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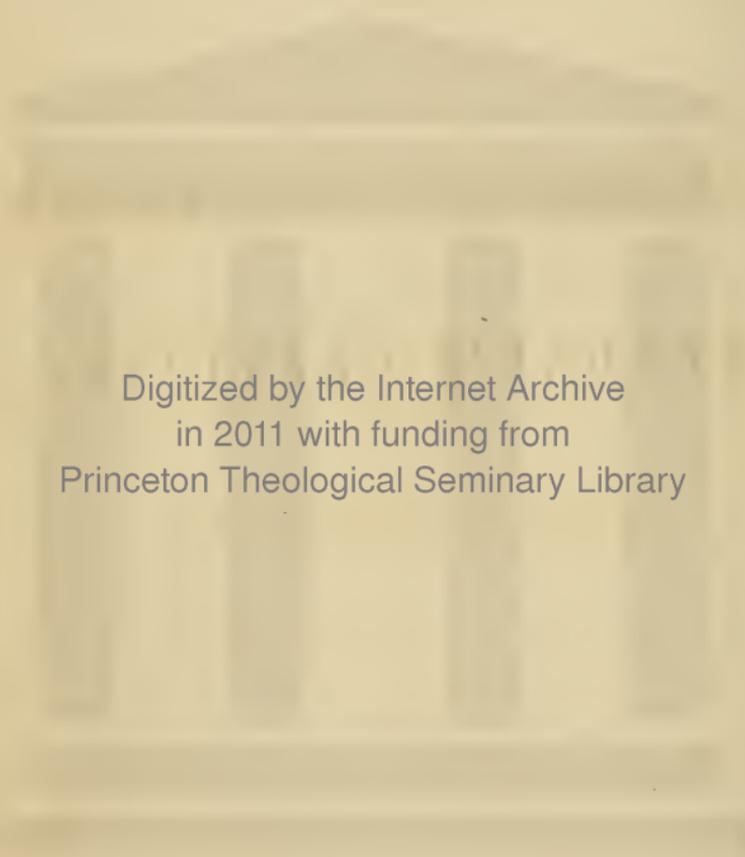
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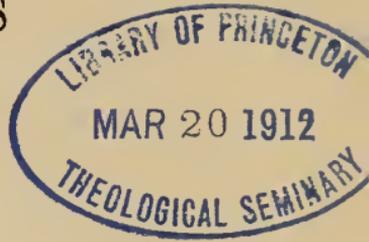


BETHUNE'S ORATIONS.



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ORATIONS



AND

OCCASIONAL DISCOURSES

BY

✓
GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

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THE frequent requests made of the author and his publishers for copies of the Addresses, etc. now collected, have suggested their publication in the present form. On reviewing them for the press, the author has discovered the repetition of some main thoughts in several of the discourses; but, as they were pronounced before different audiences, and were meant to be of a practically useful character, it was hardly possible or desirable to avoid what might, had the circumstances been otherwise, have deserved censure. At any rate, he has not felt that he would be justified in making alterations, but gives them as they were originally presented.

Philadelphia, July, 1849.

C O N T E N T S .

	Page.
GENIUS; Address before the Literary Societies of Union College, 1837.	1
TRUE GLORY; Sermon on the death of Stephen Van Rensselaer, 1839.	35
LEISURE, ITS USES AND ABUSES; Lecture before the New York Mercantile Library Association, 1839.	55
THE AGE OF PERICLES; Lecture before the Athenian Institute of Philadelphia, 1839.	87
ORATION before the Literary Societies of the University of Penn- sylvania, 1840.	125
THE PROSPECTS OF ART IN THE UNITED STATES; Address before the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia, 1840.	157
DISCOURSE on the death of William H. Harrison, President of the United States, 1841.	197
THE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT; Oration before the Porter Rhetorical Society of the Andover Theological Seminary, 1842.	209

- THE DUTIES OF EDUCATED MEN; Oration before the Literary Societies of Dickinson College, 1842. 281
- THE DUTY OF A PATRIOT; with allusions to the Life and Death of Andrew Jackson, July, 1845. 319
- A PLEA FOR STUDY; Oration before the Literary Societies of Yale College, 1845. 343
- THE CLAIMS OF OUR COUNTRY UPON ITS LITERARY MEN; Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, 1849. 381

GENIUS.

A N A D D R E S S

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES OF UNION COLLEGE,

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

JULY, 1837.

PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.

A D D R E S S .

GENTLEMEN,

“*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit!*” was the motto of my class on the day we left the shades of Academic life for the ruder world. How true the prophecy has been, those well know, who look back, after a lapse of years, upon such peaceful scenes. The remembrance is sweet and sad, as the exile’s in a sultry land of the springs which slaked his youthful thirst, but whose freshness he may never taste again. Indeed, but for the sympathy which such associations inspire, I should not have dared to address you with the brief preparation, which a recent return, after a long absence from many pressing duties, has permitted me to make. I rely upon a correspondent good feeling for your kind acceptance of my efforts to serve you.

“Nearly one hundred of us,” says the letter of your committee, “are about to bid a final farewell to our beloved Alma Mater, and hope to listen to your friendly appeals and kind admonitions.” This intimation leaves me in no doubt as to what portion of the present audience I am expected to address, or the character of the theme I should pursue; and, although arrived at that period of life when I can claim nei-

ther the apology of youth nor the dignity of age, I may at least assure you of an honest desire to fulfil your wishes.

The subject I have chosen is one fascinating, perhaps above all others, to the youthful student, who burns to prove his intellectual armor in the *mêlée* of the world, and yet one, about which many and fatal errors are often entertained.

IT IS GENIUS.

We have all felt the power of Genius. Our privilege, as students, has been to follow her flashing torch along many a path to knowledge; to hear the strange music of her angel voice amidst scenes of beauty, which only her enchantments could create; and to admire, almost idolatrously, the monuments she has erected in all ages, the beacon towers of the soul,

“And but for which, the past would be
A desert bare, a shipless sea.”

Yet, familiar as the effects of Genius are, it is not easy to define what Genius is. The etymology of the term will, however, assist us.

It is derived from the verb, signifying to engender or *create*, because it has the quality of *originating new combinations of thought, and of presenting them with great clearness and force*. Originality of conception, and energy of expression, are essential to Genius. Thus Shakspeare describes poetic Genius:

“The poet’s eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven —

And as imagination *bodies forth*
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name."

Genius is not a distinct faculty of the mind, but a union of many. It is a beauty and vigor of the whole soul. To constitute it, there must be imagination to assemble our ideas, and judgment to discriminate; quickness in perceiving, and perseverance in acquiring them; memory to retain, and good taste to select the beautiful and harmonious. These qualities may be combined in different proportions in different persons possessed of genius, but the nearer the approach to perfection in them all, the more perfect will Genius be.

Mere imagination, however lively, is not Genius, although essential to it, for it may produce the most absurd combinations. There must be judgment and good taste to secure propriety and consistency. Such fictions, as centaurs and mermaids, can never give pleasure, because there is no congruity between the head of a man and the body of a horse, or the body of a beautiful woman and the tail of a fish. They are, as Horace tells us, "like the vain vagaries of a sick man's dream." But how exquisite the Titania of Shakspeare;

"Lulled in the flowers with dances and delight!"

and how grand the Satan of Milton;

"Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 And floating many a rood!"

because, though equally creatures of the imagination, every

part of the description is consistent, and assists in bodying forth the idea of the authors. It is the admirable judgment presiding over the vast imagination of Homer, which, more than that imagination itself, has made the earliest of uninspired poets the standard of his art; while the conceits of Shakspeare, so far from being justified by his mighty genius, are universally considered its lamentable blemishes.

It is equally clear, that as all our ideas are derived, this power of combining them, where it is possessed, must bear a certain proportion to the power and exercise of perception and memory. The Scotch youth, of whom Dugald Stewart writes, who had neither sight nor hearing, may have had it, but it necessarily remained latent; and no one can estimate the range which would be added to the now astonishing genius of Nack, the deaf and dumb poet, if the sense of hearing were bestowed upon him.

Genius can never be acquired, but it may be cultivated without limit. This the ancients beautifully expressed, in the allegory which made the Muses daughters of Jupiter and Memory. The gift is divine, but worse than valueless, without ability and pains, on the part of its possessor, to provide the ideas with which to form its combinations. The sacred flame has gone out in the mind of many an one too indolent, or unable, from various causes, to supply the necessary oil.

“O munera nondum
Intellecta Deûm!” — LUCAN.

Genius varies in its tendencies from the various structure of the human mind. There is a Genius for science, and a

Genius for the arts. The term, also, is often used in a lower sense, to indicate the peculiar adaptedness of an individual for a certain pursuit, such as a Genius for mathematics, for mechanics, for music. It will, however, be readily perceived, that the limits of the present address forbid my entering into nice distinctions. I shall, therefore, speak of Genius in its large sense, freely deriving my illustrations from any of its developments, and submit only such considerations as may be useful to those, generally, whom I have the honor to address.

In pursuing this design I will speak, —

Of the proper aims of Genius ;

Of its cultivation ;

Of some mistakes concerning it ;

And of the peculiar advantages enjoyed in this country for its exercise.

Genius is one of God's mightiest works. There is nothing in man, which has such power for good or evil. Neither time nor space can limit its influences. Wherever it is bestowed, it is a sacred deposit, of which a severe account will be required ; and, like all God's other gifts, should be employed in the advancement of his honor, and the good of mankind. It is the use, not the possession of Genius, which ennobles. To do good, is the highest distinction to which man can aspire, for it is most like God, and *to do good, is the highest aim, the only proper end of Genius.* This is not a sentiment peculiar to the disciple of that divine Ensample of human excellence, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister ;" it is also that of Tully, the best of heathen moralists : "Nihil utile, quod idem non sit honestum, nihil honestum quod idem

non sit utile — et nullam pestem majorem in vitam hominum invassisse, quam eorum opinionem qui ista distraxerint.”

Genius is, therefore, not to be wasted on the mere personal enjoyment of its possessor. He is not idly to follow the eccentric impulses of imagination, because he loves to wander in a maze of luxurious thought, to dream delicious pleasure in the sunshine, or listen entranced to the voice of nature, “telling of things which no gross ear can hear.” This were to abuse the gift, to bury a treasure which might have enriched a world, and to obscure a light which should have led to heaven from whence it came. The birds sing out their thankfulness, the flowers shed forth their incense, the stream murmurs praise, there is a whisper of God’s love in the breeze, and the leaves it plays among are tremulous with joy; and to be silent amongst them all, to have the soul filled with beauty and delight, yet keep it locked like a miser’s chest, is to be ungrateful to God, and unfaithful to man.

He is scarcely less guilty, who employs his genius only to acquire personal fame. A love of reputation may mingle properly with other and higher motives, but alone is unworthy of the man of Genius. God has exalted him above the common herd, to instruct, to enlighten, and to bless them. But he, who would win their applause, must ordinarily stoop to pay its price in his own degradation. Popular applause has been bitterly described to be, “*stultorum et improborum consensu excitata*.”* The ready way, for Genius to please them, is to decorate their follies, flatter their prejudices, gild their vices, and pander to their lust. Lucifer, the son of the

* Cic. Tus. Quæ. v.

morning, fallen from an archangel to a fiend, is not a more awful spectacle than Genius thus prostituted. And yet how often are we called to behold it? Into what sties of profligacy, have many of these prodigal sons of God wandered, to lavish their birthright upon the vile? In what kennels of impurity do some of their rarest gems lie hidden? Modesty abandons the search, and virtue weeps to remember, that

“Ev’n the light which led astray,
Was light from heaven.”

Whatever false hopes may promise, self-reproach will, sooner or later, embitter such a triumph. The world cannot make up for the loss of a happy conscience. A sense of suicidal guilt is the sure and severe avenger, that pursues from God the despiser of his richest gifts. The most abandoned must acknowledge, in the bitterness of his inmost soul, the comeliness of the virtue he has cast away. Happy was his death-bed, who could say, “he had never written a line which he then wished to blot;” but horrible must be the last hours of him, who is dragged to the judgment seat by the accusing spirits of thousands, seduced from purity and encouraged in vice, by the fatal and fascinating influence of his perverted Genius. The only fame, worth possessing, is the good opinion of the good and wise. Upon this alone we can honestly congratulate ourselves, and it can be gained only by the consecration of our powers to the public good. Even the multitude, that now reject their faithfullest servants, will in after years unite to honor the memory of an Aristides banished for his integrity, and believe it more honorable, to have been once

a consul like Lælius, than to have been elected four times like Cinna.

It is, indeed, wrong to condemn every effort of Genius not severely didactic or demonstrative of truth. There is soundness in the remark of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "if certain sectaries," (whose virtues we must honor, while we differ from their peculiarities,) "were right, God would have clothed the world in drab;" and there are Quakers in morals, who are as far astray from the example of their great Author. The dwelling place of primeval innocence, among whose holy shades God walked with his sinless children, was a garden; and still He loves to scatter flowers about our path, and gives us taste to relish the beauty of his works. So, there is a use and a sanction for the flowers of Genius. Yet surely it should not be the occupation of a life to weave garlands, or to sing the summer time away like the grasshopper. The bee sings too as he gathers his stores, and there should be honey, the honey of truth, in our flowers, if we would have them like the flowers of God. The acanthus of the Corinthian capital adds no strength to the column, yet who would say the sculptor's skill was wasted upon it, or wish to tear away the graceful ornament? Notwithstanding, it is the stability of the fabric which gives perpetuity to the decoration. To mingle the useful with the beautiful, is the highest style of art. The one adds grace, the other value. It would be a poor summing up of a life upon earth, to find that all the powers of an immortal intellect had been devoted to the amusement of idle hours, or the excitement of empty mirth, or even the mere gratification of taste, without a single effort to make men wiser and better

and happier. If the examination be made, it will be found, that those works of Genius are the most appreciated, which are the most pregnant with truth, which give us the best illustrations of nature, the best pictures of the human heart, the best maxims of life, in a word, which are the most useful. I speak not now of what men pretend to admire. There are names of men of Genius, which are in everybody's mouth, and ring out in every schoolboy's harangue, whose works no one, but the all-devouring student, ever reads; but what are the quotations most in use, the volumes most handled? Are they not those of the character we have described? The one class are like the medals stamped for a passing occasion, admired for their beauty, and then buried in the cabinet of the virtuoso; the others, like the current coin which passes from hand to hand at a ready value in the interchange of life; and yet, there is no reason, why the die of the coin should not be beautiful in design, although the bullion must be sterling to give it worth.

The aim of Genius should be correspondent with its peculiar character. The Creator has wisely given a variety of talent to accomplish his various purposes. Every man has his particular mental characteristics. Men are not born with the same minds any more than the same features. They are fitted for various pursuits, and to force one's genius from its natural bent, is to undergo a painful labor with the certainty of loss. So, to attempt excellence in everything is to fail in all. The world has seen but one Michael Angelo; and we know now nothing of the admirable Crichton except that he was a universal Genius, who accomplished nothing that sur-

vived him. Our aim should be chosen after a careful examination of our capabilities, and then steadily pursued. Many a man of Genius has died without success, because continually changing his course as every bright meteor shot athwart it. But never should that aim be other than one of usefulness. No man is destitute of capacity for that, and none other is worthy of any man. To this, indeed, we should compel ourselves. The world may say :

“How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost !”

But whenever it is more useful to mankind to be a Murray than an Ovid, we should not scruple to make the exchange. Generations of happy people will bless the name of the fearless expositor of right, while virtue sickens at the lascivious flow of numbers, more dangerous because sweet.

The aim of Genius should like its own nature be lofty ; truly lofty, above meanness, and selfishness, and indolence, venturing all for the accomplishment of great results in the achievement of real good. It is sufficient to determine the worthlessness of a thing, to know that it may be easily gained and without a sacrifice.

“Before heaven’s gate High God did sweat ordain.”—SPENSER.

The very consciousness of a high destiny gives us an indomitable courage ; the contemplation of great aims expands the soul ; the prospect of difficulty rallies all our powers ; the slowness of great results keeps them in continual exercise ; and only that, which elevates us above the ordinary world, requires all our powers in all their energy while life lasts, is

worthy the pursuit of immortal mind. Nor is this inconsistent with real modesty. Timidity and indolence are feebleness not modesty. No one doubts the modesty, any more than the magnanimity, of Howard; and Jesus himself was meek and lowly in heart, while filled with the purpose of a world's redemption. Quaint George Herbert speaks for us here directly to the point:

“Pitch thy behavior low; thy projects high;
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
 Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky,
 Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
 A grain of glory mixed with humbleness,
 Cures both the fever and lethargickness.”

Great usefulness to mankind, pursued steadily and energetically, though at the sacrifice of ease and temporary fame, in that way best adapted to our peculiar powers, and with a constant sense of our accountability, is the true and only proper aim of Genius.

THE CULTIVATION OF GENIUS is the next branch of our subject.

Genius being composed of, or, if you please, dependent upon various powers of the mind, it follows, that the cultivation of those powers is the cultivation of Genius. To treat of them separately, would be, at this time, impracticable. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a few general remarks.

Every addition to the number of ideas which we possess, adds to the resources of Genius. Zeal in the best methods of enlarging our knowledge, is thus essential to success. Such industry may be profitably practised by every one who has

the use of his senses, and reason to direct them. It is not only from books that we may learn. Nature is one vast volume, and every page, written by its Almighty Author, repays its student well. Lockhart, in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, tells us, that in his youth he attempted to acquire skill with the pencil; and it is to the habit of close observation thus acquired, he supposes, we are indebted for the graphic fidelity of his written descriptions. There may be some truth in the supposition, but it is unnecessary. Close observation seems to be one of the strongest characteristics of Genius. The most careful inquirer into natural history is often astonished to find, that an author of Genius, making no pretensions to science, has been before him in discovery; and the physiologist quotes the great master of the human heart in proof of the phenomena, for which he endeavors to account. Byron, in one of his letters, confesses that he was detected in an error, as to the habits of the eagle, by a painter, who illustrated the passage; but he does so, with a degree of shame that proves how great a defect he considered such inaccuracy to be. This truth to nature is one of the great charms of Genius over us. We recognize the power of the delineation without knowing, perhaps, how it is produced. There hangs in the cabinet of Baroccio, at Florence, a *Madonna in grief*, by Sassoferrato. There are no tears, there is no distortion of the countenance, nor any of the ordinary signs of grief by which it is usually presented to us; yet nothing can exceed the touching expression of the mild blue eye and pale un-wrinkled brow. Her soul, pierced through with many sorrows, seems to look out and ask you for sympathy with a grief

too deep for tears. The effect is doubtless produced by those minute lines, which escape the eye of the ordinary observer, and which none but a master's hand could transfer to the canvas. For the same reason, every attempt to copy the Beatrice di Cenci of Guido, or the Venus de Medicis, has failed. No hand can follow the great master in the one, and the delicacy of the lines is lost in the casts of the other. We see this effect in a good portrait of one we know and love. It is not in the mere shape of the features, or the general contour, that the resemblance lies, but in the scarcely distinguishable lines which mark the characters; and precisely as we are familiar with the individual, are we difficult to satisfy. This is true of Genius in all its forms. It is upon nice accuracy of observation, that the orator, the poet, the metaphysician and the natural philosopher depend for success. Their attention is so fixed and their perception so keen, that nothing escapes them; whether, from their peculiar tastes, that attention be directed to the weighing of evidence, the beauty of a landscape, the workings of human passion, the actings of their own minds, or the facts which are brought to light by their experiments. If we read a speech of Erskine, we will see how he brings into his argument, as it were, rivulet after rivulet, small in themselves, but all contributing to swell the mighty river of proof, which bursts upon us in the cataract of his conclusion. If we study an essay of the unpretending but matchless metaphysician Reid, we find him laying open to our view the workings of our own minds, and making our consciousness bear witness to his truth. The chords of our hearts vibrate in unison with those that are touched by the

Ploughman of Ayr. Newton would never have discovered the law of gravitation, that first step of his walk with the God of nature, but for the closeness of that observation, which permitted not an acorn to fall from the bough, without remarking the force of its descent. "There are some men who will walk from Dan to Beersheba, and complain that they have seen nothing;" but they are not men of Genius, and can never be men of sense. He, who would be rich in knowledge and original thought, will not allow a dew-drop to glisten in the morning sun, or a flower to bloom in the meadow, much less the more mysterious phenomena of nature within and without him to occur, and not acquire truth by severe yet delightful scrutiny.

I have surely no need, in addressing you, to insist upon the *necessity of study*, in the strictest sense of the term study. The complaint of Dr. Johnson is more true of the present day than it was of his own: "that the mental disease of this generation is impatience of study, and contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom." It may be hoped that the atmosphere, which you breathe on these heights, was too pure for the epidemic to have reached you. This is, however, the age of digests, and compends, and abridgments, and many a pigmy upon the shoulders of the giant past exults in his elevation, as if he were more than a giant, and not a pigmy still. But you, my well educated friends, will agree with me, that, though we may increase the rapidity with which our bodies are carried along, there is no steam power to assist the mind. Talk as we please about "the march of mind," and "the schoolmaster being abroad," it requires but little observation

to see, that what we are, is owing to what our mighty fathers have been. The authors of the present day, with here and there an exception, are doing little more than spinning attenuated thread from the material of ancient lore, or vying to see how thin they can beat a tiny fragment of pure bullion, to cover their works with tawdry tinsel. Is it not refreshing to leave these babbling shallow brooks, which glare out into the sunshine that must soon evaporate them, and seek in the cool deep shades of former wisdom,

“ Sanctos — recludere fontes ?”

“To be ignorant of the past is to be always a child,” says Cicero. All the researches, the discoveries, the refutations, the memorials, the very mistakes of the past, can only be available to us by study. Without it, we may waste our powers and time in pursuing exploded errors; wander, lost in perplexity, close to well defined paths, and congratulate ourselves upon an originality, as thread-bare as the cloak of Diogenes. We cannot know what remains to be done, or to be learned, unless we know what has been done and learned already; and how can we know this without research? By ancient learning, is not meant only the writings of those who are commonly called the ancients. There are mines of thought in the older writers of our own language. One page of some of them will repay our perusal with more sterling truth, than the teeming productions of the modern press for a whole year. With very rare exceptions, (and those who are popular among the good thinkers of the day are rarer still) there is scarcely a living author, whom it is not lost time

to study, while we permit the dust to gather upon the homely covers of our father's books.

Besides the mere acquisition of ideas, this study is necessary to ripen our judgment and correct our taste. Not that we should study for the sake of imitating them, or even of borrowing from them. "No man ever became great by imitation," said the great English critic. The mere imitator never acquires more than the faults of his model; and he, who decks himself in borrowed feathers, will be only the more ridiculous when his deceptions are discovered. We are to study the standard authors, that we may learn the rules of art by careful analysis, and store away ideas for future combinations. As one acquires the air and manners of a gentleman by being conversant with good society, though he may make no man his model, so, by being conversant with good authors, we come insensibly to partake of their spirit and refinement. Thus, there have been some very few poets, who, by the mere force of Genius, have risen to great eminence, though deprived of literary advantages; but those who have enjoyed them, however great their natural powers might be, delight to speak with gratitude of the privilege. Horace did not blush to admit, that he studied the Greek Poets night and day, and recommends the same course to all; while Cicero tells us, that the Attic orators were his masters; yet who doubts the original Genius of either? It is pleasing to observe the influence of classic study upon the minds of our purest writers. Not unfrequently, the ideas of their favorites become so incorporated with their own, that they know them not to be otherwise than original, and give them forth to us in all

the freshness of original Genius. Thus, Milton was probably not aware that the epithets "most musical, most melancholy," which he applies to the nightingale, are almost an exact translation of the Poet of Salamis, whom he loved so much :

“μελωδὸν — δαχρνώσαν.” — HECUBA;

and Campbell derived the main idea of his beautiful couplet ;

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue,”

from the same author, for Euripides is a favorite of his too :

“Οὐ ταύτόν εἶδος φαίνεται τῶν Πραγμάτων
Πρόσωθεν ὄντων ἐγγύθεν ὁ ὀρωμένων.” — ION.

Yet, surely, no one would accuse either of plagiarism.

Indeed, such is the pleasure of these studies, that the man who has the opportunity of pursuing them, and neglects to do so, gives sufficient proof that he is destitute of that taste and judgment, which are essential qualities of Genius.

It may be added, that *the cultivation of the power of memory* is very necessary, in order that we may retain the ideas we have thus acquired with so much pains. There are few, who do not complain of their deficiency in this, when, perhaps, they would be seriously offended at the charge of deficiency in any other power of the mind. Yet we cannot see why a man is less culpable for not improving his memory, than for the neglect of judgment. Certainly, like every other power of the mind, memory may be improved. Stewart has treated this subject with so much ability, that a reference to his chap-

ters is the best suggestion one can make. The great secrets of a retentive memory are *attention* and *order*. The mind can be occupied only about one idea at the same time. We must, therefore, learn one thing at a time, having the mind bent intently upon that one thing, until we see it clearly and understand it fully. When this is done we rarely forget. It is indeed questionable, whether an idea is ever forgotten. We may not be able to recall it at the moment we wish, but still it lies in the storehouse of the mind, and rises again to notice at some other time when the chain of association is regained. It is therefore of great importance to preserve this association. To do this, it is necessary that there be order in our minds. A place for every idea, and every idea in its place. This order can only be the result of severe mental discipline. We frequently remark the ease, with which we can remember a discourse, the heads of which are clearly defined, and the order carefully observed. We rarely forget our knowledge of a science, the fundamental principles of which we have thoroughly studied and understood. The illustrations which a skilful writer employs to make his meaning more obvious, greatly assists our recollection of the main idea. We should, therefore, reject all that quackery, which pretends to assist and improve the memory, otherwise than by the cultivation of the mind generally, and the habit of close attention in particular. It may well be doubted, whether even the keeping of a common-place book, except for references to where valuable thoughts may be found, is not productive of more evil than good. We learn rather to rely upon the assistant than upon ourselves, and the time spent in transcrib-

ing might be more usefully employed. It were better to pause and read again the passage that has interested us, and examine ourselves strictly as to our understanding of it; or, if the pen must be used, use it in noting down in our own words an accurate analysis of the whole. What is really useful will thus be treasured up, what is worthless had better be winnowed away. There are some people, whose memory seems to be rather a misfortune than a benefit, from continually distracting their attention by the crowd of irrelevant ideas it suggests. There are others, who are certainly very tiresome to their hearers or readers, by the useless particularity with which they stretch out a narrative or disquisition, when a few words would suffice to state all that is important. Hence conciseness is always an attribute of a close thinker; not an indication of a want of memory, but of its discreet and economical use. "Semper instans sibi," is the phrase, by which Quintilian characterizes the pregnant brevity of Thucydides.

Genius must be cultivated *by exercise*. The mind is like the body. Nothing impairs its strength so much as idleness, nothing increases it so much as well directed labor. The muscles of the blacksmith's arm swells out with vigor, when those of the man of ease are scarcely visible, though originally he may have been possessed of much greater natural strength; and we are in the same way often surprised to see the zealous, earnest student leave far behind him, even in mental power, the idle genius, who once laughed at his snail-like progress. To be successful, we should never be idle. Not content with mere reading, or aimless reveries and imaginations, but employing the knowledge we have gained, and ap-

plying the rules we have learned to some useful end. Not content to do anything superficially or carelessly, but continually striving to avoid defects and aspiring after new excellencies. Not content with any degree of attainment or success, but regarding the past as only preparation for the future. No man can conceive what is capable of accomplishing by an ardent perseverance. The Roman Legionary, born under the most luxurious clime, learned by exercise to bear without fatigue a weight of armor which would crush the strongest modern to the earth, and to contend alike successfully with the barbarian of the north amidst his icy mountains, and the agile rover of the burning desert. The intellectual conqueror need never weep, like him of Macedon, that there remains no more to prove his prowess. The higher he ascends, the more arduous appear the heights yet to be attained. To the generous spirit, rest is itself a weariness. The young man, who covets it, or even procrastinates his efforts until he has attained more strength, will make a feeble and useless old age. The moment we repose, we abandon success. The maxim is just,

“*Dulce est desipere in loco;*”

but it should be interpreted with caution, especially by the young. The mind, it is true, cannot sustain without occasional relief severe intellectual exertion; but even our amusements may be made profitable. We may turn from the severer volume to one that refines, without taxing, the wearied faculties. We may wander forth and enjoy the loveliness of nature, or the communion of friends, without laying aside the character of intellectual being. Even a change of study is

sometimes sufficient. The table talk of Luther has been considered worthy of record, and Sir Humphrey Davy mused not unprofitably with his fishing rod in hand. Away then with idleness in all its forms. It is the rust of the soul, which requires more labor to remove, than we avoided by dissipation, and we lose time besides.

We are now prepared to consider — SOME COMMON MISTAKES CONCERNING GENIUS.

No man is to suppose himself destitute of Genius, because its effects do not immediately appear. Genius, in its higher forms, belongs, it is admitted, to few. Some men, indeed, cannot properly be said to possess it at all. Yet there is not one of us without some capacity for usefulness; and observation would lead us to believe, that even the gifts of Genius have not been bestowed by such a sparing hand as is commonly believed. The fact, that in certain ages many men of Genius arise to high distinction, and that in others not one appears, seems to prove, that certain stimulants to exertion have been wanting in the last, which were felt in the former. Genius, of a very high character, needs no foreign excitement. It has sufficient impulsive force in itself; but when the plant is more feeble, it needs fostering and care. The success of one great mind will induce others, less daring, to follow in its track. The assurance of sympathy, which is thus given, is a strong encouragement to effort. So, rarely has a new star shone out in the firmament of mind, but many smaller lights have twinkled forth to form a constellation. Precocity of talent is not necessarily Genius. It is sometimes nothing better than a vice of the mental being in overshooting

its proper growth, and prematurely exhausting its powers. Not a few instances will occur to you of men, and those, too, the most distinguished, who have passed many years of their lives, before they became conscious of their powers, or the proper method of directing them. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" did not appear until its author had attained the meridian of life, and Waverly not till many years afterwards. It is true, that Scott could not have been utterly unconscious of his genius, even in early manhood; yet, doubtless, he would have smiled incredulously at one who would have prognosticated his future triumphs; and it is easy to see, that but for the preparation of his youth, those triumphs would never have been his. The earlier efforts of Byron were really beneath criticism; but the severe chastisement he received, only stimulated him to greater exertions, and he lived to reach the height of fame. No success can be expected without exertion, and no one knows what he can do, until he has resolutely and perseveringly applied himself to the struggle. Even if we have but one talent, there is no reason why that should be buried in the earth. The praise of success is greater, where the natural ability is small; and it is immeasurably better to be moderately useful than ingloriously idle.

There is another error yet more mischievous. It is that of *supposing Genius sufficient of itself, without the aid of study*. It is the fault of a strong imagination, when not sufficiently regulated by judgment, to be impatient of delay or control. Persons thus constituted, dazzled with the brilliancy of their conceptions, despise the sobriety of rule. Conscious of power, but ignorant of difficulties, they determine upon rapid achieve-

ment, and unshared victories. The melancholy end of many a Chatterton, proves how bitter is their disappointment. The maniac's cell, or the wretched garret, has hidden from the world many a light, which, properly trimmed and fed, might have burned long and brightly. Many instances, already quoted, proved, that the most successful men of Genius have been ordinarily the most profound students. We ought to be more surprised at the amount of information Shakspeare was enabled to attain, under the disadvantages he suffered, than at what he accomplished with the information he had. If we knew nothing more of him, than that he was the author of "Julius Cæsar," we would say, that he was versed beyond a parallel in the history of that period. No one could have sketched, with more striking fidelity, the cunning Anthony, the impetuous Brutus, the infatuated Cæsar, or the versatile Roman mob. It is a shame to abandon the cultivation of a soil, because it is rich. The luxuriance of its natural fertility, is only the promise of what it might yield to careful husbandry. We are accountable, not merely for the ten talents God may have given, but for the increase they might have made at proper usury. If Sir Isaac Newton compared the labors of his miraculous life, to a child gathering shells on the shore, while the wide ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him, can any among us be justly satisfied with less attainment? Be independent of study, child of Genius, if you will, but rail not at the world, for despising that which cost you no pains. You are your own destroyer. "Men will praise you when you do well for yourself."

Much sensibility is also wasted upon the false supposition,

that *Genius is necessarily unfortunate*. It is true, that the calamities of men of Genius have been proverbial, and volumes have been filled with their recital. But the calamities of men of Genius are not necessarily the calamities of Genius. Many of them, with the same faults of character, would have been equally sufferers, had they possessed no Genius at all. It was their Genius which gave notoriety to their sufferings. The gifts of Providence are more equally distributed than we are accustomed to believe, and great intellectual endowments are not often accompanied by the measure of worldly fortune, which falls to the lot of those whose humbler faculties aspire not above the pursuit of gain. It is well for the world it is so, for nothing is more fatal to mental ambition, than luxurious ease. The annals of Genius should convince us, that it has oftener been repressed by prosperity than adversity. Examples of men born to wealth and rank, who have attained high intellectual eminence, are as rare, as the number of those who have risen from obscurity is great. While circumstances seduce the one class to indolence, they compel the other to personal exertion. It requires great effort to raise one's self to distinction, unassisted by friends, and embarrassed by poverty.

“Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.”

But it requires greater still, to leave the haunt of fashionable pleasure, and the circle of flattering friends, to pursue, in solitary labor, those difficult paths which alone lead to useful renown. Vice is always its own avenger, and no Genius can exempt the transgressor from its penalties. Savage, Ot-

way, Burns, and many others, owed their ruin to their unlicensed follies, not to their Genius. When such minds leave their high pursuits to company with the votaries of dissipation, they can expect no better fate. If we consider the miserable venality of his pen, we would cease to think the misfortunes of Chatterton as less deserved than those of Dr. Dodd. We make no excuse for the world, which is too apt to neglect the children of Genius, that it may flatter those of power. The early graves of Collins and Kirke White, are monuments of its coldness and cruelty. Yet it is human nature to prefer our own interests; and not unfrequently the offerings which Genius lays at its feet, are merely beautiful but useless garlands. Even the plough of Burns turned down "the mountain daisy," to make place for the more homely but more useful grain. Besides, it may well be doubted, whether what are frequently called the calamities of Genius, are indeed calamities. If to receive the applause of the vociferous mob, to sit in the parasite's chair at the table of the great, to place the name of some wealthy dunce at the head of a dedication, to accumulate mere money that it may be spent upon self-indulgence, or to struggle successfully with the demagogue and the gladiator in the political arena, be the chief goods of life, there are many paths to their attainment more easy and certain than those which Genius loves, and ought to tread. But if the consciousness of lofty thought, fellowship with the mighty spirits of the past, the dignity of noble aims, the applause of the few, but those the truly great, the admiration of posterity, and the benediction of Him who was himself "despised and rejected of men," be worth all the

meaner world can give or take away, then has well-directed Genius no cause to complain. Who estimates the wealth of Milton by the five pounds he received for *Paradise Lost*? Who would not rather have been Galileo, than the priestly bigots that murdered him? Even if it be admitted, as it should be, "that the gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task on the vigilance of reason;"* yet there is the greater reason why we should cultivate the judgment, that we may be preserved from those irregularities which expose the man of Genius to calamity, and not abandon its elevated pursuits, from an unworthy dread of danger. Whatever may have been the case in the past, true Genius was never more applauded, or better rewarded, than in the present day. Dismiss, therefore, these mawkish lamentations over the unfortunate fate of Genius, and press forward to share its immortal honors.

Another error into which we are apt to fall, *is that Genius requires peculiar advantages for its cultivation and development.* Many a young man enters upon life with glowing hopes of intellectual distinction and determination never to cease his efforts; but, finding the necessity of attending closely to the business of life, and being continually harassed and vexed by unavoidable interruptions, soon, though reluctantly, abandons his aspirations as idle dreams of his youth, the reality of which is reserved for those of happier circumstances. This is injustice to ourselves. We have already alluded to the many who have risen to fame from the midst of far greater difficulties than can possibly surround any of those

* Langhorn's *Life of Collins*.

now before me. If Æsop was a slave, Ferguson a shepherd's boy, Franklin a friendless apprentice, Heyne the half-starved son of a poor weaver, and Adrian VI. once so poor as to study only by the lamps of the streets, when the daylight had closed upon his labor, no difficulties can be so great but a determined industry may overcome them. Men of leisure are rarely great. But the ingenious Drew produced his treatise upon the Immortality of the Soul, when a working shoemaker, and that clear ethical writer of our day, Abercrombie, is a physician of the largest practice in Edinburgh, and must turn to his metaphysical pursuits after the most fatiguing efforts in those entirely different. It is folly to speak of "the past being the age of thought but this the age of action," as if the two were incompatible. I have yet to learn, that Calvin was an inactive person, though I may look at his nine huge folios filled with copious thought and profound criticism. Luther, too, was no sluggard in action, yet his volumes are far from being few in number, or deficient in research, and even in music, which was but his amusement, you may find the Greek modes, the most difficult of all. Roscoe found time in the midst of commercial engagements for his lives of the two Medici, and the author of the Pleasures of Memory is still a banker. The age of action not the age of thought! It is a disgrace and not our glory. It is the excuse of indolence, or the boast of presumption.

There is a common error, which supposes *Genius to be necessarily eccentric*; but eccentricity, especially when it becomes offensive to decorum, is a blemish in social character no powers of mind can excuse or palliate; and surely, if time

permitted, it would be an insult to those who have listened to me so kindly, to trouble them with proof, that a man of Genius may be a gentleman, or that a disregard for the comfort or feelings of others is any proof of talent.

I will therefore pass on briefly to consider the last branch of the subject we proposed, **THE PECULIAR ADVANTAGES FOR THE EXERCISE OF GENIUS IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.**

Well may we thank God, that our lot is cast in so goodly a land, and I do not envy that man, who can return to this his native land from wandering abroad, without fresh admiration of the principles of our government and the character of our people. But for nothing have we more reason to be thankful than the opportunities which Genius has here to spread her unfettered wing for her noblest flights. I speak not now of the physical features of our country, the majesty of its rivers, the graceful outline of its mountains, the thunder of its cataracts, the clear crystal of its thousand lakes, the depth of its forest shade, the gorgeous richness of its autumnal hues, or the dreamy voluptuousness of its Indian summer's days. If ever nature taught inspiration, Genius may find it here.

But the *freedom of our institutions and its effect upon the powers of the soul*, may well occupy our thoughts for a moment. The land of liberty is the land of Genius. Slavery has a more degrading influence upon the mind than the body. Despotic power and aristocratic wealth may seek to pamper their pride by the patronage of men of talent, but the natural effect of such patronage is to depress rather than exalt. The will of the patron must be consulted, and his reward secured

by an easy venality. Genius can obey only the dictates of its own inspiration. Its song may be sweet as that of the imprisoned bird, but it is in the free air and open sunshine the richness of its glad notes are heard. The restraint of censorship over the press, backed by the terrors of punishment, or the more dangerous allurements of reward, crushes the spirit of inquiry and limits the expansion of thought. Discovery becomes a crime, and doubt of established error, treason. Creeds are dictated by the bayonet; and honest truth is branded as a disturber of the peace. The question is no longer, how we may promote the good of the whole people, but how existing abuses may be screened or vindicated. Religion herself is made the instrument of cunning power, and the terrors of Almighty vengeance against sin perverted to sanctions of unholy edicts. The same iron rule, which crushed the astronomer who would not map the heavens at its dictation, would bind hand and foot and cast into hell the daring challenger for the rights of man. From generation to generation the work goes on, until the suffering parent teaches his child submission to secure him peace, and reason forgets to doubt that its ills are not from necessity.

How different is the lot of Genius here? Our fathers, educated to hardy independence by the difficulties of the forest, and far removed from the illusive glare which the splendors of aristocratic institutions fling around them; discovering, by the virtues and intelligence of their compatriots that nobleness of soul depended upon no accident of birth; and drinking deep of that truth which flows from the throne of Him whose service is perfect freedom, established their claim to the rights

of men, and founded our government upon the only true basis, the good of the whole people as determined by the people themselves. Their children have inherited the lustre of their example. The investigation of right and truth they continue as their privilege and safeguard. Precedent, however hoary from antiquity, has no authority except what it derives from truth. Novelty, however startling, is not rejected without due investigation of its claims to belief. Every artificial barrier to the rise of merit is broken down. The author appeals to the conscience and intelligence of the people, and real merit seldom fails of reward. Difficulties common to our nature must exist, but never were the paths to distinction so open as here. The influence of this freedom upon every department of mind, I need not stay to prove. He, who has once breathed the air of liberty, will brook no unwarranted restraint. The tyranny of false criticism, and the despotism of prejudice, must fall, when the unshackled search is for truth, and Genius will exult in her own originality.

It is true, that literature now only begins to flourish among us. Men struggling for their rights, have little leisure for its retired studies. The solution of the new problems, which our new system of government are continually unfolding, have engrossed the attention of our abler minds. The works of the sculptor and the painter are of comparatively little interest to those, who are modelling the living statue of moral excellence, or subduing the forest, that they may reap rich harvests from the virgin soil. Able commentaries upon the principles of law, profound discoveries in science, unequalled skill in the application of mechanics, and constant improvement in

all the useful arts, prove that mind has felt the impulse, and has been moving rapidly in the best directions. Already, too, have we heard sweet touches from the poet's lyre, like the rich symphonies which precede the burst of song; and every heart has thrilled at the sound, because we knew the hand of free-born Genius swept the chords. It is not true, that American Genius is despised at home. There has been, happily, too much taste to mistake the unsteady efforts of undisciplined and unfurnished striplings for classic purity and manly power; yet every worthy attempt has been well rewarded. The very pride we feel in everything that advances our country's glory, has led rather to over-praise than discouragement; and many living instances might be brought, if decorum permitted, to show that nowhere is fame so readily acquired as with us. It only depends upon the young men of our land to strengthen their powers by severe discipline, and to bathe their spirits in the clear springs of classic lore, before they demand the rewards of Genius; and those rewards are theirs. The fame that is gained without such arduous, though it should be pleasing, toil, will be as fleeting as it is cheap.

Gentlemen, I have done. It would be ungrateful to trespass longer upon such kind attention. Happy will I be, to have won your approbation; happier still, if I have contributed to excite new attention to our noble theme, to secure a choice of useful aims, to awaken a greater zeal in their pursuit, to chase away despondent fears, to repress unwarranted hopes, or heighten the glow of patriotic gratitude for the unequalled privileges of our beloved land; but truly blessed,

could I persuade you, by a parting counsel, to sit, with all your learning, at the feet of that meek and lowly Teacher, whose Gospel revealed, and whose example marked, in "a patient continuance of well-doing," the only true path "to glory, and honor, and immortality."

TRUE GLORY.

A S E R M O N

PREACHED BEFORE THE

THIRD REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH OF PHILADELPHIA,

February 3d, 1839,

ON THE

OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

S E R M O N .

JEREMIAH 9: 23, 24.

THUS SAITH THE LORD, LET NOT THE WISE MAN GLORY IN HIS WISDOM, NEITHER LET THE MIGHTY MAN GLORY IN HIS MIGHT; LET NOT THE RICH MAN GLORY IN HIS RICHES; BUT LET HIM THAT GLORIETH, GLORY IN THIS, THAT HE UNDERSTANDETH AND KNOWETH ME, THAT I AM THE LORD, WHICH EXERCISE LOVING-KINDNESS, JUDGMENT AND RIGHTEOUSNESS IN THE EARTH; FOR IN THESE THINGS I DELIGHT, SAITH THE LORD.

“THERE hath,” saith the apostle Paul to the Corinthians, (1st, 10: 13,) “no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but with the temptation will also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.” Such is the language of the Holy Ghost to all God’s people, assuring them, that their safety or danger lies not in the external circumstances of their earthly lot, but in their faithful use, or presumptuous neglect of God’s sufficient and abounding grace. Every condition of life has its perils and its advantages; and the office of religion is, not to change that in which Providence hath placed us, but to strengthen and sanctify our hearts, that we may resist the temptations, and improve the opportunities of blessing, presented to us. God,

through his wise and parental care of his children, may cause them to be placed in situations of greater or less trial and difficulty, that he may chasten them from peculiar weaknesses of temper, or call forth to useful exercise peculiar qualities for his service; yet this consideration should convince us the more fully, that in "whatever state we are, therewith we should be content," and not murmur because our temptations seem to be greater, and our opportunities of serving him less, than those of others. The only Christian way to amend our lot, is by amending our heart; for with an evil heart any lot would bring evil, and a pious heart can make any lot good. It is impossible to escape temptation, but the faithful soul will find temptations to be his friends, in supplying opportunities of higher virtue to himself, greater good to the world, and more manifest glory to his God.

"Blessed is the man, that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to those that love him. Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted of evil; neither tempteth he any man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed."* It is, therefore, the glory of the Christian, and a blessed proof of his divine renewal from the weakness of humanity, when he stands firm amidst shocks or seductions to which other men would yield; and the dishonored soul can impute his failure and disgrace only to his own sinful weakness, cowardice, and folly.

Thus, in the text we find neither censure nor praise of men,

* James 1: 12, 13, 14.

who are distinguished for their wisdom, their power, or their riches, because of those accidents to their lot; but only censure of those who make their boast and dependence upon them; and praise of him, who, in the midst of them all, finds his happiness and honor in the knowledge, trust, and service of his Lord.

“Let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.”

I. The holy text takes it for granted, that

EVERY MAN HAS SOME QUALITY, ADVANTAGE, OR POSSESSION UPON WHICH HE CONGRATULATES HIMSELF, AND FROM WHICH HE EXPECTS TO DERIVE HONOR, SAFETY, OR HAPPINESS.

“There is,” says one, “a little world in every man’s bosom;” and another, who seems to have been acquainted with the metaphysics of the affections, (Mrs. Hemans,) compares the soul to a universe. The world may resound with the fame of some extensive conqueror, or the more peaceful, but not less mighty exploits of some far-reaching statesman; yet the heart of the meanest soldier in that general’s army, or the most insignificant drudge who is “chained to the desk’s dead wood,” in that statesman’s bureau, is conscious of hopes and fears, aims and difficulties, of which the world knows nothing, but which are more than all the world beside to him. There is not one of us, however we may be whirled about by the eddies of life caused by the movements of greater men, or are lost to the public eye, who can so lose his distinct conscio-

ness, as to retain nothing in his mind and heart, which he values not as his own. Little as we think of it, while we pursue our several ways in pursuit of objects which to us are paramount of all others, there is not one of the crowd of passengers that we meet, whose happiness is not as important to himself, as our own is to us; and every dwelling of the vast city, contains hearts worn with cares, and panting with hopes as engrossing as those to which we would make all things tributary. The child, that prattles in the evening, on his father's knee, of the day's tiny exploits; the laborer, who counts his slender pittance, and meditates the morrow's wants and wages; or the mother of the poor man's children, busy and weary with the troubles and trials of her narrow household, feels each an interest and importance, perchance as great as the warrior, crowned by a nation's hand with immortal laurels; the giant financier, who can make or break a nation at his will; or the supreme magistrate, who seems to wield a nation's destinies. Our circumstances may be various, but "as in water face answereth to face, so answereth the heart of man to man;" and that heart, common to all humanity, must have something to love, to desire, and to depend upon; and that which holds the paramount place in the heart of any man, is his *glory*, in the sense of the text.

But it will readily be acknowledged, that to the eye of God, those distinctions upon which men pride themselves, must seem as nothing. Wisdom, might, and riches, may appear great by the comparisons which our insect vision can make; but, when brought in contrast with the divine wisdom, the highest reach of human science must be as ignorance; with

the divine power, the utmost stretch of human influence, as weakness; with the divine riches, the wealthiest of earth's sons as the poorest. "Behold," saith the prophet, "the nations are counted as the small dust of the balance; behold, He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

It is, therefore, not only to those distinguished far above their fellows for wisdom, and power, and riches, that the voice of God here speaks; but to all, exhorting each of us, my hearers, that we should glory in the understanding and knowledge of the Lord who "exerciseth loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth;" and place our dependence upon his care, deriving our happiness from his word alone. It was in obedience to such teaching, that the apostle learned to say: "God forbid, that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world!" And again: "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

II. THE TEXT SPECIFIES THREE THINGS, WHICH MEN ARE ESPECIALLY APT TO GLORY IN, TO THE NEGLECT AND DISHONOR OF GOD; WISDOM, POWER, AND RICHES.

Wisdom is named first, as naturally the strongest. For, considering wisdom here to mean a man's reason and acquired opinions, there is nothing, the pride of which he will give up more reluctantly. It was shame of ignorance, though innocent, and a desire of knowledge, though forbidden, that betrayed our first parents to sin; and, notwithstanding the express declaration of their divine Creator and Friend, that ruin would be the consequence of their transgression, they set up

their opinion in opposition to his; and, yielding to the advice of the tempter, because it flattered their undue wishes, they perilled the happiness of a world upon their judgment, and lost it.

It is notoriously true of men, that they would rather be suspected of knavery than called fools. It is long before we learn, by bitter experience, to credit the advice of our elders, who bid us to avoid the plausible but the deceptive, and pursue the difficult, but the true, paths of worldly comfort and prosperity. We have daily instances of men, so demented with their own folly, that they run zealously on in pursuit of ends, which, all the world, but themselves, see can never be attained. Upon no other principle than this proud confidence of men in their own reasons, which makes them unwilling to confess themselves wrong, or acknowledge the superior prudence of others, can we account for the vast variety of conflicting opinions about matters, which a candid and unbiassed judgment might settle at once. How seldom it is, that the most elaborate controversy has any other effect upon the minds of the disputants, but to make them more obstinate in holding to their original convictions! Yet the listener to the argument may see that one, perhaps both, must be in the wrong. Indeed, it is accounted the highest proof of a noble mind, that it can be persuaded contrary to its previous judgment; and none but he, who has gone deep into science, has made the discovery, that "he knoweth nothing as he ought to know." For this reason, our Saviour has declared that the first lesson in the school of the Holy Ghost is, to "become as little children," laying aside all prejudice, and preconceived notions of

what religion ought to be, that we may receive "the wisdom from above pure" and unadulterated into honest hearts; and the apostle asserts, that not many "wise" are called to the rich rewards of faith.

It is a lamentable and criminal folly, which encourages a man to suppose that he can learn nothing from the judgment and experience of his fellow men, and that he is an infallible pronouncer of the truth where others doubt; and which uses any meanness of sophistry, (for there is nothing so mean as pride,) and perversion of fact, to avoid a defeat, or gain a victory in argument, at the expense of the truth. But it becomes a profane rebellion against the supremacy of the divine Mind, when we refuse to receive the truth of the divine teachings, because we cannot comprehend all things in our puny grasp, and heap Pelion upon Ossa, that we may scale the heavens to seat our reason upon the throne of the Almighty. It is a most desperate pride, that has pleasure when opposing truths given as guides toward heaven, and exults in a doubt, which is the foreshadowing of damnation. The knowledge of God's creatures, as unfolded to us by the researches of science, may indeed be valuable, but the study of nature comes to a miserable end, when it leads us from the worship and trust of nature's God. If we think for a moment of the many contingencies against which no human foresight can provide, and that all events and consequences are the results of the Divine will, we should at once see, that there is no safety in any knowledge but the knowledge of God's favor, and the assurance of his love.

Pride of *power* is another common vice of the human heart.

It is commonly said, that no man is free from the lust of ambition, though it may show itself differently in different persons; and hence we are accustomed to consider it a proof of greatness, when men are able to sway the services or wills of many. The excitement of childish sports, of the chase, of horsemanship, varies not in its essential qualities from the excitement which urges on the politician after office and rule. The mind of one man may fit him for the contest upon a larger scale; but every other is struggling, with perhaps equal earnestness, in his little circle. The insatiate conqueror, who ascended to imperial power by trampling upon his country's liberty, spoke not for himself, but for human nature, when he said: "it were better to be first in a village, than second at Rome;" and the lowest sycophant at the footstool of power, fawns at his master's feet, that he may win the right of looking down with assumption upon some yet more abject slave. How delirious this pride is, we see in

" the fantastic tricks of brief authority ;"

And the praise we award to those who can bear the giddy elevation of human power with a calm brain, and an unchanged heart, proves how high a virtue we consider theirs to be.

But what pinnacle of fame is there so high, that God may not cast us down from it into as remarkable a ruin? What occasion is there for boast, when He who rules the tides of ocean, and reins the storms of heaven, and guides the planets along their orbits, holds us in his grasp? At his word, the sceptre falls from the monarch's nerveless hand; the pestilence sweeps armies to the dust, and the sea whelms navies

by its foaming spray. Yet, if He be our friend, and his everlasting arms be around our souls, how safe, how superior to every chance, are we? Well may he glory, "who glorieth in the Lord!"

"Let not the rich man glory in his *riches*."

If the pride of wisdom be the most natural, and the pride of power the most intoxicating, the pride of wealth has come to be the most general; perhaps, from the reason that the accumulation of wealth is thought to be a proof of talents, and can pay the price of power. As it is, the Scriptures are emphatic in warning us against the deceitfulness of riches, and the many temptations which riches bring with them. "How hardly," saith the Saviour, "can a rich man enter into the kingdom of God? It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. . . . With men, it is impossible; but with God, all things are possible."

Riches are dangerous in their pursuit. What falsehoods, veiled, I know, in allowed phrases, yet not the less falsehoods, daily pass between buyer and seller? What tricks and base contrivances abound, daily, on every hand, that one man may reap profit at another's expense? What artificial means are conjured up, that credit may be inflated beyond its honest proportions, each one lending himself to the general fraud, from the hope of reaping personal gain? What care in the drafting of deeds, what nicety in the statement of contracts, to keep honorable men from defrauding honorable men? A few pages of your statute books are sufficient to prescribe the pains and penalties of murder, and outrage,

and theft, and forgery, and incendiarism; but what libraries of law, to settle questions which the cupidity and grasping dishonesty of those, who shrink from vulgar roguery, suggest? Imperial Rome, in the worst days of her vice, had more voluptuous and beastly excesses; but never, do I believe, could she have exhibited such cold-blooded craft, and guile, and grinding cruelty, as would be revealed, if the mysteries of modern iniquity were laid bare to the sight.

As they are dangerous in pursuit, so are they dangerous in possession. The facilities of luxurious gratification, the means of veiling secret profligacy, the pride of empty display, flattered by the arts of the parasite, the removal of any sense of immediate dependence upon the providence of God in honest toil, the fondness they engender for a world, where the heart has so much to cling to, all unfit the rich man, if he be not sustained by unusual grace, for the service of God upon earth, and the securing of his eternal safety.

Never, perhaps, did the lust of gold rule the world more despotically, or were the hearts of men in greater danger from it than now. The lance of the warrior, and the might of the statesman, are all in bondage to the banker's pen. A few Jewish money-changers now decide the destinies of Europe, and in our own land, where the harvests of freedom were sown by the frugal hands of our simple ancestors, the prosperity of our nation is estimated by dollars and cents. It is not the vice of one party or another, but of the nation, and of the world. Everything is reduced to the mean scale of a low utilitarianism; and all our busiest inquiries are complications of the craving question: "What shall we eat, what shall

we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Some theorists may boast of this as the march of civilization, and point exultingly to the white banner of peace planted by the hand of a more cunning avarice. Advantage may redound from it, I believe, but I question whether it were not better to live free in the forest chase, than to be the slaves of sordid pelf; or to die in the bloody battle, than to live a life in death, bound up by the next moment's price. It matters little, if gold be our idolatry, whether we mould it into the giant statue, or stamp it into coin.

I speak not disparagingly of honest industry. Commerce has been the nurse of freedom and religious toleration. The first men who rose from the people to take hereditary power by the throat, were those who had learned freedom from the pure waves and free winds of that ocean which bore their freighted barks. The necessity of labor is man's privilege, as well as punishment; and the sweat-drops on the brow of honest toil, I hold more precious than the jewels of a ducal coronet. But I have the conscience of every hearer with me, in saying that mere living is not the end of life.

Death will soon dissolve all our contracts, vitiate all our engagements, and cancel all our bonds. Where then will be his glory, who has gloried only in his riches? In the eternal world there is a true wealth, and an abiding treasure; but he alone will heir it, who "understandeth and knoweth me, saith the Lord," and hath made my love and my favor his glory and his gain.

III. *Glorying in the Lord is not incompatible with the possession of wisdom, power, or riches.*

The highest glory of man on earth, is to be the instrument of God's "loving kindness, judgment and righteousness;" and none can be said "to know him" aright, or "understand" the beauty of his character, who strives not to imitate his exercise of those admirable attributes.

If, then, any degree of *wisdom* be ours, it is our high privilege to use it in the advancement of his glory, and the best good of our fellow men; and the more wisdom we possess the greater is our faculty for that blessed end.

If we have any degree of *power* or social influence, (and none of us without some,) it is our high privilege to use that influence for the vindication of the Redeemer's name, and the guidance of our fellow men on the way to glory; and the greater our influence, the more efficient our example and zeal may be.

If we have any degree of *riches*, it is our privilege, by a heavenly alchemy, to turn the dross that perisheth, into eternal and incorruptible treasures, which shall fill the treasury of God with the priceless jewels of ransomed souls; and the greater our riches, the greater means we have for doing good in Christ's most holy name.

Certainly, earth hath no nobler spectacle (and it is one angels leave heaven to contemplate,) than that of a good man, preserving, amidst the temptations of wisdom, and power, and riches, his humble trust in God his Saviour, as his highest glory, and his delight in serving his fellow men, as his next chiefest good. His is a wisdom the most ignorant must venerate; a power the most malicious must approve, and a wealth, which envy itself would hardly dare to steal.

This wisdom, and power, and riches, may be attained by us all. For, though our learning may be poor, our influence narrow, and our means small, he "that glorieth in knowing and serving the Lord," hath done his duty, when he hath done, through Divine grace, what he could.

Of such Christian excellence, a rare example has just been completed, by the translation to heaven, of that venerable man whose hands laid the corner-stone of this house of the Lord; and whose zeal, and prayers, and benefactions, have long blessed that communion of saints to whose order it belongs.

It were a violation of Christian gratitude, an injustice to the world, and a refusal to give glory to God, if the sad tidings of the death of STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER received no notice from this pulpit. It is no sin to honor him when dead, whom God honored so much when living. The memory of his virtues is the precious legacy the grace of Christ has permitted him to leave for the comfort of the church, which feels in his loss, a vacuum no living man can fill; and the glory of their praise will redound to Him who sealed him in youth as his own, and crowned his hoary head, white with the snows of more than seventy winters, with the beauty of righteousness.

I dare not pronounce his eulogium before you, who knew him not; for the simple truth would seem to you like extravagant panegyric. But were I among those who met him in

his daily walk ; observed his meek and gentle life ; saw his high station, adorned by the most childlike simplicity ; and knew, by the constant streams of benevolence which flowed from it, that his heart was a fountain of love to God and man ; my warmest words would seem cold, and my strongest testimonies faint to their sense of his character. Yet there is one here,* who had the honored office of his pastor and friend, for many years ; whose heart is bearing me witness, that if ever man walked in the footsteps of the lowly Jesus, “ going about doing good,” it was Stephen Van Rensselaer.

Born to a large patrimony, the increasing prosperity of the country poured wealth upon him, until he became, with the exception, perhaps, of one other, the richest man of the land ; and wearing, by the common consent of all around him, the only hereditary title known among us, he swayed an influence wider than any other private citizen possessed. Cautious, but not cold ; frank, but never rash ; without the qualities of fervid genius, or depth of learning, he had a judgment singularly clear and correct, a pure, common sense, which rarely failed to guide him in duties which his conscience loved. Surrounded by grateful dependents, and affectionate friends, though there could not be wanting those who would have preyed upon his abounding fortunes, he has gone to his grave without an enemy.

The beauty of his wisdom was his guilelessness, the strength of his power was his goodness, and the abundance of his wealth his vast benevolence.

His greatness was like that of a noble tree, planted by the

* The Rev. Provost Ludlow.

river of the water of life, spreading wide its sheltering arms to overshadow all who needed refuge, which yielded perennial fruits, and "whose leaf never faded." His bounty was not the occasional and noisy gushes of ostentatious pride, but silent, secret, and gentle as the dew, refreshing far and near, yet with a kindly care for the lowliest herb of the field, healing but never wounding the heart it blessed; while every drop glistened in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and was exhaled to heaven.

Early called to take a part in the councils of his State, and afterward of his country, his voice was never heard amidst the stormy debate when men contending for personal fame forgot their country; but his steady vote was always recorded on behalf of the whole people. He loved his country more than himself. When war thundered on our coast and frontier, he left the comforts of the sweetest home that ever enclosed a loving family, and as a General of the highest grade, served through the long campaign as patiently and steadily as the lowest citizen in the ranks of that militia, which baffled and beat back the veterans of many wars.

An elder in the church of his fathers, he seemed to count it his best honor to serve the followers of Jesus; and when a member of ecclesiastical courts, as he frequently was, he never shrank from any labor, nor became "weary in well doing." It may safely be said, that the church he so much loved, approaching as it does, more nearly than any other, the order of the apostolic age, became dearer, and yet dearer to his heart as he drew near his end.

Yet sect could not confine the charity of his spirit. We

dare not claim him as wholly our own. He belonged to Christianity, to the world, because he belonged to God and Christ; and never was his aid sought in any cause of benevolence, morals or piety, (and the applications were as constant as the day, and numerous as its hours,) that his answer was not that of "the cheerful giver," whom "the Lord loves."

But it was in his home that the Christian shone most radiantly and sweetly, where his gentle spirit found delightful fellowship with the innocence of children, and the quiet loveliness of kindred affection. The guest, who crossed that threshold, forgot he was a stranger, and though poor, amidst all the appliances of uncounted wealth, felt only that he was at home. Alas! for the bereaved hearts within that dwelling which knows him now no more! God comfort them!

Long suffering had chastened his spirit to an almost heavenly purity, and they, who "marked the perfect, and beheld the upright," saw, that "the end of that man was peace." In the midst of his affectionate children and near his devoted wife, within the hall where the servant of God, and the friend of man, ever found an unfeigned welcome, his venerable head fell gently upon his bosom. He was asleep in Jesus. His flesh shall rest in hope, but his spirit is now singing the song in heaven he loved to sing on earth. He "rests from his labors, and his works have followed him."

I cannot deny that the heart of the man has swelled the tide of the preacher's sorrow for his loss, and joy for his redemption; but I need not ask you to pardon these expressions of honest affection. I can never be called to speak of such another. When shall we find another his equal? When, again, will

so many good men weep for a brother? I loved him as a friend, a father, and a counsellor; but all who knew him, as it was my privilege to know him, loved him with the same affection. Yet chiefly should we all love and imitate him, as one who, tempted and blessed above the ordinary lot of men, “gloried not in wisdom, or power, or riches, but in this, that he understood and knew the Lord, who exerciseth loving kindness, and judgment, and righteousness in the earth;” and was of the number of those in whom the Lord, for Christ’s sake, hath great delight.

LEISURE—ITS USES AND ABUSES.

A L E C T U R E

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

MARCH, 1839.

LECTURE.

THE subject announced for discussion this evening, promises little novelty of thought or learned research, and may in the judgment of some savor too strongly of the lecturer's profession. But it has been chosen in the belief, that an audience, like the present, composed of persons distinguished for zeal in the acquirement of sound knowledge, would prefer practical, though familiar truths, to flights of fancy or pedantic display; and that they never would have invited one to address them, who, without a name for science or general literature, could only have been known to them as a preacher of morals, if they had wished him entirely to forget his office in complying with their request.

Leisure strictly signifies unoccupied time. A man of leisure is one who has nothing to do, a condition supposed to be honorable in those countries where false forms of society make the many the servants of the few; but happily not in our own, where the greatest good of the whole number is the glorious aim of an intelligent democracy. Here, the laborer is honorable, the idler infamous. We tolerate no drones in our hive, and every one, who would share in its sweets, must contribute to the general happiness. Indeed, a man among us

must either be content to be busy, or content to be alone, like the truant school boy, who found no one idle but himself, and was glad to get back to school for the sake of company; or, like the solitary goose of Patrick O’Rooney,* be full of fun, and nothing to play with. So may it ever be. The sweat-drops on the brow of honest toil are more precious than the jewels of a ducal coronet, and the pen of a ready writer, the tools of the artisan, and the axe of the backwoodsman, are weapons of a nobler chivalry than ever couched the lance or wielded the sword.

In this nice sense of the term, we can have no leisure; for the truly virtuous and faithful will find occupation for every moment. Living in a world of so many wants, and with an immortality before us so full of reward, we can never lack an opportunity of doing good to others and profiting ourselves. But every man who pursues a regular calling, however closely he may devote himself to business, will have certain intervals of relief from his more pressing engagements. These constitute that leisure of which I would speak.

During a recent visit to the United States mint, I observed in the gold room, that a rack was placed over the floor for us to tread upon; and on inquiring its purpose, I was answered, that it was to prevent the visitor from carrying away with the dust of his feet the minute particles of precious metal, which, despite of the utmost care, would fall upon the floor, when the rougher edges of the bars were filed; and that the sweepings of the building saved thousands of dollars in the year. How much more precious the most minute fragments of time!

* Immortalized by Miss Edgeworth.

and yet how often are they trodden upon like dust by thoughtlessness and folly? The necessity of labor was doubtless intended for our salutary discipline, yet it is a most painful thought, that so much of life's brief time is lost upon physical wants and momentary gratifications. To say nothing of our useless infancy, the long years of preparation for active life, daily demands for sleep and food and social decencies, what makes up the business of the world? Ascend by day some eminence from which you can look down on this populous city — what busy crowds are hurrying to and fro — what a hum of anxious voices — what a clamor of incessant toil! Here a long train of flying cars are drawn along the level way; there, many a freighted vessel spreads her white canvass to the breeze, seeking distant continents, or folds her weary wings as she glides to her rest; below, the reluctant beast drags his heavy load; stately warehouses rise thick on every hand, and countless shops display their glittering wares; while marble palaces, with pillared fronts and thronged ascents, demand the admiring eye. What is the cause of all this struggle? What mighty end thus makes man and beast and element subservient? It is a vain attempt to answer the insatiable craving of the human heart, "what shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" With rare exceptions, mere living is the business of life, and mind the slave of the body's occasions; star-eyed science is invoked only to swell the profits of business by her money making or money saving inventions; dear poesy flings aside the noblest lyre that ever woke echoes of freedom in American bosoms, to go into

——— The Cotton Trade
And Sugar Line, ——

while religion is allowed to tell vulgar rogues, that they must not steal, nor pull down flour stores, nor riot at elections, but is frowned back to her altars as an impudent intermeddler with things beyond her sphere, if she dare to speak of the mysteries of stock-jobbing, excesses of credit, or bubbles of speculation; and as for conscience, since the notable discovery that corporations have no souls, her scruples are silenced by an act of assembly. Surely mind, spiritual, immortal mind, was made for better uses; and when I think of the spacious shelves laden with well worn books, the crowded lecture hall, the munificent founders, and see before me the intelligent countenances of those who are the active members of the Mercantile Library Association, I am well assured that all is not lost, nor is "the city wholly given to idolatry."

I have meant no disrespect for the city of New York. I have spoken of it only as part of the busy world. Disrespect for New York? It is my birth place, the home of my youth, and the asylum of my earliest affections. Grown it is indeed, almost out of my knowledge; and when I come to visit it, it seems strange yet familiar, as a vigorous young man in a long coat, whom one knew first a growing boy in a round-about jacket. I once, when far away in a foreign land, picked up a New York paper, and read an advertisement of building lots in hundred and forty-second street; and on another page, an article on bringing the Croton River to New York. What folly! I thought to myself. Bring the Croton River to New York? let them wait a few years longer, and

at this rate New York will go to Croton River. There must have been some mistake, however, for on my return the only inhabitant I found near that spot was a hermit frog, a "fat and greasy citizen" who croaked unconscious defiance of land tax and water rents.

Dear New York! Few of you, young men, remember it as I do, when we ran down the Flattenberg on our little sleighs, or skated on Lisperard's meadows and Burr's pond, and thought Leonard street "up town." But cross in a summer's day to Weehawken, and climb the hill above the spot where the monument used to stand, till

"Your foot is on the verge of the cliff, and you can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,"

And then look forth upon the bay, and you will see it unchanged.

"Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air,
And white sails on the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there
In wild reality — when life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold
Its memory of this; now, lives there one,
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land."

I said I meant no disrespect for New York, neither did I for merchants. My father was a merchant of New York, and

dear to his son, above most things in this life, is the reputation he won in the walks of commerce and by the application of its gains, for unsullied integrity and noble benevolence. It is beyond the power of thought to estimate the blessings which God has conferred upon the world by the influence of commerce and commercial men. The history of modern civilization and modern liberty is identified with the history of commerce. The first dawnings of rational freedom were in the commercial republics of Venice and Genoa; though spoiled by success, and depraved by luxury, their merchant-princes became tyrants, and then slaves. But scarcely later in the Lower Netherlands, the merchant cities of those brave Saxons and Frisons, who preferred to wring from the sea an asylum for freedom, rather than submit to Roman conquest or Frank oppression, with thoughts as free as the ocean breeze which wafted their freighted barks, first taught the world the lesson of constitutional government, and the strength of confederated rights; first proclaimed that the right of government was not in the hereditary noble, but *in man*; and insisted upon the admission of every man, even the humblest, to freedom, though they reserved the honor of citizenship as a reward of integrity and industry. From the free cities of Flanders, from among their merchants and tradesmen, arose the first men of the people that dared to take power by the throat, and bind the hands of tyranny by the cords of reason; and since that day, true civil liberty, I mean that which secures alike the happiness of the whole people, most abounds where commerce is the most active and the most free. In our own happy land, we have brought those lessons of equality, confederation, and self-gov-

ernment, nearest to perfection ; but we have yet more to learn. Unhallowed is that pride and insolence of wealth, which would make the political rights of the poor and rich unequal, for then would the fate of Venice and Genoa be ours. Unhallowed is that fanaticism, which, from partial prejudices or selfish interests, would strain the cords of our union to disruption, for then the chaotic dance of atoms would be repeated in the concussion of civil wars, and final confusion of rights and liberties ; but, though perhaps I may differ from some who hear me, I must be permitted to add, as the wish of one humble but sincere patriot, happy will that day be, when trade shall be free as the spirit of the constitution, every shackle taken from her wings, and, after a just tax paid for the support and protection of government, duties be demanded from none, nor privileges granted to any, that are not granted to all ; when every man shall be justified in pursuing whatever honest occupation he pleases, and trade when he pleases, and in what he pleases, be it goods or be it money, and there be acknowledged no right or power anywhere to restrain the honest uses of capital, to endanger or distract the common currency, to exact from the consumer an artificial price, or to deprive the producer of his just rewards. Only let commerce be free, and the sinews of commerce, agriculture and manufactures, be free, and we need not fear for the freedom of the world. They are young giants that need no swaddling bands — growing oaks, that ask no hot-house care.

Nor should it be forgotten, that we owe to commerce the discovery of once unknown continents, and that but for her, we should never have gloried in the name of Americans. It

is commerce which makes the luxuries of each land common to all ; brings the spices of the tropics to enrich the dainties of our winter festivals, cheers us in the morning with the sober berry's juice, and refreshes us in the evening with "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," mingled and blessed by the fair hands of those we love. The hordes of India, the serfs of Russia, the paupers of Britain, toil, at her command, for us.

There are also in the stern ethics and the fearless confidence of enlarged commerce, some of the finest exhibitions of lofty humanity and generous truth. "It might tempt one," says an admirable author, "to be proud of his species, when he looks upon the faith reposed in a merchant by a distant correspondent, who, without one other hold of him than his honor, confides to him the wealth of a whole flotilla, and sleeps in the confidence that it is safe. It is indeed an animating thought, amid the gloom of a world's depravity, when we behold the credit which one man puts in another, though separated by seas and by continents ; when he fixes the anchor of a sure and steady dependence on the reputed faith of one whom he never saw ; when with all his fear for the treachery of the various elements through which his property must pass, he knows, that should it arrive at the door of his agent, his fears and his suspicions may be at an end. We know nothing finer than such an act of homage from one being to another, when perhaps the diameter of the globe is between them ; nor do we think that either the renown of her victories, or the wisdom of her counsels, so signalizes the country in which we live, as do the honorable dealings of her merchants, or the awarded confidence of those men, of all tribes and colors and

languages, who look to our agency for the faithfulness of all management, and to our keeping for the most inviolable of all custody." Thus Chalmers wrote of the merchants of his country; but we may adopt his language for our own.

Yet giving to commerce all its due, the life of an intelligent being should have far higher ends than those the pursuits of business can immediately promise. If immortality beyond the grave be not all a dream, it will be to those who are prepared to enter it, an immortality of mind and affection, where the grosser influences of the body, its low necessities and animal pleasures, which demand so much of present care and toil and time, shall be unknown forever. There we shall neither plough, nor weave, nor buy, nor sell. There the miserable arithmetic of dollars and cents shall have no place. Knowledge shall be the desire and pursuit of the soul, and holy love employ the willing activity of all its powers. It must be, then, that as life is but the season of preparation for immortality, the right pursuit of knowledge, and cultivation of the heart, are the true methods of making life profitable. Religion teaches this from every page of the inspired volume. The end of her regeneration is to quicken within us a nobler life than fallen nature gives us — to make the soul conqueror of the body, which has revolted from its rule and held it in chains. The end of her faith is by the manifestation of spiritual and eternal treasures, to win our heart from the pursuit of those objects of sense which perish in the using, and the end of her morality the practice of that holy affection, though in the lower forms of which only we now are capable, which shall be the occupation of eternity. "Ye are not of the world, but I

have chosen you out of the world," is the language of Him who "brought life and immortality to light" by the Gospel, concerning all who through him "look for glory and honor."

But they greatly mistake the spirit of Christianity, who make it to consist in mystical abstractions and formal ceremonies. No knowledge nor seeming morality, without the love of God, and faith in Christ, will prepare us for the ordeal of the judgment, and admission to the skies. The kingdom of God must first be reëstablished in the heart; yet when that kingdom is acknowledged and that faith professed, every advance in true knowledge, and every application of knowledge to true usefulness, is an additional preparation for our spiritual immortality. True science is the knowledge of things in their causes; and the knowledge of the Great First Cause is the end and height of science. But He, who has caused the holy Scriptures to be "written for our learning" of Him, has also given us His book of Nature, and every demonstration of science should be regarded by us as a step of that ladder, by which the student of earth may ascend towards the presence of God in heaven. It is this which gives to science its dignity and value. Its only worthy subject should be lasting as the soul itself, enduring when the minerals, the animals, the vegetables, and the elements, about which philosophy now inquires, shall pass away and be no more, but the soul survive. The name of philosophy has been abused, and men have accounted themselves philosophers while studying the habits of an insect's life, classifying the refuse shells which ocean casts upon its shores, discovering the properties of stones and plants, searching and comparing the anatomy of animal frames, or endeavoring

oring (for after all, metaphysical science is but an endeavor) to analyze the powers of the human mind, while the idea of the great Author has scarcely entered their minds, and they have taken not one step toward communion with Him. Mere worldly utility, the passing mental pleasure of investigation, or fame of new discoveries, are the perishing and grovelling aims of such philosophy, falsely so called. The true end of science is above all these. It is the elevation of the soul above earth, the spiritualizing of the heart from the influences of mere sense, and the education of immortal man for that eternal converse with his God face to face, "where he shall know even as he is known." To terminate science in that which is merely immediately useful, or to count its worth merely by its sordid gains, is to make reason no better than instinct of a wider range, and the faculties of the soul servants of the senses. When death comes, when in the final catastrophe all these things shall pass away, such science will appear to have been but a laborious folly, and such philosophy the idle vagaries of an idiot's dream. This is no religious cant, no prejudiced fanaticism of a narrow-minded preacher. It has been the theory of a just philosophy in all ages. Permit me to quote the testimony of Cicero, the best ethical writer of the Latin, a scholar of the school of Socrates; and in the glowing translation of one who has proved, by a recent address before a learned society, that he has not studied him in vain, (I refer to Professor Tayler Lewis, and his discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa of Union College,) "He that knows himself will know that he has within him something divine, as it were a shrine and image of the Deity, consecrated and

devoted to him. Thus taught to believe, he will act worthy of so great a gift; and when he hath thoroughly understood for what end he hath been brought upon the theatre of life, when he beholds in the principles of things everywhere shadowed forth images of everlasting ideas; when thus prepared, he turns to the study of nature, the land, the seas, the origin of all things, from whence they came, to what ends they conduce, what in the system of things is mortal and perishing, what is divine and eternal; when in the study of these, he learns to regard himself, not as surrounded by the walls of one city, but as an inhabitant of the universe: in this magnificence of things, this comprehending view and recognition of universal nature, how will he then know himself? how will he contemn, how will he look down upon, how will he count as nothing, those things which are commonly esteemed the greatest or most useful among mankind?" and yet, asks the indignant reprovcr of a base utilitarianism, who has exhibited higher practical energy than Cicero?

Can any one doubt that the science of Newton, the peerless prince of all investigators of God's lessons in nature, accompanied with the most childlike faith, and lowly following of the Redeemer, increased his fitness for that sphere to which the God with whom he had so long walked, took him at death? and if so, does Newton, now before the throne of the Lamb that was slain, estimate the value of that science for its usefulness in navigation, or the convenience of calculating eclipses, or any temporary end? No, if it be not forgotten by him among the meridian brightness of heaven's intellectual and loving joys, he accounts it to have been precious only so far

as it assisted him, and may assist others, in preparing, by expansive thought and lofty pursuits, for the soul's true home, a heaven of perfect happiness, because a heaven of perfect knowledge and perfect love.

Commerce, then, or any pursuit which is usually called business, is unworthy of being considered the proper occupation of life. It is only necessary to provide or to procure the means of living. The time devoted to it should be considered as a tax upon our immortal being, laid upon us by the necessities of that curse which sin brought with it into our world. If so, the *leisure* which the necessities of business allow, becomes incalculably more precious, as being the only season when we can devote ourselves mainly and exclusively to the great end of our being. For though there is no honest pursuit of life in which we may not serve God and our fellow men, no man is fitted for the practice of virtue merely by practice; he must in hours of rest study its theory, contemplate its ends, and wisely gird himself for the toil.

If there be one here, (though I am sure there is not,) who has no higher ambition than to be a mere man of business, a mere slave of men's bodily necessities, a mere idolater of his own purse; to have his life but a thing of cotton bags and tobacco hogsheads, druggets and dowlasses, madder and fustic, town lots, bank stocks, and exchanges; his mind like the advertising side of a daily gazette, or the weekly Prices Current; the sum of his life, the balance sheet of his leger; and who estimates his worth by the dollars and cents which remain to his credit, who would choose for his immortality one eternal Wall street, and give up a crown of glory to be called

the best man upon "change"—if there be such an one, he may despise those moments of leisure which business spares, waste them in sinful sleep, lounge them away in vapid amusements, dawdle over ephemeral magazines, or newspaper reports of police causes and shocking accidents, squabble in the low arena of party politics, exhaust his breath in blowing up every bubble of popular excitement, lisp idle gallantries in ladies' ears, who in their soul despise such emptiness, and but tolerate the fool as they do a pet dog or a parrot, for want of better company; or perhaps do worse, in vulgar debaucheries. He may despise leisure and so waste it, but he must take the consequences in this world and the next. A mere merchant! a mere man of business! Who would be content with such a designation? what respect can one feel for such a character? All he gets from the world is the credit of being worth so much dross, a little fawning servility from those who wish to borrow of him or owe him already, or the wondering calculation of how much his heirs will divide among them when he leaves his wealth behind him with his rotting body. Were I such a man, I would wish my name to die with me, and would ask neither marble nor granite, nor the venal page, to preserve the memory of my sordid selfishness. Let it perish like the thistle cut down by the mower's scythe, or the dry mullen that decays on the barren hill side.

But there is a true grandeur, which though we cannot reach, we must admire and may emulate, in him who devotes the energies of a well stored mind to the pursuit of commerce, that the fruits of noble enterprise may enable him to follow the bent of his disposition in the spread of knowledge, and the

liberalities of a wide philanthropy; who can shake off the meaner jealousies of trade with the dust of his warehouse; who leaves behind him the idolatries of covetousness well pleased to enter the populous solitude of his library and hold communion with the mighty dead, to join the social circle and brighten the glow of cheerful but rational converse by the warmth of his own intelligence, or to mingle with the evening crowd, who meet to devise and prosecute new plans for doing good to his countrymen and the world; whose walls are adorned with works of native art, acquired by a price which has cheered the child of genius in his lone enthusiasm; at whose table and hearthstone the scholar and the man of science is a welcome and delighted guest, and whom religion claims as her consistent and beneficent follower. Like a noble tree, whose roots are struck deep in the fruitful earth, he stands in a gigantic strength, his higher arms aspiring to heaven, while the poor, the sorrowful, and the friendless, find shelter and food beneath the shadow of his wide branches. There are such men, such merchants, such men of business — rare indeed, but yet some. I need not quote the names of the dead. There are men now living, living among you. For their sakes let commerce be vindicated. Their charity will cover a multitude of its sins, and their honorable fidelity redeem a city from destruction, though it were a Sodom or Gomorrah. Let such men be your examples, they are the beacon lights which at once warn you of the dangers in your course, and guide you to the sure haven of a self-approving peace and eternal joy.

The *first rule* I would then give for the use of leisure as not abusing it, is to SET BEFORE YOURSELVES PURE AND NOBLE AIMS.

Let the pursuit of gain be your necessity ; the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, and religion, your delight and your reward. Regard successful labors in business as only valuable because they supply you with means of prosecuting your lofty ends.

Avoid the degrading error of a mere personal ambition ; ambition is a healthful stimulant, when duly mingled with benevolence towards man and piety towards God ; but when all its struggles, and pains, and toils, terminate in self, it is but selfishness. To acquire money merely to say it is your own, to spread feasts for flattering parasites, to fling open gorgeously decorated halls, that well dressed crowds may admire and envy, or to roll in sumptuous equipages that the vulgar pedestrians, spattered by the wheels, may gape and wonder, is but one remove from miserly meanness, which starves the stomach to fatten the purse. The industrious artisan reaps his profits from the prices of extravagance, but the bosom of the pompous purse-proud fool can receive no merited delight from a result his heart never proposed. In the same light are we to regard an ostentation of benevolence to the poor, patronage to the arts, or assistance to science or literature. The acclamations of the crowd, the newspaper eulogium, the servile dedication, or the columns of a charity report, (the more than brazen trumpet of modern Pharisaism,) can yield the hypocrite no genuine pleasure. Conscience, whose honest rebuke no bribe can blush, no applauses drown, no rhetoric deceive, points to a frowning God, whose eyes pierce the intents of the rotten heart, and declares : " Verily thou hast thy reward !" and the wretch confesses in his secret thought : " This also is vanity."

Scarcely better is the pursuit of literary or scientific distinction for its own sake. It most frequently defeats itself. Eagerness of new discoveries, anxiety to lead in some new path, impatience for the acquisition of fame, proud unwillingness to submit to others' teaching, all tend to the adoption of startling but crude hypotheses, oversight of true facts, and neglect of careful induction, glaring extravagance, or quaint affectation of style; and the pretender, after strutting a brief hour in fancied greatness, is hissed from the stage to a deserved but more infamous oblivion than he would have avoided. Though even before such a catastrophe, envy of other men's success may have disfigured his semblance of mind, or an insisting egotism covetous of praise, but unwilling to acquire it except by demands, roused the furies of public scorn to "lash him naked through the world."

Love knowledge for herself, love honor for its own blessed consciousness, love religion as the messenger-angel to conduct you to your God, and charity as her attendant handmaid, who scatters flowers over the arid sands of human experience, and they will so reward you, that ambition itself shall say, "It is enough."

Let me repeat a caution I have before hinted. Estimate not the value of results by their immediate usefulness; this would be to centre all in the present moment, or at least in the present life. Good is rarely great which can be accomplished at once. All that can be seen in this life, bears but a mean proportion to the profits of eternity. We must adventure our whole capital, and be willing to lose its present interest, if we would find the treasure increased an hundred fold in heaven.

“Man soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there.”

There is a joy in study in the calm hour of seclusion, where we are “alone, and yet not alone, for the Father is with us,” a joy that no stranger intermeddleth with, which

———— “An age outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas.”————

There is a joy in worth, the consciousness of self-command, of high purposes, of a free conscience, and an approving God, which no applauses of the world can equal, and no injustice of the world can take away.

There is a joy in religion, a calm intercourse is opened with heaven; and the hope of its immortal blessedness stimulates us to pursue the often rugged path of present duty, and so-laces the pangs of present sorrow.

Be content, even if you can gain nothing more, with the education of your spirit, by the cultivation of your mind and the cultivation of your heart, for that sphere where God designs it shall have its largest expansion and highest bliss.

The second rule I would suggest for the right cultivation of leisure is, **A COURAGEOUS BELIEF THAT MUCH LIES WITHIN YOUR CAPABILITIES.**

The time was, when knowledge and its precious fruits were, like power, the birthright of the few, and when the scanty and high-priced scrolls, upon which the slow pen of the transcriber had recorded the words of wisdom, could be bought only by those who were under the necessity of no other toil. Blessed

be God! this is no longer the case. Knowledge is as common to all who desire to enjoy her life-giving virtues, as the air we breathe and the water which we drink. Literature, and even science, have been known to flourish best with those who have been born to few advantages, and have not made it their sole profession. Nay, there seems to be often an almost fantastic incongruity between the favorite and most successful studies of some men, and their declared pursuits. The best ethical writer of Great Britain in the present time is Abercrombie, who closes a day of immense toil in medical practice with happy meditations upon metaphysical themes; while not a few of those most eminent in the same kingdom for physical science, are thoroughly educated theologians. Drew, the admirable author of treatises upon the resurrection, the immortality of the soul, and kindred subjects, was a working shoemaker, who first essayed to pursue physical science, but abandoned the attempt from the want of money to purchase apparatus, and time to make experiments, and devoted himself to subjects which he could analyze within the laboratory of his own brain, and investigate while he sat upon his bench and drew the wax thread. The writer of *Elia*, the late Charles Lamb, earned (to use an illustration of a brother lecturer in another city) his peculiar reputation during three and thirty years of service as a merchant's clerk, "chained," as he feelingly expressed it, "to the desk's dull wood," and this in a narrow lane of smoky, drizzling, ever sombre London. Roscoe, it is well known, was engaged either in legal or commercial pursuits, while he wrote the lives of the two Medici. He was, it is true, as Washington Irving has told us in the Sketch

Book, unfortunate in business, but it was from other causes than incapacity for business, or neglect of it.

Speaking of Washington Irving, reminds me, by the way, that I was told by a mere man of business in Liverpool, that he knew my countryman, Mr. Irving, while he was attempting commercial pursuits in that city ; but, said he, with a dolorous shake of the head, which showed what was uppermost in his estimation, "he did'nt get on, sir, he did'nt get on." Thank God! he did'nt get on.

Indeed, men of leisure, as they are termed, are rarely known to attain greatness. Their time is frittered away in trifles, resolutions, and procrastinations. They lack the habit of industry which occupation teaches, and are exposed to a thousand temptations men of business never know, the force of sluggishness being the worst of all. The stagnant pool will become muddy and foul, and perhaps mischievous to the health of its neighborhood ; but the rapid stream runs sparkling and clear, and, having turned the mill which grinds the bread, may water the meadows with their thousand flowers, and wash the wing of many a joyous bird as he carols in his sport.

It is, therefore, a great mistake, that literature or intellectual pursuits of any kind must be attached to what is termed professional life. Governor Everett, in a recent speech, which you have all probably read, gives an account of a working blacksmith, who had acquired a knowledge of fifty languages in his hours of leisure.* (Without knowing more of that industrious person, I would hardly recommend his example in all things, for though my suspicions may be unfounded,

* The since famous Elihu Burritt.

I cannot help thinking that some of that time had been better spent in acquiring the knowledge a few of those languages contained, than in learning the grammars and vocabularies of the rest.) Sir William Jones had acquired more than thirty, (including dialects of India,) though he died in his forty-ninth year, was chained to the bench at least eight hours a day for a long period, and yet left behind him, besides some valuable writings, including a volume of delightful lyric poetry, the product of *the leisure hours of his leisure*. Calvin, Luther, and John Wesley, were all very voluminous writers, and upon profound subjects, although, when we remember the incessant journeyings and labors they went through, it is difficult to imagine how they found time to preserve even the chain of friendly correspondence.

Let no man say, then, he has no time, and no opportunities for study, because he is a man of business. I wish in my heart that young men, who toil amidst the drudgery of mercantile pursuits for the gains of others, had more time allowed them by arrangements upon the part of their employers. It is a sad tyranny that exacts so large a portion of their daily time, to say nothing of extraordinary but not unfrequent engagements. Yet no young man need despair of accomplishing much, if he have the courageous confidence to attempt much, and persevere. It is better, incomparably better, to accomplish something, than idly to endeavor after nothing.

This brings me to a third rule for the redemption of leisure,
A CAREFUL ECONOMY IN THE DISPOSITION OF IT.

When we regard our fragments of time separately, they seem indeed small, and offer little encouragement to think

much can be done with them ; but, when we add them together, their aggregate may be very precious. Like the particles of gold dust, to which I alluded in an early part of this lecture, each may be almost beneath estimation ; yet as that gold dust, thrown together into the crucible, forms the bar from which many a coin is made, so our leisure economically gathered and applied, will supply us with current and sterling thoughts, which we may employ in enriching others, while we enrich ourselves.

Abandon the habit of procrastination — postpone no valuable purpose to a more convenient season, nor idly dream, as some have done, that when the busy toil of years has won the reward of competence, you will then have free scope and opportunity for higher engagements. Youth is the only season for the formation of intellectual habit. The sinews of the mind, like those of the body, soon become stiff and unpliant. It would be as easy for the leopard to change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin, as for one who had spent the greater part of his life in entire idolatry of business, to lay aside his inveterate taste, tendencies, and customs, for the calm retirement, and inward satisfactions, and self-sustaining pleasures of study and thought. There are few more pitiable characters, than theirs, who, without any qualification for a profitable employment of leisure, have in an evil hour given up business by which they have realized sufficient fortunes, with the vain hope of enjoying freedom from its laborious exactions. The toils and anxieties which they would put away, have become necessary to their existence. The vacant hours hang heavy on their hands, and their heart is in the bustling world from

which they profess to have retired. For a few weeks they may be missed from their accustomed haunts, but it is soon to reappear like uneasy spirits amidst the scenes of former life, lounging among insurance offices and bank parlors, meditating prices when they have nothing to sell, eagerly engaging in the business gossip of the day, wondering why the expected packet does not arrive, though its arrival promises them neither consignments nor remittances, and finding no solace for the widowhood of their hearts from their first and only love, but in shaving notes, speculating in stocks, and bidding at land sales; and like

“The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Who mourns the field he heaped with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain;
Or chief whose antique crownlet long,
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain’s misty throne,
Sees in the thralldom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory, die.”

So they linger sorrowfully among those who once acknowledged their power and skill, but now thrust them aside as bores and troublers of busier men; or, like the Ghouls of eastern fable, though dead themselves, can yet suck the life-blood of the living by usurious exactions.

If you would enjoy intellectual pleasures after the necessities of other toil has ceased, you must prepare for it by the assiduous cultivation of your previous leisure.

Energetic industry in the use of the few moments of leisure we may have, is necessary to economy of time.

It is a well known fact, that when the powers of the mind are zealously given to any matter, more may be accomplished in a few hours, than sluggish effort will reach in many days. Much pains and practice are necessary to acquire sufficient mastery over our faculties, to give them this directness and intensity of application, yet, where there is generous enthusiasm for the attainment of worthy ends, it may be secured by pains and practice; and as a man of business, the moment he enters his office in the morning, and breathes its air, can, almost without an effort, shut out everything but business from his thoughts, so will the intellectual aspirant learn to assume all the spirit of the student the moment he opens his books or takes up his pen. With what ease does the physician pass from the anxieties of one sick room to those of another, or the lawyer turn the force of his talents to one case after another, or the merchant settle in the course of a single day the risks and probabilities of many operations. It requires little more habit and effort to change the occupation of the mind from business to study, and study again to business. The mind needs relief it is true, but the best relief is not entire relaxation, but alternation of pursuit; entire rest, except when the body needs the repose of slumber is the worst torture of an active spirit.

But industry will avail us little without *system*. Our plan must be intelligently decided upon, and then steadily pursued. The swiftest runner attains the goal by successive steps, and though each interval of leisure may not be sufficient to make

much progress, we may pursue as long as it lasts the right direction, and resume it when another interval occurs. This steady perseverance, which is compatible only with system, will in the end accomplish more than the most violent spasmodic efforts, disconnected from each other from the want of a plan. There is on record the instance of a studious man, who, finding that he was called to his dinner every day a few minutes before it was ready, devoted those few minutes to the writing of a work, which in the process of time swelled to some goodly volumes; a striking hint to us to save the minutes, that hours be not lost; for though it may seem a mere truism, it is often forgotten, that an hour a day is fifteen days in a year, and in twenty-four years, a year.

Be not then vacillating in your purposes. Let not every bright meteor that shoots across your path, attract you to new aims. This would be to make your life but as whirling sands borne about by every fickle wind. Few men are great or useful in many pursuits of different nature, for though we do read of the "admirable Crichton," who was skilled in every known accomplishment, language, art, and science, he has left behind him no valuable proofs that he was useful in anything; and we have a common saying, that "a man of many trades is good at none." Be not satisfied with doing anything till you have done it well, and then you will have at least the satisfaction of having done nothing ill.

These rules being acknowledged to be just, there is little need of stating formally another, *to devote our leisure to such occupation as is the most valuable.*

If our leisure is to be industrious, our industry should be so

directed as to secure the greatest profit. There is a choice in reading. I will not enter into any argument to prove the mischievous character of romantic and fictitious writings. Fables are often instructive. Our Saviour taught much in parables; and as a scholar and a lover of books, I would be sorry to burn the "Pilgrim's Progress." True pictures of the human heart, and exhibitions of safe and moral practice, are often found in the supposed life and adventures of imaginary characters. Good poetry is but a higher order of metaphysics and moral teaching. But I put it to your own judgment, whether the reading of fiction generally is the most valuable use a man of little leisure can make of his little time. One, whose sole pursuit is of an intellectual character, may have some faint excuse for thus unbending his overstrained mind, which must be seduced, as it were, from the fever of thought; but for him who has but a few hours in the day or week, to follow highwaymen and fops, with Bulwer, through low crimes and silly affectations, or revel in imagination amidst gorgeous scenes of foreign and aristocratic fashion, as described by the volumes of trash the modern press vomits upon our shores, is madness in the extreme. It is the sure way to unfit him for the actual world in which he lives, and where his duties lie.

Newspapers are also sad thieves of time. I speak in no disparagement of the many able gentlemen who cater for our daily tastes; the fault is rather in their readers, upon whose favors they live. But, ordinarily, the columns of our daily prints contain little that is worthy of perusal by a man inquiring after valuable knowledge. Distorted political state-

ments, squabbles between rival editors, beginning in wit and ending often in low abuse, accounts of shocking accidents, and police reports of vulgar crimes, sometimes (alas!) prurient scandal, and mawkish attempts at sentiment, make up much of their morning and evening offerings. It is often boasted that we have in this country such a vast number of daily and other newspapers. Their number is rather a curse than a blessing. Condense the scattered talents of the many into a few; make by such aggregation of patronage as would place those few above all casual necessities, and make intelligent editors recipients of such rewards as their talents deserve; allow a rational freedom to the press, and not establish a separate journal for the advocacy of every shade of opinion, or pettishly insist that your newspapers shall be but babbling echoes of your own prejudices; and the daily and weekly journals will become worth our reading, and the best minds will contribute to their resources. As it is, newspapers (if we guard not against them) become dangerous seductions. I knew a gentleman of learning and talents, who confessed that he became so interested by a newspaper dispute between two silly and illiterate tailors, that he missed his amusement when the miserable correspondence ceased; and I acknowledge for myself, that no matter how I may be pressed with important engagements, I always seize the morning and evening papers with eagerness, and never lay them down without a sigh.

Few of our magazines are better worth our attention. They are, for the most part, a poor patch-work, a tinsel mosaic of superficial learning, crude novelties, abortive wit, pointless tales, splenetic or fulsome reviews, and half hatched

rhymes. Honorable exceptions there are, but they are too few and too well known to need any impertinent distinctions from me.

For the same reasons, I would give my testimony against the compends, and abridgments, and synopses, and epitomes, with which this boasting but superficial age abounds. If you admire skeletons without flesh, blood, or beauty, choose them ; but if you would woo truth, in her living, breathing, perfect loveliness, search for her in full treatises and complete demonstrations. The first will make you pedantic sciolists, the last, true philosophers.

Society you must have. It is necessary to the social wants of the heart, and the society of intelligent persons will often teach more and more pleasantly than books. Of society you may have your choice. Waste not then your time with the silly, who will never receive nor give profit. The truly good and intelligent are ever ready to meet the advances of the modest, the virtuous, and inquiring. In the atmosphere which they breathe, you will always find health and delight ; but as “evil communications corrupt good manners,” so ignorant and idle communications corrupt good sense.

No society is more profitable, because none more refining and provocative of virtue, than that of refined and sensible women. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman, that her beauty might win, her gentle voice invite, and the desire of her favor persuade men’s sterner souls to leave the paths of sinful strife for the ways of pleasantness and peace. But when woman falls from her blest eminence, and sinks the guardian and the cherisher of pure and rational enjoy-

ments into the vain coquette, or flattered idolater of idle fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable man's love, or a sensible man's admiration. Beauty is then but at best

—— “A pretty play-thing,
Dear deceit.” ——

I honor the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to women. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and that our women are worthy of such respect. Yet woman should be something more than mere woman to win us to their society. To be our companions, they should be fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts, they should be deserving the approbation of our minds. There are many such, and that there are not more, is rather the fault of our sex than their own; and, despite all the unmanly scandals that have been thrown upon them in prose or verse, they would rather share in the rational conversation of men of sense, than listen to the silly compliments of fools; and a man dishonors them as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of his mind and the elevation of his heart.

I should be unworthy of my office, were I to conclude this effort to serve you, without especially commending you to the teachings and communings of the God of Nature and the Bible. Make God your friend, clothe yourself with his ever presence, bathe yourselves in the waters of his truth. In the Scriptures you will find the purest morals, the safest maxims of practical wisdom, the most faithful pictures of the human heart, and the finest examples of moral heroism. There are

the most faithful of histories, poetry the most sublime, and pathos the most tender. The whole range of literature cannot vie with that one volume in ministering to true intellectual taste and assisting mental growth. But, my friends, these are the least reasons for its study. It is the lamp which our Heavenly Father offers to our hands, that we may trace the way that leads through the darkness of this life to the region of eternal light and joy. It tells us of ONE who so loved the world as to come from heaven to earth, that we might learn to ascend from earth to heaven: who, while he sanctified himself to be our Saviour from the guilt of our sin, brought all the beauty and strength of divinity to adorn his example of a perfect man; and now, from the far heaven of his reward, yet regards with a brother's eye, and assists by Almighty strength, every sincere soul that seeks to tread in his footsteps and trusts in his grace. He will be your friend if you are His. As my parting counsel, let me then entreat that you allow no day to pass without spending some due portion of time in meditating on the sacred word, and asking the blessed intercession of Jesus, the Son of God. He that can find no leisure for this, must make strange estimates; for "what," I ask you as men of business to make the calculation, "WHAT IS A MAN PROFITED IF HE GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?"

THE AGE OF PERICLES.

A L E C T U R E

READ BEFORE THE

ATHENIAN INSTITUTE OF PHILADELPHIA,

1839.

LECTURE .

SALLUST, in his book on Catiline's conspiracy, gives it as his opinion, that Athens owes her fame less to her real greatness, than to the patriotic genius of her writers. The remark is self-contradictory, for nowhere, but in the bosom of a great people, could so many illustrious authors, of such various characters, have acquired the knowledge and felt the motive to excel; yet, ill-founded as it is, it is of use to show the jealousy, which the Roman felt, of Athenian preëminence in the judgment of future ages.

Greece and Rome must ever be rivals for the regard of the student, whether his favorite pursuit be mere literature, the progress of society, the science of government, the philosophy of morals, the refining beauty of Art, or the more doubtful glory of warlike achievement. Plutarch but accommodated himself to this necessary comparison, when in his matchless biographies he weighed each famous Greek against a famous Roman.

To the American, who bears the two most noble names on earth, Christian and Republican, the study of those nations ought to be especially attractive. In their ethics and spiritual philosophy he may see how far short the best efforts of man's

best mind fall of the divine beauty in the simple teachings of the Sage of Galilee; and learn, after having wondered that reason unassisted by revelation could attain so far, and wept that it could go no further, to rest with a firmer trust and a more grateful love on those truths which God has caused to be "written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort in the Scriptures might have hope." It is only the superficial thinker who talks lightly of ancient heathen wisdom, and considers its existing remains as of no value. He best knows the blessing of the Sun of Righteousness, who has talked with the mighty spirits of the past in their region of the shadow of death; and never does the Bow of Promise beam in such lively colors, as when we see it spanning that mysterious cloud of former darkness, which no heathen hope had strength to pierce. Nor should we forget that the great apostle of our faith was he, who, under the *afflatus* of inspiration, brought a mind trained in the logic and philosophy of the Grecian schools to the demonstration of Christianity.

The republican may discover in their forms and changes of government, a dim, confused foreshadowing of our own free systems, and rejoice that the fatal causes of their downfall have been so happily obviated by the provisions of that system, which, while it makes the sovereignty of the people the basis of its strength, preserves in just balance the delegated functions of legislation, judiciary and executive. Such an examination is the more important, as every pen* which has written in our language the history of Greece and Rome, has been strongly biased in favor of aristocratic government.

* Thirlwall is an exception.

The reader of Mitford, Gillies (even in his translations of Aristotle's philosophical treatises) and the rest, must be ever on his guard against concealments, misstatements, and false inferences, designed or unintentional, which cast contempt upon republican principles, and alarm the generous lover of equal rights. Indeed, the history of the whole world, except what we have of it in the Bible, needs to be re-written. The time has come when we can no longer be satisfied to call biographies of a few great captains or lawgivers, and records of changing dynasties, history. We demand histories of the *people*, of their condition, character, opinions and movements. Mr. Prescott, in his admirable work on the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and Mr. Bancroft, in that history of our own land which will bear his name illustrious to the last age of time, have nobly set the example of philosophic history. No other historians have shown such sympathy with the people, and they could have acquired it nowhere but in republican America. May they be followed by others from among us, who will vindicate the importance of the many from the neglects of the few!

But the calm inquirer into the history of ancient republics will find no cause of fear for our own government and people, except so far as we may tolerate wrong in violation of our political creed; but will rather be encouraged to write upon the architrave of that system, whose foundation is the freedom of the people, and whose strong simple pillars are law, intelligence, virtue and religion, not the wish of a doubting patriot, "*Esto perpetua!*" but the bold prophecy of a heart confident in the supreme power of truth, "*Erit in perpetuum!*"

The Athenian is the most attractive of the Grecian States, and, in many regards, more interesting than the Roman. Rome was the more stupendous, Athens the more graceful. Rising from a further antiquity, Athens is original, Rome more like a copy; while in letters, art and philosophy Athens is the acknowledged mistress. The Latin authors are more familiar, because more easily read, but the Greek well repay our harder study and open to us the fountains of all classic beauty and delight. Some critics have given the palm to the Latin historian, but the rushing energy of Demosthenes bears down even the high-toned, sonorous eloquence of his Roman rival, and no sufficient umpire would place the elegant Mantuan upon a pedestal as high as that from which the Father of poetry looks down on all ages. (We give Homer to Athens because she first collected and edited his works.) Cicero, notwithstanding his imitations and plagiarisms, as a moralist, and Horace as a lyrist, and Juvenal as a satirist, would have the lecturer's suffrage over all the Greeks; but Rome never produced a dramatist worthy of being named in the same hour with the three great Greek tragic writers, or in many respects with the comic Aristophanes. It remained for one in our own language to combine the supernatural grandeur of Æschylus, the chastened sublimity of Sophocles, and the truthful tenderness of Euripides, with the pungent wit (and, alas! too often the conceits and the grossness) of the licentious friend of the young Alcibiades.

It is of Athens we would treat, and Athens in her palmyest day, the time of Pericles. The brief space allotted to this essay will not permit the writer to say much on the various

topics which will present themselves, nor will the intelligence of his hearers allow him the vanity of hoping to say anything new ; but if, while he causes to flit rapidly across the mirror of educated memory persons and scenes already familiar from converse with books, he can impress a few useful lessons, his reward will be greater than he deserves.

A slight review of the political history of Athens will prepare us, without waste of time, better to understand the condition of the Athenian people at the time of that unparalleled demagogue, who, without office, ruled by the strength of mind and the unscrupulous cunning of ambitious tact.

The early history of Greece is lost in that Cimmerian darkness from which its first settlers came. There are changes of fashion in history as well as in the shape of our garments, and it is the present mode among the learned to treat as fabulous much of their legends which the Athenians themselves considered as true, from well-established tradition. Indefatigable Germans, bold as indefatigable, and their disciples in Britain and this country, have not hesitated to pronounce heroes and lawgivers, whose names are written upon the heights, the plains and the shore of Attica, mere *mythical* personages, whose only existence is in the dreams of the poet, or philosophical fables of the mysteries. We may, however, venture to inquire whether the creation of such myths does not argue a strength, ingenuity and refinement of conception utterly inconsistent with the condition of mind in those ages from which they came ; and whether, as we know that the Esoterical teachers did use many real events and persons as the material for their mythism, they may not have employed

facts and persons originally true in other if not in all cases? However strong the evidence of immigration from India may be, is it necessary to deny frequent and strong infusions from Egypt? Or can we hesitate to doubt that the Athenians, with *cicadæ* in their hair and the boast of Antochthonous origin on their lips, were made to admit the story of Egyptian colonists without strong evidence? That the Pelasgi, whoever they were, held Attica before the coming of Cecrops, is very evident, but no ingenious etymologies nor interlinkings of scattered sentences and obscure inferences, which erudite men have employed to prove that Cecrops never existed, are sufficient to destroy the testimony of tradition. We should believe that the myths were founded on traditional facts rather than tradition upon myths; for it is most unphilosophical to believe that the main current of a generally received tradition is false, especially where, as in this case, it is opposed to national pride and pretension. Much of the Hellenic system, like its incomparably perfect language, must have grown upon its soil; but that it did not receive many ingredients from sacred Egypt, it would be a denial of analogy to assert. These questions are, however, too abstruse for our present discussion. We shall, therefore, while we are far from vouching for its entire authenticity, record the popular account of the rise of Athens from Pelasgic obscurity to Attic splendor.

It was about 1556 B. C. that Cecrops, a warlike and philosophical adventurer from Egypt, sailed through the Cyclades in search of a new home for himself and companions, and found on the coast of Attica (so called from a word signifying *shore*) a sheltered bay, with a lofty and almost impregnable

rock a few miles from the sea. The advantages of an opportunity for commerce, with a place of defence against wandering pirates, determined them there to remain. The Pelasgi, the rude people who claimed the country, were quickly subdued, rather by the superior policy of the colonists than force of arms, and easily united by Cecrops into one government with his followers. They inhabited the land about the foot of the rock, while the Egyptians held the rock itself, which afterward acquired the name of Acropolis, or Height of the City. Other tribes and territories were soon added to the dominion of Cecrops, who proved himself, by his wisdom and moderation, worthy of his new sceptre. He divided his subjects, for the more ready administration of justice, into four tribes, and encouraged them in the practice of social virtues. The first tribe, bore his own name, and, although his successor was a native of the country, we may infer, with reason, that the descendants of the Egyptian colonists claimed a certain degree of nobility. But Cecrops rendered the most essential service to Athens (which derived its name from a title of Minerva, its tutelary deity,) by the attention which he paid to commerce; and, as in modern republics, the free and generous spirit of the merchant inspired the Athenians with a noble love of liberty, which afterward elevated their State to such commanding eminence over the other States of Greece and the Archipelago.

The population of Attica continued to increase rapidly. For the soil, being rough and barren, offered little temptation to predatory enemies, while it gave greater stimulus to an invigorating industry. The comparative freedom and security

of the government drew many from the less regulated neighboring countries. The benign climate allured more adventurers from Asia, and the arts, which languished in the warmer countries of their birth, flourished luxuriantly, enriching and refining the people. Besides which, their commerce was extending and exerted a stronger influence upon their numbers and prosperity. We are not, therefore, surprised to find the seventh king (another Cecrops) from the Egyptian obliged to divide his people into twelve tribes, giving a separate jurisdiction to each, the effect of which was greatly to weaken the central power; indeed, it produced the *first* germ of the popular authority. Consequently Theseus (1230 B. C.) modeled the government anew, and united the people in one commonwealth, instituting for the preservation of the union a grand religious procession, in honor of Minerva, called *Panathenæa*, or service of the united Athenians, as the whole people engaged in it. In accomplishing the revolution, it was necessary for him to yield much of the royal prerogative, which, however, he did cheerfully, for he was a good and patriotic king. Theseus made the first distinction of ranks among the people, dividing them into nobles, farmers, and mechanics. The nobles had the choice of magistrates, the care of laws, and the management of religious rites. The mass was consulted in their general assembly on great national questions, though it is not easy to discover what influence they were permitted to exert.

At the death of Codrus, who devoted himself to death in a battle with the Dorians, on hearing that the Delphic oracle had promised victory to that nation whose king should be

slain, the Athenians determined that no one after him should be allowed the title of king; and the son of Codrus succeeded him (1070 B. C.) as Archon, or Chief of Athens. The change of title took away much from the power of the office, and the archon was made subservient in a degree to the will of the people. This was the *second* important step of popular freedom. Under the archons they continually gained upon the privileged orders, until in 754 B. C. the term of the archonship was limited to ten years, another proof of popular advance. Seventy years afterward the term was restrained to one year, and divided among nine free citizens for several generations. A separate jurisdiction was assigned to each, and they thus acted as checks upon one another. Still the office remained with the few powerful from family or wealth, and the people, becoming weary of their partial decisions, demanded a written code of laws, or constitution, which should protect while it governed all. To this important work (the formation of the first Constitution of the world, except that given by Heaven to the Jews) Draco was called by the popular voice. His laws, though absurdly severe, and, therefore, counteracting their own authority, kept the State for a time in quiet. But the power of the rich, owing to the high rate of interest, and the right of the creditor to require personal service of the insolvent debtor, operated strongly against the safety of the people; and they, aided by the jealous dissensions of the rich among themselves, succeeded in appointing the great Solon to the office of constructing a new constitution. His provisions were intended to balance the power of the aristocracy by that of the people. He divided the whole into

four classes, according to a census of property. The higher officers were limited to the first class, the lesser to the second and third, while the fourth, *Thetes*, had a voice only in the general assembly. But to that general assembly he gave the right of deciding appeals taken from the other courts, which brought the more important causes before them, and so gave to the people an immense influence. A council of five hundred, (Solon made it four hundred, but its number was soon increased,) chosen by lot from the several tribes, had a certain previous jurisdiction, and ordered the call of the general assembly.

The place of holding the assembly was the PNYX, an extensive, circular, roofless enclosure, a little to the left of the Piræan gate, remarkable for nothing but its size and antique simplicity, having been built in the time of Theseus. There the democracy of Athens passed their sovereign decrees, after having been addressed by their orators from the *Bema*, or pulpit of living rock, which commanded the whole multitude, generally from five to six thousand in number. The debates were conducted first by those citizens who were more than fifty years of age, and afterward by any who chose to speak. The question was taken by a show of hands, and the result announced by the chairman, who held the office only one day, and never again. The session was opened by the sacrifice of a black pig to Ceres.

In addition to these arrangements, Solon fixed the rate of interest at twelve per cent., and made the debtor's person free, but forfeited his goods, except the necessary implements of his trade, for he considered idleness a crime no man should

be forced to commit. By an agrarian law, he prohibited an inordinate acquisition of landed estates in any one man's hands, a regulation excusable, if at all, from the narrow extent of the Attic territory.

Still, liberal as was the constitution of Solon, it was defective in making mere riches the basis of political distinctions, and the jealous factions of the richer families disturbed the State by constant quarrels.

Thus, about thirty-five years after, Pisistratus, a noble by birth, and a man of the highest talents, raised a party among the populace, and, under pretence of confirming their liberties, established himself as Tyrant (another name for king,) of Athens. Notwithstanding the bold means by which he acquired power and the hateful title under which he reigned, his rule was mild, his private life virtuous and pure, by which he won the admiration of his countrymen. He and his son deserve the gratitude of the world, for having first collected and published the scattered books of Homer. He also established a public library, the first, it is believed, in the world. But the reign of a despot, however clement, was not to be long tolerated, and, after many struggles commenced by Harmodius and Aristogeiton in circumstances very similar to those attending the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, the Pisistratidæ were driven from Athens forever.

Clisthenes introduced a new engine of democratic power, called the Ostracism, or vote of shells, by which they paid their great men the compliment of banishing them from Athens, out of fear lest their popularity, like that of Pisistratus, might become dangerous to liberty. If six thousand citizens wrote

the name of a citizen upon their shells, which they used as ballots, he was exiled for ten years ; a measure of doubtful authority, though it has been approved by Aristotle and Montesquieu.

The aristocracy still maintained the ascendant until PERICLES arose, (470 B. C.) and, having obtained the ostracism of Cimon, flattered the people by a great increase of their power. Gifted with extraordinary eloquence, and a mind of great strength, which had been cultivated under the best masters, he soon won the popular confidence. He enlarged the jurisdiction of their courts, paid the people out of the public treasury largely for every service, and pleased them with feasts and spectacles until Athens became in form a *democracy*, yet was ruled by the will of this one man, who, though he never held any high civil office, continued master of Attica for more than thirty years. Such was the political condition of Athens at the time of which we would speak.

Serious, and in the end fatal, evils had entwined their serpent folds around the liberties of the Athenians. One was their method of deciding important questions on sudden emergencies, by popular vote. The selfish cunning of the demagogue weighed down the scale against the wisdom of caution and the advice of candor, so that eloquence became, in the estimation of the Athenians, the most valuable accomplishment a man could possess. The mischief was greater from the fact that the people were but one State, and not divided, as with us, into sections which might have acted as checks upon each other. The happy expedient of representative delegates would, if it had been adopted by them, have prevented their downfall for a long time.

Another great evil was the extent to which servile labor was employed by them. In other States of Greece, it was considered scarcely respectable to live dependent upon the labor of slaves. But in Attica the very reverse opinion prevailed. They thought it impossible to have a free government, or even a household, without slaves. All the handicrafts were, with few exceptions, carried on by slaves. The mines and quarries, and even the land, were worked by them, so that while the entire population of Attica was five hundred thousand, the ratio of slaves to the free population was as three to one, or four to one of the citizens. The effect was on the one hand to increase the consequence of the rich by freeing them from a healthy dependence upon the poor, and on the other to make honest labor less honorable because shared with the slave. The common people, disdainful of toil, lounged idly in the public squares, dependent upon the artful bribes of the rich, and ready for any new excitement or tumult. No people can long maintain a free government where a large majority is not of those whose hands are hardened by daily toil, and whose bread is earned by the sweat of their face.

Similar mischief was produced by the sources of the Athenian revenue, derived from the silver mines of Laurion, which, being very extensive, though entirely within the Attic territory, were farmed to great advantage by the State, especially after the time of Themistocles, besides the profit accruing from the application of capital; from the spoils of victory, which alone filled the treasury to overflowing; and in the time of Pericles, from the treasure of the confederates for defence against invasion from the East, which was deposited at Athens,

and claimed by the Athenians as their own, because of their superior services. These riches afforded demagogues among them the most dangerous of all powers, that of *corrupting the people by their own money*. Indeed, all wealth which is not that legitimate reward of labor corrupts, but never advances, the true prosperity of a nation; and it would seem from the experience of all nations, that a government is liable to be perverted in precise proportion as the means of maintaining it are not taken directly from the pockets of the people themselves.

The establishment of colonies, (over which the mother country held a strong hand,) and the extension of territory by conquest, inflated the pride of the people, increased their baneful because too easy wealth, and involved them with mischievous wars and more mischievous alliances. Far-sighted, even beyond his ordinary sagacity, was that counsel of our country's father, who dissuaded from the lust of conquest, and gave us the maxim: "Friendship with all nations, alliance with none." The fate of Athens is but one of many proofs that the Eternal Lawgiver, who decrees

—— "That where guilt is
Sorrow must answer it,"

has also determined, that they who encroach upon the liberties of others shall lose their own.

The state of morals at the same time was very bad, far worse than the partial judgment of their historians admits it to have been. The progress of philosophy, especially through the teaching of Anaxagoras and his greater pupil, Socrates, the best of all the ancients, had shaken the faith of the educa-

ted classes in the popular religion, without establishing a better in its place; while the great mass of the people, superstitiously zealous for the worship of their impure gods, only evinced greater impurity.

The best test of a social condition is the place which women hold in it; and there is unfortunately much uncertainty respecting the condition of Athenian women. Some writers consider them as having been generally degraded as to character and influence. Others claim more for them than they deserve. We hold a middle opinion. That there were virtuous and high-minded women among the Athenians, no one ought to doubt who has read the beautiful descriptions of female character which Æschylus and Sophocles, and even the woman-hater, Euripides, presented on the stage amidst the acclamations of the theatre. The exquisite affections, which sanctify the heart of woman for her offices as wife and mother, could not have been lost, and must have been felt by the husband and the son; and the dramatists delight in pictures of filial devotion and a sister's love. One cannot doubt that the Alcestis, and the Clytemnestra of the Iphigenia in Aulis, Iphigenia herself, Antigone and Electra, must have been modeled from real examples. More delightful exhibitions of woman's tenderness, constancy and devotion cannot be found out of the Christian school. It might be shown that Shakspeare himself was in some manner a copyist of these types of moral beauty. In the story of Hamlet there are strong coincidences, to say the least, with that of Orestes, and, in your lecturer's judgment, the sister of Orestes has far more dramatic purity than even Ophelia brain-fevered for her lover.

The daughter of *Cædipus* wears the same features, that we admire and bless in the faithful child of *Lear*. If we read of *Agamemnon's* murderous wife, or of the *Colchian Medea*, so do we of *Hamlet's* mother and the blood-stained *Lady Macbeth*. Still it must be owned that the name of not a single woman of the age of *Pericles* remarkable for her virtues, has reached us, though *Theodota* and *Aspasia*, and others as corrupt, are known to us all. No doubt, had the women been the historians, the tables might have been turned.

The women of the lower orders were notoriously dissolute; and it is difficult to suppose that the virtue of any could have been strictly preserved, when from their tender years they were made to join in the most corrupting religious ceremonies, bearing emblems and listening to chants which were vile in the extreme, though called sacred. It is absurd to say that, because religion is necessary to humanity, a false religion, so gross as that which deified *Bacchus*, *Venus*, and *Mercury*, to say nothing of the rest of the abandoned denizens of *Olympus*, could be otherwise than corrupting.

The respectable *Athenian* women remained mostly, though not so strictly as is generally supposed, within the secluded apartments of their houses, poorly educated, if at all. They rarely went abroad, and still more rarely persuaded their uneasy democrats of husbands to remain at home, when there were so many festivals and processions, and political meetings to attend, and the benign climate encouraged them to lounge in the gates or market places, asking and telling the news, which every day brought. On the other hand, many foreign women, whose trade was sin, with their fascinations increased

by mental accomplishments, like the far-famed Aspasia, received open attention and gallantry, offered without shame, or seeming sense of wrong, from the most distinguished citizens, and even the wisest men. This was a state of things likely, above all others, to put contempt upon virtue, and encourage the practice of vice. The moral power of home, the refining influence of chaste female mind, the ennobling ambition of winning the favor of virtuous women by virtuous acts, were almost unknown at Athens. The morals of society were rotten at the core. The reader would be only shocked were the reality unveiled further; but it is right that we should know, and that our women should know, how poor, beside the domestic peace and morals of Christianity, was the best refinement of Heathen life; that our women should feel how much they owe to the influence of the Gospel for their most common privileges; and that our men should confess how important an agency female character is destined to exert under the Evangelical system.

What idea the Athenians had of female excellence may be learned from a funeral oration, attributed to Pericles by Thucydides. After praising the Athenian people in a very extravagant manner, and comforting the sons and brothers of the slain warriors, the only notice that he takes of their widows is to advise them "to behave themselves in such a manner that the men may have no occasion to talk about them, ill or well." From other writers of the same period, we learn that they were remarkable only for anything else but a passion for keeping great numbers of rare birds. There was also an old law on their books forbidding a woman going upon a

journey, to carry with her any more baggage than a hand-basket. This law could not have been strictly enforced, for we see by the works of art which have come down to us that it was impossible for women to be more elegantly, though too scantily, draped. We must not, however, infer from the same authority that the Attic women were handsome, though the men were. The beauties of Athens were, with few exceptions, from the islands.

Such, alas! was the state of morals at Athens in the time of Pericles, the sure precursor of her decay. Yet the power of Athens was at this time almost incredibly great. The walls of the city were twenty-two miles in circumference; but they included the *Pelasgicum*, a space about the Acropolis uninhabited from superstitious motives, much other waste land, and heights with precipitous sides. The number of her free citizens could have been at no period more than between twenty and twenty-five thousand. There were, however, large numbers of foreigners permitted to reside there for purposes of trade, on paying a certain tax. These may, with the floating population of mariners and others, have amounted to some sixty thousand; the rest of the five hundred thousand inhabitants, we have already seen, were slaves. Yet was she superior to all the rest of Greece, and her sway extended over millions of people. Certainly, no other nation so small has produced so many generals, poets, orators, philosophers, and statesmen, worthy of undying fame.

Let us now turn to the more pleasing view of her arts and letters.

The time we choose for this, is that between the years 440

and 436 B. C. Pericles had then been for more than twenty years at the head of affairs, and during nearly the whole time exerting his great influence and taste to encourage the liberal Arts and to embellish the city. For this purpose he freely used the treasure of the allies, which he transferred from Delos to Athens, asserting that as the Athenians had driven off the Persians, they had a right to the funds contributed for the war. The abundance and beauty of the Pentelican marble, quarried at but a small distance from the city, greatly facilitated his designs; without it, indeed, their execution would have been impracticable. Yet with all these advantages, we cannot choose but wonder that art, which was itself in infancy when Pericles was in his cradle, could so quickly have attained an excellence which has since received the admiration of the world.

The Athenian people strongly seconded the efforts of Pericles to beautify their city, now doubly dear because once lost by invasion, and, as they fondly thought, doubly secured by the Persian defeat. The artist was encouraged to put forth his best skill for the gratification of their passionate wish, and during the lull of peace ambition sought that fame, which was no longer to be won upon the sea or the battle-field, in the graceful triumphs of art and letters. The Athenians crowned not only the victorious general or naval commander, but also the poet, the architect, the historian, the musician, painter and sculptor.

The *Acropolis* was most dear to Athenian pride. It was a precipitous rock distant several miles from the Piræus, rising to the height of a hundred and fifty feet, accessible only on the

western side, and there by a sharp acclivity. The summit was nearly plane, about a thousand feet long, and in no part more than five hundred feet wide. Upon it and around it were clustered the richest and most numerous treasures of Athenian skill and magnificence, for it was sacred by a thousand associations, religious and patriotic. It was the first object that the home-bound mariner saw as he turned the Cape of Sunium, and there, like Ægeus the father of Theseus, were the Athenians wont to ascend and look for the expected fleet with omens of victory. From its western height they saw spread around and beneath them their proud city, with its mighty walls reaching the harbor, where lay awaiting a summons to conflict and victory their multitude of many-banked galleys. Thence they looked on Salamis, whose shores were once washed red with the blood of their enemies, and by turning their glance, they saw winding over the mountain the road to Marathon, and the more distant Platea. No wonder they adorned that height, and invoked the genii of painting, sculpture and architecture to enrich the decoration.

On the western cliff, at the entrance of the platform, stood the *Propylon*, or the Portico, the work of Mnesicles the architect. It was of the purest Pentelican marble, which in its ruins to this day sparkles like snow on which a golden sunbeam has fallen. Its fronts, eastern and western, were each sixty feet broad, with six fluted Doric columns, twenty-nine feet high, supporting a noble pediment adorned by most exquisite sculptures, and enriched by a profusion of golden and painted decorations. On the western side there are two projections or wings, with three columns each. The sacred processions

passed through the columns of the Propylæa, there being on either side of the chariot-way a grand flight of steps. On either side stood a building. That on the right was the temple of Victory, whose statue was wingless, in memory of the fatal mistake of Theseus, who forgot to announce his victory by hoisting a white sail as he came round Sunium, and thus caused the suicide of his father; or as some say from the proud notion of the Athenians that victory would never leave their citadel. This building had four Ionic columns on its outer and three on its inner front, and its frieze presented sculptures of the battle of Marathon. That on the left was the Pœcile, the walls of which were occupied with historical paintings by Polygnotus.

About three hundred feet from the Propylon was the matchless PARTHENON, or temple of the Virgin Minerva, the pride of Greece, the glory of architecture, and the admiration of all succeeding ages. It stood, or rather stands, for though in ruins, the classic pilgrim may still admire its beauty and lament its decay, upon an elevation sufficient to give its perfect proportions full display, without the artifice of a high basement, by which so many of our buildings are lifted up to view. But three steps sufficed to enter upon its platform. The whole building stood upon the ground about 227 feet in length, by 101 in breadth, and in height to the top of its pediment 66 feet. It had eight fluted Doric columns on each front, and seventeen on each side, six feet in diameter and thirty-four in height. Within each front range was a second screen of columns, five feet and a half in diameter, forming a vestibule to the lofty door, to which there was an ascent of two steps.

Each pediment contained a span eighty feet wide, which was filled with sculpture of colossal groups, that on the western side representing the contest of Minerva and Neptune for the tutelary rule of Athens, and that on the other the birth of Minerva, full grown and full armed, from the head of Jupiter. There were nearly twenty figures in each. Each *metope* (the space between the triglyphs, or the grooved ornaments representing the extremities of the ancient rafters) of which there were ninety-two in number, a little more than four feet square, described by figures in *alto relievo* various scenes, battles of the Amazons, struggles of Centaurs and Lapithæ, or exploits of early Athenians; and on the continuous frieze along the inner fronts was seen the crowd of a Panathenaic procession. These figures, most of them seen at the height of forty feet, are worthy of intense praise, whether considered as groups or single figures. The ancient critics were unbounded in their admiration of them, and the moderns are justified by the remains in the Elgin collection if they agree with the suffrage of antiquity. The interior of the Parthenon was divided into two compartments, the smaller of which was the *Opisthodomè*, or treasure-house, of Athens, and the larger the peculiar shrine of the virgin goddess where stood her lofty statue. The proud grandeur of the whole, and the exquisite beauty of its detail, require the genius of an architect and the pen of a poet to describe them. It has ever been the study of the emulous architect, content to imitate, but never dreaming of excelling the work of far antiquity.

Such was the temple that crowned the Acropolis. It was the shrine of virgin Truth, and its Pentelican was white as

snow new fallen to earth. It was the shrine of deified Wisdom, simple in harmonious purity and massive in majestic strength. It was the shrine of female excellence, and its Doric proportions were moulded with scarcely less than masculine vigor yet feminine grace. So plastic did the marble seem to have been beneath the chisel, that it was as though the goddess had descended from the sky with a spotless cloud about her, and when she reached the spot she would consecrate, it had gently sunk into the form her celestial taste had chosen, and with a touch of her Gorgon ægis she had turned it into stone. Yet not before the gigantic shapes of gods had started forth in crowded grandeur on its fronts, the multitude of worshipers in graceful confusion rushed along its architraves, the infuriate but beautiful Amazon struggled fighting with victorious Greeks, and the Centaurs combining in wonderful anatomy the trunk and limbs of the war-horse with the other parts of man, resisted vainly with trampling hoof and bloody spear the vengeful Lapithæ, rising in wrath from the dishonored banquet.

There were other buildings on the Acropolis, but as they were replaced by those of more modern date we need not speak of them. Near its south-eastern base the splendid taste of Pericles displayed itself in the *Odëon*, or Concert House, and the Theatre of Bacchus, which he completed and adorned. The Odeon was built with the fantastic, though not ungraceful, design of imitating the tent of Xerxes, surmounted by a circular roof which was constructed with the spars of the Persian ships taken at Salamis. The *Theatre*, or Temple of Bacchus, was semicircular, and capable of containing thirty

thousand spectators, being built against the side of the Acropolis, and with ranges of seats hewn out of the rock, around the concavity, rising above each other as they receded from the centre. Ancient authors however give us a much better idea of its interior than of its external architecture.

Other buildings, built shortly before or after the time of Pericles, might claim our attention; but those we have briefly described will give some faint idea of the perfection and splendor to which Athenian architecture was brought by the energy and genius of that extraordinary man, aided by Phidias, Mnesicles, Ictinus and Callicrates. We wonder the more when we consider the short time which sufficed for the construction of these prodigies of magnificence and skill; the Parthenon having been completed in less than fifteen years, the Propylæa in still less, and all in twenty-five.

Sculpture rivaled architecture in rapidity of improvement, or rather they went hand in hand. Phidias, in his daring and colossal genius, left his predecessors by rapid strides far behind. His statue of Minerva, in the Parthenon, was, with its pedestal, forty feet high, yet, notwithstanding its size, so anxious was he to excel in the fineness of its execution, that he wrought it of ivory upon a frame of wood, but so curiously, that it seemed to be one entire piece, exquisitely polished.

The robe of the goddess was of beaten gold, in value at least 550,000 dollars, and made in such a way that it might be removed at pleasure, as it was when Phidias, having been accused of purloining some of the precious metal allowed him for the purpose, weighed it before the assembly of the people. In her right hand stood a statue of Victory, six feet high, and

her left supported a spear. Her helmet, her breast-plate and sandals and girdle were covered with emblematic figures, and the immense ægis at her side with the battles of the Amazons.

Yet wonderful as this statue was, another, from the hand of the same master, excelled it in grandeur, the Minerva Polias, cast in bronze, from the spoils of Marathon, the height of which was so great that the mariner on doubling Sunium (a distance of forty miles) saw the top of her helmet and spear, as she sat in the open translucent air on the Acropolis. Another Minerva, by Phidias also, in bronze, and on the Acropolis, sent as a present to Athens by the Lemnians, excelled both in beauty; while a statue of Jupiter Olympius, at Elis, of gold and ivory, is said by the voice of antiquity to have been the master work of all. These were only a few of his works, for Phidias excelled as much in rapidity of execution as in the originality, vastness and beauty of his conceptions. His skill, being not only in marble, but in castings and ivory, shows a combination of talent, giving him undisputed eminence over every other sculptor, ancient or modern.

As might be inferred, when sculpture had reached such perfection, painting had made no small advances. It is true, that, being ignorant of oil as a vehicle, and also of many means of coloring, the ancient painter enjoyed far fewer advantages than the modern, yet we have good reason to believe that the artists about the time of Pericles were eminently successful in their exhibition of the grand and the beautiful. It cannot have been, that those who had before them the sculptures of Phidias would have lavished such praises upon his brethren of the pencil, had they been ill-deserved. The taste, which

was so highly cultivated by the one art, would not have been satisfied by poverty in the other. Indeed, such compositions as we know were produced by them could not have been executed without much practical knowledge of perspective and coloring.

Panæus, the brother of Phidias, adorned the sculptor's works with his pencil; for, however repugnant to modern taste, they did sometimes paint the eyes and countenance and drapery of statues, as they painted and gilded their architecture. Polygnotus (who might be called the Michael Angelo of that day in painting) described, on the walls of the Poecile, the forms of heroes with such grandeur of outline and expression, that his men were said to look like gods; and he lived afterward, by a vote of the Amphictyonic Council, as guest of all Greece. His style must have been very bold, simple and pure. Zeuxis and Parrhasius were both very young at the time of Pericles; but they soon became as famous for coloring and moral expression as Polygnotus had been for vigor of outline.

Lucian describes a picture by Zeuxis, in which he represented a female Centaur and her young, while the father playfully holds up a lion's cub to frighten his offspring; and another of Jupiter in full assembly of the gods. No one can doubt that great ability in the execution of such conceptions must have been displayed to make them worthy of the praise bestowed upon them. So highly valued were the pictures of Zeuxis, that he became one of the richest men of his day, and refused to paint any longer for money. In the earlier part of his life he exhibited some of his pictures, at least his Helen,

for a certain admission price, which, or the large sum he gained by it, excited the anger of his brother artists, and led them to bestow upon his picture a not very enviable name. It was, undoubtedly, the first instance of such an exhibition.

Parrhasius, whom Horace designates as "*ille liquidis coloribus,*" was probably yet more finished in his coloring. He is said to have had the skill so rare, which Correggio possessed, of losing the contours of his forms, so as to give the idea of roundness without making the defining line too distinct. But with the grace of Correggio, and the coloring of Titian, he had (alas!) the licentious taste of the latter, and it is not much to his credit, that one of his pictures was the chief favorite of a Roman Cæsar most notorious for his vile tastes.

Of the music of the Greeks, at this period, we know but little. The whole subject is involved in great obscurity. Great attention was paid to it by all the Greeks from the most remote antiquity, and it was considered both as an elegant accomplishment, and, for its moral effects, an essential part of education. The people paid high honor to the best performers, and the magnificent Odeon, erected for musical entertainments, shows their fondness for such refined enjoyment. They recognized quarter tones in their scale, and seem to have had remarkable delicacy of ear. Their instruments, though they spent great pains in their construction, were poor, and would not allow of such harmonies as those with which our modern masters ravish and overpower our delighted sense. Their vocal performances were probably in a nicely modulated recitative; and, indeed, their plays must have resembled the modern opera, not only in the choruses

and ballets, which were produced with great care and expense, but also in the speaking parts of the drama.

The drama of the Athenians is worthy of notice from the moralist as well as the scholar. Perhaps a few remarks may interest all our readers.

The origin of the drama is found in the worship of Bacchus; who, though vulgarly known to us as the God of Wine, was a deity of much higher pretensions, being thought to preside over production generally. The hymns or songs sung in his honor were of a very serious and dignified character, and being originally extemporaneous, the best improvisation on the occasion received a *goat* as the prize. Hence the word *Tragedy*, or song of the goat. Other songs in the merry-makings which followed among the vintagers, who often disguised themselves as Satyrs, would be characterized by rustic wit and personalities. Hence came the word *Comedy*, or song of the village, and also satire. Gradually, both tragedy and comedy obtained a more regulated character, and assumed the form in which they have reached us, by the genius of the great dramatic authors we have named and their followers.

The writer is far from agreeing with those who think the modern drama a good school of morals. If it be so, it has had very few good scholars. But, it ought to be remembered that at a time when there were neither schools nor teachers, nor journals, nor methods for multiplying books, such as we possess, for the people at large, the drama furnished, in the absence of better means, an opportunity, almost the only one, of impressing the multitude with lessons of virtue, familiar

and public; and the tragic writers of the Greeks are eminently pure and elevated in their sentiments. There is not a line in them all which ought to brighten the bloom of a modest cheek. But all the wit of their comedies cannot reconcile us to their grossness and scurrility. The consequence was, that the magistrates, as guardians of public morals, greatly encouraged tragic representations, but were anxious to suppress the dangerous freedom of the farce, which, however, they found difficult to do. (It was suppressed for some years about the time of which we speak.) For the reasons given, the Temple of Bacchus became the theatre in which the dramatists exhibited their pieces, at great personal expense, to gain the applause of their countrymen. A small price was charged for admission, but Pericles caused the tickets to be paid for out of the public treasury.

The theatre was, as we have seen, capable of containing at the least thirty thousand spectators. It was semi-circular in form, the straight line presenting the stage. The scenery, though seldom changed, was provided at great cost, and was very effective. They had nearly all the machinery of modern theatres, with pulleys to let down or hoist up their deities, and trap-doors for ghosts and furies to issue from. They made thunder by rattling bladders filled with stones upon sheets of metal, and lightning by flashing torches from the side scenes. There were never more (legitimately) than three principal performers on the stage at a time. Thespis introduced one, distinct from the chorus, Æschylus two, Sophocles a third. The actors had their stature artificially heightened by boots, called *cothurni*, and their stuffed dresses enlarged their size

correspondingly. They also wore large masks and artificial curls; so that, altogether, their figures were colossal, to produce a proper effect upon the more distant spectators. These masks were artificially contrived to increase the sound of the voice; to which also the shape of the stage contributed, and there were beside hollow jars arranged in a graduated scale, which swelled the sound by reverberation. From the name *Hypocrita*, or interlocutor, given to the actors, has come our modern term intimating deception.

Beside the principal actors, it is well known that there was a *chorus*, (originally signifying persons dancing, or moving to music,) composed of men and boys, (females were not allowed to act in the drama,) who, in a chanted recitation and alternation of responses, kept up the thread of the plots for the audience. But this chorus never, or at least very rarely, appeared on the stage. They occupied a sort of pit between the stage and the audience, called the orchestra, about which they moved in a species of descriptive ballet, as they observed the performance of the actors, or turned to the audience as they filled up the pauses of the dialogue or trilogy with their modulated recitation.

These exhibitions were very popular at Athens, and occurred several times in the year, but always in daylight. Some writers have asserted that women were not allowed to attend these exhibitions, but that is a mistake. We know of several instances of their being in the theatre, particularly one, when Æschylus brought at least fifty furies rushing on the stage, whose appearance frightened many women and children seriously, in consequence of which the number of that chorus was reduced by law

Let us suppose ourselves to have entered the theatre, during a representation, about the time of which we are treating, and we may discover many among the audience whose names are familiar to us by history.

There, closely watching the performance, is one of low stature, whose anxious countenance is indicative rather of genius than high birth. It is Euripides, whose play of *Medea* is now on the stage. Near him sits another, evidently intent upon the performance with pleasure, whose handsome countenance has acquired dignity and serenity from years. It is his generous rival, Sophocles. On the other side is a friend of Euripides, to whose assistance, it is more than suspected, the play owes much of its success. His face a mere physiognomist might condemn, but his head to the eye of a phrenologist shows great thought, benevolence and veneration. It is Socrates, as yet in the prime of life. That venerable man, whom the people regard with such respect, is Herodotus, and by his side sits Thucydides, with severe but youthful brow, emulous of his fame, but soon to exceed it as the master historian of the world. That noble personage, surrounded by troops of friends, and remarkable for his brow like Jove, and the length of his head, which also rises to a point, (so that old Cratinus says he carries the Odeon on it,) is Pericles himself. There seems a slight but very beautiful boy by his side, wrapped in a close mantle; it is the Milesian Aspasia, who has assumed such a disguise, because women of fashion are not presumed to attend the theatre. The young, handsome dandy behind, with the dashing robe and Apollo curls, is the young Alcibiades, very clever, very rich, and very much of a roué. He, not so

young, but as much of an exquisite, who is whispering with curled lips some caustic joke into his ear, is Aristophanes, the most perfect master of the Greek language, the most unscrupulous satirist, and the best punster ever known. There, too, is a crowd of artists, honorably seated in reward of their genius; but you will look in vain among them for Phidias. He has been banished, with his teacher Anaxagoras, on a false charge of treason, and is now at Elis, revenging himself upon ungrateful Athens, by the execution of his Jupiter Olympius, the greatest work of antiquity.

The catalogue cannot be completed here. These were but a few of the Athenian names which gave glory to the Age of Pericles, and are yet written high on the pillars of fame.

The scenes of all this splendor have long since passed away. The beautiful sky and the clear atmosphere are still there. Time has dealt kindly with the artists' trophies, not daring even to dim the sparkling purity of the marble hallowed by the chisel of Mnesicles and Phidias. But the Goth and the Venetian and the Turk have been more cruel, and the Briton most cruel of all. English gold bought the sacrilegious privilege of wrenching from metopæ, frieze and pediment, what time and the barbarian had spared. The turbaned representative of Moslem oppression dropped a tear as the last image of all those beautiful creations was torn from the wall upon which, with its companions of superhuman beauty, it had seemed to live for more than two thousand years. "*Τελος!*" exclaimed the Disdar Aga of Athens, as he saw it fall, from the very spot where the Olympian may have stood to admire his finished monument of Athenian skill, magnificence and taste.

The shattered forms of that immortal dream of genius, which Callicrates and Ictinus had translated into living Pentelican, are now ranged along the mean walls of a sombre gallery, in smoky, misty London, never again to reflect from their sparkling snow the sun of Greece, which had smiled upon them in cherishing love. The Parthenon, like Niobe in her stony and majestic wo, throws the shadow of her desolation over the dust of the glory of Greece. Athens lies prostrate on the Attic shore, dishonored, broken, stained by the foot of the spoiler, and blackened by the torch, yet retaining in each insulted feature, each fractured limb, each fold of drapery, a dignity, serenity and grace, that win admiring wonder for her bygone loveliness, and tears for her decay.

“ He who hath bent him o’er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress ;
 Before decay’s effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
 And marked the mild, angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that’s there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of that pallid cheek ; —
 And but for that sad, shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where ‘ cold obstruction’s’ apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner’s heart,
 As if to him it would impart
 The doom he dreads yet dwells upon, —
 Some moments, aye, a treacherous hour,

He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed.

Such is the aspect of that show,
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair
 We start, for SOUL is wanting there —
 Hers is the loveliness of death,
 That parts not with the parting breath,
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 The hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 A halo circling round decay,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away,
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams but warms no more its cherished earth.
 Clime of the unforgotten brave,
 Whose land from shore to mountain-cave,
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave,
 Shrine of the mighty, can it be
 That this is all remains of thee!"

.

Yet there is a light now falling softly and sweetly upon prostrate Athens — not the dying ray of mortal genius, but the breaking light of heaven-sent hope. There is a lamp burning within that mournful sepulchre, the Word of Life and Immortality, held forth by the hand of American piety, and fed by the zeal of American Christians. Under the shadow of the Acropolis humble missionaries of the cross, from this western land, tell the children of those who wandered through the groves of the academy, or lingered around the teacher of

the porch, that the Just Man of Plato hath come ; that Divine Virtue, in all the sympathies of human trial and duty, has passed triumphant by the ordeal he proposed, of contempt and slander, the scourge and the cross ; that the MASTER whom Socrates promised to the young Alcibiades, as the guide in the path of prayer that leads to heaven, is now the Intercessor and Advocate of all earth's supplicants, and that "the Unknown God, whom their fathers ignorantly worshiped," is now made manifest by the faith of Jesus. The young Athenians, in a school where the lisping child is wiser than the best ancient that ever grew hoary in the love of wisdom, recite the words of Jesus in the sonorous accents of Demosthenes and Lysias, or chant their Christian hymns in the liquid measures of Alcæus and Pindar, amid the ruins which once echoed to the boisterous Phallic and the thundering Dithyramb.

How poor, is the art and fame of Phidias beside those humble missionaries, as they mould immortal mind in the image of the Son of God, refine its beauty to adorn the inner shrine of heaven, and bring down by far reaching prayer fire from the skies to animate their work ! How feeble are the glories of the Theseon and the Parthenon beside the temple they are building of living stones, hewn and polished from the quarry of ignorance and sin, and "built upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone," "for an habitation of God through the Spirit." The Pentelican and the Parian shall crumble amid the fires of the final change, the shrine-capt hills sink beneath the flood of Time's last destiny, but then shall that temple stand upon the Zion of God imperishable, and radiating eternal glory.

Beautiful Religion! which, kneeling before the cross and the altar, feels the outrushing inspiration of love for the souls of distant and unknown men, and clasps in the faith of brotherhood those upon whose faces we have never looked; which converts the price of selfish and useless luxuries into riches of wisdom for the poor in knowledge; which goes forth with a martyr's heroism to win victories of mercy over ransomed minds; which pursues its triumphal way to the heavenly gate, surrounded and followed, not by bloody trophies and chained captives, but by thankful penitents, widows smiling in their sackcloth, orphans rosy with joy, and heathen blessing the name of Jesus! What have Arms, Arts, Letters, Philosophy like this? Would that this religion sanctified and ennobled us all!

Lovely wert thou, Athens, in thy classic grace! The very dust of thy marbles is precious in our eyes, for the feet of those have walked upon it who have been the friends of pleasant hours in the morning dream, or when the midnight lamp shed its light upon the yellow page their genius made vocal with thought and the melody of numbers. But thine was the beauty of a sepulchre, for the corruption was deep within thee. Fain would we turn the eyes of all who read this story of Athens, to gaze, in hope of an inheritance within it, upon that city of God, built for his people, beautiful as love, lasting as immortality, and holy as Himself!

AN
O R A T I O N
BEFORE
THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
NOVEMBER 30th, 1840.
PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.

O R A T I O N .

GENTLEMEN,

Members of the Philomathean Society
of the University of Pennsylvania,

It was a happy inspiration which first suggested the delivery of these addresses. Happy it must be for you thus to be assured of sympathy from your elder brothers in study, and happy, I am sure, for us, who, covered with the dust of crowded thoroughfares, and worn with the burdens of public duty, are permitted to separate ourselves, though but for a brief hour, from the busy people, and retire again under the cool shades of academic life. We may not be allowed to say that we envy you your fresh spirits and classic exertations, for it were unmanly and unchristian to shrink, even in thought, from the offices which God and our fellow-men require at our hands, and sobriety of zeal best becomes them; but you cannot know, until you have felt it, the zest with which memory turns in after life to our growing years, and the intellectual Palæstra, where by generous emulation we trained the sinews of our youthful minds, and warmed the courage of our hearts for the serious struggles of active manhood. To some of us the retrospect is sad; not that the days

of our youth are gone by; it is the lot of mortals to change and pass away; but that we availed ourselves so little of the fair occasions and rich opportunities which have gone with them. The time is yet yours when you may sow in hope. We are already gathering our harvest, and its scantiness too keenly convinces us, that the regrets and labors of later life can but poorly make up for the neglects of youth.

It is in youth that the *rudiments* of knowledge must be laid deep within us, for which little time can be spared from the necessities of actual application. The proper purpose of education is not to acquaint the young mind with all that can be known; for the searching soul shall never cease learning in this life or the immortality which is to come; but to call forth its nascent powers, and furnishing the clew and methods by which inquiry may be wisely and most profitably pursued, to impel them on to the pursuit. The man, without such an advantage, however studiously he may be inclined, is like one entering a vast library stored full of the best treatises and demonstrations, yet having no catalogue by which to discover the volumes that contain the science he seeks. Uneducated genius may accomplish much from its innate impulsiveness and foresight; but none can tell how much more it might have accomplished under the direction of sober rule; and the world has great reason to mourn over the time, the energy, and the paper, which has been worse than wasted by gifted men in the revival of exploded errors, and the assertion of crude though perhaps dazzling hypotheses. But for such, man might have been ever going on in the way of truth, instead of wandering so often after *ignes fatui*, which spring

from darkness and unhealthy damps (*locis paludosis et tetricosis*), or being lost in the dust thrown up by scuffling polemics and their puppet-like partisans. That teacher makes a grave mistake who bids his pupils to think independently for themselves at once. The human mind, so liable to err at sixty, is not infallible at twenty-one, or even before that important period. We must first be taught *how* to think. No mechanic would permit his apprentice to handle keen-edged tools at his own untaught discretion, as he might do more execution upon his own fingers than elsewhere; but the faculties of our minds are far more dangerous to ourselves than sharpened steel, and mental and moral suicide has often been the end of those who have used them in rash and ignorant self-confidence. To think well we must know the rules of thinking; and the best method of learning those rules, under the blessing of Heaven, is to inquire how the mighty minds of the past have thought before us. An itch after novelties is mistaken by some for a sort of heavenly inspiration, lifting the soul above the necessity of those slow and vulgar methods, logic and induction, by which Aristotle and Bacon crept towards the truth; but if we are forced to admit that there is anything sacred about it, let it be called *ignis sacer*, which is Pliny's name for St. Anthony's fire.*

It is in youth those habits, which constitute character, should be carefully and religiously formed, that the time and pains necessary for the confirmation of the good may not be lost in correcting the bad, if indeed they can ever be wholly eradicated. The lower tendencies of our nature early strug-

* Plin. xxvi. 11.

gle to gain power over us, and can be repressed only by pre-occupying the heart and mind with higher aspirations and engagements. Idleness is never long innocent. We must be doing something, and if what we do be not good, it will certainly be evil.

Quæritis Ægisthus, quare sit factus adulter ?

In promptu causa est, desidiosus erat.*

Or, as quaint Richard Baxter says, (if one may quote him so close to Ovid,) "An idle man's brains are the devil's workshop;" which good Dr. Watts renders in his *Divine Songs for Infant Minds*, (a little book many grown persons might be wiser for getting by heart,)

Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do.

But independently of this, the *habit of labor* is essential to success. The primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is upon us all, though by a wise submission it may be turned into blessing.

It is true of the physical world. *Nil sine sudore*. That is worth nothing which cost nothing. We may, perhaps, pass it upon the ignorance of others as of value, but we defraud them when we do so. Vain shall ever be found all expedients, however plausible, to enrich a country, otherwise than from the products of toil. Credit is very useful in its sphere, but promises can never supply the place of what the earth yields only to the laboring hand. We can neither eat them

* Ovid: *Remed. Am.* 161, 162.

nor wear them, nor can they long pay debts. But it is beyond the power of the worst tyranny to impoverish an intelligent and industrious people. That sense of self-approving independence, which springs from the consciousness of owing no man anything and of having earned one's bread, trains the soul to an indomitable courage; and the labor which gave it, has already nerved the arm to strike down the oppressor. The God of righteousness loves the honest man, and the God of battles fights on his side. It is he, whose self-imposed necessities have made him dependent upon the caprice of others, whose hand is open to the bribe, but dares not grasp the sword.

It is true of the moral world. There is but little merit in doing well when it is easy to do well. Our word virtue, from the Latin *virtus*, shows that its practice demands courage and energy. "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." It is easy to let loose the tiger in our hearts, and to grapple with a foe in desperation or hate; but it is hard to deny the uneasiness of evil desire, to beat down insurgent appetite, to crucify a bitter passion, to keep an unweary watch against subtle temptation, to maintain our integrity when we get no return from the world but malice, and to remain steadfast with the faithful few against the jeers of the profligate many. Fabricius with his dinner of herbs, after he had sent back the bribes of Pyrrhus, shows a better dignity than Coriolanus at the head of the Volscian armies before affrighted Rome; nor was the conqueror of Hannibal ever so great as when he dismissed his Carthaginian captive safe in her unpolluted beauty. Such self-denial is not the impulse of a moment. It is the heroic triumph of long self-resistance. It

is the noble ostentation of victory after many an inward battle. It is the blessed reward of labor, hard, constant, and unflinching, in rooting out pernicious sin, and in cultivating the impeded growth of good principles. Without the habit of such moral labor within ourselves, formed in youth, and assiduously cultivated, we shall never have the nerve to resist a present temptation, nor the strength to persevere in the right and the honorable.

I have spoken rather of the passive virtues, as they are called, than of the active, because those are the more difficult and rare, and when they prevail in the soul, the others are never wanting. Obedience is best learned by the things that we suffer. The language of inspiration confirms this necessity of moral labor to the maintenance of sufficient virtue. He who would enter into the right way by the strait gate, must strive to put off criminal self, before his soul can find space to pass through. He that would attain immortal life and honor must be a follower until death of the Man of sorrows, who worked while it was day; who, as he went about doing good, kept up a constant fight with temptation, and who passed from the ignominy of the cross he had made illustrious by his meekness, to a coronation of glory as the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. It was not the fire that made the martyr, but the heaven-trained spirit which triumphed over the flame in the pureness of its charity. This "made the crowns of the suffering ones splendid, gave them a majesty of shine and an imperial glory."* Their trials were first the school, and then the happy occasions of their virtue. They are now ranked

* Richard Allestree.

before cherubim and seraphim, the most noble army of the living God. Those who die in the Lord are they who then "rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Emulate their example, and you shall share in their reward. Nor forget that our own strength must ever be found unequal to the duty; but ask strength from on high, a right spirit and a new heart, the true *mens divini*, which God alone can bestow.

It is true of the intellectual world. The heights of science are steep, and to ascend them we must, like the mountaineer, be strong and sturdy. Without a habit of patient application, no mind has ever attained decided greatness in any walk. Such has been the progress of knowledge, that no genius, however vigorous, can at once leap to the advance. Every new step onward (for I speak not of eccentricities to the right or left, which astonish the vulgar, and by none but them are mistaken for originality,) is more difficult than the last. We may easily become notorious by startling errors, but to excel in the one path of truth, which has been and is trodden by so many master spirits, nay, to follow them, even at a long interval, requires not only boldness but endurance. That endurance cannot come except from a habit of labor, early acquired and steadily maintained. *Posse tollere taurum qui vitulum sustulerit.* It was by beginning when a boy, to carry a suckling heifer, that the shoulders of Milo, the Crotonian, became strong enough to carry an ox. The Olympic Athlete was crowned, not for that day's victory, but for seven long years of determined, constant training, which enabled him to win it. Thus must the mind be disciplined.

It has passed into a proverb, that precocious youth rarely makes an able manhood; and some physiologists will say, that it is because the brain is early overwrought; but, generally, the true reason may be found in the want of this habit of labor. Facility of memory and quickness of perception render the lad's tasks easy and allow him much hurtful leisure for relaxing indulgences; while the growth of indolence is less marked from the readiness with which he excels his slower companions; nay, often his over-anxious Mamma rather dissuades her prodigy from study, lest like the self-burning tree of Guinea he should be consumed by the fire of his own genius, and the world lose the advantage of his mature greatness by such a melancholy instance of spontaneous combustion. Naturally the idol of friends and teachers, he becomes presumptuous upon his powers, and contemns the necessity of steady exertion, until the severer trials of active life come upon him, and then it is too late to remedy the fatal neglect. The very dunce of his class, if studious and persevering, will leave him far behind in respectable usefulness. It is in this way, that early talent, given by God as a blessing, is not unfrequently made a curse. There have been few great men who did not give promise of greatness in childhood. Melancthon at twenty-one was, in Greek, the master of Luther, then a Doctor of Divinity. Luther himself was noted for his youthful learning; and yet we do not find that either Melancthon, or Luther, or Erasmus (most precocious of the three,) was made an idiot by an overwrought brain. It were most unkind to smile at the fears of fond parents; but they may rest assured, that there is less danger for their young

Gracchi, to be apprehended from laborious reading, than from surfeits upon sweetmeats and compliments, or a dandyism in premature long coats and Chestnut Street exhibitions.

Besides, without labor, we cannot acquire the power of *abstraction*, so necessary to withdraw the inquirer from the temptation of present pleasure, the bias of prejudice, the corruption of selfish interest, and the many distracting impertinences of the surrounding world. To know truth aright, we must be *alone* and *candid* with it as the Christian with his God. We must understand our subject in all its bearings, yet stript of all delusive circumstances. We must collect our scattered thoughts, and condense them as through a lens upon it. But to do this, we must first have obtained an habitual mastery over our senses, passions, and faculties, which was never yet obtained without many a conflict. You know not, and God grant that you may never know, the inward anguish and shame which a mind, not unconscious of natural force, but idle from habit, and unfurnished from idleness, feels, when seeing open opportunities for honorable enterprise, it is compelled to forego the advantage, because unequal to an effort which others make with ease. Years of idle pleasure are dearly bought by one pang of such self-reproach.

Shrink not then, my young friends, from labor. Wrestle mostly with the strong, and you shall yourselves be strong. It was a significant fable which made the founder of Rome the son of a god, but suckled him at no tender breast. His was a rough nurse, but a faithful one, and such is difficulty. God knows our frame, and, though he has given us faculties to aspire, he hath made excellence the reward and attainment of educated strength, which grows by exertion.

Pater ipse colendi

Haud facilem esse viam voluit

. curis acuens mortalia corda.*

It is the consciousness but too many of us feel, that we did not then sufficiently fix ourselves in these habits of industry, which saddens our memory of youth. Learn from our errors. Regard yourselves, even now, as the men who must soon bear the honorable burdens of society, and as immortal men, the responsible servants of a good but just God. Every hour carelessly wasted sows seeds of regret for future years. Every hour of earnest study will yield fruits of mature satisfaction. Every hour of communion with God, and practice of his precepts by divine help, has the earnest of an eternal reward.

But, while we make these confessions for your advantage, a great comfort is left us. We did not, as many have done, and as you may be tempted to do, *abandon the pursuit of a liberal education from temporary weariness or disgust*. It is but natural for a youth, full of fresh spirits, sometimes to tire of his quiet books, and persuade himself that such severe application to the study of science and letters is unnecessary to success in life ; or that, from the windows of his seclusion, he should look with a degree of envy upon his equals in years, already bustling with Lilliputian self-importance about the precincts of trade. It is, however, very unhappy, if the parent yield to the solicitations of his inexperienced son, and permit him to withdraw from the honorable course, upon which he entered him with high hopes of his future distinction.

* Virgil. Geor. I. 121—3.

Allow me to forewarn you against such ignoble weakness ; and, if I may be heard by the guardians of your welfare, to dissuade them from consenting to such wishes, should they arise in your minds.

Even should you not choose a learned profession, you will need all the advantages which a full course of liberal study can give you. I speak with all possible respect for trade and commerce. The prejudice of dark ages, when a false aristocracy contemned labor in any form as a dishonorable necessity, is passing away, and should have no place in a philosophical or republican mind. To determine a man's position in society by the honest calling he follows in life, is as contrary to the justice of good sense, as it is to the genius of our political system. The petty distinctions of social rank, which have obtained in this country, excite the deserved ridicule of calm observers from other lands. Nothing can be more absurd than pride of family, in people who scarcely know the birth-place of their grandfathers ; or an assertion of superior nobility, by one who sells cloth in packages, over another who sells ribands by the yard ; or by the importer of bristles in hogsheads, or of hides in cargoes, over him who makes brushes or shoes ; or by the professional man over either, when he is in reality the paid servant of all. We are members of one body, necessarily dependent upon, and contributive to each other's well-being. To look down upon a neighbor because his way of serving the community differs from our own, is to despise ourselves. We should own no superiority but that of age, worth, and wisdom. The highest officer of our government is entitled to honor only as he faith-

fully ministers to the people's good ; and for one, without any reference to parties or individuals, I can see no humiliation in the retirement of a statesman, conscious of truth, from his lost magistracy to his farm ; while I rejoice that there is but a single step from the log-cabin to the Capitol. It proves the working like leaven of that blessed doctrine which our fathers wrote upon the bond of our confederacy ; the native equality of the people.

Yet, certainly, cultivated intelligence is, as it should be, necessary to real respectability. The mere merchant is little better than a common carrier, and the mere mechanic than an animated machine, convenient and useful in supplying the needs and luxuries of the community. To win our trust and deference, they must prove themselves mentally and morally worthy of it. It is when, leaving behind them, with the dust of their warehouses and workshops, the thirst for gain, they show a liberal sympathy and a wise zeal for social advancement ; when the wealth they may have acquired is devoted not to ostentatious display, but to the patronage of art, the furtherance of learning, science and religion ; and when the poor receive their unreluctant aid, the stranger their cheering hospitality, and every man their kindly courtesy, that we own them as brothers in their manhood, and venerate them as fathers after their heads are crowned with a righteous hoariness. To acquire the elements of such a character some years may well be spent in cultivating a taste for graceful thought, habits of philosophical observation, and sound notions of Christian, political and economical ethics.

It is sometimes said, that classical and kindred studies,

with the associations they inspire, unfit the mind for the business of a rude and sordid world; but on the contrary, their influence is greatly needed to restrain and chasten it from contamination. The youth, who enters upon the bustling scene before his heart and judgment are instructed in better things, and fortified against temptation by generous thoughts within, soon may learn to regard dollars and cents as the gods of his idolatry, and embracing the maxims of cunning selfishness which prevail around him, make his personal aggrandizement or low indulgence, the rule and aim of his endeavors. Far different will it be with him, whose leisure is spent with the books and intellectual converse he early learned to appreciate and love. He carries with him, wherever he goes, wise reflections on the past, large views of his social responsibilities, and aspiring hopes of a future and spiritual reward. Him, success will never make insane with pride, nor adversity overtake without strong consolation.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis,
Alteram sortem bene preparatum
Pectus*

He can go forth from the ruin which is fatal to other men, like the philosopher of old from the burning city of his home, saying; "Me-ipsum porto," knowing that he has a wealth in his soul the world gave not and cannot take away.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the value of polite learning to the professional man. Without it he can never well

* Hor. Car. II. 10.

sustain the position in society, which is accorded to his profession. Great talent and industry are not sufficient to cover entirely the defect, and, often make it more apparent. An illiterate or half educated physician, lawyer or clergyman, whatever may be his skill, acuteness or worth, is ever apt to betray his early disadvantages, and to be regarded with a pity not distantly allied to contempt; while, on the other hand, familiarity with good authors, gives an easy grace and smoothness to thought, language and even manner, which win, when stronger qualities might fail to force their way. The keenly polished scimitar of Damascus steel, in the hand of the slender but accomplished Saladin, was, as the instructive novelist tells us, a weapon not less effective than the mighty sword wielded by the giant strength of his lion-hearted rival. No one, who has had experience in these engagements, ever regrets an hour of his preparation, though many have lamented, when too late, having made it too brief.

Nor become impatient of paying close attention now to *rule* and *method*. There can be no excellence without a fundamental knowledge of those details; and early usage in such elements is required, as Quintilian expressed it, "Non modo acuere ingenia puerilia, sed exercere altissimam quoque eruditionem ac scientiam."* The astronomer, to the return of a comet, combines the simple rules of arithmetic he learned at school, and the most acute logician is dependent upon the first principles of syntax. To reach the apex of a pyramid, the traveller must begin at the bottom and go upward step by step. Man was not made to fly, and he who trusts himself,

* Quin. Ins. Orator. I. 2.

like another Icarus, to the wings of an ill-regulated imagination, may chance to find a grave as deep though less famous than a bay of the Ægean.

There is abundant time for this previous education. The fault of our youth is that of their country. They grow too fast, become men and women too soon; and, like all hot-bed growths, they are likely to be weak in the core. Our girls have scarcely laid aside the bib of the nursery, before they are set at the head of households; and our lads assume the *toga virilis*, when as yet their *prætextæ* should descend *usque ad talos*. In the primitive ages the elders sat as magistrates and counsellors at the gate. The Hebrews fixed the entrance upon public life at thirty years of age, and the Athenians allowed none to speak in their democratic assemblies, until the men of more than fifty had spoken. But with us the man of fifty is looked upon as little better than superannuated, and is thrust aside by the stripling whose chin is unconscious of a razor, vociferous applause answering his tumid declamation and dashing theories. It is because of this error, and not the lack of original talent, that so many ruinous novelties spring up and die at such cost to the nation, and that so little true excellence, and so few thorough scholars are to be found among us. He, who delays his public duties until the gristle of his mind has been hardened into bone, will be the more valuable servant of his country and ensure to himself a later but better fame. Be not impatient, young gentlemen. It is a long course and an arduous, that you have to run, and you shall lose nothing in the end by taking the advice I give you in sober earnestness, to "tarry here until your beards be grown."

There are, doubtless, those (though, I trust, none among you) who may, without loss to themselves or others, give over an attempted but unfinished education. The youth, who feels no sacred thirst for knowledge, whose ear is deaf to the voices of nature, who reads without interest the histories of past ages ; for whom *Homer* has no poetry, *Horace* no grace, the impetuous questioning of *Demosthenes* no spirit-stirring charm, and the full, sonorous cadences of *Cicero* no majestic power ; who is willing to remain on the asses' side of *Euclid's* bridge ; who takes no more concern with science than to cheat his professor at the recitation, and to whom the philosophy of mind speaks of what he has not, wastes here that time which might be better spent in tasks for which his sluggish nature fits him. Let him dig, sweep the streets, carry burdens, or, if he have fortune, lounge through life that public nuisance, an idle gentleman. No oracle within him says —

. . . . Me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori
Secernunt populo. . . . *

Neither parental anxiety nor instructor's skill can raise him from the degradation he feels not.

Let me here also entreat you not to make the common error of supposing all wealth to consist of money or estate, and that he only advances the riches of his country, who increases its material commodities. If the safes and strong vaults of banks are reckoned among their valuables, if the courthouses and prisons of a State be deemed necessary at a large expense, and

* *Hor. Car. I. 1.*

if the wages of labor be estimated correctly only by the comforts they can buy; surely they, who minister health to the sick by their skill, who arrange the moralities of law, who inspire by divine counsels the courage of tempted virtue, who write with patient pen the friendly volume for the hour of leisure, or who explore and meditate upon the laws of nature, that they may direct toil to the most ready and profitable employment, contribute largely to our best possessions. Their harvests never fail, nor can the fire consume, nor the tempest destroy the products of their industry. But this doctrine has been stated to you far better than I can do it, by one to whose teachings (*haud inexpertus loquor*) his pupils love to listen, Professor Vethake, in his acute Treatise on Political Economy. I cannot speak what I think, for he hears me; but I must say, God bless him for rescuing the physician, the jurist, the divine, the man of letters, and the man of science, out of the same category with jugglers and opera dancers, where previous economists had placed us as unproductive consumers! For such nobler services you are now qualifying yourselves, and, if faithful, you shall find in them an imperishable reward, the approbation of conscience, the esteem of good men, and the benediction of God.

There is, my young friends, an advantage you enjoy as members of this University, upon which I must dwell somewhat at length. I do not now refer to the ability and paternal zeal of your instructors. You know their worth. Well might they be compared with those of any institution of our land, were not such comparisons invidious, and on this occasion out of taste. They need no encomium, and I believe that

you will long regard them with affectionate gratitude. That, of which I would now speak, is the privilege you have of residing within the bosom of your families, while you prosecute your academic studies.

Most of our colleges are situate out of towns, where, consequently, the youth, who enter them, are compelled to live in cloisters and commons; a pernicious and unnatural custom, which has come down to us from the dark ages. It would certainly be accounted an absurd proposition, of a hundred or more lads, from fifteen to twenty years of age, to leave the parental roof, and combine to keep, what is termed Bachelors' Hall, away from a father's eye, a mother's care, and a sister's love. Yet what better is the arrangement to which I allude, and to the effects of which so many persons consign their offspring? It may be said, that they are placed under the guardianship of wise and good men, and secluded also from the temptations to vice which abound in cities. But are the occasional meetings, and periodical visits to their dormitories, of a studious man, however faithfully disposed, and sleeping withal in the same building, a compensation for the moral restraints of home, its sacred threshold and guarded repose? Is vice confined to our larger towns? or is it not true, that where vicious appetite craves indulgence there will be venal profligacy to grant it? Is there not danger of contamination when a youth, at the age when he feels the strength of recent passions most, and is the least prepared to resist them, has been thrown into immediate contact and unrestrained communication with ill-taught or ill-disposed companions, already familiar with vice?

Dedit hanc contagio labem,
 Et dabit in plures ; sicut grex totus in agris,
 Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci ;
 Uvaeque conspecta livorem ducit ab uva.*

Nay, will not a natural impatience of espionage, however tenderly exercised, prompt a wish to elude it? Not one of us, who have had experience of such college life, but could tell sad stories of ready means to cheat tutors, and turn the war adroitly upon them ; of festive meetings, if not worse practices, within a few yards of the honest men's beds, and midnight excursions through the unwatched door to haunts of sin without. Not one of us, but has seen companions, who came ingenuous and blushing from their pure homes, turned by the influence of evil example into brazen profligates, and lost to virtue forever. There have been, it is true, many instances of general religious good among students in colleges, for which we should give God thanks ; but an argument from this in their favor is, at the least, of doubtful propriety. It was the conservative influence of the Holy Spirit overruling error for good, and affords no sufficient warrant for encountering an obvious danger.

Parents, who become impatient of the anxious care their sons require, and are aware of their own deficiencies, though they take no pains to do better, are readily brought to think that they can obtain for them a better guardianship from such institutions. In this some are right ; I mean those who cannot deny themselves selfish pleasures for their children's good, and who cannot refrain from luxurious excess in their very

* Juv. Sat. II. 78—81.

homes, so that by their own families, "*pu'denda dictu spectantur.*" Well might Quintilian say, for such people, who were common in his day, and not altogether unknown in ours: "*Utinam liberorum nostrorum mores non ipsi perderemus.*"* But where parental responsibility is felt, and a pious anxiety to train up souls born unto them, by precept, government and example, for usefulness here and heaven hereafter, it is a most grave error to suppose that any asylum is so safe for youth as home, or any guardianship so effectual as that which God in nature and his word has ordained. A young lad, who can steal out from his father's dwelling at night to practise his vice, and afterward meet his mother's loving eye and his sister's pure embrace without compunction, is already lost beyond any power, short of Almighty grace, to reform. Any change of circumstances must be for the worse.

Besides, I ask of parents who thus (except where necessity compels,) send their children to boarding schools and colleges where the cloister system prevails, what right they have, from indolence or any other motive, to alter, by any contrivances, the order of nature and providence? How dare they delegate to others that sacred office, most resembling His own, which God by giving them offspring has made theirs? When God places a babe in a mother's arms, he says, more plainly than by words: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages;" and to every father, who sees the first gleaming of immortal intelligence on the face of his babe, he sends as emphatic command to walk before that soul as its guide and guard. How can they, without treason against

Heaven, send them beyond their sight and reach at the most critical period of life? Where in the Book of God can they find permission so to do? Where can they read any exceptions allowed to the duty of a personal superintendence and exertion? How shall they acquit themselves in the judgment of having caused the evils that may result from such an abandonment of their charge?

A pious and eloquent prelate (Jeremy Taylor), in his *Considerations upon the Infancy of Jesus*, has earnestly exhorted Christian mothers to follow the example of the Virgin Mary in nursing their children; and even his enlightened mind acquired some arguments for that duty, from a discourse of a heathen philosopher (Favorinus) with his friend, which has been preserved by Aulus Gellius.* Both insist that she, from whom the child derives its natural nourishment, is the mother both in character and affection, rather than the one who brought it forth. Æsop, in Phædrus, illustrates the same truth by his fable of the lamb seeking its foster dam among the goats. (*Facit parentes bonitas, non necessitas.*†) But may not the argument be carried further with even greater force? Do not parents lose their claim to filial duty and affection, by giving over their children's growing years and expanding character to the disposition of others? Need they wonder if those children should grow up unlike them as to everything but name, feature, and the unloving indifference with which they repay early neglect?

Some writers on education have thought, that the sending of a young lad to a distant school or college, is of use to give

* *Noctes Atticæ*. XII. 1.

† *Fab.* III. 15.

him a more manly temper, and an early habit of relying upon himself, from the necessity of maintaining his own in such a miniature world; while on the other hand he is likely to grow up soft, easy, and timid, amidst the indulgences and retirement of home. Mr. Locke (if I remember rightly) thinks that the influence of sisters and brothers upon each other is particularly hurtful, and urges their separation, lest the girls should become hoidenish, and the boys effeminate. Their theory, both as to its ends and means, is directly in the face of the social constitution God has ordained for us. It might do, if our youth were to be trained up like those of Sparta, mere brutish machines, insensible to any gentler emotions than pride of warlike strength and a false love of country. But the cultivation of moral affections is, above all, important to form the character of a Christian gentleman, the friend of man, and the servant of God. Love should ever be, as it was in Eden, as it shall be in heaven, the ruling principle of our nature, and, therefore, should be engaged on behalf of education. The softer and the stronger qualities should be developed together. It might be injurious to his character if the youth were shut up entirely with women. He needs a man's example and a man's control. But we have the authority of God for asserting, that "it is not good for man to be alone." It is as true of his younger life, as of his maturity. The same female influence, which is the conservative charm of manhood, softening our manners, nor suffering us to be savage and selfish, must be impressed upon the growing soul, if we would have its human beauty complete beauty. Man was not complete until feminine graces were added to masculine

strength. He was as the rock without verdure, the oak without its foliage, and the lyre before it is tuned. How beautifully does this appear in a well-regulated home? When the gentleness of a mother's counsel prevail not, the father's deeper voice may enforce; when the father's rougher hand has fretted the sensitiveness of the young heart, the mother's nicer instincts apply the balm to the healthful irritation. In either case, parental authority finds its right on gratitude, and asks obedience as the proof of love. But the duty of the mother is the earlier and stronger. The child grew nearer to her heart, and the youth is more under her eye. He receives more from her than from his father. (*Ex matris etiam corpore et animo recens indoles configuratur.**) From whom did the Gracchi derive their eloquence? † From whom the young Timothy his knowledge of the truth? Nay, I need not quote examples, for they are too many not to be obvious.

Happy too is that young man who has grown up in the society of sisters emulous of a mother's purity and grace! They refine his heart, his thought, and his manners. Grossness of imagination recoils upon him as an insult to them. Female character is to him, for their sakes, almost a holy thing. The flowers which they nurture, or arrange in harmonious groups, shed perfume around his home, and the melodies of their young joy, breathed from the sweetest instrument human ear has ever heard, a female voice, fill its atmosphere with music, winning him from external temptation; or,

* Favor. ap. Aul. Gell.

† Legimus epistolas Corneliæ, matris Gracchorum; apparet, filios non tam in gremio educatos, quam in sermone matris.—*Cic. Brut.* 58.

as they lean upon his arm and fondly look up to him for protection, he learns the blessedness of man's strength in supporting the weak and guarding the precious.

Sadly different is the ordinary experience of a youth boarding in a distant college. Some natural tears he may shed on leaving the loved familiar group, but he is not without something of the prodigal's satisfaction, at venturing forth from the restraints of the parental roof. He finds himself among new companions, and under a new discipline. The lesson, the precept, the warning come from the lips and authority of strangers, backed by stern laws and severe penalties. Venerable his teachers may be, and kindly faithful in disposition and deportment, yet do they rarely succeed in making him regard them other than as masters whom he has not learned to love, and obeys chiefly because he fears him. They watch him, or profess to watch him, by night and by day, and public opinion among his fellows pronounces them natural enemies, whom it is clever to deceive, while conscience accuses him of no ingratitude. All the week he is urged by them through difficult studies, and religion is associated in his mind with prayer at morning twilight in a cold chapel, black marks for absences, and Sunday sermons pronounced by the same voice, which the day before had cross-examined him on Fluxions, or rated him for errors of Prosody. No chastened pleasures await his leisure hours. They are spent in rough horse-play, in prurient conversation, in concealed dissipation, or idle lounging, — in just such a manner as youth, who think themselves men while yet they are boys, might be expected to spend them. How different is the commons-table, often

ill served, except immediately before the presiding officer, from the pleasing family board with its natural courtesies and confiding interchange of thought! No lady's eye overlooks them as they scramble like boors for the hasty meal. No woman's tidy hand has arranged their wardrobes, and no approving smile rewards and encourages decency of dress and carriage. A college student's wardrobe! What a collection it is of toeless stockings, buttonless wristbands, and uncared-for rents, some mothers can tell who have examined the trunk they saw packed so neatly a few months before. A college student's room — shared perchance with one to whom neatness is an unknown quality; its littered, unscrubbed, uncarpeted floor; its confused and broken furniture; its close atmosphere heated by a greasy stove and redolent of tobacco; its bed a lounging-place by day, whose pillows have never been shaken or sheets smoothed by other than the college porter, who intermitted for such ministry the carrying of wood or the blacking of boots; its dim panes festooned with ancient cobwebs, through which the noonday sun looks yellow as through a London fog, — it is indescribable as chaos. Wo to him whom sickness seizes in such an abode! Kind nurses he may have; but how rough! With what heavy tread, and strange notions of the *materia medica*! Vainly does the fevered eye look around for mother, or sister, or time-honored servant! Vainly does the fevered thirst crave the grateful drink their hands once pressed to his lips, when he was sick at home! There is none to sprinkle the fragrant spirit on his brow, or, after bathing his feet in the attempered water, to wipe them dry and wrap them warm. Alas! poor youth;

he has a mother, he has sisters, he has a home, where kindness might have made sickness a luxury — but they have sent him away to suffer among strangers.

Can it be, my friends, that such slipshod, unkempt, out-of-elbowed, bearish young men are the sons of our respectable families in a course of education to be gentlemen, and to take their place in polite society? Can it be that well-bred Christian parents have wilfully thrust them forth into such associations and dangers? Yes, some of them have gone from our own city, where one of the best colleges in the land is at their fathers' door. Shame upon the Philadelphians who thus dishonor what they should foster with a jealous care! Congratulate yourselves, young gentlemen, that you are not among them, and that God has given you fathers and mothers who need not and will not deny you the sacred comforts of home; while you enjoy all the advantages of thorough instruction from those who may consult the parental heart when the exercise of discipline is necessary, and call parental anxiety to assist them in their watch over your moral and intellectual welfare.

For my part, I look upon boarding schools, whether for girls or boys, and boarding colleges, with the same feelings with which I look upon a foundling hospital. The inmates may be of a larger growth, but almost as unnaturally abandoned. There may be those among them, who are better guarded than they would have been under their parents' watch; but they are to be pitied for their perilous and uncomfortable lot. Circumstances may compel parents to send their offspring from home, and in such cases we must allow

the force of the classic maxim: "*Necessitas . . . quicquid cogit, excusat.*" But I would entreat them, whenever it is possible, to place their sons with worthy families, *where a lady sits at the head of the table*, and her power is felt in the sacredness of a household.

My young friends, one parting counsel more and I have done. Life to you is full of promise, and may its best blessings be yours! The esteem of the good, deserved by a wise and generous devotion to the interests of society, and the approving consciousness of well-spent time, are truly rich rewards, that may well excite your determined zeal. But life is short. Our duties and our pleasures here shall soon (who can tell how soon?) terminate in the grave. This autumnal season has a parable for us, and the voice of the dying year, as it moans through the leafless trees, speaks to the meditative mind in the mournful cadence of that eloquent participle we have no word to translate: "*Tu quoque moriture!*" Yet we shall not altogether die. We are children of immortality. There is another life than this, another Judge than man, another ordeal than human opinion. We shall be profited nothing if we gain the whole world and lose our souls. Blessed be God! He has had compassion upon our need and danger. Jesus Christ his only begotten Son, our Lord, is the Friend, the Advocate and Brother of all who trust in his love. He himself walked the sands of life's desert, that, guided by his holy footsteps, we find the way to that better land whither he

has gone before us. He himself has fought the battles of life's temptations, that we might know Him to be ready to succor us when we are tempted. He, the babe of Bethlehem, the youth before whom in the Temple "the boast of hoary wisdom was dumb," loves the grateful confidence of a young heart. Seek Him earnestly. Look to Him always; and whatever be your lot in this passing scene, glory, honor and immortality shall be yours, when the waters of an eternal deep shall have rolled its engulfing waves over earth and the years that revolve around it.

Remember, also, that with all the advantages by which your fortunate youth is surrounded, you are, under God, the disposers of your own future interest. Your success for time and eternity depends upon your faithfulness to yourselves. Difficulties must be yours; but they are ever occasions of greater glory or of greater shame. I take, then, my leave of you with the words of the gods' fabled messenger :

Be mindful, now you cannot err unwarned ;
 Nor lay the blame on Fate, nor think that God
 Afflicts his creatures from a blind caprice :
 The fault is yours alone ; if, by neglect
 Infatuate, you have wrapt the fatal net
 Of sin inextricable 'round your feet.*

* The translation I give is free, but the attentive reader of the original can hardly fail to trace a strong parallel between the idea of the Greek poet and that of the Christian apostle James, I. 13, 14, 15.

Ἄλλ' οὖν μέμνησθ' ἀγῶ προλέγω ·
 Μηδὲ πρὸς αἰτίας θηραθεῖσαι
 Μέμψησθε τύχην, μηδέ ποτ' εἴπηθ'

Or, in the better language of Christ's apostle :

“Blessed is the man that endureth temptation ; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord has promised to them that love him. Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God. For God cannot be tempted of evil. Neither tempteth he any man.”

May that victory and that crown be given to you all.

ὦς Ζεὺς ὑμᾶς εἰς ἀπρόοπτον
 Πῆμ' εἰσέβαλεν·
 Μὴ δῆτ', αὐταὶ δ' ὑμᾶς αὐτάς.
 Εἰδυῖαι γὰρ κοῦκ ἐξαίφνης
 Οὐδὲ λαθραίως
 Εἰς ἀπέραντον δίκτυον ἄτης
 Ἐμπλεχθήσεσθ' ὑπ' ἰνοίας.

Æschylus, Prom. Vinc. 1071-9.

THE PROSPECTS OF ART IN THE UNITED STATES.

A N A D D R E S S

BEFORE THE

ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA,

AT THE

OPENING OF THEIR EXHIBITION,

MAY, 1840.

(BY REQUEST.)

A D D R E S S .

MR. PRESIDENT,

and Gentlemen, Members of the Artists' Fund Society.

I know that I express the feelings of many others, in congratulating you warmly on the prosperity of your Association. The opening of your new and commodious Hall of Exhibition, on a site very generously secured to you by the Academy of Fine Arts, with the rich collection of your own more recent and beautiful works now arranged within it, gives assurance of your successful zeal in the past, and warrants the best hopes for the future. You need no longer complain that you are without a resting place and home, and the scandal of seeming alienation between a Society of Artists and a Society of the friends of Art, has ceased. We now see that, though there may be different views of policy, a sincere desire to promote the healthful growth of Art, binds you together in a union, perhaps the stronger, because without a literal covenant. Kindness has been proffered, and kindness has been accepted. You have shown yourselves above that petty pride which refuses honorable aid in a good cause; and the Academy have shown their willingness that you should be set before the public in a good light, even at the expense of being

thrown themselves into the back ground. So close a neighborhood, formed in such circumstances, cannot fail to be fruitful of good offices.

The fact, that, as associated Artists, you are conscious of sufficient strength to assume the entire management of your own interests, is, in itself, cheering. For if it be true, that since The Painters of Siena were chartered in 1355, under those admirable statutes for the government of the profession which, for truth and clearness, have never been surpassed, Artists have proved themselves to be the best judges of what the honor of the Arts may demand, it should also be remembered, that during their earlier infancy, they have always needed and sought kindly nurture from those who have the taste to admire, and the means to reward, what they have not the happy genius to execute.

It is not until the friends of Art have become numerous through the influence of Art, that Artists can cease to be dependent on the few. They must themselves form the general taste upon which they are to live, and that can be done only by constant and patient addresses to the public eye, in works of genuine merit. Taste is governed by sentiment, rather than professional dictation. You can neither write nor lecture us into a sense of Art; but your brush or chisel may win, when the best pen and most eloquent tongue can avail nothing. In illustration of this, how many a traveller from this western world, who, at home, listened incredulously to high-wrought descriptions of the great masters, has, in one hour spent between the Transfiguration and the Communion of St. Jerome, felt within him the birth of a passion for Art,

lasting as life? But then again how very few, except the learned artist, practised critic, or observant anatomist, can enter at once into the merits of Michael Angelo? They may have studied the hundred volumes which have been written upon his works and genius; they may have conned by heart Sir Joshua Reynolds' lectures, and prepared themselves to exclaim, as the doors of the Sistine opened before them,

“Michel piu che mortel!
Angel divino!”

but if any home-returned tourists, garrulous of foreign wonders and themselves, pretend that they fell into ecstasies on their first visit to the chapel, we need scarcely doubt that

“They talk of beauties which they never saw,
And fancy raptures which they never knew.”

We are willing to believe Michael Angelo the first of Artists, because that rank is given him by those who are the best judges, and perhaps, in time, we might acquire an appreciation of his greatness; yet, until then, it is a matter of faith. But when critics tell us of the mild glories of Raffaele, sublime in his serenity, or of Domenichino's touching truth, making the beholder tremulous with sympathy, we yield a ready assent, because we can feel them. Gentlemen, you must make us feel Art, and afterwards we shall be glad to hear from you homilies upon taste.

One good Artist sows the seed of a liberal harvest for many successors, not only by the encouragement of his example, but by the excitement which his works give to the

public appetite for the pleasures of Art. Collections, such as you exhibit each season, made up from your various departments and styles, and thus addressed to our various taste and capacity to enjoy, must, as indeed experience has shown, call forth the latent love of many an eye and mind for beauty of form, color, and composition. Some scene of quiet nature, with its bending trees mingling their shadows in the placid waters; or gorgeous landscape of rich autumnal hues, such as visit no land but ours; or sea piece, where the struggling vessel heaves and tosses on waves which foam around her, as the brush of Birch can give them action, will excite a desire that other spots, endeared by tender associations; or remembered view, which we lingered long to gaze upon and sighed to leave; or thrilling incident of former adventure might be present, by the magic of your art, when the reality is far distant, or long since past. The marble, which, to an unpractised eye seems cold and unexpressive, from its polished pureness and classic severity, when wrought into the form and features of the great we revere, or the faithful we have cherished, will soon assert its power to give superior dignity, or spiritual tenderness, to memorials of virtue, loveliness, and truth. If the portrait of one dear friend speak to us from the canvas, how natural is the wish that graphic images of all who form the circle of affection should remain, when the grave shall have hidden their decaying dust? Filial piety will entreat you to trace the venerable countenance of the parent whose race is nearly run; the mother, to secure her a longer enjoyment of her child's infantile graces; and the husband and father, to combine for him a loving group of his pleasing wife and circling offspring.

Fed by such grateful indulgence, may we not hope that a growing taste and liberality will learn to appreciate the noble talent of Epic composition? Then, instead of being content with hanging upon his walls mere family likenesses, which, however gratifying they may be to affection, the painter's skill can rarely clothe with grace or dignity, the lover of his country and of virtue will seek to impress his own, and the young minds of his household, with scenes of American glory, and the attractive teachings of pictured morals; admiring citizens will combine their gratitude, and place high upon pedestals of honor statues of our heroes and sages, persuading posterity to unite with them in honoring public worth and in learning lessons of patriotic devotion; and legislatures, representing a generous public spirit, warrant the employment of genius in giving majesty to halls of office, and elegance to resorts of the people.

It is melancholy to think of the talent which now lies dormant among yourselves, gentlemen, for want of encouragement; and to see in your annual catalogues such a repetition of "Portrait of a Lady;" "Portrait of a Gentleman;" when we know that some, at least, of the pencils which produced them are capable of far higher achievement. But in a country like ours, where there are no princely houses and few large fortunes, you cannot hope for great advances of the public feeling for Art, but by reaching the people generally. In the present state of political controversy (and there is little prospect of a speedy amendment) the expenditure of public money upon works of Art would expose the best administration to defeat from the virulent assaults and impeach-

ments of opposing partisans, many of whom know better, but eagerly use any methods, however mean, of political advancement. The people would be persuaded by their sophistries, that nothing should receive the public patronage, but that which is immediately and palpably useful ; and that, contrary to the suffrage of all history, the Arts, which refine and beautify, are unworthy the regard of simple republicans. This prejudice, so fostered, can only be met among the people themselves, by a wide diffusion of Art in its cheaper forms. It might, with truth, be affirmed that the same statues which were the admiration of Athenian democrats, or now delight the houseless lazaroni of Naples, could not stand in our public squares without mutilation until to-morrow morning. There is brutality enough among us to count it a good joke to knock off the nose of the Medicean Venus, or decapitate the Antinous. Yet the love of Art is indigenous to no particular soil ; nor is it inherently confined to any particular race. The child's pleasure over his picture-book, and the crowds which gather before the print-shop window, prove that there is an innate taste, which needs but to be cultivated to acquire force anywhere. It is the habit of contemplating works of Art which, in the course of years, forms the public taste for Art. The decorations and symmetry of their public temples, and their public memorials of heroic deeds and ancestral glory, taught the Greeks to identify encouragement of Art with religion and love of country. Italy, before Grecian genius shone upon Etruria, was barbarous and blind ; and the Roman, as he first appeared, was only stern and warlike. Even in the time of Augustus we read of no successful native

Artist, where, in more modern centuries, such glories of genius have shone; where now the roughest lithograph bears the stamp of merit, and the poorest peasant, crushed as he is by despotic rule, swells with the thought that the land which schools the world in Art is his own. The same change, despite of our Anglo-Saxon lineage, may pass over us, and with more than Grecian freedom and ancient Roman valor, we may acquire the taste to feel that national character loses nothing of its dignity by being draped with grace.

Yet, I repeat, this can be accomplished only by reaching the mass of our people who must control the national sentiment. Modern improvements in Art furnish great facilities for this work of refinement.* Those, whose means are too narrow to purchase original designs, can find a cheap, but delightful gratification from the engraver's art, so successfully cultivated by some of our own countrymen, among whom are estimable associates of your own. Engraving is the true child of Painting,

“*Mater, pulchra filia, pulchrior;*”

and with filial zeal does she advance her mother's honor. Indeed, the burin deserves far higher estimation, gratitude and encouragement, than we are wont to give it, for bringing within the reach of many, what must otherwise have remained the privilege of a few, and thus preparing the way for a wide-spread influence of higher Art. A good engraving of a good picture, in its effect on the mind, is incomparably supe-

* Appendix (A.)

rior to a painting of ordinary merit. It gives us the drawing, the shadows, the composition and air of the master, refining the eye and taste, perhaps the more, because the coloring is not imitated. If it be true, as a critic of the best rank has asserted, that a connoisseur in prints is more than half accomplished as a judge of painting, it must also be true that a general diffusion of good prints would secure a general relish for Art in its more elevated and original forms. The painter, therefore, should regard the engraver as his best friend, and one who, never aspiring to be a rival, is content to serve under his shadow for a humble portion of the larger profit and praise which he assists to win.

It is certainly most pleasing for the generous admirer of Art, and lover of human happiness, to think of the vast numbers, whom the ingenuity of recent years has admitted to a share in his enjoyments. The prolific family of Annuals, long after their feeble literature has ceased to attract, amuse and delight by their elegant embellishments the vacant hours of those, who have received those offerings of affection, and of the visitor, who awaits, beside their centre tables, the anxious toilet's slow delay. The very bullionist smoothes his brow while contemplating the bank note's graceful ornaments, and, though lamenting that

"So fair

A promise should deceive th' admiring trust,
And be not what it seems,"

must confess that the vignette is worth something, though the security be never so doubtful. The invention of lithography,

and the great advance in wood-cutting, besides the service they render to science, have enlivened with glimpses of Art the walls of many a humble dwelling, once poor and mean; and allure the tasteful school-boy through a flowery maze to orthography and syntax, which it required our utmost courage to approach, when the *aditus* to their mysteries was guarded by a frowning "vera effigies" of Noah Webster, unlike any possible thing but a nightmare realization of the nursery hobgoblin. The Penny Magazines, as they are published abroad, (and I hope soon to be able to say here also,) carry to the poorest of the people, wood engravings of master pieces in Art, and specimens of natural history, which the most finished critic would not disdain to admire; and there may be as much heartfelt enjoyment in the evening circle of the poor man's home, around a fresh-cut number of the weekly visitor, as an amateur can feel before a Correggio or a Claude. I have often thought that I could forego the pleasure of listening to Mozart's best overture, for the sake of witnessing the delight dancing in the eyes, and dimpling the cheeks of a group of country children around a Savoyard's hand-organ, or some unwashed minstrels singing the songs of their far-off Rhine; but, I am sure that I never see an Italian cast-monger staggering beneath his load of Graces and Napoleons, Tuscan vases, Walter Scotts and Dianas, without wishing him well as an unconscious missionary of Art, come from his sunny land to minister pleasure to the lowly, and refinement to the rude; for though the moulds, from which they are taken, be worn and old, his casts yet retain something of the stamp of genius, and give sufficient gratifi-

cation to excite a wish for more. The lithographs may be rude and gaudy, cinerary urns be turned into flower vases, goddesses made to hold candles, and cross-legged Cupids to read little books; but you will rarely find, in a humble family, a taste for these ornaments unaccompanied by neatness, temperance, and thrift. They are like the cherished plants in the window, the green creepers in the yard, or the caged singing-bird on the wall, signs of a fondness for home, and a desire to cultivate those virtues which make home peaceful and happy.

But, gentlemen, independently of benevolent considerations, we must not allow ourselves to despise such methods of Art, because we have been educated by fortunate circumstances, or inspired, as you are, by a more fortunate genius to perceive its higher beauties. It is chiefly from them, that we must hope for the awakening of a national taste. The ancient States where Art most flourished, were small in territory. Every citizen of Attica could look often upon the glories of the Parthenon and the Poecile. The temples of Elis, of Delphi, and the sacred Delos, and even the desert shrine of the Lybian Ammon, attracted vast crowds of religious pilgrims. The various public games brought together the most generous youth and sage elders, not merely to engage in exercises which displayed the finest forms in the finest attitudes, but also to enjoy the poet's noblest lays, the painter's best pictures, and the sculptor's most finished works. The aristocratic forms of Europe call around the sovereign in his capital those who represent the wealth and power of the nation, and it is both policy and pride which employs Art to give magnificence to

abodes of authority, and to cover with grace the deformities of oppressive rule. Our people, on the contrary, are widely scattered. We have, and can have, but few great cities, and none of general resort. The country, in national questions, must rule the town. Large wealth can rarely be acquired, and yet more rarely transmitted to a third generation. Happily for our liberties, the political power must remain with those who are not beyond the necessity of personal toil. As, therefore, the influence of the pencil and the chisel can reach immediately but few, the many are to be sought out by means which admit of greater multiplication and wider extent. Yet we may believe, that if our people could have placed before them such cheap exhibitions of Art, and were at the same time made acquainted with the estimation in which Art was held by the ancient republics, and the best minds of all ages; the glory with which it has illustrated nations; the patriotism it has cultivated, and the lucrative advantages it has secured; they would become as distinguished for a generous taste, as they are for a love of freedom. Obscure genius, which might otherwise have died unknown in some distant forest hamlet, may be called forth and encouraged to successful vigor, as was the talent of young West by a few engravings of Grevling. Each new aspirant after the distinctions or pleasures of Art, would be a centre of new influence over the minds of others. We should learn to have a grateful pride in the praise given to American Art abroad, and desire to wipe off the dishonoring imputation, that American Artists must go abroad to obtain a just appreciation. Thus, soon, the sentiment would become so general and so strong, that the scholar who

records our country's story ; the painter who illustrates its grand events ; the sculptor who perpetuates in undying marble the forms of our mighty dead ; the orator whose glowing arguments persuade us to the pursuit of their examples ; the poet whose bold minstrelsy animates our patriotic ardor, and the architect, whose genius sheds venerable grace over our shrines of devotion, our seats of learning, and our halls of authority, (showing us, as in a constant parable, that stability ever resides in strength combined with harmony,) will be deemed worthy to share the high regard of their fellow citizens with the warrior who sheds his blood, and the statesman who devotes his far-sighted wisdom for their country's welfare. He, who preserves and blesses his country in peace, is certainly equal to him who fights for it in war ; and he, who suggests or confirms a reverence for laws, to him who writes and prescribes them.

There is very great reason to believe in the future success of Art among us. Our people, when excited in any pursuit, allow no limits to their enthusiasm, and have shown themselves beneath none in variety of genius and courage of enterprise. Hitherto their attention has been compelled to engagements of more immediate usefulness, by the necessities of our new confederacy and numerous State governments, the rush of our increasing population, the wealth hidden beneath our original forests, the facility afforded to manufactures by the rapid descent of many a broad stream, the desire of bringing distant points nearer together, and of interlacing our interests by rail-roads and canals, and the agitation of many questions in finance or political morals, which have never arisen else-

where, but must be decided by us. Yet how great have been the honors already attained, I had well nigh said compelled, from the world? The name which, by the unanimous suffrage of mankind, stands highest on the roll of uninspired humanity, is that of Washington. He who, since the day of Newton, has given the strongest impulse to the application of physical science, made his bold experiments on the lightning of heaven from the plains near our own city, and sleeps beneath his modest tomb in a corner of Christ Church burial-ground; whither the stranger from every land, and the native of his own, turn their pilgrim feet to do honor to the memory of the Yankee adventurer, the apprentice printer, the poor man's honest counsellor, the Philadelphia editor, the American statesman, the baffler of European diplomacy, and the philosopher who taught the world. The authority of Marshall and Kent receives reverence from every great and just tribunal. Improvements in jurisprudence made among us, and especially within our own State, have been the basis (unacknowledged but not the less real) of extensive judicial reforms in that very country which claims to have taught us all we know.* The name of Irving is already coupled with that of Addison; and in a single day, as it were, Prescott has risen to take his place with Gibbon and Hume, while, for truth of narrative and benevolence of feeling, he is above them both. The genius of Bowditch burns brightly near the compass and the quadrant of almost every bark that tempts the trackless ocean. The mighty energies of steam, first successfully applied to navigation by our own Fulton, now speeds the flying

* Appendix (B.)

car over the rail-ways of Europe, controlled and directed by the superior ingenuity of American skill. The exquisite invention of Daguerre, recent as it is, shall soon be returned to him from this western world, stripped of half its mechanical arrangements, and capable of a more ready and useful adaptation. These instances, snatched at random from a multitude, prove that there is among our people a boldness and originality, which cannot fail to secure great success in the liberal arts, when more favorable circumstances demand their more zealous cultivation. Even now the catalogue of American Artists must be regarded with great respect when we read upon it such names as those of President West, Copely, Stuart, Allston, Newton, Harding, Cole, Greenough, Inman, and others,* of whose talents my inferior knowledge will not permit me to pronounce an opinion, or whose modest worth I must not cause to blush, even by just praise, when I see them present.

The Arts, indeed, have made surprising progress in the United States, when we consider the temptations which opportunities of wealth and political distinction offer to men of genius, and the poverty of reward, whether of honor or gain, which our countrymen have had the leisure or means to bestow upon them. In none, perhaps, is this more apparent, than in the noble and useful art of architecture. Mr. Verplanck, in his admirable discourse before the New York Academy, at the opening of their exhibition in 1824, quotes the strong language of Mr. Jefferson, that "the genius of architecture seems to have shed its malediction over this land;" and

* Appendix (C.)

the accomplished friend of Art, confirms the sentence. But since that address was delivered, a change has passed over us and the power of the curse has been greatly diminished. The simple grandeur of the Doric, the feminine dignity of the Ionic, and the leafy grace of the Corinthian, as they have been presented to us by the labors of those of our countrymen, who have gone back through ages of barbarism to find masters in the Grecian schools, have already done much to win us from our childish fondness for modern frippery. A few noble buildings (especially I may say, some which adorn our own city and its neighborhood,) have given a wide-spread influence to a better taste, and the ruling desire is now evidently for the pure, rather than the showy. It is true that our means or our spirit have not as yet warranted the erection of many massive structures, but we begin to see on every hand the well proportioned pediment, the harmonious façade, and interiors studiously correspondent to the external style. Perhaps our imitation of ancient models has been even too strict. There must be, in the end, more adaptation to our climate and peculiar circumstances. If we are obliged to make Egyptian buildings several stories high, we certainly are not obliged to confine the ornaments to the eternal scarabæus, a most unseemly emblem of a false mythology; nor when copying the lines of a Grecian temple for a Christian church, need we insist upon retaining the attributes of the heathen god. The ancients were never guilty of such mistakes. There was an intellectuality in their architecture, which always expressed the purpose of an edifice, not only in its general structure, but in the most minute decoration. They never built a temple of Plutus

in the noble style which enshrined the Olympian Jove, or a shrine of the virgin Minerva in all the florid luxuriance which the Corinthian goddess loved so well. The vine-wreaths of Bacchus were never seen on the gates of Diana, nor the peacock of Juno, where the doves and sparrows of Venus should have sported. But such incongruities (my remarks upon which may seem hypercritical,) will soon be avoided. Nice imitation of faultless models is the best study for our infant architecture. After the mind is filled with pure ideas, and the taste refined by conversation with perfect forms, we shall be better prepared to combine, adapt, and invent.

The Gothic order, that wonderful combination of solemn grandeur with luxuriant tracery, which astounds and enchants the American traveller in Europe, as he treads the aisles of time-worn cathedrals and crumbling cloisters, can never at least ought never to be established among us, at least not until we build merely for the sake of building. The gloom of the dark ages, in which it arose, has passed away. Our churches are now the abodes of clear truth, not of oppressive mystery; places of lowly and glad worship, not of long processions and pompous display. The Grecian styles suit our religion far better. The false poetry of "a dim religious light" does not agree with our faith in the God of love, who lifts upon his people the smile of a father's countenance. To one who has visited "Fair Melrose," "Fairy Roslin," the Seventh Henry's Chapel, the sublime Yorkminster, the ruins of ancient St. Joseph's at Glastonbury, or the magnificent cathedrals and bell towers on the continent, there is not a Gothic building in our land that does not look a puny and ridiculous

abortion. Yet candor must admit, that our recent ecclesiastical buildings, after the Grecian models, promise a far better taste and propriety than the modern churches in our mother country. The high-backed pews; the inconvenient and meaningless recesses by which the church is tortured into the shape of the cross; the gloomy windows, granting little light, and less air; the tub-like pulpits, in which the preacher suffers like another Regulus, and the dizzy galleries, where the people look like swallows on the house-top, have given place to arrangements, which enable all to see and hear and worship without doing penance.

It has been objected to us, that we use inferior materials, such as wood and stuccoed brick, instead of stone and marble; and it were well if we could afford to employ the more massive and durable; but certainly anything is better than red brick and glaring freestone. It is not an improbable theory, the pines of Thessaly, and the oaks of Dodona in Epirus, gave the Greeks their first ideas of tall columns and massive pillars, as the interbranching of the Druid groves taught the Gothic arch. The architrave, the triglyphs and metopæ, are memorials of the use of timber before the quarries of Pentelicus were opened. Why may we not hew our stately trees until we are able to copy them in laborious stone? Why may we not face our bricks with composition until we can do more than imitate the Romans, who *faced* them with marble? Color and form are far more important than material. I am grateful to every citizen who relieves my eye by painting his house any hue but red, provided he do not choose a tawny yellow.*

* Appendix (D.)

Encourage yourselves, gentlemen, in all your departments, by this rapid growth of taste in architecture. It assures you that your countrymen have an eye for proportion and purity, to which no art of design can long appeal in vain.

Our strong national enthusiasm in favor of everything American, is another sure ground of encouragement. We have often carried this to a ridiculous excess; but it is an amiable and honorable characteristic that we long to stand well in the opinion of the world; nay, it is a philanthropic wish, which prompts us to recommend our free principles for universal adoption. It is, indeed, mortifying to read the extravagant praise lavished by kind-hearted critics upon every person and every thing that appears before the public. If Cicero were to arise from the dead, and pronounce an oration before us, he would be obliged to share epithets with every fledgeling lecturer, or electioneering declaimer. The anonymous filler up of the poet's corner in a daily newspaper, always sings like Homer, but

"Never like him nods."

A surgeon cannot set a broken finger, or a physician administer a bolus, but the grateful patient proclaims him a very Aristotle or Hippocrates.

"He beats the deathless Esculapius hollow,
And makes a starveling druggist of Apollo."

We have clever men undoubtedly. We have had, still have, and shall have great ones. But all the Romans were not Fabii; and black swans are rare as ever, except in New

Holland. Even American humanity must have some pigmies, if it be only for the sake of showing off our giants by the contrast. Such injudicious encomium has an especially mischievous effect upon the young Artist. He is peculiarly sensitive of public opinion. I will not say that he belongs to

“A simple race, who waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;”

but he feels that it is not enough to cry with the Pisan before his own works, “Bene! Bene!” without an echo to his exclamation. It is the hope of praise which cheers him in his lone and enthusiastic toil; but, if praise be withheld, his genius droops the wing and dies. It is most unkind to feed this generous appetite into morbid extravagance, as unkind as it was in that populace who smothered their patriot with the robes they heaped upon him for his honor. Chiselling a head, without a model, from a rough stone, does not make a Phidias or Thorwaldsen; painting one fair face, a Titian or a Guido; or copying a landscape, a Salvator or Poussin. Long study and learning, the abandonment of many a habit, and patient failure, were necessary to raise even the best masters to deserved eminence. Raffaele learned from Massaccio. The Artist, even when he finds the flattering unction most sweet, knows that there should be some extraordinary merit to deserve it. He becomes impatient of a slow and sure progress, and is sadly tempted to substitute eccentricity for boldness; glare for brilliancy, or dark confusion for depth of shadow. He varies his pursuit, and, forgetting the maxim: “Non omnes omnia,” undertakes to excel where his genius

does not lead. All this, the more prudent and experienced among you know well, but a word of caution may not be lost. Let us all remember, that the truest friendship is that which points out faults with kindness, and praises with faithful caution. We learn best from those who tell us when we are wrong. The most ignorant can thus teach something, as the cobbler who criticized the shoe of Apelles, or an indignant laundress, who protested that she never washed the shirt with which Jarvis had indued her master.

There is a fault in our country, now less rarely met with, of condemning without measure or exception, everything American. It is chiefly to be found among those who return

“from foreign tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;”

too good to be plain republicans, after having uncovered their heads to royalty, or stood within the threshold of an aristocratic ball room; who can talk of nothing but dinners at Very's; ices at the Café de Paris, or green oysters at the Rocher de Cancale; who have either not mind enough, or not heart enough, to love their own land above all others. These men will pass through your exhibitions, “naso adunco,” full of scraps from foreign languages, and abusing, by misuse, the terms of Art, give you to understand that, in their opinion, nothing which you can produce, is worth looking at by one who has seen the Buckingham Gallery, the Louvre, the Vatican or the Bourbon Collections. They will often parade upon their walls miserable dark daubs, imposed upon them by scheming picture dealers, as works of the old masters, but

cannot think, for a moment, of buying an American picture. Heed them not. The true lover of Art sees some beauty even in a poorer picture, and can detect a latent power in the new and nameless pencil. He must prefer the best; but, as a critic and a patriot, he will acknowledge the good if a countryman has produced it; and, for Art's sake, he is sure to encourage merit, however slight it may seem at first to be. There is, for instance, a sign of a horse on Market street, which I often see in my walks; faulty it may be, and injured by exposure to all weathers, and yet, I venture to assert, that one who can look at it without some degree of pleasure, would scarcely enjoy Paul Potter's bull.

Notwithstanding these opposite errors, we may rely with confidence upon our strong sense of national reputation for the support of Art. Let it be shown by your skill and devotion, that the Arts do embellish and exalt our country, and and they shall receive a grateful return of reward and honor.

It is well for those, who have sufficient wealth, to bring among us good works of foreign or ancient masters, especially if they allow free access to them for students and copyists. The true gems are, however, rare, and very costly. A single masterpiece would swallow up the whole sum, which even the richest of our countrymen would be willing to devote in the purchase of paintings. I hope, however, soon to see the day, when there shall be *a fondness for making collections of works by American Artists, or those resident among us.* Such collections, judiciously made, would supply the best history of the rise and progress of the Arts in the United States. They would, more than any other means, stimulate Artists to a

generous emulation. They would reflect high honor upon their possessors, as men who love Art for its own sake, and are willing to serve and encourage it. They would highly gratify the foreigner of taste, who comes curious to observe the working of our institutions and our habits of life. He does not cross the sea to find Van Dycks and Murillos. He can enjoy them at home; but he wishes to discover what the children of the West can do in following or excelling European example. The expense of such a collection could not be very great. A few thousands of dollars, less than is often lavished upon the French plate glass and lustres, damask hangings, and Turkey carpets, of a pair of parlors, (more than which few of our houses can boast) would cover their walls with good specimens of American Art, and do far more credit to the taste and heart of the owner. Rich furniture, to say nothing of the bad taste of crowding with it such petty apartments, is little better than a selfish and rude ostentation of wealth, to excite the envy of guests; and it is not in human nature to think better of others, who insist upon showing that they are richer than we. Riches, though they gain, for obvious reasons, outward deference, when they are mere riches without taste or refinement, are always secretly despised, and their possessors are, by the judgment of the world, like vile pottery upon which gold has been wasted in useless gilding. There are those, who cannot look upon a mirror without seeing within it a beautiful picture, dearer to their eyes than any other upon earth; but many of us would prefer a landscape by Coles or Doughty, to any such personal reflections of ourselves; and care little whether we trod upon Brussels or in-

grain, sat upon velvet or hair cloth, if we might, by the kind bounty of our entertainer, enjoy the genius of our dear native land. It has become, I am told, unfashionable to put pictures upon the walls, except it be in a gallery, which few can afford to have. If so, it is a bad habit, which should be amended; a habit which must lower us in the scale of true refinement, and greatly impede the progress of true taste.

Our national enterprise, in pursuit of wealth, will also serve the cause of the liberal arts, when their value is better understood. A large portion of the population of Italy, and other countries of the old world, live upon the Arts alone; and our Artists, if properly encouraged, would, instead of being compelled, as many of them are, to reside abroad, induce the flow of wealth, the rewards of their skill, into their native land. There can be no multiplication of wealth so great as that which may be secured by the application of colors to a sheet of canvas, of the chisel to a block of stone, or of the graver to a plate of copper, when directed by the hand of genius. The colors which combined to make a masterpiece, now worth a prince's revenue, were originally purchased for a few dollars. A slight etching, by Rembrandt, sold at auction, a few years since, in London, for a hundred and twenty guineas; and the late William Carey, whose zeal for the Arts expired only with his life, asserts, in his Address to your Association, that the copper plate on which Woollet engraved West's Death of Wolfe, produced a gain of not less than fourteen thousand pounds.

The influence of Art upon necessary trades and manufactures is very valuable. The more graceful forms are ever

the more simple, useful, and even economical; and the most common articles of household service may be profitably modified after the lines of a true taste. It is the taste displayed in the colors and patterns of calicoes and gingham, which urges their sale more than any comparative excellence of the fabrics; and the country girl, who chooses her holiday dress, does an unwitting homage to the same genius the amateur admires in the finished picture. The cabinet-maker, who judiciously copies most from the antique, will find the most ready demand for his furniture, even from those who never dream of being indebted to liberal art; and many a diligent mechanic, who has spent hard labor upon good mahogany, and wonders why his ware lingers upon his hands, might find the secret of his ill success in a disproportioned panel, a stumpy column, or a spindle leg. It is well known, that skilful Artists are employed by the manufacturers of useful articles in Europe, to suggest their forms and embellishments. Wedgwood, a Staffordshire potter, secured an unrivalled preëminence for his earthen-ware, by his fortunate engagement of young Flaxman to model his vessels. The Artist, thus introduced to notice, afterwards became the most gifted and spiritual sculptor of modern times; but not before he had made the fortune of his early patron, and improved the trade of England immeasurably; so that it may with truth be said, that the same genius, which has illustrated the sublime Homer and the pure Euripides, turned the clay of Staffordshire into more than gold. Our manufactures need such an influence from Art more than anything else, and a liberal and far-sighted patronage of Artists would soon render it unnecessary, by the con-

sent of all, to strain the constitution for the enactment of protective tariffs.

But we may look for the success of Art in the United States to higher causes. The remains of Puritan severity, and Quaker stiffness, with the incessant demand upon our enterprise, made by the circumstances of a new country, have not been favorable to the development of genius among us; yet enough has been seen to show that our people have a strong sense of poetry and eloquence. We have very few great poets, but we have very many whose artless fingers draw sweet and glowing strains from the lute and lyre. Our scenery, our noble rivers, rushing streams, limpid lakes, wild cascades, deep forests, gorgeous sunsets, clear atmosphere, and autumnal variegation, with the high aspirations which freedom awakens in every generous bosom, give us all the thoughts of poetry. The power of expressing thought in rapid and energetic language, is an American characteristic. To say nothing of the high eloquence which is heard in our legislative halls, our courts of justice and our pulpits, there is scarcely a man among us who cannot rise, upon a fitting occasion, and harangue in good set phrases. Our 'prentice mechanics meet at the close of the day's labor, to cultivate their talents in essays and debates. The crowds which have thronged this hall,* and other places of assemblage throughout the whole country, to listen eagerly, and with no small discrimination, to multitudes of clever orators, demonstrate a general appreciation of eloquence. What is Art but another form of poetry and eloquence? When do we feel the power of the bard or of the

* The Hall of the Musical Fund Society.

orator most? Is it not when he brings the idea he would impress, fully, as in a picture, before the eye of the mind? Phidias assured his countrymen that Homer was his master; and we can never enter as deeply into the spirit of the great tragic writers of Attica, as when we behold their thoughts made visible by the designs of Flaxman. Who that has looked upon the statue of the Dying Gladiator, but has felt the power of the sculptor and the poet to be of kindred source, when he remembered Byron's picture of the same victim!

"I see before me the Gladiator lie;

He leans upon his hand, his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,
 And through his side the last drops ebbing slow,
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder shower; but now
 The arena swims around him; he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes

Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut, by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play —
 There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday —
 All this rushed with his blood — Shall he expire
 And unrevenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

A young pupil of Thorwaldsen, has recently surprised and delighted the admirers of genius at Rome, by a figure of a

girl, holding a sea-shell to her ear, and listening with child-like wonder to the mysterious sounds of the ocean she seems to hear from within it. A more exquisite subject for the chisel can scarcely be imagined ; and it is most unlikely that the young German ever read Wordsworth's *Excursion* ; yet, in that most natural poem, we find the same thought.

“ I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is, to the ear of faith.”

Here is a picture by a poet, the scenery of which a Claude should paint, and a Guido Reni put in the figures :

“ As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
The temple threw its lengthening shade
Upon the marble steps below,
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er a volume bending ;
While by her side a youthful sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o'ershadow all the page.”

I have not time for more instances, which are abundant. The

coincidence between Art and Oratory, though equally striking, is more difficult of illustration ; for the orator, is ever pressing forward to his conclusion, and the pictures he presents to us, are moving, or he shifts scene after scene, as he follows thought with thought. Yet how fully does Massillon bring before us the Magdalene kneeling at the Saviour's feet, in the house of the Pharisee ? What can be finer than the manner in which he contrasts the death of the sinner with that of the righteous person ; how perfectly, with a painter's imagination, does he set off the lights of the one with the shadows of the other ? But Massillon, in his *Life of Correggio*, proves how deep his sympathy with Art was. Barrow's description of the crucifixion, in his sermon on the passion of our Lord, might be studied by the Artist for a better picture than has ever been produced on the subject. Then, what noble illustrations of moral truth might be copied from portions of Burke's *Speeches in Parliament* ? What force of grouping and expression is there, when Anthony describes the death of Cæsar, as

“ In his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue, which
All the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.”

But I need not detain you with further examples to show that

“ All they
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power,
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay,
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The form which their creations may essay,

Are kin ; the kindled marble's bust may wear
 More poesy upon its speaking brow,
 Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear.

One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
 Or sanctify the canvas till it shine
 With beauty far surpassing all below,
 * * * *
 Transfused, transfigured ; and the line
 Of poesy, which peoples but the air
 With thoughts and beings of the mind reflected,
 Can do no more."

The people that can feel the glow and grandeur of thought, must feel Art, when there are productions worthy of the name.

The common opinion may be quoted against this argument, that Art flourishes best where popular superstitions, especially in religious mythology, supply subjects for the Artist's illustration. That opinion is, however, an error. The real merit and charm of Art is truth, and it can never derive a real advantage from falsity. It was not the god, the ancients admired in the Phidian Jupiter, but the dignity of conscious power. Venus was the *ideal* of voluptuous beauty, and Minerva of pure, harmonious wisdom. It is deep penitence, charmed by hope from its despair, that we see in the Magdalene ; a mother's serene and holy joy in the Virgin Mary, showing her babe Jesus ; and faith, struggling with mortal agony, in the dying Bartholomew. It is not the person, but the attributes, which move our souls.

But are there no subjects among us, which may be made the vehicles of such impressions? Would not the moral advantage of Art be far greater if illustrations of virtue were drawn from actual incidents, or presented in pure allegory? That change has taken place in poetry. We hear no more of Strephons and Phillises, in our pastorals; and a bard of our own day, who would invoke the "heavenly nine," or "Phœbe," or the "Golden-haired god of Day," would find them unable to propitiate us to a further reading. Why may not Art be stripped of unnatural envelopments? Our history, our daily lives are full of subjects for the painter's study;—the mother of Washington teaching her boy those sublime lessons, which, by the grace of God, made him "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen;" Patrick Henry, denouncing the tyranny of Britain, in the Virginian council house; the patriot-mother arming her first-born for the doubtful conflict; the virgin, tearless in her lofty hope, sending her lover to the long campaign, and promising her livelong faith for no less reward than her country's freedom. Or, if you wish a presentment of venerable piety, holy benevolence and wisdom in meekness, bid the sculptor preserve in undying marble the patriarchal form of him, whom every sect acknowledged "a Father in God;" and who lingered so long among us, shedding his soft religion around like the mild rays of a summer's sunset, that he seemed like virtue which can never die, though heart and flesh must fail. It is a shame to us, as a religious community, that such a work remains to be done.*

* The late Bishop White. Appendix (E.)

It is in employments like these Art must find her noblest office. No patriot, no moralist, no true lover of Art, should wish to see genius prostituted in producing nude and voluptuous figures, appealing to profligate pruriency for reward, and corrupting our morals in return. Such abuse has done more to prejudice the good against Art than all else beside. But such abuse is not a necessary consequence of its cultivation, any more than of the pen or the press, those mighty engines of social good, though vile men have often seduced them from their true purpose. Let it be your care, gentlemen Artists, to guard the fire of genius with vestal watchfulness.

There never was, I believe, a body of Artists in whom greater confidence can be reposed for this end, than those of our country. The time has gone by, when profligacy was excused as an eccentricity of genius; when talent had license for the breach of contracts, and envy and detraction made enemies of brothers in Art. You have proved to us that Artists, to deserve an entrance into your fraternity, must be gentlemen, to whom truth and honor and liberal feeling, are dearer even than fame itself. Your generous desire that no distinction in the national patronage should be made, between the native Artist and the foreigner resident among you, is a high example of philosophic freedom from petty jealousy, which might be imitated with advantage in some other quarters.* Hold on your noble course. You shall reap the reward which virtue and genius deserve. You will ask no more. Trial is the lot of genius, as the fire which purifies; but the

* Appendix (F.)

consciousness of high aims is an ever-present consolation. If I dared to assume such language, I might address you, as Wordsworth did the painter, Haydon :

“ High is our calling, friends, creative art
 (Whether the instrument of words she use
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,
 Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
 Heroically fashioned, — to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert. —
 And oh ! when nature sinks, as oft she may
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
 Still to be strenuous for the high reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay,
 Brook no continuance of weak mindedness —
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard !”

Let me also intreat from you, a grateful veneration for that Divine Author and Benefactor of our being, who has surrounded us with so many objects of beauty and grandeur, and given us an eye and heart to enjoy the loveliness and magnificence of his works. Shall we feel the rapture He enkindles in our souls, and return no adoration and trust? Are not all his doings in nature intimations of Himself, faint shinings forth of that world of beauty, love, and truth, where he will receive all who know Him here? If “an un-devout astronomer be mad,” so must be an infidel artist: for he lives among miracles, and owns no faith. Believe me, genius hath no school like Religion, no teacher like Christian Hope. No where but in that Book, whose author hath writ

His name on nature, can we find such depths of tenderness, such loftiness of thought, such imaginations of glory, such purity of truth. Our calling here should ever be a preparation for immortality. Poor will be the result of the most successful search after this world's honors, if, when life's last scene has shifted from before us, we are not permitted to hear the voice of the Redeemer saying: "Friend, come up higher!" There is but one way that leads to that sublime rest, where the soul lives in the blessedness of her strength. There is but one portal through which we can pass to behold the face of God in love. It is the way of holy faith, fruitful in good works; the perfect merit of the Lamb of God. May that faith, and that inheritance, be given to us all!

APPENDIX.

(A.)

In no department of Art has there been a more rapid advance than in the application of water colors, for a few years past. The British Society of Water Color Painters, have, in their several exhibitions, shown results surprising and delightful, which are but promises of yet more exquisite perfection. The cheapness and facility of this Art should recommend it to an increased attention in this country, as well calculated to enlarge and refine the general taste among us.

(B.)

Some allusion to the fact here stated, may be found in a very interesting address of our estimable fellow citizen, Mr. Thomas I. Wharton, before the Society for the Celebration of the Landing of William Penn, some years since. Mr. D. P. Brown has also treated it with his wonted spirit, in his letter to Lord Brougham.

(C.)

I have no doubt, but that a better knowledge than my own, would have suggested the names of not a few other of our native Artists as worthy of mention; and it is particularly pleasing to know, that there are those, yet young in years and Art, who bid fair to need no friendly herald to precede them in their way to well deserved fame.

(D.)

The author would not condemn all shades of yellow in the painting of houses, but only the more *glaring* and the more *heavy*. There is a pale gentle yellow, (I use the term not with artistical niceness, but in its common sense,) which is very pleasing; but even red itself is almost as tolerable, as the vulgar gaudiness, or the dull deadness, with which some of our citizens have coated their buildings.

(E.)

I am happy to learn that the subscription list to an engraving, now in progress by Wagstaff, of London, from Mr. Inman's admirable whole length of the good Bishop, shows a very general reverence and love for his memory, as it embraces the names of persons belonging to every religious denomination in this city. Some yet more durable and public monument should, however, be erected to commemorate such unusual worth. It is to be hoped, that the design talked of some years since, of a monumental statue in the vestibule of Christ Church, may be revived. Few among us would refuse to contribute for the purpose, and we shall not soon have so fair an opportunity of securing a costly work of Art, which will do honor at once to the taste and the religious sentiment of our community. Inman's picture, (or the engraving from it,) will afford the sculptor the best authority, as it is considered by the family and friends of the Bishop, to be as remarkable for its truth of resemblance as for its power of execution.

(F.)

I am happy to have here an opportunity of spreading before the public, the noble Memorial of the Artists of Philadelphia to the Congress of the United States, at the time when there was some hesitancy as to the propriety of giving the public patronage to any Artists not born among

us. It is a paper full of philosophic truth and generous sentiment, and one which the opponent of all artificial restrictions upon industry and invention cannot appreciate too highly.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled.

The Memorial of "The Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia," an institution conducted exclusively by Artists, and incorporated April 29, 1835, "for the purpose of advancing the happiness of their professional brethren, and of promoting the cultivation of skill, the diffusion of taste, and the encouragement of living professional talent in the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and engraving,"

RESPECTFULLY REPRESENTS :

That your memorialists have heard, with infinite pleasure, of a proposition made, or about to be made, before Congress, for the execution of sculptural decorations of the east front of the Capitol, at the seat of the National Government, in conformity with the requisitions of the original for the completion of that front; and they deem it not improper, as citizens of the United States, having an interest in all that relates to the Arts, to exercise a privilege, in common with other professions, of presenting, for the consideration of your honorable body, their views of what, in their opinion, may advance the public good, and contribute to elevate the character of those Arts which have always been the means of transmitting to posterity a knowledge of the state of refinement and intellectual standing of a people.

It is a gratifying evidence of the improvement of the times, that while the Useful Arts are most liberally encouraged throughout this vast Republic; while public buildings, canals, rail-roads, and manufactories are rapidly springing into existence, and human ingenuity and skill, in all departments of the Mechanic Arts, are stimulated to vigorous and renewed exertion, Congress has not forgotten to foster and encourage the Fine Arts.

The orders already given for a new device to our national coin; the intended decoration of the interior of our National Hall with paintings, and the exterior with sculpture, afford an honorable employment to our Artists; and, if well executed, will both promote their own excellence and advance the public taste.

Without meaning to institute invidious comparisons, or to dictate to those upon whom the selection of an Artist for employment upon the

Capitol devolves, your memorialists respectfully present to your notice the name of LUIGI PERSICO, a sculptor, now in Washington, who both as an Artist and a man, is entitled to distinguished consideration.

Mr. Persico is an Italian by birth, and your memorialists are aware that many of their countrymen believe that none but natives are entitled to Government patronage; but your memorialists dissent from this doctrine, and entertain the opinion that Artists of genius and high moral character, whose works have a tendency to exalt the sentiments, and refine the manners of the age, should, upon the fair principles of competition, find an easy passport to employment in any part of the civilized world.

It would be a matter of regret, if our countrymen should be found less liberal than the people of other nations, in availing themselves of the skill of accomplished foreign Artists, whose merit is so often accompanied by valuable information and refined taste. The examples, in this respect, which have been set for us abroad, are worthy of emulation. We may point to the recent case of our gifted countryman West, whose name was rendered illustrious by the generous opportunities extended to him in a foreign land, for the development of his genius in the highest department of painting; who was honored by the personal favors of the British monarch; and even when the fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the founder of the English school, was at its height, received the appointment of Historical Painter to the King. But the American Artist, in the true spirit of republican simplicity, rejected the royal proffer of knighthood, received a more honorable distinction — the presidential chair of the Royal Academy of Arts, given by the vote of the English Artists. Copley, too, an American, was honorably received and encouraged in England, as were our Leslie, our Newton, and others, who long since were acknowledged to be distinguished ornaments of the British school. Much might be said, likewise, of the liberal encouragement held out to foreigners upon the European continent: a striking instance of which is presented in Thorwaldsen, by birth a Swede, who was drawn from obscurity by the fostering care of foreign patronage, and is now the boast of the Italian school of sculpture. This may, possibly, be the first petition which has reached your honorable body from a Society of Artists; but, unobtrusive as their profession may be, your memorialists gladly, in the present instance, avail themselves of their constitutional privilege, to present to you their decided conviction, that, to give an intellectual character to the Arts of a country, they must be advanced to that standard by the impulse of unrestricted competition and generous patronage, and that regard should be had to no other

qualifications but those of merit ; and that an equal influence should be shed upon all who reside among us, whether their birth-place be in this or in another land. Therefore, dismissing every narrow jealousy and contracting prejudice, it is with pride that your memorialists — the greater part of whom are native citizens — advance this doctrine, which they firmly believe involves the welfare of the Arts of their beloved country.

Your memorialists, in conclusion, respectfully pray that your honorable body will allow to Mr. Persico's merits the weight to which they are justly entitled, and that you will adopt such measures as your wisdom may dictate in favor of the object of this Memorial.

By order of the Artists' Fund Society,

JOHN NEAGLE, *President*.

THOMAS B. ASHTON, *Secretary*.

Philadelphia, February 1, 1837.

A
DISCOURSE
ON THE
DEATH OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,
LATE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PRONOUNCED IN THE MORNING OF

APRIL 11, 1841.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

DISCOURSE.

THERE is no teacher of unerring truth but the Lord our God, and our meditations in his House of Prayer should ever be upon lessons which He hath given. It is not only from his written Word that those lessons may be learned. He speaks to us by the voice of Nature, for all his works are eloquent of instruction; and by the doings of his Providence for every event is ordered, to remind us that "He is God, and beside Him there is none else." "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God, which worketh all in all." Each is a revelation of that Divine Wisdom, in which the awakened soul may hear "deep calling unto deep." Yes! often, when the Bible seems written for the careless heart in vain; when Nature, with all her varied wonders, fails to lead us upward to her Maker and ours; God, by some stupendous act of Providence, compels us to tremble before his mysterious Presence, and own the majesty of his resistless Might. At such a time, we need not search his holy pages for a theme. God gives the text, and it becomes us humbly to bow, and learn as "God the Lord doth speak."

His terror is upon us now. As though an archangel had blown his trump, an oracle has come forth to us from the high

place of our land. A wail of lamentation, like that of all Israel weeping in Ramah, when they buried Samuel the Lawgiver; a cry of dismay, such as burst from their despairing hosts when the Ark was lost, has gone up from this vast nation. The storm-cloud, whose portentous shadow suddenly darkened all our borders with fear, has broken upon our heads. Our many-hearted prayer has not been heard. Even as the beseeching accents were upon our lips, the bolt fell — had fallen. The chosen head of his countrymen; the foremost citizen of all, where all are free; the hope, the trust, the very idol of millions; the hero, the patriot, the statesman, the venerable father, when as yet his foot had but touched the Capitoline height where authority welcomed him; when the acclamations, that hailed with thundering response his earnest promises of determined fidelity to his country's welfare, had not died away among the far mountains of the confederacy; before his aged frame, borne down less by years than honors, had slept one calm sleep from the weariness of grateful joy; hath ceased from among us, for God hath taken him. The laurel and the civic wreath, that but a few days since mingled their foliage with the hoariness of his illustrious head, are lying yet green upon his bier. His lips, scarce cold from the fervor of classic eloquence,* and yet more recently hallowed,

* The preacher frankly confesses that he is not one of those who thought the classical references in which our late President so much delighted, ill-timed or out of taste. The better writers of our language have abounded in them, and it is a matter of regret that such allusions are not more frequent. There is a gracefulness about the incidents of Greek and Roman story as they have come down to us, which adorns, while their example instructs. The charge of pedantry is easily made by those who would conceal by a sneer their own ignorance of what

as we trust, with answered prayer, shall speak no more till the morning of the resurrection. His ear, that had thrilled with a nation's praises, and in his parting moments, with the voice of holy preparation for a meeting with God; that was never before insensible to the voice of his country, hears not her moanings around his tomb. His kindly heart, that throbbed high with noble purposes, is still. "The shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, . . . as though he had not been anointed with oil." "All they that are about him bemoan him, and all they that know his name say, How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod!" "For, behold, the Lord, the Lord of Hosts hath taken" from us "the mighty man, and the man of war, the judge and the prudent, and the ancient, and the honorable man, and the counsellor . . . and the eloquent orator."

The calamity is ours, but for him (I speak of this life, leaving the decisions of eternity where they are veiled from mortal sight) it is well. His death has been glorious. History hath scarce an equal instance. The most lofty station, the most noble office man can confer on man, was his; but one difficult as it is eminent, which none has ever yet borne, and, until political parties among us learn a more honorable charity than any of them have manifested, I verily believe none ever can bear, without meeting harsh and unjust judgment from the prejudice of opponents. Indeed, we may say, such is the vastness of its care, the variety of interests to be

every well-read man should know, and their insensibility to that which every student must feel. No man understands the present, who cannot compare it with the past.

watched over and adjusted, and the multitude of opinions to be met, no mortal could fill that magistracy without exciting the doubts and the censures of even honest, intelligent men. But now, when hope in him was at the highest; before envy had found a joint in his harness for a dart; or suspicion fixed one shadow on his course; or the horde of office-seeking sycophants, who crushed him between the door-posts of his new home by their indecent pressure, had turned with malignant disappointment to bark at the hand from which they sought bread, but that could not, or would not feed them all; he has gone to his rest with all his honors fresh around him. He, at least, was not made to feel the sting of ingratitude and unmerited reproach, as every one of those honorable patriots who sat in that chair before him, aye, even Washington himself, felt it. The disturber of his memory must now seem guilty of strange sacrilege, as though he robbed a grave.

But my duty, to-day, is not eulogy. It is to entreat you, in the name of God, to profit by the lessons He teaches us in this act of his providence.

WHAT A SEVERE REBUKE DOES THIS SAD EVENT GIVE TO POLITICAL BIGOTRY AND RASH INVECTIVE AGAINST THE MOTIVES OF THOSE WHO DIFFER FROM US IN OPINION!

Standing, in our imagination, this morning beside the grave of our departed patriot, who, even of those that struggled most against his rise, can look down upon his sleeping dust, nor feel a pang of keen reproach, if ever he hath done his honor wrong, or breathed a hasty word that might have touched his honest heart, or cast an insult upon his time-honored name? And vile, yes, very vile is he, whose resentments the grave cannot still.

Whence this sacredness which death throws over the memory of character and life? Is it because the dead are defenceless, and return not an answer again? Is it because God hath come in between us and our fellow creature, and vindicated his right to be judge alone? Is it because in the humiliations of the sepulchre, we see the frailty of that nature we share with the departed, our own aptness to err, and how liable we are to be misjudged? O my friends, why should we wait for death to teach us charity, when it is too late to practise it, and repentance hath become remorse? Why not remember that the *living* require our candor and forbearance? Nay, that we need *their* candor and forbearance? Why reserve all our gentleness of judgment for the dead, who are beyond the reach of our absolution? They were once as the living, and the living shall soon be as they. It is, indeed, enough to bring us back to a better opinion of human nature, to witness such a spectacle of union in sorrow and honor for our departed chief among those, who, a little while since, were divided into earnest and opposing factions; but oh! would it not be far more ennobling, to see the living pledging themselves to the living over the fresh earth of his grave, that henceforth, though they may honestly differ in their doctrines and policy, they will yet believe in the uprightness of each other's motives, and the sincerity of each other's belief? How hateful does censorious bitterness and sneering suspicion look in the face of your opponent? Yet such is your deformity in his sight, when you revile *his* principles and rail against *his* friends. When, oh! when shall this rancor, this cruel persecution for opinion's sake, this damning inquisition after false

motives, this fratricidal rending of heart from heart, because our mental vision is not the same — this exiling of the honorable from the honorable, because they have not the same sibilation in their Shibboleth — this waste of wealth of mental power and untiring zeal, which our country and our whole country should enjoy — when shall it cease? Must it be perpetual? I know that the words of a poor preacher are weak against this strong and vast spreading evil; but as I love my country, and God knows I love her from my inmost heart, and never more than in this hour of her sorrow, I must speak. I cannot believe that I have a right to hate and despise my brother because he reads another book than my own, or that he should hate and despise me, because conviction forces me to cling to mine.

HOW STRIKING IS THIS PROOF OF OUR DEPENDENCE UPON GOD!

A vast number of our people were looking up to him, who is gone, as a saviour and deliverer from the pressure of heavy national distresses. Their confidence in his honest purpose to do all that untiring zeal could do to achieve such a result, was, I firmly believe, not misplaced. What would have been the efficiency of the means employed, it would be going beyond permitted limits for me to hazard an open conjecture. I fear, however, that the cause and the cure of our troubles lie deeper than the ability of any administration, however able or patriotic, to reach. No government can save us, except we be true to ourselves in frugality, hard labor, and sterling morality. I speak not as a politician, but as a teacher of that Word which keeps the record — “In the sweat of thy

face thou shalt eat bread;" and, "he who hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him;" and yet again, "the borrower shall be servant to the lender." But, certainly, there was large expectation and enthusiastic hope in the skill and faithfulness of him, for whose sudden and melancholy loss we wear these badges of mourning. Your own hearts will tell you, whether, with such expectations from the distinguished instrument, there was mingled sufficient trust in Him, who is Sovereign over all, and without whose blessing all the wit of man must fail. If there hath been an idolatry of the creature, God hath vindicated his own right to be our confidence and our stay. How in a moment, when we least thought of it, has he dashed many hopes in pieces! He gave his messenger the warrant, and a nation's prayers and tears could not stay the determined blow. The work was as surely done beneath the proud roof of a nation's love, as within the humble cabin on the far western border. We are in the hand of God, our lives, our fortunes, our rulers. We are in the hand of God. O let us cast ourselves humbly upon his promise, and seek his favor through Jesus Christ his Son, that the hand of God may be the hand of a Father, who blesses while He chastens.

HOW SOLEMN IS THE WARNING FOR US ALL TO PREPARE TO MEET OUR GOD!

It has been idly said, that "Death loves a shining mark." He is indeed busy with the great, but not less busy with the obscure and mean. "The insatiate archer" has an arrow for each of us. "To the same complexion we must come at last." "The like event happeneth to us all." He has occasions

which are more remarkable, and rarely, indeed never in this land, has he struck such terror by a single shaft as now. We looked not for his coming to that honored threshold, now overhung with the melancholy signs of his dark presence. The old soldier, it was fondly thought, had won new vigor from the people's blessing;—

For yet his lusty age seemed fresh and green,
His hoary head nobly erect was seen,
Nor needed he on stronger staff to lean.*

But he is gone. Death's next message may be to me, to you. Are we ready? O my hearer, let us not amuse ourselves with dreamy imaginings. The change is awful from time to eternity. It is as awful to meet the summons on our humble beds, as though we were canopied with purple; alone, as though surrounded by groups of pale friends. We know not when he may come, but when he doth meet us, it is to bring us suddenly before our God. While the Chief Magistrate lay in the agonies of death, with a nation weeping around him, how many, of whom the world knew little, were in the same dread article? As they passed the mysterious gate the inequalities of earth were left behind. One moment beyond this life, and it will avail us nothing whether we may have been rich or poor, honored or unknown. Our eternity shall be begun, an eternity of changeless blessedness, or of changeless wo. If we be lost, who can sufficiently deplore the amazing

* Dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,
Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

Juv. Sat. III. 26, 7, 8.

ruin? and, as we look back on life, how poor will the whole world appear to have been, compared with the undying anguish of the soul? If we be saved, who can estimate the weight of glory God shall bestow upon our immortal spirits? and, as we look back on life, how light will the utmost suffering here appear to have been, compared with eternal raptures before the face of God? Is it wise then to run such a desperate risk as this? Is it rational to abuse a very small part of our being, and so render all the future miserable? Ought we not rather to prepare ourselves for our tremendous trial, and prepare at once, that whether death come upon us at noon or evening, at midnight or at dawn, he may find us watching?

HOW IMPORTANT, THEREFORE, THAT WE CHOOSE AND FOLLOW THE RELIGION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST!

With what interest was the inquiry made, whether our venerable President died a Christian? and that, not by Christians only, but men who are but too indifferent to their own religious safety! What horror would have been added to our present gloom, if indeed he had died and "left no sign" of trust in the cross? What unspeakable consolation to hear so many cheering testimonies, that he was prepared to take up his cross and follow Christ in the open walk of a Christian profession? Wherefore is this anxiety about his religious character, but because a hope on the promise of Christ was, after all that could be heaped upon him by admiring millions, the only treasure, dignity and delight, he could carry with him into the eternal world. Better the lisping child that loves Jesus, the very least in the kingdom of God, than the mightiest of the sons of men without such faith!

Come with me, my hearers, who are accustomed to enter carelessly the house of God and listen with easy indifference to the words of the preacher, as though they reached not the pride of your position, nor suited the range of your thoughts; let me take you with me to the death chamber of him we now mourn. Pale and worn, the hero, whom his country delighted to honor, lies upon his fevered bed. The statesmen whom he had called to assist him in the toils of government are watching around him with tearful eyes, but it is not upon their faces he looks with the most earnest interest. The cares they shared with him are past. Only one sentence more shall prove his love of country strong in death. But he looks for the meek countenance of the minister of God. His words are the accents which the dying man wishes to hear, and he seeks to follow the simple prayer that is breathed by his side; the book which has just fallen from his failing hand, is the volume which tells of "Christ the Resurrection and the Life, in whom if a man believe, though he die, yet shall he live." That Word is the only lamp that gleams through the valley of the shadow of death, whose gloom is already upon him. Another moment — and the spirit hath passed.

Tell me now, doth not the cross put to shame all honors else? Is there not a dignity in the hope of the Gospel above all other pride? a victory in its power above all the boasts of valor? There is no immortality beside. O then let that death scene preach to you and to us all, that, laying aside every meaner pursuit, we may seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness!

Even so grant, Lord Jesus. Amen.

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM THE APOSTLE PAUL.

A N O R A T I O N

BEFORE THE

PORTER RHETORICAL SOCIETY,

OF THE

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT ANDOVER, MASS.,

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

18*

ORATION.

GENTLEMEN

Of the Porter Rhetorical Society.

I have been in doubt, whether it would not be more easy to decline your repeated request, than to perform what you ask in a manner to please you. But the honor you do one, who has few claims to your regard, by making him your orator upon an occasion so interesting as this anniversary, and upon a subject so important as that which your name suggests, warrants me in hoping to receive more favor from the kindness of your judgment than from my own.

The aim of your society is, *The cultivation of eloquence in the pulpit*; this, using the term eloquence in its largest meaning, is also the purpose of my address.

It is an undertaking, which, but for the pleasure of serving you, one would wish to avoid. For, besides the difficulty of understanding the subject in its full extent, much more of treating it as it deserves, he, who discourses to others upon eloquence, has this great disadvantage, that he stands before them in the attitude and action of an orator, and is liable to be tried by his own rules, and measured by his own decisions. There seems to be a justice demanding that he should

himself be an example of the art he advocates, and by the very manner of his teaching give illustration of what he recommends. But, as in expounding Christian morals we present a far higher standard than that we have attained unto, and, as preachers hope that the people will follow our instructions rather than ourselves ; so, if by contributing the results of a little experience, and some study of the best masters who have written upon the science of public speaking, I can assist in discovering methods by which you may hope, with a divine blessing, to reach eminent usefulness, you will thank me as one who, not being able to walk before you as a guide, has done what he could to point onward with his finger the direction which you should take.

It is unnecessary to speak of the value of eloquence before students who have been exercising themselves in pursuits like yours, and who, looking forward to the highest office God allows to man, are trained for their work by the counsels and lives of masters venerable because of their learning, intellect, and pious zeal. Were it required, the best names of antiquity might be cited to prove the orator's power over the good or evil fortunes of men, and strong instances given of states whose destinies were wielded by the speech, the eye, the gesture of those who had the genius and the educated skill to calm, to move, to concentrate and direct the passions and energies of a whole people as though they were but one man. The fleets of Attica were mighty, the valor of her troops unconquerable, her allies many and powerful, her Opisthodomē filled to overflowing with spoil and tribute and the treasure of confederate Greece ; but there stood within the Pnyx, on

the west of her Acropolis, a pedestal hewn from the living rock, from which went forth an influence that ruled all, and wrought up her fierce democracy to deeds of conquest, glorious resistance or suicidal faction. It was the *Bema* or pulpit of the orator, before which the people bowed to the elegant dictation of the Olympian Pericles, yielded themselves captive at the will of the subtle Lysias, laughed with the witty Hyperides, stood charmed and dazzled by the splendid diction of Æschines, or were borne away in the torrent argument of him who fled from the fight at Cheronæa, yet baffled Macedon.

As eloquence was the master spirit of Athens, so it was of Rome. It was not the fate of Lucretia, but the gesture of Brutus waving abroad her bloody knife, and his long hidden soul bursting forth in terrible denunciation, that drove the Tarquin out, overthrew the throne, and established the Republic. It was a father's cries and prayers for vengeance, as he rushed from the dead body of Virginia, appealing to his countrymen, that roused the legions of the Tusculan camp to seize upon the Sacred Mount, and achieve another freedom. And when the Roman empire was the world, and trophies from every people hung in her capitol, whether in the senate or the comitia, the orator shook oracles of the fate of nations from the folds of his mantle. Freedom in this, as in the former state, fell with the free exercise of eloquence. When the orator's lips were sealed by fear, or opened for the panegyric of power, liberty was at an end. The fatal blow to Roman greatness was that which smote off the head of Tully on the shore of Caieta. Alas for that tongue, mangled

in revengeful outrage, which, living, discoursed philosophic truth so sweetly, or proclaimed so loftily arguments of justice! Even beneath this Christian roof what scholar that deserves the name, but, grateful for very many hours of profitable delight spent in study of his noble volumes, will give a sigh for the sad fate of the martyr patriot, the man whose dignity was friendship, the orator who yet teaches a world, and the sage who joined to the morals of the Porch, the immortal longings of a Platonist with the grace of an Epicurean?

A far higher and more appropriate testimony is found in the Holy Book. He, who by inspiration called the tongue "the glory of our frame;" and he, who by the same spirit pronounced it to be "an unruly evil full of deadly poison;" declare to us in words which cannot lie, what strength speech has for our advantage or ruin. That which God gave to be the vehicle of thought, affection, persuasion, entreaty, and command, whether sanctified from heaven, or "set on fire of hell," must be of mighty influences. The highest official designation of the Son of God is the Eternal WORD. In fulfilment of his purpose to manifest the Godhead's glory to the world, he breathed upon the souls, and kindled the lips of his prophets with burning words, that they might speak for him unto the people with a majesty, beauty, sublimity, pathos and power, worthy the messengers of the Most High. He came himself a preacher of righteousness and deliverance, making known the truth of his law and the grace of his gospel by the teachings of a human tongue in human language, with an eloquence grand, simple and tender, such as never man hath approached unto. And

when the time was come that "He should be received up," He committed the truth of his salvation to human preachers, upon whose heads he sent down, at the Pentecost, cloven tongues, like as of fire, at once to assure the gift, and assert the value, of a various and glowing eloquence in the work to which they were commanded. The pen, which is but another instrument of speech, has not been unblessed; and the vast energies of the press have been added to the resources of the church; yet still it pleaseth Him, who "hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence," by "the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." It is the instructive ordinance of God that the most successful manifestation of his truth should be made by man to man, by the speech of man, the eye of man, the gesture of man, the soul of man shedding its mysterious magnetism forth, and compelling sympathy and conviction by an actual and manifest sympathy with human sorrows, infirmities and need. Nay, lest it might be thought that even divine inspiration rendered unnecessary the preacher's care to do his work in the best manner, he chose, for his chiefest apostle, the great preacher to the Gentiles, one trained in all the dialectics of the schools, conversant with the best masters of style, not unacquainted with the manners and opinions of the world, and replete with all the skill and habitudes of an accomplished orator. This, his own example, the Apostle Paul insists upon our following so far as we can, when he enjoins upon the evangelist, who would be faithful, to employ himself in study, and declares that no one should be a bishop, whatever his moral qualifications may be, except he be also "apt to teach."

No where can eloquence be so valuable as in the pulpit, if soundness in the most important doctrines, and righteousness in the most important duties, be better than heresy and crime, which are always active, and must often prevail should a sanctified rhetoric be wanting to expose and condemn them.* The preacher's aim is nothing less than the salvation of immortal souls for the glory of God, and since God has made preaching a means of salvation, it cannot be otherwise than that our success will depend in no small measure upon the manner in which we preach. If men are to be converted through the truth, how are they to receive the truth from us, except our definitions be exact, our thoughts well arranged, our argument clear, our illustrations pertinent, our language true to our meaning, our enunciation distinct, and our emphasis discriminating? A mistake or defect in either of these, might make us preachers of error, and the occasion of ruin to immortal souls. Since, also, men are naturally averse to hear the truth, and prone to cavil when they have the shadow of an excuse, and their characters and mental conditions are so widely various, how essential to our success is it, that those characters and conditions be studied, and our discourses, both as to composition and delivery, adapted to win and keep their attention; and, especially, so that on the one hand the plainer people may not be confounded by a style above their comprehension, or on the other the refined be not disgusted by coarse and unnecessary breaches of taste. It is wrong for hearers of the gospel to stumble over trifles in the preacher's manner, but, since they will do it, it is wrong for us to spare any pains

* *Χρήσιμος δὲ ἐστὶν ἡ ρητορικὴ, κ. τ. λ.* Arist. Rhet. I. 1.

in taking the scandal out of their way. Our purpose is to persuade men, but that we must fail in, except we be listened to and understood.

It is easy to tell what kind of a speaker is in the pulpit by observing his auditory. If they sit listless, lounging unconcerned, or looking carelessly around, however good a man he may be, he is a poor preacher; but, if they bend their eyes intently upon his countenance, listening *ut avis cantu aliquo*,* or their cheeks be flushed, their tears starting, or their hands clenched, and there is a hush over all, so that his lowest whisper is heard in every part, he must be eloquent. For although it is a fashion to sneer at popular preachers, and to wonder what it is that attracts the people, where we can see no learned depth nor keen metaphysics, we may be sure that no man ever won the public ear without some striking quality; and, as in the pulpit, we are not mere critics or metaphysicians, it would be far better to search out and emulate than to despise his power of securing the attention of his hearers. That very thing, which we cannot at first see, is the secret of his influence. We read little to admire in Whitfield's Sermons, in Summerfield's less, though we know that both of them were men of various talents, as well as most successful preachers; but what seems only a common-place, as given on the quiet page, was full of energy and beauty when illustrated by their skilful enunciation, the play of their features, and the aptness of their gesture. No small part of their efficiency, lay in making thoughts, familiar and comprehensible, attractive and forcible by the talent of their delivery; and what preacher

* Cic. de Clar. Orator. 54. vid. loc.

when speaking to his people would exchange such a talent for a head like a lexicon or an index of philosophical speculations?

It is remarkable that there are so few eloquent preachers, rarely more than one or two in an age. Yet there is much study preparatory to the pulpit, under zealous professors, and with frequent indications of latent genius. To what shall we attribute this? As Cicero does, to the wonderful difficulty and extent of eloquence? Or, to the little, or ill-directed pains for accomplishing ourselves in this part of our sacred duty? It is, indeed, true, that to be a perfect orator, one should possess many natural advantages and acquired arts, an acquaintance with every science, but especially with history and human nature, together with the graceful courtesy of a gentleman and the dignity of honest aims; yet there is no good reason why many, who now fail miserably, might not have won their way to some degree of excellence if not to perfection. If what Plutarch tells us of the oft-cited example of Demosthenes be true, an orator may be made from most unpromising material, if he have but zeal to excel, and good sense to guide him in the endeavor. How small a portion of time is given in our theological halls to this most useful accomplishment, you are but too well aware; and often after we enter upon the actual exercise of our office, the multiplicity of duties laid upon the minister by the superscriptural inventions of modern times, leaves us little time to plan and write our sermons, much less to consider how they should be delivered. Notwithstanding all, by a due industry a habit of happy rhetoric might be acquired, which would come readily into use

at the moment it is needed. It is most unworthy a scholar, far more of a Christian, and an advocate of divine truth, to allow difficulty of any kind to stand in the way of usefulness. Preaching is not study in a quiet room, nor is it philosophy, nor orthodox preciseness, nor sacred learning in particles or idioms, necessary as these may be to our work. It is the earnest, anxious, forcible exhibition of saving truth by the living voice, from a living soul, to living men, who not only think, but hear, see, and feel. Without this we are not preachers.

The preacher, it is true, must not always be expected to be eloquent in the full sense of the term. Men, destitute of rhetoric, may be and have been of great use in the pulpit from other valuable qualifications. There are those whose attenuated length of limb and angularity of frame, no Calisthenist could ever drill into grace; whose voices are too harsh and unpliant, or their musical sense too dull ever to acquire a pleasing modulation; upon whose arid brain the dews of fancy never fall, and the thoughts which grow in it are like certain esculents without bud, or blossom, or leaf—naked, knotty, gnarled, and unseemly. Yet even these, if they cannot be graceful, may become less awkward; if they cannot be musical in utterance, they need not screech nor mumble; or if they have no fancy, they may cease to be grotesque by absurd imitations of it. There are, no doubt, those who are gifted with a natural eloquence. The maxim: “*Poeta nascitur, orator fit,*” is not true of the one or the other, except it be taken with great modification; for without native genius no one can be either, and without good rules and much practice no one, whatever his genius

may be, can ever be great in poetry or eloquence. The best orators, whether ancient or modern, when carefully studied, are seen to have guided themselves so successfully by art as to conceal it from the mass; and many of them, as you know, have written treatises upon the subject, proving their intense search after the means of persuasion. To think, then, that eloquence is not to be improved because it is natural, or to be despaired of when it is not, would be to reject the best experience. The feeble vine may be nurtured into strength, the luxuriant must be severely pruned into greater fruitfulness. Demosthenes was trained under Isæus the Chalcidian, and Cicero under Molo of Rhodes, learning from their masters to excel them. If eloquence be a talent, we ought to cultivate it from a holy covetousness of the best gifts; and only in so doing may we expect that grace which God has promised to the diligent and the humble. Certainly, in looking forward to our great work, no zeal of preparation can be excessive; and if our natural powers or early education be deficient, we should strive our utmost to improve the ability that we have. If we cannot be eminent, it is honorable not to be insignificant. The unprofitable servant was punished, not because he had only a single talent, but because he buried that one in the earth; and the highest praise ever pronounced upon mortal, was our Saviour's encomium of Mary: "She hath done what she could."

There are also occasions and subjects which require abstinence from many usual characteristics of eloquence, when, so far as is consistent with the dignity and affectionateness of the pulpit, our manner should be simple and severe, and the

truth stated in a didactic form, without ornament, figure, or gesture, except it be very slight and easy, lest the attention of the people be diverted from the fact, doctrine, or duty brought before them. Yet it is, perhaps, the most difficult art of the preacher to give a thought such clearness, purity, and distinctness, as to make it our consideration without any suppeditations. It is eloquence of a very high and rare order, always impressive, often pathetic, sometimes sublime. In fact, it is one of the chief excellencies of the scripture which compel us to believe that the Bible is the word of God. You have instances of it in the Proverbs of Solomon, the former part of the Sermon on the Mount, and frequently in sacred narrative, as that of the creation, the life of our blessed Lord, and accounts of his miracles. Those, therefore, who affect great simplicity, are much in error, if they think that they do not need greater study for that reason.

The kinds of eloquence are various, and adapted to different orders of talent, as well as the various themes on which we are called to discourse.

There is a grand and lofty eloquence which prevails by a majestic energy, and awes the passions to its sway.

There is, again, a smooth and gentle style, which, dexterously acute, wins upon us before ever we are aware, and holds us captive without our being sensible that we are no longer free.

And there is a strong, direct mode of attack, by which some, who have neither great elevation nor flow, beat us down at their feet by main force and determination.

Either of these is valuable; and, perhaps, we should seek

to excel in that for which our peculiar character of mind best fits us, but certainly not to an exclusion of the others. For variety of manner is most necessary to an orator who appears so often before the same people, and asks their attention to the same truths in various forms. They soon come to know our only method of address, and meet us accordingly. Besides which, there are times, even in the same discourse, when our thoughts require a complete change of manner, when loftiness would be pomposity, moderation weakness, or mere strength imprudent dictation. Were we to form for our pattern the *ideal* of a perfect orator, he should combine all these, and be ready to use either as he saw that it promised better results.

A sure way to learn how to excel, is by analysis of the causes of success in those who have been, without question, successful in their practice of eloquence.*

The best master of the art† sets forth Demosthenes as the highest example of an eloquent orator the world had then produced; a distinction to which he was entitled over his Roman rival, as much from the language and circumstances in which he spoke, as from his genius; for the structure and terminations of the Latin are as inferior to the Greek, as the Assembly of Athens was a better sphere than the Senate House or the Forum. We, as Christian preachers, have also a great model in one, not sinless and divine like "the Great High Priest of our profession," but brought nearer to us by

* Aris. Rhet. I, 1. See also Stewart's Preliminary Dissertation to his Philos. Essays.

† Cicero.

the same natural infirmities and corruption with ourselves. We cannot speak as Jesus did, (all glory be to his holy Name!) for he was the Author and Giver of rest, declaring oracles from the Divinity within his human bosom; but we can point to Him, and plead for Him, and glorify His grace in humble imitation of our apostle Paul, himself a sinner saved by the same gospel, and sustained by the same Spirit he proclaimed to others.

In taking the apostle Paul as a model of Christian eloquence, we are struck by a resemblance in many respects between him and the mighty Athenian.* We see in them both unusual physical defects overcome by zeal; the same fulness of thought, energy of language, and vehemence of manner; the same concealment of skilful order; the same insurgent parentheses; the same dramatic use of dialogue, exclamation, and apostrophe; the same Socratic pith of the sudden question; the same noble choice of images and use of figures; the same high consciousness of power; the same directness of attack, not upon the reason only, but through the mind upon the heart. If the apostle be at times more diffuse, it is because he must instruct, explain, and guard against misconstruction, while the only aim of the orator is to convince and move. That enlarging of his thought, that gathering up as he rushes on, without losing his speed, golden truths seeming at first to bear but indirectly on his main purpose, yet firmly combined with his conclusion, is among the great excellencies of the Christian hierophant. Well does he prove by other passages that he has at his command an intense brevity.

* See Life of Longinus, by Smith, Dean of Chester, p. 32.

Nay, though here the Christian is, by the grace of God, immeasurably superior, they are not unlike in their moral qualities of honesty, disdain of rhetorical trick and sophistry (which St. Paul means by "words of man's wisdom"), desire of accomplishing the good of the people, and lofty faith in the tendency of their principles living deep and strong within their souls.

We can scarcely avoid believing (and I know not why we should,) that the apostle must have been an admiring student of the orator, such parallelisms do we find; as, for example, Paul's vindication of his state and manner of life, against the accusations of his enemies in his speech before Agrippa, with the opening of Demosthenes' defence against the slanders of Æschines, in the Oration on the Crown. The turn of thought is precisely the same, nor is the language wholly unlike. The eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth chapter of the Hebrews,* is a most successful expansion of the same appeal to ancestral glory and example, the same summoning of a great cloud of martyrs, that is made in the famous adjuration by those who fell at Marathon, at Plataea, at Salamis and Artemisium.

But, be this as it may, we see, and for that purpose I have drawn the comparison, the grand elements of successful eloquence are the same in both these eminent masters.

It may be thought by some that our apostle should be regarded rather as a writer than an orator, from the fewness of his recorded speeches; though even they are sufficient to establish his right to the name, when we see an imperious

* No one but Paul could have written that epistle, whatever Tholuck may say.

heathen king trembling before him, a luxurious and half apostate king almost convinced, and a whole city doing him homage as the God of speech. But we do not confine ourselves to his spoken addresses. His epistles, a few excepted, are orations: exordium, argument, inferences, application, and peroration. It is the soul of an orator dictating to the scribe. He seems to have the churches before him. He calls to them by endearing names, he appeals, he beseeches, he soothes, he exclaims, he denounces, he weeps, as though they heard and saw him. We can imagine his very gestures as he walked the floor of his prison room, and his young secretary inscribed with rapid pen his glowing words. Indeed his example is the more useful to us, who, unaided but by that inspiration which breathes through the use of means, dare not take the words of God rashly into our mouths, but digest, correct, and guard, by prayer and pious caution, the message of truth we are to carry before dying yet immortal men. It should teach us not to write formal essays and nice disquisitions, which are out of place in the pulpit, cramp and degrade our oratory, and leave the people as cold as the paper that lies upon our desks; but, if we must compose our sermons beforehand (and I firmly believe that is due to the church, ourselves, and to God,) to remember that we are writing to be heard, not read, and compose as though we were already in the pulpit, and looking upon the upturned faces of the congregation. Could we learn this lesson from Paul, half the objection to written sermons would be done away. Without such a feeling of the orator, we do not preach; for it is not to the pen, but the living speaker, that God assures the chief blessing of success.

With these views I shall point out some principal qualities of the apostle's eloquence, deducing some hints from them for our own practice.

1. HIS DIGNITY.

The apostle always stands before us in a noble attitude. There is nothing little in all he says and does. Whether addressing the churches by authority, or preaching the Gospel to the heathen, or pleading before his judges, he compels respect. We honor him for his tears, we admire him in his chains, the disgrace of his stripes is covered by his magnanimity, and even in his flight we see the missionary of good, not the fugitive from fear.

As a *man* he is humble, meek, and distrustful of himself; but as an apostle, ever conscious of his high office. He is an ambassador for Christ, speaking in God's name God's will to God's sinful creatures. No mortal called him to his work, and none can abash him in it. God has made him a teacher of sinful men, and they are bound to hear the truth and obey it. God has commanded him to lead the church in the right way, and he walks before us a strong champion as well as guide, fearless and confident of the end. He is sent with God's richest benefactions of grace, and he offers the bounty with tenderness, yet the tenderness of one conferring help.

He is inspired by the greatness of his subjects. It is of no passing thing, no temporary expedient, no worldly affairs that he discourses; but of "the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God," who "dwelleth in light no man can approach," of his unspotted holiness, his stern justice, his unchangeable will; of Christ, the manifestation of the Godhead,

the glory of his person, the perfection of his vicarious obedience, the infiniteness of his atonement, the majesty of his power, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of his love; of the Holy Ghost, the energy of all might, the inspirer of all wisdom, the life of all life, the source of all sanctity, the strength of all virtue, and comforter of every broken but trusting heart; of the soul of man, its ceaseless being, its priceless value, its sad ruin, its terrible danger, its possible immortality of love and knowledge and blessedness. He beholds the awful throne, **THE CHILD WONDERFUL**, God with us; the mysterious sufferer bowing his head to our sorrows, yet mighty to save; the portentous agony in the garden; the accomplisher of redemption breathing out his soul on the cross; the conqueror of hell bursting the gates of death; the breaker ascending for us through the rent heavens, acclaimed triumphant by the hosts of God; Jesus, the name above every name, sending down the Spirit, the earnest and God of all grace and blessing; the hosts of radiant ministers swift to serve the heirs of salvation; the Judge in the clouds; the flashing fires of eternal death; the uplifted portals of glorified life; the innumerable company of angels; the multitude whom no man can number of the church of the First-born. All these are about him, above him, beneath him, before him, filling his soul, and making all else mean, contemptible, and vile in his sight; and his language, his figures, and manner, are as lofty as his thoughts. His dignity is not assumed. It transfigures him from within. He is clothed upon from on high.

The apostolical office ceased when the holy men appointed immediately by the Master completed the foundation of the

church, "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." But the preacher is commissioned from the same high source. He has the same stupendous themes. He lives and labors for the same eternal results. Nor should he ever enter his pulpit without a high consciousness of his office, his message, and his purpose. The moment he treads its sacred platform, he should cease from the knowledge of "any man after the flesh," and all his powers and affections, nay, his whole being, be absorbed into the minister of Jesus, and his every word, tone, gesture, and attitude, commend him as a legate of the skies.

Most unworthy, then, of our place, is that shamefacedness of manner, that obsequious, whining, deprecatory tone, which so often makes the preacher appear like a cringing beggar or a whipped child, and excites contempt for the very truth he dishonors. What! Are we ashamed of the Gospel of Christ? Do we shrink from the reproach of the cross? Need we make such puling excuses for being honest? Is there any thing in religion to make its advocate "hang down his head like a bulrush," or that requires him to sing out his sermon through his nose to a very bad tune? What have we to fear from men? Should not love for them cast out fear? Was it thus Paul spoke before his judges? or Peter or Stephen before the Sanhedrim? or the noble martyrs at the stake? Was it thus that Calvin, and Luther, Zuingli prevailed? If we tremble, as tremble we should, let it be at the awful Presence in which we stand, the accountability we are under, the life or death hanging upon our lips. If we weep, or our voices falter, let it be in sympathy with our Master's sorrows,

the exquisite tenderness of the Spirit's promise, the deep anguish of wounded souls, the unspeakable misery of the lost, the dishonor done to God's holy name. The source of such passions ennobles it, dignifies its expression, and carries with it the hearts of our hearers. Any meaner cause of emotion degrades our minds, and makes us contemptible, if not ridiculous. No wonder that men respect the ministry so little, they show so little respect for themselves.

True dignity in the pulpit is also opposed to all affectation of prettiness; to a mincing effeminate utterance, a rolling of the *r*, a precise sibilation of the *s*; to showy words and tinsel phrases, jingling alliteration, unnecessary antitheses, a constant effort at a rhythm in our sentences, elaborate circumlocutions to avoid the honest idioms of our mother tongue; or a dressing up of a simple idea with common withered flowers of rhetoric, until the people can see nothing but the millinery about it, and the smirking artist complacent with his skill. The preacher, conscious of truth and intent upon his great purpose, I will not say disdains, for he does not even think of such poor puerilities. He is above them, manly, honest and sincere.

But he does not fall into the opposite extreme of coarseness. He is himself a gentleman and a scholar, and, therefore, has a due regard for the proper feelings and taste of such among his auditors; nor will he allow a breach of grammar, an ill-pronunciation, or an unseemly provincialism, to disgust those whom he would persuade to salvation. He need not always aim at pleasing the learned, but he is not the less intelligible by all for speaking good English; or if he will appeal to our

literary recollections, he must not expect that we should know whom he means by Aristides or Æschylus.

As affectation is never graceful, so coarseness is never effective. There is no force nor wit in slang or cant expressions ; or, if they excite attention for the moment, it is at the expense of the house of God, the ministry, and the Gospel itself, by pandering to a low taste, and investing sacred things with ludicrous and grovelling associations. The man who plays the buffoon or the clown in a pulpit, leaves not that solemn place what he found it. However dignified the preacher may be that follows him, the people cannot look up to listen, and forget the tricks that were played where he stands ; vulgar pruriency will long for the gross excitement, and the refined cannot wholly discharge the sickening images from their thoughts. Let once the boisterous laugh ring round a place of worship, and its echoes will disturb the meditations of the pious for many a long day. Why do we spend years in the study of ancient and modern masters of language ; why do we separate ourselves from the ruder though honorable pursuits of the world ; why do we invoke the presence of a pure and sublime God, if it be not to attain chasteness of diction, purity of thought, and holy elevation of soul ? He that is full of love to God and man, will never be vulgar in his conceptions ; and a student of his own language need never be vulgar in his discourse. An eminent divine once said that “ a clean soul never dwelt in a dirty body ; ” so we may say, that gross words never came but from a gross mind.

O my friends, suffer an appeal to you in behalf of our abused and dishonored pulpit. Despise not that strong charm

over the human mind, the influence of association. Never forget yourselves, nor suffer those to preach for you who do forget, that the church is "none other than the gate of heaven," and the ministry men consecrated to convert the hearts, refine the temper, and exalt the minds of a degraded world, by uplifting before them, in all its grandeur and sweetness, the Gospel of a holy God. Believe me, the cause we love has lost far more than you can soon repair by the profane recklessness, and debasing Billingsgate of some who have been cried up and run after as bold preachers. Bold! He, who put off the shoes from his feet before the Angel that dwelt in the bush; and he, who wrapt his face in his mantle when he went forth to speak with God from the cave in Horeb; and the seer who cried "Wo is me! for I am a man of unclean lips!" and he, who never wrote to the churches without invoking a remembrance that he was an apostle of Christ, would have shuddered at such boldness as strange blasphemy. Pure should be the hands, and reverent the spirit, of him who touches the sacred things of the temple. I doubt the success of those who despise Christian decencies. Surely, coarseness is not contributive to the force of truth, or our scriptural patterns are sadly defective. The good they seem to do at the moment, is far more than counterbalanced by the mischief they fling over the future. I respect a blacksmith in his place; the dust of his furnace and his sweaty strength are a glory to him there; but I cannot restrain contempt for the preacher, who affects the grim features, and coatless arms, and sledge-slinging gestures of a blacksmith, in the pulpit. I can feel for one whom nature made ungainly, or who lacked an early educa-

tion to train his speech; I can forget his unavoidable defects in honor of his zeal and talents; but he who apes deformities, and strives after rude eccentricities, deserves no pity, except such as we give to a fool playing with the fires of an altar, or a madman laughing at the lightning of heaven. Gentlemen, pardon me, if in rebuking this fault of coarseness I seem to have fallen into it myself. I have touched pitch and I am defiled.

It must not be said, however, that true wit should be utterly banished from the sermon or the religious treatise. It is among the attributes of the orator. Many proverbs of Solomon have the point of an epigram. There was irony, keen and wholesome, in the advice of Elijah to the priests of Baal; and a bystander must have enjoyed the dilemma into which the blessed Master threw the cavilling scribes, respecting the baptism of John or the lawfulness of paying tribute. Sweet Bishop Hall, honest Matthew Henry, and even the stately Barrow, often surprise us into a smile; while shrewd Thomas Fuller compels us to lay down his book, and enjoy a laugh "that doeth good like a medicine." A pointed Laconism, a turn of fair ridicule upon an absurd objection, or an apt illustration from common life, may give pungency to an argument without disturbing due gravity. But there is need of very great caution in this; and if wit be allowed at all, it should be very seldom, and then only of the highest order. Mere play upon words, quibs to excite mirth, broad caricature, or ludicrous acting of a story, in a word, *jocoseness* of any kind, is intolerable. Sarcasm is also a most dangerous tendency in a preacher, and, if possible, should be plucked out by the roots.

It betrays us into giving many a harsh blow that we are sorry for afterward, and often embitters those against us whom we might have made our friends. A good natured man cannot give vent to sarcasm, except he be provoked out of his good nature. It is the venom of the serpent, not his wisdom. The Christian orator stoops too low when he strikes to hurt.

To preserve an entire dignity, requires a scrupulous and thorough care. Nothing should be suffered to break the edifying charm. The pulpit itself deserves to be entered with deliberate respect. It is an impressive custom of the Church of Holland for the minister to pause at its lowest step in silent prayer. Such honour is due to the place and the service. The manuscript should not be adjusted, nor any petty arrangement made during the singing, as if praise were a form with which a minister has nothing to do. The books ought to be handled with a quiet reverence, and not flung about, nor thumped on as mere dead matter. The Holy Volume contains the words of eternal life. It lies upon the desk as a sacrifice on an altar, reminding us of the great Sacrifice that finished all expiation. Nor should it be laid aside to make room for our notes, nor closed up as we begin an extemporaneous exhortation, as though we had no use for it except in the form of taking a text. It is the Word of God, and if we reverence in spirit the truth it contains, we will treat with some outward respect the book itself. The *Amen* at the close of prayer is not an unmeaning note of termination, nor the benediction a mere *licet exire*; both need a full and solemn enunciation, and the latter should never be pronounced except the auditory be

waiting solemnly to receive it. We have no right to give the blessing of Almighty God to a disorderly people. The very notices should be read, not pompously indeed as if we were preaching them, but with a proper distinctness, showing that they are worth hearing, for those unworthy such regard have no right to be there. Above all, the sacred names of God, the Holy Spirit and the blessed Jesus, must never be pronounced without manifest awe, and when possible should be preceded or followed by some epithet or ascription of praise.

Such was our apostle's habit, and among his richest bursts of holy feeling are those struck from his heart by the mention of the names he loved to adore. We cannot be too holy in our Sabbath duties, and that holiness should appear.

No rules are sufficient to form a dignity for the pulpit. A pious life is essential, for no man can rebuke vice when he practises it, nor recommend Christian virtue which he neglects, without a consciousness of inconsistency fatal to dignity.* It was the unanimous opinion of writers upon eloquence in ancient times, that no one could be a great orator except he were a good man, because he wanted dignity of character to support his elevation. So a careless Christian will make a poor preacher, though he may be showy, eloquent in some respects, and popular among the weaker brethren; but a poor preacher as concerns spiritual understanding of God's Word, Christian experience and arguments of divine love. He has not that consciousness within, in the absence of which he must

* *Caput enim esse arbitrabatur oratoris, ut et ipsis apud quos ageret, talis qualem se ipse optaret, videretur; id fieri vitæ dignitate. Cic. de Orat. I. 19.*

feel himself to be but "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." Much prayer, believing study of the Scriptures, and actual experience of the Christian warfare, are vitally necessary to a high strain of pious thought, and intimate sympathy with Christ's people.

A taste cultivated by familiarity with good authors, will direct to a proper choice of words and figures, as by a certain instinct. But especially the Scriptures themselves, and our noble translation of them (which may God keep men from attempting to improve!) is the best storehouse of our rhetoric. There we find abundant examples of every good style, and we may turn confidently to it for help in every difficulty. A sentence turned with an apt text is always impressive, and scriptural images never pall on the ear. This use of his Bible was the chief charm of the seraphic Summerfield, the most persuasive preacher I have ever heard. It is also the holy excellence of Leighton, whose sentences distil like honey from a cleft in the rock Christ Jesus, the fragrance of whose precious Name is as ointment poured forth over every page he wrote. When the preacher has bathed his soul in that pure fountain, and invoked the dove-like fire of the Spirit as he comes up from his baptism; when he has knelt at the foot of the cross to gaze upon Him that hung there in agonies of love, and then carried forward his faith to eternal things, his eyes will have such a life, his countenance such a glow, his port such a religious gravity that men must know he has been with Jesus.

2. HIS COURTESY.

Can I be wrong in saying that a Christian preacher should

be the highest style of gentleman? Not one of those polished hypocrites, fashioned by the tailor, dancing master and hair-dresser, who usurp the name; covering coldness of heart with pretences of friendship; flattering to cajole; bowing where they feel no respect, and promising service while they intend to abandon, circumvent or destroy. But a gentleman in the true sense of that honorable term, firm in high principle, and dignified by integrity; frank without bluntness, kind without flattery, gentle without weakness, exact without formality, charitable without show; free from affectation, egotism, or impertinence; ever mindful of his neighbor's feelings, tolerant of his infirmities, and patient with his mistakes; never intrusive nor yet bashful, tempering his speech to the occasion, ready to give place to the older, the wiser, the stranger and the more feeble; yielding scrupulous respect to authority, not ashamed of allegiance to God, and serving his fellow men for God's sake; a gentleman not in outward garb only, though of that not careless from deference to the world and himself; not in mere phrase or form, though in these seeking to propitiate; not in education or accomplishment, though despising no worthy aid to his social influence; nor from station or pursuit in life, but in heart, purpose and conduct, recommending virtue by an example without obtrusion, and religion without sanctimony; rebuking scandal, profaneness and impurity by well-measured remonstrance, or silent withdrawal; anxious to please that he may do good, but giving no countenance to evil through fear or favor of man.

Such a gentleman was our apostle. Observe him before Agrippa. With what courteous respect he acknowledges the

rank and intelligence of the royal Jew as he opens his defence, propitiating the king while he does no dishonor to himself! What elegant strength in his reply to the bluff governor; "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness!" How he breaks the rudeness of a positive contradiction by interposing the address "most noble Festus," between the members of the sentence! How readily also does he take back his burst of indignation at the pontiff's unjust insolence, and condemn his own hasty impropriety: "I wist not that it was the High Priest, for it is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people."

Throughout his epistles, though writing as an apostle, he never forgets the honor due to those "called to be saints," merging his superior name in those of "brethren," "friend," "fellow citizens with the saints," "household of God," "dearly beloved;" nay, though he claims eminence at the beginning of his address, he delights to humble himself, as their servant, their fellow-sinner, "the chief of sinners," "the prisoner of the Lord for their sakes," and their "debtor" in holy things; while he exalts them as "faithful brethren," "his joy and his crown." How kindly mindful to greet them with the gracious salutation, and to show at the close, that he has not forgotten the attentions of his friends. The epistle to Philemon is a perfect pattern of Christian delicacy and confiding friendship. Mark, how he omits his usual designation of himself as an apostle, lest he might seem to demand by authority, what he requests as a favor; and how he assures Philemon of the continuance of his regard, whether that favor be granted or not, by com-

missioning him to prepare a lodging against a visit, which he doubts not is desired by both. There are times when he commands, but he more often entreats and beseeches; and when he rebukes and denounces, it is as an apostle speaking by inspiration of God. He was ever, to use his own sweet words, "gentle among them, even as a nurse cherisheth her children."

This was not accidental nor mere outward semblance with Paul. It was the result of principle, as we may learn from his advices to the Church. "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love," writes he to the Romans, "in honor preferring one another." And to Timothy: "Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father, and the younger men as brethren; the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters in all purity. Honor widows that are widows indeed." And to Titus: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ever ready to every good work. To speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness to all men." And when describing a bishop, 'in which good office you desire to be found,' he says: "a bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior,* (or comely in his manners) given to hospitality, apt to teach, not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre, but patient; not a brawler, not covetous, one that ruleth well his own house; not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil."

Nor were these views peculiar to our apostle. The apostle

* Κοσμιος.

Peter, once the blunt, rash, passionate, headlong, but ever noble-hearted Peter, confirms such good rules: "Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the King." again; "Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, loving as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil, but contrariwise blessing." The laconic James puts politeness on the right foundation, when he bids us treat the "poor man in vile raiment," as respectfully as the rich man with his "gold ring and goodly apparel." I need not remind you of the benignity which breathes through the keen searching words of the beloved disciples, as with the snows of ninety winters upon his apostolic head, he exhorts his "little children to love one another." Nor of Jude's disavowal from the number of true Christians, of "filthy dreamers" who "despise dominion, speak evil of dignities," "murmurers, complainers, walking after their own lusts; and their mouths speaking great swelling words; having men's persons in admiration, because of advantage."

These, beloved brethren, are the maxims that should govern our lives, and mark our demeanor in the pulpit, where we stand in Christ's place, examples as well as expounders of Christianity. We need no silken deceits, no fashionable airs, no flattering obsequiousness. But if we be humble as we ought to be, sinners that we are against a holy God; if we be living sacrifices to the world's good for his sake, and our hearts full of love, and gentleness, and holy peace; if we walk as followers of the meek, mild and merciful Jesus, and learn, as good scholars, from the Holy Spirit of concord and order, we must manifest it by a real deference, a sweet respect, a kind

consideration, and a gracious manner towards all with whom we have to do.

If we address men as sinners, it will not be in harsh or repulsive language as though we were better than they; but putting ourselves among them as sinners saved by free grace, which we entreat them to share. If we rebuke, it will be in the name of God, before whom we tremble. If we denounce licentiousness, it will be in no gross terms, but with a delicacy shrinking from the shame duty requires us to discover. If we foretell the miseries of the lost, it will be with a pious terror, and an earnest desire to avert them from our hearers, for "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;" and we might well weep over impenitent souls, as Christ did over Jerusalem. If we be in controversy (though it is far better to refute error by teaching truth), our opponent, however we handle his arguments, should receive from us the respect due to a man. Mere abuse always gives him a moral advantage in the sympathies of the people, and supercilious airs of anticipated triumph disgust by their vanity. Railing makes a blackguard mouth, and he who calls ill-names in the pulpit, or out of it, dares to say of his fellow-sinner what Michael, the archangel, dared not of the devil himself. There is nothing so strong as a fair argument in meek lips. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

Our brethren in the ministry should ever be spoken of with honor and kindness. Let ministers show disrespect for each other, and the world will soon show disrespect for the whole ministry. They are heralds of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." Especially, the fathers in the ministry are to

be venerated, and given all precedence. "Rise up before the hoary head," is a command of the Holy Ghost; but when that head has grown gray in righteousness, and been made glorious by many anointings of the Holy Spirit, it ought to abash the flippant tongue and beardless self-sufficiency of a stripling, but a few days from the theological nursery. It is most offensive to see such green babblers pushing aside God's veterans in council and action. The new weight of responsibility should make them humble, and common decency loth to obtrude. He that is not willing to take the lowest place, shall never hear the Master saying, "Friend, come up higher." To be conspicuous in littleness one need only stand on the pedestal of a Colossus.

Without prayer for men in authority, the worship of the sanctuary is never, according to the scriptural pattern, complete. Whoever holds the place, our prayers for him are due to himself, the country, and to God. Such prayer should be in the most respectful terms. Whatever may be our opinions respecting the personal worth or public policy of our rulers, our sincerity in desiring God's blessing upon them is always to be apparent. Indeed, I know of no greater or more profane breach of religious decency than praying at any fellow-sinner. It is to aggravate our quarrel in the presence of God. It is cursing man, while pretending to bless his Maker. Almost equally bad is preaching at individuals. We certainly are to have a consideration of the moral condition of every one who hears us, and our preaching should be adapted to their benefit without any shrinking from honest duty; but that is far different from singling them out and gibbeting them before the

congregation. It is taking them at an unfair disadvantage, sheltering ourselves under the shadow of the altar, while we dart forth venomous missiles. It is defiling the Gospel with bad temper and insolence. Personal rebukes belong to the private interview, the Gospel method of first dealing with those who have done wrong. If we play the Pharisee, we cannot successfully exhort others to imitate the penitence of those whom God justifies.

I have comprised these characteristics of the Christian preacher under the general name of courtesy, which is the outward exhibition of the inward grace of love. Without it we are unlike Paul, his brethren the apostles, and the blessed Master.

3. HIS DIRECTNESS.

For nothing is our apostle more remarkable than the singleness of his purpose. The glory of God in the salvation of men was the one thing for which he lived and labored. All things else were loss, contemptible, compared with this great end. He looked upon himself as not his own, but wholly belonging to Christ, bound to advance by divine help His cause, according to His directions, and for His praise. Personal safety, the favor of men, power, fame, riches, ease, were not counted in his reckoning, or reckoned only to be flung aside while endeavoring after eternal things. We see nowhere in his course a shrinking from danger, though constantly exposed to its most terrible forms; or a desire for reputation, though well fitted to acquire it by natural talent and large acquisitions; and as for rank in the world, or the goods of this life, he gave them up, never to sigh after them more, when he was convert-

ed, on the way to Damascus, from the ambitious emissary of the Sanhedrim, to a follower of Jesus, glorying only in the cross. Paul was nothing to him, except in the glory of his reward. Jesus was all.

Skilled in the learning of the Greeks, and intimately acquainted with their theories, he was under a temptation, that seems almost irresistible, to philosophize (as the early fathers soon learned to do) upon the grand truths of the new religion; and, especially, when writing to the Gentiles, to show how far the metaphysics of the Christian scheme were above those of the Pagan schools. But we never find him so engaged. He is never unphilosophical, but at the same time he never runs into abstractions, or speculations not practical, such as have set the church of all ages into turmoil for the sake of displaying the acuteness or novel discoveries of theologians, who would be wise above what is written. His reliance for success was upon the power of the cross. His whole system of morals, like his Master's was summed up in love, the fulfilment of the law; and his motives to obedience were all drawn from the love of God in redemption, the hope of heaven, and the upholding power of the gracious Spirit. To lift up that cross before the eyes of men, to illustrate that love, to display those arguments, and to assure the help of that Spirit, absorbed his whole soul. All time was lost that was not spent upon them. Men were not to be saved by philosophy. Metaphysical acumen could not pierce a heart with a sense of sin. Grace alone could convert and sanctify. He knew that "the truth *as it is in Jesus*" was the medium and instrument of grace, and the Gospel was

his only theme. He ran, like the racer he loved to describe, with his eye fixed upon the great end of his calling, hesitating for nothing, turning aside for nothing, desiring nothing else.

To be like him, it is in vain for us to stop short of imitating his *spirit*. So long as any inferior motive clings to the heart of the preacher, his thoughts, his words, his whole manner, will have a sinister bias. The pride of the man, the scholar, or the philosopher, will creep in and pervert his purpose. Unhappy is that people, whom their more unhappy preacher leads away from the green pastures and the pure waters of the Gospel, into the dry and barren mazes of intricate disquisition. That belongs to the formal treatise or the professor's chair; not to the pulpit, which should feed Christ's unlearned poor, his lambs, the little children of his grace. We are preachers of the cross. Our commission is "to preach the Gospel." The Holy Ghost has declared the doctrine of redemption by a crucified Saviour to be the "wisdom of God," and "the power of God unto salvation." Every truth we present should radiate directly from the cross, and point directly to it, else we do not preach the Gospel. The people should hear nothing from us "save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." The simple story: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," should embalm every discourse with its precious odor. It is idle to say, that we cannot always bring it into our plan. *Nothing is Gospel, except as it teaches Jesus.* Wo be unto us if we preach not the Gospel! Never should we leave the pulpit until we have shown the sinner the way to find Christ. The Gospel never tires, its argu-

ments never fail. It is a philosophical system most perfect, when most free from human admixtures.

At the same time it is true that our apostle often directs his efforts to the elucidation of some particular doctrine, as in Romans, justification by faith; in Galatians, the inutility of the old law after Christ; in Ephesians, the mighty power of the Spirit; in Colossians, the connection of that Spirit with Christ's person and work; in Hebrews, the anticipative proof of the Gospel in the Levitical economy. In these his argument is direct, but not exclusive of other great doctrines. He shows us clearly what preachers so often forget, that truth lies not in the carrying out of separate principles, but in the harmony of them all. He always honors his Lord Jesus; always insists upon the transforming influence of Christian faith; always vindicates the consistency of Christian doctrine and Christian practice. It is the neglect of this, the losing sight of the whole system when considering a part of it, that produces such startling paradoxes and impudent novelties of theology, breaking the doctrines of religion up into disconnected and often conflicting fragments. Doctrines should never appear as fragments, but their relation to the whole system ought to be seen. Here is the difficulty between doctrinal preaching and practical preaching. The very thought of separating them is mischievous. Why should we divorce what God has joined together? Doctrine fails of its end, when it does not enforce good practice; and there will be no good practice without sound doctrine. They are as inseparable as the minds and hearts of our hearers. As mind and heart are one soul, so doctrine and duty should

make up one sermon. In the apostle Paul we always find them thus united, and he, who does not follow that sacred example fails as a preacher.

To secure such directness, the several plans of our apostle's writings and speeches are regular and perfectly foreseen by himself. His epistles, in this respect superior to those of his brethren, when most severely analyzed, acquire fresh strength from the examination. Indeed, such a key is necessary to the full understanding of the several parts and scope of the whole. The divisions of chapters and verses in our common Bibles are not sufficiently regulated by the sense, and our people lose greatly from the habit of reading and meditating upon disconnected parts. Much of the seeming obscurity of Paul, indeed all, except what arises from the mysteries of the "things hard to be understood," of which he treated, and the difficulty of rendering the original into our tongue, is from our ignorance of each epistle as a whole. When we have mastered his plan, or if we give ourselves up to the current of his thoughts from the beginning, all will seem logical and direct. Yet his plan is not stringent. His logic is of the open, not the closed hand.* It lies not in syllogisms and precise steps of naked reasoning, formal propositions, and corollaries; nor does he wind up with a *quod erat demonstrandum*. His is the logic of an orator, of a practical, earnest man, a Christian eager to move the hearts of his hearers.

* Zeno . . manu demonstrare solebat, quid inter has artis interest; nam cum compresserat digitos pugnumque fecerat dialecticam aiebat ejusmodi esse; cum autem diduxerat et manum dilataverat, palmæ illius similem eloquentiam esse dicebat. Cic. Brutus, 32.

Therefore, his apostrophizing addresses, his appeals to the deep emotions of our nature, his dramatic exhibitions, and grand bursts of lofty ejaculation. But he always looks through to his end. He has the goal ever in his eye.

So is order a primary requisite to the clearness and point of our discourses. We preach at a venture, when we know not what we are going to do. Every thought should be in its proper place, precisely where it will accumulate the force of the demonstration. Yet, as in Paul, that order need not be laid open at full length, near the opening of a discourse, a habit imposed upon the pulpit by scholastic affectation, but unknown in the former ages of the church.* In didactic discourses it is well enough, perhaps is necessary, to assist the hearer. But, generally, it is far better that our order should develop itself to our hearers in our progress, than be formally set before them. It puts them on their guard against our proper arts of conviction, challenges as it were their minds to resistance, when it were wiser to surprise them into an acknowledgment of the truth by progressive reasoning. What should we think of a general, who should advise his adversary of the plan of his attack? Yet the hearts of those we address are naturally at enmity with the truth. It also destroys the unity of a discourse by breaking it into several, each requiring its exordium, argument, and conclusion. It cramps the increasing force of eloquence, and binds the wings of the soul, compelling it to descend at each division and renew its flight, which should be ever onward and upward. It makes

* See Fenelou's Second Dialogue on Eloquence.

necessary such unseemly impertinencies as "not to anticipate another head," or "as we said before," or "this we shall treat of more at length in another place;" thus exhibiting the preacher entangled by his own rules. Besides which, it often leads us astray from the main point, and perverts the text from being, what it usually is, a link in a chain of reasoning, into an imaginary microcosm of all truth; whereas we should use it precisely as the sacred writer intended it, else we are almost sure to go astray. We often find in practice that our divisions, however clear they may seem at first, alter or maim the whole purpose of our discourse, and exhaust our time in preliminary details to such a degree, that little or none is left for the enforcement of our main thought. There should be method, but that method so managed as to be a help, not an embarrassment. Chalmers and Melville give us some fine specimens of the clear, well-ordered discourse, without such shackling impediments. They are free in a regulated liberty; especially the former, who exults in the grandeur of his conceptions while tending steadily to enforce the great truth of which his soul is eloquent. It has been said of him, that his sermons contain each but one idea, repeated and turned over again and again. Be it so. If he have but one idea, what an idea it is! It is worth a month's preaching from the creeping critics who cavil at him. He is no mean man, that can send his people home with one great truth fastened upon their souls in its strength and beauty.

Nor was the apostle unmindful of circumstances, but on the contrary he skilfully adapted himself to place, occasion,

and people. His subject, arguments, and inferences, are combined to secure attention, and aid his purpose of convincing. We see this in his reasoning before Felix and Drusilla "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;" in his defence before Agrippa, where he quotes from Jewish scriptures, alludes to Jewish customs, and advances Jewish doctrines, as the bases of his argument; in his speech upon Areopagus, where, taking his text from the altar to the unknown God, he refers to the magnificent temples and statues on the Acropolis, and uses the prominent notions of the principal Athenian schools to enforce his arguments, at the same time making an apt quotation from a philosophical poet; and in the figures he employs when writing to Gentiles or Jews.*

Our Saviour also gives us some delightful instances of this. A sparrow flutters in the air, lilies are growing in some neighboring garden, a fig-tree is budding or shooting forth her young leaves by the way side, the harvest is waving ripe for the sickle, or the sunset "sky is red and lowering," and each suggests some profitable parable. Indeed, there is no lack of scriptural examples and texts to warrant our drawing rich lessons from the Spring, the Summer, the Autumn and Winter, and a thousand other changes of the world around us. The preacher has three divine books from which to take themes and illustrations of evangelical truth, the book of Nature, and the book of Providence, as well as the book of

* "He never speaks of the games to the Romans, or of adoption to the Greeks." — *Hannah More*.

Grace. To do this well, forms no small part of directness in preaching, for men's minds are much subject to things present, and are moved by what concerns them peculiarly, and won to listen by a recognition of their particular opinions, or a consideration of their special circumstances. He has a happy mind and a holy heart, who can use all these to give variety and interest to his preaching, while they serve his direct purpose of glorifying God and improving man! Happy and holy is that pulpit from which on each recurring day of peace, every class of hearers, learned and unlearned, rich and poor, young and old, sinner and saint, find their portion of meat in due season!

A sincere and anxious purpose to do good, will produce such a directness better than all the rules of rhetorical art. Yet to acquire it fully, demands much study and forethought, much observation and intimacy with the lives and hearts of men, something of a poetical temperament, but above all the guiding grace of Him, who knows the hearts of his creatures and made and orders all things for their good.

4. HIS FULNESS.

It was the witty and pregnant advice of a veteran professor: "Never to speak except we have something to say." Our office as teachers in the church, our seclusion for the purpose of preparation, and our assumption of an oratorical attitude, warrant the expectation of the people to hear from us that which shall instruct and warm. They know something of divine truth, perhaps much, and have no right to demand

from us curious novelties, for *novelties in religion are always error*. But they may justly look for truth in new and interesting forms. They come to learn the results of long study and meditation and prayer condensed into the brief compass of a sermon. Except we be acquainted thoroughly with our subject as a whole and in all its parts, its relations and consequences, the errors concerning it, and the contradictions against it, we can never present it clearly and profitably to others. Our thoughts will be weak and timid, and our style meagre and faltering, for the plain reason that we distrust ourselves. All attempts at covering this poverty and uncertainty will be tumid and flatulent. The sermon "will drag its slow length" wearily along, and the hearer, at the close, know not, whether the preacher or himself is most to be congratulated, that the task of filling up so many minutes is over. But, when we are fully prepared, and our minds are swelling with the thoughts, and our hearts with the emotions our subject inspires, until there is a fountain head of ideas pressing for utterance upon our lips, there will be an eagerness to speak, and a manifest consciousness of important matter to declare, that is eloquence itself. Our words will flow freely and resolutely. Then there is no need of reaching anxiously after irrelevant things to fill up the time; or of playing with mere words till by some happy chance we pick up an idea. We are avaricious of every moment. We are unwilling to give our hearers or ourselves any leisure. We are impatient even of illustrations, which we admit but from necessity, and then in brief, strong terms, weaving them, if possible, into our arguments, and grudging a word that we

are not obliged to speak. For the moment an orator betrays an inclination to linger, that he may dress up a figure, or round his period gracefully, he shows himself more anxious about his rhetoric than the enforcement of truth, and so loses our respect and sympathy.

This fulness is very remarkable in St. Paul. His introductions are as brief as possible, consistently with reverence for divine things and Christian courtesy. Even in them you see the foreshadowing of his main purpose. He never labors for thoughts, but for words to express rapidly and forcibly enough the workings of his soul. He strides on like a giant rejoicing in his strength. His every epithet adds some important idea ; his figures never delay, but always advance him towards his aim ; and you feel when he has finished, that, so far from having exhausted himself, he could have expatiated forever upon his divine theme. This is the reason of his richness. He uses no tinsel gilding ; all that he says, is pure, solid gold, studded with diamonds of price. He has the unsearchable treasures of divine grace at his command, and he expends freely as he has received.

Yet, I know of none so free from the affectation of conciseness. He never excludes an unnecessary word, but on the contrary luxuriates in a full freedom of diction. He does not hesitate to heap epithet upon epithet, name upon name, term upon term, but never to tautology. Take one instance from a multitude — that passage in the first chapter of Colossians, where he speaks of Him into whose kingdom believers are translated — “ Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature ; for by him were all things created,

that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities or powers; all things were created by him and for him; and he is before all things and by him all things consist; and he is the head of the body, the church; who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead, that in all things he might have the preëminence; for it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." Now find me a word in the original of this that you would willingly omit, that does not add force, convey instruction, and aid his following argument! Yet a poorer writer would have contented himself with a few, and proceeded deliberately to state each dignity of the Son of God in a sentence by itself: while a conceited pretender to fulness would have abounded only in verbosity, pleonasm, and tautology.

I love our apostle's long sentences. I love even his parentheses within parentheses. It is the grandeur and fulness of his thoughts that thus burst the limits that are set for ordinary minds. Turn to the sentences just cited; or that, which includes nearly all of the first and second chapters of Ephesians; or that on the resurrection in the XVth of 1st Corinthians; cut them up by periods into shorter divisions, put in every noun, verb and copulative, and roll out every parenthesis by itself, and see if you have not robbed them of all the fire, much of the demonstration, and left little of the force. I am aware that much advice is given to the students against long sentences, lest they become obscure and diffuse. Let some caution be had against the other extreme. Cicero tells us, that he never heard of a Lacedaemonian orator; and much as we admired the *semper instans sibi* of Thucydides, most of us could

wish that he were more easily understood, though at the expense of some conciseness. From the difficulty of reading him, we may imagine the difficulty of hearing him. What is well in the calm judicial style of the Attic historian, would never answer in the glowing orator. A long sentence for the sake of a long sentence, or from an inability to call up full and expressive words, or a hesitating doubt how to conclude, is affectation, ignorance, or awkwardness. But if there be a tide in our souls, there should be a flow in our eloquence; nor should we dam it up into pools by too frequent periods. A discourse made up of brief sentences is like a succession of aphorisms. There wants a closer linking of them together. One or two would be very impressive; so many of them is like a rope of sand. Besides, such sentences, if there be any connection in the preacher's thoughts, are brief only in appearance. He has separated them only by grammatical forms and stops, weakening but not destroying their relation to each other; or he gains conciseness at the expense of clearness, by leaving out relatives and expletives, and confounding us with unacceptable ellipses. To avoid a parenthesis (which might give the necessary exception or reference in an instant) he must be at the pains to arrest the current of his thoughts, and fit in a new entire sentence, nominative, verb, object, and all. Much, it is true, depends upon circumstances; and here an educated judgment must guide. A brief sentence often flashes truth like lightning. St. Paul has many such. St. James excels in them. There are truths which must be stated at once. They are sublime in their simplicity, clear in their unity. Some minds cannot run, but creep carefully along with inglori-

ous safety, where others leap and fly. Physical weakness and a laboring breath unfit us for a lengthened effort. But when the orator has it within him, he should let his soul soar and expand in majestic liberty. It is no time to practice the precision of the fencing school in the thick fight. Genius, well trained, is its own best rule. The orator, who betrays his art, has lost its best advantage. He may know how according to theory, he ought to be successful, but with mere elegant correctness he will be like Phelereus: *ille eruditissimus quidem omnium, sed non tam armis institutus quam palæstra.**

Store your memory with good language; practise correctness with a severe and diligent pen; see to it before you attempt to speak, that you know your own order, and that it is good; fill your mind to overflowing from the divine oracles; invoke the Holy Spirit to fill your heart with the love of God; then lift up the flood-gates and pour it forth.

Some call our apostle obscure, involved, irregular. They do not know him. Happy were we, could we so err with him. His eloquence is no shallow, babbling brook, no stagnant pool; but a broad, deep, rapid river, with the winds of the Spirit sweeping its waves, that break dazzlingly in the beams of the Sun of righteousness, while the waters are pure as the fountain of God, and bear to the ages to come the manifold wisdom of his grace. Stand on the bank, and it sweeps by too swiftly to reveal its depths. Launch boldly on its tide, and you shall be borne onward to God and glory.

* Cic. Brutus, 9.

5. HIS ENERGY.

Energy is, properly, power in exercise. By the energy of a Preacher, I mean the force with which he employs his various talents to make us *feel* the truth. It is not a single faculty, but the strength of his soul bearing upon ours. It must come from his soul. It cannot be counterfeited. To make others feel, we must feel ourselves. All authorities agree in the necessity of energy to the true orator. It is the life of eloquence, that which gives it breath and fire and power. Without it the most finished rhetoric is formal and cold. The people (and it is for them we preach) love it. It is a sign of honesty in the speaker. He would subdue us by a mastery he acknowledges himself. It is not he, but the truth which makes us captive. He is but the instrument, though a willing, ardent one. Men have a strong passion for excitement, and energy always produces it. We yield more readily to sympathy than to logic or persuasion.

It does not necessarily imply vehemence. There is energy in deep pathos, in simple description, nay, sometimes in silence itself. Whatever subdues us, makes us feel, impels our passions, has energy. Who can add force to those two words: "Jesus wept?" Could the sacred writer have made us feel the submissive grief of the bereaved father, more than he has by that brief sentence: "Aaron held his peace?" When St. Paul asks: "if God be for us, who can be against us?" How impressive the absence of an answer! It is a challenge none dare reply to.

Energy is very different from declamation. The energetic orator, while he may seem to declaim, demonstrates with

greater force. You see this in Demosthenes. His logic is perfect, but he discovers no art. He tells his auditors what they ought to know, what needs no proof, but what every noble feeling should make them own and act accordingly. Now he is anxious for their safety, now for their glory; now he distrusts, now he praises them; he stirs up their hatred of tyrants, he appeals to their love of freedom. His energy transfuses to their bosoms the emotions of his own.

It is greatly assisted by judicious apostrophe. Imagination then brings before us the apostrophized beings (sometimes even inanimate objects) as witnesses, pleaders, judges. We feel the power of their presence, their censure, their praise, their authority. Take this example, quoted from memory out of a sermon by the younger Waugh: "The value of the soul — who can tell it? Angels know it not, they never fell. Devils know it not. Their sufferings are never at an end. Son of God, thou knowest it, for thou didst pay its price!" Yet apostrophe must not be frequent, for the plain reason, that the hearer would be distracted from the main subject by such repeated diversions. In the passage just quoted, were we to make three apostrophes, as: "Angels, do ye know it? Devils, do ye know it?" the appeal to the Son of God at the close would be tame.

To be energetic the apostrophe should appear unstudied, and from the impulse of the moment. It should be perfectly within our power. Nothing is more ridiculous than a preacher appealing in words to an invisible being, while he keeps his eyes fixed upon the paper, speaks on in his ordinary tone, and perhaps hesitates until he turns the leaf. An apostrophe

is better brief. It should very rarely be long. It is impossible to maintain the illusion beyond a few moments. The best orator would fail in continuing the effort. Some should never attempt apostrophe. They have not imagination enough to conceive it well, or, if it be conceived, not the voice nor command of action to execute it. Failure in either disgraces us. If we be not sure of success, it were far better to let it alone.

Dialogue, of which we have some good examples in the ancients (as the first of whom we rank our apostle), is yet more difficult to manage. If it be supposed between the preacher and his hearers, he making for them their replies or putting questions to himself, it may be carried on for a little time, but not long well. The repeated changes of voice necessary to give it effect, break the flow and force of his elocution. If it be supposed between two other persons, the preacher must become an actor. He must assume the language and versatile tone of conversation. He loses the character of an orator, and will find it difficult to assume it again. Few can be thus histrionic without great loss of dignity, which is always a loss of energy. When they afterward would be *real*, the people think them still acting. It is painful to know that such a perversion of the true style for the pulpit has been much attempted of late, especially by wandering preachers bent upon getting up immediate excitement, rather than permanent usefulness. In some instances they have played downright farces in the house of God. Ludicrous and low familiarities have been put into the mouths of supposed persons; nay, the devil has been called from the pit, the glorified saints from

heaven, even (*horribile dictu!*) the Holy God himself, to play parts in the wretched scene. Miserable preachers! Miserable men! How dare ye thus trifle? How dare ye thus blaspheme?—“It awakens attention.”—“It impresses.”—“It is successful in doing good.” Impressive! Successful! O thou holy, solemn Jesus! Can a soul that has resisted thy love, thy tears, thy pangs, thy dying cries, be laughed into repentance?

An energetic speaker will sometimes exclaim with great effect. Garrick declared that Whitfield's “Oh!” was more impressive than it was possible to imagine. Exclamations of grief, pity, love, abhorrence, wonder, will burst from a full soul that cannot wait to syllable words. Nature has supplied them for this. Paul has many such, but never one in vain. Yet these may be repeated too often, and then they become idle, if not worse, betraying weakness in the preacher as unable to articulate his emotions, or hypocrisy in pretending what he does not feel. Truly eloquent as President Davies was, his frequent *ohs!* and *ahs!* and similar cries disfigure his precious pages.

Energy depends much on the choice of words. Sometimes a brief one is essentially necessary to force, sometimes a full polysyllable gives great grandeur. Good taste must select. It is told of Robert Hall, that he preached his famous sermon on modern infidelity before it was written. A short-hand writer of great skill took down the words from his lips. He read his full notes to the orator with much approbation until he came to that energetic appeal: “Eternal God! on what are thine enemies intent? What are those enterprises of guilt

and hórror, that for the safety of their performers require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of heaven cannot *penetrate*." "Penetrate, sir!" hé exclaimed, "I never said *penetrate*. The word is too long. I could not have waited for it,—*pierce*, sir, write *pierce*." Perhaps Mr. Hall's style would bear a little more of such criticism. We find a good example of the other in this magnificent sentence of Richard Allestree when speaking of the early martyrs, he says: "God's furnace made their crowns splendid, gave them a majesty of shine and an imperial glory."* How the very cadence of that word "imperial" magnifies the thought!

Energy rarely needs noise, though a full, clear, round tone should prevail. There are times when extreme loudness, so that the voice does not break, is necessary, as in the prophet, "O earth! *earth!* EARTH! hear the word of the Lord." The whole earth cannot hear a gentle tone. Yet we have all felt the power of a whisper or deep low utterance, distinctly giving forth some earnest sentence. Talma, the French Master of the Stage, declared that he studied forty years to be energetic without noise. Deep emotion is averse to noise, except it becomes frantic, and a preacher should never rave. It is majestic, melting, terrible in "a still, small voice." The vociferation of many of our preachers has no more eloquence in it than the roaring of Bashan's bulls.

Rapidity impairs it. There should be no hurry. A good speaker becomes slower as he grows energetic. He gives every word its full effect. He pauses insensibly to allow each thought to settle in the mind, and to gather strength for a new

* Richard Allestree, Sermon 1st.

effort. Hurry is never dignified, and, whatever be his emotion, the true orator never bemean himself. The rapid speaker is either inarticulate or runs on trippingly in a light manner. There must be some surprising excellence in other respects to render such a preacher tolerable.

Gesture is essential to energetic speaking, but then the gesture should be in its place, prompt to the thought, natural, strong yet graceful. It ought to be instinctive, but the instinct regulated by intelligent practice. Too much gesture impairs the effect of all. Too little is inconsistent with nature, which expresses emotion by such external signs. Strong action must be reserved for strong passages; at other times it should be easy and quiet. Generally violence is offensive because extravagant; but we have Cicero's praise of Anthony as excellent in his manner: "*Gestus erat non verba exprimens sed cum sentiis congruens, manus, humeri, latera, supposio pedis, status, incessus omnisque motus cum verbis et sentiis consentiens.*"* Good gesture is very much impeded by the shape of our pulpits, which forbid the long descending sweep, arrest the hand by the cushion and so drive it above the head, which is rarely decorous. The true position for an orator is standing forth free, without notes, without any screen. Demosthenes himself would have failed, had he spoken out of Diogenes' tub, from which many of our pulpits seem to have been fashioned. Yet with all our difficulties, it is most strange that good action is so rare, when it is visible in every excited child, and in any man arguing with his neighbor on the sidewalk. Let nature dictate, but let us be sure that it is nature.

* Cic. Brutus, 38.

The manner of the pulpit has become so unnatural, that a natural speaker is condemned by the many as theatrical. What is called a preaching manner is the very worst we could adopt.

Expression of countenance is essential to energy in the preacher. Without it we are but as speaking automata, beating the air by machinery. The eye, the brow, the lips, even the nostrils should speak, for such is the first and universal language of nature. But how can we give rules for an expression that must beam from the soul? What need of advising those, whose countenances in the pulpit are ever downward with their eyes fixed upon their notes! It is impossible for a close reader to be an eloquent or energetic orator. He has too much to do in taking care of his papers, and deciphering his manuscript. The more free we are from notes, the more likely to be energetic.

Energy should be accrescent. A speaker ought to be in earnest from the very beginning, his anxious, determined, solemn air manifesting that he is full of an important message and eager to do good. Yet his energy should gradually rise in thought, language, and manner. His hearers are not prepared to sympathize with him at once; and, then, his vehemence appears impertinent. It is far better to win their attention by a gentler method; nay, even to lull them, husbanding all our resources of power until their ears are fairly ours, and then to sweep them on with us, never suffering them to flag. Some have the talent of taking an audience by storm, but it is very difficult to keep up the excitement, and in a failure to do so, the thoughts that follow are made to seem

weaker than they really are by the contrast. There should be a continual ascent to the close, that close being the most impressive of all. There is no need of recapitulating all the points. Choose the stronger — urge them in different and more earnest language. Appeal, beseech, assert, as if your whole soul were bent upon the salvation of those who hear you, and upon the glory of God for whom you speak. Be sure that the final sentence leaves every soul vibrating like a swept harp.

The two modern schools of pulpit eloquence are the French and the English; at least these have the most followers. They differ like the genius of their nations. The English grave, solid, sententious and argumentative. The French ardent, impulsive, passionate: though certainly a few among them, as Bourdaloue and Bridaine, have a grandeur and pathos beyond any of their insular neighbors. Nothing can be sweeter than the pleadings of Fenelon, and Massillon searches and lays bare the heart like an anatomist. Bossuet, I am constrained to say, I cannot so much admire. His fame rests mainly on his panegyrics, no enviable distinction for a preacher of the Gospel. It is, however, due to him to say, that his great eloquence revived the power of the pulpit in France, and that his energy may be studied with profit. I would be far from giving the credit of superior evangelical energy to the French school. The English are as far beyond them in real power of thought, as the French excel in energy of manner. The first triumph over our reason, and their influence is permanent. The other over our passions without fixing our principles. We are compelled to think by the

English ; we only weep or wonder with the French. The restraints of Roman Catholic rule over religious opinion, have undoubtedly had a great share in this, for we find Saurin at the Hague reasoning as mightily as any Briton of them all. Yet by far the greater part of the French orators are absurdly vehement ; their quick starts, their repeated exclamations, their constant strain after effect are unworthy the pulpit or the tribune. The English, on the contrary, want earnestness. They are not orators so much as essayists and teachers. Their sermons are written to be read rather than spoken. They have a characteristic affectation of composure in the pulpit untrue to nature, and savoring of their ecclesiastical assumptions, and excessive attachment to form and usage. The Dissenters have less of it, though even they cannot shake off the hauteur that seems born with an Englishman.

The Scotch are very strong, intense, and especially rich in Scripture, but they lack grace. In this I do not include Blair or Allison, who are in faults and merits rather English than Scotch.

The Irish manner has been justly condemned as florid and hyperbolic. Yet Ireland has given England her best orators. Her eloquence is successful ; the best proof of power, and that power lies in its fervid energy.

A system for cultivating energetic oratory should be eclectic from all these. Could we combine soundness with ardor, natural earnestness with severe thought, the divine with the orator ; in a word, could we acquire that resistless and majestic energy which clothes our apostle with his holy caution and accuracy of truth, we should reach the high-

est style of eloquence to which the Christian preacher can aspire.

I have given no illustrations of St. Paul's energy. There is no need. You have read him and have felt it. Study him and imitate.

To make the example of our holy apostle useful to us in the best degree, we must look within the external qualities of his noble eloquence, to those divine graces, which animated, directed and sustained his cultivated genius. They give him that supernatural charm and spiritual power, without which all his rhetoric would be poor and vain to win our hearts. I do not now allude merely to the divine *afflatus* we technically term inspiration, which breathed by the Holy Ghost through all the faculties of his soul, so ordered all his thoughts and superintended even his words, that what he declared was the very truth of God. That extraordinary gift of the Spirit cannot be ours except so far as we make known the truth as it is in Jesus, and thus transfer to our own the inspiration of Scriptural language. He was inspired as an apostle, but he was also sanctified as a Christian, and those virtues and affections wrought by the adorable Sanctifier in every true child of God, which as the effects of grace are called Christian graces, and are given to all who cultivate them by the means of God's appointments, may furnish us as they did him with the motives, zeal, and attributes of a devoted and (by God's blessing) successful ministry. He himself gave us a summary of these graces when he wrote to the Corinthian brethren.

“Now abideth these three, Faith, Hope, Charity; and the greatest of these is charity.” Truly did they abide in his holy, vigorous, and ardent soul.

Paul's FAITH was vital. It was the life of his religion and apostleship, as he testifies of himself in words we know to be true; “The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.” It was active faith, working in him by love; transforming, purifying his heart; and victoriously dominant, overcoming the world.

He copied from his own experience and consciousness, when he defined faith to be “the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.” When he gave up all that the carnal heart loves for all that the spiritual heart desires, he “knew in whom he had believed, and that he was able to keep all he had committed unto him.” This gives such strong confidence to all his assertions. You can discern in him no wavering, no hesitancy, no supposition nor conjecture. He always speaks like one sure of truth in what he says; and as sure that the truth of Jesus is immeasurably above all else the mind can contemplate. We feel that his declarations are not dogmatism, but the utterings of full warranted conviction. The great facts and events of redemption are with him scarcely in the past or future, but present, visible, tangible, grasped. When he speaks of the cross, it is as though he stood at its foot beholding at once the passion of his Lord and the glory of the atonement. If he speaks of the intercession, it is as though the heavens were opened, and he saw Jesus before the throne and prayed with his Master's pleading speech; if

of the resurrection, the trumpet of the archangel and the voice of God are as it were sounding in his ears, the sheeted dead bursting their sepulchres, and the living Christians rising through the air. The Holy Ghost is not afar off, but a divinity within him. He has an actual fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. His conversation is already in the heaven he anticipates. The innumerable angels company around him, and even in the flesh he is come to Mount Zion and the triumphant church of the first-born. This is a high pitch of faith, but we must reach it, before we can attain to the authoritative power of his eloquent truth.

The reliance of his faith was complete upon the sufficiency of the Gospel as the means of salvation. He wants nothing but the Gospel — no philosophy of human invention, no false ornament, above all, no mechanical contrivance to trick men as it were into repentance, or lift them over the stumbling block of the cross. Bodily exercises were to him silly and profane intrusions upon the spirituality of Christ's religion; and very far was he from that pernicious Jesuistry too common among Protestants, of converting the Gospel to men's wicked prejudices for the sake of swelling the number of nominal converts to the Gospel. There is his crowning excellence, Christ, Christ, none but Christ; Christ as a teacher, Christ as a priest, Christ as a king, Christ the wisdom of God, Christ the power of God, Christ all and in all. Without Christ he never thought to succeed, and seeming success, except through Christ, was a mocking vanity. O my friends, this is what we need. It is to be baptized in Christ, to breathe Christ in every sentence. Too often is Christ excluded by

his own ministers from his own pulpit. There have been and I fear still are, sermons preached by those who claim a high orthodoxy, in which the name of Jesus has not been found, and his cross, his throne, his intercession and his glory, have been thrust aside for wire-drawn speculation, and ambitious novelty. I know that I am repeating what I have said before, but let me repeat again and again what our apostle loved to repeat so often, that the cross is the grand attractive of our blessed religion, and that we fail in faith and must fail in real usefulness, when we allow any expedient to carry us off from our only true trust as Christians and ministers of the grace of life.

Paul's HOPE was strong and incessant as his faith. It was the natural fruit, nay, we may say in a certain sense, the exercise of it.

He hoped for *success*; not in that exacting, dictating, prescribing spirit, which demands visible, immediate success of a certain kind as the condition of our zeal and perseverance. But he believed that God had called him to his work; he believed the truth mighty against all error; he believed the promise of the Spirit that God's word must accomplish that whereunto he sent it; he believed that God's wisest, best, highest glory would abound through the preaching of His own Gospel; and for that glory he lived, labored, suffered, and was willing to die. Therefore he was full of a hope that could not be made ashamed, for he knew that whether his preaching was a savor of life or of death, whether men heard or forbore to hear, God would have praise throughout all ages, and that was the success he longed to obtain. He was

God's servant, bound to work for him in all circumstances. It was his earnest desire that he might win souls for Christ, and he had a warrant for hoping that he should see some success in the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints yet, having done all in his power to persuade men to be reconciled unto God, he could commit the cause he loved to Him who alone is efficient for good, and who ever judgeth righteously. He greatly rejoiced to see the work of the Lord prospering in his hands, but he would have wrought on like his Master "the despised and rejected of men," though "all day long he had stretched forth his hand and no man regarded."

The apostle hoped for his *reward*, not because of any merit in his zeal, but of free grace purchased by Christ and treasured up in him for every faithful servant of his Gospel. The great example to whom he looked was Jesus, "who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." That which God promised, and proposed as a motive to his devotion he did not forbid himself to desire; but, on the contrary, the contemplation of his crown, his palm, his harp in glory filled him with the most ravishing delight, and urged him to new and still increasing efforts to attain unto that for which he was apprehended of Christ. He lived indeed for God's glory, but according to the blessed scheme of redemption he saw his own eternal joy in that glory. He lived for Christ and he knew that to die was gain, for he should be partaker of Christ's glory as he was in his sufferings. Therefore we find him, when pressed by trouble and

danger, looking forward with joyful hope beyond time and the grave; reckoning that "the sorrows of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us;" nay, that "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; for we look," saith he, "not upon the things that are seen, but the things that are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

The joy of the Redeemer's reward he knew would be in the eternal blessedness of His redeemed family; that He would "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied," when He should look from His blood-bought throne over the ten thousand times ten thousand thousand of His church all radiant in His own image, and know that among the host there is not one stain upon their consciences, one pang in their hearts, one doubt in their minds, but that all are happy, holy as Himself, and He made them so. Among that ransomed throng, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of his Lord, he hoped to stand, and sing and admire. Paul hoped to enter into this very joy of his Master; to see the fruit, through grace, of his own ministry, the children for whom his own soul had travailed; to know that many among those shining ones had been converted through his words, guided by his counsels, and made wise by his teachings; and as the thundering hallelujah, loud and musical as the voice of many waters, rolls up its flood of harmony that breaks at the foot of the throne, to recognize among the choristers those whom he first taught to lisp the praises of Almighty love. Yes, he regard-

ed them as not only in time, but throughout eternity, his "dearly beloved and longed for, his joy and his crown;" for he says to a company of his spiritual children: "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and our joy."

Indeed, throughout the New Testament we must remark the close connection between hope and earnest, steady Christian principle. The motives of the Christian, his great encouragements to faithful endurance and constant zeal, are to be brought from eternity and heaven. We live Christian lives only as we live for eternity. It is a bringing down and a perverting of the Gospel from its chief purpose, when we use it merely as a rectifier of social morality and an occasion of joy or sorrow in this life. These blessings it does indeed partially bestow, but ever mostly and best when we seek only after heaven. They are only as the few rich clusters brought by the spies to the tribes in the desert compared with the full vintage on the other side of Jordan. We have no right to expect anything but trouble and trial, and arduous labor here; all our comforts are but faint earnest, dim types, and shadowy glimpses, to set us a longing after "the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Next to the constraining love of God in Christ, the most powerful argument of the Gospel, and of our apostle as its preacher, is the contrast of eternal things with those of time. A heathen philosopher taught that "the end of all wisdom is to learn how to die;" let us, full of the hope of the glory of God, imitate Paul in teaching our fellow sinners that the best

wisdom is to learn how to live forever in holiness and joy.

“The greatest of these is CHARITY,” said our apostle. Greatest it is, because the fruit, the blessed consummation and triumph of all. Greatest of all was it in his own large heart. Love ruled him supremely. It was the love of God that won him. “We love him because he first loved us,” says he. As he contemplated the love of Christ, its height, its depth, its length and breadth, the tide of redeeming love pressed so strongly upon his soul, as to bear him away “to live not for himself, but for Him who died for him and rose again.” He rejoiced, he exulted in being permitted to do anything for Him who had done so much for his soul and promised to do so much more. He gave himself up to be a living sacrifice in flames of love, accounting it a reasonable service. So far from being grievous, it was perfect liberty to be found in the way of God’s commandments. It was this love which so uplifted him above all meaner passions. This love to God and his Christ originated and inspired his love for the brethren and the world of sinners. It was not a love of natural relationship, though it hallowed and exalted such affection, for it was his heart’s prayer and desire that Israel, his kinsmen according to the flesh, might be saved. It was not a love from worldly motives, for he loved, in the face of their enmity, the very persecutors that thirsted for his life; and he was a debtor to the Greek, the Roman and the Barbarian. It was not a love of sect, though from his love to Christ, he loved Christians most of all. Nor was it only love to God and man, for he warms with earnest affection, when he speaks of the holy

angels, ministers of Jesus, and their certain union with the church in glory. It was the love of God which made him so love his creatures; the love he had for Christ, who loved the world, that made him love all his fellow-sinners and desire their salvation; and he delighted in the church as showing forth the energies of God's grace on earth, and destined to glorify him in all ages. Therefore he loved his work better than all earth could bestow. Therefore his faith and hope filled him the more with love for the objects of his ministry. This gave such ardor to his zeal, such enlargement to his desires, such confidence to his prayers. Hear that invocation; "Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means." What a comprehensiveness of faith and love and hope is there! Hear him, too, at the moment of his most joyful anticipation, when expecting soon to be offered up, he awaited his coronation by the hand of his Master: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give to me at that day; and not to me only, but unto them also that love his appearing." His joy was not complete until his hope had included by its blessedness, all those whom he loved so well for loving his Lord Jesus Christ.

Ah! beloved brethren, all will be in vain without this charity. We may have the eloquence of angels, the wit of all philosophy, and the learning of all science; but without charity, love supreme to God in Christ, and to all men for his sake, our preaching will be an empty and idle noise. Nothing else can free us from unjust bigotry of sect, which so often turns us aside from our true work, to wrangle about "foolish and unlearned questions, and such as engender strife;" make

us patient amidst the disgusts of the world and "the contradiction of sinners," that trial which the Master himself found to be so great; and expel from our hearts all selfish desire of ease, or reputation, or worldly delight, which would otherwise enervate our spirit. Nothing but love can be self-sacrificing, patient, laborious, forgiving, forbearing, and long-suffering, as every minister of Christ should live and endure, until the Master bids him enter into his rest. The love of God in Christ must be the fragrant oil of our consecration, anointing our heads and flowing down even to the skirts of our garments. Let us invoke it of the Spirit, kneeling before the cross, and looking up from beside the broken sepulchre through the new and living way to the throne of grace. Then, should our prayer be heard, shall we be like him in his best excellence, who best followed Christ in the difficult ministry to which we are called.

Beloved brethren, it is most pleasing to us, who are now bearing the heat and burden of the day, and feel the pressure of a demand for labor in the cause of God far greater than our numbers can supply, that we meet so many ardent and well-taught aspirants to our sacred office. But, when we consider the vast responsibilities you are about to assume, and the innumerable perils you must encounter, we rejoice with trembling." How precious is the salvation of the soul, the welfare of the church, the honor of the truth, the glory of Christ! The results of our stewardship are eternal, the eternal bliss or the eternal wo of many immortal spirits. From the throne of God our commission is derived, at His judgment seat our account must be rendered. How holily

should we be set apart to such an office! How entire should be our consecration! How wicked is it to tolerate in ourselves, any personal aims, any careless ease when the name of Christ is so blasphemed among men, and millions are perishing for lack of knowledge! How profane to allow a thirst for the world's applause, or reputation of learning, to corrupt our motives and degrade our efforts! How much is yet to be done before the command of Jesus, to preach the gospel to every creature, is fulfilled! How short the time in which we have to work! How few the laborers! Brethren, we are not our own. We belong to God, to the church, to the world. We are twice dedicated, as Christians and as ministers of Jesus. If we be faithless, we are Iscariots, betraying our Master for some paltry price. If we keep back any portion of our time, our talents or our energy, we are like the curse-stricken Ananias, liars unto the Holy Ghost. Is there one among you, who is not ready to cast all out of his heart for the glory of God and the good of souls, who yet looks forward to any ease, to mere literary pleasure or intellectual distinction, and would make the ministry subservient to such gratification? Let me intreat him to pause, before he jeopard the safety of his own soul, and the souls of undying men. He is not fit for the kingdom of God. His hand is on the plough, but he is looking back. He brings strange fire to the altar of the most High. Pause, my unhappy friend, though all your studious preparation be complete, though the Presbytery be waiting to lay their hands upon your head, though the congregation be assembled to hear you preach, though your foot be even upon the steps of the pulpit. You are not ready to be a herald of the cross. Your

vows are blasphemy. Your sacrifices are profane. Your ministry is an imposture. Go to the feet of your dishonored Lord. Entreat him to cast out the devils from your heart, to purify it by fires of his Spirit, and to fill it with his love.

Yet how cautious should we be who preach the truth of God, that we keep it pure, that we make it plain, that, if possible, we present it attractive, persuasive, powerful! What need of study, of learning, of well-chosen words, of appropriate manner, of various rhetoric! As Galen says: "an unskilful sculptor spoils only a block of marble, but an unskilful physician spoils a man;" so we may say with equal truth, an unskilful preacher ruins immortal souls. We must contend in men's bosoms with that arch-deceiver the human heart. We must meet error in its Protean shapes, and the Evil One in his most subtle disguises as an angel of light. We must approach the carnal mind in all its multiform dispositions and circumstances. Alas! how difficult thus to study, thus to aim and to exercise ourselves without bringing in hopes of personal success, and allowing the craving of personal pride! How busy is the Tempter at our elbow when we write, to make us forget or postpone the preacher for the scholar, the ambassador of Christ for the human orator! How busy when we are preaching to insinuate that the tears of penitence, and the reviving zeal of Christians, are proofs of our skill and trophies of our eloquence! How does he wait for us when we descend to breathe flatteries of our talent, yes, even of our spiritual fervor! Who shall guide us between this Scylla and Charybdis, "*nec dextrorsum nec sinistrorsum?*"

Brethren, our only sure guide is the High Priest of our

profession. Our only safety is in a continual "looking unto Jesus." Let us look to Him in the manger, in his baptism, his temptation, his agony and his cross. Study his lowly demeanor, his constant activity, his gentle meekness, his unshaken confidence, his divine courage. Behold him upon his throne, his mightiness to save, the glory of his reward, his beckoning hand holding forth the palm and the crown of the faithful unto death! We have a true teacher, an omnipotent support, a present divinity in that Holy Spirit, who baptized the humanity of Jesus, and strengthened his flesh and blood and human soul, for the susception and endurance of its mighty burden. That Holy Ghost is promised unto all that seek his grace, and may be ours. He, and He alone, can so surround us in the study, the pulpit, and our daily walk, as to ward far from us each thing of sin and guilt. Only live and move in Him, and by faithful invocation obtain his Presence to live and move within you, and your fidelity, your usefulness and reward are sure. "Commit your way unto God. He will bring it to pass."

Rely not upon the world. It flatters for its own ends. The popularity it can give is evanescent, and those whom it applauds to-day, it will, when tired of its plaything, ridicule, scourge, and lie against to-morrow. If God makes you popular, receive the dispensation humbly as giving opportunities of usefulness; but remember it is a fearful gift, a most perilous elevation, exciting envy, presenting you a prey for base and carping spirits to hawk at, liable at any moment to a painful reverse, and worst of all, except you be most wakefully on your guard, sapping your spiritual life, and infusing through

all your best thoughts and duties a detestable self-idolatry. If your lot be more humble, it will be more quiet, and need not be unuseful. Murmur not against it, but living for the best improvement of the influence you have, await your elevation as a faithful servant on that day, when the inequalities of time shall be more than compensated by the retributions of eternity.

Rely not upon the church. It is composed of converted sinners imperfectly sanctified, and you will find in it all the passions that agitate the world, though modified and restrained a degree. Expect not gratitude, no, not even justice. When most disinterestedly you contend against prevailing errors in doctrine and practice, or warn against encroaching dangers, you must not be surprised to find your enemies, your slanderers, your persecutors, even among the household of God; yes, and when the delusion is past, and time has justified your fears and your warnings, the stains of that unjust dishonor will remain upon your ministerial character, while your devotion to the cause of truth is forgotten.

Rely not even upon those whom you have been the happy instrument of converting from death unto life, and of building up on the most holy faith. Well must you love them, and sweet must be the delight taken in their dear company; yet never be unwatchful even against them; never allow your hearts so to lean upon them that your trust cannot be recalled, and you stand without their support. Not a few of these venerable men who surround us, will assent when I say, that the shafts which have drunk our heart's peace with the most venomous bitterness, have been aimed and urged by those

whose spiritual infancy we have nursed and watched over with the most yearning affection.

Trust none but God. Live supremely for Christ. Rely only upon the Holy Ghost, and look for your reward above earth and beyond time. If God bless you on the way, thank him and enjoy the grace ; but let not even blessing delay your onward speed to heaven, or seduce your contemplation from the joy which is eternal.

Beloved Master, when we behold thee leaving the throne of heaven for the manger of thy human infancy, the sorrows of thy life, the bitterness of thy passion ; when we think of thy patience with the contradiction of sinners against thyself, and thy long suffering of the lukewarmness of thy people ; when we read of the stupendous economy and riches of thy grace ; we wonder at the vastness of the sacrifice, and the infiniteness of the condescension : but, when we behold thee on thy throne, thy victories all complete, thy people all brought home, thy church perfect in thine image, and hear the swelling chorus of praise that resounds through the eternal years of God, we know that the purchase was worthy of its price, the reward of the sorrow that earned it, and the joy of the death from which it was born immortal.

Brethren, companions in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, baptized with our Master's baptism, partakers of his cup, and followers of his ministry, what are all the labors we can endure, the trials we must encounter, the sacrifices we are called to make, compared with a fellowship in that glory, and joy, and reward ! I cannot speak of the glory of the ascended church when it "shall shine as the

brightness of the firmament," or of the ascended ministers of Jesus when they shall shine "like stars" in that firmament "forever and ever." It is not given to man to know, nor to the tongue of man to describe the riches God has prepared for them that love him. But God grant that this we know not now, we all may know by sweet experience hereafter, and that all this Christian company, meeting around the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb, may behold his face in righteousness. Then shall we be "satisfied with his likeness," "for we shall see him as he is."

THE DUTIES OF EDUCATED MEN.

A N O R A T I O N

BEFORE THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES OF DICKINSON COLLEGE,

CARLISLE, PA.

JULY, 1843.

(PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.)

ORATION.

GENTLEMEN,

THERE is a story told somewhere, of one who came back, after a long absence, to the scenes of his youth. He had gone forth in early adventure to distant lands, and the hope of return had cheered his many years of foreign toil, until the noon of life found him drawing near once more to the only spot he ever could call home. His heart beat more and more quickly as the mountains around the village rose in the blue distance ; then, as he saw the spire of the church, or the well-remembered trees grown old but still green ; and then, as he entered the cheerful street. Many a dwelling was familiar, though touched by time ; but among the groups about their thresholds, and those who met him on the walk, there was not a face that he knew or that knew him. He passed on through the abodes of the living to the resting-place of the dead ; and there he found graven on stones, many of the names that were written on his soul. All whom he had hoped to meet again, were gone, or were buried, or had forgotten him. He was alone, a stranger in his early home. He paused to look around him. There stood the venerable edifice within which his

young mind had been trained to learning. There was the green where he had leaped and shouted with his fellows. There flowed the little stream from the shaded spring, which had so often slaked his summer thirst. He followed to it the path deep-beaten in the sod. He stooped and took one long cool draught; his tears fell on the calm water's face; he lifted his hat from his head, breathed a prayer, and departed to return no more.

With some such emotions does your orator address you now. A score of years has passed since he left, for the urgencies of mature life, these academic shades, dear from a thousand memories of happy youth. They were then populous with his friends, and their classic exertions were directed by the kind and paternal solicitude of teachers to whose skill and fidelity gratitude can never make sufficient payment. He has trodden the college halls again to-day, and has seen within them many happy faces blooming with youth; but those whom he once loved to greet in frank regard, are all gone. Some are in the grave: the rest widely scattered through a cold world, never to know again the buoyant happiness and careless wealth of affection that blessed them and him. But thanks be to God! the fountain of truth at which they drank, still wells forth its living waters; the path to it is still deep-beaten by youthful feet; and I have come to take one draught from it with you; to send up a prayer for you to the Father of lights, who causes it to flow — and to go my way!

It is not possible for me, however, to look upon so many well-taught young men, soon to enter the busy ways of life, and sure to accomplish much good or evil, without sincere

anxiety, and a wish to impart such friendly counsel as a little experience and some study enables me to give. Your kindness in asking from me a discourse at a time so important to you, and so interesting to us all, warrants me in choosing a grave and pregnant theme :

THE DUTIES OF EDUCATED MEN.

Frown not, my young friends, at the mention of that sober word, *duty*. It might be more pleasing perhaps, and afford more opportunities of oratorical flourish, to dwell upon the pleasures of intellectual pursuits, or to assert the doctrine (so little understood) that virtue is its own reward, and thus allure you to honorable usefulness by the promise of wages soon and easily won. Yet that would be to invert the order of morals, to deceive you with vain hopes, and to repeat the false philosophy of the Garden, so beautiful in the dreams of its first teacher, content with his dinner of herbs, but so fruitful of excesses in his followers, who made the name of Epicurus, against whose life only slander has spoken, a sanction for selfish sloth and voluptuous crime. Pursue virtue only for its pleasures, and you will soon forget the means in impatience to grasp the end. Your virtue will be but a counterfeit; for it will want the motive, the dignity, and the courage of the true.* Its difficulties, its privations, its sufferings, and its

* Quisque maxime ad suum commodum refert quæcumque agit, ita minime est vir bonus; qui virtutem præmio metiuntur, nullam virtutem nisi malitiam putent.....Injustissimum ipsum est, justitiæ mercedem quærere. Cicero de Legibus, l. I8.

wrongs will soon disgust so feeble a spirit with righteousness. We are indeed told by the unerring wisdom that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace;" but the pleasantness must descend from on high, and the peace dwell in the heart of the pilgrim.

"He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy pure day."

If virtue gather pleasures, they have grown not in the soil of earth. None but God can give them, and rarely does he bestow more than an earnest here. The world will applaud its flatterers, its betrayers, its tyrants, who serve its pride and its sins, like the Olympian demagogue of Athens who corrupted to weakness that he might rule the republic. Men build the sepulchres of prophets long since martyred for truth, but drive out to banishment the reproofing example of living integrity, and stone at the very shrine the honest augur who announces omens of ruin from the sinister course of their ill-governed desires or from the sacrifices they make to their crimes. The Just Man of Plato, though wholly just, was accused of all injustice, and continuing steadfastly just while condemned as unjust, had his eyes put out, was scourged, spat upon, and crucified. The more sure word of God confirms the philosophical anticipation. The entrance upon virtue is difficult; it is a "strait gate." The progress of virtue is painful; it is a "narrow way." Its crown of life is certain, but it awaits only the "faithful unto death." He who walked that way as the Forerunner for us, and secured for us that crown, was despised and rejected of men; and after him the multitude shouted with execrations, "Crucify! crucify!" "Not

this man, but a robber!" until he bowed his God-stricken head upon the tree, once infamous and accursed, but now made illustrious by a constancy to truth which neither agony could shake nor darkness hide, and by "the glory which followed." None can hope to reach that glory, who have not courage to dare that cross.

The first instinct of life is a clinging dependence upon the parental bosom for support and nourishment. The first thought of virtue is dependence upon God, its sole author and strength. Until we feel strongly our duty to God first and paramount, there is no moral life in the soul. Until we propose his approval as our supreme aim, there is no strength in our virtue. Until we establish the perfect authority of his law in our hearts, we have no guide for our feet. Only from duty to the one Creator can flow our duties to our brotherhood of his children, for our duty is all his; and reason's best effort is to learn from faith what "He would have us to do," whose wisdom has arranged and alone can comprehend the vast and complicated economy of human interests. Life, our faculties, our affections, our all belong to God, and from Him cometh down the noblest gift next to pardoning, sanctifying grace, wisdom! From his goodness we derive the arts of life, the aggregated experience of history, the multiplying resources of science, the insurgent force and anticipating faith of genius, and the enduring nerve of zeal. These gifts of his love are not for ourselves only. He has linked us to mankind by common sympathies and interests; by language and mutual dependence. To Him we can return nothing. He needs not us nor ours. But as in the physical world he is pleased to

employ for our learning an economy of second causes, so is he pleased for our good, if we will receive it, to employ us as moral agents in the working out of his moral designs. To man we must give the due we owe to God. In living for man we live for God. God works in us, and with us, and by us. Yet we live for ourselves again ; because they who serve God in serving man, shall find a reward worthy of such a master. He who scattered over infinite space, by his creating hand, the worlds like golden seed, that from them as a mighty reaper he might gather eternal harvests of glory, will leave no scanty gleanings for the humblest spirit that sows his little field in godlike hope to share his Maker's joy. Therefore it is that I speak to you, who, in these rich opportunities of learning, have been entrusted with precious truth and the skill to communicate it, of the *duties of educated men*, duties which you owe to God, and can discharge only in doing good to the world.

The first which suggests itself, is, *Perseverance in intellectual pursuits*.

It would be absurd to suppose that by an educated man is meant one who has attained the acme of human knowledge ; nor will the ridiculous notion that your education is complete on the day when you are graduated or enter upon public life, obtain in your minds. Knowledge is infinite as God, and he has set no limits to the immortal soul. Science is enlarging her boundaries in an ever multiplying ratio, and the adept twenty years ago would be but a smatterer now. To remain stationary in knowledge is to become ignorant. Our early studies, at the best, give us nothing more than the mere ele-

ments of truth, the rules of acquiring it, a taste for enjoying it, discipline of our powers, and some skill in the use of books or in the observation of phenomena. In them we only learn how to study. The universe of knowledge lies before us. The purpose of our education is defeated, and its value vilely cast away, except we carry out these advantages in following life. Whatever be the future occupation of your life, whether in the professions called learned, or other engagements not less honorable or necessary for the service of society, remember that at the cost of long and expensive training you now belong to the rank of educated men, gifted with intellectual taste and power. If you would not become disgraced recreants from your order, carry with you wherever you go, in all possible circumstances, a love and zeal for enlarging knowledge. Let no day pass without exercising your acquired skill and enhancing your mental worth, for by not putting out at usury the talent entrusted to your agency you will merit the infamy of the wicked and slothful servant, slothful because wicked, and wicked because slothful.

Do not think this impracticable, or that study, in the true sense of the word is not consistent with active business. Such an opinion is the growth of indolence or dulness. Those who have done most for all branches of science have been, with exceptions not frequent, men who wrested from necessary toil time for its generous and ennobling service, and that often when their daily pursuits were in opposite directions to the walks in which they became distinguished. No man conscious of mind and immortality, should suffer himself to be in such bondage to sordid cares, as to have no time for the exercise

of his better powers and the culture of his higher life. Surely, it were not worth our while to live, if all our years be exhausted in answering the questions, "What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" The intervals usually denominated leisure, are those in which our proper life should be found; and, therefore, ought to be sedulously sought, guarded and employed. No man who has a proper strength of will to practise economy of his minutes, need be denied so pure and profitable a luxury! The early morning, before Mammon is awake; the calm midnight, when the bustle of the world is hushed; the various pauses of business necessarily occurring — so often wasted in excessive sleep, in lounging ease or idle gossip—afford even to the most burthened precious opportunities for reading, observation, and thought. You may have read of a zealous scholar who finding himself daily called to his food some little time before it was ready, improved the moments which must otherwise have been lost, in preparing three huge quartos for the press. A learned friend of my own,* whose elaborate works have won for him genuine and exalted fame in both hemispheres, and who, while skilled as a general scholar is a most voluminous writer as well as an indefatigable and eminently successful teacher of his peculiar science, has often assured me that he was never so busy, but he could find time for something more; to the truth of which assertion those who know the delight of his instructive and ever cheerful society can bear witness.

Every one needs some relaxation or amusement, and experience has found that the best relief for the mind is not idleness, but change of occupation. Let your relaxation be

* Dr. Dunglinson, of Philadelphia.

intellectual engagements, and your amusement the entertaining developments of truth. Though perhaps wearisome at first, such a habit of study will soon become a second and higher nature. You will find no refreshment like communion with graceful or exalted minds, and instead of a toil to be feared, you will welcome release from other toil, that you may turn to the conversation of philosophy, a friend ever ready, and ever faithful. He who has this habit is never alone, and never without a pleasure. If he walk abroad, the heavenly bodies as they wheel along their orbits, the winds and the storm-clouds, whose laws once seemed inscrutable, the countless tribes of living things, with their varied anatomy and habits and uses, the plants of the field and the trees of the wood, the rocks, the very soil on which he treads, all speak to him a language he understands, and give him lessons of profit and delight. If he sit at home, the volume before him with better than magic power uplifts him from the dull earth in the truthful dreams of the poet, bears him back to past ages, acquaints him with the experience of man individual and social, reveals to him in an hour secrets which others toiled years to discover, makes him a companion of the best minds when acting best; the best minds in their best actings; or, if he close his senses for quiet meditation, he has within a world of pleasant and exalted thought. Nor let it be said that these pursuits unfit a man for his ordinary occupation. This can be true only so far as his ordinary occupation is unfit for him. They do indeed refine and elevate, and so may disgust him with the mere lucre of gain and the petty objects of common ambition; but for this very reason they should be cherished. You will

need all their influence to keep you from sordidness, selfishness, and worldliness, from becoming the slave of dollars and cents, of truckling expediency, of popular prejudice, or worse, of sense and appetite.

The present life was not given to be exhausted upon its own necessities, but to advance us towards a better, the eternal sphere of knowledge, love and divine service. You were not made immortal, nor have you been thus carefully educated, to labor in one dull round like a slave at the wheel or a convict on the tread-mill. It is your privilege and your duty to redeem from the impediments of daily business some moments of mental freedom, which is true life. Such breathings of a purer air will not make you worse men of business, but make you better men, conscious of a higher being, of purer aims and more generous thought. Can it be that business is necessarily so degraded as to forbid its leisure to literature and science, nay to religion itself, which refines and elevates most of all? What better then is it than the hewing of wood or the drawing of water, than the work of the ox or the ass? What need of mind and education for this? But it is not so. A thousand examples too familiar for citation show that the best men of business have not unfrequently been those whose capacities were most enlarged by mental culture. Such men may sometimes fail, but with no injustice to their creditors they remain rich. If Roscoe from no fault of his own became a bankrupt merchant, the historian of the Medici lives immortal in fame; and who that ever felt a ray of light upon his brain but would prefer the authorship of the Pleasures of Memory to all the wealth of Rogers the banker? If ignorant

men by fortuitous successes or parsimonious grasping attain remarkable wealth, their success has but the disgraceful effect of making their ignorance and covetousness the more remarkable. The needy sycophant may flatter them, the unfortunate debtor ruined by their exactions, humble himself before them, and their impatient heirs wait servilely for their death; but the poorest scholar is far more respectable than they who are valued only by the money in their chest. It is I know a popular prejudice that theory is useless to a practical man, but what department of human labor is there that science has not lightened and made more profitable, or may not extend yet more? So that even in a man's particular walk of business, he may find knowledge of truth only to be gained by study, his best adviser and assistant. Is the merchant less likely to be skilful in trade because he understands its laws, and is able to anticipate those causes of supply and demand which come from beyond the vision of the common observer? How much ruin might have been averted from our commerce by the practice of a few rules of political economy, in the face of which our legislators and our community, lured by the most extravagant speculation, rushed upon their own destruction? Is a farmer less likely to apply his labor successfully, because he can analyze his composts and adjust by the rules of true science his means of increase? or the manufacturer from his knowledge of improved mechanism, and the chemistry of dyes? A physician who is not a man of continually growing science is a quack, and no man can grow in science without some literature. The jurist is unworthy to practise his noble profession, the interpretation and defence of right, if he be not

thoroughly conversant with the history and heart of man, deeply read in models of logical eloquence, and raised above all hireling motive by a generous sense of his own high calling. The preacher, and to the sacred office I am told that not a few of you aspire, perhaps more than all others needs the widest range of knowledge and cultivation of mind, in a day when the records of past ages, the developments of every science, and the most abstruse metaphysics, are ransacked by the opponents of revelation and the advocates of false Christianity. He owes it to himself, his hearers, and his God that he should be prepared against all error, for truth when fairly set forth is never antagonistic to religion. It has been the fashion with some to pronounce zeal and piety independent of mental cultivation for the success of those efforts which can prosper only by the blessing of God. But God himself works not without means. Nor should it be forgotten, that though he chose illiterate men for apostles, he qualified them at the Pentecost with various learning before he sent them forth into the world; nay, that the very chiefest of them all, who was most successful in baffling the philosopher and the sophist as well as in teaching the simple and the slave, was one trained in all the arts of the schools. One must read most superficially those epistles which have fed the church of all ages with divine truth, not to see that the Holy Ghost employed the varied learning and logical discipline of Paul, as well as his mighty mind and gigantic heart. It is true that the pulpit is no place for the parade of learning, and none so abuse it except the pedant and the pretender. But it requires no small learning to be correct, not a little study to be simple, and great com-

mand of language to be plain. It is, with rare exceptions, your uneducated or half-educated men that confound their audience with great swelling polysyllables of vanity, imperfect definitions which are fruitful of error, and thoughts good perhaps in themselves, but with as little arrangement as chaos. The thoroughly educated preacher alone is lucid, simple and intelligible, because his words are well chosen, his scheme preconceived, and his logic exact. Little do the people know how much the dialectics of the Stagyrte, the vehement directness of Demosthenes, the sonorous cadences of Tully, yes, even the graceful expressions of the lyric and the epic, have contributed to their edification in the house of God. Little do they know what years of patient study were spent over the yellow pages of classic lore, to make the sermon so plain that the child bears it home and fancies he could have preached it himself. It is said of Cecil, (I think,) that in his later years he separated all his classics from his library and burned them. Had he burned them at twenty, we should never have heard of Cecil. He had drawn the honey from the hive and he burned but the straw. Moses was trained for forty years in all the learning of Egypt as well as kept forty years in the desert, before he was set at the head of Israel. Luther and Calvin and the other leading reformers were men of the most profound erudition, and their immense volumes show that they used their learning in the midst of their fatigues and perils, to the last. John Wesley came a scholar armed from the university, and in his most edifying discourses a scholar's eye can see how well he used his early advantages. A cloak and some books and some parchments were all the wealth for which the

Apostle of the Gentiles seemed to care; and unless you doubt the inspiration of his advice to Timothy: "Give attention to reading," you had better go without the cloak than the books or the parchments.

Whatever be your future occupation, persevere in study. If learning be not useful, why have you wasted time in these halls? If it be, its increase must be an increase of usefulness. You are now only upon the threshold of knowledge. Refuse to press forward, and you dishonorably abandon the advantage you have gained. You will be the disgrace of scholarship, and blots upon the list of educated men.

It is the duty of educated men *to teach the people knowledge.*

By the people, I mean the mass of society without respect to rank or privileged classes, the social man. The time was when knowledge like power was the birth-right of the few; when it was treasonable in the many to dare more than to toil or fight at the command of masters; when the Greek philosopher, the Roman poet and the Jewish scribe were unanimous in calling the common people accursed. Even at democratic Athens, Socrates the best friend of man in all heathen antiquity, pronounced physical labor not compatible with mental elevation. The politics of Plato, Aristotle and Tully, treat the artizan and the slave with almost equal contempt. The will of the people was never fairly acknowledged in any ancient commonwealth. With this neglect of the common mind was joined neglect of the common heart, and the morals of the people were as low as their knowledge. The idea of virtue was hidden behind the veil of an esoteric philosophy. Even immortality and the favor of heaven were appropriated as

exclusive privileges by the rich, the high-born and the learned. Hence throughout the classic ages you see the masses left undisturbed, nay, encouraged in all the degrading impurities of a polytheism which the philosopher secretly ridiculed, and considered beyond the hope of moral elevation by those who exulted to discover *the divine* in themselves and aspired to a resumption within the embrace of the one good and original source of all spirit. It was Christianity which first took away ignominy from labor. Jesus, who came from God and who was God, Jesus, who came to be the Redeemer of humanity from all the disgraces of that fall which wrung sweat from the brow of man, Jesus took his place among the despised multitude, a child of poverty, in a family supported by daily toil. Thus did He, who was called "the carpenter's son" demonstrate that the highest dignity, the purest wisdom, the noblest virtue, may dwell in the breast and adorn the life of the laborer and the poor man. He proclaimed a kingdom not of this world, where the petty distinctions invented by earthly pride are unknown, a kingdom of knowledge, of generous love, of equal truth and godlike righteousness. He poured unutterable contempt upon pomp, and pretensions, and exclusiveness, when, without a home, his companions some fishermen from the sea-side of Galilee and a publican, despite of bigot threats, he turned from denouncing the tyrant, the pharisee and the pedantic scribe, to teach the multitude in the streets, on the shore, and the mountain. At the voice of his Gospel, the burden-bearer, the slave, and the outcast looked up and hoped. They felt themselves no longer forgotten, but conscious of immortality and the divine regard, aspired to sonship with God

and an inheritance of immortal light. Well was it said of him: "Never man spake like this man!" How poor are all the ethics of the schools and the codes of nations beside his simple rule, to love God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves! How clear is his demonstration against all prejudices of rank, or fortune, or party, when he pronounces every man our neighbor who needs our help! I would not turn your thoughts away from the religious import of his teachings, for social morality is the genuine fruit of evangelical faith, but I will say that he, who cannot read in the teachings of Jesus and the divine example that confirmed them, the equality of human rights, and the duty of every man to do his fellow man good, not as a master, neither as a slave, but as a brother loving and desirous of being loved, has not yet known Christ as he ought to know him. Whence came that sublime theory of our constitution (would to God it were more fully carried into practice!) "that all men are created equal?" Not from the misnomered republics of antiquity, not from any tome of heathen learning, not from the boasted system of half-enfranchised Britain, from which, notwithstanding common opinion, we have taken far less than from the popular institutions of the Netherlands. It was found by the fathers of the confederacy nowhere else than in the New Testament of Jesus Christ. Jesus the deliverer first proclaimed man free, and the full import of civil freedom was never understood until the foundation of our government was laid in the will of the whole people.

Let then the authority of heaven and the highest authority we acknowledge on earth, inspire us with a profound love to

man as man. Let us regard man in whatever station we find him as our brother, as more than our brother, as one for whom Christ died, whom God is not ashamed to call his son, and to offer the riches of an eternal glory. Let us consider no dignity so great as that of serving him whom the Father of honor and virtue has made the recipient of those offices which gratitude for divine kindness should prompt, and whose faculties of thought, range of affection, capacities for happiness or misery, and extent of influence are so immeasurably vast. No human engagement approaches so near the perfect work of Him who was God with man, as his, who labors to teach the multitude truth and goodness, and who cares less for the applause of the proud or the approbation of the learned, than for the privilege of uplifting, by a power more stupendous than that the Syracusan longed for, some soul, fallen low through ignorance and sin, to the dignity of knowledge and virtue; nor can there be motive sufficient for perseverance in a work so difficult, except from such sympathy as our Elder Brother felt for fallen man. My friends, He who placed bread in the hands of his disciples, and multiplied the few loaves of a lad's wallet into plenty for a multitude of thousands, has committed to you the gift of knowledge, whose quality is to multiply in the hands of all who dispense it, the more it is imparted. Like the light of the sun which shines not the less when he makes the stars of the firmament to radiate brightness, is the light of truth which has shone upon your minds, that you may be centres of radiating knowledge to many more.

Without such a determination to teach the people, you will be unfaithful to your dignity as citizens of a free democracy.

There are those among us, and not unfrequently of that class whose education should have lifted them above such moral cowardice, who doubt the sufficiency of our republican institutions, and express sickly fears of our nation's great experiment, nay, even long after a stronger, by which they mean a more aristocratic, government. Intent upon the real evils that appertain to our system, (not peculiar to it, but arising from the general imperfection of every thing human,) and looking from a distance at the royal governments of the old world, where the few maintain their wealth and luxurious ease by the bayonet that drives back the many, they are ready to pronounce the theory false, that a nation may, under God, govern themselves. Shame upon them for asserting that there can be no permanent order among men except that of paving stones beaten down and fixed in the earth, over which rank and riches may roll in triumphant mastery! Shame upon them, for permitting the few failures and difficulties which must be expected to lie in the way of every scheme for man's advancement, to deaden their sensibility to the elevating hope, dictated by religion, and cherished by philanthropy, that man may be free and rise in moral dignity according as he is free! Shame upon them for base treasonable ingratitude to those laws which maintain for them and their children rights never before possessed by a people on earth! Shame upon them for their degeneracy from that unequalled ancestry who pledged life, fortune and sacred honor to the support of principles they doubt, and of privileges they would abandon! Shame upon them, I say, and God forbid that any of you should ever be found among their nar-

row-minded faction, or take up their puling fears into your lips!

But at the same time that we would cherish strong reliance upon the excellence of our institutions, we must always remember that the essential strength of a republic is a community of interests and an interchange of benefits. No one class of our people or section of our country could be safely entrusted with the government of the rest because of prejudices which would inevitably arise. The advantage of our system is, that while it promotes a reciprocity of good offices, prejudices neutralize prejudices in the alembic of the general will, and the amalgam produced by the fusion together of various opinions and policies, is far better than could be expected from any other method. Each individual therefore is bound by the nature of our government to contribute as much as he can for the general good with which his own is identified, and whenever any one refuses thus to do his part, the action of the whole must be necessarily impaired. But it has been too often proved, to need argument now, that the best means of republican prosperity are knowledge and virtue. It is your high office as educated men to contribute both. You go forth among the people accredited as students of truth, with the consciousness of possessing it, and the skill to impart it.

The people look for such service at the hands of educated men. They are willing to receive it from you, if it be rendered, not in a spirit of haughty dictation, nor at a cold distance, but with a generous sympathy and a courteous respect. See that you are not unfaithful to your high calling, and that you do not dishonorably withhold from your country, the vast

blessings Providence has fitted you to bestow, and which are vital to its welfare. Never dare, as some educated drones among us have dared, to censure the people's errors and despair of their integrity, while you hold yourselves aloof from them, or refuse any effort to show them the right. If our national experiments fail, it must be because our countrymen will have been unfaithful to themselves. See to it that you be not among the traitors, for the citizen, who has knowledge and neglects to impart it, is guilty of the worst treason. The ignorant and brutal wretch who joins the mob in outrage and violence against the laws, is not so criminal as they who might have turned his early feet to the paths of intelligent virtue, but did not. You must not think to despise the people and to be secure from their ruin. They are the foundation, and when that fails, wo to the polished pillar and the carved cornice! The ruin will be universal and indiscriminate.

I need not describe in detail the various methods by which in this age of advancement you may impart knowledge. They are and always will be sufficiently obvious to a willing mind. Ever be found the advocates of education. Testify, by the pains you take to spread it, your sense of the treasure you have yourselves received. Seize every fitting opportunity to impart it by your pen, your lips and your influence. Shrink from the burdens and responsibilities of no office that may enlarge your ability to do this good. Be the open and fearless champions of all legislation in aid of science and art and literature. Stand faithfully by those public men, who may meet with popular prejudice because of their efforts in behalf of a policy so wise. But especially devote your untiring energies

to the improvement and increase of *Common Schools*. The Athenian pointed to the splendid Acropolis with exulting pride, because he believed that there in the matchless Parthenon, whose pure Pentelican and exquisite proportions are still beyond the dreams of architectural genius, was enshrined the Palladium of his country, the symbol of heavenly knowledge; but were I asked to declare the preserving charm of our beloved country, I would lead the inquirer not to the Capitoline height where legislators but express the popular opinion, nor even to the halls of more erudite science which can at best be trodden by few, but to the common school-house. There the minds that rule the land are fashioned. There, under God, the destinies of the nation are determined. I have more fear and more hope from the troops of sturdy youth that ply their tasks within, or their sports without its humble threshold, than from all the mincing fops of fashion, or the mere rich that emulate at a ridiculous distance the pride and the airs of foreign aristocracy. If you would serve your country well, if you would guard the suffrages of our free people from the arts of the demagogue, and nerve their hearts against the swindling encroachments of those who would buy themselves into power with the very money of the state, let the common school system be your most earnest care; and especially the *country* common schools, for whatever be the noise and pretension of our cities, and however necessary it may be that the youth within them be trained, it is the country, the hardy yeomanry, who eat the bread of their own honest sweat, that rule, ever have ruled and will rule the state.

Popular education needs greatly your watchfulness and

support, because the system we have is far from perfect in its theory, and is with yet greater difficulty carried out to practice from the Bœotian prejudices it meets with among the people themselves. It is with much pains and patience that we can find sufficient consent upon their part to afford a fulcrum for the moral lever, and the greatest obstacle of all is their unwillingness to afford competent teachers sufficient wages. The boor that vociferates over his team is better paid than the moral and intellectual guide of fifty country children. The failures of incompetent teachers multiply and perpetuate misapprehensions of the value of education. Knowledge never can flourish until the profession of the teacher be held in high regard. Let it be your aim to lead the way in such enlightened homage. Spare no pains, spare no expense within your ability to establish good and sufficient teachers in your own neighborhoods. Show by every token of unfeigned respect and hospitable attention your regard for their office as of the best dignity and worthy the best rewards, that men of superior minds may be won to dedicate their lives to a work, which they now pursue, if they undertake it at all, with a restless impatience of its unjust obscurity and meagre returns.

Cherish again I say the common schools. Polygnotus, after he had painted their heroes in the fresco of the Pœcile, lived, by a decree of the Amphictyonic council, the guest of all Greece! The Romans filled their *atria* and their public places with the statues of their illustrious ancestors. But far more worthy of a nation's gratitude is he, who imprints upon the fresh minds of the young lessons that shall make them

living examples of patriotic virtue. Far richer illustrations of the nation's glory shall those minds be which have been early moulded into moral beauty and animated by fire from heaven, brought down, not by sacrilegious theft, but prayer.

I speak in no disparagement of the Fine Arts. They have their high moral uses. Would that they were more cherished among us! But there is no art so godlike as the education of young minds in truth. It is the nearest approach man can make to creating power.

It is the duty of educated men *to maintain a freedom from prejudices.*

Prejudices are opinions held without sufficient reason. A prejudice is not always in favor of error, but without due examination we can never know error from truth. All prejudices therefore should meet with your unsparing condemnation. Narrow or uncultivated minds are inevitably subject to prejudice, because they are called to judge and act with reference to matters of which they cannot have sufficient knowledge; and thus it is that we see such numbers of enthusiastic adherents to the most absurd theories, moral, political, and religious. It would be the extreme of harshness to condemn every follower of false doctrines, as wilfully and knowingly a deceiver. The greater part verily believe that they are in the service of truth. It is their honesty that makes them so zealous and mischievous. But God has bestowed upon us mind that we may be guided by truth alone, and by truth alone should we allow ourselves to be convinced, else our reason sinks below the surer instincts of the brute. Even Christian faith is but a higher reason, drawing her legitimate

conclusions from that which she knows upon sufficient data to be the testimony of the Father of truth. You have been thus carefully educated that you might be able to examine facts and make correct induction from them. It will then be a monstrous abuse of your cultivated strength, if you devote it to any service but that of truth, or if you fail to carry on a constant and unsparing war against prejudice of every kind. In the contest waging between darkness and light there can be no neutrality. "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad," is the declaration of the Great Teacher of truth. "Ye shall know the truth," said he again, "and the truth shall make you free." While, however, education is meant to free us from prejudice, it by no means follows that the cultivated mind is entirely emancipated, until education be carried to that highest pitch which is only known in the spiritual sphere of perfect light. There are prejudices arising from defects in education itself; prejudices that lie deep in our corrupt nature, growing with our growth; prejudices whose seeds have been sown in our early childhood; prejudices derived from the associates or guardians of our youthful days, out of the respect and veneration we have for those, whom we have been accustomed to regard as authority and example; prejudices from a false notion of self-interest, pride of consistency, or attachment to sect, party or country.

I would be far from asserting that great deference is not due especially from the young, to superiors in age or in wisdom, and readily condemn the plausible, but hurtful notion; that the youthful mind should receive nothing as true which

it has not of itself discovered to be true. It is the order of Providence that we should be mentally, as well as physically, dependent, until we have reached a proper maturity. The first lesson of true education is not to think for ourselves, but to learn how to think, how to use our mental instruments, and when we have acquired such skill, and not until then, are we to suppose our apprenticeship complete. Neither would I fling a mature mind loose to act for itself as though mind had never preceded it, and all the knowledge that has come down to us with the signatures of the wise and good in past ages, strained, as it were, through the scrutiny of long time, were to be treated as doubtful. It is not prejudice but reason, which hesitates to reject such established principles, until they have been most severely and elaborately examined. But notwithstanding these admissions, you should lay it down as a rule, that prejudice, as such, is to be rooted out and guarded against as far as possible by educated men. Truth never loses by examination. That which shuns the light is error, only error, and that continually.

Thus, some pious but weak persons, have had fears that the advancing light of science is adverse to religion, and that the skepticism, which unhappily sometimes characterizes men of science who are too intent upon nature to look up to nature's God, is a proper occasion of doubt whether scientific studies be favorable to faith. That science, like every other gift of God may be perverted by irreligious hearts to sin, no one can deny. The sun itself gives light for the commission of innumerable crimes; and yet far more and worse are committed under cover of darkness. So skepticism and forgetfulness of

the true God and all the sad results of such moral destitution abound far more in abodes of ignorance than in those of learning. It cannot be that infidelity is a legitimate effect of science. The Author of nature is the Author of the Bible, and if to our minds they ever seem to be in opposition, it must be because we read one or the other, perhaps both, wrong. "A little philosophy," said the writer of the *Novum Organum*, "inclineth a man's mind to atheism, (just as people who know but very little are apt to be very presumptuous upon that little,) but depth in philosophy bringeth a man's mind about to religion." Newton, and Bacon, and Locke, to whom we are principally indebted for the revival of science, were devout advocates of revelation; while Cuvier, and Whewell, and Buckland and Babbage may be fearlessly cited to show, that in the pure and elevated atmosphere of their science, the mirror of nature reflects more distinctly the image of God. Between the periods of the former and latter classes of names, the attempts of Hobbes and Shaftsbury, and Monboddo, of Voltaire, Helvetius, Hume and a host of infidels *minorum gentium*, to destroy religion by false facts from almost every branch of science, have met with radical defeat. The chronology of the Chinese and the fabulous pretensions of the Hindus were invoked with only brief exultation. The materialism of the last generation is now driven before the ideal philosophy, itself full of error, but destined, as we trust, when it has done its work, to subside into the *media via* of truth. The records of the Pyramids have given forth their hieroglyphic testimony to the sacred record. Astronomy with her eclipses tells of the glory of the God of grace; and when the

geologist has penetrated to the lowest stratum of our globe, he is made to re-echo the exclamation of the man of God: "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth." Well may we use the strong language of your justly honored President* (who, let us trust, will soon be restored to you, his rich mind yet more adorned with the treasures he has been collecting from foreign fields, his warm patriotism yet more confirmed by observation of regal and aristocratic tyranny, and his pious soul glowing from his pilgrimage in that land,

" Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross"—

to assume with yet more distinguished success his responsible position;) " Religion and literature, (in which he includes scientific treatises) are mutual helpmates to the knowledge, love and glory of God."

Be it then your care, my educated friends, to vindicate the moral honor of science from the ignorant prejudices of even pious men. Follow, fearlessly follow truth in nature, as an angel sent to lead you to a walk with God. The mighty chain of cause and effect has been let down upon earth, that we may trace its links upward to the supreme height where it is riveted in the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb. Remember that the same iron hand, which crushed Galileo because he dared to teach truth in science, locked up the

* The Rev. Dr. Durbin, then abroad.

Word of Life from the poor, and asserted its terrific rule by the dungeon, the thumb-screw, the rack and the flame.

I have selected this unfounded fear of science as a strong instance of the power which prejudice has to make a good man opposed to a good thing. We have no time for further examples.

It may, however, be asserted in brief, that *bigotry* in all its forms is a manifestation of prejudice.

Bigotry has been defined to be a blind zeal in favor of particular opinions accompanied, as it always is, by a denunciatory spirit against all who differ from us. Unhesitating condemnation of those who cannot think as we think, is a clear evidence that our belief is founded on prejudice, for we show ourselves unwilling to allow their impartial investigation. From the imperfection of the human mind and the wide variety of our tempers and circumstances, there must be differences of opinion among men; and it is through the war of opinions that truth is discovered and established. Justice should grant every man the same right to think for himself that we claim for ourselves; and a fair charity should suppose him to be as honest in his creed as we are in our own. We may believe him to be in error, his errors hurtful, and his arguments sophistical or unfair, yet, from his peculiar bias, he may not see the danger or the sophism, and the proper method of meeting the mischief we apprehend, is open, manly, courteous argument. That much immediate evil may result from free discussion, is true; so there may from the electric storm which clears the atmosphere; but far greater evil would occur, as history proves, from the prohibition of it. The arbitrary

power which at first ordains truth, may soon decree falsehood, and the confessor of truth be burned in the flame kindled for the heretic. We suffer keenly if we be denounced for our opinions; and the Gospel rule should deter us from inflicting upon others what we would deprecate for ourselves.

This is the spirit of the Master in *religion*. If ever He loses his characteristic gentleness in the sternness of condemnation, it is against those who uncharitably condemn others. An arrogation of infallibility is Anti-Christ, whether it wear the Papal scarlet, the prelatial lawn, the Genevan cloak, the Quaker drab, or the plain coat of the Methodist. It is preposterous not to admit that honest differences of opinion may exist. As John Wesley says: "How soon was unanimity lost and differences sprung up in the church of Christ, and that not in nominal but in real Christians, nay, in the very chief of them, the apostles themselves! Nor does it appear that the differences which then began were ever entirely removed. It is, therefore, no way surprising that infinite varieties of opinion should now be found in the Christian church." And that great and good man, who is now rejoicing in the perfect light where no shadow is known, lays down the rule (God give us grace to follow it!) that when we see one doing good, casting out devils in the name of Christ, we should acknowledge, love, assist, and pray for him, though in other things he follow not us. Consider, my friends, that but for open argument the Jewish Sanhedrim and the Gentile tyrant had crushed Christianity in its birth; the false systems of heathenism had never been overthrown, nor the glorious Reformation ever dissipated the foul darkness of the middle ages. I know

that controversy often rages like a conflagration, but though it may consume the "wood, hay, and stubble," which human wisdom has heaped upon the truth, the precious foundation is safe and indestructible.

Like every other prejudice, religious bigotry prevails mostly among the weak and illiterate, though they are too often led away by men who know better and do worse. Those who have argued away their own doubts, should know how to sympathize with minds struggling against error.

Be it, therefore, your aim as educated men, to set a high example of religious charity, whatever may be the creed you see fit to adopt. Though your zeal may blaze against error, let it be toward the errorist as the genial flame of love which warms not hurts, cherishes but not devours. Account whatever divides the hearts of Christians, Christ's followers, certain heresy. It is most impudent forgery to write "Catholic" upon the architrave of a system, which excludes from the grace of God all who wear not our bonds. Little can be said of their intelligence, who can assign no reason for preferring their own sect; but he who considers not the name of Christian as higher than sect, is not worthy to bear it.

It is not only among religionists that bigotry is found. Political prejudice produces the same denunciatory and malignant spirit. What vile words and reproachful accusations are bandied between contending parties? Neither the sanctities of social life, domestic peace, nor personal character are safe from the recklessness of party rage. Such rancor is a painful contrast with the true nature of our institutions. Our fathers wrested these states from foreign domination in the firm con-

viction that they had the right and ability to govern themselves. The prohibition of primary popular assemblies, in which the public welfare might be freely discussed, and public measures fearlessly pronounced upon, was justly considered by them most dangerous tyranny; and their great care seems to have been to make political opinion free, and to protect us in the exercise of this right purchased at such cost of sacrifice, suffering and blood. For what end were we delivered from royal tyranny, if our brethren are to enchain our opinion, or we theirs? or if a citizen, for declaring his honest belief, be subject to pains and penalties, which sensitive mind feels as severely as though they were enacted by law? In what manner is the popular will, the legitimate sovereign of the land, to be known, if we be hampered and threatened and persecuted for the expression of our own? The man who could so muzzle the voice of his fellow citizen is himself in heart a despot. Nay, in such case it might well be doubted whether one master were not better than many.

Besides, our government is emphatically one of experiment. There has never been one like it on the earth, and few precise precedents can be cited for its rule. Not a few fair hypotheses have been by the test of practice proved to be false. Not a few have been originated and been established as true. Not a few remain yet to be decided upon in the progress of events. As is the case with every practical inquiry, there must be failures, mistakes, and costly disappointments. How very important, therefore, that there be a thorough, fearless searching of every public question? and that all possible light be thrown upon it by the reasoning of every mind? Instead of denouncing those

who differ from us in their notions of what is safe, beneficial or expedient, we should thank them for adding their scrutiny to our own of all that concerns our beloved country. He, who has the foresight and the courage to lift a warning voice against dangers hidden in some specious measure, seducing the hearts of the people with the promise of rapid prosperity; or, who can penetrate through the veil which present circumstances throw over them to the few simple laws impressed by the Almighty hand upon civil economy, and present them to the light as axioms no expediency should disregard or oppose, deserves more than a warrior's crown. He lives for his country, which is even more happy and honorable than to die for it. Alas! what mischiefs have fallen upon us through the drowning by popular clamor of some such prophet-like warnings! Is it wise, is it brave, is it patriotic to shut our eyes and ears to what may be truth, before we have heard its reasons, or pondered its arguments? Though danger may have been sometimes prophesied falsely, is it prudence to withdraw the sentinel from the gate? Shall we forbid the alarm in a love of false security? Then may the fate of the Laconians on the Italian shore be ours.

“Amyclas, cum tacrent, perdidit silentium.”*

Are we to make no advances in the science of government, when every other science is striding onward? Did reform reach its acme before our fathers died? Shall we reject every novel doctrine as necessarily error? Shall we fling away

* Cat: Pervig: Ven: 92.

that common sense for which our countrymen are remarkable over Europeans, especially those arrogant Islanders, who are ever under the prejudices of long usage, and cannot think of a nation without crown, lords and commons, nor imagine a judge without a wig, nor dream of Christianity without tithes, nor dare to replace a beam in their rotten fabric lest the whole mass topple down upon their heads? No, our fathers left us free. Free let us live! When the right of discussion falls beneath the poisoned steel of factious tyranny, let us fold our faces in our mantles and die with it; for then will all our liberties be the prey of the gambler, the gladiator, and the usurer. Then, Good-night to republicanism! The last ray of political hope will have ceased to shine.

Be it your care, my educated friends, not only to rise above such ignoble prejudice, but to rebuke and destroy it. I do not say, unite yourselves with no party. By mere individual, isolated action, you will waste your strength. It is Quixotism to ride forth a single knight, and think to carry all by your own lance. It is folly, and worse than folly, to refuse a union to carry great public measures with those who differ from us in minor particulars. Learn cheerfully to compromise in the less, that you may attain the greater. Neither confine your regards for your country's welfare to what is bounded by its shore. Study deeply the history of past commonwealths. Mark the rocks upon which the republics of Greece and Italy and the Netherlands have struck. Search out the elements of their greatness. Make yourselves thoroughly acquainted with Political Economy, which, despite the abuse that has been heaped upon it, as mere theory, cold,

abstract, and uncertain, aims next to Christianity itself for the happiness of mankind. Lay fast hold of the laws God himself has given to the commerce and products of nations, and which like his other laws, can never be violated without a consequence of penalty. Then, stand forth as freemen, as patriots, as men of science and truth, and demonstrate the interests of the people to the American mind and heart. This is your office, let it be your glory and reward!

My friends, there were many advices more I would have wished in the earnestness of my friendship to give you. But the courteous attention with which you have listened to me must not be abused. Very pleasant has it been to me thus to linger beside the pure waters, and beneath the shades of our Alma Mater.

Mater, longe ante alios mitissima!

Other and not less pleasant duties are waiting for us; and then we must part. The time of rest is not yet. Now we must sow the seed. The harvest is in eternity. Our country, the world, the cause of truth, and the religion of our God are calling for us. Bend your young shoulders to the honorable burdens, for His sake, who bore the cross for us. Remember you carry with you the credit of science, the reputation of your teachers, the name of your Alma Mater. Act worthy of the trust. Above all, remember that you are not your own. You belong to God. You can only prevail by His strength. You are responsible at his judgment seat. After all your studies "the fear of the Lord that is wisdom, and to depart from evil

that is understanding." Make His word your guide, His grace your confidence, His approbation your aim. DO YOUR DUTY, AT ALL TIMES, IN ALL PLACES, AND TO ALL MEN.

Trials you must have. Severe disappointments will often try your courage. Injustice and ingratitude often venomously sting in your hearts. But hold on your way, and you shall have within you, a wealth of noble thoughts, memories of noble actions, hopes of a noble felicity. So dear to you will the path of duty become from faithful habit, that when old age shall gently wither your strength, (and may God grant that you may live long as you are useful!) you will be found tottering on to honor and immortality.* You shall go down toward your grave calmly, and without a fear. Your names shall be written in heaven and cherished on earth. There will be tears for your death when your spirits are with God.

* τό τοῦ ποδός μὲν βραδύ, τὸ τοῦ δὲ νοῦ ταχύ. Eur. Ion. 755.

TRUTH THE STRENGTH OF FREEDOM.

A D I S C O U R S E

ON

THE DUTY OF A PATRIOT,

WITH

SOME ALLUSIONS TO THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

ANDREW JACKSON.

PRONOUNCED JULY 6, 1845.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

DISCOURSE.

PSALM 78 : 5, 6, 7.

FOR HE ESTABLISHED A TESTIMONY IN JACOB, AND APPOINTED A LAW IN ISRAEL, WHICH HE COMMANDED OUR FATHERS THAT THEY SHOULD MAKE THEM KNOWN TO THEIR CHILDREN; THAT THE GENERATION TO COME MIGHT KNOW THEM, EVEN THE CHILDREN WHICH SHOULD BE BORN, WHO SHOULD ARISE AND DECLARE THEM TO THEIR CHILDREN, THAT THEY MIGHT SET THEIR HOPE IN GOD, AND NOT FORGET THE WORKS OF GOD, BUT KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS.

AMONG our many national sins, there is none more likely to provoke divine chastisement, yet less considered or repented of, even by Christians, than ingratitude for political blessings. That there are evils among us, no one will deny; that changes might be made for the better, it were unreasonable to doubt; and, concerning methods of removing evil or working good, we may differ widely yet honestly. Evil is inseparable from human nature, the best human schemes are capable of improvement, and human opinions must be various, because they are fallible. It is a narrow, unthankful spirit, which, brooding over imperfections, or sighing after greater advantages, or bitterly condemning all who think not the same way, refuses to perceive and acknowledge the vast benefits we

actually enjoy. Never was there a revolution at once so just and so successful as that which won our country's independence; never, except in the Bible, have the rights of man been so clearly and truly defined as in our constitution; never did greater success attend a social experiment than has followed ours. Since the establishment of our confederacy, tumults, rebellions, and violent changes, have been busy in all the civilized world besides. Throne after throne has fallen, and dynasties have been built up on the bloody ruins of dynasties. In some nations, the people have wrung, by force, partial concessions from hereditary rule; in others, after convulsive, misdirected efforts, they have been crushed again by the iron hoof of despotism; nor is the voice of a prophet needed to foretell a long, desperate struggle of uprising humanity with the powers of political darkness; while the bloody discords and constant confusion of other republics on the same continent with ourselves, demonstrate the incompatibility of freedom with ignorance and superstition. There are few monarchical governments in Christendom as old as ours. The increase of our population from less than three millions to twenty, in seventy years, multiplies many times any former example; yet, notwithstanding the enormous migration to us from various countries, where free principles are unknown, our wide land has more than enough room for all: growth in numbers has been a chief cause of our growth in wealth, and our laws, strong as they are liberal, have proved themselves sufficient to compose, maintain and rule all in concord, prosperity and power. You will search in vain for another example of a vast nation governed, without troops or armed

police, by their own will. It is not five years since, that our people, spread out over an immense territory, after a contest in which the utmost enthusiasm excited both parties, changed their rulers. Yet not a bayonet was fixed, nor a cannon pointed, nor a barricade raised, to guard the place of suffrage. The ballot, falling noiselessly as snow upon the rock, achieved the result. Within the last twelvemonth, the stupendous process has been repeated as peaceably and safely. Each of the great political sects, which divide the popular vote, has triumphed and been beaten. Much there has been to censure in the harsh recrimination and unfraternal bigotry on either side; but when the decision was reached, though the long-rolling swells which succeed the storm did not at once subside, and here and there some violent partisan may have betrayed his vexation, the surface became calm, and the noise soon died away. Every true patriot, submissive to the oracle of the polls, whether wisdom or error, said in his heart, **GOD BLESS THE PEOPLE!**

Our difficulties, real or supposed, have arisen out of our advantages, for good and evil are mixed with all human affairs. The freedom of those institutions, under which we live, has its price, which must be paid, so long as man is prone to abuse, by impatience and excess, those favors of Almighty God, which yield happiness only when they are used moderately and religiously. Elated by prosperity, we have forced our growth too fast. We have attempted, by plausible inventions, to transcend the laws of trade and production. We have complicated the machinery of our interests, until our clear, simple constitution has become, under the hands of so-

phisticating politicians, a riddle of mysteries. The limits of habitation have been enlarged beyond the blessings of church and school-house. Vices and faults, peculiar to new settlements, have reached the heart of our legislation. To carry on our far-grasping schemes, we have strained our credit till it broke. Freedom of speech and of the press, has been abused to licentiousness by prejudice, rashness, and selfish ambition. Acknowledging as we do the rights of conscience in their broadest meaning, even the holy name of religion has been dragged upon the arena of party.

Our republic is not a paradise; our countrymen, like ourselves, are not angels, but frail, erring men. Our history has been an experiment. Mistakes have been made and will be made. It is thus that we are to learn. Shall we, in coward skepticism, overlook our immense advantages to hang our fears upon a few faults, or prognosticate the failure of a system which has accomplished so much, because it shares with others the imperfections of humanity? Is there a sober-minded man among us, who would be willing to encounter the oppressions of what are called strong governments, that he might escape from under our present system? Our faults are our own, and our misfortunes are consequences of our faults; but our political advantages are God's rich gifts, which it becomes us thankfully to receive and piously to improve. All our evils have their legitimate remedies, and there is no danger which may not be avoided by a wise care. Instead, therefore, of querulous fears and ungrateful discontent, the Christian patriot should zealously ask what he can do to secure and advance the best welfare of our be-

loved land. Our holy text is full of instruction to this end.

The Psalmist is describing the policy of God with Israel, the people whom he wished to know no king but himself, and therefore, the only safe policy for any people, who would preserve their liberties from the encroachments of despotic rule.

“He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children, that they might set their hopes in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments.”

We see here,

FIRST: THE CHARACTER OF A SAFE AND HAPPY PEOPLE.

“They set their hopes in God; they forget not the works of God; they keep his commandments.”

SECONDLY: THE MEANS WHICH GOD HAS APPOINTED FOR CULTIVATING THIS CHARACTER.

“He established a law in Jacob, and appointed a testimony in Israel.”

THIRDLY: THE OBLIGATION UPON A CHRISTIAN PATRIOT ARISING FROM THIS PROVIDENCE OF JEHOVAH.

“He commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children.”

FIRST: THE CHARACTER OF A SAFE AND HAPPY PEOPLE.

They "set their hopes in God." The man who looks to God as the source of his welfare, is lifted above temptation within and without. Conscious of a holy, heart-searching eye upon him, his virtue will not be an outward semblance, cloaking from human sight, secret crime, or selfish purposes. The opinions, fashions, or rewards of the world, will neither shape his principles nor modify his practice. He will fear to do evil, lest he should offend against God. He will do justice and love mercy, because he walks humbly with God.

His expectations of eternity will guard and sustain him in honesty. He knows himself to be immortal and God eternal; that vice, which no human scrutiny can detect and no human laws punish, will meet with a terrible vengeance, while good acts and good purposes will be rewarded openly by Him, who seeth in secret, at the judgment day. The pains of virtue and the pleasures of vice, being alike transitory, are of little account in his estimation, who sets his "hope in God," his Saviour, and his Judge. He relies upon God, because He is merciful, and knows that he is safe, because God is Almighty.

Were our nation composed of such believers, how untroubled would be our peace! how entire our mutual confidence! how free our affairs from intrigue, corruption, and wrong! The key would never be turned in the lock, the gibbet seen no more, and the prison door stand open. No man would fear, but every man would love his neighbor, and the true interests of all be acknowledged by each as his own.

They "forget not the works of God." When God is the

treasury of a man's hopes, he loves to trace the workings of God's wisdom and power, that he may know the sources upon which he can draw. He considers creation, and in its minuteness as well as its vastness, he reads certain proof of the same Power, which made, ruling so perfectly, that nothing is overlooked, and so absolutely, that nothing is beyond his presiding will. He considers redemption, that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son as the deliverer of all who believe upon his name, and that all power is in the hands of our Elder Brother, the incarnate God. Therefore is he sure, that God rules in mercy as well as justice, that he will listen to the prayer of his people, and that, however mysterious his methods, all things are working together by the Holy Spirit for the universal triumph of truth, and righteousness, and peace.

With such convictions, how cheering to him must be the study of Providence! With what confidence, remembering the faithfulness of God in the past, will he confide in him amidst the difficulties of the present, and for the developments of the future! and how steadfastly reject for himself and for his country, any policy which crosses the unchangeable laws of God, the ever-living Lord!

How strong would this nation be in hope and virtue, did our people thus remember the works of God! for never, since the world began, has the providence of God been more remarkable, kind, and instructive, than towards us. Jehovah did not lead Israel forth from Egypt to the conquest of Canaan with a more mighty hand or manifest care, than has been seen in our history since the first prayer of the pilgrim

from the tyranny of the old world to this better country, rose through its virgin forests, until our present day of unexampled prosperity.

They "keep his commandments." The believer's obedience to the directions of God is the necessary result of such trust and study. Gratitude will make him loyal to a sovereign so kind and faithful: a sense of his own weakness and shortsightedness will incline him to follow landmarks so certain, and the approbation of an honest conscience reward and encourage him to persevere.

"Happy is the people that are in such a case! Yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord!"

SECONDLY: THE MEANS WHICH GOD HAS APPOINTED FOR CULTIVATING SUCH A CHARACTER.

"He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel;" or, as an admirable critic translates it, "He established an oracle in Jacob, and deposited a revelation with Israel."

The Psalmist, doubtless, here refers not only to the law given on the Mount, in which God defined human duties and prescribed religious worship, but to all the communications which he had made or might yet make to man.

The value of the word of God is seen in the fact, that it is the word of God. What almighty mercy and wisdom saw fit to reveal, must be of the last importance. We are sure of nothing, but that which God has made known. Never could we have discovered his will concerning us, or known how to walk in safety, had He not said, "This is the way." Never could we have been assured of a Providence over us, or looked

within the tremendous realities of eternity, had not he manifested himself by his own declarations, and brought immortality to light by Jesus Christ, the man whom he has ordained as Saviour and Judge. Without the word of God, we should be without God, ignorant, hopeless, lost in perplexity, the sport of conjecture, of passion, appetite, and dread. Truth would have no definition, oaths no confirmation, laws no sanction, and the grave no promise; the past would teach us nothing but our ruin, and the future would be black with despair. When we have that Word, how glorious is the reverse to the pious believer! We stand by the side of God when he laid the foundation of the earth, and we look beyond the catastrophe of created things to the fixed results of justice and love. We trace back our lineage to a brotherhood with every human soul; and we learn the will of our common Father concerning the relations which bind us to him and his family on earth. We see the path of righteousness marked for our feet, and One walking by our side "whose form is like to that of the Son of God," sustaining our weakness and assuring our faithful obedience of eternal reward, after the shadows and the labors of time shall have passed away and ceased forever. Nay, in the rest of the Sabbath, the worship of the sanctuary, the communion of saints, and the witnessing sacraments, we have the foretaste, sign and confirmation of an eternal rest, love and satisfaction in the house of God, eternal and undefiled.

Need I ask you to consider the blessedness, here and hereafter, of a nation who know and obey that word, and who cultivate and delight in that worship! Where is the suicidal,

traitor hand, that would dare pluck this corner-stone from the foundation of our hopes, and, extinguishing the light which heaven has kindled, give our country back to the gloom, the licentiousness and cruelties of those nations which have forgotten God!

THIRDLY: THE OBLIGATIONS UPON THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT ARISING FROM THIS PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

“He commanded our fathers to make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them unto their children.”

The first duty laid upon us is, to study and practise the word of God ourselves. It is by the light of Christian example, that the saving power of the Gospel is made manifest to the world. The believer of the word of God, therefore, owes a profession and practice of Christianity not only to God, to himself, and the church, but to his country, because its welfare can be secured only by religion.

Therefore, should we, to the utmost of our means, give the advantage of the same religion to those who neglect, or cannot, of themselves, obtain the means of grace, especially in the new settlements of that immense valley, the power of which already overbalances the older States. Wherever a fellow citizen is without the knowledge of God, there is an element of danger mingling with the aggregate of the national will. We can never control crime, nor refute error, but by truth; and in withholding the truth of God, we share in the guilt all the mischief that may be done by those, to whom we might teach the right, but do not.

But, especially, are we to strive that the Bible should be in the hands, and, by the blessing of God upon our labors, in the hearts of the rising generation. Upon their shoulders the burthens of society, our country, and the cause of God, are soon to rest. From them their children are to learn good or evil. Neglect a child, and you have neglected the man, the woman, the father, the mother, generations yet unborn. The truth of God in our hands belongs to them, as much as to ourselves. It is deposited with us for their benefit. By omitting to give it, we rob them of God's best gift, and our land, in future years, of its best defence and glory. The means of education, so far as the arts of reading and writing go, are not enough. Educate with all your energies. Do nothing that may by any possibility hinder, and every thing to enlarge such instruction; but let us ever be ready to set the Bible before the opened eye and the craving mind. Better that a child should learn to read without the Bible, than know not how to read the Bible. Thank God! Christians need not contend for debatable ground in this matter. With our Bible and Tract, and Sunday School Societies, if we be only faithful in supporting them, we are more than a match, by God's help, for all the infidelity and superstition among us. We lose time and waste our strength, by petty squabblings with evil on its own dunghill. Let us rather devote all our power and zeal to those ready and open methods of disseminating truth, which no force in this land can prevent our using. When the true church of God consecrates the talents she has from Him, to the spread of the Gospel through our country, every wall, that the enmity or idolatry of men can build against it, shall fall

like those of Jericho at the trumpeting of the Levites; when she walks forth, the light of her presence shall dissipate every shadow, and "terrible as an army with banners," her peaceful triumphs will crown our whole people with the glory of the Lord, a joy and a defence.

Blessed be God, there are those who have felt the necessity of these religious efforts for the good of our country, and the immortal well-being of our countrymen! They are, indeed, but too few, and their zeal has not always been equal to their opportunities and responsibility. Yet in them, their examples of Christian conduct, their testimony to the power of religion, and their benevolent labors for the illumination of the ignorant, we see the providence of God blessing our nation with moral life, and confirming our government, founded upon the will of the people, by the only sufficient buttresses, knowledge, virtue, and the fear of God. The faithful Christian is the only faithful patriot, and he is not a faithful Christian who serves not his country in the name of Christ, and in the spirit of his Gospel.

These thoughts, as you know, have been suggested by the recent anniversary of our national independence, a day which should be dear and sacred to us all, though often miserably polluted by intemperance, and profaned by party assemblages. Surely, we might devote one day of the year to the charities of patriotic brotherhood, and lose all minor distinctions in our common citizenship; nor should we forget before the altar of our fathers' God, the Author of all mercies, his mighty doings for us in the past; the good, the great, the wise, the valiant, whom he has raised up to serve, guide, and defend us; and

the blessing which he has caused to rest upon their counsels, their arms, their zeal, and their sacrifices. Such recollections are due to Him, to our country, and to humanity. Children should hear the story, and the best genius contribute to its illustration. Fresh laurels should be plucked and wreathed upon the graves of the beloved for their country's sake, and eloquence pay its richest tribute to their heaven-sent worth, that the living may hear and follow their example.

While I thus speak, the spell of a great name comes upon our hearts, compelling us to utter their thoughts and emotions. When the sun of that morning rose, it gilded the fresh tomb of one whose ear, for the first time since the 4th of July, 1776, failed to vibrate with the thunderings of his country's birthday joy; and a voice, for the first time, answered not its cheers, which, since its boyish shout was heard through the revolutionary strife, had never been wanting in the annual conclamation. The iron will, whose upright strength never quivered amidst the lightning storms that crashed around it in battle or controversy; the adamant judgment, against which adverse opinions dashed themselves to break into scattered foam; the far-reaching faith, that flashed light upon dangers hidden from the prudence of all beside; the earnest affection, that yearned in a child's simplicity, the purpose of a sage, a parent's tenderness, and the humble fidelity of a sworn servant, over the people who gave it rule and elevation, have ceased from among us: Andrew Jackson is with God. He, who confessed no authority on earth but the welfare of his country and his own convictions of right; who never turned to rest while a duty remained to be done, and who never

asked the support of any human arm in his hour of utmost difficulty; bowed his head meekly to the command of the Highest, and walked calmly down into the grave, leaning upon the strength of Jesus; paused on the threshold of immortality to forgive his enemies, to pray for our liberties, to bless his weeping household, and to leave the testimony of his trust in the Gospel of the Crucified; and then, at the fall of a Sabbath evening, entered the rest which is eternal. His last enemy to be destroyed was death. Thanks be to God, who gave him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

To say that he had faults, is to say that he was human; the errors of a mind so energetic, in a career so eventful, must have been striking; nor could a character be subjected to criticism more merciless, than he provoked by a policy original and unhesitating, at open war with long established usages, and dogmas that had grown into unquestioned axioms. Bereft early of parental guidance and restraint, educated in the Camp and the forest bivouac, and forced to push his own fortunes through the rough trials of a border life, we can scarcely wonder that, until age had schooled his spirit and tempered his blood, he was impetuous, sensitive to insult, and prone to use the strong hand. Warm in his attachments, he was slow to discover frailty in those he loved, or to accord confidence where once he had doubted. Grasping, by his untutored genius, conclusions which other men reach by philosophical detail, he made, while sure of just ends, some mistakes in his methods, for the time disastrous. Called to act at a crisis, when the good and evil in our national growth had become vigorous enough for conflict, and wealth and labor, like the

twins of Rebecca, were struggling for the right of the elder born, his decisions on great but sudden emergencies, were denounced by that after criticism, which can look back to condemn, but is blind to lead. Compelled to resolve stupendous, unprecedented questions of government and political economy, he roused the hostility of opposite schools in those difficult sciences. Never shrinking from any responsibility, personal or official, he sternly fulfilled his interpretations of duty as a coördinate branch of the national legislature, leaving his course to the verdict of his constituents: nor did he hesitate to avail himself of all the means he could extract from the letter of the constitution, to achieve, what he thought was the intent of its spirit. His was a stern, prompt, and energetic surgery, and, though the body politic writhed under the operation, none can tell, though some may conjecture, the more fatal consequences his severity averted. If he were wrong, public opinion has since adopted the chief of his heresies, and there is no hand strong enough or daring enough to lay one stone upon another of that, which he threw down into ruins. But in all this, his heart was with the people, his faith firm in the sufficiency of free principles, and regardless alike of deprecating friends and denouncing opponents, he held on throughout to one only purpose, the permanent good of the whole, unchecked by particular privileges, and unfettered by artificial restrictions. To use his own lofty language, "In vain did he bear upon his person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased; . . . in vain did he since peril property, fame and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought, if any doubts can be entertained of the purity

of his purposes and motives. . . . Nor could he have found an inducement to commence a career of ambition, when gray hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, called him to contemplate other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honored, and usurpers expiate their crimes."

But, though there are passages in his life, about which the most honest have held, and may yet hold, contrary opinions, there are services of his demanding the gratitude of all, and virtues all must delight to honor. Can we forget that victory, in which his ready strategy and consummate skill turned back, by the valor of scarcely disciplined men, the superior numbers and veteran determination of a foreign foe bent upon spoil and dishonor of a rich and populous territory? or the entire success, with which he delivered from the scalping-knife and torture of wily and ferocious savages, the Florida settlements, an achievement, which in subsequent trials far less arduous, no other leader has been able to imitate? Or the triumph of simple firmness over diplomatic, procrastinating subtleties, when, planting his foot upon what was clearly right, in a determination to suffer nothing that was clearly wrong, he swung round a mighty European empire to pay its long withheld indemnity for wrongs done to American commerce? And in that darkest hour of our country's history, when a narrow sectionalism counterfeited the color of patriotic zeal, and discord shook her Gorgon locks, and men shuddered as they saw, yawning wide in the midst of our confederacy, a gulf, which threatened to demand the devotion of many a life before it would close again, how sublimely did he proclaim over the land that doctrine sacred as the name of Washington, *The*

Union must be preserved! and the storm died away with impotent mutterings. Nor is his glory in this the less, that he shared it with another, and that other, one whose name the applauses of his countrymen have taught the mountains and the valleys to echo down for far generations, as the gallant the frank, the brilliant statesman, to whose fame the highest office could add no decoration, nor disappointment rob of just claims to the people's love. It was a lofty spectacle, full of rebuke to party jealousy and of instruction to their countrymen, when Henry Clay offered the compromise of his darling theory, and Andrew Jackson endorsed the new bond that made the Union again, and, as we trust, indissolubly, firm.

Remarkable as the contrast is, the indomitable old man had traits of temper tender, simple, and touching. With what faithful affection he honored her while living, whose dear dust made the hope of his last resting-place more sweet, that he might sleep again at her side! And, if his heart seemed sometimes steeled against the weakness of mercy, when crime was to be punished, or mutiny controlled, or danger annihilated; he could also stoop in his career of bloody conquest, to take a wailing, new-made orphan to his pitying heart; with the same hand, that had just struck down invading foes, he steadied the judgment-seat shaken with the tremors of him who sat upon it, to pronounce sentence against him for law violated from martial necessity; and at the height of authority, the poor found him a brother and a friend.

But, O how surpassingly beautiful was his closing scene, when, as the glories of his earthly honor were fading in the brightness of his eternal anticipations, and his head humbly

rested upon the bosom of Him who was crucified for our sins, his latest breath departed with praises of that religion which had become his only boast, and earnest counsel that all who loved him would obtain the like faith, and meet him in heaven ! There was no doubt in his death ; he had prepared to meet his God ; and when his giant heart fainted, and his iron frame failed, God was the strength of his heart, and his portion forever. Little would all his achievements have won for him, had he gained the whole world yet lost his soul ; but now his fame will survive until time shall be no more, and his spirit is immortal among the redeemed. The angels bore him from us, no longer the hero, the statesman, the guide of millions, and the master mind of his country ; but a sinner saved by grace to the feet of the Lamb that was slain, a little child of God to the bosom of his Father. My hearers, have you been his friends ? Obey his parting counsel, and by faith in Jesus, follow him to heaven, whom you have delighted to follow on earth. Have you been in opposition to his life ? Refuse not the profit of his death, but find in that blood, which cleansed him from all his sins, atonement for your own. O that his last testimony had the same power over men's souls, as his cheer in battle, and his proclamations of political doctrine ! Then would he shine bright among the brightest in the constellation of those, who turn many to righteousness.

My brethren, I have spoken much longer than I meant to have done, but you would not have withheld from me the privilege. If I have dwelt upon the best traits in the notable character of one, who has not been suffered to escape the earnest crimination of many, it has been because he is dead.

You, who listened to me with so much candor, when I paid, four years since, a humble tribute to the merits of him who reached the height of authority to sink into a grave watered by a nation's tears, will not condemn my utterance of similar emotions now. The jackal hate, that howls over the lifeless body, is far removed from your Christian charity and generous judgment.

Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And envy base to bark at sleeping mould.

Let us rather pray as Christians, that the memory of good deeds may live, and the example of a Christian's death be sanctified. Let us, as Christian patriots, take new courage in setting forth, by word and practice, the paramount virtue of the religion we profess, to save our country, as it saves the soul; and, while we mourn the conflicts of evil passion, not forget the actual good, which, by the Divine favor, is working out health from the mysterious fermentation.

There is, notwithstanding occasional agitation, a calm, good sense among our people, sufficient to recover and maintain the equilibrium. It is not seen blustering around the polls; it is not heard vociferating and applauding in party meetings; nor, unhappily, does it often appear on the arena, where misnomered statesmen struggle rather for personal advancement than their country's good; but it lives with those, who, from honest toil, are too independent to be bought, or, from honest competence, too content to desire the doubtful distinctions of popular favor. It is nurtured by the lessons of holy religion. It is breathed in the prayer of God's true wor-

shippers. It deliberates around the domestic hearth, where the father thinks of the posterity who are to live after him ; in the philosophic retirement of the man of letters ; in the workshop where the freeman feels proud of his sweat ; and in the cultured field, from which the farmer knows that his bread is sure by the bounty of heaven. It is felt in the practice of common duties, the example of daily virtues, and the results of observant experience. It is like oil on the waves of noisy strife. The man in power trembles as he hears its still small voice ; the secret conspirator finds its clear eye upon him, and quails beneath the searching scrutiny ; and, like the angel of Israel, it meets the demagogue on his way to curse the land which God has blessed, and, if he be not turned back, it alarms and forewarns the beast on which he rides.

It may be said, that the party of the honest and intelligent is small, far smaller than, with my respect for my country, I believe it to be ; but, if it be, it has still the controlling voice from the divisions of the rest. Each disastrous experiment teaches them new prudence, each well-sustained trial new courage. They have not looked for immediate perfection, and, therefore, are willing yet to learn. They are the men who hold the country together, and their influence is the salt which saves the mass from utter corruption. I look upward above the dust which is raised by scuffling partisans, to the throne of our fathers' God ; I look backward on all the threatening events through which he has brought us ; and I can commit my country to the care of Him who "maketh even the wrath of man to praise him," and believe that it is safe. Under providence, I rely with an unshaken faith on the in-

telligent will of the American people. If my faith be a delusion, may it go with me to my grave. When its warrant proves false, I could pray God, if it be his will, to let me die ; for the brightest hope that ever dawned on political freedom shall have been lost in darkness, the fairest column ever reared by the hands of men cast down, and the beacon light of the world gone out.

My hearers, we must soon appear before God to answer for all our conduct here. Then, what will avail all our busy, anxious, most successful pursuit of this world, if, through neglect of a timely faith and repentance, we are lost forever ? Let me entreat you, therefore, to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, that the Holy Spirit may be your guide, Christ your intercessor, and the Father receive you among the children of his love. Until we have obtained this grace for ourselves, we shall seek in vain to do any real good ; there is no promise of an answer to our prayers, or of a blessing upon our zeal. We cannot be faithful to others, while we remain unfaithful to God and our own souls. May the voice of Providence, confirming the testimony of the Scriptures, prevail with us all to prepare for eternity, that, in our wise preparation, we may secure our own best happiness, by rendering the best service to God, our country, and our race !
Amen.

A PLEA FOR STUDY.

A N O R A T I O N

BEFORE THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES OF YALE COLLEGE,

AUGUST 19, 1845.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

O R A T I O N .

GENTLEMEN,

Rising, at your flattering request, to speak before such an assemblage, as THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF YALE COLLEGE, your orator adopts, with all their force, the earnest words of Ringelbergius:—“Happy young men, trained from very childhood, under the best masters, in various learning, to whom belong the blooming cheek, the pliant limb, a hope of many years, and an unworn energy, would that I could share the freshness of your morning, and seek, with a vigor like yours, those heights of knowledge, which now, from early neglect, are beyond my reach! Vain are my regrets. Let me solace them by exhorting you to persevere in the difficult, but honorable labors of a studious life, labors whose success is certain, as their rewards are glorious!”*

Our discourse will, therefore, be upon

STUDY ;

a theme beyond his powers, whose distinguished office it is to address you ; yet, inspiring courage from this classical atmos-

* I. Fortii Ringelbergii Lib. De Ratione Studii.

phere, he feels sure, of a courteous sympathy with his well-meant efforts. Under the shadow of your venerable University, founded by ancient piety and edified by the good of many generations, crowded by aspirants to scholarship from every part of our wide confederacy, and illustrated by the lives of professors as eminent for every virtue as they are excellent in every science, the most humble lover of Christian learning may bring his tribute to a cause, identified with the name of YALE.

But do they, who have been blessed by the liberal nurture of your ALMA MATER, need incitement to pursue study so delightfully begun? Is not the day, on which they receive her parting blessing, rightly named a Commencement, because then, obeying her last affectionate words, they commence, *baculum in manu*, those higher walks of truth, for whose steep ascents she has carefully disciplined their growing faculties? Can we think it possible, that any, who have here known the pleasures of intellect, will ever be seduced by the earthward and imbruting temptations of a vulgar world?

These doubts have a melancholy answer from the past; for by far the greatest part of those, whose advantages should have made them lights to mankind, shining brighter and brighter, are lost in disgraceful obscurity, become slaves of the mine, mere delvers after gain, or drag their way through life mortally tainted with sloth, the leprosy of soul.

A college course may be compared to the fabled regions below. Many feel themselves chained down by iron rules, the vulture impatience gnawing at their liver; or are whirled round, like Ixion, by a routine of unwilling exercises; or pour

lessons into memories, leaky as the sieves of the Danaides; or strive vainly to taste enjoyments, which tantalize the appetite of their feeble minds; or, most laboriously,

“With many a weary step and many a groan,”

heave up the mass of their accumulating tasks until they reach a bachelor's degree, to let it run down again, and to run down after it, congratulating themselves over Sisyphus, that they may stay at the bottom. A fortunate few find here an Elysium, where they hold high converse with the mighty dead, and emerge, like Æneas, wise from their counsels, to lay the foundation of an influence more enduring than “eternal Rome.” Such spirits, at least, will listen to an advocate of Study.

STUDY, in its wide meaning, signifies, Zeal in acquiring knowledge of any kind, by any method; but, leaving those, more conversant with them, to recommend other sciences, our plea is for Letters, especially, Letters which reveal the experience, the taste, and the mind of antiquity.

Study abounds in religious uses. It is a scruple of a sickly conscience, that our immediate duties are so many, as to forbid us time for such occupation. The true end of life is preparation for eternity, and religion ought to have our supreme regard. But what is religion? Is it not the study of God, of our fellow creatures and of ourselves, and the intelligent practice of our duties to all? God is our best Teacher, and how does he instruct us? He has not, in his book, taught us only of Himself, nor confined the text to mere statements of

doctrine, bare precepts and direct promises. The Scriptures are full of man's history, the strange workings of the human heart as shown by the conduct of nations and individuals, the miserable consequences of departure from primeval religion, and the peaceful results of righteousness. It is not presumption to inquire after God, for "the knowledge of the Holy is understanding;" but he has taught us, also, that man is the proper study of man. Whatever exhibits human nature, shows us ourselves.

The style of the Scriptures is not bare and meagre. Simplicity of narrative, pathos and grandeur of description, eloquence, argument, philosophy, poetry, imagery, apothegm, maxim, proverb, are all there; and each inspired writer has a genius, with its correspondent manner, peculiar to himself. Study of the Bible awakens a taste for letters, and sanctions by infallible example, a cultivation of those arts which the scholar loves for the delight and power they give him.

God teaches us by his works. He has not formed them after the narrow scheme of a misnomered utilitarianism. There are the rugged, the barren, and the dreary; but how far excelling in number and extent, are the graceful, the changeful, the wonderful and the bright! How lavish has he been of trees, and shrubs, and herbs, and flowers, moulding their anatomy and painting their leaves with infinite skill! Mountain and valley, hill and dale and plain, forest and meadow, brook and river and lake and sea, combine their contrasts to adorn the fruitful earth for the dwelling of its innumerable tribes. Above us, the clouds, dark, fleecy or gorgeous, of every shape, sweep over the face of heaven, or hang

around the horizon, or, passing away, leave the blue vault magnificent with the garniture of sun and moon and planet and constellation. They all have their uses; but is their beauty, with our faculty to perceive and to feel it, of no use? an extravagance of the Creator, a profuseness of bounty, from which we must abstain in a self-denial more prudent than the kindness of God? Let the cold, dull plodder, who, intent on his creeping steps, fears to look up and delight himself with that which delights God, study the lyrics of David, the rhapsodies of holy prophets, and the illustrated sermons of his Lord.

The greatest divine work within our observation is man; man is most wonderful in his soul, and Letters are the development of the human soul by its own actings. They open to us a world, a universe, more vast than material creation, not the less instructive, because the free attributes of the moral creature are permitted to modify the original economy. The evil of man is his own, his perverted passions, his calamitous errors of theory and practice; but the goodness, the wisdom, and power of man, is the manifestation of God in his creature, and thus does the operation of evil itself, assist us to know the infallibility of that Supreme Will, whence no evil could ever emanate; which is the principal lesson of Scriptures, written by "holy men of old as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Every fact, discovered in the aggregate experience of all former times, confirms the testimony of revelation to the necessity of that piety, which God has pronounced our highest good.

As we read the classic pages of poet, orator, historian and

philosophical inquirer, we are surprised by a beauty, sweetness and sublimity, far more exquisite than any external things, which refine and elevate our spiritual perceptions. If it be not denied us to gather the perishing flowers, to hear the music and contemplate the scenery, which God prepares for our senses, that we may derive from them pleasure and advantage ; may we not enjoy with profit the bloom, the melody, the grace, the tenderness, the incomparable grandeur and ilimitable range of thought, which distinguishes man from grosser being, and admits him to an adoring communion with the Father of Spirits ?

There is a sphere of life promised to the Christian, where matter has no place, and, by an inscrutable mystery, the bodies of the redeemed are etherealized into spiritual substance ; where exist those ideal realities, of which sensible things are but the fleeting shadows ; and truth, and joy, and love, and praise, are known, and felt, and uttered, by thought alone, unseen, intangible, unheard, as the essence of God and the souls of his happy children. In that deep silence harmonies are ever rolling ; over those invisible regions eternal beauty is outspread, and there, untrammelled by the impediments of matter, spirits hold fellowship with spirits, in an activity so pure and free, that Scripture has described it by perfect REST.

The outward engagements, which religion demands of us here, are, in their place and degree, a discipline preparatory to heaven ; but we cannot fulfil them aright, nor is our education progressive, except as we free our souls from the degradation of sense, by uplifting them to the world of thought ; and find there a vigor and satisfaction, independent of all low-

er things. This is the work of Study. When we bend over the volume, a miraculous power suspends the laws, which separate us from the distant and the past. The scholar from far-off lands sits at our side; the sages of far antiquity live again in their deathless words; they speak a silent language, whose tones shall stir the hearts of generations long to come. O then it is that we feel ourselves to be immortal; citizens of an imperishable universe, and, yielding reason, staggered by the vastness of her destiny, to the stronger virtue of faith, return to walk through earth, pilgrims whose aim is a better country, the paradise of the soul.

But some may ask: Why study particularly the ancients, when we have in modern learning all the advantages of their labors, enhanced and corrected by researches under the light of Christianity?

The objection would be of more force, if the moderns had always sought to rectify, by evangelical assistance, the errors of antiquity. Unhappily, however, since the early time when professed rhetoricians and teachers of philosophy became fathers and doctors of the church, there has been a strong tendency to engraft upon the true and living vine of Christ's planting, subtleties and abstractions from the Grecian and Egyptian schools. Men, converted to the new faith in middle life, retained the bent and methods of philosophizing, acquired under masters who knew not of Jesus; nor could the mind of the world be turned readily out of channels, in which it had flowed for ages. An accidental similarity of some terms in the apostolical writings to those of the philosophers, and an imaginary identity between some Academic theories and

certain Christian doctrines, with an abuse of the Aristotelian dialectics, contributed largely to the adulteration of that wisdom which came directly from above, pure, original and unique. To this day, indeed now more than for centuries, Plato and Plotinus are made interpreters of the sacred epistles; wild, if not profane dreams of the Emanative system, at utter variance with the Bible, which declares all but God to have been *created*, are enthusiastically advocated from the pulpit, as well as the press; nay, the Stoic scheme of reproduction after the fiery close of a Providential cycle, is more than quoted in supposed illustration of literal prophecy. We are often startled by the walking ghosts of long buried notions from the limbo of heathenism, not the less recognizable by the scholar, because wearing a Geneva cloak, an Oxford surplice, or a cross-embroidered vestment. On the other hand, the astute skeptic, encouraged by this actual, though unintentional, veiling of Divine teaching to the competency of unaided reason, has, by a pernicious skill, cited the past to prove the unnecessariness of Revelation for the knowledge of that, which God only has made, or could make, manifest. Thus, by the folly of its friends, who have literally "gone down to Egypt for help," and the bold cunning of its enemies, who strike strongly against the polemic, that has flung away the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit to wield weapons of man's forging, the Gospel is put in a false position, from which no human means, under God, can extricate it, but sanctified learning.

There is not one modern theory, which has not been constructed, as the later Romans build their houses, with materi-

als taken from ancient ruins ; every great metaphysical dispute, now agitated, has a source more early than history can reach ; nor is it possible to reason correctly backward, through the confusion of multiplied eclecticisms, to the errors which those, who, departing from the faith given by God to man at the beginning, and “professing to be wise, became fools,” have mingled with that primeval revelation. There is (blessed be the Almighty Comforter!) a divine witness in the Gospel itself, more convincing than any corroborative testimony ; but, except we deem valueless the confirmation of experience, and leave all the results of past inquiry to the perversions of skeptics, we must study the learning of antiquity, before we can fairly vindicate the necessity and excellence of that system, which we have received from the Holy Ghost. It is, when, after thorough search, we fail to discover in ancient books, except the Bible, a logical argument for the Being of God or the immortality of the soul, stronger than a general traditional notion ;* or any scheme of philosophy, which could account for the existence of matter, antagonist to spirit, and limiting even the will of the One they called Supreme ;† and far back as we go, we see clearer and yet more

* Ut pono, *firmissimum* hoc aferri videtur cum Deos esse credamus, quod nulla gens tam fera, nemo omnium tam sit immanis, cujus mentem non imbuerit Deorum opinio ; et seq.—*Tusc. Quæst.* 1, c. 13.

† Citations would be superfluous (had we room) to show, that no scheme of ancient philosophy made matter otherwise than eternal. Matter could not be accounted for by *emanation* from The ONE, and, therefore, it was impossible for them to consider it entirely subject to His will. Creation, in our sense of the term, *out of nothing*, is not to be found among their conjectures. Here is a radical distinction from the doctrine of the Scriptures, which renders the Platonic theory utterly ir-

clear traces of an early God-taught knowledge, (fragments of which believed in, though unproved, because, as Plato says, they were learned by children at the breast,* from mothers and nurses among barbarians as well as Greeks, constitute whatever is genuine in their elaborate and labyrinthine speculations,) that we are ready to bow with a more humble trust at the feet of the Crucified, who made all things and upholds them, revealed life and immortality by the radiance which shone through his broken tomb, and now, as at first he commanded light to shine out of darkness, shines in the hearts of his people, the brightness of his Father's glory and the character of invisible God.

It is only by a careful study of the ancients themselves that we can know how poor were their best thoughts of divinity; how dim and comfortless their expectations after death; how various and conflicting their definitions of the right and the good; how cold their morality, which, merging all affection in wisdom, accounted the poor man, the laborer, and the uncultivated, as profane, mere slaves of the initiated; how insufficient their motives to uphold them against present temptation; and, at least in one case, but that the most available for our purpose which could be given, how anxious their expectation of a Teacher from heaven,† who would show us

reconcilable with our faith. Should any one be disposed to quote the Timæus against us, he will find himself sufficiently answered by Brucker.—*Hist. Phil. Vol. I. p. 676-7.*

* πειθόμενοι τοῖς μύθοις, οὓς ἐκ νέων παίδων ἔτι ἐν γάλαξιν τρεφόμενοι τροφῶν τε ἤκουον καὶ μητέρων. κ. τ. λ. ΝΟΜΟΙ, I.

† Αναγκαῖον οὖν ἐστὶ περιμένειν ἕως ἄν τις μύθη ὡς δεῖ πρὸς θεοῦς καὶ πρὸς ἀνθρώπους διακεῖσθαι. κ. τ. λ. ΑΛΚΙΒ. ΔΕΥΤ. § 22.

how to live, and how to pray, and what to hope for. Then are we prepared to resist the Platonist, who, intoxicated with the poetical romancings of the sublime idealist, would persuade us that we are gods, knowing good and evil; or, to flay the Marsyas-like skeptic, who dares to match his skill against the Divine, after a contest with him upon his own instruments. If the swan of Egina, forsaking the safer bosom of his more modest master, never reached by his boldest flight the cardinal fact, which a Christian child reads in the first verse of his Bible, what worth to us can be theories based upon the fable of emanation? If an apostle of our Lord has encouraged us when we lack wisdom to ask of God, with what patience can we listen to men, who bid us search and find within our sinful, creature souls, a microcosm of all ideas? If Socrates, the best of the ancients, while expecting a new revelation, contented himself with gathering and separating from the rubbish of superstition, the golden particles of truth washed down to him by the traditionary stream; and Aristotle, the greatest, never showed his unequalled sagacity more than in abstaining altogether from questions of religious import; and Cicero, after sitting as umpire over a congress of all sects, pronounced the atheist's argument most true, hoping against logic that religion might be found probable;* how very ridiculous is the vanity of men, who, turning their backs upon the Sun of Righteousness, which nevertheless will shine around them, boast that they can demonstrate by their puny wit what those giant intellects could not discover!

* . . . ita discessimus, ut Velleio Cottæ disputatio *verior*, mihi Balbi *ad veritatis similitudinem propensior*.—De Natura Deorum III. 40.

Were they, who rebuke us for these studies, as inconsistent with more active piety, to consider how much of our common and most necessary religious privileges have been derived, under God, from such learning, the tone of their rash and ungrateful criminations would be less positive. The very Scriptures, which they hold justly to be the fountain of saving truth, were written, at first in scattered pieces, in tongues to them unknown, and have reached us through long ages, and, until the art of printing, by the uncertain hands of transcribers. They have many passages, which, had we no acquaintance with the history, customs, opinions and idioms of their time, would be utterly inexplicable; so that to translate them, much more to establish the canon, to verify the text and elucidate it fully, demanded, and still demands, extensive erudition and severe literary discipline. To open the paths of heavenly wisdom for the little feet of the Sunday scholar, mountains have been levelled and valleys filled up, crooked places made straight and rough places plain, by the stupendous labors of untiring minds, who employed the skill and strength which study only could give, in preparing the way of the Lord to preach his Gospel to the poor. Shall it be lightly said, that the hours they spent discovering the secrets of language, comparing the various operations of thought, and observing the effects of national and individual peculiarities, were wasted; though to accomplish themselves for their work, it was necessary that they should range through all heathen literature, biography and history, eloquence and philosophy, epic, lyric, tragedy and comedy, from the oldest Orphic fragment to the memoranda of Gellius, the gossip of the Deipnoso-

phists, and that last link in the chain of Hermes, the problems of Proclus? With very few exceptions (perhaps only one, the glorious old dreamer, Bunyan,) since the days of the apostles, the servants of God, whatever may have been their immediate usefulness, have left an influence upon the church and the world lasting and wide in proportion as their zeal was seconded by learning. Who will challenge the services of Luther, profoundly versed in ancient wisdom, and Melancthon (*ille Germaniæ suæ magister, omnis doctrinæ præsidio instructus, divinis humanisque literis ornatus**), whose eloquent exhortations to the study of the classics have come down to us with the Augsburg Confession; of Calvin and Rivet, whose Ciceronian periods enchant the scholar as much as their matchless divinity edifies the saint; of Zuingle, an editor of Pindar, and Piscator, a translator of Horace; of Grotius, teacher of all moral science, and the elder Vossius, worthy of being named with his great compatriot; of Owen, Baxter, and Howe, each thoroughly bred to the use of books; of Matthew Henry, whose apt quotations show a stretch of reading which, from his modest quaintness, we might not otherwise have suspected, and Doddridge, whose style betrays early familiarity with classic models; of Lardner and Warburton, who heaped the spoil of the Gentiles in the temple of the Lord, and of many others, not to speak of those in our own day and in our own land, honored alike by the erudite and the good? Was their piety, because of their learning, less active or less useful, than that of those who cannot take a step in Christian

* Jo. Alberti Oratio de Poesi Theologis utili.

duty, but leaning on their help? Can we be wrong in attempting to follow their examples?

Temptations there may be, there are, in a studious life, which have led astray many an unhappy mind. But where is there not temptation? Is the Christian in the counting-house, the work-shop or the field, free from it? Does the devil triumph more in the retirement of a library than in the squabbles of ecclesiastical councils, where the most empty are always the most noisy; or in those mischievous excitements, like that of Israel before Horeb, when impatient to get on, they set up a god of Egypt to counterfeit the presence of Jehovah? A difficult, but useful book, is no bad charm to lay those evil spirits, who love the dry and desert places of ignorance far more than a well-filled and busy head; and if we cannot force out the tempter by reading, we may try, as Luther did, what virtue there is in an inkstand. A Christian man, with a good thought in his brain and a pen in his hand, is more than a match for a legion of such, as would drive a swinish multitude down a precipice into a sea of absurdity, fanaticism or crime.

Defective as was their knowledge of divine things and of physical science (though our pride in that has been not a little shaken by recent searches among their monuments), it is notorious that we are far behind the ancients in many other respects. The moderns have written much upon government, the laws of thought, rhetoric and criticism, but their rules and examples are chiefly drawn from the standards of classic ages; and every faithful student knows by experience, how much more can be learned from actual conversation with the Greek

and Latin masterpieces, than from all the manuals which flatter us with a promise of easy acquisition. It is to them we must go for a large series of experiments, which they made in attempting the distribution and balance of power, not the less instructive because they were so remarkably ignorant of that most philanthropic science, Political Economy, which, next to the Gospel, whose legitimate offspring it is, will do more than any thing else for the elevation and fraternization of our race. Their profound and indefatigably curious philosophical inquiries anticipated, as we said before, every question now vexed, except those suggested by the Scriptures. Aristotle's system of exact definition, nice analysis, and direct demonstration, governs the reasoning world. Plato, in richness of metaphor, nobleness of diction, and musical cadence, has never been approached; and an oration of Demosthenes carefully dissected, will show us better how to carry off an audience captive, than a thousand lectures on eloquence from scholastic chairs. No man should write a history, who has not pondered over the intense narrative of Thucydides; or biography, if he know not the Life of Agricola almost by heart; or an essay, until familiar with those of Seneca, superfluous as they are in antithetical conceits. Homer, whom all have emulated, looks down from his dateless throne upon every epic adventurer. Horace, imitator as they say he was of Alcæus, has never found a successful rival. Milton (whose obligations to the classics a scholar detects through all his poetry), Dryden, Pope, Collins, and Gray, caught the fire and rhythm of their odes from Pindar. The pithy apothegms of Juvenal are our common proverbs. Where but in the dramas

of Shakspeare, who alone lifts his head superior to ancient comparison, can we discover the tender grace of Euripides, the chastened grandeur of Sophocles, or the inexhaustible wit, facile play of words, and comic satire of Aristophanes? Where, even in Shakspeare, is there a conception like the Prometheus or Cassandra of Æschylus, who transcends our great master of the human heart by transcending the sphere of actual humanity?

But not to multiply instances, unnecessary before this audience, it may be confidently asserted that no high excellence in the arrangement or expression of thoughts, can be acquired without cultivating the ancients. A careful study of their languages is itself an education in strength, clearness, and delicacy of phrase, not merely because so much of our own has been taken from them, that we cannot understand it until we understand them, but because of their superior mechanism. The Greek (with its supposed parent, the Sanscrit), is the greatest and most mysterious achievement of human invention; for not only is its polish, which might be the work of progressive refinement, exquisite, but its radical principles are perfect in philosophical arrangement. He, who knows all things, alone knows how a system could have originated in those shadowy ages so accurate and complete, that the best style of modern tongues seems, by its side, rude and unregulated. We do not go too far in saying, that it exhibits, more fully than anything else, the relations between thought and utterance, and that a thorough acquaintance with its construction is as necessary to the metaphysician as the critic.

To this, and, doubtless, springing from the same source, the

Greeks added an intense love, a keen perception and severe ideas of beauty, which rendered their compositions simple and harmonious, yet grand or graceful; like their own matchless sculptures, whose drapery was managed to reveal a symmetry that needed no decoration to conceal defects, but animated, breathing and energetic, from more than Promethean fire. Nothing can be more delightful to a literary mind, nothing more improving, than the study of their chaste and highly-wrought *Æstheticism*. Happy is he who can bring skill in their art to the manifestation of those heavenly doctrines which open the fairest field for its exercise, and are never so true as when presented in their own naked beauty! It is not the genuine scholar who becomes a pedant, nor the true philosopher who tampers with revealed certainties; but, while half-taught pretenders astound the multitude with sonorous polysyllables, or presumptuously venture their crude conjectures, (stigmatized by the learned apostle, as "philosophy falsely so called,") the man of faith and knowledge employs his studious retirement and extensive means in distilling from foreign admixtures the waters of wisdom, that he may give them to the thirsty soul, pure, bright and transparent, as they came out of the fountain above. Nothing so much abases that pride which seeks self-distinction, as a sincere love of the true. Comparison with great ideas teaches us the insignificance of our powers, and then exalts us by the warranted ambition of securing our own glory through a submissive devotion to the glory of truth, which is the glory of God.

From these considerations, it follows that study should be governed by an elevated and religious spirit. Only three

motives are allowed to us in any pursuit: the honor of the Lord our Creator, the well-being of our fellow creatures, and our own immortal happiness. These are so interlinked as not to be separable. God, by the sanctions of his law and Gospel, justifies a regard to our own good, while he condemns selfishness, and makes service of our human brethren duty to himself, which cannot be loyally rendered, except we find in it our greatest pleasure. The student, to be successful, must delight in his noble task. He will meet with many difficulties and disappointments. His toil will be severe and increasing. In themselves his trials will give him pain. Yet, as the peasant sweats for bread, the soldier bleeds for honor, or the martyr suffers for his cause, he encounters and bears them all for the sake of the reward before him, until, after some determined practice and gratifying successes, he loves the very labor, and difficulty only rouses his generous courage. No man is fit to be a student unless he has a heart for study, a love of the beautiful and the great in thought, stronger than any other passion, and an energy of will undaunted by any encounter. His calling and destiny are elsewhere. He may, according to his capacity, fill some lower place in the social economy, but the rank and inheritance of a scholar are not for him. Learning is jealous of all rivals, and spurns all who are too sluggish, or timid, or sordid, to undertake, dare or sacrifice every thing for her sake.

There are those, who claim to be men of letters, and perhaps of some note, who follow study for a trade, and make books or teach out of them, as tinmen make or peddlers sell the most common utensils, but would in a moment fling aside

their scholarship, such as it is, to take up any handicraft that promised better wages. Perhaps we ought not to scourge these money-changers from the temple, (though our fingers itch for the small cords,) because they may be useful in a degree; Providence employs the meanest and most ugly things; but, certainly, a tinker or a peddler, who loves his business, is incomparably more worthy of respect, than men who, with such advantages of knowledge, appreciate it only by the pence it brings them.

There are those, scarcely less mechanical, who lose the end of learning by attention to the minutiae of its detail, and see nothing in a classic but its words and accents. They will turn without emotion from the sobbing sentences in the last page of the *Phædon*, to luxuriate among the scholia at the bottom; or stop short in the prayer of *Iphigenia*, hanging on the knees of her father, that they may hunt for authorities about the suppliant wreath, to which she compares herself so touchingly. They too have their uses; but it is as stone-breakers on the highway of knowledge, or, at best, mere proof readers, who, the printers tell us, are more likely to be accurate the less they feel an author's meaning.

Others, again, are feverish with impatience to shine; and, since the beaten path is too much crowded by better men to allow them notoriety, they seek it in eccentric and venturesome novelties. Like *Erostratus*, they would fire the most sacred system to gain a name, and, careless of consequences, abuse the gifts of God within them, to set the crowd agape. Such men are very mischievous, and the more so the more learning

they have, as a skilful chemist, if malignant enough, would be the most adroit poisoner.

There are yet those, who eagerly enjoy the pleasures of study without any regard for the advantage of others; too intent upon learning, to teach, and upon reading, to write; absorbed from all thought of the living their association with the dead. God has given them talent and opportunity to store their minds with richest treasures, but in miserly niggardliness they keep them locked from the world. None are wiser for their knowledge, and the Father of lights receives from them no tribute of praise. Heavy will be their responsibility in that hour, when the guilt of neglecting to do good shall be measured by the means granted to accomplish it.

But the office of the educated is to be benefactors of their race. While we love study for its own sake, we should love it far more for the sake of the faculties it gives us to exercise the highest form of beneficence. Reputation for talent and acquirements, because it enhances our power, may fairly be desired, and, within proper limits, sought. An intellectual laborer is not less entitled to remuneration for his work, than those who till the earth or ply the loom. Whatever in our studies refines our taste, improves our manners, or quickens our sensibilities, is to be cherished, because, though the effect be not immediately seen, it prepares us for greater success when we attempt to do good. Yet usefulness to man for the glory of God, should be the student's ruling purpose. That alone can maintain in us an unconquerable courage, lift us above the dangerous temptations within and around, and, purifying our thoughts from selfish and sensual defilement, sanc-

tify our understanding for that eternal sphere, where charity never fails, though tongues shall cease and knowledge vanish away. The heart, not the reason, is the most noble part of the soul.

It would, however, be a grave mistake to draw knowledge only from books. Human nature, in all ages, is radically the same. Books help us to understand mankind, and intercourse with mankind helps us to understand books. A theory, which, when read, we think right or wrong, may be proved the reverse by a half hour's observation of actual life; as, on the other hand, what the superficial infer with ready confidence from a few obvious facts, may be utterly opposed by the results of a longer trial, recorded by the historians of the past. The world is a busy laboratory, where experiments are constantly going on, by which we should try our hypotheses, and gather facts for farther induction, else we shall be dupes of fantastic speculation, and bring, as others have done before us, ridicule upon scholarship. There is, it is true, much folly in the assumption of superior judgment, by some who claim to be practical men, over those they sarcastically call theorists. What were your practical men without the aid of theorists? A practical blacksmith may make a lightning-rod that saves a house from destruction, but the theorist, Franklin, first showed the world how to turn aside the thunderbolts of heaven. A practical seaman may easily navigate a ship, but, first, Napier gave him logarithms, and Godfrey his quadrant, and Bowditch taught him how to use them, and older theorists discovered and made plain the higher principles. The practical man, on errands of business, may shoot along a railway,

after the surveyor and engineer have done their work and the locomotive has been made, when, but for them, his utmost speed would be in a horse's legs. The illustration holds good in trade, politics, morals and every thing, that affects the comforts or interests of the race. Still, without practical observation, the most ingenious reasoning is hypothesis that has not gained the strength of theory, nor, until put to the test, can theory have the value of law.

It is thus with us, when we would turn our knowledge derived from learning to a useful account. To make men better, it is not enough that we demonstrate what they ought to be; we must know and consider what they are. We may imagine for them a state of health, but our business is with them in a state of disease, which we must understand before we can apply any remedies. Learning gives us a wider range of facts than he has, who can look only upon his little narrow present, and we have all the benefit of former experience in failures or success; but we also need the actual around us. Neither Owen nor Fourier is an original genius. Abstract philosophers of all times have been fond of picturing a perfect social system. Pythagoras made a grand mistake in social organization at Crotona, and John Locke framed the exploded constitution of South Carolina; nor would any Utopia, from Plato's to Sir Thomas More's, succeed better. Common sense, that most uncommon thing, which is nothing else than a shrewd application of ascertained principles to things as they are, should temper our philosophical ambition.

Let us, then, never think a day's study done, unless we have added to our knowledge from reading, something more

from society and conversation. Our nature is social; and much seclusion from the world is unhealthy for mind and heart. A famous scholar recommends a companion even in study, that each may assist the other with his peculiar gifts or attainments, and because of the stimulus which mind receives from mind when brought into contact. We know, by experience, that to talk over a subject with a sensible friend is a sure way, not only to acquire ideas from him, but to call them up from our own resources. The impulse follows us back to our desks, and we set ourselves again to our work, as cheerfully as we would to pleasant food after a long walk in an agreeable country. But we should not confine ourselves to literary associates. The conversation of intelligent women, if you can find any not too much afraid of being thought "blue stockings" to talk, is eminently instructive. They have a delicacy of tact, a truth of feeling, and a direct philosophy of their own, past our finding out, which the most profound thinker may listen to and learn. The natural outworking of a little child's mind is an excellent metaphysical study. So, often, are the rough-hewn ideas of uneducated people. From the most ignorant you may extract something. Their crude reasonings, unsophisticated emotions, and even their prejudices and superstitions, will not seldom supply a link wanting from your own chain, or, if they do no more, should make us thankful for being better taught.

There is danger, however, that the student may be distracted from his great purpose, by the various excitements with which the popular mind so often becomes vertiginous. "Semel insanivimus omnes," says the proverb; but it might say

“semper,” with the verb in the present; for men are ever prone to phrenzy, and, like drunkards, are not nice about the character of a stimulant, if it be strong enough to intoxicate. Perhaps a new moral nostrum demands universal faith, as a wonder-working cure of evil hidden until now from prophet, apostle and sage; or some metaphysical Rosicrucian has invented a formula, by which all mysteries may be resolved into “Easy lessons of one syllable;” or a political contest nearly divides the national vote, each party vehemently asserting that the other half of the citizenship are knaves or fools, who will, if successful, certainly blow up the confederacy; or a damsel, put to sleep by the intensity of another’s will, is straightway “possessed of a spirit of divination,” reads books out of the back of her head, makes excursions to the moon, and “brings her masters much gain by soothsaying;” or the world is coming to an end; or “the heavens shine supernaturally, and an ox has spoken.” But why attempt to enumerate the proximate causes of these epidemics? If it were not one thing, it would be another. The disease is in human nature. It is difficult to avoid the infection, when, if we remain calm or aloof, we are denounced as cold, averse to progress, indifferent to the welfare of our race, irreligious, even impious; and meet at every corner enthusiasts, wild as Thyades,

. . . ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho
 Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithæron.

But do not suffer yourselves to be moved from your onward studies. History, as you know, is full of such instances. The Scripture, “given by inspiration of God,” “that the *αποφ*

God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works," has scarcely left any ethical secret to be discovered by the genius of our late philanthropy. The inner rows of old European libraries are crowded with volumes of eager controversy, painfully written upon questions, the very mention of which now excites pitiful laughter. Our beloved country has ten times multiplied her strength, and promises more fairly than ever to survive the results of general elections. Mesmerism, or something very like it, is as old as Aristotle, if we may believe a fragment of Proclus.* The earth has crushed many Millers, and will crush many more, in her revolutions to attain her final destiny; while every page of Julius Obsequens de Prodigiiis, will give the pattern of any alleged eccentricity from common laws.

Neither have the vanity to think that you can do any thing to oppose or correct the prevailing madness. Wait (and you need not wait long) till the paroxysm be over. You cannot put a straight jacket on a whole community, though they may

* "That it is possible for the soul to depart from and enter into the body, is evident from him who, according to Clearchus, in his Treatise on Sleep, used a soul-attracting wand on a sleeping lad, and persuaded Aristotle that the soul may be separated from the body, and that it enters into the body and uses it as a lodging. For, striking the lad with the wand, he drew out, and, as it were, led his soul, for the purpose of evincing that the body was immovable, when the soul was at a distance from it, and that it was preserved uninjured; but the soul being led again into the body, by means of the wand, after its entrance, narrated every particular." The MS. Commentary of Proclus on the Tenth Book of the Republic, quoted by Taylor in his fragments of Proclus. The translation does not seem precise or happy. Those who have Taylor's translation of the Republic at hand, may find the original among the notes.

send you to Bedlam for the attempt. A wise man, when it storms does not stay to chide the north wind, or reason with the hail, but quietly shuts himself up in his library. He will not think that the sky is falling, because the black electric clouds are thundering low and loud. He knows that, as the clear stars are shining on behind the tumults of our mundane atmosphere, the great principles of truth are fixed, radiant and harmonious. Be this your faith and your practice; then, at the proper season, you may do good to the errorist, blushing over his follies, who would never forgive you, if he knew that you had been near when the fit was on him. It would have been well for him who gives you this counsel, if he had always followed his own rule. *Piscator ictus sapit.*

Still, there is such an intimate connection between them, that our reason cannot act rightly, at least upon moral questions, except our hearts be cultivated. We must learn from sympathy with our kind what our nature really is; and mark how our common passions, infirmities, and sinful tendencies develop themselves in circumstances differing from those in which we are placed. There is a little world in every man's breast, and his life is an abridged history of the race. We shall find much to shock us, and, therefore, to humble us; but also much to pity and love, which will make us more kind. We shall think worse of human nature in general, but become less uncharitable toward erring individuals; and feel more strongly the obligation upon us to do all we can for the removal of evil, while we are driven to dependence upon the grace of God for success. The best teacher that ever taught, took upon Him our nature, that from a personal sense of our weak-

nesses in his human heart, which ached with all our sorrows, his divine wisdom might succor us according to our temptations. His example shows, that separateness from sinners is not seclusion from the world, and that, although we are to come out from it, we must mingle with our fellow-men to do them good. The rule of the Christian should be the method of the student.

Scarcely less necessary to soundness of mind are good personal habits. Compounded as we are of matter and spirit, the soul energizing through animal organs, the mind is always hurtfully affected by an ill-condition of body, or greatly assisted by its well-ordered vigor. Care of his health is, therefore, a student's duty, not only because unfaithfulness to a charge so precious would be a degree of suicide, but because without it his intellectual faculties will be weakened and deranged. We hear every day of studious men, breaking down, as it is called, from the supposed effects of application to books; and many are deterred from mental labor by fear of shortening their lives. If slender, they think themselves too feeble for literary toil; if robust, requiring more active employment. But the truth is, there are very few instances of health destroyed by study itself. Too scanty use of water, want of proper exercise, and excess of food, are the chief causes of those morbid affections which trouble zealous scholars. Different temperaments and constitutions demand different treatment, but every one should adapt his regimen to his circumstances. It is preposterous to spend eight or ten hours a day in a library, and live like a ploughman or a courtier.

A student often complains of an unaccountable dulness, when, with every disposition to apply himself, he can accomplish nothing, and his brain seems in a fog of confused ideas. Perhaps, on inquiring of his memory, he will be told that for many days past, he has washed only his face and hands, as if the show of cleanliness were the end of it. In such cases, of all remedies for his stupidity, water is the best, especially if he add to it a common compound of oil and alkali, and apply it briskly by an equally common, bristly implement. He will rise from his bath renovated, with a consciousness, next to a good conscience the most happy, of having done his person as much justice as the laundress does his linen, when she plunges not only those parts which will be visible, but the whole, in a capacious vessel,* nor ceases her exertions until the cleansing be thorough and complete. Every pore being thus unclogged, and the action of the skin stimulated, the mind, which was sluggish for want of free breathing, will be cheerful and bright, the fancy active, the reason vigorous, and the judgment clear. He has gained time instead of losing it, by his lustration. The fountain Hippocrene was but twenty stadia from the residence of the Muses.†

Another serious error is the neglect of physical exercise in a proper degree and kind. A shrewd observer of his countrymen has remarked, that Americans work hard only their brains and their stomachs, by which fact he accounts for the attenua-

* "*Labrum si in balineo non est, (fac) ut sit.*" CIC. Ep. ad Terentiam, 20.

† The reader will find this subject admirably treated in a volume on Baths, by an eminent medical authority — Doctor John Bell, of Philadelphia, whom the author has the honor to number among his kindest and most valued friends.

tion and angularity of form so frequent among us. It is difficult for the student to turn away from his books, when life is so short and science so vast ; but it is poor economy to save a few hours by unfitting ourselves for future exertions. Many imagine that they do take pains in this respect, though, very often, after the consequences of former neglect have been fastened upon them ; but, even then, the method of exercise is not adapted to the purpose. Sawing wood in a cellar, swinging heavy weights in a room, or dragging oneself through long aimless walks, seems rather to fatigue the limbs than agitate the whole system. Besides, the train of thought still goes on, there is nothing in such employment to relieve the mind, and the student returns unrefreshed, even tired, less disposed than before to the task of "taking exercise." Exercise, to be of service, must be enjoyed, and to be enjoyed must have some aim, no matter what, so that it be innocent, which will occupy our thoughts pleasantly. There is a most perniciously false public opinion among us, which looks upon athletic amusements as undignified for intellectual men, and almost wicked for clergymen. People would be shocked to see grave black-coated personages engaged, like school-boys, in a game of ball, or contending with each other in pitching quoits ; yet an occasional, even frequent, exercise of some such sort, would save many a promising young man from an early tomb, and prolong the usefulness of many prematurely old. "All work and no play," is as poor a maxim for the adult as the child ; it makes the one dull as it does the other ; for we are but "children of a larger growth." Constant sedentariness impairs the action of mind. Our thoughts become too abstract, unnatural, and often

gloomy. The brain takes the tone of the stomach. Some starve it, thereby to obviate the necessity of exercise, and grow light-headed or visionary; others overload it, and grow confused, melancholic, or ill-tempered. It has been observed, that wars involving lasting mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial despatch having been written during a fit of indigestion. Dryden's favorite inspiration, when wishing to do better than usual, was a strong saline draught; and a very eminent English statesman resorted to a similar mode of clearing his head. It is more than probable that hurtful theories are often promulgated in books, whose authors labor under similar difficulties without taking means to remove them, which pleasant out-door exercise might do. If so, to abstain from it is a sin against ourselves and the world.

Here is the secret of that sound, clear-headed vigor, for which Scotch intellect is so notable. The Oxford and Cambridge fellows and doctors, seldom stirring beyond the limits of their shaded quadrangles, or moving but in the slow-paced dignity of gown and office, reason for the actual world, of which they know little and cannot sympathize with, from mediæval precedents, or patristical authorities, and turn up their vellum-colored noses at all who will not swear in the words of their masters. The German scholar, scarcely less confined to academic limits, will most likely famish on a biscuit a-day, or gorge himself with sour-crust and black beer, though working two-thirds of the twenty-four hours, the effects of which, among immense contributions to learning, are seen in thoughts drawn out to their utmost ductility, or in heavy lubrications upon minute particulars. But the Scotch, even

when gray with age, lays his volume or pen aside, gladly to join in his ancestral game of *golf*, or to *curl* the stone upon the ice, or following the clear stream, to fill his creel with finny spoils; and returns to his books, sturdy in body and happy in spirit.

It may not be so with feeble constitutions, but for those in health violent exercise before study is not advisable. The excitement is too high, and the hand trembles as its fingers close upon the pen. Still, occasions should be sought to put every muscle into full action. Among out-door recreations, none has been a greater favorite with studious men of Great Britain, because none is more suited to quiet habits, fondness for retirement, and love of nature, than angling, not in the sea, but in brooks or rivers, where the genus *Salmo* abounds. A catalogue of men illustrious in every department of knowledge, who have refreshed themselves for farther useful toil by this "gentle art," as its admirers delight to call it, would be very long; and those who would charge them with trifling, perhaps worse, might, with some modesty, reconsider a censure which must include Izaak Walton, the pious biographer of pious men; Dryden, Thomson, Wordsworth, and many more among the poets; Paley, Wollaston, and Nowell, among theologians; Henry Mackenzie (the Man of Feeling), and Professor Wilson, the poet, scholar and essayist; Sir Humphrey Davy, author of *Salmonia*; Emmerson the geometrician; Rennie the zoologist; Chantrey the sculptor, and a host of others, who prove that such a taste is not inconsistent with religion, genius, industry or usefulness to mankind. It has been remarked, that they, who avail themselves of this exercise

moderately (for as one says, "make not a profession of a recreation, lest it should bring a cross-wish on the same,"*) and are temperate, attain, generally, an unusual age. Henry Jenkins lived to a hundred and sixty-nine years, and angled when a score past his century; Walton died upwards of ninety; Nowell at ninety-five, and Mackenzie at eighty-six. "Such frequent instances of longevity among anglers," says a writer on the subject, "cannot have been from accident, or from their having originally stronger stamina than other mortals. Their pursuits by the side of running streams, whose motion imparts increased vitality to the air, their exercise regular without being violent, and that composure of mind so necessary to the health of the body, to which this amusement so materially contributes, must all have had an influence upon their physical constitution, the effect of which is seen in the duration of their lives."†

Studious men, who live in the country, are more advantageously situated; but he, who is pent up in a town, vexed by the excitements of the day, and driven, in spite of himself, to late and irregular hours, could get profit every way, if at times he would seek the purer air, free from the city's smoke, and with his rod as a staff, climb the hills, and ply his quiet art in the brooks that wash the mountain side, or wander through the green valleys, shaded by the willow and the tas-

* Experienced Angler, by Col. Robert Venables (at one time Commander in chief of the Parliamentary forces in Ulster). London, 1662. Chap. X. Obs. 23.

† Scenes and Recollections of Fly Fishing, &c., by Stephen Oliver, the Younger, p. 25.

solded alder : " Atte the leest," says the Lady Juliana Berners, " he hath his holsome walke and mery at his ease ; a swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede floures, that makyth hym hungry. He heereth the melodyous armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes, heeronns, duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth theyr brodes. And yf he take fyssehe ; surely, thenne, is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte."* Nor should he forget the best of books in his pocket, and a few well-chosen jewels of truth to give away, as he enjoys the simple fare of some upland cottage, or chats with the secluded inmates during the soft twilight, before he asks a blessing upon the household for the night. After a few days of such communion, *sibi et Deo*, among the pleasant works of his Maker, and a grateful sense of rustic hospitality, he will go home a more healthy man in mind, body and heart. This advice is given soberly, earnestly and sonscientiously, as the fruit of experience. If any should follow it, and be afterwards chided for wasting time by those who prefer dyspepsia to common sense, let no answer be given. A sour stomach, and, its miserable accompaniment, a sour temper, are their own punishment.

* *The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, (attributed, though erroneously, to Dame Julian de Berners, Prioress of Sopewell Nunnery in Herefordshire,) first printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the Boke of St. Albans, 1496, forty-four years before the first classic (Tully's Epistles) was printed at Oxford. It was from this treatise that Izaak Walton took the hint and plan for his well known "Complete Angler," a hundred and fifty years later ; and, as the editor of Pickering's edition says, "In piety and virtue ; in the inculcation of morality ; in an ardent love for the art, and still more in that placid and Christian spirit for which the amiable Walton was so conspicuous, the early writer was scarcely his inferior."

No exercise, however, that a student can use, will counteract the effects of much animal food. An error of the people in this country, more than in any other civilized part of the globe, is being too carnivorous. Other persons may decide for themselves as they choose, but we should be content with a simple diet, nutritious, yet as little stimulating as possible. The command to Peter : " Kill and eat," is a sufficient refutation of those pretenders to be wise above what is written, who, because their own gastric functions are as weak as their brains, would reduce all men to bran bread and slops ; but meat more than once a day should seldom pass a student's lips, and not much then. According to modern notions, the end of temperance is to keep people from getting drunk ; the apostle Paul thought it to be, " keeping the body under ;" but what right has he, who eats heartily of meat at breakfast, repeats the enormity at dinner, and again at supper, to expect that his humors will not be thick, his brain muddy, his passions insurgent, and his ideas gross ; especially, if he sit at his desk for many hours ? This indulgence of appetite is, nine times out of ten, at the bottom of the student's brain fever or disordered digestion. Many commence their studies when past early youth, after having practised some trade or active calling, and, anxious to overtake time, they devote themselves with unremitting zeal to their books, but do not change their habits at table. Nay, not aware that, from sympathy of the stomach with the brain, mental industry produces a morbid appetite, they eat with increased voracity. Soon their color grows sallow, their shoulders stoop from lassitude, they become emaciated and sad, make some sickly efforts to do good, and then

creep into an early grave. "Poor fellow!" exclaim the friendly mourners, "he died a victim of studious zeal." No such thing! Let the epitaph-maker chisel upon the stone, for the warning of others: "Died of too much meat."

Nature teaches us better. All summer long she gives us a succession of fresh fruits and vegetables, leaving for our winter's store others which last us till summer comes again. The charter to Noah, the wisdom of which we may not doubt, did include animal food; but we should remember that the diet of man in Paradise and purity, was wholly vegetable.

This also, if you will take it, is the advice of one who has been himself, for years, a close student, at times an excessive student, and what is most trying of all, a night student; yet, with a constitution much better fitted to sling a sledge or follow a plough, he has never experienced any serious inconvenience, fairly attributable to study; which, he thinks, is because, to a very simple and moderate, but not whimsically abstemious, diet, particularly as to the use of animal food.

Gentlemen, much more might be said in vindication of our pursuits, but it would be unfair to tax your courteous patience any farther. Ours is indeed a noble calling. All antiquity speaks to us; let us speak to all posterity. What we have received from God, it would impoverish us to withhold, but will enrich us to impart. Let it be our constant care to cultivate the best wisdom, that, as we receive light from on high, we may, in our turn, shed the true light upon the world around us. In a little while, the fashions, the riches, the empty pleasures, and the tinsel honors of this life, will have passed away. We can carry with us into eternity nothing, of which

the soul is not the treasury. We shall never all meet together again in this world ; but we shall meet before the Judgment. Then may each of us be able to present, through the Intercessor, something done by His grace, worthy of our immortal powers, useful to our fellow-men, and glorifying to our Maker !
God bless you !

THE CLAIMS OF OUR COUNTRY ON ITS LITERARY MEN.

A N O R A T I O N

BEFORE THE

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

JULY 19, 1849.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

ORATION.*

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF
THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY:

The next difficulty, after gaining courage to address so distinguished an assembly, is the choice of a subject. The orator's habits may, through your characteristic courtesy, influence his decision; and as you have laid the honorable appointment upon one who has been consecrated an advocate of Christian morals, you will not be displeased, if his theme should accord with his calling. His task will, then, be more proportionate to his powers; for the discovery of truth is seldom a privilege of man, and the illustration of well-known principles in a manner that gives them attractive freshness is an art of rare genius; but to urge simply, yet earnestly, the motives of duty, is not above the pitch of an ordinary strength. You have, also, gone beyond your own ranks, (every man of which were more worthy of the office,) and commanded the present service from a stranger of a distant city, nurtured at the bosom of another Alma Mater, who, without a drop of New England

* Some of the main thoughts in this oration were the substance of an oration pronounced by the author before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College, July, 1848.

blood in his veins, has little knowledge of your sectional topics, sympathies, or predilections; therefore, while deeply grateful for the compliment, he unhesitatingly assumes the full right, which your request implies of speaking as it becomes him before a society of American scholars, fearless of giving offence by a frank utterance of his thoughts, certain of a kindly hearing from those whom talent, cultivated under the best auspices, has made liberal, candid, and considerate.

THE CLAIMS OF OUR COUNTRY UPON ITS LITERARY MEN have been often discussed; but the field is so rich, that it may well reward an hour's gleaning, though many strong reapers have gone before.

Patriotism has been regarded by some as a visionary virtue, existing only in boyish dreams, romantic rhapsodies, and declamations of demagogues; by others it has been denounced as a narrow vice, the opposite of Christian philanthropy. The first are at variance with the general sense of mankind; the last, with the moral economy ordained by God. That there are those who, while professing love for their country, would sacrifice its welfare to their selfishness, proves no more than their infirmity or hypocrisy. Human weakness is no argument against the reality of a virtue; on the contrary, a false pretence of a moral principle testifies to its value, for cunning bad men cloak their evil with the semblance of good. It were mere commonplace of quotation to cite instances showing the power of patriotic sentiment. Every page of history, and of none more than our own, records its courage in conflict, or its devotion under defeat. Poetry, the language which genius

gives to the heart, exults with its pride, or saddens with its sorrow. The orator appeals to it, seldom in vain, as among the strongest passions of our nature. The ethical philosopher defines its limits and adjusts its rules. The Holy Scriptures sanctify it by their infallible authority, when they preserve "for our learning" the mournful elegies of captive Judah, mingling her tears with the waters of Babylon; or bid us "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep sore for him who goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country;" or, above all, exhibit the sympathy of Christ himself, the Divine perfection of humanity, who, on his way to die for the world, paused to lament over Jerusalem, and, as he sent forth the "glad tidings which shall be for all people," commanded that they should be proclaimed first throughout the land of his birth. Nay, amidst the shades of this venerable Academy, where so many mighty spirits have gathered wisdom that they might go out to give their grateful fellow-citizens oracles of far-reaching, conservative, animating counsel, and so many, worthy of their ancestry, are at this time refreshing their zeal by the contemplation of such high examples; with the sacred fields round about us on which the proto-martyrs of our country poured forth their blood like water, and in close sight of Bunker's Hill,—who, under the glory of "so great a cloud of witnesses," dares question the reality of a virtue so magnanimous in trial and so grand in successes? One, who has been a companion and fellow of miscalled politicians, holding the base creed, that offices made for our country's advantage are the legitimate pay of successful, because unscrupulous, conspirators, until he has "quite

lost the divine quality of his first being," may sneer at patriotism as a profligate does at conscience, or a wanton at modesty; an atrabilious misanthrope, eager after proofs of human pravity, may have no leisure for observing the beautiful workings of God within man "both to will and to do of His good pleasure;" a mystical abstractionist, inverting his reason from the actualities of common life, may forget the common feelings of common men; but a little child, whose heart leaps at the word *home*, and knows why the cannon roars on the twenty-second of February or the fourth of July, can lead us to a purer, more generous, more uplifting, more philosophical sentiment.

Love to all men is, indeed, the law of Christianity. God, "who hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth, for to dwell together on the face of the whole earth," never meant that the brotherhood should be broken by territorial boundaries, or limited by expedients of trade. Yet none, but those who have gone mad upon remote generalisms and unities, will deny that kindred, vicinage, and organized reciprocity impose peculiar obligations. The maxim, that "charity begins at home," though much abused, is true. While God is the great object of all obedience, each man is made the centre of his human relations. His regard for himself is the inspired rule and measure of the regard due from him to his fellows. Next to himself is his household, then the immediate community in which he lives, then his country, then the world. Genuine benevolence is systematically expansive. It is educated in the family for the state, in the state for mankind. A disobedient child will not make a good citizen, nor one unfaithful to

his countrymen a philanthropist. These affections are concentric circles, described by the hand of the All-Wise around the heart; nor is it possible for our love to reach the outer, but by overflowing the inner. Hence the mistake of the illogical communist is apparent, when, to realize the idea, truthful in itself, of a universal family, he would destroy the germ from which the grand sociality must spring, and, with it, the household dependencies that teach a mutual well-being, the household needs that urge a combination of effort. We sympathize with him in his aim, but we deny the wisdom of his process.

For the very reason that these affections are concentric, they never clash. The Divine law, which assumes it to be right that a man should love himself, because he is, under God, the guardian of his own welfare, enjoins upon him love for his neighbor; and, as the same authority requires his care for those to whom he is more immediately related in his own house, so should he care for his country, which is an enlargement of his home, and for the world, which is the common home of his heavenly Father's human family. But, as self-love becomes sinful selfishness when it prompts a man to war against, or even neglect, his neighbor's good, so does love of country become a vice when it seeks national aggrandizement by injury done the people of other lands. The same rule that measures duty between man and man is equally applicable to nations. As an individual is dependent upon his fellows, as a community is prosperous through a distribution of labor and a reciprocity of benefits, so must international exchanges be for the good of each and of all; and, since it is a

law of retributive providence, political science should adopt as an axiom, "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

The nearly synonymous use, in these remarks, of the terms *duty* and *affection* has arisen from no confusedness of thought, but from the difficulty, or rather impropriety, of treating them apart from each other. What life is to the animal frame, *love* is to morals. The anatomist may dissect a dead body, and demonstrate the functions of each part in the wonderful mechanism; but the mysterious motive-power, which gave impulse to all, is gone. So the moralist who leaves love out of view, however accurately he may define our relations and deduce rules of conduct, presents us with a cold, inanimate abstraction. Such is not the system of the Bible. There, all duty is comprehended by love. Love is the vital principle of obedience to God and of service to man. Reason, unduly lauded as the superior quality of our nature, is, even when embracing by faith "the wisdom from above," valuable only as it advances the development of love towards its heavenly perfection in the likeness of God. Hence, by the Divine arrangement, there is for every duty an inspiring affection. The love of parents for their child precedes proof of parental obligation; the love of a child for its parents is the stem on which filial duty must be grafted. Omniscient grace exhibits the forgiveness of God, "that he may be feared;" and constrains us from sin to the love of Christ, by "shedding his love abroad in our hearts;" because, "if we love him, we shall keep his commandments." Thus love of country is first called forth by the power of association over our natural sensibilities. As a babe

learns to love the face which smiles kindly on him, the voice which gently soothes him, the bosom which yields him sustenance, the clasping arm which embraces him, so do we love the scenes about our early home, the haunts of familiar and friendly intercourse, the fields which give us bread. They may be rugged and unattractive to a stranger's eye, but the heart radiates over them its own beauty. His icy plains are as dear to the hyperborean as the Alpine valley to the Swiss, or the vine-clad hills, laughing shore, and purple sea to the Italian. Then, as reason expands, the love expands. We learn to love the people whose welfare is united with our own, and the soil held in common with them; to cherish the government whose laws afford us protection; or, if it be tyrannical, to struggle for a better, and to die rather than suffer foreign domination. Yet, though rational self-interest should enhance the affection, it is not, of itself, a sufficient principle of duty; for, if we consider only the profit which our country brings us, we shall serve it only so far as the service is profitable. Love is the strength of patriotism; for love alone is capable of that unhesitating, self-sacrificing devotion which seeks reward in our country's honor, holding fortune, ease, and life, as our country's fathers held them, cheap for its sake. Nor can we doubt that a sentiment so natural, so generous, so energetic, divinely indicates a corresponding obligation; or that unfaithfulness to our country is unfaithfulness to God.

This brief reasoning may seem unnecessary, and it would be, were it not for a disposition, too often shown by some claiming superior refinement, to treat patriotism as, at best, a weakness of the vulgar, forgetting that many of what are call-

ed weaknesses belong to the best parts of humanity. Like the early, fragrant blossoms of the vine, they promise fruits of active usefulness; or, like its slight, graceful tendrils, they twine our pliant infirmity around the upright strength of ascertained rule. The spirit of patriotism has also decayed among our people generally. Vain and boastful as we have been said to be, it is only in the United States of America that you can hear natives speaking contemptuously of their country. Some causes for this may be discerned. The immense extent of our country, our allegiance to which passes through our allegiance to our several States, whose rights must be watchfully guarded; the consequent variety of products and circumstances, creating a supposed, but not real, opposition of interests; the very greatness and unprecedented progress of our prosperity, allowing no salutary lessons from grave adversity; the licentiousness of party rancor, stimulated far more by the cupidity of profligate office-seekers than by any substantial difference of political doctrine; the inability of the less educated or less gifted to look over the vast field, and comprehend the stretch of their personal responsibility; the too general aversion of the good and wise to meddle with canvasses made purposely annoying by gross demagogues, who, Aristophanes tells us, are like the eel-fishers of the Copais, that do best in dirty waters;* — all these have a tendency to cool down our ardor to a more latent heat; but above all, the remoteness of other countries, which renders less noticeable

* Ὅπερ γὰρ οἱ τὰς ἐγγέλεις θηρώμενοι πέπονθας.

Ὅταν μὲν ἡ λίμνη καταστῆ, λαμβάνουσιν οὐδέν.

Ἐὰν δ' ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω τὸν βόρβορον κυκῶσιν,

Αἰροῦσι.

ΙΠΠΗΣ, 864—867.

the contrast of our unequalled privileges. We see the evils that exist among ourselves, and feel what Locke calls our "present uneasiness," while we admire what appears desirable abroad under the "enchantment" of distance. Besides, our Anglo-Saxon blood, though tempered by alternating extremes of heat and cold, retains its propensity to quarrel and (pardon the rude English, — no other language supplies us with a synonyme) to grumble; so, having none else to quarrel with, nothing else to grumble at, we vent our hereditary spleen upon ourselves and our government. In a word, we lack a proper degree of loyalty.

Loyalty is the very term to describe the sentiment that cordially acknowledges the claims of our nation upon our love and service. It has indeed signified, almost exclusively, the fidelity of a subject to his prince; nor, though, from our political habits, we cannot comprehend the feeling, can we help admiring the many instances of heroic valor, patient constancy, disregard of loss or suffering, and zeal through good or evil fortunes, which such attachment has prompted. Yet, though the principle has undoubtedly come down from those early times when the patriarch was the chief of his tribe, its more modern name is clearly derived from considering the monarch as the head of the State, because the representative of the incorporating law. To uphold the authority of him who sat upon the throne, because it was necessary for the stability of government and the safety of the people, became a virtue as well as a policy; yet, (such is our nature,) through the force of association, the person of the reigning prince grew to be so sacred, that it often attracted and absorbed the hom-

age due him only in his official character ; and history tells us of men clinging desperately to the anointed fool who sported with their destinies, the priest-ridden bigot who persecuted their religion, and the licentious tyrant who preyed upon their substance or wasted their lives.

Loyalty, with us, is more agreeable to the etymology of the term. It is a reverent attachment to law emanating from the people according to the Constitution. Our magistrates, it is true, are, during their term of office, representatives of the law, and, as such, should receive our venerating obedience ; nay, very grave must be the provocation, before we

“bate

The place its honor for the holder's sake ;”

but our loyalty cannot be given to them, because they are the creatures of the popular will. Our only sovereign, under God, is the people acting legally ; and to them, while just in the exercise of their constitutional sovereignty, is due that fealty, which political propriety, with the Word of God, commands from us to “the higher powers” of the land. Hence, the loyalty of an American citizen is of a more intellectual character, and, therefore, more difficult to be maintained. The person of a king is a visible, tangible object, and men can regard him as a man ; but our people are such an immense multitude, that it is not easy to regard them in their aggregate capacity, except as a theoretical idea ; though, truly, the king is the figment, the people the substantial reality. The will of a monarch comes down upon his subjects from a height which long prescription has taught them to consider the source

of law; the will of our people ascends through their ballots, and, when justified by the national compact, becomes the law, which, by the same compact, we are bound loyally to obey. But in the formation of this law, each citizen, as a constituent part of the legislating people, has a share; so that, as far as his vote has effect, he is his own sovereign and a law unto himself. The law is the result of the general suffrage, perhaps of long discussion, angry dispute, and a small majority. The ballot-box, like a mighty crucible, fuses together the conflicting prejudices, sectional jealousies, antagonist opinions, and rival aims, which move the millions acting their several parts within the vast republic. It is, therefore, not easy to hush the passions which have stirred us during the exercise of our elective right; to acknowledge with due submission the supremacy of the general over the individual will; to own the rule of those who, though the majority, we believe are in the wrong; to respect and love (ay, love, for without respect and love there is no loyalty) the people whose errors we see, whose faults we condemn, whose policy we dread. Still, such loyalty must be cherished, or our Union, now moving in harmony, like the heavenly orbs, by the nice balance of its centrifugal and centripetal forces, would soon become a chaos of fragments wild, jostling, and mutually destructive.

Why should not such loyalty be cherished? Will not the issue of our ballot-box come nearer the right than the will of a crowned despot, or of an hereditary nobility, or of any privileged class? Has history shown the world so well governed by the autocrat or the few, the happiness of the many so cared for by those who held themselves above and not of

them ; has political virtue so run in the line of legitimacy, or political wisdom so been the consequence of high birth, that, for some slight mistakes or even disastrous failures, we should abandon our popular system to adopt any other? On the contrary, has not experience proved the safety and self-perpetuating energy of our institutions? When our national government was formed, how many scornful voices in the Old World confidently prophesied its speedy downfall, from the alleged want of elemental adhesiveness! Yet, short as our history is, our system has survived most of the European governments, and, as the signs of the times strongly indicate, may, at no very distant date, outlast them all ; except, perchance, our sister republics of the Swiss, which, now seven hundred years old, tower, like the Alps, above the prostrate or shaking thrones around them. How often, as this party or the other came uppermost, have the disappointed leaders rent their clothes, and, with ashes on their heads, howled dolefully over the land, that our ruin was nigh, that our commerce would be destroyed, our manufactures crushed, or our agriculture impoverished! Yet, notwithstanding the mischievous vacillations of our economical policy, where, a few years since, there was one ship, there is now a fleet of merchantmen ; single manufactories have grown into prosperous cities ; there is scarcely a farmer in the old States, who has not pulled down his house and barns to build better and larger ; while, in the new, the virgin forests have gone down to let the sunshine smile upon fields of plenty so rich and vast that their statistics almost stagger belief. We are but seventy-three years old, yet our States are thirty where there were thirteen ; nor can

any one, who candidly compares the two periods, deny that we have grown more united as our millions have multiplied, and more consolidated as our territory has expanded, until our Constitution, like a noble arch, stronger by every fresh weight imposed upon it, now upholds in a prosperity unexampled an area equal to the continent of Europe.

There are, doubtless, differences of opinion respecting some of the steps by which these results have been attained ; but it is only with things as they are, or promise to be, that our present reasoning is concerned. In the year 1824, the Oration was pronounced before you by a gentleman then not unknown to fame as an accomplished scholar, but since eminently distinguished as the erudite statesman of whose eloquent power Massachusetts has been justly very proud, as the dignified representative of American culture while diplomatically representing the United States at the first court of Europe, and (not the least of his well-merited honors) as the head of your great University. His discourse then was fervid with patriotic hopes, and demonstratively prescient of our country's rapid advancement ; but how must his generous heart rejoice to see that the accomplished reality has far transcended his warmest anticipations ! Indeed, the aim of the address you are now hearing so patiently is humbly to follow out, through the accumulated facts of 1849, some of the thoughts with which he stirred our youthful ambition twenty-five years ago.

That there are portentous evils existing among us, national crimes provoking the wrath of Heaven, practices widely inconsistent with the just theory of equality which we avow,

and fearful perils to be met at no very distant day, it were folly to deny; but let us remember that everything human is necessarily imperfect, that Heaven, while condemning sin, is mercifully patient with the infirmities of the sinner, and that reform is arduously slow, as vice is precipitant. Instead of desponding because all we desire has not been done, we should be highly encouraged by the achievement of so much. Certainly, no people ever made such growth in wealth, arts, general knowledge, and, considering all the circumstances, social virtues. The large scope given to expression of thought, and the multiplying opportunities of moral influence, have already wrought most salutary changes of public sentiment on important subjects. The triumph of truth with the prevalence of right, though delayed, is certain, and, when gained, will be permanent. Let us, then, not heed the murmurs of the self-conceited dogmatist because his opinion is not the pivot on which the nation swings; of the sordid gain-seeker, who would turn the country's force to enhance the profits of his ship or his furnace, his cotton-plant or his spindle; or of the fanatic nullifier, of whatever latitude, who would sever his State or his section from such a league of powerful coadjutants, to dwindle in puny isolation. Thank God, the Samson is not, never will be, born, who can pull down our glorious edifice for the silly gratification of breaking his own pate! One honest American woman's scissors are more than a match for all the strength such heads can wear.

Our people deserve our trust. Far and wide as they have stretched themselves, they hold one political faith. The new States, allowing for the difference of period and circumstan-

ces, are but repetitions of the old thirteen. At this time of nearly universal uprising and struggles for reform elsewhere, we present to the world the unprecedented spectacle of unanimous satisfaction with the system of government established by our national fathers. Within the past and the coming years, there will have gone from among us, lured by the hope of golden rewards, to our new territory on the Pacific, numbers, principally of hardy, well-taught, determined young men, equalling the population of an entire State; an instance unparalleled throughout the history of emigration; yet no one doubts that they will choose for themselves the same forms of government under which they have been educated, or that they will cordially maintain their allegiance to the Union. A citizen of the United States cannot imagine the possibility of living in happiness under any other system; and now, when contemplating the efforts of distant nations, sprung from the same loins that we are, for the establishment of constitutional freedom, we estimate their chances of permanent success by their approach in forms to our own, in spirit to ourselves. Nor have we been inconsistent with our professions; for, whatever has been the decree of the ever-shifting majority, submission to law, and reliance upon the constitutional methods of correcting error, have steadily prevailed. At least, the exceptions have been too inconsiderable to impair the rule, and were speedily settled. Wonderful as was the revolution which made the colonies free, independent, confederate States, every national exercise of the elective right is, though on different grounds, worthy of equal admiration. We change our national rulers, and, with them, our national policy; yet, from

one end of the country to the other, there is less riot than in England at the election of a member of Parliament. Nor can the most inveterate *laudator temporis acti*, who has read the newspapers published at the time of the earlier contests, deny that each general election is better conducted than were those before.

We are emphatically one people. The constant and expanding flood of emigrants from less favored lands gives in some sections a temporary, superficial diversity of customs, and even of language. Yet, as they come moved by an admiring wish to share our privileges, and a grateful respect for the nation which has made itself so prosperous, while it sets open its gates so hospitably wide, they readily adopt our usages, and soon become homogeneous with the mass through which they are distributed. Until they or their children are educated in free citizenship, they follow; but rarely, and then never successfully, attempt to lead. As the Anglo-Saxon tongue is the speech of the nation, so it is the Anglo-Saxon mind that rules. The sons of those who triumphed in the war of Independence have subdued the distant forest, making the wilderness to rejoice with the arts and virtues of their fathers. The patronymics borne by the most influential among them are most frequently such as are familiar and honorable among us. Summon together the dwellers in any town of our older, particularly of our more northern, States, and you will find that there is scarcely a State of the Union where they have not relatives. The representative in Congress from the farthest West laughs over their school-boy frolics with the representative of the farthest East. The woodsman

on the Aroostook talks of his brother on the Rio Grande ; the tradesman in the seaport, of his son, a judge, in Missouri. The true-hearted girl, who has left her mountain birth-place to earn her modest *paraphernalia* amidst the ponderous din of a factory near the Atlantic coast, dreams sweetly on her toil-blest pillow of him who, for her dear sake, is clearing a home in the wilds of Iowa, or sifting the sands of some Californian Pactolus. We all claim a common history, and, whatever be our immediate parentage, are proud to own ourselves the grateful children of the mighty men who declared our country's independence, framed the bond of our Union, and bought with their sacred blood the liberties we enjoy. Nor is it an insincere compliment to assert, that, go where you will, New England is represented by the shrewdest, the most enlightened, the most successful, and the most religious of our young population. Nearly all our teachers, with the authors of our school-books, and a very large proportion of our preachers, as well as of our editors, (the classes which have the greatest control over the growing character of our youth,) come from or receive their education in, New England. Wherever the New Englander goes, he carries New England with him. New England is his boast, his standard of perfection, and "So they do in New England!" his confident answer to all objectors. Great as is our reverence for those venerable men, he rather wearies us with his inexhaustible eulogy on the Pilgrim Fathers, who, he seems to think, have begotten the whole United States. Nay, enlarging upon the somewhat complacent notion of his ancestors, that God designed for them, "his chosen people," this Canaan of the aboriginal

heathen, he looks upon the continent as his rightful heritage, and upon the rest of us as Hittites, Jebusites, or people of a like termination, whom he is commissioned to root out, acquiring our money, squatting on our wild lands, monopolizing our votes, and marrying our heiresses. Whence, or how justly, he derived his popular *sobriquet*, passes the guess of an antiquary; but certain it is, that, if he meets with a David, the son of Jesse has often to take up the lament in a different sense from the original, — “I am distressed for thee, my Brother Jonathan!” Better still, his sisters, nieces, female cousins, flock on various honorable pretexes to visit him amidst his new possessions, where they own with no Sabine reluctance the constraining ardor of our unsophisticated chivalry; and happy is the household over which a New England wife presides! blessed the child whose cradle is rocked by the hand, whose slumber is hallowed by the prayers of a New England mother! The order of the Roman policy is reversed. He conquered, and then inhabited; the New Englander inhabits, then gains the mastery, not by force of arms, but by mother-wit, steadiness, and thrift. That there should be, among us of the other races, a little occasional petulance, is not to be wondered at; but it is only superficial. The New Englander goes forth not as a spy or an enemy, and the gifts which he carries excite gratitude, not fear. He soon becomes identified with his neighbors, their interests are soon his, and the benefits of his enterprising cleverness swell the advantage of the community where he has planted himself, thus tending to produce a moral homogeneousness throughout the confederacy. Yet let it be remembered that this New

England influence, diffusing itself, like noiseless but transforming leaven, through the recent and future States, while it makes them precious as allies, would also make them formidable as rivals, terrible as enemies. The New Englander loses little of his main characteristics by migration. He is as shrewd, though not necessarily as economical, a calculator in the valley of the Mississippi, as his brethren in the East, and as brave as his fathers were at Lexington or Charlestown. It were the height of suicidal folly for the people of the maritime States to attempt holding as subjects or tributaries, directly or indirectly, the people between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains; but those who have not travelled among our prairie and forest settlements can have only a faint idea of the filial reverence, the deferential respect, the yearning love, with which they turn to the land where their fathers sleep, and to you who guard their sepulchres. The soul knows nothing of distance; and, in their twilight musings, they can scarcely tell which is dearer to their hearts, — the home of the kindred they have left behind them, or the home they have won for their offspring. Be it your anxious care, intelligent gentlemen of New England, that so strong a bond is never strained to rupture!

Variety of climate, of soil and position, must make variety in pursuits of life and habits of thought. The energy of our national character in various departments of productive skill (the relations of which to each other are, as yet, not generally well understood) must excite competition, perhaps some jealousy. Nor can all be expected to think alike on many questions of national policy. On the other hand, Providence has

so wisely distributed its blessings, that we may not choose but to be mutually dependent. The products of our immense inland territory must find vent for the surplus through the ports of the seaboard, through which, again, must come the luxuries or necessaries we require from abroad. The agricultural States offer the best markets for the manufactures of those whose soil is less fertile, yet dearer, and labor more abundant; while these, in their turn, are rewarded with plenty of bread-stuffs and other provision. Iron, lead, coal, copper, gold pass each other on their way to distant localities. There are no empty return-wagons, rail-cars, or coasting vessels; each carries back wealth purchased by the wealth which it brought. Our immense lakes, with their rich teeming borders thousands of miles about, act like inner impelling arteries to the trade of the whole country. Our great navigable rivers, with their numerous tributaries, ramify, like veins, for the circulation of a common life through leagues none pretends to count, and millions whose increase none dares to guess. Nay, by the wonderful inventions of recent years, we are no longer dependent upon the watery ways of nature, and wellnigh annihilate distance. On the wings of steam, the population and wealth of whole towns may speed, swifter than a bird, along the roads which, binding us together by iron sinews, pierce mountains, span valleys, and measure the continuous level by minutes, not miles, so that we say, "How long?" instead of "How far?" The slender wires, now stretching like network over the land, quickly as living nerves, thrill thought and feeling between correspondents the most remote. And, by the admirable working of our confederate unity, is felt through all, like the

beating of a central heart, the power of one national will. In a word, we realize more fully than Rome, with its Senate and *Plebs*, could do, the fable of old Menenius Agrippa, and are as virtually connected as the several parts of the human anatomy, — “that there may be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another; and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.”

Suppose, for one melancholy moment, that this healthful economy of exchanges were broken up, — that the Western valley were shut out from the sea by adverse governments, — that those on the coast were hemmed in to their own narrow limits by hostile forts along the mountain ridges, — that between the North and the South there were neither commercial nor moral sympathy, — that at every State line passports were demanded and a tariff set; — who must not shrink from describing the terrible consequences; the stagnation of trade; the silence of brotherly counsel: the constant feuds; the multiplication of armies; the Cain-like, exterminating wars; the overthrow of law by military dictators; the utter ruin of all that makes us prosperous at home and respected abroad; the sure catastrophe, moral and national death? O that those, who, for any reason, talk lightly of dissolving this Union, would consider the immensely greater evils such a rupture would inevitably cause, the awful guilt it would bring upon themselves! Whatever may be the cant of words, no lover of law could ever kindle the torch of such incendiarism, no lover of peace provoke such fratricidal slaughter, no lover of freedom plot for such general slavery, no lover of God and man under-

mine the eminent watch-tower whose light is now shedding over the world such bright promise of a universal brotherhood. Were it possible that an American womb could be so cursed as to bring forth so diabolical a monster, and the malignant Erostratus could be successful, a loud, bitter, heaven-compelling cry would go up from all the earth, swelled by generation after generation, until the final fires shall have swept to hell all trace of human crimes ; “ *Anathema ! Anathema ! ANATH-EMA MARANATHA !* ”

We ought, it is true, to have little fear of our being overtaken by so terrible a calamity ; but our courage can rationally be derived, under God, only from a warranted confidence in our people, that they will have sense enough, probity enough, religion enough, to pursue the conduct upon which the permanence of our welfare depends. For these reasons, this feeble but earnest voice calls upon you, gentlemen, and, so far as it can reach, upon literary men throughout the country, to exert, by the many legitimate means at hand, the vast influence Providence has intrusted us with, for the cultivation of a high, generous, unsectional patriotism ; a patriotism whose rule can be best given in the immortal words of one who, more than once, has upborne on his Atlantic shoulders, safe through perils, the sphere of the Constitution : “ Our country, our whole country, and our country as one ! ”

God has not given us talents, and permitted us to cultivate them, that they may be terminated upon ourselves. Fascinating as the charms of study are, and delightful the calm, secluded hours in which we hold converse with the philosopher, the poet, the orator, and the historian, made immortal

by their pages ; and unwilling as we may be to tear ourselves away from pleasures so exquisite, for any living society or engagements of the outer world, neither the law of our Creator, nor the urgencies of the times, permit such luxurious self-indulgence. Thought, truthful, clear, and argumentative of good deeds, is an oracle from heaven ; eloquence, whether of the voice or of the pen, comes from a divine *afflatus* ; and woe, woe, in this world and in the next, to that man whom God has thus ordained his prophet, if he utters not, or if he perverts, the revelation ! Study, when not directed to useful ends, becomes a vice ; and superior knowledge makes us more guilty than our fellow-men, if we offer them no share in our acquisitions. Yes ! far more worthy of thanks from man, and of reward from God, is the digger of the ditch that drains the marsh, the hewer of the wood that warms a dwelling, the veriest menial that serves our necessities, than the scholar who refuses his enlarged powers to the benefit of his race,—who distinguishes with more than Hermaic subtilty between “the Me” and the “not Me,” yet neglects the actual morals around him,—who would sing solitarily his own pumice-worn numbers, self-charmed by their Attic purity, though the city were burning,—who intent over his problem, cares not that an enemy has forced the gates,—or who exhausts upon the particles of a dead language an energy which might save immortal souls !

Your candor, gentlemen, will interpret these remarks, not as disrespectful to learning, (which would be sacrilege on an occasion like this,) but as hortatory to its proper use, and as dissuasive from a selfishness more refined, yet scarcely less

guilty than the hoarding of a miser. Error is never idle, never uncommunicative, but, like its malignant father, goes pestilently about to corrupt human happiness. Ignorance is never idle, but rushes on from blind impulse, often the more mischievous when honest, because superstition, prejudice, or fanaticism, inspires it with the strength of conscience. Mind will be active, the moral being will be busy; and if they who have the skill direct not its force to good, it will be working evil. It is the plan of God, "the Father of lights," — *Pater ipse colendi*, — that men shall be regenerated and sanctified by truth, — truth communicated through the instrumentality of men whom he calls to work with himself, — truth, the proper, sole medium of his omnipotent rule over the freedom of his rational creatures. We are, therefore, verily faithless to God and dishonest towards men, if we bury his gift, which, through a zealous usury, might make many rich, or hide the light which he has kindled in our souls for the scattering of darkness around us. Yes! the miser who hoards gold is despicable, yet he withdraws only a temporary convenience; the speculator, who stores away bread in time of famine, makes gain of mortal suffering; the skilful physician, who, from cowardice or love of ease, attempts not the rescue of his neighbors sick of a plague, is negatively a murderer; but he who knows truth and the method of imparting it, yet keeps it back, secretes the riches of eternity, the food of immortal spirits, the sure, only remedy of all human woe.

The lessons of the abstract, when apprehended aright, tend steadily to the practical. Our researches as scholars are in the past, but our business is in the present and the future.

And what an unprecedented field does our present and future open to the philanthropic exertions of intellectual men! Human nature is ever radically the same. That as yet anonymous science which concerns the knowledge of human nature has few fundamental axioms. Solomon wrote proverbs for all ages. The characters of Tacitus transmigrate through all generations. But the developments, the combinations and phases of human action, in these times, are unexampled. The labyrinth has become so complicated, that our hand cannot securely grasp the ball of the clew. Zeno himself could not keep cool amidst such universal, multiform, constant excitement. Once, a few thought, and still fewer led; now, all think, and none are willing to follow. Mountains, seas, diversities of language, hereditary enmities of races, scarcely retard the revolutionary contagion. Armies receive the command to "charge!"—they obey; but first come "right about face," and rout with their bayonets *l'état major*. Bulls, whose roar once shook terribly the earth like one wide Bashan, now wail plaintively and feebly as a famishing calf outside the gate of its paddock. The pawns toss kings and queens, knights, bishops, and rookish nobles from the board, to play out the game among themselves. Constitutions are woven in a night, and are swept away like cobwebs by the morning broom. Rulers and ministries treat oaths as lightly as do smugglers in a custom-house. The giant, MAN, long crushed by usurpers of divine right, is flinging off the *Ætna* from his mangled breast. His limbs are not yet drawn from under the quaking, groaning, fire-spouting mass; but *he is sure to rise*. He will reel blindly, at first, from inveterate weakness of limb, his head

dizzy with his new uprightness; his enemies will hurl on him their frightened vengeance; he will stagger, stumble, fall; but, gaining strength each time he presses the bosom of his mother earth, he will gather himself up, drive opposing powers irrevocably back to more than Egyptian darkness, and stride triumphantly forwards until he reaches the goal which the good God has promised him,—consummate freedom, happiness undefiled, imperishable dignity in the Divine image. The truth of a liberated Gospel will dissipate his errors, as Minerva did the mists from the eyes of Diomed, and the noble prophecy of the Tusculan be fulfilled: “*Perfecta mens, id est absoluta ratio, quod est idem virtus.*”

Such is the agitated, hopeful world, and such the crisis of its changes in which we are called to labor; but our immediate sphere is our own country, the sphere where our zeal will tell most effectively on the destinies of mankind. The example of our national character, developed by our liberal institutions, has, more than all other causes combined, waked up the spirit of the Old World. The radiance of our well-adjusted freedom is melting away the icy fetters that have, from time immemorial, frozen to moral numbness the larger portion of Continental Europe. The name of America sounds like that of heaven on earth to the voluntary exiles who leave their fatherlands in the confidence of finding, for themselves and their children, a better country, fulness of bread, and the rights of their own sweat. The eyes of their kindred follow them to our shores. The news of our advancement, our state papers, the issues of our unshackled press, go back, despite of the keenest *surveillance*, with their endorsement to their native

hamlets. Political philosophers and ardent philanthropists come westward, that they may study our recent but vigorous systems, as the Greek once went to the older land of the Nile. A strong word, distinctly spoken here, echoes through hut and palace, cabinet and camp, of distant but anxious listeners. O, then, let us work now, that we may work for the stupendous future; let us work for our country, that we may benefit the world!

There are those who will turn away in disgust, sallow and smoke-dried as a mediæval legend, from these exhortations to the present and future, as from the ravings of an upsetting radical;—men, so oppugnant in their mental temper, that they can never think out of an antithesis to common sense, counting it glory when they deny the obvious and advocate the exploded,—or who, shuddering, without faith in the Presiding Spirit, at the friction, the order-working friction, of conflicting opinions, imagine that chaos is come again, and grasp, like drowning swimmers, at any floating fragment of precedent or authority. There is a fashion (for fashion dresses the inside as well as the outside of the head) of tergiversant sentimentality, a sombre affectation, which looks back admiringly and regretfully upon the middle centuries, as Lot's wife would have looked upon the Dead Sea, had she survived till the next morning; whining "like a sick girl" over the sturdy plainness, the prosaic directness, the unpoetical utilitarianism, of our modern republican ways; sighing for the priestly pomps, the brilliant chivalry, the royal stateliness of feudal times, when portly abbots locked up the rare Bible, but doled fragments of the monkish feasts to the ragged, kneeling, cruci-

signing rabble of pilgrims at the refectory gate ; or the letterless vassal tilled the soil for his lord's profit, fought in his lord's quarrel, and held his life by his lord's caprice. Shocked at the crowding of the vulgar many into the very *penetralia* of knowledge and social amenities, these resurrectionists of mortified deformity shudder at the scream of a locomotive as though it were a fiery dragon, while there is no Saint George to meet its fury ; the hum of machinery threatens them with a moral earthquake ; and a primary school they regard as a nursery of precocious conspirators against prescribed faith and stagnant order. The evil spares nothing it can reach. The delicious, dreamy seat, to whose undulating excellence Boston had the honor of giving invention and a name, is thrust aside for a high, straight-backed chair of torture, after an Elizabethan pattern of old-maidish prudery ; nor can we approach our nightly resting-place without danger of being knocked on the head by some Gothic hobgoblin. Our fairest books and their delicate etchings are overlaid by facsimiles of illuminated parchments, on whose pages a clumsy-fingered cenobite has plastered rickety angels and epileptic martyrs, in patches of coarse gold-leaf, staring azure, and red lead.* Nay, you may see our own poets set forth with such barbaric embellishment, in which they figure as appropriately as Piers Ploughman would in gaiter-boots, or Juliana Berners in a *Jenny-Lind*. Head-men of parishes are ridden by architectural nightmare, until the white, airy, clap-boarded meeting-house, where their fathers worshipped God in the simple Man

* *Minium*, red oxide of lead, was much used in the embellishment of manuscripts. Hence *miniatores*, and, as some think, *illumination*.

of Nazareth, gives place to a low-eaved, steep-roofed, cold, damp, rough-stone barn, in which the preacher's voice is lost among the groined rafters, and his people cannot see to read his text by the dim light that comes through painted, lanceolated windows, streaming a distorted rainbow over the congregation, making the wife wonder why her husband looks so blue, while the good man fears she is seized with jaundice and the children with scarlet fever; yet, after all, the grotesque pigmy no more resembles the grand picturesque of England's old churches, than a graveyard obelisk Cleopatra's Needle.

Far be it from us to speak disrespectfully of the few minds which shone in the twilight of Europe, looming larger through the fog, yet heralding the dawn. No true-hearted student is without a strong antiquarian sense of the interest attached to the beginning of art, letters, and civilization; neither can one, who has visited the minsters and cathedrals of Britain by day, or Melrose and Glastonbury by moonlight, ever forget his admiration of the creative genius which combined more than Cyclopean strength with more than Corinthian luxuriance; but we must protest against this sacrificing of convenience for an imitation of the antique, this making venerable of all that is old, this condemnation of the useful as the unspiritual. To an elevated, healthy imagination, there is more poetry in a nicely constructed steam-engine, working with its Titan sinews and Briarean hands, yet breathing softly as a sleeping child, than in all the knightly tournaments and sacerdotal shows that our ancestors ever wondered at; all the troubadours of Provence had not a tithe of the romance that a clear,

æsthetic eye can see hanging round a village of factory-girls, every one of whom is a living story of love, hope, constancy, and courage; a modern linen-weaver's label often presents as fine specimens of Arabesque as can be found in a virtuoso's cabinet; nay, if richness of design, grace of drawing, and harmonious contrasts of color be criteria of good taste, we may point to a Sunday group of servant-maids, in the fresh pride of their Lowell printed calicoes, and say, — "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

Be it our aim, gentlemen, as it is our privilege, to learn all that the past can teach us by its successes and its failures, to take out of it only what is good, beautiful, true, and right. It were the folly of dotage to do more. As for the rest, "Let the dead bury their dead," but let us "go and preach the Gospel," light for the ignorant, justice for the laborer, freedom for the slave, "peace on earth and good-will towards men." Antiquity! What is antiquity? Is the world growing younger? Had our fathers more experience than we, who have their experience added to our own? "We are the ancients," said the great leader of modern science. The present is the better antiquity; the future will be the best.

It were presumption to set forth before you the methods in which we, as literary men, may serve our country. Our responsibilities are in accordance with our faculties and our opportunities. There are various degrees of mental force, some forms of talent are better adapted to have power over men than others, and equal chances for exercising zeal are not given; but every literary man, because he can reach many, is, by calling, a public servant, and bound to act upon a lar-

ger theatre than the less gifted individual, who can reach only a few. Whatever tends to promote true religion and the happiness necessarily connected with sound morals, to improve the arts of life, to refine the general taste, to enlarge the public mind, to throw elevating or endearing associations around our country, is a patriotic service. The preacher of Christ in his pulpit, the teacher of youth in his school, the man of science in his experimental lucubrations, the historian in his researches, the artist in his studio, the poet in the melodies of his lute or lyre, every man who employs his educated powers, should act from patriotic motive; not the patriotism of a section, but of our whole country; which, unless this argument has been sadly erroneous, is eminently consistent with duty to God and devotion to our race. The stern Dordrechtian theology of your orator (which, he is well aware, has but little favor here, even among the straitest sects of the Orthodox) will not allow him to speak of disinterested benevolence; for, as he believes, the Divine system recognizes no such virtue. The harmony of a soul, which Aristotle considers its moral perfection, lies in an accurate adjustment of self and love. Self is an authorized motive, but only when hand in hand with love. The delight accompanying intellectual exertion and desire of fame, both of which every literary man feels so keenly, becomes a noble enthusiasm when we make the aim of our scholar's life the benefit and illustration of our native land. True as the oft-repeated maxim may be,—

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,”—

it is not less sweet and honorable to live and labor for its last-

ing interests. The most perilous warfare is that in which only fearless reason can win victory for the right; and there are knots in the cords binding man's soul, which can be cut by no sword, however keen, but must be untied by strong, persevering logic. Neither warrior nor statesman adorns his birth-place with more imperishable glory than the author who achieves immortal usefulness. In a single night were written both verse and melody of that *Marseilles Hymn*, which, like a whirlwind, has swept down successive tyrannies, and will be chanted as a spell of liberating might, until the brave shall no longer need to arm at the call of freedom. Shame upon our men of genius, that our people have as yet neither national song nor air worthy of the name! The poet who will indite for us such a song, the composer who will give us such an air, may be sure of a fame to which that of *Pindar* is poor. Where on earth is there a river, except the old *Nile*, the yellow *Tiber*, or the sacred *Jordan*, to which a pilgrim turns with higher emotion than the "*Silver Avon*?" *Virgil*, when, amidst the splendors of the *Augustan city*, he recalled, as the *Shepherd Tityrus*, his early haunts, sang smilingly,—

"Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem;"—

but when the author of the *Æneid* came to die, the first words he dictated for his funeral urn were a legacy of his fame to his native village,—

"Mantua me genuit."

The waves of the *Ægean*, as they dash against its vine-sur-

mounted cliffs, echo the name of him who from his misty throne looks down without a peer in epic grandeur, —

“ The blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle.”

A curious traveller may find on the innermost curve of the Gulf of Contessa the wretched village of Stauros. There once stood the strong, magnificent city of a mighty people, who, with mortal courage, contending against perfidious Athens, perished amidst its ruins. All the names of those martyrs for liberty with whose blood the Strymon ran red are passed from the memory of man, and their grand examples lost in the obscurity of unrecorded time; but a mention of *The Stagirite* comes upon our souls like a charm of power, as the name of him who, through more than two decades of centuries, since he died an exile on the shore of the Euripus, has swayed the widest empire over human thought ever granted to an uninspired mind. Gentlemen, be it yours to glorify with similar, if not equal, trophies the land of your birth!

Under those governments which fetter the press and allow the people no just share in deciding their own fortunes, where words of right are no sooner heard than the fearless voice that uttered them is hushed by death or the dungeon door, there may be excuse for educated men who give themselves up wholly to mere abstract studies or pursuits strictly scholastic. The guilt of their silence is on their oppressors. Here, not only is there perfect freedom in expressing opinion, but, in speaking to the people, we address the governing will. Of that governing will we are ourselves a part, and therefore we are bound by our share in the government to contribute all

we can for its direction and prosperity. Our simple votes are not enough; the most ignorant boor, the vilest ragamuffin of our cities, can cast his vote as well as we. It is our duty, because it is within our power, to enlighten others who vote with us. The principles of our government are few, and firmly, logically settled by the Constitution, in so plain a manner as scarcely to leave room for an honest doubt; yet its nature is so unexampled, that it must continue to be, as it has been, eminently one of experiment. The questions that will arise will be such as should receive the intelligent consideration of every citizen; but, at the same time, they will be chiefly questions of political ethics and political economy. If the moral integrity and substantial wealth of the country be cared for, there remains little, if anything, else to demand our attention. Both these subjects come fairly within the reach of the studious man. It may even be said, that he only is capable of investigating them candidly and of treating them thoroughly. In those countries where rule is usurped by the few, the privileged classes repress the knowledge of the rest; in ours, where the people have the power, and, through our diffused education, more or less a habit of reasoning, the effort of designing self-seekers is to mislead by specious sophistry, garbled facts, or distorted statistics. Every present, accidental, temporary uneasiness, every sectional interest, every prejudice attached to the sound of words, (and they are as manifold as they are mischievous,) is eagerly seized upon to create a popular excitement for the furtherance of narrow or unnational views. The charm of party is thrown round selfish ends. The priests of the idol *taboo* every subject, a misrep-

resentation of which can help them to office, that none others may open it and expose their iniquity. It is our duty, as educated men, trained in the calmness of study, acquainted with the certainties of knowledge, to disabuse our people of the false and edify them on the true. We are, or should be, elevated by the advantages we profess above many of the difficulties and temptations which hinder common minds in searches after truth. Prejudice of every kind, like the mists of the lowlands, should lie far beneath us; for it is our privilege, if we deserve our name, to breathe a clear, rarefied atmosphere, where no exhalations of earth come between us and the sunlight. From these heights we have a wide circuit of vision. The past opens to us its experience, the great present is spread out before us, and, so far as they can be inferred from the comparison of the past with the present, we discern the contingencies of the future. If it be impossible not to feel the influences of sect, party, or vicinage, let us not be in bondage to either. Christianity is more than sect, patriotism more than party, our country than the section where we live. It is our vocation to make known truth, and, while bad men, or narrow-minded men, or ignorant men, reasoning falsely from isolated facts, would distract or mislead the people, to show them that human legislation should be ever in accordance with the fixed, fundamental laws of God; that the best welfare of the whole is the best welfare of each; our best policy, an unwavering vindication of the general right; our best freedom, fidelity to God, each other, and mankind. Motives of personal gain should in us be overborne by a liberal love of the beautiful, the proper, and the good. Such demonstration

of sound political doctrine is most urgently needed. It is high time that the discussion of themes so vitally important should be no longer abandoned to mere traders for votes, who now superciliously denounce the moralist and the student as intermeddlers, if they speak of things concerning the public weal; it is high time that questions of social right and national economy should be treated on better grounds than the pecuniary profits of classes who insist upon contending as rivals when they should be coadjutors; it is high time that the people should hear voices of warning or encouragement from those who ask nothing and aim at nothing but the general good. Never will justice be done to inquiries which most affect our national advantage, until the name of politician be taken from the office-seeker, and given to the Christian philosopher, who, from the fear of God and for the sake of man, studies and "speaks the truth in love," "out of good conscience," and "with the meekness of wisdom."

Let us not be driven from a duty so sacred and so honorable by the sneering assertion, that such matters can be rightly handled only by what are called "practical men," and that bookish theorists are out of place in the busy world. Practice? Theory? When was there ever right practice but where theory had gone before? What guides the merchant's ship, drives the manufacturer's engine, enriches the farmer's ground, flashes instant news across and throughout a continent, but theory? Mark, we say theory, not hypothesis; for the pert bunglers always confound those terms. Hypothesis is a guess; but theory is hypothesis proved by induction from facts. What were your practical men without theorists?

Precisely what the hands, feet, and other working parts of the human system would be without the brain. Are we less capable of distinguishing fact from falsity because our eyes are not sanded by gold, our ears stuffed with cotton, or our consciences hypothecated in bonds payable six months hence? Because some screaming geese once saved the Capitol, shall intellect be drummed off guard? Justice, candor, gratitude, forbid an insinuation of the least disrespect for the admirable virtues, public spirit, mental ability, and munificent appreciation of knowledge, which dignify many of those who are truly practical men, — of whom there are nowhere finer examples than among your own neighbors. They would repudiate the attempts of their weaker brethren to cut them off from an alliance with investigating mind. The most humble laborer in the workshop or the field has a title to our thankful esteem that shall never be denied. But we would fain lash, till they howled, the vapid dunces who think that there can be no practical judgment beyond what they have learned from a petty practice, or an acquaintance with the price-current and stock-list, yet not unfrequently aspire to be theorists themselves, parading their puny sciolism on stilts of preposterous English and worse logic.

Such exhibitions are rather ridiculous than melancholy; but sadness mingles with indignation when we see genius or strong reason selling itself, for the price of bread or pleasure, to do the drudgery of scheming avarice.

“In lächerlichem Zuge
Erblickt man Ochs und Flügelpferd am Pfluge.”

In this respect our politics have been a very Tartarus of

talent, where we discover one ever rolling arduously a sugar-hogshead; another sweating in a furnace; another lashed to extravagant eccentricities of ethics and logic by a vindictive negro, whom he will carry chained on his back as a proof of eminent republicanism; another whirling, like Ixion, with the constant revolutions of a factory driving-wheel.

Such are the momentous changes now rapidly succeeding each other, that a faithful scholar, at a crisis perhaps not apparent to himself, may, by a few well-digested thoughts, couched in a few well-directed sentences, save his country from impending ruin. History has not a finer instance of the power which eloquence may exert over popular fury, than that of a year since, when a single modulated voice stayed the most sanguinary mob the world has ever known, — stayed them for long hours, when bent ravingly on destruction, and then turned them back with the *tricolor* waving where the red flag had glared. He, who won that triumph of such incalculable value, was not a practical man, and has since, unfortunately, proved himself not a successful statesman; yet, with all his subsequent failures, honor, honor to Lamartine, the literary man, the orator! Honor to the Cocles, who, single-handed, kept the bridge against the impetuous hordes of murderous incendiaries! For that one act of devotion, he deserves, like his prototype, bread while he lives, and a statue on the spot where he dies. God keep our country from such a day of peril! But, should our voice or our pen be needed, and we delay our duty beyond the juncture of apt circumstances, our most strenuous endeavors may be met by the fatal response, which sealed the fate of a splendid dynasty, "*C'est trop tard!*"

The popular mind of this country is well prepared and not ill-disposed to acknowledge our frank zeal on their behalf; though, at the same time, what are opportunities for good are also opportunities for evil. A general conviction, that each participant of the democratic sovereignty should be fitted as far as possible for the exercise of his elective power, has made the education of the young a care of every State government; not always as wisely or thoroughly as might be wished, yet, where the difficulties of recent settlement have been passed through, or the incubus of slavery does not weigh down the nominally free, it is eminently the popular policy. In no other country are there so many readers, or readers who read so much. In no other country does the press labor more to supply the demand for newspapers, periodicals, and books. The cheapness of publication naturally increases the demand, which, again, lowers the price of the supply. There are always caterpillars on the "tree of knowledge," which itself bears a double fruit, "of good and evil." It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the land has been overrun by trashy and dangerously immoral writings; but the good is out-working the evil. Our principal publishing-houses have found, by profitable experiments, that the market for the most substantial books has grown in a far greater ratio than the population; and that large editions of works on the most useful branches of general science or literature have been rapidly sold, which, a few years since, would have lain like lumber in their garrets. The treasures of old English have been ransacked to meet in compendious forms the appetite of a healthy taste. Writers of the first class have arisen from among ourselves,

and some foremost of the foremost from your own ranks, gentlemen, to compete successfully with those of the Old World's former centuries; while others, of less, though not despicable, character, especially in the belles-lettres, are springing up like butter-cups in a meadow. Prejudice against reading an American book, never so great as disappointed scribblers supposed, has given place to an overweening partiality for home productions, not only in literature, but in art. Not content with boasting of our truly great names, of which any land or age might be proud, we resent it as wrong done America, when superlative laudation is denied any pretty pen that traces a pleasing story or a string of creditable verses; we discover Ciceros plenty as the stumps which serve our orators for *rostra*; and we execrate by Apollo all unable to detect a future Angelo in every untaught youth who chips a head out of stone, or dashes a crude conception on canvas. There is no country where reputation for talent or scholarship is so easily won, or mental labor, except of the highest kind, is better paid.

No doubt this has in a measure repressed the ambition of some, who, conscious of high powers, are unwilling to be jostled on so crowded an arena. When extreme epithets of praise are lavished upon hasty, ephemeral trifles, there remain no terms worthily to designate the productions of deep, long thought. The Virgilian patience, which spends a day upon an hexameter, will not endure being evened with the fatal facility which improvises a hundred lines *stans pede in uno*. The Olympian eloquence, which labored for twenty years on a eulogy of democratic Athens, would have but little chance

against the torrent hyperbole of a Western Pericles, who lords it over his shouting constituents by an inspiration caught from the buffalo-hunt, the flow of the Mississippi, the crash of the forest before the axe, or the solitude of the ocean-wide prairie, yet which as seldom fails to hit the centre of human enthusiasm, as his rifle-ball the heart of a flying deer. Nor is it surprising that a devotee to one particular branch of science, more than sufficient of itself for ten lives, should sometimes shrink from the omnigenous competition which is equally ready at inventing a cooking-stove or an ethical system, and will take to the pulpit, the bar, a professor's chair, a seat in the Senate, or the Presidency of the United States, if only sure that the emoluments of the new speculation will exceed those of a quack-medicine, a peddling-wagon, or a singing-school. But such readiness to honor intellectual effort proves a liberal, upward tendency of our people, who, though they may now applaud excessively the less worthy, will sooner or later appreciate the more deserving; and such restless versatility of talent shows an energy of mental enterprise, which, if the rich soil be cultivated aright, promises no scanty harvest.

Besides, there is an unmistakable and increasing disposition to philosophical methods of thought and action. The cry is for ideas, and, though often affected, the fashion is to demand principles, and at least a show of demonstration. Our people claim for themselves, and would transmit to their children, the right of private judgment; and the faculty, nurtured by political habits, is exercised on all subjects brought before them. It is as natural for an American to reason as to breathe;

and his favorite method (no doubt, from shrewd New England example) is the Socratic. He will believe nothing, do nothing, submit to nothing, without knowing, or thinking that he knows, *why*. He is much fonder of the lecture-room than of the spectacle. He will listen to any one on any subject, provided the lecturer offers proof; but his questions *Why?* and *How?* readily silence the most plausible declaimer. From these and other causes, there is throughout our country (though, for obvious reasons, greater in some sections than others) an activity and sensitiveness of mind unexampled and increasing. The advocate of truth can desire no opportunity more magnificent.

One thought more. With the history of this country, God began a revolution in his treatment and development of human nature. Up to that moment, the great divisions, even the larger sub-divisions, of our race had been kept apart from each other, separated and made distinct by climate, by language, by hereditary habits. The eastern and southern quarters of the globe we leave for the present out of our calculation, as their time of revival is yet far in the future, and speak of Europe. Even Christianity has failed to accomplish a coalescence. The mysteries of Osiris still linger around the altars of Magna Græcia. The Druids have left in the customs of Britain monuments lasting as Stonehenge. Tacitus may serve the modern traveller as an Itinerary throughout what was Germania Antiqua. The fetters of national prejudice have eaten into the bone, and the quick flesh is grown over them. Each nation has married only with its own blood, and the evils of the incest are upon their offspring. Each has kept its own characteristic vices and virtues apart

from those of the others; yet it is a law of Providence, that distinct vices act as checks upon their rival passions, while virtue is stimulated by virtue. The Italian is only an Italian, the Frank a Frank, the Spaniard a Spaniard; and so each of the rest is now well nigh as distinct as when Cæsar wrote his Commentaries. Some changes have been wrought by Religion and the Press, but neither Religion nor the Press has had its fair influence; the one has been distorted, the other manacled, both abused by national law and national sentiment. The higher orders of society, who travel and read, may assimilate from a common creed of etiquette; but the people, the plebeians, remain distinct and the same. The men, and even the women, (*varium et mutabile fœmina*), of separate cantons, departments, duchies, or shires, have inherited fashions of dress from their grandfathers and grandmothers, great, great, great beyond arithmetic. The war of races and tribes is now deluging Europe with blood. The enmity among them there seems ineradicable.

But what has God done, what is He doing, what is He about to do, in this land? He has set it far away to the west, and made it so circumstantially independent, that, if all the rest of the habitable earth were sunk, we should feel no serious curtailment of our comforts. The products of the whole world are, or may soon be, found within our confederate limits. He brought here first the sternest, most religious, most determined representatives of Europe's best blood, best faith, best intellect; men, ay, and women (it is the mother makes the child), who, because they feared God, feared no created power, — who, bowing before His absolute sovereignty, would

kneel to no lord spiritual or temporal on earth, — and who, believing the Bible true, demanded its sanction for all law. To your Pilgrim Fathers the highest place may well be accorded; but forget not, that, about the time of their landing on the Rock, there came to the mouth of the Hudson men of kindred faith and descent, — men equally loving freedom, — men from the sea-washed cradle of modern constitutional freedom, whose union of free burgher-cities taught us the lesson of confederate independent sovereignties, whose sires were as free, long centuries before *Magna Charta*, as the English are now, and from whose line of republican princes Britain received the boon of religious toleration, a privilege the States-General had recognized as a primary article of their government when first established; men of that stock, which, when offered their choice of favors from a grateful monarch, asked a University*; men whose martyr-sires had baptized their land with their blood; men who had flooded it with ocean-waves rather than yield it to a bigot-tyrant; men, whose virtues were sober as prose, but sublime as poetry; — the men of Holland! Mingled with these, and still farther on, were heroic Huguenots, their fortunes broken, but their spirit unbending to prelate or prelate-ridden king. There were others (and a dash of cavalier blood told well in battle-field and

* After the eventful issue of the siege of Leyden, the Prince of Orange and the States-General, grateful to the heroic defenders of that city, offered them their choice of an Annual Fair or a University. They chose the University; but, struck with the nobleness of the choice, the high authorities granted them both. The University was established in 1575, and became the *Alma Mater* of Grotius, Scaliger, Boerhaave, and many other renowned men.

council); — but those were the spirits whom God made the moral substratum of our national character. Here, like Israel in the wilderness, and thousands of miles off from the land of bondage, they were educated for their high calling, until, in the fulness of times, our confederacy with its Constitution was founded. Already there had been a salutary mixture of blood, but not enough to impair the Anglo-Saxon ascendancy. The nation grew morally strong from its original elements. The great work was delayed only by a just preparation. Now God is bringing hither the most vigorous scions from all the European stocks, to “make of them all *one new MAN* ;” not the Saxon, not the German, not the Gaul, not the Helvetician, but the AMERICAN. Here they will unite as one brotherhood, will have one law, will share one interest. Spread over the vast region from the frigid to the torrid, from Eastern to Western ocean, every variety of climate giving them choice of pursuit and modification of temperament, the ballot-box fusing together all rivalries, they shall have one national will. What is wanting in one race will be supplied by the characteristic energies of the others; and what is excessive in either, checked by the counter-action of the rest. Nay, though for a time the newly come may retain their foreign vernacular, our tongue, so rich in ennobling literature, will be the tongue of the nation, the language of its laws, and the accent of its majesty. ETERNAL GOD! who seest the end with the beginning, thou alone canst tell the ultimate grandeur of this people!

Such, gentlemen, is the sphere, present and future, in which God calls us to work for Him, for our country, and for man-

kind. The language in which we utter truth will be spoken on this continent, a century hence, by thirty times more millions than those dwelling on the island of its origin. The openings for trade on the Pacific coast, and the railroad across the Isthmus, will bring the commerce of the world under the control of our race. The empire of our language will follow that of our commerce; the empire of our institutions, that of our language. The man who writes successfully for America will yet speak to all the world.

END.



