

A

S E R M O N

DELIVERED IN CHRIST'S CHURCH,

EASTON, PA.

ON

Thanksgiving Evening,

NOVEMBER 29, 1849,

BY REV. GEORGE DIEHL,

Pastor of the Church.

Jesiah P. Heinrich, Printer, Centre Square, Easton, Pa.

1849.

EASTON, DECEMBER 1, 1849.

REV. GEORGE DIEHL, Dear Sir:—We, the undersigned, were appointed a committee, by the audience who listened to your highly interesting and instructive Sermon, delivered on Thanksgiving evening, to solicit it for publication. Believing that now, amidst political croaking and foreboding, and when agrarianism, in its various forms, is assailing the organization of society, the consideration of the only foundation of our nation's hope and strength, will be attended with good results, we ask your compliance with the request hereby tendered.

Yours, respectfully,

PETER S. MICHLER,
SAMUEL YOHE,
JAMES H. COFFIN,
P. IHRIE,
E. F. STEWART,
JACOB WEYGANDT,
O. S. ST. JOHN,
J. C. WIKOFF,
JOHN J. BURKE,
SAMUEL DRINKHOUSE,
THO'S. M. CANN.

EASTON, DECEMBER 3, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:—

Your note, containing the request of a copy of the Sermon, delivered in Christ's Church on Thursday evening, has been duly received; and I herewith place the manuscript in your hands.

With sentiments of respect, I remain truly yours.

GEORGE DIEHL.

To Hon. P. S. MICHLER, and others

THANKSGIVING SERMON

DEUT. XI: 25.—“*There shall no man be able to stand before you : for the Lord your God, shall lay the fear of you, and the dread of you, upon all the land.*”

WHAT an interesting spectacle does such a day as this present, with some millions of human beings, all over this great country, gathering into their temples of worship, to pay their homage to heaven—recounting the mercies of the past and the blessings of the present, until their hearts swell with gratitude, and their voices break forth, in songs of thanksgiving and praise. We have here, one, among many, of the evidences that we are eminently a religious people. This day testifies, that we feel that God in his greatness, should be adored, his goodness acknowledged, our sins confessed and their forgiveness implored—that we should do this, not only as individuals, but as a Commonwealth of free citizens.

In nearly every State of the Union, the Chief Magistrate has set apart this, or some other day, recommending to the people, that it be kept as a day of solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God, at whose hands, during the past year, we have received unnumbered benefits.

Under his guardianship, our free institutions, founded by the wisdom, and sealed by the blood of the Fathers of the Republic, have been preserved to us, inviolate. We have richly enjoyed all our civil and social privileges. We have prospered in private and public interests. Enterprise, in its various forms, has been put forth, and yielded a rich return. The fruits of the Earth have been gathered in abundance and safety. Our garnerers are filled with the finest of wheat, to minister to our comforts and the wants of the needy. Our schools and higher seminaries of learning have been sustained. Intelligence and morality have steadily advanced, fostered by a pure and heavenly religion, whose institutions and ordinances, unsullied by any alliance with the State, have been cherished by the voluntary devotion of the people. We have been preserved from the calamities of war, and delivered from a wasting pestilence. What motives to rejoice in the mercies of Providence and to render sincerest thanks to the Giver of all good things!

But amidst the amplest evidences of prosperity, some will ever

croak of coming ruin; and surrounded, as we are, with all the blessings of freedom, we have in our midst, those ill-boding seers, who prophecy only of the downfall of Republics.

I would, therefore, respectfully ask your attention while I briefly dwell upon the hope of free institutions in America, and the probable perpetuity of our Republic. Nor do I think this an inappropriate theme for a thanksgiving occasion. Any considerations, which may go to prove that the national blessings we now enjoy, are likely to be continued to us, will at the same time show our obligation of gratitude to the Father of Mercies.

In the chapter from which our text is taken, the Almighty promises perpetual prosperity to his ancient people, if they will continue steadfast in obedience. For His own glory and to carry out His gracious designs to the human family, He called a peculiar people, and by a covenant engagement promised His constant protection and favor, if they would observe His laws.

"Therefore shall ye know all the commandments, which I command you this day, that ye may be strong and go in and possess the land. And that ye may prolong your days, in the land which the Lord swore unto your fathers, to give unto them and to their seed, a land flowing with milk and honey.

For the land is a land of hills and vallies, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven. A land which the Lord thy God careth for: the eyes of the Lord thy God, are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even to the end of the year. And it shall come to pass, if ye shall hearken diligently unto my commandments—that I will give you the rain of your land in his due season,—that thou mayest gather in thy corn and thy wine, and thine oil. And I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat and be full.

Therefore shall ye lay up, these my words, in your heart, and in your soul:—and ye shall teach them your children:—that your days may be multiplied, and the days of your children, in the land which the Lord swore unto your fathers to give them, as the days of heaven upon earth. For ye shall diligently keep all these commandments, to do them, to love the Lord your God, to walk in all His ways, and to cleave unto Him: then will the Lord drive out all these nations from before you, and ye shall possess greater nations and mightier than yourselves.

Every place whereon the soles of your feet shall tread shall be yours:—There shall no man be able to stand before you: for the

Lord your God, shall lay the fear of you and the dread of you, upon all the land."

In some of these particulars, there is certainly a striking resemblance between our nation and that of ancient Israel. God has here, also, raised up a peculiar people; giving them a delightful country; "a land of hills and valleys—watered by the rain from heaven." He has hitherto cared for this land, also:—"his eyes have always been upon it, from the beginning unto the end of the year." Divine Providence is here, evidently, working out a great problem, in the cause of human happiness and political freedom.

And if this people shall "diligently hearken unto his commandments, to do them," what can there be, to make it improper to apply to the United States, the concluding promise: "There shall no man be able to stand before you: for the Lord, your God, shall lay the fear of you and the dread of you, upon all the land."

Yet some, in studying the past, profess to have discovered a law in human affairs, which renders the permanent prosperity of nations, a moral impossibility. They borrow from the inspired word, and say: "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of men, as the flower of the grass."—"we all do fade as a leaf."—that man, in his individual and associated capacity can flourish only for an hour:—that nations rise and decline: like the waves of the sea, all human things have their ebbing and flowing:—that the days of the prosperity of England, France and Russia, are already numbered:—that the greatness and glory of America, like the baseless fabric of a vision, will vanish into the gloom of the past:—that in the scenes of human life and the organization of human governments, as in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, we shall always have in succession, the germ, the bud, the flower, the withered leaf—birth, progression, decay—youth, manhood, old age, death—that whatever of earthly prosperity, or human glory, this world can present, is evanescent:—that nearly all which now constitutes the glory of Republics, will soon sink into the deep oblivion of the past, or, that which shall escape the ravages of time, will live only in history. A name, as respectable even as that of Hume, lends its influence to the sentiment, that nations having reached a certain point in greatness and prosperity, must, by a moral necessity, decline. Along the shores of the Mediterranean and the banks of many an ancient river—in the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon and Palmyra, they find ample materials, as they think, for the confirmation of their gloomy predictions.

Is it, then, a historical fact, that nations, as soon as they attain the vigor of manhood, must hasten to decay? Is it a fixed law of Providence, that any one form of government, can sway its sceptre over a people, only for a short time? Is it true that of all forms of governments, Republics are the most unstable, and most quickly overthrown? Has the all-wise Creator ordained, that our world shall be nothing better than one vast burial-place for the entombment of nations and empires?

It cannot be believed: for the Almighty had promised permanent prosperity to the ancient Hebrews, if they would continue faithful to their divine Ruler. Nor is there any reason, why every nation, so long as it obeys the laws of God, may not claim the promise: "the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon thee, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."

We contend, therefore, that there is no absolute necessity for the speedy decline of States and empires—that nations are not hurried by an irresistible destiny into ruin. Nor is there any ground for gloomy forebodings with reference to the United States.

We admit, indeed, that there is danger—danger even to us. With the monitory voice in our ears, which is borne from the ruins of so many mighty nations, we cannot banish from the mind, the incontrovertible fact, that nations may fall—that certain causes will inevitably work their ruin. Where so many mighty ones have fallen, who can have the presumption to say there is no danger? But while we are free to fall, we trust, we shall be able for a long time yet to stand.

We cannot survey the various aspects of this country without joy and gratitude to heaven. Look abroad upon our vast territories, our exuberant soil, our admirable climate, our noble mountains, majestic rivers and inland seas with their commercial advantages, our thriving villages and rising cities with their unmistakable proofs of prosperity. Who can contemplate the scene without joy and exultation? Look at the vastness and extent of this country. Look at its productiveness in all the comforts of life. And where is the heart that does not beat with emotions of gratitude to Heaven for having given us such a home? Look at the onward growth of this free people—the rapid increase of our native population, swelled continually by copious streams from Europe. Contemplate this population, advancing in a bold column westward, subduing our forests, rearing cities along our western rivers, and villages upon every plain—a vast tide of human beings, against

whose onward progress, the Rocky Mountains themselves shall afford no successful barrier. Take certain reliable data, and calculate with almost mathematical certainty, that, unless some unforeseen cause should check this increase, we shall number seventy millions of souls, before the close of the present century; and that the child is already born, who may live to see these territories occupied by two hundred millions of human beings. Can this increasing greatness be witnessed by any patriotic American, without feelings of exultation?

But we shall be told that this is one source of danger—that national prosperity and greatness produce refinement, effeminacy and pride, and these are the forerunners and causes of ruin—that unwonted success is always dangerous—that in the day in which Napoleon had extended his power nearly all over Europe, he was hurled from his exaltation—that when Alexander's empire had spread over the whole known world, he fell—that a certain altitude is too intoxicating for man, either in his individual or national capacity—that the tallness of the tree will the more certainly attract the lightnings of heaven. We shall be told, that we have an important truth, set forth in the visions of the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, applicable to all times and all people—"I saw, and beheld a tree in the midst of the Earth, and the height thereof was great. The tree grew and was strong and the height thereof reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof unto the end of all the Earth: the leaves thereof were fair and the fruit thereof much, and in it was meat for all: the beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of heaven dwelt on the boughs thereof—and behold a watcher and a holy one came down from heaven and cried aloud—hew down the tree—cut off his branches—shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit."—(Dan. iv, 10—17.)—that in the very height of prosperity, danger is near at hand, because divine Providence will not suffer human affairs to transcend a certain measure of greatness.

In all this there is some truth, but it is not applicable to us as a people. We have confidence in the resources of our country, in the influences of the Christian Religion, and the destiny which Heaven has marked out for this nation. The aims of Providence must be fulfilled. We believe that the intellectual and moral elevation of the people, the enterprise and industry of all classes, and the influence of the Gospel, are sufficient for the preservation of our national prosperity. Is there any real danger in our present condition and circumstances, that these United States, with their glorious, free institutions,

like the Republics of former times, will soon be gone, glimmering in the gloom of the past—"a school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

To a certain extent, our future destiny is in our own hands.

If we can succeed in giving to our entire population, native and foreign, a proper education—a training which shall result in the harmonious development of the entire man, physical, moral, and intellectual; the formation of industrious and virtuous habits; faculties prompt for action, and such knowledge as shall fit them for the various stations of life:—if they can be brought to respect themselves as free men, and feel that their individual happiness is intimately connected with the observance of law and order: if they will imbibe such religious sentiments as shall implant in their hearts, the fear of the Lord, there will be no cause of danger. If we can succeed, by the prosecution of our various pursuits, agriculture, manufactures and commerce, in developing our vast national resources, together with our moral and intellectual energies, then will the banner of freedom float over our country for ages. Then our Republic may prosper even unto the end of time. Our hope is in the industry, intelligence, and virtue of the people: in the culture of our fields, in the ores of our mountains, the commerce of our lakes, rivers, railways, and foreign seas—in the manufactures of our cities and towns—in our public schools and higher institutions of learning—in the pure, the sweet, the holy influence of woman—the mother, the sister, and the wife—in the sublime morality of the Bible, and the hallowing influence of our churches—in the universal diffusion of knowledge, the intelligence and moral worth of our learned professions, the wisdom of our statesmen, the valor and patriotism of our soldiers. With such elements of prosperity, who can doubt the permanence of our institutions? In spite of the theory of some speculative historians; in spite of the wishes of aristocrats, monarchists, and despots, in the old world; in spite of dark visions of the downfall of republics, in the gloomy brains of some of our own people; in spite of political intrigue and agrarianism, I trust, Heaven has marked out a bright future for our country.

We are told again, that all the renowned empires of antiquity have passed away, and most of those founded in the middle ages are now in their decrepitude; and, therefore, we too must fall sooner or later. Much may, indeed, be learned from the past, but it furnishes no example by which we are to measure the prosperity, or ascertain the destiny of America. We hear of the former glory of Egypt, Baby-

lon, Nineveh, Persia, Macedon, and Rome, and are pointed to the desolation reigning over those countries now, and the abject condition of their inhabitants. But we reply that they are not the model of our destiny. From the study of the history of these ancient nations, and the ruins, proclaiming so eloquently their death, we turn to the contemplation of our own glorious republic—our national characteristics—our civil, social, and religious institutions; and we can see no cause for auguring our decline. While in some particulars there may be a resemblance between all nations, no comparison can be instituted between ours and those ancient ones, with reference to their decline. The causes of their decay are clearly ascertained, and those causes are not in operation here to undermine the foundations of our government. The great vital element in the perpetuity of national existence and national prosperity—the *Christian religion*, was wanting to the empires of antiquity. If we should be referred to the condition of Europe, with its many changes, since the ascendancy of the Religion of our Redeemer, we should yet reply that there has been constant progress. Amid their excitements and revolutions, civilization has been advancing. The age of the crusades was one of strange excitements—Europe pouring forth a tide of living men to die on the plains of Syria. But, of the multitudes that rushed forth to rescue the Holy Land from the grasp of the Infidel, some returned again, and carried back into the half-barbarous countries of Europe, the arts, sciences, literature, and civilization of the East. The age of the Reformation was one of fierce conflict, as well as powerful and deep excitement. But from the agitation of human passions and intellects, arose the most glorious institutions, with which our world has ever been blessed; and the happy results of those intense movements among men have been flowing on for more than three hundred years, and will continue to flow on through all coming time. The stormy era of Cromwell, (whose true history Carlyle & Macaulay have commenced to write,) appeared to the croakers of that day, the overthrow of all that is sacred and precious in the social and civil condition of man. But the period was one of an earnestness of purpose, a grasp of intellect and energy of character; for it produced a Milton, a Howe, and a Baxter, with a host of noble compeers, in the cause of freedom of thought and conscience. And the giant, leading spirit of the age, was himself one of the purest and best men that England has ever produced. What if it has pleased the Divine Ruler, to govern our world by impulsive excitements for a season—

to call forth from a deep moral slumber the energies of man, and the spirit of advancement in knowledge, in arts, and in Religion! Has not the human family gained by such revolutions? Have not the stormiest periods called forth the most brilliant achievements of genius? And in the annals of the eighteen centuries that are past since the introduction of Christianity, do we not see a constant progression, in science, in inventions, in civilization, in the cause of human liberty, united with good government? What reason then have we to fear for our government, embracing as it does a judicious combination of the best parts of the best governments that have preceded it, framed by the wisest body of statesmen that have ever been assembled, and sustained by a people characterised by personal worth, enterprise, intelligence, and a pure religious faith?

The whole of our past history affords indubitable evidence that a Supreme Providence is watching over this people, for some great purpose. "Then shall ye know that I am the Lord when I have wrought with you for my name's sake." To accomplish his own wise purposes, the Almighty has here planted a peculiar people, having provided for them so magnificent a home; and shall his own designs be frustrated? Shall the aims of Providence be thwarted?—Shall the destiny which heaven has marked out for this people, never be accomplished? The hand of a Supreme Providence is seen during the entire period of our past history, from its feeble, unpromising commencement, until the present day of prosperity.

Some three hundred and fifty years ago, a Genoese sailor took up the idea, that there was yet land undiscovered, beyond the Western Ocean; perhaps a whole continent, or vast island; or at least a nearer passage to the Eastern coast of India could be found across the Atlantic. He desired to embark upon a voyage of discovery. He applied for aid to fit out a fleet for this purpose to different governments and monarchs, but was repulsed, until the wise and generous sovereigns of Spain, afforded him some help. That idea, of an undiscovered country beyond the Western seas, in the mind of that enterprising mariner, contained the germ of all that is great in subsequent history. Yet how feeble the commencement! He was considered by the great men of his day as the most visionary of enthusiasts.—And when he had obtained help, fitted out his vessels, and set sail; how unpromising must the enterprise have appeared to all but himself! When the crew became mutinous, how dark and cheerless the prospect, and what energy of hope requisite to bear up his own

mind. "No friendly environment this of thine. In the waste waters—with mutinous, discouraged souls around thee—behind thee, disgrace and ruin—before thee, the impenetrable veil of night. Those water-mountains, bounding from their deep base, it would seem, have other work, than to float thee forward. And the huge winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Equator—what do they care, whether they fill rightly or wrongly, 'those little sails of thine? Thou art not among articulate speaking friends. Immeasurable, dumb monsters, tumbling, howling, world-wide, are around thee."—[Past & Present.]

Who would have supposed that there floated in those endangered ships, a treasure—that a voyage apparently so bootless, should prove a great epoch in human history, an event which should waken the nations to new life, and give the human race a new impulse? But a wise Providence controlled the waves and winds and men, to answer a design of his own.

How unpropitious was the commencement of the settling of this country! A few families were oppressed in England for their religious principles. They fled to Holland, but could not easily procure a living there. They determined to seek a home in this Western world. "Black, untamed forests were there; and wild savage creatures, but not so cruel as Starchamber hangman. They thought the earth should yield them food if they tilled it honestly: the everlasting heaven would stretch there, too, overhead; they should be left in peace to prepare for eternity, by living well in this world of time." Accordingly, they clubbed their means together, hired a vessel and set sail for the new world. They landed on the rock of Plymouth, kneeled down, in houseless worship, before God, praying that He would have pity on his poor children in this waste wilderness, and be with them here also.

In that, and the settling of a few men in Virginia, a few years earlier, we have the beginning of this nation. It was feeble at first.—But the design of heaven must be accomplished. It has grown to be a great and prosperous people. It cultivates vast territories. It numbers twenty millions of souls. It has an extensive commerce.—It has built great cities. "It has weapons and sinews now. It has fire-arms and war-navies. It has cunning in its ten fingers, and strength in its right arm. It can steer ships—fell forests—remove mountains. It is one of the strongest things under the sun, at present." "There shall no man be able to stand before you, for the Lord

your God shall lay the fear of you, and the dread of you upon all the land."

From that feeble commencement, we pass to contemplate the present condition of this nation, to which there has been given a country equal to three-fourths of Europe, a country stretching into the frozen regions of the north, almost bending upon the Arctic circle, on the one side, and into the warm climes of the tropical regions, on the other; from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific, with all the variety of soil and climate, that such extensive territories may be supposed to afford;—having the great valley of the Mississippi in its very heart, and flowing through the bottom of the valley the immense river, to which the Indians gave the pompous title, of "Father of waters."—M. De Tocqueville says of this: "The valley of the Mississippi is upon the whole, the most magnificent dwelling place prepared by God, for man's abode."

To what other nation had such a country as this been assigned?—Compare it with Canaan, seventy-five miles by two hundred, or Egypt, a little larger, or Greece, about the same in extent, or Rome, or England, or France. And if the God of nations always proportions means to an end, is there not a want of faith in Providence, in seeing any other than a magnificent design here? And does Heaven ever commence an undertaking which it cannot or will not complete?

Some are alarmed at the convulsions of Europe during the last two years. They suppose the agitations of those earthquakes must shake the foundations of our Republic. They see fearful sights and portentous prodigies in the moral and political firmament; kings and princes, like luminaries falling from their elevation. The last two years will ever appear remarkable in the history of Europe.—Perhaps since the days of Charlemagne, certainly since the first French revolution, that Continent has not been the theatre of such violent commotion. It seemed, at first, as if a deluge of opinions and passions would overwhelm all ancient laws, overturning thrones, breaking down aristocracies, and leaving on its bosom the seeds of a new state of society. Events succeeded each other with such incredible rapidity, as to give the mind no time to recover from its surprise. Now a revolution in the north; now a revolution in the south; here France overturning her throne and banishing her king; there, Germany, all on fire; everywhere tumults, combats between soldiers and citizens, kings either abdicating, or maintaining their crowns at the

expense of large concessions. All were stunned by the explosion.—Even we, at the distance of three thousand miles, looked with no common interest, on the scene—the flame and sulphur-smoke, blending with the thin air—and heard the uproar as "part of the sick noise of life." But now, when the smoke has cleared away, and the confused sounds die in silence on the ear, we are enabled to take a more intelligent observation. It must be admitted that the hopes of free-man have not been realised. The republicanism of France is of a doubtful character. The King of Prussia holds again a tight rein.—The Emperor of Austria is still a bloody tyrant. The Pope is once more to sway the temporal sceptre over his dominions. The Northern Bear walks in all the majesty of his savage power. Illustrious Poland is still unhappy, for the day of her freedom has not yet arrived, nor are there any signs of her coming forth from the tomb in which the arm of despots has buried her. Bleeding Hungary is trodden in the dust beneath the feet of the mightiest tyrants of the world. Her noble Kossuth, with thousands of patriots sighing for the freedom of their native land, is now in exile. Many bright hopes have been disappointed, and the prospect, at present, is somewhat gloomy. But those do greatly err, who think that the cause of human liberty has not gained any thing by the recent convulsions of Europe. Kings do not now, and never can hereafter, sit as securely on their thrones, as they did before the 22d of February, 1848. The people have, indeed, managed their cause badly, but the spirit that originated those revolutions is not subdued.

"And Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

However protracted and fierce may be the conflict between despotism and liberty, we have no fears for the issue. And when Europe shall abandon the agrarianism, socialism, and infidelity that mingled too much with the recent movements in the cause of popular rights—when the gospel and the printing press, and, perhaps, the battle-cannon, shall have done their work, then will appear the results of the revolutions commenced. The Europe of the future cannot be the Europe of the past. Changes shall yet take place in those despotic governments. Power will pass from the weak to the strong—from the few, to the many—from despots to the people. And how can those convulsions affect us unfavorably? The evils existing there, which have defeated, and for a time crushed the cause of popular

rights, do not, to any considerable extent, exist in our midst. What then have we to fear from the convulsions of the Old World? Is it, that despots, dreading the influence of our example, on their subjects, should league together for our ruin? Should all the tyrants of Europe combine in so malignant and wicked a cause the God of nations would once more fight our battles, and make over to us the legacy of that promise to his ancient people: "There shall no man be able to stand before you: for the Lord your God shall lay the fear of you, and the dread of you upon all the land." After the power of the mightiest nation on earth has been twice humbled by American arms, at a period of our comparative weakness—after the salutary lessons which Mexico has so recently learned at our hands, can any one seriously apprehend a foreign invasion, when this nation has grown to the vigor of manhood,—the manhood of a giant?

Or is there any danger that society will take a retrograde movement?—that savage tribes will again overflow the cultivated regions of the earth, as in the case of Rome and the southern countries of Asia?—that the effeminacy and corruption of civilized nations will invite some strong, rude, barbarian conqueror to the spoils?—that the hordes of Prussia will again drive Europe back to the eating of acorns, and the wearing of the skins of wild animals?—that the natives of this continent, the Indians, will sweep American arts and agriculture, manufactures, and cities, printing presses and churches, into oblivion? When the sun shall rise in the West, and streams flow up hill, then may the moral laws governing the affairs of men, also be reversed.

Do we dread the overthrow of our free institutions, by military despotism? We are eminently a military people—a nation of soldiers. Perhaps, there exists not on earth, a people, in whose heart beats so deep and strong a sentiment of chivalric heroism, mingled with a passion for military glory, which requires only the inspiring cause of a war-cloud upon our borders, and the trumpet's pealing clangor, to awaken the highest military enthusiasm. Yet there are so many counteracting influences as to control this spirit to our advantage. The extent and diversity of our soil, our agricultural and commercial interests, invite to peaceful pursuits. The people's love of economy in the administration of government, and especially the influence of the christian religion, will ever throw powerful obstacles in the way of the establishment of a military despotism. To these you must add the continued influence of our schools, the legacy of the instructions of the Fathers of the Republic on the subject of war and peace, and the internal tendency of all our civil institutions.

So that should our horizon occasionally grow dark, and thousands of brave hearts throb for the ensanguined field, so soon as the nation's rights are vindicated, and the enemy humbled—our military chiefs, the commanders of our armies with their subordinate captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, will hail the return of the angel of peace. It may be with some reluctance that they turn from the field of glory, yet will they give up their bloody work, saying:

"Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars:
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump:
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The starry banner: and all the quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

One great hindrance to the ascendancy of popular rights in Europe, is the concentration of the despot's power in his great capital, with royal arms, and arsenals, fortifications and standing armies, monuments of the pomp and pageantry of kings, to overawe or dazzle the rising multitudes. The concentration of a nation's power in one large city, may become dangerous. This cannot take place in our country. We have some half dozen large cities on the Atlantic. These are closely connected by rail-roads and rivers, with large cities springing up in the Mississippi Valley. The same means of communication will soon connect those of the East and the great interior, with the cities that will rise on the shores of the Pacific. The large cities are sufficiently remote from each other, to have different sectional interests. This, with the vast agricultural regions lying between them, will render it impossible that political power should be so consolidated in any one important place, as to endanger the liberties of any other section.

Our new territories in Oregon, California and New Mexico, will afford such an outlet for the restless portion of the population, that no ambitious demagogue need ever expect to acquire a power that shall endanger our liberties.

Ours is yet a young and rising country. The tide of population is still rolling westward with great rapidity. Each succeeding wave bears upon its bosom a fresh supply of restless spirits, prepared to carry forward, with untiring energy, the enterprises which others have commenced. That population, even after the gold speculation has subsided, will flow onward into the new territories. One by one, the tall trees of the forest will bow beneath the stroke of the axe, and towns and villages will rise in clusters, as if by magic, in the woods. A few years more, and regions now under the sovereignty of the fowl and the brute,

"Where nature sows herself and reaps her crops,"

will be intersected by innumerable roads. The soil will be cultivated. Canals will be dug, and barges laden with the products of industry and commerce float onward toward distant cities, inviting a new race of emigrants to settle on their banks. Rail roads will be constructed: and man, by his ingenuity and skill, will chain to his fiery car the elemental power of the whirl-wind and the storm, to bear him from place to place. Magnetic wires will be strung and bear their telegraphic despatches, with lightning speed, from Boston to San Francisco. The school house and the church will rise in these new territories, that the intellectual and moral wants of the emigrants may be supplied. Intelligence and religion will infuse their leaven through the entire mass of society.

While Providence shall be working out, on this grand theatre, its great problem for the happiness of the human race, the fair institutions of our glorious Republic will rise to the admiration of the entire family of man.

For the blessings we now enjoy, and for those which we have good reason to anticipate, we should be grateful to Heaven. But let us not forget that we are unworthy of the least of the Divine favors.

While we enter into the gates of the Lord with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise, let us also humble ourselves before God, and implore his pardoning grace. In the enjoyment of his rich temporal blessings, let us be duly sensible of the far greater spiritual gifts offered to us in the gospel of His Son.

As the realization of our hopes depends upon the Supreme Deity, let us pray that He will continue to regard our country with favor—that He will bless the industry of all classes of our citizens and reward their honest pursuits with success—that He will smile upon our common schools and higher seminaries of learning, and make them the efficient instruments of intellectual and moral improvement—that the widow, the fatherless and poor, may be the objects of His compassionate care—that He will cause the opulent to feel the truth of the Saviour's words, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive,"—that He will impart spiritual energy to the ministers of His Word, and make them wise to win souls—that He will imbue the minds of professing christians of every name, with the spirit of their Divine Master—that He will look propitiously upon our whole country: that the principles of justice, truth, sobriety and righteousness may prevail among all our people—that neither slavery, political intrigue, war, or any other evil, may ever sever the bonds of this great Union: and that the blessings we so richly enjoy, may be diffused among all the nations of the earth. AMEN.