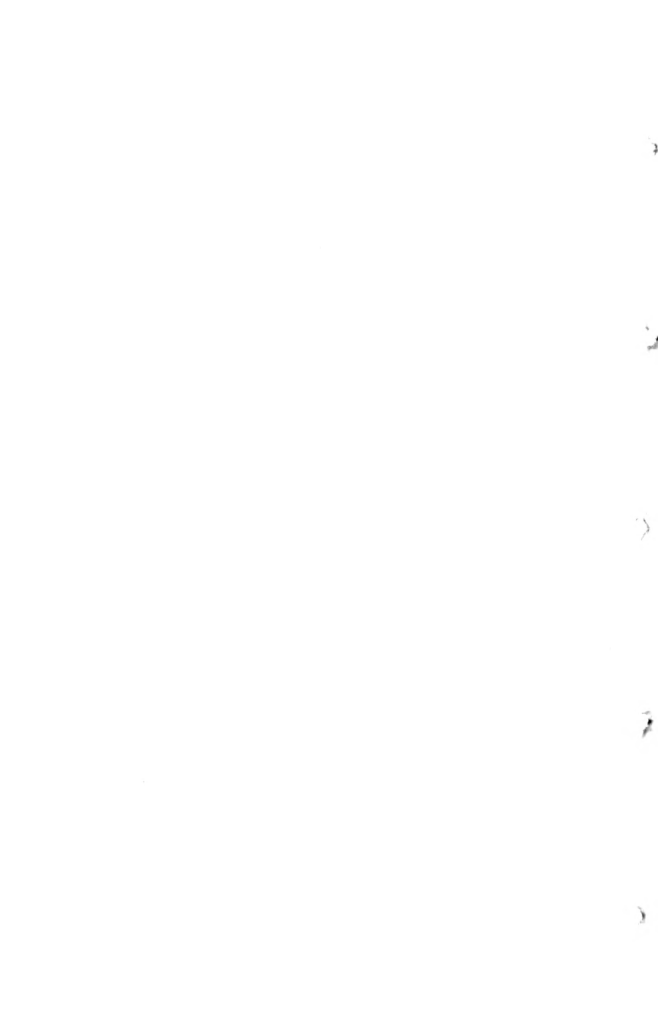


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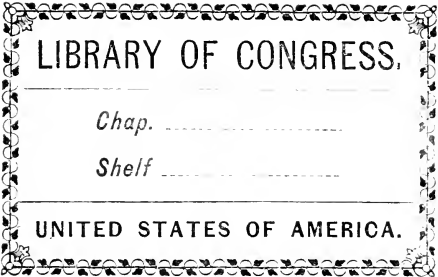
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Christian Loyalty.

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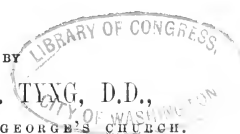
ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW-YORK,

APRIL 30TH, 1863, THE DAY OF NATIONAL FAST.

BY

STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.,

RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.



New-York :

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Christian Loyalty.

PSALM 137 : 1, 2, 56.

“BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down. Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.”—
PSALM 137 : 1, 2, 5, 6.

THIS is the patriot's devotion to his country. It is a living spirit in his heart. It clings to his own land and people in their lowest depression as truly as in their highest prosperity. It is living and active within him, to whatever contumely and reproach it may expose him. It is determined and unyield-

ing, however multiplied and persecuting may be the foes he meets, or the disappointments he endures. Nay, like every class of that true and faithful love, of which it is an illustration, its tenacity and power continually grow with the misfortunes of the land of his home, and even with his own despair of its recovery.

Never had the allotted home of the Israelite been so wasted, so trodden down as when this divine psalm was inspired, to utter for man forever its high illustration of domestic and ethnical love. Jerusalem was burned with fire. Judea was lying waste and captive. The city was solitary that was full of people. She had become as a widow. She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, had

become tributary. Her adversaries were the chief, her enemies prospered. Utter despair rested on all her prospects, so far as man, or human power were concerned. The great hammer of the earth, as Nebuchadnezzar was called, had broken her in pieces. And only the covenant and promise of her God remained, as the hold for faith and hope, upon any prosperity or restoration in the future.

What then? Shall the faithful Israelite give up to the triumphs of despair? Shall he turn upon his suffering mother, and spurn her with his foot, because others wickedly hate and despise her? By no means. He sits down by the rivers of Babylon, he hangs his harp upon the willows there; he weeps when he remembers his beloved Zion. But he declares that his right hand shall be

palsied, and his tongue shall be silent in death, before he will consent to forget Jerusalem, or to prize her welfare and her honor above his highest joy. In the full confidence of his soul, in the certainty of the divine promise he still addresses his faith to the God of Israel. "Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favor her, yea, the set time is come, for thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof." He still confidently looks for a destruction of destroying Babylon, and for the rewarding her, as she had served them.

This is an illustration, and it is a most affecting and commanding illustration of that loyalty in man of which we must speak as of one of his highest duties. It is man's faithful, undying love,

directed to his country, his nation, the land which it occupies, the institutions which distinguish it, the interests, prospects, and welfare which are appointed for it. This one outspreading sea of human affection gains a specific name, as it laves the shore of every separate portion of the dwelling-places of man. And whether filial, marital, parental, social, or national, it is but the same generic spirit, designated by a new name as it becomes specially marked by new relations in this divine geography.

When this heaven-born love touches the shore of national relations, it is loyalty. But *one* higher, grander relation can it have; that one which exalts it beyond all earthly bounds, and bids it roll upon the dominion and the person of the great Lord of lords, and King

of kings. The Church, the person, the heavenly home of the Great Head of the Church, the Prince of the kings of the earth, is the one only nobler, loftier, more abiding exercise and display of human love.

For a man basely to say he has no loyalty, is to say he has no love, no honor, no integrity, no honesty, no gratitude. It is to acknowledge the unalloyed dominion of base materialism and brutal selfishness, and to boast in the degradation which must forever attend it. It is to display with ghastly satisfaction an acknowledged spirit, which no human being can trust or love, made only, and qualified only, for "treason, stratagem, and spoils."

The child's love of his home, the father's love of his family, the Christian's

love of his Saviour, are the patriot's love of his country, and the citizen's loyalty to his nation and his government. And if the flowing fountain of the whole dwell within the man, the course of its streams is easily to be predicted. If the channels of these streams are dry, the fountain-head has dried and ceased to flow. Indifference to the claims of national loyalty, and still more, a coldness which comes with apparent depression, and a desertion which springs from the disappointment of individual selfish ambition, is a spirit and character which every good man must abhor. I should feel neither my property nor my person,—my home nor my family,—my life nor my reputation to be safe within the grasp of a man who could boldly renounce the obligations of unchanging,

consistent loyalty, and join himself to the revolutionary influence and plans contrived and combined to overthrow the dominion of a just authority, which had furnished him all his shelter and success,—and to break up the nation which had peacefully lived and grown under its healthful shadow

I confess the language of the text before us is the utterance of my consciousness and of my choice. I may weep beside the rivers of Babylon; I may see much and recall much in Jerusalem to trouble me; I may be dissatisfied with much of man's control; but I trust my right hand will be powerless, and my tongue be silent in death, before I forget my home, my native land; or cease to prefer the welfare of my country, the honor of its government,

and the glory of its flag above my chief joy. My heart goes out with the bard of Scotland :

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?

Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill."



Loyalty to Jerusalem is Love for her Nation.

1. MY loyalty to Jerusalem is my love of her people. I love my nation. I love them because they are my nation, and I cannot separate my feelings in this relation between those who found their natural being in a birth upon this soil, and those who have chosen it as their own in a voluntary political birth in maturer life. I certainly love as individuals the fellow-inhabitants of my own native town, the citizens of my own honored State, the descendants of my own pilgrim line, with a peculiar regard. I have most sincerely loved and

do still most sincerely love many of my own well-proved friends, in my Southern ministry, — warmer hearts, dearer or more faithful friendship I shall never find. But my loyalty is not to Massachusetts or New-York, to my birthplace or my residence. Not to Maryland or Pennsylvania, so long my own happy homes, and the birthplaces of my children.

My love, my peculiar love, is still for its various reasons to all these. But my loyalty is to the United States of America, that great federal nation, which, wherever scattered, or however collected, have dwelt together under one glorious government, as one perpetual, indivisible people. This was the nation my honored father taught me in my youth to consider mine, and to love as mine.

Do they say it is a congeries of most promiscuous elements, gathered as the discontented from all lands? I confess the collection. But in this very discontent with all other lands, I discern also the most remarkable testimonies of an homogeneous character and purpose. They are the offshoots of all lands. They are the fruit of all lands. They are the scum, if men choose to call them so, of all lands, conceding in that very illustration, that they are the rising, volatile, progressive elements of all people, which the grinding of oppression has expressed, and the boiling of revolutions has disengaged. They are not the crude, dead, neutralized, conservative sediment and mass which remains behind when the work of preparation has been completed. They are the people

of all lands, who have cherished aspirations of freedom, and who could not endure the bondage of oppression,—who have so loved the form of liberty and so conceived the attractions of its priceless worth, that they have been willing to sunder all hereditary ties, and brave the storms of ocean, and all the wearings of gaining a new abode, that though *their* lives might be consumed in the perilous undertaking, their children, at least, might be free and independent. The very poorest of them had a perception of human rights, and an aspiration for human elevation, demonstrated in the very choice and hazard which they thus adopted, that the highest despot or richest nabob whom they left behind had no power to conceive.

I honor the lowest and the poorest of

them, because he has shown himself a man, and with that homage with which my Lord commands me to honor all men. Gathered here, whether they or their fathers thus came, they are a nation; they are one nation; they are my nation; they are Americans; and I love and honor them as such. I have met them far from my native continent—in Europe, in Africa, in Asia. They have looked up with me, and with equal delight to our common flag. And I have never met them without the welcome of my heart, as Americans. I have saluted them whether coming from the North or the South, from the East or the West, on foreign shores, as my own countrymen. I never met them but with a brother's heart, and never received from them any other than a

brother's response; and I have rejoiced to meet them as such.

I am still loyal to my nation. I will never give my consent to its dismemberment or its separation. I cling to the one federal American people; not to a confederacy of States, but to a consolidated nation. I desire not to live to see a disunion of them for any reasons or upon any terms. I would far rather adopt any concessions of policy which did not involve absolute crime, and trust to the advancing influence of civilization, religion, and experience to remove the errors, and heal the sores which have been discovered, felt, or imagined, than I would yield to any consummation of a purpose of separation; still less to the atrocious and abominable combinations of a treasonable overthrow.

Even from the rivers of Babylon, in the lowest circumstances of depression, I should still cry out to my countrymen, Be one people; be one nation; abhor, destroy the traitors who would divide you, and their abettors who would try to break you up; banish them, drive them from your homes and your society, as instruments, the vilest instruments of your bitterest foes. Let Jerusalem be still a city at unity in itself, encircled with the walls of a common defence from foes abroad, and bound together for an united subjugation of traitors at home.



Loyalty to Jerusalem is Love to her Country.

2. MY loyalty to Jerusalem is my love for her territory. I have wandered through it from North to South, from East to West. I have gloried in the relative and competing prosperity of every part. Its hills and valleys, its mountains and streams, its plains and lakes, its farms and cities, its manufactories and workshops, its churches and schools, its colleges and hospitals, its asylums and beneficent homes, its halls of legislation and of science, its rural towns embedded in beauty, and its commercial cities glowing with wealth, have

been the apple of my eye, and the pride of my heart.

I have roved in other lands, beneath the shining of foreign suns, and the shade of foreign institutions; amidst all the wonderful glories of ancient art, and long inherited civilization. I have not undervalued their attainments, or affected to despise their wonderful advantages. I have gloried in the greatness of man, and of man's accomplishments, as I have contemplated the things which he has done. I have been ready to adore his Creator with new gratitude, as I have surveyed the surprising achievements of the creature. But I have ever returned to my dear, my native land, with new gratification, pride and delight. It has shone before me beneath its western sun, as the brightest,

topmost branch of the ancient tree, around whose majestic trunk I had been wandering, and at whose wide-spread roots I had been seated. It has appeared before me, the very fruit of earth; the noblest, richest fruit that earth has borne for man, or that man has gained from earth; the very purpose for which all other lands have grown and thrived; the rich autumn of humanity pouring out from its bosom the boundless stores, for the production of which the rest of man had been but the spring and summer.

I love my country; I love it with an intense affection. Every part of it is equally mine, and equally dear to me. I am a citizen of the United States. I will acknowledge no Northern rights nor Southern rights. Virginia and South-

Carolina are mine as rightly and as lawfully as Massachusetts or Rhode Island; Virginia, where the Massachusetts Lincoln received the sword of Cornwallis and finished the war of freedom; South-Carolina, where the Rhode Island Greene delivered from English bondage, a people as dear to him as if dwelling on the shores of the Narraganset. My New-England blood has been sprinkled in a costly sacrifice over them both. Louisiana and Texas are mine as justly as New-York or Pennsylvania. My toil and my father's toil have helped to purchase them, and my hard-earned money has in its measure and degree been given for them both.

I have a fee simple, indisputable right in every portion of this soil, from sea to sea, as a citizen of this nation.

I will never consent to give it up. I am a citizen of the whole. I have a right to a domicil, a protected home, throughout the whole, which I will never yield. To separate this glorious, hard-earned land, to divide it, to disintegrate it, cut it up, parcel it out to a set of wild conflicting provinces, farm it out to the ambition of petty contending satraps, gaining in blood a short-lived triumph, is a degradation and a social atrocity to which I will never consent.

Because a set of marauding robbers have broken into my inherited domain, and maintaining a temporary intrenchment there, demand of me to divide with them this noble inheritance, as if it were a pirate's spoils, shall I in base cowardice give up to them and concede

their claim? I will never do it. I will never consent to the division of the land I love. I will never agree to regard other than as traitors the men that demand it, or the men who encourage such demands, or the men in official responsibilities who basely pander to them by indolence, or cowardice, or pique. I will never yield the right of my home to the power of burglars. I may be conquered, I may be carried a captive in chains, I may sit in solitude and weep beside the rivers of Babylon. But Jerusalem shall never say to me that I agreed to her destruction. I should deem protracted warfare nothing in comparison to a voluntary treason like this.

If it demanded twenty years or seventy years of contest to preserve for my

children the broad inheritance my fathers gave to me, I should say to the generation that came after me, Fight it out to the end; resist even unto blood, striving against sin; but *never* yield the gifts of God to Satan, or the intrusted inheritance which you have received, to violence or riot. If power subdue you, rise against that power on every possible occasion of recovery, with an undying determination. Live as freemen on your fathers' land, or die as freemen striving to maintain it. Financial questions are nothing. Political questions are nothing. National debts are nothing. Life is nothing. If your country goes, little will be the worth of the wealth, or policy, or life, which you may hope to preserve. To my country my loyalty shall be unchallenged and unchanged, and I shall

consent to look only as traitors to her welfare, upon the men who plan, who counsel, or who encourage a plunder of her soil, from the whole people to whom it belongs. To those who come after me I say, Never, never consent to give up this covenanted inheritance, intrusted by God to you, for the final, peaceful, secure asylum of suffering, persecuted men. Let the land of your fathers, the sacred, assured abode of a nation of freemen, be transmitted unbroken, solid, entire, untarnished, to the children who succeed you. Die, if it must be so, for it, but never give it up.



Loyalty to Jerusalem is Love for her Principle of Freedom.

3. MY loyalty to Jerusalem is my love for the freedom which she has established. Men may call the testimonies of her Declaration of Independence, a tissue of "glittering generalities," when they have no affinity with the liberty which it proclaims, and no sympathy with the grandly humanizing influence which it is designed and destined to exercise. To my mind it stands on the highest platform of uninspired testimonies. In it the noblest emotions, aspirations, sentiments, and principles of the heart of man speak out in golden,

crystal sounds. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." What nobler testimony for human freedom, or human exaltation, was ever given? When did the representative mind of progressive, rising humanity, ever announce its convictions and its purposes in a loftier strain, or in a grander formula?

Under the shadow of such a heaven-born testimony, slavery is but a dismal looking fungus springing from the corruptions of the earth. It was grow-

ing there when this divine canopy was spread, though every thing in the very air and atmosphere of the nation testified against it. And in a weak and deluded forbearance, singularly inconsistent with their own principles and convictions, the men who mourned over its existence, hesitated to cut it up from its roots at once. It was suffered to continue as a most abnormal, outrageous exception to all the institutions of the nation which thus permitted it. Like Milton's toad in Paradise, it stole a garb and covering of tolerated innocence to become the messenger of Satan, to whisper treason in the sleeping nation's ear, till men awoke and believed the dreams which they had seen, to be divine revelations; and imagined that this horrid shape of cruelty and crime was really an

institution of the Most High. The livery of heaven was stolen for the service of the devil. The spotless holiness of Sinai was insulted, blasphemed, by dragging it to consecrate the most oppressive and shocking cruelties, which innocent and helpless victims ever endured.

Yet the men who prepared and uttered this great testimony for freedom, solemnly protested, at the very time, against the crime of slavery, even while they withheld the arm of violent excision. The great writer of the document, himself a slaveholder, in referring to its influences and results, said: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." He would seem to have been inspired as a prophet, to warn a listless people, of the very sorrows which we have encountered, and the judgments which we now

endure on its account. "But judgment lingereth not, and condemnation slumbereth not." The hour of appointed retribution and responsibility comes, and the men who would not hear shall be made to feel. "All men are created equal," the African man as well as the European man, and wo unto that man who stealeth his brother and selleth him. The fathers of the present generation, even on the very soil of slavery, testified unceasingly to this exceptional character of human bondage. They longed, they planned, they prepared, in every way, to limit, to restrain, to annul it. Any other idea than that it was a cursed thing, a dreadful, even if, as some supposed, it had been an inevitable evil, was never broached in Southern circles, till the present generation came into mature action.

“There is not a man living, who wishes more sincerely than I do, to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery,” said *George Washington*, *April 12th*, 1786.

“The scheme which you propose as a precedent, to encourage the emancipation of the black people in this country from the state of bondage in which they are held, is a striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart,” said *Washington to Lafayette*, 1783.

“It is the most earnest wish of America, to see an entire stop forever put to the wicked, cruel and unnatural trade in slaves,” said a *Meeting at Fairfax, Va.*, *presided over by Washington*, *July 18th*, 1774.

“I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just. His justice can

not sleep forever," said *Jefferson*, in his *Notes on Slavery in Virginia*, 1782.

"He has waged a cruel war against human nature itself," said *Jefferson* of the British King, in his draft of the Declaration of Independence, "violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britian. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce."

“After the year 1800 of the Christian Era, there shall be neither slavery, nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States,” (all of the territories then belonging to the United States,) said *Jefferson's Ordinance of 1787, unanimously approved by Congress and signed by Washington.*

“We have seen the mere distinction of color made in the most enlightened period of time, a ground of the most oppressive dominion ever exercised by man over man,” said *James Madison.*

“We have found that this evil *has preyed upon the very vitals of the Union* and has been prejudicial to all the States in which it has existed,” said *James Monroe.*

“The tariff was only the pretext, and *disunion and a Southern Confederacy the real object.* The next pretext will be the

negro or slavery question," said *Andrew Jackson, May, 1833.*

"Sir, I envy neither the heart nor the head of that man from the North, who rises here to defend slavery on principle," said *John Randolph, of Roanoke.*

"The people of Carolina form two classes, the rich and the poor. The poor are very poor; the rich who have slaves to do all their work, give them no employment. The little they get is laid out in brandy, not in books and newspapers; hence they know nothing of the comparative blessings of our country, or of the dangers which threaten it, therefore they care nothing about it," said *General Francis Marion to Baron De Kalb.*

"So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, never, by word or thought,

by mind or will, aid in admitting one rood of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage," said *Henry Clay*.

Alluding to the time the above sentiment was uttered, *Thos. H. Benton* says:

"That was a proud day. I could have wished that I had spoken the same words; I speak them now, telling you they were his, and adopting them as my own."

The finest minds and hearts of the nation had been consulting together for this half century past, how to accomplish a gradual and peaceful removal of the burden, before it should break forth into a violent assertion of its power and its consequents. To immediate and violent emancipation I had always been most earnestly opposed. The friends of

liberty struggled successfully to inaugurate measures and sentiments tending to the nation's peaceful relief, until the abettors and supporters of the crime, awake to the fact, that freedom was spreading its living and life-giving power through all the land, plunged us into the catastrophe, in the crisis of which we are now contending; determined that the country and the nation should be sacrificed to slavery rather than the dominion of slavery over the nation should be cast off and renounced.

And now these traitors to their country say, that they who have always contended for freedom are the ones who have produced the overhanging judgment, and are responsible for its results. It is a glorious testimony to their fidelity and their influence. Doubtless, had we

quietly lain in our beds reposing, contemplating with our open eyes the gathering hordes of robbers around our dwellings, and agreed to lie still and silent while they plundered our abode and murdered our household, there would have been no agitation — their work would have been a quiet work, and a successful work. And our refusal to be peacefully destroyed may well be said to be one cause of the violence of the assault which has ensued, to accomplish that by force, which they failed to effect by craft.

We may well be thankful that our nation's freedom did find some bold and watchful guardians and defenders. We may be equally grateful that they were allowed to wield a power in the nation, which should so effectually resist

and excite these sons of violence while treading the Declaration of our Independence beneath their feet, and destroying both the honor of our country as the abode of liberty, and the priceless inheritance of universal freedom which it had received. Certainly we are in the midst of a war for freedom — the great, the grandest contest for human liberty which the human race has ever seen. I mourn over its sorrows. I grieve for the personal afflictions to which it gives inevitable occasion. Its money cost is nothing—a poor, degrading consideration. Cost what it will, if it beggars us into a nation of daily operatives, its glorious result will be cheaply purchased. It will leave us a free nation — a nation true to our solemn pledges to the world, true to the instincts of our nature and our descent—true to

our covenant with God. And we shall lift up a grander, nobler head beneath the sun and sky of our Father's dwelling from the humble abodes of honest, triumphant poverty, than we could ever have claimed in the palaces of ill-gotten luxury or disgraceful wealth.

Slavery at last has received its inevitable death-blow. Our nation's aspect and our national profession are at unity with each other. Its death has come far enough from all my plans, from all my struggling endeavors for these forty years of personal interest in the subject; indeed, directly in violation of every scheme which I had cherished and every hope I had entertained. But it has come in the wonderful providence of God, in the very judgments of his righteousness upon the people who clung to it and main

tained it, by their own choice, violence, and crime. I am content with his appointment: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." At any rate, slavery in this country is abolished. It can never be reconstructed. Its reconstruction can never be attempted without greater contests and more terrific scenes of violence than we have yet seen.

Jerusalem is free. And my loyalty to Jerusalem is in my love for her freedom. No land of earth had equal professions, annunciations, claims before. And now no land of earth will have equal realities to respond to them. No caste influence can here oppress the poor, or forbid his elevation. No oppression can here arrest the upward motion of talent, merit, or fidelity. No capital can purchase the bondage of labor. No assumptions of

individuals can limit or fetter the liberty of man. The poorest immigrant may stand on our shore with the feeling that he has reached at last a land where man enjoys "the free air, and the free use of his own limbs." He finds every incentive to enterprise, every inducement to integrity, every recompense to thrift, every reward to honest and honorable economy. It is the home of freedom, the home of rest—the protected, lawful, peaceful abode of man. I rejoice in the thought. And I say to my children after me: Never yield this priceless inheritance of human liberty; never sacrifice by any compromise the unrestricted, universal freedom of your nation; never consent to any arrangement in which you may not look back upon your fathers' line and home, and still triumphant say: "Jerusalem, the mother of us all, is free."



Loyalty to Jerusalem is Love for her Constitution.

4. MY loyalty to Jerusalem is my love for her *Constitution*. This very word in its technical use is almost an American word exclusively. Europe has been familiar with charters, concessions by the assumed power of individual royalty to the desires and demands of the dissatisfied people. England is familiar with the idea of constitutional liberty, and speaks habitually, and with just pride, of the British Constitution. But constitutional liberty there is but the hard-wrung concessions to the people from the crown, in a succession of revolutions and

demands. And the British Constitution is but the accumulation of all these concessions, and of the principles which have been established by them; known only to the learned and professional; shut out from the view of the millions who are to be governed by them. To this day, constitutions are still the cry of the awakened people of Europe, and constitutions are the dread of those who rule them.

Jerusalem had her glorious constitution from the divine gift—a book in the hands of every one, to be read at home, to be studied by children, to be talked of by the way. America has received her Constitution from the gracious providence of God; the grand result of ages of human experience and observation; the admired shape and cast of man's wisdom among the nations of the earth.

A charter is the form and evidence of a conceded authority granted by superior power. A constitution is a mutual arrangement, a reciprocal concession and authority of equal corporators, each possessing the authority in himself, and each bringing with himself the sovereign constituting power. Thus our national Constitution opens with its avowal of authority and sovereign designs: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Never was there a more majestic exhibition of sovereign power; never was

there a more honorable display of mutual concession and self-restraint. The very idea of a Constitution involves the necessity of personal concession in return for mutual support. It is in this precise thought that constitutional liberty differs from savage freedom. No rational man would ask the uncontrolled freedom of his own will and action in the necessity of conceding equal liberty to every other man. He thus puts himself, simply and only upon his own personal defence, against every conceivable assault of human violence and crime. "Where there is no law, there is no freedom," says the eminent John Locke. "The political liberty of the citizen," says Montesquieu, "is a tranquillity of mind arising from the opinion which each person has of his own safety. In order

to have this liberty, it is requisite that the government be so constituted, as that one man need not to be afraid of another. In a free state, every man who is supposed a free agent ought to be concerned in his own government; therefore the legislative power should reside in the whole body of the people or their representatives."

Such is the American Constitution—a beautiful machinery of intellectual conception and of moral influence, working with its powers and restraints, its checks and balances, its provisions and prohibitions in a thoroughly adjusted harmony and in remarkable order and grandeur of operation. It is written in the plainest terms. Mr. Dallas said: "The Constitution in its words is plain and intelligible, and it is meant for the home-bred, unso-

phisticated understandings of our fellow-citizens." This is the precious, priceless treasure, transmitted by our fathers to us. The first, the only instance on earth of a nation creating itself as one people, and forming and arranging the very terms and conditions on which they could or would agree to live as such.

It is not a charter — or, if so, it is a charter from God to man. It is a mutual constitution, a reciprocal setting up and supporting of each other and of all, by a people, in the exercise of their own sovereign and indisputable right. The people made it, the appointed agents of the people manage and work it, and the people alone can sustain and perpetuate it. I unite from my heart in the formula, "The Constitution as it is," as we received it, or to be amended only in the way which itself prescribes.

Well does Judge Story say of it: "Who can preserve the rights and liberties of the people, when they shall be abandoned by themselves? Who shall keep watch in the temple, when the watchmen sleep at their posts? Who shall call upon the people to redeem their possessions and revive the republic, when their own hands have deliberately and corruptly surrendered them to the oppressor, and have built the prisons or dug the graves of their own friends? America, free, happy, and enlightened as she is, must rest the preservation of her rights and liberties upon the virtue, independence, justice, and sagacity of the people. If either fall, the republic is gone. Its shadow may remain with all the pomp and circumstance and trickery of government, but its vital power will

have departed. If ever the day shall arrive in which the best talents and the best virtues shall be driven from office by intrigue or corruption, by the ostracism of the press, or the still more unrelenting persecution of party, legislation will cease to be national; it will be wise by accident and bad by system."

The protection of this constitutional liberty of the United States of America is a duty which the citizens owe to themselves who enjoy it—to their ancestors, who transmitted it—and to their posterity, who will claim to receive from them this sacred birth-right, the noblest inheritance of mankind. Again Judge Story says: "If, upon a closer survey of all the powers given by the Constitution, and all the guards upon their exercise, we shall perceive still stronger

inducements to fortify this conclusion and to increase our confidence in the Constitution, may we not justly hope that every honest American will concur in the dying expression of Father Paul, 'Esto perpetua'—may it be perpetual.

This glorious Constitution of my country I love. I have always loved it. I read it, I read of it, with delight yet more and more, as years go by. I look at its embryo formation in the inherited principles of representative government and taxation, which my fathers brought with them from their English home. I look at its infant birth in the Articles of Confederation in 1777, when the thirteen separate States formed themselves into a confederacy of States, and assumed the hallowed name of the United States of America, in a firm league of friend-

ship with each other for their defence, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare; in mutual obligations of assistance against all force offered to, or attacks made upon them, or any of them, on account of religion, sovereignty, trade, or any other pretence whatever; and when in the same year they adopted their sacred flag, the banner and token of freedom and self-government, with its thirteen equal stripes, and its thirteen united stars. I look at the more complete and final formation of this wonderful instrument of national security and power, when in 1785, Virginia proposed a Convention for its formation; and in 1786 and 1787, the other States agreed to meet her representatives in council for the purpose.

It was doubtless a compromise and concession of conflicting interests. But then it was truly this. These concessions were nobly made. And its result was, the creating of a nation—a nation of people—a consolidated, absolute government of united people, and no longer an incoherent confederacy of repelling and discordant States. Its full success in operation was gravely doubted. Able and commanding minds opposed it earnestly; wiser minds counselled and succeeded in its acceptance and establishment. Franklin said: “I consent to this Constitution because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good.” “There are some things in this new form,” said Washington, “I will

readily acknowledge, which never did, and I am persuaded never will, obtain my cordial approbation. But I did then conceive, and do now most firmly believe, that in the aggregate it is the best Constitution that can be obtained at this epoch, and that this or a dissolution awaits our choice, and is the only alternative." And again he says: "It appears to me little short of a miracle that the delegates from so many States, different from each other in their manners, circumstances, and prejudices, should unite in forming a system of national government so little liable to well-founded objections."

On the seventeenth of September, 1787, this venerated man affixed his signature to the document, as the President of the Convention which had formed it,

and his companions in the great work followed him with theirs. It was the great constructing day of this nation; of which it may be said, the nation was born on it. I have wondered that it has not been kept among the holidays of the American people.

Now my loyalty to Jerusalem is my love for her Constitution. I would transmit it as I have received it. To maintain it, unbroken and supreme, I should contend to the last. And when a violent assault has been made upon it, to break it down and destroy it—fearful as is civil discord and bloodshed—any amount of suffering to maintain the just order of a nation is nothing, compared to the higher, more complicated, and fearful sufferings which must come from its violent overthrow, and the dissolution of society into a mob.

What it may cost, what it may require, what it may impose, are to me considerations of no consequence in comparison. Its preservation is cheap at any cost. And I should stand at the pumps while I could stand, and bail as long as strength would suffer me to do it, rather than permit the ship to sink, and to carry every one within to the bottom of the sea. I therefore say: Never give up this contest for the Constitution. Compel this rebellion to submit to its authority. And if you must perish, perish nobly maintaining the peerless cause of liberty, government, and order. Let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if in this I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.



Loyalty to Jerusalem is Love for her Government.

5. MY loyalty to Jerusalem is my love for her government. Her Constitution is the charter of her government—the fixed and final scheme arranged for its construction and its perpetual operation and control. This government is subordinate to the Constitution, must submit to it, be ruled by it, defend it, guard it, fight for its protection, insist upon the absolute obedience of the people of the nation to it, or punish with a severity, merciful to the nation, those who choose to trample on its authority.

The government is in the two houses of Congress, as the makers of the laws—in the President, as the executor of the laws—in a supreme court, as the interpreter of the laws. Here is a government of law, in its establishment, its interpretation, and its execution, by the representatives of the sovereignty of the people. And in every act of each, “We, the people of the United States,” act for ourselves; and if these representatives of our will are unworthy or unfaithful, our Constitution provides a just and immediate way for their responsibility and punishment.

But we *have* a government. I am every day grateful in saying we are proud to have a strong and vigorous government. Our laws are intelligible and clear, and our President, for his

appointed term of service, is absolute. He is the individual utterance, expression, and manifestation of the will of the people. They have chosen him for four years, to rule for them, and in their name; to rule them by the power which their own absolute sovereignty has committed to him. All the power of executing their laws they have intrusted absolutely to him, as a personal agent, an individual agent, with constitutional advisers, but with no constitutional superior.

Now I love this government. I love it in its origin. I love it in its simplicity. I love it in its supremacy. I love it in its individuality. I love it in its constitutional strength. I love it in its personal power, determination, and will. It combines for me all the possible

freedom of liberty for the many, consistent with order and tranquillity for the whole, and the vast security of absolute authority in an ultimate ruler from whom there is no appeal. It seems to me to have gathered the gems from all regions to make this new, last crown of a monarchical people—a ruling nation.

There is an affected distinction made between the government and its administration. I agree that there is the possibility of such a distinction in theory. But it is the simple distinction between form and life, between conceded power and its activity. It is a distinction possible only in the theory. The administration is the government in actual life. “*The executive power shall be vested in a President of the*

United States of America," is the ordinance which creates this simple, perfect type. "He shall hold his office during the term of four years," is the decree of duration to his future official life.

Thus in the first section, article second of the Constitution, the form is arrayed. But the ideal of this immense potentiality is still dead. And when this sovereign people have said, in the majesty of their right, "Abraham Lincoln, be thou this president for these four years," it is a breathing into the nostrils of this form the breath of life, and the man imagined becomes a living soul. The government arises into being in administration, and till the term of official being expires, you cannot separate the administration from the government. And my loyalty to the government, in

which I find the honor of my nation, is my loyalty to the administration of that government, in its personal representatives of the executive sovereignty of the people.

I agree that this does not involve my complete satisfaction in opinion with all the actings of the administration. It certainly did not for me when James Buchanan was the representative of the people's executive sovereignty. It certainly has not for me, in all things, in the administration of his successor. But I should find no fault with allèged arbitrary acts. I would that he were the reïmpersonation of the iron will and determination of Andrew Jackson, and that every sympathizer with this shocking treason had been made to feel the power of the people's stern displeasure.

And yet I rebuke my own impetuosity of spirit, and I honor as perhaps far wiser the forbearance, the gentleness, the integrity, the fixed pursuit of conscientious principle, which have so remarkably distinguished the present righteous, but too forbearing sovereign of this people,—for in him I honor the unlimited sovereignty of the people of this nation in themselves. I make, therefore, no distinction, for there can be no practical one established between the government and the administration. And I view all hostility to the administration,—quite differing from mere disapprobation or disagreement of opinion,—to be but an assumed and convenient aspect of real hostility to the government itself; and while the administration is engaged in maintaining the supremacy of the Con-

stitution and the very existence of the nation, to be just that which the Constitution defines as "treason against the United States," consisting in "adhering to their enemies, and giving them aid and comfort."

In the present crisis of the nation my loyalty is called to consider the whole, and the absorbing question, of rebellion and war; and in a single indivisible alternative, to cleave to the government of my country, or to oppose and distract it while engaged in war. From this aspect of duty and of necessity I may well start back.

"Those passion roots of desolating war,
Which germinate in havoc fierce and far,
 What are they but a brood of sin,
 Sprung from a bosom-hell within?
Pride and envy, lust and power,
Form the fiends which thus devour

All principles of peace, a God incarnate came,
To purchase by his pangs, and hallow by his
name.

“What is false ‘glory’ save a guilt disguised,
A murderous cheat, magnificently prized;
When rifled home and ruined shrine
With all the curse of war combine,
And the shrieks of womanhood
Heard in harrowing solitude,
Throng round the gory track where armies fought
or fled,
And crushing war-steeds stamped their hoofs upon
the dead.

“Go, when the rush and roar of fight are past,
And pallid moonbeams on the slain are east;
Go muse around the mangled heap,
Who there in weltering havoe sleep;
Youth and manhood as they fell,
Far from home, and loved so well;
And while you heave a sigh o’er many a sunken
brow,
Think what the spirits feel whose flesh lies
mouldering now.”

I see and feel all this most sadly. But there is a higher consideration of responsibility still. A nation's overthrow is planned and sought by the wickedness of selfish and ambitious men. The sacrifices and the loss to them are nothing, for they had nothing, and every thing was to be gained. That nation must protect and defend its own inhabitants and people at whatever cost. And there we stand. This rebellion must be subdued; this government must be sustained; this administration must be upheld; whatever expenditure of men, of money, or of time may be required, or greater evils far become the alternative. And the duty of the administration is to subdue, or to destroy. And if there be no willing submission yielded to a rightful authority,

then is its duty absolute destruction of the guilty. And the same responsibility which compels a father to kill a beast, a madman, or a violent robber and murderer, in the defence of his own house, and to rescue and provide for those, a neglect of whom makes him worse than an infidel, according to the command of God,—requires the supreme magistrate to bear and use the sword, till the invading enemies of the nation committed to him shall have been subdued, and in the victorious protection of his people he shall become justly called the father and the saviour of his country.

Doubtless the crisis is terrific. But the progress has been wonderful. And far from feeling a disappointment or discouragement from the past, I am only in wonder that the authorities of the na-

tion have achieved so much. I look back upon these two years of warfare, surprised at the progress we have made, in what I have always believed would be a five years' war.

How remarkable is the present aspect of this Government! What government ever found itself upheld with such a system of finance in war, such armies of voluntary defenders, such united loyalty in a people, such rapid disgrace of those who have opposed it? What nation in war was ever distinguished by such humanity to foes, such unwillingness to exercise even a moderate and just severity, such readiness to bear with injustice, and to utter an amnesty for crime? What other government on earth would have tolerated in office, such manifest unfaithfulness

to itself in high official and military stations, such absolute disobedience to superior authority, such undisguised consideration of the welfare of enemies, or of future contingent personal attainments?

Surely the last charge that can with justice be made against such an administration is arbitrary violence or unseemly severity. And the wisest observers can only comfort themselves in their observation of such remarkable patience and long-suffering, with the assured feeling that it must cut off from history the whole spirit of censure, and render but the more execrable and odious the conspiracy with which it has dealt so mercifully. I have no complaint to make of these two years of the living government in

administration, but of its slackness, in not punishing treason, in not banishing its abettors, and in suffering its own subordinates in offices even when indisputably implicated in it.

My loyalty to Jerusalem is still love for its government, in a perfect confidence in its form, and in a continued trust in and a determined support of its administration. But one alternative is either righteous or merciful to the nation which has suffered such an outrage, and so without cause, — to a community whose peaceful employments and dwellings have been so assaulted and marauded upon by a mob of such violence. Neither justice to the nation, mercy to the injured, protection to the country, care for posterity, nor fidelity to a great and imperative trust, will suffer

any toleration, or light dealing with the leaders and instigators of such a rebellious outbreak, so unnecessary, so cruel, so bitter, so unsparing, and so reckless of all that is honorable in a community, and humane and beneficent in private life. Worse men, if character is to be illustrated by persistent conduct, the world has never seen, and they are to be righteously dealt with, only as the demonstrated enemies of the human race.

But my regard for the present administration advances with its own career. Its growth is in all the attributes which must attract the confidence and love of generous men. The day which has called us here together is a vivid illustration of this. How remarkably honorable to the Senate of the United

States was the resolution unanimously adopted by them, suggesting such a reference to the Divine authority and will.

Resolved, That devoutly recognizing the supreme authority and just government of Almighty God in all the affairs of men and of nations, and sincerely believing that no people, however great in numbers and resources, or however strong in the justice of their cause, can prosper without his favor, and at the same time deploring the national offences which have provoked his righteous judgment, yet encouraged in this day of trouble by the assurances of his Word to seek him for succor according to his appointed way, through Jesus Christ, the Senate of the United States do hereby request

the President of the United States, by his proclamation, to designate and set apart a day for national prayer and humiliation, requesting all the people of the land to suspend their secular pursuits, and unite in keeping the day in solemn communion with the Lord of Hosts, supplicating him to enlighten the counsels and direct the policy of the rulers of the nation, and to support all our soldiers, sailors, and marines, and the whole people, in the firm discharge of duty, until the existing rebellion shall be overthrown and the blessings of peace restored to our bleeding country."

How equally creditable to himself is the Proclamation of the President:

"*Whereas*, The Senate of the United

States, devoutly recognizing the supreme authority and just government of Almighty God in all the affairs of men and of nations, has, by a resolution, requested the President to designate and set apart a day for national prayer and humiliation ; and

“*Whereas*, It is the duty of nations, as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, to confess their sins and transgressions, in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon, and to recognize the sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures, and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord ;

“And inasmuch as we know that, by his divine law, nations, like individuals,

are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people?

“ We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven. We have been preserved these many years in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power, as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were pro-

duced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us !

“ It behoves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness.

“ Now, therefore, in compliance with the request, and fully concurring in the views of the Senate, I do, by this my proclamation, designate and set apart Thursday, the thirtieth day of April, 1863, as a day of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer. And I do hereby request all the people to abstain on that day from their ordinary secular pursuits, and to unite, at their several places

of public worship and in their respective homes, in keeping the day holy to the Lord, and devoted to the humble discharge of the religious duties proper to that solemn occasion.

“ All this being done in sincerity and truth, let us then rest humbly in the hope, authorized by the divine teachings, that the united cry of the nation will be heard on high, and answered with blessings, no less than the pardon of our national sins, and the restoration of our now divided and suffering country to its former happy condition of unity and peace!

“ In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

“ Done at the city of Washington, this thirtieth day of March, in the year

of our Lord one thousand eight [L.S.] hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

“ ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

“ By the President.

“ WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

“ Secretary of State.”

The Christian people of this land cannot fail to honor and to sustain, with the most loyal devotion, an administration, so distinguished by all the integrity of principle which can honor an executive, and all the fidelity of personal feeling which can exalt an individual. And in looking at the whole field spread out before me, I behold a glorious government contending, like a tempest-tossed but majestic ship, with a storm of intense

violence and fury, riding on the angry wave uninjured, unshrinking, facing still the vehemence of the tempest. I behold an administration distinguished by probity, moderation, calmness, honesty, and truth,—standing still on deck, a wearied but unresting pilot, determined to weather the gale, and bring safe to port the precious trust committed to his care. I see his lofty head above the gathered anxious multitude around him, still tranquil, determined, generous, and unexcited; not fast enough, not ambitious enough, not stern, not avenging enough, I am ready to say, as I hear multitudes say around me. But what man has said, or dares in the face of the American people, to say, not honest enough, not conscientious enough, not enough really trying and determined to do that which is right? I see him with

his surrounding council, baring his head amidst the storm, and while taxing all his energies of mind and heart and feeling for the most disinterested and thorough fulfilment of his fearful duties, with uplifted eye calling aloud through all the wave-washed deck, in a voice that all shall hear, and none shall misunderstand: "Look aloft, look aloft." Let us pray to God, and trust ourselves to him. Let us strive to do his will, and ask and supplicate his gracious blessing with us. He it is who maketh the winds his messengers, and the flaming fire his ministers.

I stand and survey this majestic scene, this sublime spectacle, and I return to my own heart and say: Before I am disloyal to such a government, to such an administration, to such a representa-

tive of the sovereign majesty of my people, let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. To my nation, to my country, to the principle of freedom, to the Constitution, to the Government, while I live, will I be faithful; and however depressed or downcast or desponding may be the incidents and elements of the day, even though in captivity I sit by the rivers of Babylon, I will never forget, dishonor, or deny the Jerusalem I have loved, beneath whose shade I have grown and been refreshed, and with whose sons and daughters I have gone to the house of God and taken sweet delight. Still in prayer for my beloved country will I look up to the King of kings and Lord of lords.

“Yes, Lord of hosts! if blood and battle come,
And weaponed patriots fight for hearth and home,
While tented field and bivouac,
The trumpet, steed, and victor track,
Soldiers of the world delight,
Who for crowns of conquest fight,
The prowess of thy Church will prove by ceaseless
prayer,
As Joshua did of old, true victory is *there*.

“Blest Teacher! who unteachest pride to man,
In perfect harmony with God’s own plan,
Leader of Saints! thy meekness bring,
When war and faction round us ring
Yells of fierceness, which betray
Passions in their fiendish play,
Come with thy gentleness, celestial as refined,
And let our struggle be, who most shall *love*
mankind.”

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