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Thilanthropy. The attornment of happiness is the great dearderahum of the human family-The grand focus in which are concerntotal allow hopes and for which we exect all our energies. In ader that we may attain his precious boon an all-trise translince has endoued us with faculties for loving and benefiting one fellow enatures, we are so constituted and an relations to these around us are such that we experience most happine. if in communicating happiness to Mess. Hence no me of all the Lentine ent which which are governed is so proelustice of happines as Thilauthropay Why there is something saved - something wilding a magical influence in the very name, It falls upon he ear like some fany's sony or like the melodius strains of the tolian harp at even! It is a germ planted by the hand of God houself on our "ein-enised" earth,

It had and blooms, The furt of which shall only be fally realized in eternity There are hose, however, who pretend to any that man is naturally ineliffer ent to the welfare of his fellow. erestines and what is a great deal wase, that he is instinctively the every of man, as a group of this, they point to the many dark and bloody seemes of the world's history - to the many instances wherechairs inhumanity to man Makes countly Thousands moun" The human bitims daily averifieed to grat ify the superstition of some barbarous tribe - The savage hordes of her Zealand Jeasting on the flesh of their fellows men - the Indians of america tortung their prisoners in very consievable way and enjoying a diabolical pleasure in beholding their toments. The kidnapper tearing The Javor viego from his wife and children - from home and all its endearment the unfeeling task- master and overseen lashing unmercifully his degraded slaves The blood- Thirdy inquisitors insuling their

richins in the name of the most merciful Savior - The midnight assassin treacheroug plunging his dagger into the basone of his neighbor - These and a thousand like inquitous seemes which have disgraeed the earth proone clearly that This principle of Thelanthroy is restricted in its operation and deprepared for for below the standard which its great linker has so justly claimed, for it. It however has an exister nee -. Its gentle feelings are the same in every cace and in every period of life. They bloom Mongh. unearcional eun in me basan of the listering infant -. The artlys to cahontan tramed to no code of morals instinctively atrink from he mude of an inno-Cent man, Howard, who was second to owne in the cause of humanity and benerolence" - who so much in itated thist by traveling from place to place, and administering to the wants of the people, fell a marge in

The noble earse of Thilanthropy -. Luch self-sacrificing benevolence is not common. He counted not friends or the land of his birth dear, so he might affad consolution to the distreped. as thousands bleked him while living millions will lament him now dead A greater lop his county, may 3 not Day the whole would has seldone ans. tained. Howard is no more but his principles can never pench. that man whose heart mull not at the wors of his fellow men, and Who listers out to the story of his fortunes with wilevest - that man who seeing his neighbor in distress and by some kind deed, some gentles worder lear of sympally can sooke hat distrep, and refuses to bestower deserves to be branded with infamy. True mis divine principle in full speration among the intelligences who people the globe, this world of whomany would be transfamed in to a paradise - ne orenal desert would become a fruitful field and

blassom as the lose - Eden in all its lovelines and beaut would again appear, Nations would learn The act of war no more. For the swood uned be emblituded the planshare and for the open the prime ing hook , Nolvinger would human sacrifices bleed on pagan alters - no longer would be Now Zealanders feast on the flesh of their even us - no longer would the mothers of China imbrue their hands in the blood of their innocent offspring, Lady despotism would Throw aside its evon seephie and The nations would be ruled with The law of love. The Jues of the. inquisition would cease to be Amoled and the supposed here. tie would ar longer be emsigned to the horrors of a glooning clum. geon. Teace rimed descence from henven to dwell with men. Trospec

ity around follow in her train Seience would enlarge its bonn davies and shed its benign influe. ence on all ranks, What hap-James whomed then result. 21 would be the motto of every man, had when his rase on earth had terminated - when his feet came to dip the mystic maters of Gardone, with explatie blip he would ex claim: I care not whether neath the shy area or fairer earth where end the roses bloom I aleep: if firends as my from lye My exam Read only his He was a friend to man Dickinson Boll. Zwink J. Kenney. July 9 1 185-5Jich offer

Commencement Oration of Josiah F. Kennedy, Class of 1855
Transcribed by Chris Altieri, May 2008
Edited by Tristan Deveney, June 2008

Philanthropy

The attainment of happiness is the great desideratum of the human family—The grand focus in which are concentrated all our hopes and upon which we exert all our energies. In order that we may attain this precious boon our All-Wise Providence has endowed us with faculties for loving and benefiting our fellow creatures. We are so constituted and our relations to those around us are such that we experience most happiness in communicating happiness to others. Hence no one of all the sentiments with which we are governed is so productive of happiness as Philanthropy-- Why there is something sacred—something wielding a magical influence in the very name. It falls upon the ear like some fairy's song, or like the melodius strains of the Aeolian harp at [illegible word –even?]. It is a gem planted by the hand of God himself on our "sin-[illegible word]" earth.

It buds and blooms, and the fruit of it shall only be <u>fully</u> realized in eternity There are those, however, who pretend to say that man is naturally indifferent to the welfare of his fellow creatures and what is a great deal worse, that he is instinctively the enemy of man. As a proof of this, they point to the many dark and bloody scenes of the world's history—to the many instances where—

"Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn"

The human victims daily sacrificed to gratify the superstition of some barbarous tribe—the savage hordes of New Zealand feasting on the flesh of their fellow man—the Indians of America torturing their prisoners in every conceivable way and enjoying a diabolical pleasure in beholding their torments—the kidnapper tearing the poor negro from his wife and children—from home and all its endearments the unfeeling task-master and overseer lashing unmercifully his degraded slaves—the blood-thirsty inquisitors [illegible word] their

victims in the name of the "most merciful Savior"—the midnight assassin treacherously plunging his dagger into the bosoms of his neighbor—these and a thousand like iniquitous scenes which have disgraced the earth prove clearly that this principle of Philanthropy is restricted in its operation and depressed far, far below the standard which its great Author has so justly claimed for it. It—however—has an existence--. Its gentle feelings are the same in every race and in every period of life. They bloom though unconsciously even in the bosom of the lisping infant--. The artless Pocahontas trained to no code of morals instinctively shrinks from the murder of an innocent man. Howard, who was "second to none the cause of humanity and benevolence" – who so much imitated Christ by traveling from place to place, and administering to the wants of the people, fell a martyr in

the noble cause of Philanthropy--. Such self-sacrificing benevolence is not common. He counted not friends or the land of his birth dear, so he might offer consolation to the distressed. As thousands blessed him while living millions will lament him now dead. A greater loss his country, may I not say the whole world has seldom sustained. Howard is no more but his principles can never perish.

That man whose heart [illegible word] not at the woes of his fellow –men, and who listens not to the story of his fortunes with interest—that man who, seeing his neighbor in distress and by some kind deed, some gentle word or tear of sympathy can soothe that distress, and refuses to bestow it deserves to be branded with infamy.

Were this divine principle in full operation among the intelligences who people the globe, this world of inhumanity would be transformed into a paradise—the [illegible word] desert would become a fruitful field and

"blossom as the rose"—Eden in all its loveliness and beauty would again appear. Nations would learn the art of war no more. For the sword would be substituted the plow-share and for the spear the pruning hook. No longer would human sacrifice bleed on pagan alters—no longer would the New Zealanders feast on the flesh of their enemies—no longer would the mothers of China imbue their hands in the blood of their innocent offspring. Lordly despotism would throw aside its iron scepter and the nations would be ruled with the law of love. The fires of the inquisition would cease to be kindled and the supposed heretic would no longer be consigned to the horrors of a gloomy dungeon. Peace would descend from heaven to dwell with men. Prosper-

ity would follow in her train. Science would enlarge its boundaries and shed its benign influence on all ranks. What happiness would then result. It would be the motto of every man, and when his race on earth had terminated—when his feet came to dip the mystic waters of Jordan, with exstatic bliss he would exclaim—

I care not whether 'neath the sky [illegible word] Or fairer earth where [not?] the roses bloom I sleep: if friends as my poor life they scan Read only this "He was a friend to man"

Dickinson Coll.

Josiah F. Kennedy.

July 9th 1855