

Amid this divided marine dominion, in which one power alone has half the rule of the ocean, shall America sit scepterless and forlorn—dethroned, ignoble, dispirited, and disgraced? The ensign of our nationality takes its stars from the vault of heaven. By them brave men sail. It is now an unknown emblem upon the sea. We welcome every race to our shores in the vessels of other nations. Our enormous surplus, which feeds the world, is for others to bear away. We gaze at the leviathans of commerce entering our harbors and darkening our sky with the pennons of smoke; but the thunder of the engines is under another flag and the shouting of the captains is in an alien tongue. Others distribute the produce, capitalize the moneys, gather the glories, and elevate their institutions by the amenities and benignities of commerce, and we, boasting of our invention, heroism, and freedom, allow the jailers of a hated and selfish policy to place gyves upon our energy, and when we ask for liberty to build and for liberty to buy imprison our genius in the sight of these splendid achievements.

Mr. Speaker, if you would that we should once more fly our ensign upon the sea, assist us to take off the burdens from our navigation and give to us the first, last, and best—the indispensable condition of civilization by commerce—liberty.

## THOMAS STARR KING



THOMAS STARR KING, American Unitarian clergyman, orator, and author, the son of a Universalist clergyman, was born at New York city, Dec. 16, 1824, and died at San Francisco, March 4, 1864. After the death of his father he was, in 1840, appointed an assistant teacher in a school at Charlestown, Mass. In 1842, while principal of a school in West Medford, Mass., he studied for the Universalist ministry under Hosea Ballou, and after a few years spent in preaching at Boston and its neighborhood was ordained pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian church in the latter city, where he remained eleven years. During this period his remarkable eloquence made him one of the most popular preachers in Boston, while on the lecture platform he was highly successful. Among his lectures those on "Substance and Show," "Socrates," and "Sight and Insight" were perhaps the most generally popular. In 1860, he accepted a call to a Unitarian church in San Francisco, where he met with much success. In the political canvass of 1860 he urged with great eloquence the paramount duty of supporting the Union cause, and to his patriotic efforts the preservation of California to the Union at that period may be said to be due. While the Civil War was in progress, he was active in behalf of the sanitary commission. He was an enthusiastic lover of nature and was one of the first to direct public attention to the beauties of the Yosemite Valley and of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. San Francisco preserves his memory by a statue erected in 1889 in the Golden Gate Park in that city. He was the author of "The White Hills: their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry" (1859); "Patriotism and Other Papers" (1865); "Christianity and Humanity" (1877); and "Substance and Show, and Other Lectures" (1877).

### ON THE PRIVILEGE AND DUTIES OF PATRIOTISM

FROM AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE "SUMMER LIGHT GUARD"  
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LET us waste no words in introduction or preface. I am to speak to you of the privilege and duties of American patriotism.

First the privilege. Patriotism is love of country. It is a privilege that we are capable of such a sentiment. Self-love is the freezing point in the temperature of the world. As the heart is kindled and ennobled it pours out feeling and

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interest, first upon family and kindred, then upon country, then upon humanity. The home, the flag, the cross,—these are the representatives or symbols of the noblest and most sacred affections or treasures of feeling in human nature.

We sometimes read arguments by very strict moralists which cast a little suspicion upon the value of patriotism as a virtue, for the reason that the law of love, unrestricted love, should be our guide and inspiration. We must be cosmopolitan by our sympathy, they prefer to say. Patriotism if it interferes with the wider spirit of humanity is sectionalism of the heart. We must not give up to country "what is meant for mankind."

Such sentiments may be uttered in the interest of Christian philanthropy but they are not healthy. The divine method in evoking our noblest affections is always from particulars to generals. God "hath set the solitary in families," and bound the families into communities, and organized communities into nations; and he has ordained special duties for each of these relationships and inspired affections to prompt the discharge of them and to exalt the character.

The law of love is the principle of the spiritual universe, just as gravitation is the governing force of space. It binds each particle of matter to every other particle, but it attracts inversely as the square of the distance and thus becomes practically a series of local or special forces, holding our feet perpetually to one globe, and allowing only a general unity which the mind appropriates through science and meditation with the kindred but far-off spheres. The man that has most of the sentiment of love will have the most intense special affections. You cannot love the whole world and nobody in particular. If you try that it will be true of you as of the miser who said, "what I give is nothing to nobody."

However deep his baptism in general good will a man must look with a thrill that nothing else can awaken into the face of the mother that bore him; he cannot cast off the ties that bind him to filial responsibilities and a brother's devotion; and Providence has ordained that out of identity of race, a common history, the same scenery, literature, laws, and aims,—though in perfect harmony with good will to all men,—the wider family feeling, the distinctive virtue, patriotism, should spring.

If the ancient Roman could believe that the yellow Tiber was the river dearest to heaven; if the Englishman can see a grandeur in the Thames which its size will not suggest; if the Alpine storm-wind is a welcome home-song to the Swiss mountaineer; if the Laplander believes that his country is the best the sun shines upon; if the sight of one's own national flag in other lands will at once awaken feelings that speed the blood and melt the eyes; if the poorest man will sometimes cherish a proud consciousness of property in the great deeds that glow upon his country's annals and the monuments of its power,—let us confess that the heart of man, made for the Christian law, was made also to contract a special friendship for its native soil, its kindred stock, its ancestral traditions,—let us not fail to see that where the sentiment of patriotism is not deep, a sacred affection is absent, an essential element of virtue is wanting, and religion barren of one prominent witness of its sway.

But why argue in favor of patriotism as a lofty virtue? History refuses to countenance the analytic ethics of spiritual dreamers. It pushes into notice Leonidas, Tell, Cincinnatus, Camillus, Hampden, Winkelried, Scipio, Lafayette, Adams, Bolivar, and Washington, in whom the sentiment has become flesh, and gathered to itself the world's affections and honors.

It asks us, "What do you say of these men? These are among the brighter jewels of my kingdom. Thousands of millions fade away into the night in my realm, but these souls shine as stars, with purer lustre as they retreat into the blue of time. Is not their line of greatness as legitimate as that of poets, philosophers, philanthropists, and priests?"

Nay, the Bible is opened for us, to stimulate and increase our love of country. Patriotism is sanctioned and commended and illustrated there by thrilling examples: by the great patriot-prophet Moses, who, during all those wilderness-years bore the Hebrew people in his heart; by Joshua who sharpened his sword on the tables of stone till its edge was keen as the righteous wrath of heaven and its flame fierce as a flash from Sinai, as it opened a path through an idolatrous land for the colonization of a worthier race and a clean idea; (O that there were enough of that steel in America to-day to make a sword for the leader of the Union armies!) by the great statesman Samuel, to whom every Jew may point with pride as the Hebrew Washington; by David, who, for the glory of his nation wielded the hero's sword and tuned the poet's harp, by the long line of the fire-tongued prophets whose hearts burned for their country's redemption while they proclaimed the "higher law;" by the lyric singers of the exile, like him who chanted the lament, which seems to gush from the very heart of patriotism, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. . . . Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!"

Yes, and when we pass higher up than these worthies of the older inspiration to him the highest name, him from whom we have received our deepest life, him whose love embraced

the whole race in its scope, the eternal and impartial love made flesh, who pronounced the parable of the good Samaritan and shed the warmth of that spirit through his life into the frosty air of human sentiment, do we not read that he felt more keenly the alienation of his countrymen according to the flesh than he felt the spear-point and the nails, and paused over the beautiful city of David to utter a lament whose burden swept away the prospect of his own lowering destiny,—“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered your children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate.”

Although the highest office of revelation is to point to and prepare us for “a better country, even a heavenly,” no one can rightly read the pages of the Bible without catching enthusiasm for his earthly country, the land of his fathers, the shelter of his infancy, the hope of his children.

It is a privilege of our nature, hardly to be measured, that we are capable of the emotion of patriotism, that we can feel a nation's life in our veins, rejoice in a nation's glory, suffer for a nation's momentary shame, throb with a nation's hope. It is as if each particle of matter that belongs to a mountain, each crystal hidden in its darkness, each grass-blade on its lower slopes, each pebble amid its higher desolation, each snowflake of its cold and tilted fields could be conscious all the time of the whole bulk and symmetry and majesty and splendor of the pile,—of how it glows at evening, of how it blazes at the first touch of morning light, of its pride when it overtops the storm, of the joy it awakens in hearts that see in it the power and glory of the Creator. It is as if each could exult in feeling—I am part of this organized majesty; I am an element in one flying buttress of it, or its firm-poised

peak; I contribute to this frosty radiance; I am ennobled by the joy it awakens in every beholder's breast!

Think of a man living in one of the illustrious civilized communities of the world and insensible to its history, honor, and future,—say of England! Think of an intelligent inhabitant of England so wrapped in selfishness that he has no consciousness of the mighty roots of that kingdom, nor of the toughness of its trunk, nor of the spread of its gnarled boughs! Runnymede and Agincourt are behind him, but he is insensible to the civil triumph and the knightly valor. All the literature that is crowned by Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, the noblest this earth ever produced from one national stock, awakens in him no heart-beat of pride. He reads of the study blows in the great rebellion, and of the gain to freedom by the later and more quiet revolution, and it is no more to him than if the record had been dropped from another planet.

The triumphs of English science over nature, the hiss of her engines, the whirl of her wheels, the roar of her factory drums, the crackle of her furnaces, the beat of her hammers, the vast and chronic toil that mines her treasures, affect him with no wonder and arouse no exultant thrill of partnership. And he sees nothing and feels nothing that stirs his torpid blood in the strokes and sweep of that energy before which the glory of Waterloo and Trafalgar is dim, which has knit the English will colonies and empires within a century which number nearly one fourth of the inhabitants of the globe.

The red flag of England hung out on all her masts, from all her house-tops, and from every acre of her conquests and possessions, would almost give this planet the color of Mars if seen through a telescope from a neighboring star.

What a privilege to be a conscious fibre of that compacted force! If I were an Englishman I should be proud every hour of every day over my heritage. I believe I should now and then imitate the man who sat up all night to hate his brother-in-law, and sit up all night to exult in my privilege. And as an Englishman I should keep clear of the pollution of sympathy with the American rebellion. The man who is dead to such pride ought not to be rated as a man.

And is it any less a privilege to be an American? Suppose that the continent could turn towards you to-morrow at sunrise and show to you the whole American area in the short hours of the sun's advance from Eastport to the Pacific! You would see New England roll into light from the green plumes of Aroostook to the silver stripe of the Hudson; westward thence over the Empire State, and over the lakes, and over the sweet valleys of Pennsylvania, and over the prairies, the morning blush would run and would waken all the line of the Mississippi; from the frosts where it rises, to the fervid waters in which it pours, for three thousand miles it would be visible, fed by rivers that flow from every mile of the Alleghany slope and edged by the green embroideries of the temperate and tropic zones; beyond this line another basin, too, the Missouri, catching the morning, leads your eye along its western slope till the Rocky Mountains burst upon the vision and yet do not bar it; across its passes we must follow as the stubborn courage of American pioneers has forced its way till again the Sierra and their silver veins are tinted along the mighty bulwark with the break of day; and then over to the gold fields of the western slope, and the fatness of the California soil, and the beautiful valleys of Oregon, and the stately forests of Washington the eye is drawn as the globe turns out of the night-shadow, and when the Pacific waves

are crested with radiance you have the one blending picture, nay, the reality of the American domain! No such soil, so varied by climate, by products, by mineral riches, by forest and lake, by wild heights and buttresses, and by opulent plains,—yet all bound into unity of configuration and bordered by both warm and icy seas,—no such domain was ever given to one people.

And then suppose that you could see in a picture as vast and vivid the preparation for our inheritance of this land: Columbus haunted by his round idea and setting sail in a sloop to see Europe sink behind him, while he was serene in the faith of his dream; the later navigators of every prominent Christian race who explored the upper coasts; the "Mayflower" with her cargo of sifted acorns from the hardy stock of British Puritanism, and the ship whose name we know not that bore to Virginia the ancestors of Washington; the clearing of the wilderness and the dotting of its clearings with the proofs of manly wisdom and Christian trust; then the gradual interblending of effort and interest and sympathy into one life, the congress of the whole Atlantic slope to resist oppression upon one member, the rally of every State around Washington and his holy sword, and again the nobler rally around him when he signed the constitution, and after that the organization of the farthest west with north and south into one polity and communion; when this was finished, the tremendous energy of free life under the stimulus and with the aid of advancing science, in increasing wealth, subduing the wilds to the bonds of use, multiplying fertile fields, and busy schools, and noble workshops, and churches hallowed by free-will offerings of prayer, and happy homes, and domes dedicated to the laws of States that rise by magic from the haunts of the buffalo and deer, all in less

than a long lifetime; and if we could see also how, in achieving this, the flag which represents all this history is dyed in traditions of exploits by land and sea that have given heroes to American annals whose names are potent to conjure with, while the world's list of thinkers in matter is crowded with the names of American inventors and the higher rolls of literary merit are not empty of the title of our "representative men;" if all that the past has done for us and the present reveals could thus stand apparent in one picture, and then if the promise of the future to the children of our millions under our common law and with continental peace could be caught in one vast spectral exhibition, the wealth in store, the power, the privilege, the freedom, the learning, the expansive and varied and mighty unity in fellowship, almost fulfilling the poet's dream of

"The parliament of man, the federation of the world,"

you would exclaim with exultation, "I, too, am an American!"

You would feel that patriotism next to your tie to the divine love is the greatest privilege of your life; and you would devote yourselves out of inspiration and joy to the obligations of patriotism, that this land so spread, so adorned, so colonized, so blessed, should be kept forever against all the assaults of traitors, one in polity, in spirit, and in aim!

Gentlemen, this is what we ought to do, what we should try to do; we should seize by our imagination the glory of our country, that our patriotism may be a permanent and a lofty flame. Patriotism is an imaginative sentiment. Imagination is essential to its vigor; not imagination which distorts facts, but which sweeps a vast field of them and illumines it. It comprehends hills, streams, plains, and val-