Ocean Steamers, &c.

REDUCED PRICES—$100 THROUGH.—FOR CALIFORNIA—UNITED STATES MAIL LINE, via PANAMA RAILROAD. The United States Mail Steamship Company will dispatch for ASPINWALL, ON SATURDAY Sept. 5, at 2 o'clock p. m. precisely, from pier foot of Warren-st. North River, the well-known and fast steamship STAR OF THE WEST, Capt. ——. Passengers and Mails will be forwarded by Panama Railroad, and connect at Panama with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's magnificent steamship SONORA, R. L. Whiting, Commander, which will be in readiness, and leave immediately for San Francisco.

The public are informed that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company always have one or more extra steamers lying at Panama, ready for use, to avoid any possible detention of passengers or mails.

For passage apply to L. W. RAYMOND, at the only Office of the Company, No. 177 Washington, corner of Warren-st., N. Y.

Regular United States Mail Steamer days, 5th and 20th of each month.

FOR LIVERPOOL—PATRIOTIC LINE.—ELLEN AUSTIN, Wm. H. Garrick, commander, will have immediate dispatch for the above port. For freight or passage, having unrivaled stateroom accommodations, apply on board, at Pier No. North River, or to SPOFFORD, TILESTON & Co., No. 29 Broadway.

FOR LIVERPOOL.—The United States steamship ATLANTIC, O. Eldridge, Commander, will depart with the United States mails for Europe positively on SATURDAY, Sept. 12 at 12 o'clock m., from her berth at the foot of Canal-st. For freight or passage, having unequaled accommodations for elegance and comfort, apply to EDWARD K. COLLINS, No. 56 Wall-st.

Passengers are requested to be on board at 11 o'clock a. m. All letters must pass through the Post-Office; any others will be returned.

NOTICE.—The steamers of this line have improved water-tight compartments.

The ADRIATIC, Capt. James West, will sail on the 26th of September.

No expense has been spared to make the steamers of this line in all respects as good as new, and the thorough examination given them proves their mode of construction yet unequaled.

N. B.—Hereafter the regular built ships for this line will perform the entire service.

GREAT REDUCTION in FARE to EUROPE.—First Cabin, $80; Second Cabin $50—In the first-class paddle-wheel steamships ARIEL, 2,000 tons, and NORTH STAR, 2,500 tons, to sail from Pier No. 3 North River, at noon precisely, carrying the UNITED STATES MAILS, viz:

Leave NEW-YORK for SOUTHAMPTON, HAVRE and BREMEN	Bremen for Southampton.	Havre and Southampton for N. York.
ARIEL.....	Sat'y, Sept. 5	Wed., Sept. 9
NORTH STAR..Saturday, Sept. 5	Sat'y, Oct. 3	Wed., Oct. 7
ARIEL.....Saturday, Oct. 3	Sat'y, Oct. 31	Wed Nov. 4

These steamships touch at Havre. Specie delivered in London and Paris. For passage or freight apply to D. TORRANCE, No. 5 Bowling Green.

THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

From New-York to Liverpool:
Chief Cabin Passage.....$130
Second Cabin Passage.....75

From Boston to Liverpool:
Chief Cabin Passage.....$110
Second Cabin Passage.....60

The ships from Boston call at Halifax.

PERSIA, Capt. Judkins,	CANADA, Capt. Lang,
ARABIA, Capt. J. Stone,	AMERICA, Capt. Wickman,
ASIA, Capt. E. G. Lott,	NIAGARA, Capt. Ryrie.
AFRICA, Capt. Shannon.	EUROPA, Capt. J. Leitch.

These vessels carry a clear white light at mast-head; green on starboard bow; red on port bow.

ARABIA, Stone.....Leaves N. York..Wednesday, Sept. 2
AMERICA, Lang.....Leaves Boston..Wednesday, Sept. 9
ASIA, Lott.....Leaves N. York..Wednesday, Sept. 16
EUROPA, Leitch.....Leaves Boston..Wednesday, Sept. 23
PERSIA, Judkins.....Leaves N. York..Wednesday, Sept. 30

Berths not secured until paid for.
An experienced Surgeon on board.
The owners of these ships will not be accountable for Gold, Silver, Bullion, Specie, Jewelry, Precious Stones or Metals, unless bills of lading are signed therefor and the value thereof therein expressed. For freight or passage apply to E. CUNARD, No. 4 Bowling Green.

FARE REDUCED to SOUTHAMPTON and HAVRE.—The magnificent steamship VANDERBILT, 3,360 tons, Edward Higgins, commander, will sail:

From NEW-YORK for SOUTHAMPTON & HAVRE	From HAVRE and SOUTHAMPTON for NEW-YORK.
Saturday.....Sept. 12	Saturday.....Oct. 3
Saturday.....Oct. 24	Saturday.....Nov. 14

PRICE OF PASSAGE.
First Cabin.....$100
Second Cabin.....$60
Specie delivered in London and Paris.
For passage or freight, apply to D. TORRANCE, Agent, No. 5 Bowling-green, New-York.

Letters for England and Europe, prepaid, each 25 cents per one-half ounce (by inclosure of postage stamps if from other cities), will be received at No. 5 Bowling-green, New-York, up to 11½ o'clock of the morning of sailing.

FOR BREMEN DIRECT—To sail September 16—Price of Passage: First Cabin, $80; Second, $50; Steerage, $30.—The first-class paddle-wheel steamship ERICSSON, A. B. Lowber, commander, having been employed during the last 15 months in the Collins United States mail line from New-York to Liverpool, where she has established her reputation as one of the safest and most comfortable of Ocean steamers, will now be placed upon the route to Bremen. Her sailing days for the present season will be

FROM NEW-YORK.	FROM BREMEN.
September.....16	October.....17
November.....14	December.....12

This ship has water-tight compartments, which completely inclose the engines. Only a limited number of steerage passengers will be taken. For freight or passage apply to C. H. SAND, No. 13 South William-st., or to DUNHAM & Co., No. 13 Wall-st., corner of Beaver.

Steamboats and Railroads.

ARMENIA—DAY BOAT for ALBANY and Intermediate Landings, from foot of Chambers-st., MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, at 7 o'clock a. m., arriving in Albany in time for Cars North and West.

DAY BOAT for ALBANY.—The Steamer BROADWAY will leave the pier foot of Jay-st. EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 7 o'clock a. m., making the usual landings.

FOR PORT MONMOUTH, MIDDLETOWN and Shrewsbury, landing at Fort Hamilton each way.—The swift steamboat MAZEPPA, Capt. Chas. Morford, leaves New-York, from foot of Murray street, daily, at 9 o'clock a. m. Returning, will leave Port Monmouth at 3 o'clock p. m. Fare 25 cents.

FOR SHREWSBURY, HIGHLANDS, OCEAN HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, PORT WASHINGTON, MIDDLETOWN, FAIR HAVEN and RED BANK.—The new, magnificent and swift steamer ALICE PRICE, John Berden commander, will run regularly as follows, from Robinson-st., N. R.:

LEAVE NEW-YORK.	LEAVE RED BANK.
Friday.....Sept. 4, 8 a. m.	Friday.....Sept. 4, 3 p. m.
Saturday.....Sept. 5, 3 p. m.	Saturday.....Sept. 5, 6 p. m.
Sunday.....Sept. 6, 8 a. m.	Sunday.....Sept. 6, 3½ p. m.
Monday.....Sept. 7, 6 a. m.	Monday.....Sept. 7, 9½ a. m.
Tuesday.....Sept. 8, 8 a. m.	Tuesday.....Sept. 8, 5 p. m.

Kerr's Express by this boat. Stages all parts of the country.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
THE GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE.

The Pennsylvania Railroad connects at Pittsburgh with railroads to and from St. Louis, Mo.; Alton, Galena and Chicago, Ill.; Frankfort, Lexington and Louisville, Ky.; Terre Haute, Madison, Lafayette and Indianapolis, Ind.; Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield, Bellefontaine, Sandusky, Toledo, Cleveland, Columbus, Zanesville, Massillon and Wooster, Ohio; also, with the steam packet boats from and to New-Orleans. St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati.

Through Tickets for the East can be had at any of the above-mentioned places in the West.

Passengers will find this the shortest, most expeditious and comfortable route between the East and West.

FROM NEW-YORK TO CINCINNATI IN 30 HOURS
FROM NEW-YORK TO CHICAGO IN 36 HOURS.
FROM NEW-YORK TO ST. LOUIS IN 46 HOURS.

Fare as low as any other Route.
See handbills in the hotels of this city.
Through Tickets, or further information, may be had at the office of the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, No. 2 Astor House, Broadway.
J. L. ELLIOTT, Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—The GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE, connecting the Atlantic cities with Western, North-western and South-western States, by a continuous Railway direct. This Road also connects at Pittsburgh with daily line of Steamers to all ports in the Western Rivers, and at Cleveland and Sandusky with steamers to all ports on the North-western Lakes; making the most direct, cheapest and reliable route by which FREIGHT can be forwarded to and from the Great West.

RATES BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA and PITTSBURGH.

FIRST CLASS.—Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Books, Dry Goods (in boxes, bales and trunks), Drugs (in boxes and bales), Feathers, Furs, &c....	75 cents ℔ 100 lb.
SECOND CLASS.—Domestic Sheeting, Shirting and Ticking (in original bales), Drugs (in casks), Hardware, Leather (in rolls or boxes), Wool and Sheep Pelts Eastward, &c.....	60 cents ℔ 100 lb.
THIRD CLASS.—Anvils, Steel, Chains (in casks), Hemp, Bacon and Pork salted (loose or in sacks), Tobacco, manufactured, except Cigars or cut, &c.	50 cents ℔ 100 lb.
FOURTH CLASS.—Coffee, Fish, Bacon, Beef and Pork (in casks or boxes, Eastward), Lard and Lard Oil, Nails, Soda Ash, German Clay, Tar, Pitch, Rosin, &c.....	40 cents ℔ 100 lb.

FLOUR—$1 ℔ bbl. until further notice.
GRAIN—50 cents ℔ 100 lb until further notice.
COTTON—$2 ℔ bale, not exceeding 500 lb weight, until further notice.

In shipping Goods from any point east of Philadelphia be particular to mark the package "Via Pennsylvania Railroad." All Goods consigned to the Agents of this Road at Philadelphia or Pittsburgh will be forwarded without detention.

FREIGHT AGENTS—Harris, Wormley & Co., Memphis, Tenn.; R. F. Sass & Co., St. Louis; J. S. Mitchell & Son, Evansville, Ind.; Dunnesnill, Bell & Co., and Carter & Jewett, Louisville, Ky.; R. C. Meldrum, Madison, Ind.; Springman & Brown, and Irwin & Co., Cincinnati; N. W. Graham & Co., Zanesville, Ohio; Leech & Co., No. 54 Kilby-st., Boston; Leech & Co., No. 2 Astor House, New-York, and No. 1 William-st., New-York; E. J. Smeeder, Philadelphia; Magraw & Rooms, Baltimore; Geo. C. Francisous, Pittsburgh.

H. H. HOUSTON, General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
H. J. LOMBAERT, Superintendent, Altoona, Pa.
May 1, 1857.

Legal Notices.

CHARLES A. WILLIAMSON'S ESTATE.—NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of the Revised Statutes and of an order of the Surrogate of the County of Ontario—notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against CHARLES A. WILLIAMSON, late of Geneva, in the County of Ontario, deceased, or his estate, that they are required to exhibit and present the same duly verified according to law, to the subscriber, executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased, at his office, No. 34 Pine-st., in the City of New-York, within six months from the first publication of this notice.—Dated May 7, 1857.
m15 lawfmF JAMES H. WOODS, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New-York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against SAMUEL F. RANDOLPH, late of the City of New-York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber at the office of John M. Bruce, it, No. 6 Jacob-st., Wall-st., in the City of New-York, on or before the 18th day of October next.—Dated New-York, the 9th day of April, 1857.
ap18 lawfmF PHILIP S. RANDOLPH, Executor.

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New-York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ALEXANDER LEAIRD, late of the City of New-York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at the office of Robert Laird, No. 115 First avenue, in the City of New-York, on or before the twenty-second day of September next.—Dated New-York, the nineteenth day of March, 1857.

ROBERT LAIRD, } Executors.
SAMUEL LEECH, }
ELIZA LEAIRD, Executrix.
mar20 lawfmF

IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Surrogate of the County of New-York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against ELIZA TRACY, late of the City of New-York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at his place of business, Nos. 234 and 235 Broadway, in the City of New-York, on or before the thirteenth day of November next.—Dated New-York, the 27th day of May, 1857. FREDERICK TRACY, Executor.
my29 lawfmFri

N. Y. SUPREME COURT.—GEORGE GILROY agt FRANCIS R. CHRISTIE.—To the above named Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New-York, at the City Hall in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer on us at our office, Number 56 Wall-st, in the said City of New-York, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint as aforesaid, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of five hundred dollars, with interest thereon from the twenty-first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, together with the costs of this action.—Dated New-York, July 29, 1857.
BECK & McADAM, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Aug21 lawfmF No. 56 Wall-st., New-York.

NEW-YORK SUPREME COURT.—JAMES T. CRAWFORD against J. ALMOSNINO and J. RODUGUES—Summons for money demand on contract.—(Com. not ser.)—To the defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York at the City Hall in the said City and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, No. 44 Wall-st., in the City of New-York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid the plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of six hundred and seventy-four dollars and forty cents, with interest from the first day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty seven, besides the cost of this action.—Dated August 14, 1857.
JAMES C. RICE, Plaintiff's Attorney, No. 44 Wall-st.

The complaint in the above entitled action was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New-York at the City Hall, in said City, on the 24th day of August, 1857. JAMES C. RICE, Plaintiff's Attorney.
New-York, August 14th, 1857. aug28 lawfmF

PUBLIC NOTICE.—In pursuance of a resolution passed by the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, August 4, 1857, the Committee on Buildings in the Central Park will cause to be sold at public auction on the 15th day of September next, at the Wagstaff House, 5th-av. and 79th-st., at 12 o'clock of that day, all the buildings in said Park, as directed by said resolution.

Catalogues of the sale can be obtained of Messrs. John Lloyd & Sons, Auctioneers, or at the office of the Commissioners at the Bank of Commerce building, corner Nassau and Cedar-sts., and the Wagstaff House as above, ten days previous to the sale.

Terms, cash on the day of sale and the buildings to be removed within thirty days thereafter.—New-York, August 12, 1857.
WM. K. STRONG,
Chairman of Committee on Buildings in Central Park.

SUPREME COURT—City and County of New-York.—AUGUSTUS MORRO and CHARLES I. NEHMEYER against LEHMAN ISRAELS and JACQUES VAN HOUTEM—Summons for a money demand on contract—(Com. not ser).—To the above named defendants: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New-York, at the City Hall in the said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, at No. 72 Wall-st., in the City of New-York, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiffs in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of Five Hundred and Forty-two Dollars and Fifty Cents, with interest from the 1st day of August, 1857, besides the cost of this action.—Dated Aug. 13, 1857.
KAUFMANN & FOSTER Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

The complaint in this action was filed in the Office of the Clerk of the City and County of New-York, on the 18th day of August, 1857.—Dated Aug. 19, 1857.
KAUFFMANN & FOSTER,
an21 lawfmFr Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

New-York Daily Tribune

PATRIOTISM.

AN ORATION

Delivered at Union College, N. Y., July 29; at Dartmouth College, N. H., July 29; at the Normal School Convention, Westfield, Mass., July 31, and at Brown University, R. I., September 3, 1857, by

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

GENTLEMEN: Day by day, wherever our homes may be in this great land, we have watched the passing pageant of the year. Day by day, from the first quick flush of April, through the deeper green and richer bloom of May and June, we have seen the advancing season develop and increase, until, at last, among roses and golden grain, the year stood perfect in midsummer splendor.

As you have contemplated the brief glory of our Summer, where the clover almost blooms out of snow-drifts and the red apples drop almost with the white blossoms, you have, perhaps, remembered that the flower upon the tree was only the ornament of a moment, a brilliant part of the process by which the fruit was formed, and that the perfect fruit itself was but the seed-vessel by which the race of the tree is continued from year to year.

Then have you followed the exquisite analogy—that youth is the aromatic flower upon the tree—the grave life of maturer years, its sober, solid fruit; and the principles and character deposited by that life, the seeds by which the glory of this race, also, is perpetuated?

I know the flower in your hand fades while you look at it. The dream that allures you glimmers and is gone. But flower and dream, like youth itself, are buds and prophecies. For where, without the perfumed blossoming of the Spring orchards all over the hills and among all the valleys of New-England and New-York, would the happy harvests of New-York and New-England be? And where, without the dreams of the young men lighting the future with human possibility, would be the deeds of the old men dignifying the past with human achievement?

Gentlemen, how deeply does it become us to believe it who are not only young ourselves, but living with the youth of the youngest nation in history.

I congratulate you that you are young; I congratulate you that you are Americans. Like you, that country is in its flower, not yet in its fruit; and that flower is subject to a thousand chances before the fruit is set. Worms may destroy it; frosts may wither it; fires may blight it; gusts may whirl it away. But how gorgeously it still hangs blossoming in the garden of time, while its penetrating perfume floats all round the world, and intoxicates all other nations with the hope of Liberty.

Knowing that the life of every nation, as of each individual, is a battle, let us remember also that the battle is to those who fight with faith and undespairing devotion. Knowing that nothing is worth fighting for at all unless God reigns, let us at least believe as much in the goodness of God as we do in the dexterity of the devil. And viewing this prodigious spectacle of our country—this hope of humanity, this Young America, *our* America, taking the sun full in its front, and making for the future as boldly and blithely as the young David for Goliath—let us believe with all our hearts—and from that faith shall spring the fact—that David and not Goliath is to win the day, and that out of the high-hearted dreams of wise and good men about our country, Time, however invisibly and inscrutably, is at this moment slowly hewing the most colossal and resplendent result in history.

I am not unmindful of the occasion. I do not forget the ideal consecration of the college to good letters and good morals. I remember that our college system, continued, with great modifications, from that of England, was there founded by monks. I recall, with a delight that will surely last with life, the pensive seclusion of monastic cloisters, "the tall trees of Christ's," "the groves of Magdalen, the shadow of the mighty "Bodley," and the memory of the mightier men who walked there; and I reflect that the cloister to a noble man was not a comfortable bed in which he was tucked up from trouble, to rehearse death in sleep, but the chapel in which he knelt all night in prayer, until the moment when the voice should say to him, "Go forth! Be brave, be loyal, be triumphant." A monk is a denizen of the cloisters; a man is a citizen of the world. I shall speak to you as men, not as monks.

"I have a church, I have a cowl
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.

* * * * * *

The word by seers or sybils told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind."

In the name of Greece choice and poetic to our ears, and do we wish that the name of America shall be as much dearer to the human heart as a man is better than the statue of a man? Do we believe that the genius of America will make the hope of America a reality?

Then that result can be accomplished only by a profound faith in that genius; only by the religious resolution of every successive generation of young Americans, that the great ideas out of which America sprang, the cardinal principle of civil and religious liberty, shall still guide the development of its destiny.

To-day, therefore, let us turn no black-letter lore. Scholars do not need to hear of the value of scholarship. The finest scholarship is but a single grace of the *man*. How can the *man* best be developed in America? That is a question to which the Future bends its ear. Let us, then, look at the tie which binds us to that country, and consider the nature, responsibility and duties of Patriotism.

It was not his olive valleys and almond groves which made the Greece of the Greek. It was not for his apple-orchards or potatoe-fields that the farmer of New-England and New-York left his plough in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. The rains fall, the earth yields, fruits ripen, and the world is fair, whether George is King, or James is President; whether armies are marching to shoot and slay, or troops of children laugh in the meadows, picking butter-cups and daisies.

When we speak of Greece our chief interest is not in a certain number of square miles of ground, so much water, so many trees—it is not geographical, or botanical, or geological; but it is in our association with the history of a people and a certain character that we call Greek. So with the French, the Italian, the German and the English. But these qualities, although marking distinctly these races, are not theirs exclusively; they belong to human nature at large.

It is the same with personal traits. The Italian complexion is brunette, but the blonde Lucrezia Borgia was an Italian; and the Greeks had straight noses, but Socrates was a Greek; and from the coarse grain of animal nature the English are personified as John Bull, but Shakespeare was an Englishman.

National characteristics are thus neither absolute nor invariable differences. But just as the individuals of particular nations have a general resemblance to each other, so have all the nations themselves; and as the dividing line between Italy and Germany is a purely arbitrary division, and for many miles upon each side of it the inhabitants are homogeneous; as Swabia and Saxony and Hanover are imperfectly separated from each other, yet all make one Germany together, so national characteristics continually blend and mingle, and gradually lead us to the reflection that, as the substance of the globe upon which we live, and the substance of human bodies are at last the same, so the races are but one race; human nature is everywhere endowed with the same rights and duties; and thus Christianity, or the doctrine and practice of universal brotherhood, becomes simply the ethical statement of a scientific fact.

In whatever country or of whatever race a man may chance to be born, he is born a citizen of the world, and bound by the universal rule of right or law of God. God writes that law upon the man's perceptions, and we call it conscience, or God in him. Proper manhood is the fruit of obedience to that law. Countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a son; a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations he is a man. The end of his human destiny is surely not to be the best German, or the best Roman, or the best father, but the best man he can be. Whether in Crim Tartary or Patagonia, his first duty is to know the will of God and to do it.

History shows us that this association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance and advantage of the whole human race; and that all nations work together toward one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries, to halt at some green oasis of ease, where the siren luxury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal. But still the march proceeds, slowly, slowly, over mountains through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors; cities, arts, literatures, histories; with wars, plagues, murders, private selfishness and public crime; advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, counseled by the seasons, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march the van forgets the rear, the individual is lost, and yet the multitude is but many individuals; he faints and falls, and dies, his heart wavers, his hope expires; man is forgotten, but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and Heaven.

Viewing its tragic steps, we must not wonder that men have gravely asked if the race were not utterly lost. Nature mocks us, they say. A rose is perfect. No imagination of a rose could change it, but man, the darling of creation, for whom roses blow, and stars shine, and the spheres sing—man, the tenant of time and heir of eternity, lies, cheats, steals, repeats to-day the crime, and mumbles to-morrow the excuse, of yesterday, satisfied to be no nearer than other men, to live without friction and die without faith.

Thus human history seems but a series of wars and intrigues. Our best literature, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Bacon, Fenelon, is a sigh, a sermon, a satire, or a dream, and art instinctively seeks the ideal or possible, instead of the real or actual, humanity. The survey breeds a hopeless skepticism, or a more disastrous sophistry. Seeing the ignorance, the war, the pestilence, the slavery, men ask, "Is it not inevitable? Did not God permit it all? If we do the wrong will He not work it to the right, and, in any event, if the crime is to be done, must not somebody be the criminal?"

And so we have Malthusian theories, and prayers to the God of battles, and gildings and glozings of piracy, and robbery, and slavery. But over all, thunders the still unworn and mysterious curse, "It "must needs be that offenses come, but wo to him by "whom the offense cometh!"

Now, precisely as a man hopes, individually, to help make the world and history smile, so he hopes the same of his family, and his country.

Patriotism, or the peculiar relation of an individual to his country, is like the family instinct. In the child it is a blind devotion; in the man, an intelligent love. The patriot perceives the claim made upon his country, by the circumstances and time of her growth and power, and how God is to be served by using those opportunities of helping mankind. Therefore his country's honor is dear to him as his own; and he would as soon lie and steal himself as assist or excuse his country in a crime. Just in the degree that a son is fond and affectionate, does he not break his heart over his mother's shame? A mother's sin is not a virtue, because your mother is the sinner. Because you love your brother and would die for him, will you hold a man's throat, while your brother picks his pocket?

Right and Wrong, Justice and Crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and to do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, in the delirium of dinner, "My country, by what-"ever means extended and bounded: my country, "right or wrong;" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the Custom-House, both of them chuckling—"my fortune, however acquired."

Thus, gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land—of mountains, rivers and woods—but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent, and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free. So, though all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, the Country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall—recruited only from the flower of mankind—cheered only by their own hope of humanity—strong only in their confidence in their cause.

Yet, through all the ages of the combat, the mistress, believed as with human affection—of whom poets sing, for whom heroes die—is still unseen and her voice unheard. But, in some happy hour of bivouac, the musing soldier hears hum of cities and inland mills—sees golden harvests waving out of sight—sees men and women walking and working, parents and children of Freedom, and bending over all the benediction of the Summer sky; and the musing soldier of that great army, in the harvest and murmur, knows that he sees and hears, as they only can be seen and heard, the face and the voice of the mistress he loves and worships.

II. If such is Patriotism in general, what is it in particular? How can you, as educated young Americans, best serve the great cause of human development to which all nationalities are subservient?

In the Life of Columbus we read that, after being many weeks at sea the great navigator was at open defiance with his crew; but one day, after the vesper-hymn to the Virgin had been sung, Columbus pointed out to the sailors the goodness of God in wafting them over a tranquil ocean, and holding out to them promises of land.

"As the evening darkened," says the charming chronicler, who, himself the patriarch of American Literature, has written with tender fidelity the lives of the two most famous men associated with the history of America—Columbus, who discovered the theater of the historical experiment, and Washington, who secured its honest trial—and has thereby linked to those great names another, which I do not need to mention, for your hearts go before my lips to name Washington Irving—"as the evening darkened, Co-"lumbus took his station on the top of the castle or "cabin, on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his "eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an "intense and unremitting watch. About 10 o'clock, "he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great "distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive "him, he called to Pedro Gutierez, Gentleman of the "King's Bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw "such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. "Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion "of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of "Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time "the latter had descended the round house, the light "had disappeared. They saw it once or twice after-"ward, in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a "torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking "in the waves, or in the hand of some person on "shore, borne up and down as he walked from house "to house. So transient and uncertain were these "gleams, that few attached any importance to them; "Columbus, however, considered them as certain "signs of land; and, moreover, that the land was in-"habited."

So, out of dancing waves, trembling and uncertain rose the natal star of our continent; so, as in the old Greek fable of Venus, love and beauty arose from purity, emerged a new world into history; so, as that world was destined to light the wandering nations to liberty, it first appeared as a harbinger of hope to weary mariners—a light upon the shores a ray in the darkness—may I not say without irreverence, that since the shepherds followed the heavenly beacon to the manger where the infant lay, no star so sacred has risen in the sky as the glimmering light that showed Columbus he had reached the continent in which the future of the world reposed.

The collected civilization of the world before the fifteenth century was but a various development of the principle of absolutism in human affairs. The State was the corollary of the Church. The new continent seems to have been reserved by Providence in virgin seclusion for the development of the other great principle, of freedom, or human liberty. Mankind had begun to outgrow the idea of political and religious slavery, and a revolution was breeding, as deep as the human soul, and as dear as its interests.

A century before the discovery of America, Wickliffe had declared that a bad man could not be a good spiritual guide merely because he was a priest; and, that bad men might not be the sole interpreters of the Good Book, he translated the Bible into the language of the common people; and so seemingly ripe were the people, that it was said you could not meet two men talking in the street, but one was a Wickliffite.

Half a century after Wickliffe came the invention of printing, which was to make his translation accessible to the people; and nearly half a century later Columbus discovered America, and Martin Luther was nine years old.

But the new continent was not to become at once the theater of the new principle. On the contrary, it is curious to observe that Columbus sailed only for a shorter way to the Indies, and hoped, perhaps, that the light he saw flickering across the waves might prove at morning to have shone from some stately palace of Cathay. In the spirit of his voyage came those who followed him. The enterprise had been aimed at India or El Dorado for the sake of gold, and the Spaniards, who benefited by the discovery, sought only the same object.

It is curious, also, to observe that the part of the continent first touched was the most tropical and luxuriant, requiring the least labor to cultivate, and hiding the most precious metals. Allured by the charm of climate and the promise of wealth, swarms of adventurers crossed the sea. The lust of gold never begot so sickening a spectacle as that of the American Indies in those earlier days. Outraging all divine and human laws, the life of these adventurers was an orgie, a fierce debauch.

The Bishop Las Casas, shocked by the crimes against the inoffensive Indians, and stupefied with the sophistry of a church that has always had that half of the apostolic character which consists in the wisdom of the serpent, advised the enslaving of negroes, who were a stronger race, and might by compulsory Slavery be won to the service of a God who is Love and Liberty. This was the culmination of the crimes against humanity which marked the early settlements in America. And it is dreadful to remember that the curse which has withered millions of our fellow men upon this continent, and which at this moment seems to be the chief serious obstacle to the triumph of the process for which the continent was reserved, can be traced back to the suggestion of one man, and he a Christian Bishop.

But let us never forget, in extenuation of this enormous crime, that Las Casas was a Spanish Roman Catholic, living more than three centuries ago, in the midst of the horrors of the early West Indian struggle for gold, and that he lived to deplore bitterly the course he had advised, having learned, as three centuries have continued to learn, that to do a great and evident wrong for the sake of a possible good is only to make sure of committing the sin and to leave the good worse than undone. And I am sure no candid young mind will hear without incredulity and shame that the repented error of Las Casas, three hundred years ago, is the last desperate defense of a system in the land where he planted it, which the holy indignation of humanity is slowly but surely withering; for, if we grant with reverence that God brings good out of evil, shall we therefore, with Jesuitical sophistry, consent to do the evil?

It seemed, certainly, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, as if the discovery of the new continent had only made the world richer to make it worse. The new settlements merely repeated in more hideous forms the vices of the old European civilization. But the kind climate, the quick soil and the rare metals, by attracting adventurers, had done their work. The lost Atlantis had been found again. Sebastian Cabot, Cabral, Cortereal, Verrazzani, Cartier, in many latitudes, under every auspice, had touched the remote and fabulous shores. Among the sunset clouds a new continent lay fallow for the future, waiting to be possessed and inhabited by any people who had sufficient cause, and heart and hope enough to subdue it.

The movement for whose ultimate purposes the scene was thus preparing, still went on in Europe. Wickliffe had translated the Bible into English; Luther translated the New Testament into German, and while Charles V. issued a rescript against "the fool," "the blasphemer," "the dead in human form," Martin Luther defied Popes, Emperors, and as many devils as there were tiles upon the house tops, and with the Pope's bull of excommunication kindled the immortal fire that was to blaze brighter as it crossed the seas, until the little wavering flame of human liberty thickening in Wittenberg was to burst, like day, on the new land, and blaze there, ever higher and higher, until it became the universal light of the world.

The reckless cavaliers of Spain landed in the tropics for a life of luxury, and they made no permanent impression upon this continent except of sorrow and misery. The controlling settlement of the country was delayed until the sad, severe children of Luther's spirit, for whom in the divine order this land was kept, came praying across a wintry sea, and landed on its glorious shore.

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

"Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

"Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the echoing aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthems of the free."

From this love of liberty, and from what is rarer, the ability of organizing liberty in human institutions, sprang the America of which we are so fondly proud. Our popular or democratic idea has this profound difference from the same thought as it was appeared in Greece, or the Republics of the middle ages—that it is associated with the religious instinct, so that our political has always rested upon our religious liberty. American civilization, in its idea, is historically the political aspect of the reformation. Accordingly, as a perpetual protest against the principle of Absolutism, it offers Freedom to fanaticism—Liberty to Slavery. Democracy is the declaration of a brotherhood of rights—and, therefore, with a sublime propriety, forecasting its destiny and duty, the first articulate words of America were, "All men are born free and equal"—the echo in the mouths of legislators and the hearts of a people, of the song the Syrian shepherds heard from celestial singers, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Now, as I conceive it, gentlemen, patriotism in an American is simply fidelity to the American idea. Our Government was established confessedly in obedience to this sentiment of human Liberty. We are satisfied that the republican or democratic form, upon the whole, best serves the interest of mankind; but quite as much from the consideration that men are not quite so much from the consideration that men are too bad to be trusted with despotic individual power, as from the conviction that they are so good that their collective will must needs be right. And it may well be asked whether a Democracy is not an educative, rather than a final form of government—a process which shall improve all men, so that a few may safely be made rulers. For it is a conspicuous fact in history that Democracies have never displayed a progressive power of organization and development. They proclaimed the popular theory, and rested there—and the popular governments rolled back into despotisms.

The ultimate object of government is not the regulation of trade and the prevention of crime, but the development of the race. A good government is not symbolized by a system of police, but by a process of nature; and he is not the best citizen who informs when laws have been broken, but he who interests himself that only such laws are made as ought to be obeyed. And your duty as patriots is to understand clearly that, by all its antecedents, your country is consecrated to the cause of Freedom; that it was discovered when the great principle of Human Liberty was about to be organized into human institutions; that it was settled by men who were exiled by reason of their loyalty to that principle; that it separated politically from its mother country because that principle had been assailed; and that it began its peculiar existence by formally declaring its faith in Human Freedom and Equality; and, therefore, that whatever in its government or policy tends to limit or destroy that freedom and equality is anti-American and unpatriotic, because American and Liberty are inseparable ideas.

Doubtless, in every civilized and intelligent society there is no need of saying that the public laws must be obeyed. But the rule is subject to a very grave exception. The name of law has always been the glove, muffled in which the name of tyranny has taken liberty by the throat.

You have no right to sophis