

leys in a broad conception, and from traditions and institutions, from the life of the past and the vigor and noble tendencies of the present, it individualizes the destiny and personifies the spirit of its land, and then vows its vow to that.

It is of the very essence of true patriotism, therefore, to be earnest and truthful, to scorn the flatterer's tongue, and strive to keep its native land in harmony with the laws of national thrift and power. It will tell a land of its faults as a friend will counsel a companion. It will speak as honestly as the physician advises a patient. And if occasion requires, an indignation will flame out of its love like that which burst from the lips of Moses when he returned from the mountain and found the people to whom he had revealed the austere Jehovah and for whom he would cheerfully have sacrificed his life worshipping a calf.

We condense all the intimations of these last thoughts in saying that true patriotism is pledged to the idea which one's native country represents. It does not accept and glory in its country merely for what it is at present and has been in the past, but for what it may be. Each nation has a representative value. Each race that has appropriated a certain latitude which harmonizes with its blood has the capacity to work out special good results and to reveal great truths in some original forms.

God designs that each country shall bear a peculiar ideal physiognomy, and he has set its geographical characteristics as a bony skeleton and breathed into it a free life spirit, which, if loyal to the intention, will keep the blood in health, infuse vigor into every limb, give symmetry to the form, and carry the flush of a pure and distinct expression to the countenance. It is the patriot's office to study the laws of public growth and energy, and to strive with enthusiastic

love to guard against every disease that would cripple the frame, that he may prevent the lineaments of vice and brutality from degrading the face which God would have radiant with truth, genius, and purity.

He was the best patriot of ancient Greece who had the widest and wisest conception of the capacities and genius of Greece, and labored to paint that ideal winningly before the national mind, and to direct the flame of national aspiration, fanned by heroic memories, up to the noblest possibilities of Grecian endeavor. The truest patriot of England would be the man whose mind should see in the English genius and geography what that nation could do naturally and best for humanity, and, seizing the traditional elements that are in harmony with that possibility, should use them to enliven his own sympathies and to quicken the nation's energy. We might say the same of Russia and of Italy. The forward look is essential to patriotism.

And how much more emphatically and impressively true is this when we bring our own country into the foreground! We have been placed on our domain for the sake of a hope. What we have done and what has been done for us is only preparation, the outline sketching of a picture to be filled with color and life in the next three centuries. Shall the sketch be blurred and the canvas be torn in two? That is what we are to decide in these bitter and bloody days.

Our struggle now is to keep the country from falling away from the idea which every great patriot has recognized as the purpose towards which our history, from the first, has been moving. God devised the scheme for us of one republic. He planted the further slope of the Alleghanies at first with Saxon men; he has striped the Pacific coast with the energy of their descendants, protecting thus both avenues

of entrance to our domain against European intrusion; but the great wave of population he has rolled across the Alleghanies into the central basin.

That is the seat of the American polity. And an imperial river runs through it to embarrass and to shame and to balk all plans of rupture. The Mississippi bed was laid by the Almighty as the keel of the American ship, and the channel of every stream that pours into it is one of its ribs. We have just covered the mighty frame with planking, and have divided the hull into State compartments. And the rebels say, "Break the ship in two." They scream, "We have a right to, on the ground of the sovereignty of the compartments and the principles of the Declaration of Independence; we have a right to, and we will!" The loyal heart of the nation answers, "We will knock out all your Gulf compartments and shiver your sovereign bulkheads, built of ebony, to pieces, and leave you one empty territory again before you shall break the keel." This is the right answer. We must do it, not only for our own safety, but to preserve the idea which the nation has been called to fulfil, and to which patriotism is called and bound to be loyal. Ay, even if there were one paragraph or line in the Declaration of Independence that breathed or hinted a sanction of the rebellion! Geology is older than the pen of Jefferson; the continent is broader than the Continental Congress, and they must go to the foundations to learn their statesmanship.

The Procrustes bed of American patriotism is the bed of the Mississippi, and every theory of national life and every plan for the future must be stretched on that; and woe to its wretched bones and sockets if it naturally reaches but half-way!

Providence made the country, too, when the immense basin

should be filled with its fitting millions, to show the world the beauty and economy of continental peace. It is a destiny radically different from that of Europe, with its four millions of armed men, that has been indicated for us. By the interplay of widely different products into one prosperity—cotton and cattle, tobacco and corn, metals and manufactures, shipyards and banking-rooms, forests and fields,—and all under one law, and all enjoying local liberty,—sufficient centralization, but the mildest pressure on the subordinate districts and the personal will—Providence designed to bless us with immense prosperity, to develop an energy unseen before on this globe, and to teach the nations a lesson which would draw them into universal fraternity and peace.

The rebels have tried to frustrate this hope and scheme. Patriotism, which discerns the idea to which the nation is thus called, arms to prevent its defeat. They say that there shall not be such unified prosperity and all-embracing peace for the future hundreds of millions on our domain. We say that there shall. And we arm to enforce our vision.

But is not that a strange way to establish peace, by fighting on such a scale as the Republic now witnesses? Is it not a novel method to labor for economy of administration and expense in government by a war which will fetter the nation with such a debt? We answer, the rebellion gave the challenge, and now victory at any cost is the only economy. Carnage, if they will it, is the only path to peace.

"For our own good
All causes shall give way; we are in blood
Stept in so far, that, should we wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Yes, if we return, all our blood and treasure are wasted. The peace we gain by victory is for all the future, and for uncounted millions. The debt we incur by three years'

fighting will be nothing compared with the new energy and security aroused, nothing to the next hundred years. And it will establish the idea to which the land was dedicated.

But do you say that if we conquer the rebellious area, we must hold it in subjection by a standing army which will be very costly and is contrary to the American idea? Very well, if we do not conquer, if the rebels gain a strong and arrogant independence, we must keep up an immense standing army. It would cost more to watch them than it will to hold them. For we should be obliged in watching them to watch Europe too. We prefer to pay money to hold rather than to watch; and if we pay our money I suppose we can take our choice.

Patriotism says, and says it in the interest of peace and economy and final fraternity, "Fight and conquer even at the risk of holding them for a generation under the yoke." Fight, though, on such a scale that there will be no need of holding them; that they will gladly submit again to the rule which makes the Republic one and blesses all portions with protection and with bounty. Fight till they shall know that they kick against fate and the resistless laws of the world! Patriotism calls on the cabinet and the head of the nation and the generals who give tone to the campaign to forget the customs and interests of peace till we shall gain it by the submission of the rebels and the shredding of their last banner into threads.

The stake is worth this style of fighting. For it is the peace of our grandchildren, the interblended prosperity of the continent, the economy of centuries, the abolition of standing armies for a thousand years, the indefinite postponement of war, the idea of America, that we are to bend up thus "each corporal agent" to secure. Fight with hose-

pipes and lavender water if you want perpetual hatred and indefinite slaughter; fight with sheets of schrapnel and red-hot shot if you want to see the speedy dawn again of American peace and good will!

And Providence still further dedicated this land as the better home for labor, and to a polity that honors and blesses labor. Not equal rights so much as new honor to the workman is the idea which our polity is divinely called to emblazon and to guard. For this and to help this our immense fields were shrouded in darkness until a race should be ready who would bring a free ballot-box with them, and an untitled church, and a free Bible, and the seed of public schools, and a spirit that should shake at last the "glittering generalities" of the Declaration of Independence into literature like dew-drops in the morning from a tree. Into whatever movement or conceptions the doctrine of the sacredness of man and the worth of labor flows, there patriotism discerns the proper march of the tide of American thought and spirit.

Whatever denies and cramps and opposes, that is hostile to the call and destiny of the younger continent. For whatever in America blasphemes the rights of labor and bars the education of the workman smites the soil to that extent with blight, degrades literature, drains public spirit, chains the wheel of progress, insults the New Testament, and flouts the nobler traditions of the land.

I need not tell you that the rebellion is guilty of this too. It sins against the Mississippi; it sins against the coast line; it sins against the ballot-box; it sins against oaths of allegiance; it sins against public and beneficent peace; and it sins worse than all against the corner-stone of American progress and history and hope,—the worth of the laborer, the rights of man. It strikes for barbarism against civilization.

We have taken the carbon of labor from Europe and tried to promote it into the diamond. Under the true American system a journeyman machinist in his striped shirt becomes General Nathaniel P. Banks. The rebel idea is hostile to all this crystallization. Keep all labor in its grimy and carbon state, they say; and so they choose it and perpetuate it of a color that will fulfil their arrogant conception.

Patriotism calls us to brace our sinews against this hideous apostasy and to see that the land is not severed by it. Our unity gone, our economical peace broken up, standing armies imposed on us forever, European intrigue and antagonism our law,—and all for the doctrine that labor may rightfully be trodden into the mire,—what a close of the book of our national story! What a robbery of the crown from our once proud forehead!

Gentlemen, it is a privilege that we can feel a patriotism which sets our present struggle in such relations and coolly sees that our country has been dedicated to a mission and a service so vast and eminent. The duties correspond to the privilege. One great duty is to feel the privilege more keenly, and by the inspiration of it stand strong for the country's unity.

Especially against any intimation from foreign powers of intervention to stop our war and break our integrity. If France tries it we will arm as France armed against the intervention of Europe in her great Revolution, and hurled the circling armies back! If England tries it we will say to her as Macaulay said with admirable vigor and eloquence in the House of Commons when the secession of Ireland was threatened: "The Repeal of the Union we regard as fatal to the empire and we never will consent to it; never, though the country should be surrounded by dangers as great as

those which threatened her when her American colonies, and France, and Spain, and Holland were leagued against her, and when the armed neutrality of the Baltic disputed her maritime rights; never, though another Bonaparte should pitch his camp in sight of Dover castle; never, till all has been staked and lost; never, till the four quarters of the world have been convulsed by the last struggle of the great English people for their place among the nations." It was an island utterly disjoined from England and separated more widely by blood and belief than by the chafing sea, of whose threatened secession these words were spoken by the most widely read English orator of this generation. How much more fitly and honorably can we urge the spirit of them if England should attempt to break our hold upon integral portions of our empire, the very courses of our rivers, the very land for which we have paid our millions and our blood! Let the spirit sweep through our loyal millions which Macaulay thus uttered; let us become such a battery that fervor and determination of that temperature shall leap out whenever the thought of foreign intervention is breathed. Then Europe will be careful enough how she touches the awful galvanic pile. Patriotism of that temper will be a peace-preserver.

And another duty of patriotism now is to call for the declaration of a new policy in the war.

Many of you have heard of the eloquent sailor preacher of Boston, Father Taylor. No man is more patriotic; no man is more powerful in prayer. A few weeks ago he prayed thus for our excellent chief magistrate in Boston: (those of you who have heard him will conceive with what vitality and emphasis he shot out the adjectives) "O Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God

like old Abraham! Save him from those wriggling, intriguing, politic, piercing, slimy, boring keel-worms; don't let them go through the sheathing of his integrity!"

Now we ought to begin to beseech Abraham, and to pray heaven in his behalf and ours, that the "keel-worms" shall not through his delay or scruples bore through the sheathing of the nation's integrity.

The time has come when we must look more at the actual constitution of the nation than at the paper constitution through which the rebel chiefs have struck their daggers. The time has come when it should be said and known and proclaimed with the trumpet of the President that we strike to exterminate the power of the slave-aristocracy of the rebel region.

The slave-oligarchy of the rebel States, if the war is to end in our favor, must be shorn of all their power for mischief. Otherwise the war, though we conquer, does not end in our favor. By the necessity of their position they stand thus hostile. Hostility to the American spirit steams like an intellectual malaria from their plantations. They breathe it invisibly and perforce. They are enemies by fate to all that as loyal Americans we honor and all that we are fighting to save.

In the now rebellious States there are less than three hundred thousand of them. We must crush their power. Any other issue to the war is simply chopping off the rattles from the snake instead of drawing the fangs. And to crush their power, we must strike the fetters from their bondmen. And we must say soon that our purpose is nothing less than this, that we shall hold on until we accomplish this.

Some would do this as a crusade in favor of the freedom of the black race. I would do it as a wise and statesmanlike

blow for the permanent interest of all the white race in our empire, and to insure the unity and peace of the continent for centuries. Thus we make America homogeneous. . . . Thus we give the war a principle. Thus we strike at the root of our differences, our dangers, our sorrows, and our mighty wrong. The rebel aristocracy have staked their power upon this challenge. If they fail they have lost, and we must see that they both fail and lose. . . .

O, that the President would soon speak that electric sentence,—inspiration to the loyal North, doom to the traitorous aristocracy whose cup of guilt is full! Let him say that it is a war of mass against class, of America against feudalism, of the schoolmaster against the slave-master, of workmen against the barons, of the ballot-box against the barracoon. This is what the struggle means. Proclaim it so, and what a light breaks through our leaden sky! The war-wave rolls then with the impetus and weight of an idea.

"The sword!—a name of dread!—yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound,—
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,—
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight,—
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;
Or on some sterile plain and stern,—
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or mid fierce crags and bursting rills,—
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide;—
Still, still, whene'er the battle's word
Is Liberty,—when men do stand
For Justice and their native land,—
Then Heaven bless the sword!"

Yes, gentlemen, then Heaven will bless the sword!