish a copy for publication.

With great respect,

Your ob't serv'ts,

SEATON GALES,  
JOHN PRIMROSE,  
L. E. HEARTT,  
ALEX. M. M'PHEETERS,  
W. R. MILLER,

DABNEY COSBY,  
JAMES M. TOWLES,  
R. E. MADDOX,  
J. BROWN,  
R. H. BATTLE.

MANSE OF THE PRES. CHURCH, }  
29th Nov., 1851. }

GENTLEMEN: I submit to your disposal, the discourse which you request for publication. If it should be the means of arousing our people, in any degree, to a sense of their obligations to the Ruler of Nations, and increasing their value of the inestimable blessings of the UNION, it will fully answer the end which I aimed to accomplish. I am not insensible to the favorable opinion you have expressed, in thinking it at all adequate to this purpose, and yield to your judgment rather than to my own, in furnishing you a copy for the press.

I am, very respectfully  
and truly, your friend and servant,

DRURY LACY.

To Messrs Gales, Cosby, Primrose, Towles, Heartt, Maddox, McPheeters, Brown, Miller and Battle.

## DISCOURSE.

"In pursuance of a resolution passed by the General Assembly at the Session of 1848-9, I do by this, my Proclamation, set apart Thursday, the 27th of November next, to be observed throughout the State as a day of solemn and public THANKSGIVING; and I do earnestly recommend that all secular employments be suspended during the day; that Ministers of the Gospel of the respective denominations assemble their congregations for public worship, that the people of the State may, with united hearts and voices, render thanks to Almighty God for past blessings, and supplicate a continuance of his cares and kindness towards us as a People, as a State, and as a Republic.

Given under my hand, and the Great Seal of the State, at the Executive Office in the city of Raleigh, this the 15th day of October, A. D. 1851, and the 76th of American Independence.

DAVID S. REID."  
[Governor's Proclamation.]

WE are happy in the privilege of meeting you to-day, my Brethren, summoned as we are by this Proclamation of his Excellency, our Governor, to contemplate the blessings of our lot, and to give thanks to God our benefactor. And we are happy in the thought, that nearly every State in the Union, by a previous arrangement made between its chief Executive officer, has fixed on this day for the purpose; and that our country now presents the delightful—the sublime spectacle, of assembling before the Maker of Heaven and earth, to lift up their hearts and voices to Him, in thanksgiving and praise.

The year which has elapsed since we were last convened for a similar purpose, has been distinguished, not only by the continuance to us of our ordinary mercies, and by the increase of our national prosperity, but by peculiar tokens of the favor of Heaven. Although, throughout a large section of our country, the labors of the husbandman have not met with their usual returns, nor have the windows of heaven opened, as in former years, and poured a

profusion into our dwellings; yet, for the absence of suffering for the necessaries of life, and for the possession of the means of comfortable subsistence,—for the possession of health throughout our borders,—for the blessings of domestic and social life, and of a free and enlightened Government,—for our spiritual privileges and hopes,—for these things we are bound to render thanks to Him from whom we have received them. And frozen must be our hearts, if these blessings, enjoyed in so high a degree by us, do not awaken in our bosoms some suitable sense of the Divine Goodness, and excite us to pour forth our praises to the God of our mercies.

There is no nation on earth, for which God has done so much in so short a time, as he has done for these United States. From its earliest history to the present day,—in every season of danger, whether from an enemy without, or from dissensions within, “God has been our refuge and Defence, our Glory, and the Lifter up of our head.” In every foreign war in which we have been engaged, he has crowned our arms with victories the most signal and decisive. He has kept us from the confusion and tumults and miseries of civil strife. He has preserved us from being involved in the broils and bloodshed of Europe. He has sweetened all these mercies by fixing us in the secure enjoyment of every privilege our hearts can wish. He has given us the everlasting Gospel, we trust, in its purity, and has been inviting us by the allurements of his love, to the enjoyment of his rest. Behold the Divine clemency with which he has distinguished us from other nations! Several countries on the eastern shores of the Atlantic have scarcely time to breathe, much less to recruit from the wounds and sufferings of one revolution, before they are plunged into another. It is a foul stain on the civilization of Europe, as well as an awful judgment for her sins, that she is almost continually weltering in blood. Her infatuated sons fly to arms, and slaughter each other as the caprice or politics of their tyrants ordain. Torn with intes-

tine faction,—heaving with convulsions and revolutions like the throes of an earthquake, how many of these terrible eruptions have, more generally or partially, flooded their curses on Europe, within our memory. How enviable our condition in the comparison! How gentle the dispensations of God towards us! Why do we prosper, while other lands are rent with fightings without and fears within? Why does not the sword thin our families, and hew down our gallant youth? Why are we permitted to till our grounds without molestation, and to eat the fruit of our industry? Why, through the medium of commerce, to keep up an amicable and lucrative intercourse with distant places? Why to dot the land all over with establishments of labor-saving machinery? Why to “speed the car, and stretch the whispering wires” over land and sea, and build our cities and dig our gold? Why to foster the arts of peace, which refine the manners, and improve the mind? Why to assemble, without interruption or fear, in the house of God, to sing His praises, to supplicate His favor, to learn the words of everlasting life? Is it because we are better than they? No! in no wise. It is undeserved mercy,—it is because “the *Lord* has shown his favor unto us.”

Without dwelling on many of these things, which, however worthy of our thankful acknowledgement, occupy only a middle or inferior place in the scale of national benefits, allow me to direct your attention to one distinguishing blessing, which cannot be passed over, without fixing upon us the stigma of base ingratitude;—I mean our deliverance from civil discord.

Since our last day of Thanksgiving, the nation has been in a state of agitation, and of the most anxious expectation as to the result of events then in progress. Need I remind you that this dreadful plague was at our doors? Have you forgotten the chilling anticipations which but lately obtruded themselves unsought, on your minds? Already did the phrenzied imagination display those scenes of horror, at the bare thought of which the heart shudders. Al-

ready did we hear the burst of hostile thunder :—already did we see members of the same family arraying themselves against each other in murderous strife :—our cities and our dwellings sinking in flames, and our families fugitives from the smouldering ruins. But the storm has blown over and done no harm. The sound of alarm has died away on the ear. All is serene, all secure. This day is witness that peace—*domestic* peace dwells in our land, and enjoys the quiet exercise of her confirmed reign. Give glory to Him who hath commanded deliverance. “O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard, who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.”

Tremendous as foreign war is, it is infinitely preferable to domestic discord. Internal union is the bond of social strength. When mutual confidence has fled, and coldness, and jealousies, and criminations, and menaces come in its place; when professed anxieties for the public welfare degenerate into the strife of sectional policies; and unanimity of measures gives way to the violence of faction, the firmest sinews of the national energy are cut, and the richest veins of national prosperity sluiced.

It was a serious, it was an awful thing, to behold in one direction, a large extent of our country, including great numbers of inhabitants, throw off submission to the law, and rise in the contumacy of a determined resistance to rightful authority; and to behold in another an entire state vexed and goaded, as they allege, by unjust encroachments and oppressive exactions on their sovereign and independent rights, deliberately planning an organised dismemberment of these States. Nor was it easy to calculate what would be the extent of the calamity, or what its issue. Men of similar habits and in similar circumstances readily unite in similar undertakings. But here, we beheld extremes meeting in the same nefarious work of ruin, men of the most opposite interests and views, materials the most discordant and heterogeneous harmonizing in the same dark

designs. “Herod and Pontius Pilate made friends!” Cherished by the wicked assiduity of those sons of Belial who had been industrious in creating it, the dissension, spreading like a flame through the dried leaves of Autumn, might have divided the children of the same great brotherhood, not into the parties of opinion, but into the armies of civil war. Oh, how would despots have exulted in this consequence, as the ruin of the fairest experiment, which the sun ever beheld,—of a government reared on the equal rights of man! But to their confusion and our triumph, the tumult has subsided. The voice of the people, “like the sound of many waters,” has proclaimed, *We love this UNION*; while the temperate, yet firm, the vigorous, yet unbloody manner in which this most unnatural treason was subdued, and is still kept down, is fraught with delight to ourselves, and has filled the whole nation with admiration and applause. To those patriots of every political creed, to those judicial officers, whose unflinching firmness and unblenched dignity, have enforced the sovereignty of law, in the very face of reckless mobs, and the unsparing abuse of fanatics, the tribute due to their spirited exertions is cheerfully paid. Above all, whatever may be our prejudices or predilections, our eyes involuntarily turn and fasten on *that man*, whom “God has made strong for himself” to meet the appalling exigency; on *that man* whom God has raised up and honored to be the instrument of so rich a blessing to this land, and whose name will live, and whose memory will be revered, with the names and memories of his renowned predecessors.

A greater, a more useful political lesson was never taught. It is the victory of principle over passion, of order over confusion, of laws over licentiousness. What a lesson to our country—a lesson which will remain to the end of time inscribed upon their hearts. What a lesson to the nations of the earth, to behold our country, passing safely through the severest trials that ever tested the attachment of a nation to its institutions, without shedding one drop of

blood, gathering fresh strength at every step of its mighty progress, and enthroning itself more steadfastly in the confidence and affections of its people! What precious proofs that the nation means to act, not only well, but nobly; so that they who see that parties and leaders, as such, are to a deplorable extent corrupt, are obliged to admit, that the mass of our people of all parties love their country, and are worthy of their liberties.

The facts now mentioned are luminous events, which, at present, absorb in their lustre all other political incidents relating to us. "Fools make a mock at fear," and may disregard the danger and the deliverance, "but the wise will ponder them in their hearts," and never forget them. They cannot but fix in astonishment the gaze of the most careless, and impress the hearts of the most hardened. How powerful obligations of gratitude to our God are created by such an interposition, will appear from contemplating the singular mercies of that providential dispensation from which they flowed. Sources of illustration on this topic, are numerous and fruitful. You will all acknowledge,

That the *imminent danger* in which we lately were, highly exalts the mercy of our deliverance.

However imagination might depict the horrors of a disunion before they had a real existence, yet the strong apprehension of their approach was not chimerical. Affairs in the north and in the south were fast verging to a dreadful crisis. I need not repeat the causes of their apprehension—of their dreadful foreboding. They are familiar to you all, for they were not done in a corner, but in the open light of day, and are known and read of all men. But in order that you may realize the danger, you must contemplate the actual state of the public mind, wrought up to frenzy by the unruly and turbulent passions of men. Besides the ringleaders and instigators of such scenes, there are in every community multitudes who have a much greater share of good intention than discernment. Their honest credulity, unguided by judgment and untempered

with caution, draws them into the plots of others whose less upright principles take an eager advantage of their simplicity. An appeal to popular prejudice—to a fanatical philanthropy on the one hand, and to sectional jealousies and State pride on the other, each calculated to influence popular passion—is an engine which the crafty demagogue is ever ready to employ, and generally finds effectual, for enlisting both under the banners of treasonable resistance. Unhappily, this engine was used by both sections with consummate skill and prodigious effect; and it was this drawing in of such immense masses of pliant, unsuspecting, but well-intentioned citizens, that gave so fearful an aspect to the threatening danger. Besides this, there will ever be some in all parts of the country, to whom, from natural unhappiness of mind, from a restless, discontented temper, or from less venial causes, order will be imprisonment, and peace a torture; some, who sicken to see the gallant vessel of State riding securely at anchor, or fitting before the favoring gale, and who watch with eagerness for an adverse blast to dash her on the reef, that while the crew perish in the waters, they may pillage the wreck. The mischievous projects of such as these, aided by the imprudent zeal of others, one would think, might of themselves be sufficient to bring on the dreaded catastrophe. But when we add to their machinations, all the exasperating circumstances that gave strength to their counsels, and color to their pretexts, it seems little short of a miracle that we have escaped. We stand astonished at the precipice over which we were nearly hurried, a precipice that would have plunged us into evils for which their immediate authors could never have atoned; no, not with their lives. It was God's unspeakable mercy that interfered to save us; and the greater our danger, the more beneficent was the interference, and the more precious the salvation. Surely "He hath not dealt so with any other nation." "Praise ye the Lord."

Again; *the complicated evils which attend any war, but*

*especially a war between brethren, show, in a most affecting light, the mercy which has prevented them.* These evils both political and moral, it would require a volume fully to enumerate and to display. Nor, were it possible, would I now undertake to unfold them. But horrid as foreign war is, it is infinitely to be preferred to domestic discord. War among brethren has peculiar miseries. Experience, that faithful teacher, has shown that the wounds inflicted by civil strife are far deeper, and of more difficult cure, than any that can be received from the hand of foreign violence. "*A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle.*" The murderous tempers which, in other wars, are indulged, in this, are wrought up to the height of fury. Resentments are more keen, revenge more implacable, and hatred more lasting. The aggressor is more injurious, and the injured more unforgiving. Amidst mutual reproaches and accusations of violating the most solemn compact, the most sacred ties that can bind men together, they appear to each other, wretches unworthy of esteem, and incapable of faith. Reconciliation is hard to be effected. and when effected, is scarcely ever sincere. The body politic may, indeed, re-assume its healthful complexion, but the poison, rankling within, is ready to burst out with renewed violence; for we find, in fact, that, when men have once broken the cords of amity, they are easily impelled to repeat the sacrilege. It is, moreover, a melancholy reflection, that it makes but little difference to the community at large, how the quarrels of contending parties are decided. Whoever is victorious, or whoever is vanquished, all suffer. While they struggle against each other, they rend the vital system by which all are nourished; and the triumph of any over the rest, is but the success of a mad conspiracy against themselves. Pregnant with these great futurities, the phenomena of God's providence bid us prepare for their awful development; and each succeeding day, bringing with it new discouragements, led us to contemplate an issue as terrible

as it was near. But while at a distance the thunders muttered; while our heavens blackened, and the clouds fraught with wo stretched over our heads; while our citizens, the most of them in utter carelessness—some in trembling anxiety,—some in their closets on their knees,—some in sullen suspense, were expecting their fate, God—for surely it was the work of no created wisdom or power—God sent help from his holy hill. The arm of vengeance raised by brother against brother, to hurl the wrathful bolt, he has arrested. Through the opening gloom, the light of his deliverance beamed, and so brilliant was the interposition, that nothing but atheistic impiety could forbear exclaiming: "*This salvation is from the Lord.*" That heart which is not, in any degree, melted by such goodness, must lie under the curse of triple hardness. "The Lord hath not dealt so with any other nation." Other nations have perished by the frown of the Eternal, and their memorial blotted from under heaven. But *we* are spared, are protected, are prospered. This lenity is divine. Because the Lord delighteth to do us good, is he thus indulgent. "Praise ye the Lord."

And now, my Brethren, since "the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad," how shall we express our gratitude? What shall we "render to Him for all his benefits?" Taking that "cup of salvation" which his own hand hath tendered to us, let us "call upon his name." This, beyond controversy, is an immediate and essential part of our duty,—*to pay Him explicit and public homage; to recognise, by devout and marked acknowledgment, our dependence on his favor, and the blessings we have reaped from his protection.*

There is a religion of society, as such; a tribute of reverence which it owes the living God. Formed under his auspices, and nurtured by his care, preserved by his power, and replenished with his bounty, he requires from us, on these accounts, social worship and the social vow. The honor of his sovereign rule he cannot relinquish, and the

confession of it we may not withhold. It is true that our excellent Chief Magistrate, in the critical circumstances in which he was thrown, has displayed in a conspicuous manner, those governmental virtues which are at once the duty and glory of his official pre-eminence. The other Magistrates, too, both executive and judicial, who acted in concert with him, have imbibed the spirit of their station, and showed themselves a "terror to evil-doers." And the great mass of our public men and fellow citizens, whose patriotic efforts have aided in quieting the public agitation, and restoring good order, have brought into splendid action the principles of men who enjoy true liberty, and know how to value and defend it. They have all deserved well of their country; but their exertions, laborious, disinterested, sublime as they are, would have been utterly fruitless, without the countenance of Him, who is "Governor among all the nations." Let us not, therefore, rest in second causes, nor limit our praises to human instruments. Let us not disregard them, but look beyond them. Let us make our boast in God, who, in the day of trouble, covered us with the shield of his omnipotence. "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,"—now may our countrymen say,—"if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul: then the proud waves had gone over our soul. Blessed be the name of the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth." Therefore, "give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; bring an offering, and come into his courts with thanksgiving. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; fear before him, all ye people!"

Another becoming expression of our gratitude to God, for the goodness which he has shown is, *to do all in our power for the preservation and perpetuity of this glorious republic, for ourselves, for our children, and for the world.* God has not given us this great inheritance, either to be undervalued or thrown away. The history of our nation from the earliest dawn of its existence to the present day, is indicative of some great design to be accomplished by it. It is a history of perils and deliverances, and of strength ordained out of weakness. No nation on earth, out of weakness, ever became so strong, nor was ever guided through so many perils to so lofty an eminence. But in the whole history of the world, God has not been accustomed to grant such signal deliverances, without ends of corresponding magnitude to be answered by them. Indeed, if it had been the design of heaven to establish a powerful nation, in the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, where all the energies of man might find scope and full development, on purpose to show to the world by experiment, of what man is capable; and to shed light on the darkness, which should awake the slumbering eye, rouse the torpid mind, and nerve the palsied arm of millions;—where could such an experiment have been made, but in this country, and by what means so well adapted to that end, as by our institutions? Who can doubt, from the course now adopted and prosecuted by Christians of every name to support and extend at home and abroad, religious and moral influences, that it is the purpose of God to render this nation, to a wide extent, the almoners of his bounty to the world? Behold the means which he has committed to us for this purpose. He has given us a model government,—the envy and the admiration of mankind. He has given us perfect liberty of conscience,—"freedom to worship God." He has given us two great national institutions—the one to disseminate his Word,—the other, to scatter the messages of salvation like leaves of the forest,—the glory of our land. Besides which, every denomination of Chris-

tians has its own distinctive organizations, that make it their business to see that every family has a Bible, and every church a pastor, and every child a catechism, so that our nation may not outgrow the means of religious instruction. And while these means of moral culture are supplied, this great nation, from her eminence, begins to look abroad with compassion upon a world sitting in darkness, and to put forth her mighty arm to disenthral the nations, and elevate the family of man. And when we contemplate the unexampled resources of this country in men, soil, climate, sea-coast, rivers, lakes, canals, railroads, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, arts and wealth, and all these in connexion with the influence of republican and religious institutions, is it too much to be hoped, that God will accept this powerful instrumentality, and make it effectual for the renovation of the world?

Nor is this all. The world is already looking to us, and feeling the *power of our example*. There is now a public opinion of the world—a moral sense of nations. Our example is even now telling with mighty influence on the destiny of the human race. If we consider the immense extent of our territorial possessions,—the vastness of our country, washed as it now is, by the two great oceans on the east and west, and stretching from the lakes of the north to the Gulf of the south,—if we consider, also, our proximity to the South American States, and the close imitation they are disposed to make of our civil and literary institutions, who can doubt that the light of our example will yet illumine this entire continent? And when the light of such a hemisphere shall go up to heaven, it will throw its broad beams beyond the waves,—it will shine in the darkness there, and be comprehended,—it will awaken desire, and hope, and effort, and produce revolutions and overturnings, until the world is free. Behold what is already done! From our revolutionary struggle, proceeded the great revolution in France, and all which have followed in Spain and Greece, and Sardinia, and Italy, and

Hungary. And what though the bolt of every chain has been again riveted, and clenched? They can no more hold down the heaving mass, than the chains of Xerxes could hold the Hellespont, vexed with storms. What though floods have been poured upon the rising flame? They can no more extinguish it, than they can extinguish the fires of *Ætna*. Still it burns, and still the mountain heaves and murmurs; and soon it will explode with voices, and thunders and great earthquakes. Then will the trumpet of jubilee sound, and earth's down-trodden, debased millions will leap from the dust, and shake off their chains, and cry, "Hosanna to the Son of David."

But to accomplish these changes in the civil and religious condition of the world, revolutions and convulsions are indispensable—nay, as man is, are inevitable. Tyrants will not let go their hold of power, without a desperate effort to retain it. The usurpation by the few, of the rights and privileges of the many, will not be spontaneously or willingly relinquished, nor the chains knocked off from the body and the soul of man, by the hands which, for ages, have done nothing but rivet them. "He that sitteth upon the throne, must overturn, and overturn, and overturn," before his rights and the rights of man will be restored. Revolution must come, of course, and such, too, as shall veil the sun, and turn the moon into blood, and shake the earth with the violence of nation dashing against nation,—until every despotic government shall be thrown down, and chaos resume its pristine reign,—until the Spirit of God shall move again upon the face of the deep, and bring out a new creation. The day of vengeance is in his heart, and is no doubt begun, and will no doubt continue, until "He that sitteth upon the throne shall have made all things new."

My hearers! we indulge in no idle visions of the future,—we dare not presume to scan the purposes of Deity. We can only speak of the future from the past; but judging from the past, are we not right in saying that God would

have us take courage from the events of his providence—we have been reviewing this day, and that he has taught us by these events, and his signal interposition in our behalf, to repose a more unreserved confidence in the purity and stability of our institutions than ever before?—and that he has, as it were, re-committed them again to us, in trust for the benefit of man? But suppose we are mistaken?—suppose the scenes through which we have passed, are but the precursors of others still more terrible to come?—or suppose, that in the long lapse of ages, the pillars of our glorious fabric shall fall and crumble in the dust;—for, remember, we cannot blunt the iron tooth of time, nor break his leaden sceptre, under which all former States, and all possible institutions have been broken and consumed, and to which all that shall yet arise *may* be obliged to pay the same fearful tribute.—What then? There is a mighty influence which time itself cannot weaken—which long ages, as they pass, hardly dilute. Generation sweeps after generation in its brief career, as wave chases wave on the bosom of the deep, and when each dashes on the shore, it is lost forever. But the spirit that pervades these fleeting and nameless generations perishes not in those whose breasts it ruled, nor passes away with the monuments erected to illustrate and enlarge its reign. Here our work for good is immense,—is almost immortal. The laws of Solon are laws no longer; his people have for ages scarcely known his name, and for twenty centuries the principles of his polity have been banished from his native city. Yet the spirit of the Athenian people,—of their laws, their liberty, their institutions, and their literature, has influenced every succeeding generation, and at this hour, burns more brightly, and warms the heart more intensely than in the freest and most glorious days of Greece. So, too, shall it be with this great Republic. The names of its wise and virtuous citizens, except a very few, must be forgotten; the details of its thrilling and romantic history may perish, leaving behind only the

grand outline of its origin, its struggles, and its triumphs; its simple and noble monuments may all decay—nay, even its glory may be obscured, its strength depart, its sacred principles be all subverted, and the plough-share of ruin be driven deep and wide through its sacred bosom. Alas! that were, indeed, a sad day for man. But supposing all this—supposing the worst; even then, we shall not have lived in vain. There is one name which shall ever live. The name of Washington will electrify all coming ages, and in the shock of battle nerve the arm, and in the day of triumph rule the evil passions of all who struggle for liberty. The light of our glorious career will forever illuminate the path that leads the weak and the oppressed to freedom, strength and boundless prosperity. The spirit of our laws and institutions will abide upon earth, the redeeming spirit of succeeding times, resisting all the efforts of ignorance, barbarism and tyranny—living in the very core of the world's heart, and defying all attempts to extirpate it; until the whole mass shall be warmed and enlightened, and the flame, like that the Ancients fabled, shall break forth at once in ten thousand places, and fill the earth with brightness. Our times, our country, our institutions alike call us to this glorious destiny. Let us fulfil it. We are hereditary freemen. The blood of the Angles, the Normans, the unconquered Saxons before whom Cæsar and Charlemagne alike recoiled, mingle their heroic currents in our veins, along with that great barbaric stream which Rome herself could not withstand. These are our primeval sires. After them, the founders of English liberty in the glorious Commonwealth. And then the men of '76—their immediate sons. Heritage—descent—destiny, alike glorious. Yes, we tell it thankfully, firmly, joyfully; we are the great inheritors of human freedom, and we intend to transmit the sacred treasure to our children's children, untarnished by a single blot, undiminished by a single particle. We revere our fathers' memory, we cherish the deeds of our great ancestors, we love this UNION, the purchase of their toils

and prayers, and tears, and cemented by their blood; we look upon it as the Sun in the Zodiac, or rather as "the blue sky which bendeth over all;" we know the day of our visitation; we thank God for his boundless mercies, and by his grace, we mean to be faithful to our lot, just to the glorious past, true to the still more glorious future. This is the deep, indwelling, unalterable purpose of twenty millions of souls. Thirty-one republics into which they are scattered, are but so many dispersed centres to preserve and perpetuate this high sentiment. The great nation which these unitedly form, has for its mission the public exhibition and illustration—in the presence and for the benefit of universal man—of the excellence, the strength, and the blessedness of freedom. And even now, one continent is redeemed to suffering, struggling humanity; redeemed from the common lot of down-trodden man, and set forth in impregnable strength and ravishing beauty, the first fruits of a world rousing itself up from the stupor of sixty centuries.