

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY:"

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE

GIVEN EXTEMPORANEOUSLY AT DODWORTH'S HALL, NEW YORK, ON
SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 25, 1861,

THROUGH EMMA HARDINGE,

BY

THE SPIRITS.

SECOND EDITION.



NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
13 FRANKFORT STREET.

INVOCATION.

"Adam! where art thou?"

AMERICAN PEOPLE!

In this century, which has beheld your land culminating to a point of prosperity hitherto unknown in your history, listen to the voice that has sounded through your Eden, and with the trumpet tongue of war and the fierce clamor of battle, awaked thee from thy Paradisaical rest, demanding, "Adam! where art thou?" The question presses home to the heart of the nation, no less than to the individuals that compose it.

Rulers! People! Merchants! Traders! Rich and poor! Master and captive! God is walking in the garden of *His* America, and in the noon-tide splendor of her power, demands of thee, Adam, to whom he has committed strength and beauty, riches and intellect, what thou hast done with it, and whether thou canst meet Him face to face, and render up an account of the great trust he has confided to thee?

"Adam! where art thou?" Oh, Infinite One! we have read aright this tremendous questioning, in the mighty sorrow that has fallen upon this nation, and while we answer Thee with tears and sighs, and sign the record of our disobedience with fast flowing rivers of blood, we hasten to the tribunal to which Thou hast called us, the tribunal of our own deeds, pledging ourselves to grow wise by our failures, strong by our sufferings, and obedient to Thy laws by the memory of the Paradise which we have forfeited.

Glory to Thee! for Thy tone of warning, though it comes in the shriek of agony and the wail of death. In our march to conquest over our own misdeeds, receive Thine answer, and with it our supplication for strength and light to remodel our America in that divine order that shall fit her to be an offering at Thy shrine, a Paradise regained.

The love of home, country, and kindred, are amongst the most beautiful, because the most truthful, impulses of our affectional nature. We may abuse them by that excess which degenerates into egotism and selfishness; but as surely as the spot of earth which first entered into the composition of the flower whose root it feeds, becomes by assimilation part of itself, so inevitably does the soil, atmosphere, and social surrounding, with which our first dawn of life is associated, become part of our humanity, exercise an attraction towards us purely parental, and so completely impregnate our being with its own characteristics, that the love of home and country is as inevitable as the love of self. And thus it is that the noble fire of patriotism is outwrought from that very selfishness which man, as an individual, is compelled to feel and exercise as the law of his individuality; but this is the limitation of a finite

being's nature, and though excellent, because true to nature, is at best mere selfishness compared to the broad and universal Providence, acting throughout the vast fields of creation without favor or partiality, unbounded by sect or section, uninfluenced by color, character, or condition.

It is in such a spirit of divine and universal love as this that it becomes the true philosopher to regard every portion of the human family, each and all as "fragments of one stupendous whole;" past, present, and future, but links in the eternal chain of causation, and the destiny of any single nation, considered apart from the rest of the universe, as but an unfinished problem. Whilst the present urgency and deeply momentous character of American interests, however, demand of its thinkers special counsel concerning its own immediate weal or woe, those who have passed beyond the veil which limits human vision to the things of the hour, and the interests of a section, can find no solution to the present problematical condition of this country, except in a wide sweeping view of her relation to other lands and other ages, and her connection with the various links in the great chain of humanity, which in the eyes of God and his ministers is an unit.

To the Spirit who has gained the mountain heights of observation from whence ages, nations, and even worlds, appear to lie outstretched as in a panorama, the fine links of love and harmony that combine the whole appear clearly defined. In such a view, nations, individuals, and sand grains, stand out from the whole, necessary and integral parts of the great body politic of the universe; and it is only in such views that those who would accept the Spirit's interpretation of "America and her destiny," can truly predicate the purposes of the Author of Creation. From the progressive order of existence, no less than from the recorded history of the race, we assume that the entire plan of creation is benevolent, harmonious, and immutable, that good is the ultimatum of being, and that the same law is manifest in the formation of a dewdrop and a world, in the government of a nation and a universe, in the destiny of an individual and a solar system. Hence we regard the destiny of this planet as mapped out in the life of man, and find all those social disorders, of which human history has hitherto been the record, to be the result of struggles consequent upon the world's infancy—failures attendant upon the ignorance of rudimental ages, and experimental efforts of the child, man, to attain to a noble and vigorous manhood.

We believe that a prophetic voice in man's heart has ever assured him of such a destiny, whilst religion has taught him to supplicate for its coming in the name of God's kingdom. For its full achievement, however, we believe that the intellectual and spiritual world within man, and the physical face of nature without, must come under his entire subjection, and that both must be cultivated and applied to the highest order of which they are susceptible. As a complete type of the destiny and progress of the race, the earth, we believe, is destined to become entirely subjected to the rule and use of man; in proof of this, different portions of it have already come beneath his sway, and the indomitable spirit of research is fast wresting every secret from nature, whether of locality or in space. The Orient appears to have preserved the earliest traces of the sovereignty of man on this globe, and if the observations of the ethnologist be correct, the embryo Demi-God found in Asia the cradle of his being.

Though the records of his rude efforts at national aggregation and barbaric rule in this quarter of the globe are now fast moldering into dust, we find in this no evidence of human or national retrogression. The savage splendors of Hindostan, the wild legendary lore of Arabia, the stupendous mysticism of

Egypt, and the fervid devotion of Palestine—all these, like Carthage the noble, and Athens the wise, are slumbering in the night of ruin and decay; but they slumber only. The species was few in number, and its mission in the East accomplished, when the exigencies of advancing civilization required change of scene, soil, and climate—circumstances to evoke latent energies, and call forth dormant faculties in the race, and thus the tides of life receded from one shore to pour its force upon another, and the East worships in a temporary Sabbath of repose until the lands that have lain fallow since the child Savage first possessed and in extremest ignorance misused them, shall come forth in the resurrecting arms of progress, like a giant refreshed by slumber. The next grand experimental act of life was commenced in the milder climate of Europe. Here the ever-advancing march of mind, the experiences of preceding generations, and the genial influence of favorable climacteric conditions, marvellously accelerated the development of civilization, while the warning voice of the angel ever made itself heard in the Paradises of idleness and luxury, urging man forth to pioneer in the stern world of discovery, with the eternal echo of the cry, "Adam! where art thou?" Thus did the Phoenix of life spring up from the smoldering ashes of the East, winging its flight northward, and guiding the plough of human energy step by step over the highways of Europe, until the whole land became subject to its conqueror, resolved itself into a group of many nations, and reached the culminating point of its internal strength when the advent of its colonial history began to dawn on the world in the splendid discovery of Columbus. Equally touching and admirable is the tale of this noble pioneer's efforts to obey the warning voice that in the very depths of his soul had asked, "Adam! where art thou?"

He heard the stirring question, and with it a response in the pathless waste of waters, whose hoarse, wild anthem seemed freighted with faint echoes of voices from a new world. For any experimental knowledge of its unfathomed mysteries which Columbus possessed, the shores of the Atlantic might have been the very footstool of the Eternal, and its heaving billows the boundary lines which held the Court of Death close locked in the arms of immortality; but once having tasted of the waters of inspiration, and felt the strength of the viewless hand which led him forth, there was no more doubt or rest for Columbus. Already the phantom presence of the eagle land passed before his prophetic eyes, and a shapeless but gigantic shadow seemed to spring up from the arms of two oceans, and place in his daring hands the island key that was to unlock to man the third grand subdivision of the earth.

So opposed to all foregone experiences and stereotyped opinions, were the bold propositions of that obscure chart-maker, that Columbus had to beg from court to court, amidst the sneers of the learned, and the anathemas of the pious, for the paltry sum necessary to fit out his humble expedition; and yet, with inspiration for his chart, angels for his pilots, prophecy for his anchor, and the weal of unborn millions for his cargo, he took his sailing orders from his God, and steered his way into a new world for man, and a heaven, earned by faith and obedience, for his own soul.

From the period when this vast discovery laid America a conquered fief at the feet of Columbus, its shores have beckoned home the exiles of every other land.

The wronged or discontented; the hungry poor that rich oppression starved; the aspiring minds that had not room to think; the souls enchained to bigot priests' authority; the slave of despot, or of circumstance; all sought and found a home in broad America's sheltering arms.

Could you but realize the bitter woof they've spun, whose feet first traversed

and mapped out your land in sections!—what lonely deaths they died, in hunger, piercing cold and scorching heat; by savage warfare, or the fever demon! Sometimes in little groups they tramped for months the length of mighty rivers, wild, untrodden prairies, or awful forest depths, where whitening bones still tell the ghastly record of their despair, their sufferings and death. Oh, could you mark the spots made hallowed by their sacred dust, you'd find the earth on which you tread so thickly sown with great soul purposes, indomitable courage, faith and patience, that you would shame to desecrate it with mean and selfish aims.

Even the ruffian herd whom unrelenting law had drafted off from older lands, took heart of grace in the brave young home of promise, made of past sins a sign-board to warn them off the track of shame, and toiling beneath the stimulus of hope and freedom, laid the foundations of a better life and nobler generation. And thus, America, the whirlpool of evil which overburdened civilization has disgorged upon thy shores, has found in thee a mother so bountiful and kind, that the hardest hearts have melted in thy clasp, and those on whom the proud, cold world had branded degradation, became in thy grand, rough school, the founders of thy strength and glory; but other and broader purposes appear in the new world revelation, than a home for exiles.

We predicate of Divine love and wisdom the subjugation of the entire earth to the rule of man, and its application to the highest order of which it is susceptible; at present, scarcely one-third of it is fully inhabited, not one foot of it fully exhausted of its resources. Island Edens bloom in ocean solitudes unknown to man; vast stretching sweepst of deserts have yet to be lined for travel; untrodden ranges of mountain peaks, and deepest valley gorges, must open up their stores of undiscovered use and beauty. The wonder of the Arctic skies must not flash forth their page of sparkling lore forever unread by man. The splendid winter night and gorgeous summer day of six long months, must yet yield up its wealth of godlike science to the searching mind of man. Within the Antarctic Circle, the mystery of swinging worlds and revolving systems shall be mapped out in the future's great lyceums. All shall be man's, for to his soul's vast powers there's no horizon but his ignorance, and this is daily melting beneath the sun of growing civilization.

To review our position, then: Asia, *has been*; Europe, her child, *now is*. Africa, as yet, is unborn; a nation without a nationality; a child with neither human ties nor kindred recognized: waiting for the grasp of some strong, loving hand to carve her way to place amongst the nations; whilst America (the last great revelation to pioneering man), fills up the measure of the globe's four subdivisions—springs into life with the tide of all past human history to bear her up on the highest crest of civilization's wave, and seeming destined to carry the freight of future progression to the shores of a nobler era than yet has dawned on man. The perfection of order in life (whether in the solar system or organization in any form), appears to spring out of a central power, in whose gravitating arms subordinate forms are sustained. If ever this planet's destiny is fulfilled, then, in strict harmony with this Divine law, the world will be a macrocosm of the universe of worlds, consisting of a noble brotherhood of nations, grouped around a central heart, and bound into one great republic by the ties of universal harmony and mutual dependence. To the spiritual eye of faith, all life and progress is tending to this point; for its full achievement, however, we find the central nation wanting, and for its foundation, four essential elements required; these are: a perfect government, a perfect religion, a soil and climate of world-wide variety, a people amalgamated of world-wide diversity. It may be asked, is perfection possible in

this finite state, and having been reached, is it not tantamount to annihilation in the absence of stimulus to motion? but we use the word "perfection" relatively, believing that the substitution of Divine order for human disorder, would be to the present generation, at least, temporary perfection. As far as government, religion, earth, soil and population are necessary for human welfare, we believe the most perfect form of each is attainable. What more perfect form of government exists than in the mutual dependence of the sovereign sun and his satellite subjects? or the Fatherhood of the Eternal one, in his family of solar systems; faintly but harmoniously shadowed forth in the parental rule and family relationships of this earth.

No matter by what title we distinguish the nation's head, whether we call him "King, Caliph, Emperor, or President." He is designed by God, and selected by man, to be the FATHER OF THE NATION; the source of strength, supply, and centre of order; grouped around him are the people's delegates, "Ministers, Counsellors, Congress, Parliament," call them what you will.

They should be the mother principle in government, the pleading voice that represents and cares for the subject children's needs; medium between the two, the people's mouth-piece, and the Sovereign's minister; thus in the body politic, the chief ruler should be the head, the counsellors the heart, the people willing working members of the whole. This is no Utopia; nothing more than the completion of that governmental order, whose necessity man has recognized in every age, in his partial efforts to attain it; efforts which have proved failures; not from error in the principle, but ignorance and corruption in its application. Excess is the tendency of youth and inexperience; the race being young, and therefore inexperienced, has heaped up excess around kingly attributes, until the father has been exaggerated into a demi-god, and pampered into luxurious tyranny, a subversion of the office, which has alternated in oppression, sustained by force, on the one side; and rebellion, terminating in national decay, on the other. As yet, we search the records of history in vain to find that government, in which the minorities fulfilled their part, as just representatives of a toiling, suffering people; excess of power seems ever to fulfill its legitimate office of corrupting placemen, until the majority use those places but as means of personal aggrandizement, and politics interpreted, signifies only the war of pride, ambition, greed of gain, and worldly honors. Hence the masses, oppressed by poverty, ground by taxation, and degraded by a sense of pitiful inferiority, sink into crime or rise against their rulers. Hence the ties of mutual dependence, which should unite into one body the members of a nation, are violently rent asunder by hatred and antagonism; the government regards the people as "a mass," to be held in subjection. The people behold in their rulers a screw put upon them to extort taxes and unwilling service, and the warfare of conflicting interests can only be determined by the strength of party or the dissolution of the dynasty.

Still the principle of government, and the law of order which groups individuals into functionary offices, are not only necessary, but strictly in accordance with Divine law. The propositions of the demagogue, and the mob cry of "equality," are but the cant of lawless ruffianism. All men have equal rights in God, but unequal powers in receiving and using them. Life is variety, not similarity, and creation's superb oratorio consists in the harmonic combination of an illimitable diversity of tones, not a mere unison; hence the inevitable necessity of centrality, mutual dependence, and order in the arcana of human life.

If the model of perfect governmental form exists in nature, why should not the same reservoir of wisdom furnish the model of a perfect religion?

Religion consists in a clear appreciation of the causes and effects of existence, together with the best definition of that mode of conduct which will insure the happiest condition to the soul in the hereafter. What barriers has God erected in nature, against our perfect comprehension of these sublime elements of knowledge? The starry scriptures of the skies—the monumental rocks—the blossoms, with their eyes of many-colored light, and all nature with her ten thousand voices of revelation, preach through the force of law, the mighty though unseen Law-giver. The soul—its aspirations, imponderable nature, boundless powers, and dim prophetic gleamings—defines its immortality and deathless nature; while simplest observation proclaims the law of cause and effect, happiness and misery, so immutably fixed on human action, that every day and hour, the lightest act or thought is a Gospel of right and wrong. And is not this religion? What need of priest to teach it, mystery to shroud it, or synagogues to hallow it? And yet, we must have all these; priests, who, to hold their office, must keep the people ignorant to keep them in subjection; darken out the light with mystery, to keep men ignorant, and shut religion up in synagogues, lest it become so common that each one will be his own priest, and the craft itself be ruined. In nature only, then, a perfect religion does exist; and if we need the evidence of revelation to seal this fact as truth, take the central doctrine of Jesus Christ, which narrows down all law, commandments, life and religion, to the perfect fulfillment of the one word—
“Love.”

For the third element in national perfection, “amalgamation,” no higher type is needed to prove its necessity than man himself. In him is the compounded essence of all substances in nature. His heart, lungs, brain, and joints, combine all forms of power and motion; illustrate all sciences; his mind is the compendium of every fragment of thought or instinct with which the animal kingdom is stored, and therefore is man the microcosm of the universe, the apex of amalgamation.

The same is true of races. The value of commixture is exhibited in its fullest extent in the noble Anglo-Saxon; the converse of the picture finds its illustration in the narrow conservatism of the Jew. The one is the highest type of mental and physical superiority, resulting from the broadest possible admixture of races; the other an equally marked evidence that physical and mental degeneracy grow out of the exhaustive lines of conservatism. And for the fourth element we demand, namely, variety of soil and climate. God himself has provided, by distributing over each quarter of the globe, all the physical diversity which is necessary to render man's existence in special localities complete in itself. In the East, the high table lands of the Himalayas, the delicious vales of Cashmere, the torrid heats of the Indian isles, and the frigid blasts of Caucasian heights, with all their intermediate varieties, furnish every diversity requisite to complete the world's fairest Paradise.

Natural provisions equally bountiful diversify Europe, from the balmy breath of ever summering Italy to the frozen realms of Lapland; but in both quarters of the globe, either of which are temples of the Almighty's munificence, the arbitrary law of caste, the ambitious despotism of king and priestly rule, has divided up the brotherhood of man into foreign nations, rival cities, and rich and poor societies, until the whole is dotted over with little worlds, as antagonistic in speech, habits, interests, and costumes, as if they inhabited different spheres. Observe the tremendous line of demarcation between the rule of a beneficent God, and his selfish earthly vicegerents.

He has provided for the improvement of the species, by the restless spirit of pioneering, which drives them forth to amalgamate and interchange with

different nations. He has adorned each spot of earth with climate, soil, and productions the best adapted to its inhabitants, and it is only in the unequal forms of government established by man, and the impractical systems of religion which provide only for intellectual belief, that we find His blessings neutralized, and the Paradise which He has planted us in converted into the barren soil where man earns his bread with sweat, and waters it with tears. It is in the midst of an order so perverted, that we look eagerly for the advent of any nation in whose institutions we may trace the dawning of a better day, and it is because America has opened up such a promise to humanity, that we consider her present condition with such special interest.

In her government (without being able to transcend nature) she approximates nearer to her sacred standard than any other country, for whilst her rulers assume the parental form required of governmental order, she provides, by frequent change and universal suffrage, against the perpetuation of unpopular rule. What though the foulest of corruption exists in her officials? The office itself is right, and until a purer humanity shall pervade the places of trust, in this transition age at least, change and purgation is the system's health. Ignorance and cupidity alone fear change. Search the Scriptures of human life, and never doubt you'll find more Fathers in your midst than one; but even one assures us such a rule may be again, and one's existence you yourselves have proved. Remember that the first man you called "Father of your nation," EARNED that title from you.

Let those who say that high unselfish purpose, single devotion to a nation's weal, love meted out to every human creature, and life, and name, and fame, all risked for country, cannot be found in man, and know not precedent, except in story, remember *Washington*, and claim that their future rulers, like to him, shall be *their Father*. Ye need ask no more to make your nation a noble brotherhood of happy States. In America, too, the liberty of free thought and free speech opens the way at least for the establishment of a religion born of the people's highest needs and highest reason. Sectarianism, in the very multitude of its conflicting opinions, proves that the people are moving, searching for the best; and, though they have not yet found the jewel, they have laid themselves out to seek it. No State religion here nails down your growing minds to the block of stereotyped and effete systems. Roaming through volumes of thick folio Christianity, you may chance to overlook the precious Christ who lives, and writes, and legislates for all eternity, in two short verses, teaching "love to God and love to man;" but if you are free and willing to search on, you have a chance at least to find the gem, whilst the bigot who will not, and the priest-ridden who *dare not* seek, can never find it.

Need we ask why the American (though homely, and physically weaker than the Briton) is yet, with his lofty brow and keen perceptive glance, the most intuitive, energetic, and inventive of the human race? Physically in a transition, and, therefore, uncomely state, but intellectually and spiritually a prophecy of the coming reign of mind, the American is the amalgamated essence of the whole human family. Anglo-Saxon excellence, with drafts of Irish wit, Scotch shrewdness, French genius, German metaphysics, Hindoo fervor, Chinese ingenuity, Dutch concentration, Arab restlessness, and flashes of character from every tribe of the known world, are all being fused together in the crucible of necessity, to mold the future character of American generations. Can you doubt the result? or that from such an admixture of human specialties must come forth a form of beauty hitherto undreamed of. Granted we must wait till future centuries have completed the type, the foundations are even now being laid, and perhaps not least instrumental in purifying the fusing

metal from the dross which it has imported with the gold, is the terrible fire of purgation which the nation's corruption is even now undergoing. And last, not least of your elements of perfection, O America! gaze with admiring awe on the land your God has given you.

The spicy breath of a burning South, the hardy strength of a frozen North, with the full range of every intermediate temperature. Not a blossom, fruit, or root, of far Ind or temperate Britain, but what finds here a soil adapted to it. Song birds of mild zones, gaudy-colored beauties of tropic climes, rich furred beasts of the north, dainty skinned creatures of the south, grain and root, stais of fine and coarsest loom, all are the spontaneous wealth of your varied land! Exhaust the mineral treasures of your mountains if you can; count up the wealth of gold and glittering gems that burnish your mines; measure your mighty rivers, and drain your inland seas; sigh for wider prairies, or fairer nooks and glens. Virginia's hills and springs, and brave Ohio forests, the Alleghanies' heights, and wild Kentucky's caves, shall join in one vast choral hymn of challenge to the wide, wide world to rival. And with all this luxury of varied wealth and beauty, the planet-gemmed flag of this family of States waves over *an unit*! One in speech, in manners, costume, interests—one in commerce, institutions, mutual dependence. Less difference of rank, dress, and opinions, disunites the vast fange of American States, than splits up human love and kindness in the east and west of London's seven-mile length. A chain of lakes girdle in one embrace your North and West; from out their hearts rush forth, like veins and arteries, vast rivers, connecting in one unbroken length the West and South. Your telegraphic lines and rails, like nerves, bind up the whole; your postal stations make up one speech; your trade one interest; your ships one voice to every distant land. From farthest Maine to Louisiana swamps, your land is traversed by intersecting lines of interest, to break or rend the least of which would destroy the whole. But even if you would suicidally thus unnerve your human institutions, you must drain your lakes and dry up your rivers, pile up your hills till they touch the skies, and overflow your prairies, before you can destroy the glorious union of physical body and members which God has built up in the great continent of America. She floats one mighty body, cradled in the arms of Atlantic and Pacific oceans! The South is her burning left hand, giving produce; the North her hardy right, the manufacturer; the East is her busy brain; the West her giant feet; and when you talk of "Union," you forget *SHE IS ONE ALREADY*. America is God's, not yours, to make or unmake, and having made it *ONE*, He has left you nothing to unite, nothing but your own ambitious passions to disunite each other, not the country. Oh, man! child of a destiny grander and wider than the limitations of time or country, has God, in the womb of time and rolling ages, created lands, called nations into being, and reared up America a standard for the world, that you, like peevish, discontented children, should tear it as a rag, and mete it out like sops to feed ambitious, hungry wolves?

He rocked it in the cradle of great seas to hide it from ye till, in the fullness of time, it was strong and vigorous, and fit for the possession of the highest types of civilization—fit to be a refuge for dying nations, a strength to weak ones—a central heart, from which goes out the tidal flow of life, to which returns the ebb from every nation. Propose to thwart such purposes as these! Had ye the strength of fabled Lucifer, you would only war, like him, against your God, to fall like him. *YOU CANNOT DO IT.*

Of the present crisis in American history we need to speak but briefly. Regarding it with the finite eye which only views *the present*, ruin is upon ye; but when we accept it as a link in the chain of universal cause and effect; such an

hour was sure to come, and sure to ultimate in wholesome correction of a sinful past, in a purer, stronger future.

In your haste to rush on to the destiny which Americans intuitively prophesy for their country, you forget you have marched to your own triumphs over the necks of others—that you have built your Zion on the foundations of two wide yawning graves, in which lie entombed the red man's rights and the black man's liberties. You have, perhaps, forgotten them; but whilst ever there goes up the voice of a brother's blood from the ground, the awful voice of a retributive God will thunder in your ears, "Cain, where is thy brother Abel?" In vain you plead the inevitable triumph of civilization over barbarism—the necessary absorption of the imperfect by the relatively perfect. The principle is true, but were the means divine?

The white man's first lesson to the untaught red was vanity and cheating. Stimulating his savage love of finery with a display of worthless trinkets, he took advantage of the hapless Indian's ignorance of their true value and corrupting influence, to steal his lands, his woods, and rivers, and leave him scarce a foot of earth to die on. The loving, child-like heart of the poor red savage, awed by the white man's intellectual power, beheld him as a god when first he came, and wept upon the shoulder of Columbus when he departed. This was his welcome to his conqueror; how has he been requited?

Hounded from hunting-ground and fishery, his tribes broken, their remnants chased away till on the very verge of that far West, too wild to be of present use to his relentless victor, his broken remnant lays him down to die. Has He who careth for the falling sparrow forgotten the red man, think ye?

Africa! still an embryo nation, without the attraction of beauty, soil, or internal means of progression, to tempt nations of advanced civilization to amalgamate with her—Africa, thus weak, and thus the inevitable prey of the spoiler, how has she fared at her strong brothers' hands? In the days when mere brute force was the world's wealth, and the law of might was the law of right, she became the subject of high Caucasian subjection.

But this is no more the age of force. Strength of arm bows down beneath strength of brain. Mind is the sovereign of the 19th century, and beneath its sway reason has recognized man's individual destiny, his sole responsibility to God, with the solemn charge to work out both for himself, and the stupendous right of personal liberty, individual freedom. This is the corner-stone of human destiny. Without it there is no responsibility to God, and he who assumes the right to curb his brother's freedom, usurps that right from God.

It was the assertion of this God-like principle that sustained the noble Pilgrim Fathers, in their bitter conflict with priestly despotism, and the unspeakable hardships of their self-inflicted exile.

It was in maintenance of these God-given rights, that the Independence Fathers placed their lives on the cast of a single die, and with the stroke of the pen that gave you nationality and freedom, signed their own death warrant, wrote themselves rebels to their powerful owners, and entered the grandest protest that ever mortal made against the right of man to stand between his fellow-mortal's rights and God.

And yet in the Pilgrim Fathers' chosen refuge, and beneath the very standard which the noble Independence Fathers reared, Africa's countless millions languish in shameful mockery of their fundamental principles. In vain you urge that the framers of your Constitution provided for the perpetuation of black slavery, and when you would present the "home of the free" to the world, seek to excuse the mocking brand of slavery that stamps your brow, by pleading the

acts of the past for present justification. "Adam!" of the 19th century, "where art thou?" Dost thou still writhe in the oppressor's grasp, waiting for patriot hands to break thy fetters? Are ye still a straggling colony, with neither strength, liberty, or national resources? Are the conditions now similar to those which hedged in the framers of thy Constitution with the chains of expediency? Oh! sons of the brave and true! shame to resort to such schoolboy special pleading! The framers of your Constitution had work enough, methinks, to provide ye with a land and home of your own; battle for your own freedom, and outline your national frame-work, without legislating against internal difficulties. If their lives were not long enough, or their hands strong enough to deal with home corruptions, and split up in feuds the body politic they had just created, at least they left a model definition of human rights in yourselves, and an example of self-sacrifice and devotion to the glorious principle of liberty, that pleaded for every creature under the canopy of heaven: but even if they had failed in justice and wisdom, is the fact of the failure being theirs, reason enough for you to perpetuate it? Can their parchments grow, or your minds cease growing? Can the wisdom of the hour legislate for eternity, or the expedients which grow out of yesterday's conditions supply the needs of to-day, with conditions entirely changed? In the days when you were by comparison a mere colonial handful, they gave you a foundation on which to erect a temple to the glorious trinity of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality:" you are now a strong nation, but where is your temple? The liberty hymn can never be chanted to the burden of the crack of the slave-whip; Equality is a myth, when pointing with the skeleton finger of gaunt poverty, from the crowded tenant-house dens of ill-paid operatives, to the golden palaces of their aristocratic employers.

Within this very city your speaker knows of the existence of at least six thousand *outcast women*. Abandoned by charity, scouted by decency, lost to hope, they drag on a shameful life of compulsory sin, for mere bread, only to perish at last by famine or suicide. Outcasts! they skulk like loathsome birds of night, crouching in gutters or corners to hide the brand the world has put upon them by day. In the sheltering arms of night they come forth and scatter pollution on all who touch them, and by the only trade the bloodhound society allows them, to earn their miserable crust by sin. Scarcely one of these, but what was once young, fair, and innocent, tho' weak and ignorant; not one of these but had a partner in her guilt, rich, strong and world-wise, most generally educated. The six thousand women are "*outcasts*." Where are the six thousand men? In your saloons, and halls of legislature, your offices of trust, and places of honor, chanting the hymn of model America's "FRATERNITY," whilst giting demons cry "Amen."

"Adam, where art thou?" Warriors! you, at least, can answer; you that draw the sword to take a brother's life, at least can tell us what you're fighting for. How few can really answer! The casuist alone, who traces out corruption, sapping the foundations of the noble Constitution outlined by the world's American Patriots—he alone is competent to sum up your cause of complaint, by declaring you are but instruments in the hands of God, for the vindication and establishment of the great principle of HUMAN RIGHTS. What if this war has come upon ye unawares? Could ye not see the signs of conflict in the air? Could ye not hear the murmur of the brooding storm? The voice of God re-echoing, "Adam, where art thou?" Monitions from the tombs of the mighty dead repeating, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!" What answer have ye made in noble America's name?—pointed to the slave of the second generation,

strong, improved, progressive, and then to the uncouth savage whom you landed from the tawny coast of Africa, claiming you were "but working out her destiny, and educating a land which could not help herself."

In vain your special pleading. As far as the improvement in the mere physique of the savage goes, your plea is true; for God ever works out man's darkness into Divine light, and makes the crime of Judas an instrument of good. But what is that to Judas? Shall you do evil that good may come of it? Shall the nation whose watchword is Liberty, mock its highest pretensions in compassion to a weaker people? Shall your noblest strive and die for freedom, only that you may use it to captivate another race? What if "it needs must be that offences come? woe to him by whom the offence cometh"—and surely unfortunates, on whom the dreadful inheritance of slave property has fallen, this terrible sentence is fulfilled in you. Strong nations can only hold property in the weak and ignorant. Strengthen the weak, and teach the ignorant, and the cause of their subjection ending, they will be slaves no more. White men, you know and prove this in the terror by which you strive to withhold education from your slaves. To retain them as such you must keep them in ignorance, for in their weakness alone is your rule over them. The fact of possession, therefore, entails upon you direct warfare to God's highest, holiest law of progress, and makes you an instrument of subversion to the inevitable order of nature. If the race you hold in captivity rush onward in the irrepressible march of mind, credit your God, not yourselves, for the fact; but do not forget that the very association through which the black man progresses, and the amalgamation by which the foundations are being laid of a strange new people, are the means of the white man's daily degradation, his physical and intellectual degeneracy: what he gains is your loss, and will be so (woe worth the day!) *until he knows his strength, and puts it forth in conflict with his oppressor.* Although we have scarcely pointed to the surface of the deep wounds by which the country's honor has been stabbed, we have said enough to show you that the beams of Equality and Fraternity, like drooping Liberty, have been shorn from the brow of Columbia's Eagle. How can she hold the place she has assumed, "the great Republic of the nations," until her principles are proved by internal strength and purity? This war, the present fever of your nation's blood, is but the effervescence of the deep corruptions cherished so long within her; the heaving of the mighty tide of human life, to cast the scum of evil on the surface. Your conflict (though you scarcely seem to know it) is for human rights, and world-wide justice, to serve God's purpose in the world's progression, to build up nations through your strength and beauty, and not a scar upon her noble brow, much less a stain within her heart, can this land suffer, without disturbance in her body politic, reaction on the wronger, and retribution stern and ample for the wrong.

When the world asks ye, "What is the cause of quarrel?" reply, "America was sick, even unto death; sick of bad politics, ambitious placemen, the triumph of the oppressor and the purse-proud—America was sick, and the great Physician with probe and scalping-knife is dealing with her." Demagogue and Placemen, Tyrants and Oppressors! this war is the tribunal before which your acts are standing in judgment! The ages have higher uses for America than the narrow sphere of selfish aims and greedy ambition. Which, then, think you, the great Judge will sacrifice—the use, strength, and lustre of a great nation, or the downfall of her despoilers? You've read your condemnation in your country's broken peace; but though the hour of judgment is upon ye, whose are the quaking hearts and falling spirits, but those whose consciences are wrong? What need ye fear who fight, or even die, for God and justice? When

"the Prince of Peace" found his Father's house was desecrated by thieves and money changers, he who turned his cheek to the smiter, and murmured not beneath the oppressor's scourge, took the whip and drove the sacrilegious forth. Oh, ye! whose lonely hearts and silent hearths have given your brave and beautiful to feed the ruthless vultures of the battle, will you grudge their lives to purify your Heavenly Father's temple? Who will withhold his hand or dearest treasure, to raise once more the noble flag of freedom, a fair unsullied emblem to the world? Take the scourge, and drive dishonor forth!—forth from your own hearts, in their darling vices; forth from your country, in its mockery of justice; forth from your Constitution, it matters not who framed it; *where God's law is not, safety never dwells.*

You may plead of "rights inherited," and claim that the wealth of her merchant princes has whitened every sea with America's spreading sails; but He who "numbers the very hairs of your heads," values at far more rate than any country's splendor, each human soul, no matter what be the color of its mold. North, South, East and West! the wrongs of ancient dynasties still linger in your midst. These must be rooted out by fire and suffering, till the angel Agitation, troubling the pool of Reform, shall bring forth young America in health once more, an instrument to practise, not alone to preach, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." To you, who have lent your own strength or your loved ones, to work this mighty purification, remember, ere the tempest broke, God in his mercy built a bridge over that deep, dark gulf that sweeps the dead away.

The glorious telegraph, which the fullness of time has established between heaven and earth, clearly revealing, in the facts and phenomena of modern Spiritualism, the continued life, ministry and communion of those you have mourned as lost, is the Comforter which ever was promised in the hour of sorrest trial.

How many would gladly recall to your counsels and defence, the patriots and statesmen who once carved out your fortunes and made you what you are!

Oh ye, to whom the opening vistas of the better land have been revealed—who know they are not lost, those loved and honored ones, but even now are sitting in living council with you still—take comfort and assurance that they, like ministers and instruments subordinate of the all-controlling Spirit, will bring you safely through your conflict, if you be half as true to yourselves and God, as they are true to you. They are spirits now, but not the less your loved ones, kindred, patriots, statesmen. Whatever made them precious, dear, or honored, makes up the sum of what they still are to you, increased a thousand fold beyond earth's status. No bridgeless chasm separates you now, except the shining veil,

Though they be past, transparent quite to them—

Though thick, to many a mortal eye, as monumental marble.

They see you, hear you there, and feel your needs with all the tenderness of ministering angels. Ere you can ask their aid 'tis yours, if in your counsels, purposes and warfare, you are soldiers of the living God and light.

As for America, in vain would freedom's eagle bear her to the mountain heights of triumph, so long as broken hearts and clanking chains, whether of gold or iron, drag her down. If you Americans have not within yourselves the principle or courage to break those fetters, thank your God—his own right hand has done it for you, even with the dreadful sword of civil war. Terrible as is the sight, when brothers meet in conflict, this age supplies another source of comfort: 'tis not the day of war; brute force is not the spirit

of the times, nor will it long prevail against the sovereign voice of reason, the acknowledged ruler of the 19th century. You read this in the conduct of your people. Instead of the savage joy, which formerly sent forth armed warriors, like the war-steed "snorting for the battle," men now take the sword with slow and stern reluctance, strike, too, *like gentlemen*, not savages, and wait for the voice of calm, deliberate judgment to prompt their movement, instead of greedily hasting to the feast of blood.

6. The armies trained to kill, and looking on the trade of death as legitimate employment, may smile at the lagging feet of "northern traders." Let the vultures speed ; **YOU ARE MEN, NOT BLOODHOUNDS.** This is the age of commerce, peace and reason ; in waiting for its promptings, remember that you enter a manly protest against that savage war spirit, whose dying embers still disgrace this age. Remember, too, however the blind materialist may scoff, that inspiration sits within your councils, and **SHALL** make itself heard, prompting those courses that at last will ultimate in the broadest good to all, and despite the impatience of the rash, and fears of the faithless, **SHALL** inaugurate for North, South, East and West, America and all her sister nations, a day so bright that the world shall be one vast America, one family divine ! Your land shall be the home of truth and freedom ; your government the strength of the weak and failing ; your pure religion point the way to heaven ; your gallant flag, the prophecy of that eternal banner, God's boundless sky, whose spangling stars shall shine o'er all the earth, whose rainbow stripes shall arch the globe itself, a constellation of bright rejoicing nations, forever and forever.