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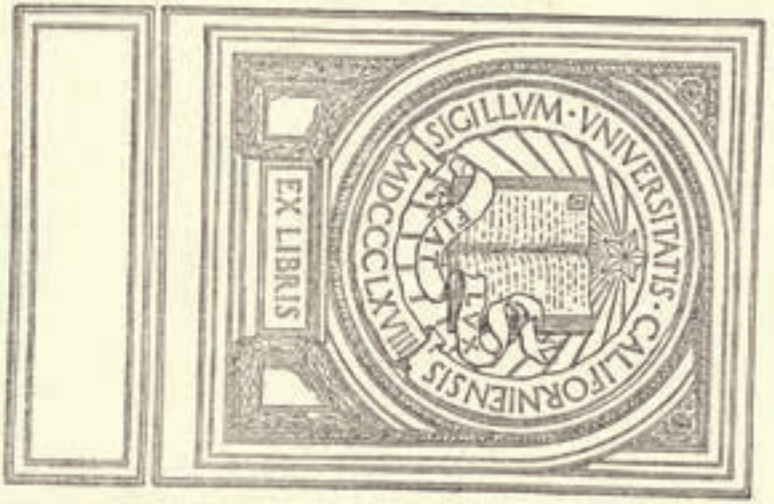

C° Hunter USN

DISCOURSES

AND

ADDRESSES

ON

SUBJECTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY,
ARTS, AND LITERATURE.

BY GULIAN C° VERPLANCK.

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PREFACE.

The following discourses and speeches, delivered on different occasions, were printed at the time, and some of them passed through more than one edition in a pamphlet form. Though they were pronounced on various occasions and at considerable intervals of time, they have yet a general unity of purpose, being all designed to direct public attention to the history, biography, arts, and literature of our own country. It has, therefore, been thought, that they might be appropriately collected and republished together.

The rapid progress of improvement in the United States has made some of the criticisms and remarks contained in them less applicable than they were when first written. For instance, the publication of several excellent works of American Biography, within the last two or three years, has taken away much of the justice of the complaint in the Historical Discourse, of our neglect of the memory of our illustrious dead.

As, however, this and some similar remarks on other points were perfectly correct at the time, and still apply, though much less forcibly, it has not been thought proper to erase them.

NEW-YORK, MAY 20, 1833.

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HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

On an occasion like this, in addressing a society formed for the purpose of exploring and preserving the history of our own country, I know of no theme that can be selected so appropriate and so copious, as the eulogy of those excellent men who have most largely contributed to raise or support our national institutions, and to form or to elevate our national character.

The wide field of research, which the history of this hemisphere opens to us, may indeed present to the philosophical, as well as to the antiquarian inquirer, many objects of more curiosity, and, perhaps, some of greater utility. The observation of the various results in legislation or jurisprudence, in public and individual character, already produced in this great school of political experiment by hitherto untried combinations of the moral elements of society—the examination and arrangement of that immense mass of useful facts exhibited in our statistics—the investigation of the character, the languages, the traditions, the manners, and the superstitions of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country—the collecting and accurately ascertaining the minor facts and minuter details of those great achievements which have rendered the history of our liberties so glorious—all have their use and value. Hence may be drawn materials

enabling the philosopher to pour new light on the moral and physical nature of man; and it is thus that are preserved those fleeting forms of the past, which may hereafter rise and live again at the powerful bidding of the poet or the painter.

But the habit of looking to our own annals for examples of life, and of rendering due honour to those illustrious dead, the rich fruits of whose labours we are now enjoying, has a more moral, and, I think, a nobler aim. In paying the tribute of admiration to genius, and of gratitude to virtue, we ourselves become wiser and better. Instead of leaving our love of country to rest upon the cold preference of reason, that slowest and most feeble of all motives of action, we thus call up the patriotism of the heart in aid of that of the head. Our love of country is exalted and purified by being mingled with the feelings of gratitude, and reverence for virtue; and our reverence for virtue is warmed and animated, and brought home to our hearts by its union with the pride and the love of our country.

In this respect we have not been faithful to our own honour. The short period of our existence as a people has been fruitful in models of public virtue. Other lands may boast of having given birth to men of rarer genius, and of more splendid achievement. Yet how often has that genius been the base flatterer or the willing instrument of oppression; how often has it been low and selfish in its ambition; how often black with crime. But the history of our illustrious men is a story of liberty, virtue, and glory. Such, however, has been our culpable negligence of their fame, that little other memorial is to be found of most of them, than what has been incorporated in the public records of their times. All that

is instructive in their private biography, all that is individual in their characters, is rapidly fading from memory; and there is danger, lest to the next generation the names of Greene, and Marion, and Wayne—of Otis, Laurens, Rutledge, and Pendleton,—of Dickinson, Sherman, Ellsworth, and Hamilton, will be mere names of history, calling up no associations, inculcating no example, kindling no emotion. Their memories will, indeed, be bright and ever-during, but they will shine as from afar, like the stars of other systems, whose cheering warmth and useful light are lost in the distance.

It is not my present intention to attempt to supply any part of this deficiency. The collection of facts, either floating in the memories of contemporaries, or buried in the mass of unpublished correspondence and official documents, is an employment for which I have had neither the opportunity nor the leisure. The task I have assigned to myself is much less laborious, but scarcely less grateful. It is the commemoration of some of those virtuous and enlightened men of Europe, who, long ago, looking with a prophetic eye towards the destinies of this new world, and regarding it as the chosen refuge of freedom and truth, were moved by a holy ambition to become the ministers of the Most High, in bestowing upon it the blessings of religion, morals, letters, and liberty.

When we look back upon the earlier European discoveries and conquests in this hemisphere, the mind recoils with horror from the scene of carnage and devastation that opens the mighty drama of American history. The genius and power of civilized man have scarce ever been displayed to his weaker and untaught brethren, except as ministering to avarice and

ferocity; and never were that genius and power put forth in more terrible and guilty superiority, than when the American continent was first laid open to Spanish enterprise and valour. Unrelenting avarice, under the mask of religion, sent forth band after band of ferocious adventurers, to rapine and murder. In the powerful language of Cowper,

> "The hand that slew, till it could slay no more,
> Was glued to the sword-hilt, with Indian gore.

Among these stern and bloody men there was one of a far different mould. The young Las Casas,* whose spirit of adventure had induced him, at the age of nineteen, to accompany Columbus in his second expedition to the West-Indies, was one of those rare compounds which nature forms, from time to time, for the ornament and consolation of the human race, blending a restless and unwearied energy of mind with a heart alive to every kind affection, elevated by piety, warm with benevolence, and kindling at wrong. He saw, with grief and indignation, the crimes of his countrymen, and the cry of the oppressed entered deep into his heart. From that hour, like the young Hannibal, but in a purer cause, he vowed himself to one sacred object. Rejecting with scorn, every lure held out by interest or ambition, to tempt him from his course, refuting by the blameless sanctity of his life, all the calumnies showered upon

* For the general facts of Las Casas' life, see Robertson's America, passim. Dupin; Bibliotheque des Auteurs Ecclesiastique, 16me siecle. Rees' Cyclopedia, article, "Las Casas." Nouveau Dictionnaire, Historique, Paris; and especially, "Apologie de Barthelemy Las Casas, Evèque de Chiappa," par M. Gregoire, in the Memoirs de l'Institut Nationale," An. 8.

him, despising danger, disregarding toil, braving alike the sneer of the world and the frown of power, he laboured with a benevolence which never cooled, and a zeal which knew no remission, for more than seventy years, as the protector of the Indian race. Dangerous as the navigation was at that period, he crossed the Atlantic nine times for this purpose, besides traversing Europe, and penetrating, in all directions, the trackless wilds of the new world. We see him at one time breaking through the restraints of courtly form, whilst he charged his sovereign to his face, with the personal guilt of those atrocious measures which had entailed misery upon a numerous and innocent people, whom Providence had placed under his protection; and urging this accusation home to his conscience with an impetuous eloquence that made the crafty and cold-hearted Ferdinand tremble before him. Then again, we find him, armed with that mysterious power which virtuous enthusiasm bestows, mastering a stronger mind than his own, and compelling the lofty and stern Ximenes to partake of his zeal. Then he returns back to his suffering people, and, amidst every form of danger and hardship, administers in person his own admirable plans for their protection, conversion, and instruction.

Finding that the impressions of his animated oratory upon his countrymen and their rulers were constantly effaced, and their effects frustrated by the arts, intrigues, and falsehoods of the interested, he addressed himself, through the press, to the whole christian world. In one of his publications, he described the devastation of those parts of America which had been subjugated by the Spaniards, with a copious and glowing eloquence that kindled the sympathies of all Europe.

In other works, he took a larger range of argument,

and appealing in turns to the natural rights of man, as pointed out by reason, and to that revelation which declares that God is no respecter of persons, without ever losing sight of his main object, he discussed some of the most interesting questions of liberty and public law, with a courage and truth such as modern Europe had never yet seen.* It is a remarkable fact, and one bearing honourable testimony to the vigour and enlargement of his mind, that a Spanish ecclesiastic, of the fifteenth century, should have maintained that the peculiar form of civil polity in a state ought to be determined by the will of the people, upon the ground that, although the sanction is from above, the power of the people is the *efficient*, and their happiness the *final* cause of all government. In another work, wherein he details at length the most probable means of relieving the wrongs and meliorating the condition of the Indians, he declares, that as liberty is the greatest of all earthly goods, and as all nations have an equal right to its possession, the attempt to subjugate any of them under the pretexts of religion, or of political expediency, is alike a crime against the natural and against the revealed law; and he adds, in words breathing more of the ancient Roman than of the Spaniard, that he who abuses power is unworthy to exercise it, and that no obedience is due to a tyrant. It is but too well known that these glorious labours in the service of freedom and humanity were in vain. Yet they were not wholly fruitless. Las Casas closed his long course of indefatiga-

* See the "Apologie de Bart. Las Casas," of Gregoire. The abstract of Las Casas' opinions, given by Dupin, seems in general to justify Gregoire's eulogy, though it shows a greater mixture of the prejudices of the times, with his purer views of truth, than M. Gregoire seems willing to admit.

ble philanthropy in his ninety-second year, and his virtuous and venerable age was soothed by the knowledge that some few of his proposed plans had been carried into successful operation, and had contributed, in no small degree, to relieve the sufferings of the enslaved natives. He enjoyed, moreover, the cheering recollection of having called forth the testimony of the better spirits of his own nation against intolerance and persecution, and of having kindled among them an enlightened zeal for the best interests of mankind—a sacred flame, long cherished "as a light shining in a dark place," but now at last kindling into brighter and broader radiance, and, I trust, destined to guide for many an age hereafter, the nations of Spanish America to public virtue and true glory.

Johnson is related to have exclaimed, in one of those warm bursts of natural feeling which occasionally overpowered the narrowness of his political creed, "I love the University of Salamanca for their decision on the lawfulness of the Spanish conquests in America." The decision Johnson had reference to, was that of the two Universities of Salamanca and Alcala, on the public disputation, held at Valladolid, in 1550, between Las Casas and his ablest adversary, the learned Sepulveda, an acute, malignant, and bigotted sophist.

The thesis maintained by Sepulveda, was the right and duty of making war upon Pagans and heretics, in order to propagate the true faith. Las Casas refuted him upon the most liberal principles of universal toleration, and these doctrines received the solemn approbation of the two universities.

It is one of those melancholy instances of the retrogradation of the human mind which chill the hopes of the philanthropist, that about thirty years ago, a mag-

nificent edition of all the works of Sepulveda was published by the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, in the introduction to which, that learned body did not hesitate to give their sanction to the doctrines of this apologist of oppression, and to approve of what they term "the exercise of a just and pious violence against Pagans and heretics."

I cannot leave the consideration of the character of Las Casas, without stopping to repel a charge which has attached itself to his fame, and to which the popularity of the several writers by whom it has been made, has given a very wide circulation. Far from us be that base selfishness which joys to see any surpassing excellence brought down to its own low level. Let us rather delight to linger at the good man's grave, and to pluck away with pious reverence "the weeds that have no business there."

The charge cannot be better stated than in the words of Dr. Robertson.

"The impossibility of carrying on any improvement in America, unless the Spanish planters could command the labour of the natives, was an insuperable objection to the plan of treating them as free subjects. In order to provide some remedy for this, Las Casas proposed to purchase a sufficient number of negroes from the Portuguese settlements on the coast of Africa, and to transport them to America, in order that they might be employed as slaves in working the mines and cultivating the ground.

"Cardinal Ximenes, however, when solicited to encourage this commerce, peremptorily rejected this proposition, because he perceived the iniquity of reducing one race of men to slavery, while he was consulting

about the means of restoring liberty to another. But Las Casas, from the inconsistency natural to men who hurry with headlong impetuosity towards a favourite point, was incapable of making this distinction. While he contended earnestly for the liberty of the people born in one quarter of the globe, he laboured to enslave the inhabitants of another region; and in the warmth of his zeal to save the Americans from the yoke, pronounced it to be lawful and expedient to impose one still heavier upon the Africans. Unfortunately for the latter, Las Casas's plan was adopted."*

This accusation has been loudly re-echoed by Raynal, Marmontel, De Pauw, and Bryan Edwards,† all of them ingenious and popular writers, though of but little authority as regards strict historical accuracy. From them it has passed without contradiction into many of our recent biographical compilations.

This charge bears such strong marks of improbability upon the very face of it, and is in such direct opposition to the uniform character of Las Casas, and the whole current of his life and opinions, that it requires the most direct and positive evidence in its support, to entitle it to any credit with a candid mind. Now, it is remarkable that the only authority for this accusation, entitled to be considered as an original and independent testimony,

* Robertson's America, Vol. I. Book III.

† "Las Casas auquel il manquoit des notions justes sur les droits de l'homme, mais qui s'occupoit sans cesse du soulagement de ses chers Indiens," &c. says Raynal, with his usual flippancy and negligence of truth. Histoire Philosophique des Indes. Liv. VIII. See also De Pauw, Recherches sur les Americains, and Bryan Edwards, who admits the fact, but being himself a eulogist of negro slavery, imputes no blame to Las Casas. Edwards's West-Indies, Vol. II.

is the Spanish historian, Herrera; and his language is by no means so strong or particular as that of Dr. Robertson, who has, after his usual manner, amplified and exaggerated the original statement, and spread over it somewhat of that warm colouring which always renders his historical pictures so striking and splendid in their general effect, and yet often so incorrect in their most important details. But even this testimony of Herrera, when critically examined, will be found to be of little weight.

It is unnecessary for me to go very minutely into the details of this investigation. Las Casas some few years ago found an ardent and able defender in a congenial spirit, the excellent Gregoire—a man, who, like Las Casas himself, devoted a long life to the defence of liberal principles, and to labours of humanity, who, like him, too, was in turns a mark for the calumnies of the bigot and of the sceptic; who, participating in all the enthusiasm, sharing in all the dangers, partaking in many of the delusions, but unpolluted by any of the crimes of the French revolution, with heroic moderation held on his steady course through all its tempestuous scenes, at one time the champion of toleration against bigotry, at another of his religion against triumphant and persecuting atheism; the defender of learning and the arts, in the hour of their proscription, and always the friend of the oppressed—who will be associated in History with La Fayette as a patriot, and with Wilberforce as a philanthropist.

In an elaborate memoir, read before the Institute of France,* M. Gregoire has with great research, learning,

* Printed in the Memoirs de l'Institut National—Sciences Morales et Politiques, Tom. IV.

and acuteness, collected and examined the whole evidence in any way bearing on this subject. He first proves most satisfactorily, that the earliest transportation of slaves to America, took place, according to Hargrave, (in the argument on Somerset's case,) in 1508, according to Anderson* and Charlevoix, in 1503, and according to Herrera himself, in 1498, that is to say, certainly fourteen, perhaps nineteen years previous to the date of the project imputed to Las Casas.

He then shows, that although the history of those times, and of the affairs of the new colonies had been handled by numerous cotemporary writers, some of them friendly, and others very hostile to Las Casas; and though the controversy on the treatment of the Indians as slaves had called forth many elaborate arguments on both sides of the question, no trace or intimation of this charge is to be found until the publication of Herrera's history. This was compiled about thirty years after the death of Las Casas, and more than eighty after the date assigned to this transaction. This negative testimony, which he deduces from a minute examination of above twenty Spanish writers of that age, and many other more recent ones, is further strengthened by the consideration, that the writings of Las Casas, inculcate throughout, the duties of humanity towards all men without distinction of colour or country, and it is hardly possible that his numerous and inveterate adversaries, and especially his acute antagonist, Sepulveda, should not have perceived and marked so glaring an inconsistency. Gregoire farther states,

* Anderson's History of Commerce, and Charlevoix, Histoire de St. Domingue.

that the life of Las Casas has been written in Spanish, French, and Italian, by seven different authors, (one of them a native of New Spain,) and they all pass over this charge as if they never had heard of it; while the five biographers of Cardinal Ximenes, as well as the several Spanish, French, and English authors, who have written on the origin and progress of the slave trade, make no mention whatever of Las Casas's concern in it, but impute the project entirely either to certain Flemish lords of the Spanish court, or to Chievres, a favourite of the prime minister.

Finally, he observes that Herrera, though sensible and ingenious, is considered by some of the best Spanish writers on American history, as a careless and inaccurate historian; that he betrays evident marks of prejudice against Las Casas; and that, although, according to his own statement, this transaction must have taken place long before his personal recollection, he refers to no original document or authority, in support of his accusation.

Whenever the historical inquirer can thus efface the stains left by time or malice upon the fame of the wise and good, he effects many of the grandest objects of history. He strips away from vice the apology and consolation which it finds in the frailty of erring virtue. He excites the ingenuous mind to measure its ambition by a more perfect standard of moral and intellectual worth. He gives new strength to the purest and most exalted sentiments of our nature, by enabling us to embody, in some permanent form of active virtue, those magnificent, but undefined ideas of possible excellence, which sometimes float before the mind in its better hours, and then vanish away for ever, before the breath of the world. If "that man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not

gain force on the plain of Marathon, and whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona," surely he too is to be pitied whose heart swells with no emotion when the mist of falsehood is thus rolled away, and the form of moral greatness stands unveiled before him, in all its majesty, towering far above the highest elevation of selfish ambition; like the pillar of Pompey, rising aloft in solitary grandeur amid the waste and subject plain.

Let us now turn to our own more immediate history. The settlement of New-England forms an epoch in the history of colonization. Never, until that time, had such high principles, and such noble minds, been engaged in the great work of extending the bounds of the civilized world. Most of the founders of new states have been driven abroad by necessity; whilst in others, the spirit of adventure was kindled sometimes by restless ambition, or political discontent; sometimes by enlightened views of commercial profit, but oftener by wild dreams of sudden wealth. But, in the fathers of New-England, we behold a body of men, who, for the liberty of faith alone, resolutely and deliberately exchanged the delights of home, and the comforts of civilized life, for toil and danger, for an ungenial climate and a rugged soil. They were neither desperate adventurers, nor ignorant fanatics; on the contrary, there is every evidence that they generally possessed a much higher degree of mental cultivation, than was common at that period among the English people. Indeed, the austerity of the moral habits of their immediate descendants, and the remarkable freedom of their language from the provincial dialects of England, afford ample evidence of the general character of the ancestors. They were men,

> —— who spake the tongue
> That Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals held
> That Milton held.*

Nay, even if in the pride of a vain philosophy, we should choose to suspect the praises of this portion of our English ancestry as being but the delusions of national vanity, and to dwell more upon their faults and follies than on their virtues, still it is impossible to refuse some share of admiration to the talents and courage of these voluntary exiles, if we regard them merely as a bold and honest portion of that party in church and state, which, to borrow the coarse but strong language of Warburton, had out-fought the cavaliers, out-prayed the puritans, and out-witted the parliament. The period at which they lived, is very remarkable for having been fertile in every form of irregular greatness, and they partook largely of the character of their times. In every great exertion of genius, in that age, whether in poetry, in eloquence, in moral and theological speculation or in active life, there was an incongruous and unaccountable mixture of the gigantic and the childish—of glorious truth and miserable prejudice. Pope's criticism on the poetry of Milton, may serve for a universal description of the talents of that day.

> Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
> Now serpent-like, in puns, he sweeps the ground.

This defect of taste, however, was the most venial error of the age; the greatest one, and that which casts a dark shade over our own early history, was the spirit of religious persecution. In fact, the question as to the right and duty of the civil magistrate, to restrain by punishment

* Wordsworth.

the propagation of those opinions, which he conscientiously believes to be dangerous to the temporal or spiritual well-being of his people, clear as it may appear to us now, is yet, when fairly weighed, of all doubtful points of political speculation, the most difficult for mere reason to solve; probably, because mere reason cannot furnish from its own stores the necessary *data* for the argument. These must be drawn partly from the suggestions of our own hearts,—and they, we know, may be repressed by the stern sense of duty, as well as by baser feelings,—but principally from long observation and experience of the nature and disposition of man. The reason of the seventeenth century,—and never surely was human reason more active or vigorous,—had advanced no further than to assert and allow the conflict of opposite duties, that of the magistrate to punish, and of the martyr to suffer. The rest was left to the justice or mercy of heaven. On this single point, the Doctors of Rome, of Geneva, and of Oxford, were of one opinion. The toleration of Cromwell's reign, imperfect as it was, and comprehending neither the Catholic, the Unitarian, the Quaker, nor the Jew, was but one of the arts of political management, by which he raised himself to power, and can scarcely be considered as indicating in him or in his party at large, any settled and clearly defined principle:* while the limited freedom of worship allowed to the Huguenots in France, was a measure of necessity extorted and defended by force.

About the same time that Bossuet, the most illustrious champion of the church of Rome, was engaged in main-

* A sufficient proof of this may be found in the treatment of John Biddle, the learned Unitarian, during the protectorate. See Biographia Britannica, Art. Biddle.

taining, with all the force of his overwhelming eloquence and inexhaustible ingenuity, that the sovereign was bound to use his authority in extirpating false religions from the state; the Scotch commissioners, in London, were remonstrating, in the name of their national church, against the introduction of "a sinful and ungodly toleration in matters of religion;"* whilst the whole body of the English Presbyterian clergy, in their official papers, protested against the schemes of Cromwell's party, and solemnly declared, "that they detested and abhorred toleration." "My judgment," said Baxter, a man noted in his day for moderation, "I have always freely made known—I abhor unlimited liberty or toleration of all." "Toleration," said Edwards, another distinguished divine, "will make the kingdom a chaos, a Babel, another Amsterdam, a Sodom, an Egypt, a Babylon. Toleration is the grand work of the devil, his master-piece and chief engine to uphold his tottering kingdom: it is the most compendious, ready, sure way to destroy all religion, lay all waste and bring in all evil. It is a most transcendent, catholique and fundamental evil. As original sin is the fundamental sin, having the seed and spawn of all sins in it, so toleration hath all errors in it and all evils." The *dragonnades* of Louis XIV., the bloody sentences of the star-chamber, and the savage persecutions of the Remonstrants in Holland, and of the Quakers by the Independents of England and America, afforded terrible commentaries on these doctrines. Now and then, indeed, some purer spirits could pierce through this gloom, and anticipate the lights of a succeeding age. Even in that day, Fenelon could inculcate upon his royal pupil,

* Lord Clarendon—History of the Rebellion, Book XII.

that power might make men hypocrites, but could not make them converts; and Jeremy Taylor raised his voice for "the liberty of prophesying," and eloquently testified against the "unreasonableness of prescribing to other men's faith, and the iniquity of persecuting different opinions."

Yet these were but solitary and unheeded examples, and the voices of these sons of peace were drowned amidst the clash of arms and the clamours of controversy.

The glory of having first set an example of a practical and extensive system of religious freedom, was reserved for America; and the first legislator who fully recognised the rights of conscience, was Roger Williams, a name less illustrious than it deserves to be; for although his eccentricities of conduct and opinion, may sometimes provoke a smile, he was a man of genius and of virtue, of admirable firmness, courage, and disinterestness, and of unbounded benevolence.

He was a native of Wales, and emigrated to New-England, in 1630. He was then a young man of austere life and popular manners, full of reading, skilled in controversy, and gifted with a rapid, copious, and vehement eloquence. The writers of those days represent him as being full of turbulent and singular opinions, "and the whole country," saith the quaint Cotton Mather, "was soon like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a windmill in the head of this one man."* The heresy which appeared most grievous to his brethren, was his zeal for unqualified religious liberty. In the warmth of

* Cotton Mather—Magnalia, Book VII. in the chapter, entitled "*Little Foxes*, or the spirit of *Rigid Separation* in one remarkable zealot," &c.

his charity, he contended for "freedom of conscience, even to Papists and Arminians, with security of civil peace to all," a doctrine that filled the Massachusetts clergy with horror and alarm. "He violently urged," says Cotton Mather, "that the civil magistrate might not punish breaches of the first table of the commandments, which utterly took away from the authority all capacity to prevent the land which they had purchased on purpose for a recess from such things, from becoming such a sink of abominations as would have been the reproach and ruin of Christianity in these parts of the world."

In addition to these "most disturbant and offensive doctrines," Mather charges him with preaching against the Royal charter of the colony, "on an insignificant pretence of wrong therein done unto the Indians." To his fervent zeal for liberty of opinion, this singular man united an equal degree of tenacity to every article of his own narrow creed. He objected to the custom of returning thanks after meat, as, in some manner or other, involving a corruption of primitive and pure worship; he refused to join any of the churches in Boston, unless they would first make a public and solemn declaration of their repentance for having formerly communed with the church of England; and when his doctrines of religious liberty were condemned by the clergy, he wrote to his own church at Salem, "that if they would not separate as well from the churches of New-England as of Old, he would separate from them."

All his peculiar opinions, whether true or erroneous, were alike offensive to his puritan brethren, and controversy soon waxed warm. Some logicians, more tolerant or politic than the rest, attempted to reconcile the disputants by a whimsical, and not very intelligible sophism.

They approved not, said they, of persecuting men for conscience' sake, but solely of correcting them for sinning against conscience; and so not persecuting, but punishing heretics. Williams was not a man who could be imposed upon by words, or intimidated by threats; and he accordingly persevered in inculcating his doctrines publicly and vehemently. The clergy, after having endeavoured in vain to shake him by argument and remonstrance, at last determined to call in the aid of the civil authority; and the General Court, after due consideration of the case, passed sentence of banishment upon him, or, as they phrased it, "ordered his removal out of the jurisdiction of the court." Some of the men in power had determined that he should be sent to England; but, when they sent to take him, they found that, with his usual spirit of resolute independence, he had already departed, no one knew whither, accompanied by a few of his people, who, to use their own language, had gone with their beloved pastor "to seek their providences." After some wanderings he pitched his tent at a place, to which he gave the name of Providence, and there became the founder and legislator of the colony of Rhode-Island. There he continued to rule, sometimes as the governor, and always as the guide and father of the settlement, for forty-eight years, employing himself in acts of kindness to his former enemies, affording relief to the distressed, and offering an asylum to the persecuted. The government of his colony was formed on his favourite principle, that in matters of faith and worship, every citizen should walk according to the light of his own conscience, without restraint or interference from the civil magistrate. During a visit which Williams made to England, in 1643, for the purpose of procuring a colonial charter, he

published a formal and laboured vindication of this doctrine, under the title of "The Bloody Tenent, or a Dialogue between Truth and Peace." In this work, written with his usual boldness and decision, he anticipated most of the arguments, which, fifty years after, attracted so much attention, when they were brought forward by Locke. His own conduct in power, was in perfect accordance with his speculative opinions; and when, in his old age, the order of his little community was disturbed by an irruption of Quaker preachers, he combated them only in pamphlets and public disputations, and contented himself with overwhelming their doctrines with a torrent of learning, sarcasms, syllogisms, and puns.*

It should also be remembered, to the honour of Roger Williams, that no one of the early colonists, without excepting William Penn himself, equalled him in justice and benevolence towards the Indians. He laboured incessantly, and with much success, to enlighten and conciliate them, and by this means acquired a personal influence among them, which he had frequently the enviable satisfaction of exerting in behalf of those who had banished him. It is not the least remarkable or characteristic incident of his varied life, that within one year after his exile, and while he was yet hot with controversy, and indignant at his wrongs, his first interference with the affairs of his former colony was to protect its frontier settlements from an Indian massacre. From that time forward, though he was never permitted to return to Massachusetts, he was frequently employed by the government of that province in negotiations with the Indians, and on other business of the highest importance. Even Cotton

* The title of one of his books against George Fox, and his follower, Burrowes, is "The Fox digged out of his Burrows."

Mather, in spite of his steadfast abhorrence of Williams's heresy, seems to have been touched with the magnanimity and kindness of the man; and after having stigmatized him as "the infamous Korah of New-England," he confesses, a little reluctantly, that "for the forty years after his exile, he acquitted himself so laudably, that many judicious people judged him to have had *the root of the matter* in him, during the long winter of his retirement."*

At the very time that the puritan Roger Williams was thus inculcating this humane and wise doctrine in the eastern colonies, a Roman Catholic nobleman, George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, was engaged in obtaining a charter and enacting a code of laws for Maryland, on the same liberal principles.

Lord Baltimore had neither the talents nor the eccentricities of Roger Williams, but he was a man of strong sense and great worth. He had passed with reputation through several offices of high political trust and importance, under James I., but in 1624 he resigned all his employments on becoming a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. He then projected a colony at Newfoundland; but after visiting his settlement twice, bestowing great expense and labour upon it, and once in person rescuing it from a French invasion, despairing of success, he abandoned his proprietary rights there, and procured a patent for Maryland. After he had visited and explored the country, he died, while he was engaged in making

* Mather—Magnalia Americana, Book VII. cap. 2. Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society, VI. 245. VII. 3. VIII. 2. IX. 23. X. 15, &c. &c. Brook's Lives of the Puritans, III. 377. Chalmer's Political Annals, p. 269. Quarto edit. Dr. Trumbull (Hist. U. S. vol. I. p. 105,) speaks of Williams with cold praise, though he calls him "a gentleman of benevolence."

the necessary preparatory arrangements for his undertaking, and before the charter had passed the forms of office; so that there is scarce any historical record of his share in the colonial administration of Maryland. But the little that tradition has preserved respecting him, speaks volumes in his praise. We know that he displayed the most perfect good faith in all his transactions with the natives, and that it was to him that Maryland was indebted for such a liberal code of religious equality, that the province soon became the refuge, not only of the Catholics who fled from Great Britain, but of the Puritans who were driven from Virginia, and of the Quakers exiled from New-England.*

His son, the second Lord Baltimore, deserves also to be named with honour, as having inherited the enterprise and the tolerant spirit of his father.

These admirable examples remained without imitation for nearly half a century, until 1682, when William Penn repeated the same experiment on a much greater scale, and laid the foundation of the government of Pennsylvania, with this "grand fundamental," as he termed it, "that every person should enjoy the free profession of his faith, and exercise of worship, in such way as he should in his conscience believe most acceptable."

The resemblance of character between Penn and Roger Williams, is striking. Penn, like Williams, was enthusiastic, without being bigoted; he had the same benevolence, the same scorn of intellectual slavery, the same love of controversy, and, above all, the same habitual inflexibility of purpose and opinion. But he had mixed more widely in the world, had more experience, and more

* Chalmer's Political Annals, p. 200, 4to. London. Biographia Britannica, article "Calvert." Marshall's Washington, I. 80—83.

knowledge of character, a more bustling activity of disposition, greater skill in the conduct of affairs, and, perhaps, a little more of worldly ambition, as well as much more of worldly wisdom. He appeared, too, on a more magnificent theatre of action, and has left the impress of his own peculiar character very deeply stamped upon the opinions and institutions of England and America.

Among the most remarkable peculiarities of his mind, was that singular inflexibility of which I have spoken; and he was in the habit of applying it indiscriminately to the noblest and to the most paltry uses. His range of knowledge was extensive: he had looked, with an observant eye, upon many forms of character and modes of life, and he deemed it to be his duty to declare his settled opinion upon every subject that fell in his way, and to take a part in every controversy as soon as it arose.

It mattered nothing, whether the subject was of little importance or of great, he was always stiff in his opinions, bold in his avowal of them, ready and copious in expounding them, and ingenious in their defence. Yet, in spite of these foibles, every ludicrous association is repelled from his character, by the admiration he excites when we behold him inculcating the purest doctrines of religion with the fervour of an apostle, and defending the dearest interests of his country and the most sacred rights of man with an ability, a courage, and a sagacity, which would have done honour to Hampden or Algernon Sidney.

He lived in an age of controversy and intolerance, both religious and political; and for a considerable part of his life, he published a polemical tract every month, and was regularly thrown into prison at least once a year. But neither tyranny nor the continual irritation of controversy, could change his steady character. Prosperous or un-

prosperous, in peace or in controversy, in business and in retirement, he was still the same; kind, pure, patient, laborious, fearless, zealous, pious. If his polemic ardour now and then hurried him a little beyond the bounds of his habitual meekness, still his violence was always confined to a few rough words; and it is even worthy of remark, that this occasional intemperance of expression seldom extended much beyond his title-page;* and as soon as that slight effervescence was over, he quietly returned to his accustomed calm, clear, and quaint simplicity of style.

It was after a long and rigid discipline of adversity and oppression, when his youthful presumption had subsided, and his enthusiastic zeal had ripened into a wise and practical benevolence, that Penn became the founder of that commonwealth which so gloriously perpetuates his name, his wisdom, and his virtues—a more magnificent and lasting monument than conqueror or despot ever reared.

He arrived in Pennsylvania, in October, 1682. As he was wont, according to the taste of the age and of his sect, to allegorize natural occurrences, he might have found, in the soft serenity of the season when he landed, an apt emblem of those happy and useful days he was to pass in America. The rest of his life, like the other parts of the year in this climate, was vexed with many fierce and sudden varieties of change; but the period of his administration in America, was destined to be, like the American autumn, mild, calm, bright, and abounding in rich fruits.

* As for example, "A brief Reply to a mere Rhapsody of Lies, Folly, and Slander," &c. "An Answer to a False and Foolish Libel," &c. are the titles of some of his tracts.

Here, his genius seemed to expand, as if to fit itself for a grander scene of action; while his benevolence grew warmer amid "the sweet quiet of these parts," to use his own beautiful language, "freed from the troublesome and anxious solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woful Europe." In all outward things he was well satisfied, and he had no desire left, but that of doing good. "The land," said he, "is rich, the air clear and sweet, the springs plentiful, and provisions good and easy to come at: in fine, here is what an Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, would be well contented with; and service enough for God, for the fields are here white for harvest."*

The history of man does not furnish any more interesting scene, nor one calling up finer associations or more generous sympathies, than the first conference of William Penn and his followers with the savage chiefs; when, to recur again to his own inimitable words, "they met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was taken on either side, but all was openness, brotherhood, and love."

Montesquieu, with his usual brilliant and ambitious originality, has styled Penn the modern Lycurgus. Paradoxical as this strange association of names may at first appear, there is one marked point of resemblance between the Spartan and the Pennsylvanian legislator; widely as they differed in the character of their institutions, and the ultimate ends of their ambition.

Penn legislated for peace, as Lycurgus did for war; but it is the peculiar glory of both, to have possessed a self-balanced and confident energy of mind, enabling them to disregard all considerations of temporary expediency and pri-

* William Penn's Letters.

vate interest, and to make every part of their system harmonize in perfect unison with those leading principles which were to pervade, animate, and govern every portion of the state.

Never was there undertaken a more sublime political enterprise than that of the founder of Pennsylvania. Never was there a legislation more boldly marked with that unity of intention which is the most peculiar and majestic feature of all original conception. His system of virtuous politics was reared upon benevolence, justice, and liberty. With these objects he began, and with these he ended. In an age when, with few exceptions, the sound principles of civil liberty were as little understood by those who clamoured for freedom as by those who defended the doctrines of arbitrary power, William Penn began his system of virtuous politics, by proclaiming to his people, in words of noble dignity and simplicity, "that the great end of government was to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power, that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honourable for their just administration—for Liberty without obedience is confusion, and Obedience without liberty is slavery."*

With such views, thus liberal and temperate, his first care was to divest himself of the almost arbitrary power he had been intrusted with, and to establish a form of government on the broadest plan of republican representation. At the same time, well judging "that governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments," he rested his sole reliance upon public morals

* Preamble to Penn's "Frame of Government," in Marshall's Life of Washington, Vol. I. Appendix, note 4. The whole is curious, and much of it admirable.

and education for the preservation of public liberty. "For," saith he, "that which makes a good government must keep it, namely, men of wisdom and virtue, qualities, which, because they descend not with natural inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth."

It is unnecessary to recall to the recollection of any American, who is at all conversant with the history of his own country, the gentleness and tolerance of Penn's government; his love of peace and its arts; the kindness with which he watched over the welfare, and laboured for the instruction, of the African race; his encouragement of useful industry and general education; the mild wisdom of his criminal code; and, above all, his effort to improve the administration of justice, by combining the reformation of the offender with the punishment of the offence—a grand and original attempt, which, had he no other claim to our gratitude, would alone entitle him to a most honourable place among the benefactors of the world.

It is true, that some of Penn's plans of peaceful legislation, have been found inapplicable to the actual state and condition of mankind. But his very failures were glorious, for they arose chiefly from a too sanguine expectation of the mental and moral improvement of the human race, and too hasty anticipations of universal holiness and universal peace; an illusion so fair and lovely, and so nearly allied to truth, that it sheds lustre over every error with which it may be connected, and can even lend momentary dignity and interest to the wildest speculations of Godwin and Condorcet.

The great name of John Locke, is associated with that of William Penn, by a double tie; by his celebrated con-

stitution for the Carolinas, which enrols him among the earliest legislators of America, and by one of those anecdotes of private friendship and magnanimity, upon which the mind gladly reposes, after wandering among the cold and dreary generalities of history.

During the short period of Penn's influence at the court of James II., he obtained from the king the promise of a pardon for Locke, who had fled to Holland from the persecution of the dominant party. Locke, though grateful to Penn for this unsolicited kindness, replied with a firmness worthy of the man who was destined to become the most formidable adversary of tyranny in all its shapes, "that he could not accept a pardon, when he had not been guilty of any crime." Three years after this occurrence, the Stuarts were driven from the throne of England; Locke then returned in triumph. At the same time, the champions of English liberty, to serve some party object, proclaimed Penn a traitor without the slightest ground; and all his rights as an Englishman, and his chartered privileges, were shamelessly violated by the very statesmen who had drafted the Act of Toleration and the Bill of Rights. In this season of distress and desertion, Penn was unexpectedly gratified by the grateful remembrance of Locke, who now, in his turn, interceded to procure a pardon from the new sovereign. In the pride of slandered innocence, Penn answered, as Locke had formerly done, "that he had never been guilty of any crime, and could not, therefore, rest satisfied with a mode of liberation which would ever appear as a standing monument of his guilt."

The genius of Locke has been described by Dr. Watts, with equal elegance and truth, as being "wide as the sea, calm as the night, bright as the day:" still his mind

appears to have been deficient in that practical sagacity which so happily tempered the enthusiasm of William Penn. The code of government and laws which Locke formed for the Carolinas, contained many excellent provisions; but it was embarrassed by numerous and discordant subdivisions of power, was perplexed by some impracticable refinements in the administration of justice, and was, in all respects, unnecessarily artificial and complicated.* Nevertheless, it is, I think, a legitimate subject of national pride that we can thus number this virtuous and profound philosopher among those original legislators of this country, who gave to our political character its first impulse and direction.

The character and exploits of the founder of Georgia, form a dazzling contrast to the calm virtues of this great man. The life of General Oglethorpe would require but little embellishment to make it a tale of romance. It was full of variety, adventure, and achievement. His ruling passions were the love of glory, of his country, and of mankind, and these were so blended together in his mind that they formed but one principle of action. He was a hero, a statesman, an orator, the patron of letters, the chosen friend of men of genius, and the theme of praise for great poets.

In his youth, after having been the confidential aid-de-camp of the Earl of Peterborough, whom he resembled in his restless activity of mind and body, he early attracted the notice of the great Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards served with distinguished reputation under Prince Eugene, in Germany, Hungary, and Turkey. From

* Marshall, I. 190. Trumbull's History of the U. S. I. 206, and the Constitution itself in Locke's Works, vol. X. p. 175. 8vo. edition, London, 1801.

his boyhood he uniformly enjoyed the friendship and confidence of his gallant and eloquent countryman, John, Duke of Argyle,* who, in an animated speech in parliament, bore splendid testimony to his military talents, his natural generosity, his contempt for danger, and his devotion to the public weal.†

Passing from the camp to the senate, he soon became conspicuous for his manly independence, and still more for the ardour and purity of his benevolence. Anticipating the labours of Howard, he plunged into the dark and pestilential dungeons where prisoners for debt in England, were at that time confined, dragged to light the most atrocious abuses, restored to freedom multitudes who had long suffered under legal oppression, and obtained public and exemplary punishment of the men who had been guilty of these outrages against justice and humanity. Soon after this, a colony was projected, which, without any prospect of profit or remuneration to those who directed it, had in view the double object of relieving England from some portion of the daily increasing burden of her pauperism, and of opening an avenue of useful and independent industry to those who had fallen into unmerited misfortune. General Oglethorpe was placed at the head of this enterprise, and he entered upon it with his characteristic ardour. Animated by the hope of gaining glory, and of doing good, he cheerfully expended a large portion of his private fortune, and encountered every variety of fatigue and danger.

It was in 1732, immediately after making a spirited and patriotic effort in parliament to restore a constitution-

* "Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."—*Pope.*

† Gentleman's Magazine, vol. XI. p. 400.

al militia, and to abolish arbitrary impressment for the sea-service, that he left England to become the founder of the colony of Georgia. The suppression of the slave trade has also long engaged his attention, and, under his auspices this infant colony set the example of a legal prohibition of this traffic in the blood of man.

Various untoward circumstances conspired to check the growth of the new settlement, and to frustrate the innumerable plans of agricultural* and political improvement constantly suggested by the busy and fertile mind of the governor; and, in a few years, these labours were completely interrupted by the alarm of a Spanish and Indian war. The benign legislator and magistrate, who had rivalled Penn in the arts of peace and in acts of mercy, then resumed, at once, the habits of his youth, and approved himself the hardy, daring, and adventurous soldier. By his unwearied activity, and the example of his personal courage, not less than by his military skill and enterprise, in the laborious Southern campaigns of 1740 and 1742, he repelled the inroads of a far superior enemy, who threatened the subjugation of Georgia and the devastation of the Carolinas.†

* One of them was the introduction of the olive into the southern colonies.

† "In the month of June, (1742,) the new colony of Georgia was invaded by an armament from St. Augustine, commanded by Don Manuel de Montcano, governor of that fortress. It consisted of six-and-thirty ships, from which four thousand men were landed at St. Simon's, and began their march for Frederica. General Oglethorpe, with a handful of men, took such wise precautions for opposing their progress, and harassed them in their march with such activity and resolution, that, after two of their detachments had been defeated, they retired to their ships, and totally abandoned their enterprise." Smollet's History of England, Reign of George II. The history of this campaign and of the preceding one of 1742, is given in a much more detailed manner in

It was this fine combination of chivalry and philanthropy in the character of General Oglethorpe, graced as it was by a variety of accomplishments and the love of letters, that excited the warm admiration of Johnson, who intended to become his biographer—that called forth the eulogy of Pope, in those well-known lines,

> And driven by strong benevolence of soul,
> Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;

And that induced Thomson to celebrate the praises of the founder of Savannah, among those of the most brilliant heroes and patriots of ancient or of English history:

> Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing wing
> Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
> Of undeserved distress, the better home
> Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
> Not built on Rapine, Servitude, and Woe,
> And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
> But bound by social freedom, firm they rise,
> Such as of late an OGLETHORPE has formed,
> And crowding round, the pleased Savannah sees.*

General Oglethorpe administered the affairs of the colony for about eleven years. He afterwards passed, "without fear and without reproach," through many alternations of fortune, both in public and private life, constantly emulating Howard in the zeal and extent of his charity, and sustaining a character as a soldier and a gentleman, such as Sir Philip Sidney or Lord Falkland might have envied. His habitual temperance and activity preserved his health and faculties to extreme old age.†

M'Call's History of Georgia, vol. I. and in Dr. Trumbull's History of the United States, vol. I. chap. 8.

* Thomson's Liberty, Part V.

† There is a considerable variance in the accounts of General Ogle-

He died in 1785, affording the first example in modern times, of the founder of a colony who has lived to see that colony recognized by the world as a sovereign and independent state.

The latest distinct traces which are to be found of General Oglethorpe, are in the amusing volumes of Boswell, who has incidentally preserved many fragments of his cheerful and instructive conversation; and describes him as living in London, during the latter years of his life, in a style of elegant hospitality, associating familiarly with Johnson, Goldsmith, and Reynolds; an evening worthy of so long and so bright a day.*

It was not until a late period of our colonial history, that the British Government was awakened to a sense of our growing importance. With but very few exceptions all those who influenced and directed the public mind of England, either by their literary or political talents, agreed in regarding their North American provinces, ra-

thorpe's age. Nichols, in his Literary Anecdotes, states that he died in his 88th year. A brief notice of him in Rees's Cyclopedia, extends his age to 97; another account says 92. It is certain that after having held a commission in the British service, he was an officer of rank in the German army, under Prince Eugene, at the great siege and battle of Belgrade, in 1717. I have been told by an American gentleman, who saw him in 1781, that he then retained all the animation of youth; he walked erect and actively, retained his hearing, and read without spectacles to his death.

* An authentic, and tolerably minute, Life of General Oglethorpe, is a desideratum. The above notices of his character and life have been gleaned from a sketch of his biography, in the European Magazine, for 1786. Nichol's Literary Anecdotes, vol. VI. Trumbull's History of the United States, vol. I. chap. 8. and Boswell's Johnson. There are many detached passages respecting him, scattered through the Gentlemen's Magazine, from 1730 to 1770. He was eulogized by the Abbe Raynal, in the Histoire Philosophique; by Warton, in his

ther as possessions affording certain means of commercial advantages, than as integral parts of a great empire. It had scarcely occurred to any of them, that whether fame or the good of mankind were their object, there were no means by which they could reap so quick and abundant a harvest of honour and usefulness, as by sowing the seeds of science and virtue on these western shores. This arose, in the main, from mere negligence; for the statesmen in England, in those days, like the commonplace politicians of every age and nation, were too much engrossed by the little objects about them, to look forward upon the grand and bright prospects of futurity. Sometimes, moreover, that narrow policy which regards the ignorance of the people as the firmest foundation of power, shed its malignant influence over our colonial governments.

One remarkable instance of this is worthy of being particularly noted. Sixty-four years after the first settlement of Virginia, Sir William Berkely, then governor of that province, in an official communication to the lords of the colonies, observed, "I thank God, that there are no free-schools nor printing-presses here; and I hope, that we shall not have them here these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing hath divulged them in

notes on Pope, and by several minor cotemporary poets. John Wesley also addressed a poem to him full of panegyric. The fullest account of his administration and defence of Georgia, is in M'Call's history of Georgia. Since the first edition of this discourse, I have been informed that the late excellent and learned Dr. Kollock of Savannah, had been for some time collecting materials for a life of General Oglethorpe. The sudden death of Dr. Kollock, in the prime of his talents and usefulness, was not less a loss to literature than to the church.

libels against the best governments. God keep us from both."*

Such was the general disposition of our trans-atlantic rulers, when a liberal scheme for diffusing light and truth over the American continent, and the West India Islands, was proposed by Dean Berkeley, a name that will be venerable as long as learning is held in honour, or virtue has reverence among men.

Berkeley was born and educated in Ireland. In his youth, like his friend Oglethorpe, he had been patronized by the Earl of Peterborough, (the famous Mordanto of Swift,†) who, among his other uncommon qualities, had a remarkable instinct for discovering and bringing forward men of talents of all descriptions. Berkeley was also the intimate friend and companion of Pope and Swift, whose wit and genius he honoured without participating in their pride and selfishness. He had gained a very high reputation in the learned world, by several of those works which still entitle him to be classed among

* Ramsay's History of the United States, vol. 264.

† "Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
The prints are crowded with his name;
In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics and gives the toast," &c.
* * * * *
Shines in all climates like a star,
In senates bold, and fierce in war,
A land commander and a tar, &c. &c.

The other lines are equally happy. Such a graphic delineation of character gives a more distinct idea of the man, than volumes of common-place biography. When Lord Peterborough went to Italy, as ambassador, he took Oglethorpe with him as his secretary, and Berkeley as his chaplain, both of them then very young.

the most profound and original inquirers into the philosophy of mind, and the first principles of knowledge.

In his 'Theory of Vision, he had taught us to distinguish the immediate objects of sight as they actually affect the senses from those spontaneous inferences, which long and universal habit has accustomed us to form.* By thus disentangling the complicated associations of sight and touch, he had solved several of the most perplexing phenomena of optics, and made a very important advance in the knowledge of the mode in which our mind holds converse with the external world. Whoever looks back upon the slow progress of intellectual philosophy, and considers how little has been done by metaphysicians, beyond pulling down the systems of their predecessors, and erecting other theories of their own, of equally short duration, will, I think, be led to regard this speculation of Berkeley's as decidedly the most solid and valuable improvement made during the last century in the knowledge of our own nature.

In another essay he had, with the same acuteness, overthrown the theory of abstract general ideas, and established that of generalization by signs and words, which has, since his time, become the prevailing doctrine among metaphysicians.†

But it is for his theory denying the existence of a material world, the most ingenious, and yet, in truth, the least valuable of all his speculations, that he is now most celebrated, and that he attracted the most attention in his own day. He held, as is well known, that the things we denominate sensible material objects, are not external

* Berkeley's "Essay towards a New Theory of Vision," first published in 1709. See also Reid's Inquiry, chap. 6.

† In the introduction of his "Principles of Knowledge."

to the mind, but actually existing in it, and are merely impressions made on the intellect by the immediate power of the Divine mind, acting according to its own fixed and constant laws; and that this uniform adherence of the Deity to his own rules, alone constitutes the reality of things to his intelligent creatures: these laws being intended not as helps to the Creator, but as signs to the creature, whereby he may know what to expect, in what manner to govern himself, and how to direct his actions for the obtaining of any end."

Berkeley maintained this bold paradox with an ingenuity of argument, which, in the happy phrase of Hume, "admitted of no answer, and produced no conviction."

His doctrines have been frequently assailed by coarse ridicule; yet, however fallacious they may be, it is but justice to the memory of this great man, to observe, that he never doubted of the reality of our *sensations*, nor of the necessity of acting according to their information—that it is a gross misrepresentation of his opinions, to consider him as a skeptic who disbelieved his own senses—but that his theory regarded solely the *causes* of our sensations, and his skepticism was confined to the single point, whether they proceed from independently existing substances without us, or from a stated and regular combination of sensible ideas, excited immediately by the great First Cause.

With all this metaphysical subtility, Berkeley was equally distinguished for the depth and variety of his knowledge, the exuberance and gracefulness of his ima-

* "Principles of Human Knowledge," and "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous." "Siris," sect. 160.

gination, the elegance of his conversation and manners, and the purity of his life. It was about the fortieth year of his age, that, wearied out by these fruitless speculations, in which the most vigorous mind "can find no end, in wandering mazes lost," he conceived the project of founding a University in the Island of Bermuda, on so liberal a scale as to afford the amplest means of diffusing scientific and religious instruction over the whole of the British possessions in America. Dr. Berkeley, at that time, held the richest church preferment in Ireland, and had the fairest prospects of advancement to the first literary and ecclesiastical dignities of that country, or even of England. All these, with a disinterestness which excited the astonishment and sneers of Swift and his literary friends, he proposed to resign for a bare maintenance as principal of the projected American University. His personal character and influence, and the warmth of his benevolent eloquence, soon subdued or silenced open opposition. He obtained a charter from the crown, and the grant of a large sum of money, to be raised from the sale of certain lands in the Island of St. Christopher's, which had been ceded by the treaty of Utrecht to the British government, but had afterwards been totally forgotten or neglected, and of the real value of which he had with great industry acquired an accurate knowledge.

To describe Berkeley's confident anticipations of the future glories of America, we must have recourse to his own words.

> The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
> Barren of every glorious theme,
> In distant lands now waits a better time,
> Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empires and of arts,
The good and great, inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

I have quoted these fine lines at length because I do not recollect to have seen or heard them referred to in this country. They were written fifty years before the declaration of independence; and to the patriot who may now exult with undoubting hope, in the great and sure destinies of our nation, they may well seem to revive the old connexion between the prophetic character and that of the poet:

For, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of poet and of prophet were the same.*

Confiding in these glorious auguries, and animated by the pure ambition of contributing to hasten forward this "rise of empire and of arts," he sailed from England in

* Cowper.

1728. He came first to Rhode-Island, where he determined to remain for a short time, for the purpose of purchasing lands on this continent as estates for the support of his college, as well as in order to gain a more intimate knowledge of the Northern colonies. Here he soon became convinced that he had erred altogether in his choice of Bermuda; and he applied for an alteration of his charter, empowering him to select some place on the American continent for the site of the University, which would, probably, have been fixed in the city of New-York, or in its vicinity.* But in the succeeding year all his sanguine hopes were at once extinguished by an unexpected court intrigue; and a large sum, (90,000*l.* sterling in all,) that had been paid into the treasury from the funds pointed out by Berkeley, and part of which had been solemnly appropriated to the projected institution, by a vote of parliament, was seized by Sir Robert Walpole, to pay the marriage portion of the Princess Royal; an additional proof, if proof were needed, of the truth of the old republican adage, that the very trappings of a monarchy are sufficient to support a moderate commonwealth.

The two years and a half of Berkeley's residence in Rhode-Island, had not been idly spent. It was there that he composed his Minute Philosopher, a work written on the model of the Philosophical Dialogues of his favourite, Plato, and, like them, to be admired for the graces which a rich imagination has carelessly and profusely scattered over its pages, as well as for novelty of thought and ingenuity of argument. The rural descriptions which frequently occur in it, are, it is said, exqui-

* This is the opinion of Dr. Chandler, Life of President Johnson. Others have said that it would have been transferred to Rhode-Island.

site pictures of some of those delightful landscapes which presented themselves to his eye at the time he was writing.

His residence in this country, gave a general stimulus to literary and scientific exertion. He became personally acquainted with all who had any literary taste or acquirement, especially among the clergy of different denominations, with several of whom he formed a close intimacy, and continued to encourage and patronize them by every means in his power during his whole life. He minutely examined into the state of the public institutions in the northern and middle colonies, and after his return to England, rendered them several important services by his pen and his influence. Having observed the serious inconveniences, under which American students laboured, from the want of books, and the defects of early classical education, shortly after his return, he sent out to Yale College a large and choice collection of the best works in different branches of learning, which still forms the most valuable part of the public library of that respectable and useful institution. He accompanied this present with a deed of gift of his property in Rhode-Island, directing it to be appropriated to the support of three scholarships, to bestowed upon the best classical scholars of each year. This soon produced a happy effect, and the *Dean's Bounty*, as it is still called, has materially contributed to keep up, and gradually to raise, the standard of learning in a college which has, for many years, educated a large portion of the scholars and professional men of this country.

Dr. Berkeley was also a liberal benefactor to the library of Harvard College;* and the college of New-York, on its

* This fact appears in the Life of Hollis, where, among the valuable

first establishment some years after, was essentially indebted to him for assistance and support.

Berkeley returned to Europe mortified and disappointed; but as there was nothing selfish or peevish in his nature, the failure of this long cherished and darling project could not abate the ardour of his philanthropy.

The rest of his history belongs more to Ireland than to America. Never had that ill-governed and injured country a purer or more devoted patriot. His Querist, his Letters to the Roman Catholic clergy, and his other tracts on Irish politics, are full of practical good sense, unbounded charity, and the warmest affection for his country.

Such was the strong and general sense of the usefulness of these labours, that, in 1749, the body of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, in a formal address to Dr. Berkeley, who was then Protestant Bishop of Cloyne, returned him "their sincere and hearty thanks," for certain of these publications, assuring him that "they were determined to comply with his advice in all particulars;" they add, "that every page contains a proof of the author's extensive charity, his views are only towards the public good, and his manner of treating persons, in their circumstances, so very uncommon, that it plainly shows the good man, the polite gentleman, and the true patriot."

contents of the old library, destroyed by fire in 1764, are mentioned the donations of the "liberal and catholic Bishop Berkeley." He died before King's (now Columbia) College was fully established. As the first president was his intimate friend, it is highly probable that, had he lived, he would have patronized it very efficiently and liberally. While the plan for erecting the college was in agitation, he exerted himself in its support, advised the course of study, and patronized the subscription. I believe, though I have no direct authority for the assertion, that he also assisted, in the same way, the college of Philadelphia, now the University of Pennsylvania, founded about the same time.

This is a panegyric as honourable to those who gave it, as it was to him who received it. It presents an instance of pure and enlightened benevolence on the one side, and of liberal gratitude on the other, which, I fear, has few parallels in the ecclesiastical annals of Ireland.

Berkeley's was one of those rare minds, which, by the alchemy of true genius, can transmute and ennoble all that they touch. In his Queries proposed for the good of Ireland, he incidentally laid open many new and interesting views in the then uncultivated science of political economy; and all his writings on ephemeral subjects are marked with that sure indication of an elevated mind, the habit of referring objects of local or transitory interest to those broad grounds of general reason and conscience, without the frequent contemplation of which, says he, a man may indeed be a thriving earthworm, but he will prove but a sorry patriot. Whatever may be the result of his arguments upon any point, it is impossible to follow him through his chain of reasoning without being instructed and improved. In this respect as in some others, he resembled Warburton. In every investigation, to which these acute, intrepid, and excursive reasoners applied their powerful minds, they continually struck out brilliant thoughts and frequent flashes of light, even where they failed in the ultimate object of their labours.* But Berkely was very superior to the dogmatic "Lord of paradoxal land," in the perfect candour and good faith with which he maintains his opinions, and still more in the beautiful moral colouring he always gives to his learning

* Berkeley's tract on the doctrine of Passive Obedience, which he wrote when very young, is a strong example of this. He is, most clearly, wrong in his conclusions, and yet, few discussions on abstract politics abound with so many acute remarks and original views.

and his argument, and in the consequent moral effect on the mind of his reader. For it was the unceasing aim of all his philosophy "gently to unbind the ligaments which chain the soul to the earth, and to assist her flight upwards towards the Sovereign Good."*

He died at Oxford, in 1763, in his seventy-third year. His epitaph in the cathedral church of that city, deserves to be cited for the dignified and concise elegance with which it records his praise.†

On a stone, over his grave, is the often quoted line of Pope,

"To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven;"

and above it, after his names and titles,

Viro
Seu ingenii et eruditionis laudem
Seu probitatis et beneficentiæ spectemus,
Inter primos omnium ætatum numerando.
Si Christianus fueris,
Si amans patriæ,
Utroque nomine gaudere potes
BERKELEIUM VIXISSE.

The mention of Bishop Berkeley's encouragement of learning in this country, recalls the name of a still more munificent patron of our literature.

Thomas Hollis, "an Englishman, a lover of liberty,"

* Siris.

† It is ascribed to the late Archbishop Markham, then head master of Westminster school. For the other facts respecting Berkeley's Life and Writings, see Berkeley's Works, with Life and Correspondence prefixed, 2 vols. 4to. London. Also, Biographia Britannica, article Berkeley. And with respect to his university, and the influence of his visit on the learning of America. Chandler's Life of President Johnson. Clap's History of Yale College. Trumbull's History of Connecticut, vol. II. chap. 12. Miller's Retrospect, II. 349.

as he was wont to style himself, inherited an ample fortune at an early age. From his boyhood he was grave, studious, and austere, and as his mind unfolded itself, the patriot passion took entire possession of his breast.

"When a boy at school," said he, "I used to rob nature of her rest to read Plutarch, honest Plutarch, and to read again the lives of his heroes; and to him I owe, I willingly confess, the finest dispositions of my mind."

This admiration of the heroes of ancient liberty, naturally led him to the study of the republican writers of England, among whom, Milton and Algernon Sidney soon became his prime favourites. He was inflamed with an almost idolatrous admiration of the learned imagination, the lofty sentiment, and moral wisdom of Milton; of the manly and simple, yet stately eloquence of Sidney; and of the republican ardour of both. In endeavouring to assimilate his mind to these great models, he contracted some of the hard and stern features of their character. At least, it is observable, that his indignation against the wrong doer was generally more forcibly expressed than his sympathy for the wronged; and he was too ready and bitter in imputing selfish or slavish motives to men of as pure intentions as his own.*

He was besides a little tinctured with that exaggera-

* I allude, among other instances of the same sort, to his constant vituperation of the good Dr. Secker. I presume that it was on this account that Mrs. Carter (Boswell's Johnson, III. 220.) censured him for uncharitableness, and justly. But she erred herself in the same way, in calling Hollis an atheist.

Hollis was not an atheist, nor had he any tendency, as Johnson said, "to exuberate into an atheist." He was a devout man, though, like Milton, he belonged to no sect, and attended no form of public worship: but was, as Burnet says of Sidney, "a Christian after a way of his own."

tion of thought and artificial manner which usually accompany a professed and studious imitation of any individual model, however excellent it may be.

Nevertheless, his zeal was always honest and always well directed, and it may be said of him, in the Miltonic language he loved,

> ——— all his mind was set
> Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
> What might be *public good*; himself he thought
> Born to that end, born, to promote all truth,
> And righteous things.

He despised all the parade of life, and indulged himself in none of those luxuries or amusements common to men of fortune, but devoted nearly the whole of his large revenue to objects of public utility. The narrative of his life is little more than a recital of a long series of liberal and public-spirited benefactions, either for the relief or encouragement of meritorious individuals, or for the promotion of what he judged to be the most valuable interests of mankind. He dedicated his literary talent and and his taste in the fine arts to the same end.* "My purpose," said he, speaking of one of his undertakings, but, in truth, describing them all, "is to illustrate and sup-

* The splendid quarto edition of the Memoirs of Thomas Hollis, (published by his nephew, T. B. Hollis,) is filled with engravings from original drawings and portraits, which Hollis had published or distributed during his life.

These were designed and executed under his immediate inspection, at his own expense, and from his own ideas, sometimes to encourage and bring into notice a meritorious artist, or sometimes to spread or revive the fame of some favourite hero or author. They are all very creditable to his taste in the arts. I do not rate his literary talent so high; but his style, though it is too affectedly antiquated, smacks of the elevation and grave dignity of Milton and Sidney.

port Liberty, to preserve the memory of its champions, to make tyranny and its abettors odious, to extend science and art, and to keep alive the honour and estimation of their patrons; and if such should be the fitness of things, to propagate the same benevolent spirit to posterity."

One of his most usual modes of carrying these generous designs into effect, was the publication and distribution, at his own expense, of valuable books. Besides republishing in this way most of the classical writers of old English republican politics, he reprinted in England, several of the most important American pamphlets and essays, that appeared during those political discussions which led to our Independence.

He selected Harvard College as the particular object of his munificence in America, as his father had done before him; and for many years continued to bestow upon it benefaction after benefaction, with so much judgment and taste, and with such princely generosity, that the Hollis family may be considered as the second founders of that now prosperous, wealthy and learned university.

Judicious beneficence has often the power of extending itself far into futurity. The liberality of Hollis has, since his death, called forth repeated similar instances of individual bounty; to which Harvard is chiefly indebted for her numerous professorships and her splendid Library.

Hollis died suddenly, in 1774, and it was happily and truly said of him, by one of his friends, that, "at his death, Liberty lost her champion, Humanity her treasurer, and Charity her steward."*

* For further notices of the life and benefactions of Hollis, see Mc-

As we approach the period of American Independence, the names of the early friends of our liberties among the patriots and scholars of Great Britain crowd upon my memory. I would gladly dilate upon the worth and merits of many of them. I would specially wish to express the deep respect I feel for the memory of Dr. Richard Price, as a philosopher trained in the school of Locke, but who, rising to a higher and transcendental philosophy rejected the low and false conclusions whither his master's doctrines would have led him, as to the theory of moral obligation, and taught us to seek the deep foundations of right and wrong, in the immutable principles of eternal truth;—as the firm and bold champion of rational liberty—as the ardent advocate of our independence—as the friend, the adviser, and the benefactor of our best men and our best institutions. I would gladly speak too, of the philanthropist and scholar, Granville Sharpe, and of David Hartley, who, worthily sustained the honours of a name made illustrious by his father's philosophy. But this discourse is already so far extended beyond the ordinary limits of such compositions, that were I to indulge such wishes, I should have time for little else than a mere enumeration of those virtuous and wise men of Great Britain and Ireland, who have, on different accounts, merited the gratitude of the American people.

Indeed, such is the sympathy between that nation and our own, resulting from the unity of our language and literature, and the similarity of our laws, our tastes, and domestic manners, that scarce any well-directed effort to enlarge the knowledge or to promote the good of man-

moirs of Thomas Hollis, 2 vols. 4to. London, said to have been compiled by the once celebrated Archdeacon Blackburne, author of the Confessionals.

kind, can be made in either country, without its effects being instantaneously felt in the other.

Nor have we, at present, any thing to dread from this reciprocal influence. The time has now gone by when a prudent policy might well look with suspicion upon every thing which tended to impair the individuality of our national character. It may have been wise to guard the infancy of the nation from foreign corruptions, even at the expense of foreign arts and learning. But we have now risen into the manhood of our existence; and whether we look to the past or the future, every thing conspires to animate us with the proud consciousness of our independence. We may now gather without fear, the fruits of British industry and genius. Theirs is a literature, rich and pure beyond example; theirs is the ripened wisdom of centuries, treasured up in the works of Jurists, Divines, Philosophers and Patriots. If we are but true to ourselves, that wisdom and that literature are our own, unmixed with any of the baser matter, wherewith power, prejudice, and corruption, have too often alloyed the pure gold.

But we have, also, debts of gratitude to acknowledge in other quarters.

We have no cause to blush for any part of our original descent, and least of all for our Dutch Ancestry. The colony of New Amersterdam, was founded by Holland, at a time when that nation had just sprung into political existence, after a long, bloody, and most glorious struggle against civil and religious tyranny, during which all the energies of patriotism, courage, and talents, had been suddenly and splendidly developed.

> And shall we not proclaim,
> That blood of honest fame
> Which no tyranny could tame
> By its chain? *

After having beaten down and broken for ever the colossal power of the Spanish monarchy, the Dutch republic continued, for nearly a century, to hold the balance of European politics with a strong and steady hand; and when the rest of the continent crouched under the menaces, and the English court was bought by the gold of France, she stood alone and undaunted, defending the liberties of the world with a perseverance and self-devotion never surpassed by any nation. During the same period she had served the cause of freedom and reason, in another and much more effectual manner, by breaking down the old aristocratic contempt for the mercantile character; and her merchants, while they amazed the world by an exhibition of the wonderful effects of capital and credit, directed by sagacity and enterprise, and operating on a vaster scale than had ever before been seen, shamed the poor prejudices of their age out of countenance by a high-minded and punctilious honesty, before which, the more lax commercial morality of our own times and country should stand rebuked.

It was about this same remarkable period of her history, that Holland produced many of the most illustrious men of modern Europe. There are no greater names in politics and arms, than Barneveldt and Dewitt, than Tromp† and De Ruyter, than Prince Maurice and the Williams of Orange—none more conspicuous in letters

* Allston.

† Most English writers call him Van Tromp: this is an error.

and philosophy than those of Erasmus, Grotius, and Boerhaave. In physical and mathematical science, with the single exception of the discoveries of Newton and Galileo, more had been done in Holland than in any other nation of Europe. It was there that were invented the most important and useful instruments of Natural Philosophy; the telescope, by Jansen; the microscope and the thermometer, by Drebell;* the micrometer, and the pendulum, in its application to clocks, and as a standard of measure, by Huyghens; and the Leyden Phial, by Cuneus and Muschenbroek. It was there that an arch of the meridian was for the first time accurately measured.† The Medical School of Leyden, in the time of Boerhaave and his immediate successors, was what that of Edinburgh has since become. In ancient literature, the scholars of Holland effected all that learning and industry could accomplish, and prepared the way for that very ingenious and philosophical investigation of the principles of language which has since been so successfully cultivated in the Dutch Universities, by Schultens, Hemerstuis, Valckenear, and Hoogeven. Her Jurists were the expounders of public and of civil law to the continent, whilst the theologians of the whole Protestant world entered into the controversies of the Dutch divines, and had ranked themselves, on either side, under the banners of Gomar or Arminius.

* The French Dictionnaire Historique, a work of high authority, ascribes these inventions to Cornelius Drebell, a Dutch chemist, and so too does his countryman, Muschenbroek. Few English writers on optics mention him. But whoever was the inventor of the microscope, the first man who made it an efficient instrument of science, was Leuwenhoek, who was also a Dutchman.

† Between Bergen op Zoom and Alkmaer, in 1617, by Snelius, a Dutch mathematician.

Nor were the talents of the nation exclusively dedicated to the severer muses. Their vernacular literature is much richer than is commonly supposed;* but the narrow limits of a language which was in its extent little more than a provincial dialect, forced most of the scholars of Holland to seek for fame through the medium of the other cultivated languages of Europe, and of the Latin. Some of the most valuable contributions to French literature,† are from the pens of Dutch authors; and the most perfect specimens of modern latinity, both in prose and verse, are to be found in their works. Among these is to be numbered a history of their own revolution, deservedly esteemed one of the most perfect specimens of modern historical composition, and rivalling the elegance, acuteness, and condensation of Tacitus.

Besides attaining to distinguished excellence in other walks of art and taste,‡ Holland could boast of having

* In the Royal Library of Paris, there is a collection of dramatic works in the Dutch language, containing near three thousand separate pieces. The works of the historian Hooft, are scarcely known out of his own country; they should be made part of the common stock of European literature, by a good English or French translation. Mirabeau calls him the Tacitus of Holland; and speaking of his history of the Low Countries, says: "Cet ouvrage réunit tous les genres de merite. Il est recommendable pour l'exactitude des faits, fortement pensé, purement ecrit."—*Lettres aux Bataves.*

† Tenhove's Family of the Medici, may be taken as one instance of this out of many. It is highly and deservedly commended by Gibbon for its literary and historical merit, and as remarkable for having been written by the native of one country, upon the literature of another, in the language of a third.

‡ Somewhere in the Spectator, Addison justly extols the beauty and pure taste of the monuments of the great admirals in the churches in Holland, and contrasts them to the absurdities and barbarism of that of Sir Cloudesley Shovel and others in Westminster Abbey.

formed a numerous and original school of painters, who, for absolute verity of representation, and powerful delineation of ordinary nature and common life, are entitled to the same rank in the imitative arts, that Le Sage and Smollett occupy in literature. More than this—it had given birth to Rembrandt, who, by carrying to their full extent the power of light and shade, and the magic of colouring, produced, at will, the most beautiful and the most sublime effects, and is, on that account, deservedly enrolled among those great masters who have augmented the power of human skill, and multiplied the means of intellectual pleasure; who have raised painting from imitation into poetry, from a mechanic art to a learned and liberal profession.

In their internal administration the United Provinces anticipated, and in some points surpassed, the wisdom and equality of our own institutions. The traveller saw with admiration the land that was but yesterday rescued from the ocean by human industry, now filled with busy and crowded cities, and beautiful in the placid richness of high cultivation;* no sign of misery or of oppression anywhere met his eye, and in all that he beheld of private comfort or of public magnificence he was forced to acknowledge the work of liberty.

This sketch of the early glories of the Dutch republic is but slight and imperfect, and yet even this must fill us

* Diderot, who visited Holland in 1773, and therefore saw it a little fallen from its former glories, though still under the influence of its ancient government and manners, observes, "Une des choses dont on est continuellement et délicieusement touché dans toute la Hollande, c'est de n'y rencontrer, nulle part, ni la vue de la misere, ni le spectacle de la tyrannie." The Dutch nation still retains many points of its ancient character, but it no longer enjoys this happy exemption from the ills which afflict the rest of Europe.

with astonishment, when we reflect that such were the exploits and attainments of a people occupying a territory not equal in extent to Maryland,* and much inferior to it in natural advantages; and whose whole population did not exceed the present census of the state of New-York.

These remarks ought to have been wholly unnecessary in this place; but I know not whence it is, that we in this country have imbibed much of the English habit of arrogance and injustice towards the Dutch character.

English writers have long been accustomed to describe the peculiar manners and customs of Holland with a broad and clumsy exaggeration. This is a little injudicious in them, because most of their wit, if wit it may be called, recoils back upon their own country, and strikingly resembles the flippant ridicule which their own more lively neighbours have lavished upon the hard drinking, the oaths, the gross amusements, the dingy coffee-houses, the boxing matches, the beer, and the coal-smoke of the awkward and melancholy Islanders.† Their old maritime contests and commercial rivalry may serve to excuse this misrepresentation in Englishmen, but for us there is no apology.

The subject is not a pleasing one, and I do not wish to dwell upon it; yet I cannot refrain from observing two most notable instances of this spirit among English writers. Dryden and the other dramatists and occasional

* The seven United Provinces were calculated to contain something less than 10,000 square miles. Maryland contains 10,660.

† See, among many other instances, the pleasantry of the witty Beaumarchais on these subjects in his "Marriage de Figaro," and of the lively author of the "Quinze Jours a Londres;" to say nothing of the gross inventions of General Pillet and others.

poets of Charles II.'s reign are full of sarcasms upon Dutch cowardice; and yet, strange as it may seem, most of these sarcasms were given to the English public about the very time that London was trembling at the sound of De Ruyter's cannon on the Thames, and but a few years after the time when Tromp, after defeating Admiral Blake, the Nelson of that day, triumphantly swept the commerce of England from the narrow seas. The other instance is of later date. Almost within our own memory, a learned English judge, (Sir James Marriott) in a formal and laboured opinion, took occasion to sneer at the treatise of Huberus, *De conflictu Legum*, which has settled the law of the greater part of the civilized world on the often litigated points of the *Lex loci contractûs*, as "the dull work of a Dutch school-master, written in the worst Latin, and printed on the worst paper he had ever seen."*

It is more "in sorrow than in anger" that I feel myself compelled to add to these gross instances of national injustice, an early work of a writer of our own, who is justly considered one of the brightest ornaments of American literature. I allude to the burlesque history of New-York, in which it is painful to see a mind, as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful, as it is for its quick sense of the ridiculous, wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humour in a coarse caricature.†

This writer has not yet fulfilled all the promise he has given to his country. It is his duty, because it is in his power, to brush away the pretenders who may at any time infest her society, her science, or her politics:

* Sir James Marriott's opinion in the case of the Columbus.

† Knickerbocker's History of New-York.

or if he aspires, as I trust that he does, to strains of a higher mood, the deeds of his countrymen, and the undescribed beauties of his native land afford him many a rich subject, and he may deck the altar of his country's glory with the garlands of his taste and fancy.*

How dangerous a gift is the power of ridicule! It is potent to unmask the pretender and to brand the hypocrite; yet how often has it dissipated those gay illusions which beguile the rough path of life—how often has it chilled the glow of genius and invention—how often, at its dread presence, have the honest boasts of patriotism, the warm expression of piety, the generous purpose of beneficence, faltered on the lips and died away in the heart!

This colony was very early separated from its mother country, and grew up into wealth and importance under the influence of English laws and education. During the forty years for which it remained under the Dutch government it was too insignificant to attract much of the attention or of the talents of Holland, then engaged in struggling for existence, against the ambition of France and the jealousy of England. But the last Dutch governor, Petrus Stuyvesant, who was the governor-general of the Dutch American possessions, was no com-

* To those who judge of W. Irving's powers solely from his satirical and ludicrous compositions, this may seem an exaggerated compliment. But he has given some samples, too few and too short I confess, of what he is able to effect on these topics in his graver and purer style.

[The above note was written and first published about fourteen years ago. It is retained in the present edition because I feel proud that my judgment of the graver talent of the author of Knickerbocker has been confirmed again and again, and above all by the Life of Columbus.

mon man. He had served with reputation in the wars of the United Provinces; and in the history of his administration in this country, he appears as a resolute and intrepid veteran, and a vigilant, sagacious politician.

From 1674, when this province was finally ceded by treaty to Great Britain, until 1780, when the United Provinces arrayed themselves in our aid in the war of Independence, New-York had little direct communication with Holland. The only intercourse then kept up, was by occasional emigrations, and by a regular succession of clergy educated in the Dutch universities, to whom New-York was doubtless indebted for most of the little learning which was thinly scattered over it during its colonial government. But as soon as America assumed her rank among the nations of the earth, our former ties of friendship and affinity were renewed. From the first dawn of the revolution, popular feeling in the United Netherlands began to run strongly in our favour; and although various circumstances for some time delayed their formal recognition of our independence, we looked thither from the first for the sinews of war.

Amongst those European friends of liberty who engaged most ardently in the cause of American Independence, and contributed most effectually towards its final success, must be named the late Professor Luzac, of Leyden; who, though long esteemed and loved by several of our greatest men, is little known among us, and has never received from the people of this country the honour justly due to his disinterested attachment, his zeal, and his important services.

John Luzac was born at Leyden in 1746. He was a son of the learned printer of the same name, who established and for many years published the celebrated Ley-

den Gazette. He completed his course of study at the university of his native town with much reputation, and was particularly distinguished for his acquirements in the mathematics and the learned languages. He then applied himself to the law as his future profession, and commenced his career at the bar with the most brilliant promise. But after some time, he was induced to relinquish these prospects in order to take charge of the Leyden Gazette. This journal, under his care, soon became equally celebrated for the elegance of its style, the accuracy of its information, and for the comprehension, penetration, boldness, and correctness of its political views. There is not at this day any publication here or abroad which affords an exact parallel to this gazette, either as it respects extent of circulation or influence upon public opinion. Most of the presses of the continent were then under a rigid censorship, and had entirely forfeited public confidence on all political subjects. This paper, issuing from a free country, the very centre of political and commercial information, and written in French, the universal language of all who then aspired to speak or write on political matters, acquired a reputation for extent and accuracy of knowledge and independence of opinion, which, without the parade of literary pretension, gave it something of the same kind of rank held at present by the abler British reviews; while its circulation was far more general and extensive. It was in fact the general continental and diplomatic journal. There was not an ambassador nor a statesman in Europe who was not in the habit of reading it; and it has been said that it was regularly translated at Constantinople for the use of the Divan. Its files are still frequently referred to as affording the most authentic and ample materials of modern European history. From

1770, the younger Luzac was the sole writer of the editorial part of this journal, and without solicitation or the countenance of government, he enlisted all his talents and information on the side of American freedom.

The effects of his writings on this subject, upon the opinions of the continent, were, of course, gradual; but they were very powerful, and they were acknowledged and repaid by the friendship of Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson, as well as of the other official representatives of our government at the several European courts.

After our independence was acknowledged, he engaged with warmth in supporting against encroachment the ancient constitutions, under which Holland had enjoyed so much prosperity. In consequence of this he was exposed to much obloquy and persecution. But his private life was irreproachable, and as a politician he was incorruptible and inflexible. He had no personal animosities or selfish views. If he was sometimes animated, and even harsh in his censure, it always arose from "the strong antipathy of good to bad;" never from private feeling; for he had no enemies but those of his country and of virtue.

His political zeal never interrupted his literary labours. He was elected to two separate chairs in the university, and filled with ability the professorship of history, and that of Greek literature. In the latter of these he proved himself worthy to be the successor of the laborious and ingenious Valckenaer, of whose posthumous works he published an edition, to which he afterwards added an original work of his own, entitled *Lectiones Atticæ*, written in the same spirit of philosophical criticism. Finally he was appointed Rector or President of the University.

On his inauguration as professor, he delivered an oration on the civic character of Socrates,—"de Socrate cive;"

and another on his installation as rector "de Eruditione altrice virtutis civilis, presertim in civitate liberâ," on the influence of literature on public virtue. Both of these orations are very remarkable for their sound and stern morality, as well as for their high and truly Roman spirit of liberty, and the courage with which he stigmatizes alike the tyranny of the many and the few. To these discourses he prefixed a long prefatory dedication, addressed to his friend John Adams, at that time Vice-President of the United States. It is distinguished, among other things, for a most luminous eulogy on the then recently adopted constitution of the United States. In this the author sums up in Ciceronian latinity, all the prominent and peculiar features of our federal government, touches, with acuteness and foresight, on the several dangers to which it is exposed, and finally expresses his confident reliance on its power to ward off those ills to which his own country had fallen a prey. The merit of this discussion is the more conspicuous, from its contrast to the perplexity and confusion which surround the best informed European politicians in all their speculations on our constitutions, and particularly on the division of power between the general and state governments.

After alluding with undissembled satisfaction to some literary honours he had received from America, and to his personal friendship with Adams and Jefferson, Luzac adds, that he recollects, with pride, that he had been invited by them, and almost persuaded, to associate his fortunes, under their auspices, with those of the American republic, which, says he, had I done eight years ago—and then, as if overpowered with the recollections of the recent discords of his own country, breaks off with "sed

quid ego tecum de nostris Batavorum per sedecem annos temporibus atque fatis."*

To the soundest philosophy and the most various knowledge, Luzac added a simplicity and an amenity of disposition and manners that gave great interest to his character and conversation. One of his biographers, who had been associated with him in his learned labours and in his political persecution, observes of him, "I knew the whole charm of his conversation; I sometimes fancied myself in the presence of one of the sages of antiquity. I could then forget my exile and proscription, and felt all my severe losses mitigated."

His old age was honourable and peaceful. He filled his high literary offices for many years, during which he kept up a constant correspondence with several of the most learned men of the United States, and had the satisfaction of assisting, in various ways, the progress of learning in America. In 1807, he was killed in the terrible explosion that destroyed a great part of the city of Leyden.†

History derives more than half its value from the moral parallels and contrasts which it suggests. It is a singular coincidence of this sort, that between the years 1682 and 1688, at the very time that William Penn, the gentlest and purest of all rulers, was rendering his name for ever illustrious, by establishing, in America, a refuge for the wretched and oppressed of the whole earth, Louis XIV., one of the most gorgeous and heartless of sove-

* Luzac, Orationes, 4to. Lugd. Bat. 1795.

† For the above facts, see Luzac's *Opuscula*, and an account of his life originally printed at Paris, in the *Journal de l'Empire*, in 1807; a translation of which is published in the Boston Anthology, for October, 1809.

reigns, was delivering up three hundred thousand families of his protestant subjects to the atrocious tyranny of the fanatical Le Tellier, and the sanguinary Louvois; and by his ambition of universal empire abroad, and his bigotry and ostentation at home, was preparing for France those calamities that have since fallen upon her. The Huguenots were the most moral, industrious, and intelligent part of the French population, and when they were expelled from their native country, they enriched all Europe with the commerce and arts of France. Many of the more enterprising of them, finding themselves shut out, by the narrow policy of the French court, from Louisiana, where they had proposed to found a colony, turned their course to New-York and to South Carolina, where they soon melted into the mass of the population.

Certainly we cannot wish to see perpetuated among us the old Asiatic and European notions of indelible hereditary excellence: equally wild are those theories of a fantastical philosophy, which would resolve all the intellectual and moral qualities of man into accidental physical causes. But surely there is a point where good feeling and sound philosophy can meet, and agree in ascribing the best parts of our character to the moral influence of a virtuous and intelligent ancestry.

Considering the subject in this light, we may well look back, with pride, to our Huguenot forefathers. The modern historians of France have rarely done them full justice. The decline which the loss of their industry and arts caused in the commerce of their own country, and the sudden increase of wealth and power which England and Holland derived from them, are sufficient proofs that their general character was such as I have described.

Nor are they to be regarded solely as prosperous merchants, and laborious and frugal artizans.

The French character never appeared with more true lustre than it did in the elder Protestants. Without stopping to expatiate in the praise of their divines and scholars, Calvin, Beza, Salmasius, and the younger Scaliger; Claude, Jurieu, Amyraut, and Saurin, nor on those of Sully, the brave, the wise, the incorruptible, the patriotic; I shall only observe, that though his own countrymen have been negligent of his glory, and rather choose to rest the fame of French chivalry on their Dunois, their Bayard, their Du Guesclein, and their Crillon, we may search their history in vain for a parallel to that beautiful union of the intrepid soldier with the profound scholar, of the adroit politician with the man of unbending principle, of the rigid moralist and the accomplished gentleman, which is to be found in the life of the Huguenot chief, Mornai Du Plessis.*

Many of those who emigrated to this country, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, were the companions, the sons, or the disciples of these men, and they brought hither a most valuable accession of intelligence, knowledge, and enterprise.

From that time, political circumstances cut us off from all further intercourse with France, until the period of our revolution. There are, indeed, in the history of Louisiana and of Canada, some fine incidents of magnanimity, courage, and philanthropy, honourable to the French character. On these I could dilate with pleasure;

* Du Plessis is very conspicuous in all the histories and memoirs of his time; but the best account of his private character is, "Cruaii Singularia Plessiaca, seu memorabilia de vita et meritis Philippi Mornaei de Plessis." 8vo. Hamburg, 1724.

were it not that I have already expatiated far beyond the bounds I had prescribed to myself.

But I should do injustice to the gratitude of my country, if, in commemorating her benefactors, I should omit to pay some honour to the memory of Louis XVI. Our distance from the factions, animosities, and interests of Europe, enables us to place ourselves, as it were, in the situation of posterity; and this republic is as yet the only land in which that much injured sovereign can receive an honest and unprejudiced eulogium. Let us then lose no opportunity of anticipating the justice of history towards the man, who, in the words of our old congress, "was raised up by a gracious Providence to be our friend," and who, as the same venerated body repeated at the peace of 1783, "enabled us to close the war on an honourable and firm foundation, in freedom, safety, and independence."

Indeed, it is impossible to express the weight of our obligations to him, better or more strongly than in the very words of the men of the revolution. In a memorable and eloquent state-paper, written by John Dickinson, and signed as President by John Jay, addressed by the unanimous consent of congress to the several states, they thus speak: "The conduct of our good and great ally towards us, has so fully manifested his sincerity and kindness, as to excite on our parts, corresponding sentiments of confidence and affection. Observing the interests of his kingdom to be connected with those of America, and the combination of both clearly to coincide with the beneficent designs of the Author of nature, who unquestionably intended men to partake of certain rights and portions of happiness, his majesty perceived the attainment of these views to be founded on the single proposition of

a separation between America and Great Britain. The resentment and confusion of your enemies, will point out to you the ideas you should entertain of the magnanimity and consummate wisdom of his most Christian Majesty on this occasion. *They* perceive, that selecting this grand and just idea from all those specious ones that might have confused or misled inferior judgment and virtue; and, satisfied with the advantage that must result from that event alone, he has cemented the harmony between himself and these states, not only by establishing a reciprocity of benefits, but by eradicating every cause of jealousy or suspicion. They also perceive, with similar emotions, that the moderation of our ally, in not desiring an acquisition of dominion on this continent, or an exclusion of other nations from a share of its commercial advantages, has given no alarm to those nations, but has, in fact, interested them in the accomplishment of his generous undertaking."*

Nor is there any thing in the after-life of Louis to induce republicans to revoke these praises.

The French revolution has not yet found an historian uniting entire freedom from the influence of party zeal and prejudice to true feeling, commanding talents and extended views. When hereafter its Tacitus shall arise, what subjects will it afford for his philosophy and for his eloquence! Virtue and vice mixed in mad confusion; the basest passions and the noblest feelings, on all sides, and often in the same breast, struggling together for the mastery.—France made glorious in a thousand hard-fought fields by the universal and unrivalled valour of

* "Address of Congress on the present situation of affairs," 26th of May. 1779. Dickinson's Political works, II. 53.

Frenchmen—France rendered up a trembling victim to tyrant after tyrant, by the universal cowardice of Frenchmen.—The female character in its greatest elevation and in its deepest depravity—Woman, now dreadful with fiend-like intelligence and malignity, and now, exalted into more than Roman heroism by higher principles than Pagan antiquity ever knew.

Throughout the long and dreadful narrative, the historian will never lose sight of the meek and steady virtues of the patriot king. He will describe him, in early youth, in the midst of a corrupt and sensual court, forming his conscience and regulating his life by the mild and holy precepts of Fenelon;* surrounded by bigoted or heartless politicians, yet glowing with affection for his people, and eagerly co-operating with the virtuous Turgot and other enlightened friends of freedom in reforming old abuses and lightening the burthen of his subjects. He will relate, that he staked every thing on this vast and bold experiment of regulated liberty and representative government; and at last voluntarily offered up his life in that cause rather than purchase it at the expense of the blood of his countrymen. He will pourtray him, as the danger thickened, summoning all his virtues to his heart, and rising greater and greater in the hour of calamity.

Finally, the historian will paint the sorrows and the consolations of his prison—or rather, he will tell that touching story in the plain words of those who saw and loved him to the last:† and then, as he follows the king

* The "Directions for the conscience of a King," was the favourite book of Louis XVI.

† Malesherbes, Clery, Abbe Edgeworth, and others.

to the place of his death, accompanied by his last and faithful friend, the venerable Abbe Edgeworth, he will insensibly catch that good man's pious enthusiasm, and with him, forgetting the wrongs of the patriot and the sorrows of the husband and the father, in his veneration of the saint and the martyr, he will exclaim at the foot of the scaffold, "Go, Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven." "*Montez, Fils de St. Louis, montez au Ciel.*"

As I have advanced, I find my subject widening upon me on every side. It is true that few European names are to be found to which we owe so large a debt of public gratitude, as we do to those characters of surpassing excellence, I have already attempted to portray.

Yet were I to add to this catalogue of the illustrious dead, the names of our still living European benefactors I should find materials for volumes. I might speak of Lafayette, the model of republican chivalry, the hero of three revolutions, of two centuries, and of both hemispheres. Yet why should I now add my feeble voice to the full chorus of a nation's praise? I might speak also of other excellent men abroad, who have largely contributed to promote the science, the morals, the liberties of this land as dear to them as their own.

Indeed, in later years, there is scarce a single individual who has obtained a place in history, by his virtues as well as by his talents, who has not, at some period of his life, been ambitious of deserving the esteem of the American people. In this point of view, our history is rich indeed. It has not, like the history of the old world, the charm of classical or romantic associations, and it

bends itself with difficulty and without grace, to the purposes of poetry and fiction. But in ethical instruction, in moral dignity, it has no equal.

The study of the history of most other nations, fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to his heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labours of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest, the blood-stained soldier of fortune—the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny—great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power—and poets, who profaned the high gift of genius, to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and "the

toys of modern state." Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men who have greatly bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

> Hic mixtos, ob patriam pugnando, volnera passi,
> Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
> Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
> Quique sui memores, alios fecere merendo.*

Doubtless, this is a subject upon which we may be justly proud. But there is another consideration, which, if it did not naturally arise of itself, would be pressed upon us by the taunts of European criticism.

What has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind, is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were for ever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge, the

> *Patriots are here, in Freedom's battles slain,
> Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain,
> Bards worthy him who breathed the the poet's mind,
> Founders of arts that dignify mankind,
> And lovers of our race, whose labours gave
> Their names a memory that defies the grave.
>
> VIRGIL—From the MS. of Bryant.

labours of Franklin present an illustrious, it is still but a solitary exception.

The answer may be given, confidently and triumphantly. Without abandoning the fame of our eminent men, whom Europe has been slow and reluctant to honour, we would reply; that the intellectual power of this people has exerted itself in conformity to the general system of our institutions and manners; and therefore, that for the proof of its existence and the measure of its force, we must look not so much to the works of prominent individuals, as to the great aggregate results; and if Europe has hitherto been wilfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America.

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? It is nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man,

by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valour, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven."

APPENDIX

TO THE HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

No. I p. 17—20 and 25—27.

The authority of Dr. Robertson, as an historian, has been impeached by various writers, and particularly by the Abbe Clavigero, in his history of Mexico, who charges him with having, in his account of that country, misrepresented some points, and mistaken others. Without entering into this controversy, it is, I think, pretty evident that Dr. Robertson always writes for popular effect, and thus very frequently, without any intention of disguising the truth, discolours it by his endeavour to make the narrative striking and picturesque.

There is an instance of this, which I believe has never been pointed out, and as it has reference to one of the subjects of the preceding discourse, may be properly noticed in this place. In his account of the banishment of Roger Williams, (History of America, Book X.) he states that "Williams having conceived an antipathy to the cross of St. George in the standard of England, declaimed against it with so much vehemence as a relic of superstition and idolatry which ought not to be retained among a people so pure and sanctified, that Endicott, one of the members of the Court of Assistants, publicly cut the cross from the ensign displayed before the Governor's gate. This frivolous matter interested and divided the colony. After a long controversy, carried on by both parties with that heat and zeal which in trivial disputes supply the want of argument, the contest was terminated by a compromise. The cross was retained in the ensigns of courts and

ships, but erased from the colours of militia. Williams, on *account of this*, as well as of some other doctrines deemed unsound, was banished out of the colony." It is indeed true that an absurd controversy, such as Dr. Robertson here describes, existed about this period. But it formed no part whatever of the grounds on which Williams was banished, and instead of his being, as here represented, the hero of the controversy, Cotton Mather expressly states, that "in this difference he (Williams) was indeed but obliquely and remotely concerned!"—Magnalia Americana, Book VII. Chap. 9. The other chief authorities, on Williams' history, are silent on the subject. The truth seems to be, that this objection to the flag was rather an inference which Endicott drew from his pastor's discourses, than any formal discussion of the subject by Williams. Endicott was a man of some talents, but very extravagant in many of his notions, and likely to run into any violence of this sort, of his own head. It was he, who several years after, made a public declaration against wigs, "as a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men do deform themselves, and offend sober and modest persons, and do corrupt good manners." The story of the colours is amusing, and Robertson finding it told in connexion with the rest of Roger Williams' history, without stopping, as a philosophical historian should have done, to investigate the character of this father of religious liberty, willingly took the opportunity of enlivening his pages with a pleasant anecdote.

His building up the charge against Las Casas, of introducing negro slavery into America, upon a sort of *obiter dictum* of Herrera, probably arose from the same cause. Las Casas's inconsistency of character told well in the narrative, and gave the historian an air of acute discrimination; so that he was willing to adopt the story, without any very rigid investigation, and in relating it, naturally tinged it with the colours of his own picturesque imagination.

Herrera's words, are these:

"El licenciado Bart. de las Casas viendoque sus concetos hallavan en todas partes dificultad, y que las opiniones que tenia por mucha familiaridad que avia conseguido y gran

credito con el gran Canciller no podian aver efeto, se bolvio a otros espedientes, procurando que, a los Castellanos que vivian en las Indias, se diesse saca de negros, para que con ellos en las grangieras en las minas fuessen los Indios mas aliviados: y que se procurasse de levanter buen numero de labradores que passassen a ella con ciertas libertades y conditiones que puso."—*Herrera, Historia de las Indias Occidentales, dec.* 11. *l.* 2. *cap.* 20.

"The licentiate Bathelemey Las Casas, seeing that his plans met with difficulties on every side, and that the expectations he had founded on his great intimacy with the Grand Chancellor, and the high credit he had with him, were likely to come to nothing, turned himself to other expedients, such as the procuring for the Castilians who resided in the Indies, an importation of negroes, so that by their help the labours of the Indians, in working the ground and the mines, might be alleviated; and also the procuring of a good number of labouring people, who should be induced to emigrate by the grant of certain liberties and privileges," &c.

The writers who, without direct reference to this question, impeach the general credit of Herrera, are the Dutch historian Johannes De Laet, and his own countrymen Solis and Torquemada. The last is author of the Monarchia Indiana, and is considered the most accurate writer that we have on the affairs of Spanish America, where he resided for the greater part of his life. Munoz also, in the preface to his history of the New World, though he palliates the crimes of his countrymen, and charges Las Casas with exaggeration on the subject, yet accuses Herrera of relating doubtful traditions as certain facts, of writing with careless haste, and adding or omitting according to his own caprices or prejudices.

I have said in the preceding pages that Las Casas had the satisfaction of having called forth the testimony of the better spirits of his nation against persecution and bigotry. The chief names which Gregoire gives, as worthy of being thus honourably associated with that of Las Casas, (besides the two universities of Salamanca and Alcala in their corporate capacities,) are Francisco de Vittoria, (a writer frequently cit-

ed by Grotius,) Antonio Ramirez, who publicly refuted Sepulveda, Garces, Bishop of Tlascala, Avendanno, who wrote largely against slavery, and defended the cause of the negroes as well as of the Indians, and above all the Dominicans, Petro de Cordova and Antonio de Montesino.

> Rise, Muse of history, lend your tuneful breath—
> These must not sleep in darkness and in death.

While these pages were printing, I have unexpectedly met with a very strong corroboration of the facts stated by Gregoire in support of the *argumentum negans*, drawn from the silence of competent witnesses. It is in the review of "Stewart's Introduction to the Encyclopedia," contained in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, which from the internal evidence afforded by the splendour and variety of its style, and the remarkable knowledge of the history of metaphysical, ethical, and political science displayed in it, I should assign to the pen of Sir James Mackintosh.

In vindicating the right of the early writers on Inter-national Law to a much higher rank than Mr. Stewart has allowed them, the reviewer observes, "Francis de St. Victoria seems to have been the first man who acquired reputation by this study. He died a professor of Salamanca, in 1546. His works we never have been able to procure. Of his scholar, Dominic Soto, we can speak with greater certainty, having perused his work "De Justitia et Jure." His book, the substance of lectures long delivered at Salamanca, was published there in 1460. It is a work which contains many symptoms of the improvements arising from the revival of letters, which had penetrated into the Spanish schools. It ought not to be forgotten, for the honour of these now forgotten jurists, that Victoria condemned the wars then waged by his countrymen against the Americans, under the pretext, or even for the purpose of spreading Christianity; and that Soto decided against the lawfulness of enslaving the same unhappy tribes, in a dispute on that subject between Sepulveda and Las Casas, of which the decision was left by the Emperor to him. What is still more remarkable, Dominic Soto was the first writer who

condemned the African slave trade, and did honour to his new science by employing its principles for the reprobation of that system of guilt and misery which his countrymen now almost singly strive to prolong. "If the report," says he, "which has lately prevailed, be true, that Portuguese traders entice the wretched natives of Africa to the coast by amusements and presents, and every species of seduction and fraud, and compel them to embark in their ships as slaves, neither those who have taken them, nor *those who buy them from the takers*, nor *those who possess them*, can have safe consciences, until they manumit these slaves, however unable they may be to pay ransom.—*Soto de Justitia et Jure.*"

Now it appears morally impossible, that a writer who had thus treated these two questions, of Indian and African slavery, and who had been an umpire in the controversy between Las Casas and Sepulveda, should not have made some allusion to the inconsistency of Las Casas, had there been any ground for the charge. While on the other hand, if Las Casas, naturally benevolent, was only misled "by the inconsistency natural to men who hurry with headlong impetuosity towards a favourite point," as Dr. Robertson supposes, surely these opinions, so decidedly pronounced by an eminent jurist and a warm partizan of his own favourite doctrine, would have instantly awakened him to a sense of his error.

Those who are curious to know more of the details of the controversy between Las Casas and his opponents, than is to be found in the popular historians and common biographical compilations, may consult Dupin's Ecclesiastical History, under the head Las Casas, among the writers of the sixteenth century.

It is a little singular that the character of Roger Williams should have been exposed to the same charge of inconsistency with that of Las Casas, and nearly on the same sort of authority. That laborious and judicious compiler, Mr. Chalmers, whose authority, like that of Herrera, rests chiefly on his having had access to many important official documents, has asserted in his Political Annals, that the toleration of Roger Williams did not extend to Roman Catholics.

This charge has been repeated by several writers, and among them by Mr. Rawle in an address to the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, soon after the publication of the first edition of this discourse. The attention of Mr. Rawle was drawn to the subject by the eulogy which I have, I think, correctly, bestowed upon Roger Williams. His remarks are made in the spirit of candour and liberality, and are evidently dictated solely by a regard to strict historical truth. The writings of Williams contain numerous passages which show that not only Roman Catholics, but Jews and Mahometans, were included in his broad and liberal theory of toleration—or, to speak more correctly, of religious liberty. Still, however, if as in the case of Las Casas, the charge had been made at a later period, it would have been very difficult to have refuted it, otherwise than by indirect and presumptive evidence. Fortunately for the fame of this truly great, though eccentric man, this question was raised under more favourable circumstances; and Mr. Eddy, of Rhode Island, undertook the investigation of the subject.

In a very able paper originally communicated to the New-York Historical Society, and since published in the appendix to Mr. Walsh's "Appeal from the judgment of Great Britain," Mr. Eddy has satisfactorily demonstrated from a minute examination of the charters, journals, laws, and records, of Rhode Island, as well manuscript as printed, that the exception of Roman Catholics from the general toleration of the colony, formed no part of Roger Williams' system, nor did it exist under the original charter, or during the lives of the original settlers: but was subsequently introduced with a view to accommodate the policy of the colony to that of the mother country, some time after the revolution of 1688. Williams himself died in 1682. Even this provision seems to have been mere matter of form, as no penal law was ever passed, or any test or oath ever required.

No. II. p. 23.

The conduct and avowed opinions of the Independents, when they were in undisturbed possession of power in New-

England, gives pretty strong proof that their proposition for toleration in Old England, under Cromwell's reign, was a mere measure of political management with a view to enlist all the minor sects with whom they could in any way coalesce, against their rivals the Presbyterians. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, famed in his day as a learned divine, but now better known as the author of that whimsical and quaint book, "The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam, in America," was a very distinguished and important man in England, as well as in Massachusetts. He had been bred a lawyer, had travelled much, and was thought to be so deeply skilled in the principles of general jurisprudence, that he was employed to draw up a code of laws for New-England. Cotton Mather calls him our St. Hilary, and asks why he had no statue erected to him. "He was," observes Mather, "the author of many composures full of wit and sense, among which, that entitled the *Simple Cobbler* (which demonstrated him to be a *subtile statesman*) was most considered." In this "much considered work," which was published in 1647, Ward says: "My heart naturally detests toleration of divers religions, or of one religion in *segregant shapes*. He that assents to the last, if he examines his heart by day-light, his conscience will tell him he is either an atheist, a heretic, or a hypocrite. *Poly-piety* is the greatest *impiety* in the world. To authorize an untruth by toleration of state, is to build a sconce against the walls of heaven, to batter God out of his chair. He that is willing to tolerate any unsound opinion, that his own may be tolerated, though never so sound, will for a need hang God's *bible* at the Devil's *girdle*. It is said that men ought to have liberty of conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them of it. I can rather stand amazed than reply to this. It is astonishment to me, that *the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance*. I once lived in a city where a papist preached in one church, a Lutheran in another, a Calvinist in the third. The religion of that place was motly and meagre, their affections leopard-like."

The practice of the Independents was very much of a piece with this theory. Poor Biddle, the extravagant James Nayler, and the stout-hearted John Lilbourne, could tell, from bitter

experience, how hollow a pretence the Protector's zeal for toleration was.

The ecclesiastical history of New-England is full of instances of the church's borrowing the sword of the state, (to speak in the language of those times,) in order to cut off the hydra heads of heresy. The ordinary punishment of sectaries, in Massachusetts, was fining and banishment; but the Quakers were not suffered to escape so easily.

Cotton Mather, (Magnalia, Book VII. chap. 4.) after giving some account of the Quakers, whom he calls "the worst of heretics," observes, that "The zeal of the Massachusetts Colony, to preserve themselves from the annoyances of such a blasphemous and confused generation of men, caused them to make *Sharp Laws* against them, in hopes that the terror thereby given to these *Evil doers*, would keep them from any invasion upon the colony. But, *They must need go whom the Devil drives;* so these *Devil-driven* creatures did but the more furiously push themselves upon the government for the *Sharp* which had been turned upon them; whereupon, the government unhappily proceeded unto the execution of the laws, in *scourging*, and then *banishing*, and (upon their mad return) *executing* three or four of the chief offenders. But they considered these wretches, *Non qua erones, sed qua turbones*——." "A great clamour has been raised against New-England, for their persecution of the Quakers, and if any man will appear in the vindication of it, let him do as he please: for my part, I will not." "Nor," saith this good-natured father of American history, "do I look upon hereticide as an evangelical way for the extinguishing of heresies." It is evident that Mather's good feelings were at war with his abstract doctrines on this point; and he is, therefore, glad to find some resting place half way, and accordingly much approves of the opinion of "a wise and good counsellor in Plymouth, who propounded, that a law might be made for the Quakers to have their heads shaved." This idea seems to please him the more, as it affords him an opportunity of indulging himself in his favourite amusement of punning, by gravely remarking, "this punishment I confess was in some sort *capital*, but it would have been the best remedy for them: it would have both *shamed*

and cured them." And afterwards he adds, that "Perhaps the punishment which A. Gellius reports the Romans on certain special occasions used upon their soldiers, namely, to *let 'em blood*, would have been very agreeable for these Quakers."

Mather wrote about sixty years after these persecutions, when the fiery spirit of the first Independents had much subsided, but before the true principles of religious liberty were received, or, indeed, distinctly understood. He himself seems to be decidedly in the Transition class, as the geologists speak.

In coarse and violent language, the Quakers were not a jot behind their antagonists. George Fox and John Bunyean styled Roger Williams a "New-England firebrand," and called his tracts "lying, slanderous, blasphemous books." Those great divines, Owen and Baxter, fared still worse in their controversy with the Quakers: they were called "viper-grinning dogs, raggedtorn threadbare tatter demalions, blind moles, tinkers, cowdung, gimcracks, and whirlygigs."

Who can look back upon these things, without feelings of gratitude towards the fathers of our religious liberty? A legal toleration was the first step, and this has gradually produced the toleration of private judgment. Yet, we have still something to learn in the lesson of charity; for it is a difficult thing to be liberal without being latitudinarian, to be firm in our own faith and charitable towards that of others. But whatever progress society makes in this way is certain. We now find it so difficult to realize these delusions of our ancestors, that we are often disposed to underrate their other virtues and talents. I have often admired Dugald Stewart's beautiful illustration of that remarkable fact in the history of our prejudices, that as soon as the film falls from the intellectual eye, we lose all recollection of our former blindness. "Like the fantastic and giant shapes," says he, "which in a thick fog the imagination lends to a block of stone, or to the stump of a tree, they produce, while the illusion lasts, the same effects with truths and realities; but the moment the eye has caught the exact form and dimensions of its object, the spell is broken for ever; nor can any effort of thought again conjure up the spectres which have vanished."

No. III. p. 55.

On turning to D'Alembert's *Eloge de Bossuet*, I find that he defends that eloquent Prelate from the charge of supporting and encouraging religious persecution. He says that Bossuet, accustomed to force his wandering brethren back to the church only by the arms of argument, could not persuade himself to consider bayonets as fit instruments of conversion. For the honour of our nature, of which Bossuet's genius is a shining ornament, I hope this may have been as D'Alembert states it. But certainly our faith in his authority on this point must be a little shaken, when we find him, in the notes to this *Eloge*, endeavouring also to exculpate Louis XIV. from the same charge; and asserting that that monarch, who prided himself so much on directing and regulating every part of his government with his own hands, did not approve of the cruelties he authorized. "Quoique les cruautés exercées contre les protestans, le fussent au nom Louis XIV. il paroit que ce prince naturellement *juste* et *droit* ne les approuvoit pas." It may indeed be, that Bossuet, like Sir Thomas More and Dr. Johnson, spoke from a wrong theory in his head, while he acted from right feelings of the heart. At any rate, Bossuet's speculative opinions were such as they have been stated above. Besides the avowed doctrine of his *Politique tirée de l'Ecriture*, that the king ought to use his authority for the destruction of false religion in his state, there is a well known passage in his Histoire des Variations, in which he maintains the church's right to the power of the sword, or, in his own words: "L'exercise de la puissance du glaive dans les matières de la religion et de la conscience; chose qui ne peut être revoquée en doubte—le droit est certain—il n'y a point d'illusion plus dangereuse que de donner la souffrance pour un caractère de la vraie eglise."

It is true that these are but general and rather vague expressions, and it is to be regretted that D'Alembert did not go further into the refutation of Jurieu's calumnies, if indeed they are calumnies. Bossuet must be ranked among the greatest men of modern Europe. He was the Milton of French prose.

His Histoire Universelle is a wonderful feat of eloquence. By the power of language and sentiment he has given to a mere chronological table all the effect of high philosophy and oratory. His Latin style bears the same stamp. When Leibnitz proposed a general council of Catholics and Protestants, and as a preliminary desired that certain decisions of former councils should be disregarded, Bossuet summed up his reply with a sentence, of which Cicero could not have improved the elegance, nor Tacitus, the condensation and force: "Sic itaque per prostrata anteriorum conciliorum cadavera, ad triste et infelix gradiemur concilium." No wonder that the universal Leibnitz, who had carried his conquests through every region of controversy, shrunk from the grasp of this mighty master of language and logic, and confessed, in perhaps the highest eulogy that ever was given to the power of style, "Il nous écrase par l'expression." "He crushes us by the force of expression."

No. IV. p. 29.

Loyd, in his State Worthies, says, that "though Lord Baltimore was a Catholic, yet he kept himself sincere and disengaged from all interests: and was the only statesman that, being engaged to a decided party, managed his business with that great respect for all sides, that all who knew him, applauded him, and none that had any thing to do with him complained of him. He was a man of great sense, but not obstinate in his sentiments, taking as great pleasure in hearing others' opinions as in delivering his own. Judge Popham and he agreed in the public design of foreign plantations, but differed in the manner of managing them. The first (Popham) was for extirpating the original heathen inhabitants, the second for converting them. The former sent the lewdest people to those places, the latter was for the soberest; the one was for present profit, the other for a reasonable expectation, liking to have but few governors, and those not interested merchants, but unconcerned gentlemen, leaving every one to provide for himself, and not out of a common stock." See further in the Biographia Britannica, article "Calvert."

Anderson, in his History of Commerce, has the following notice of the first settlement of Maryland. "This year, 1632, gave rise to the colony of Maryland, being a part of what was then reckoned Virginia. Sir George Calvert, secretary of state, having in 1621 and 1622 obtained of king James a grant of part of Newfoundland, he some time after removed thither with his family, but he soon found it to be one of the worst countries in the habitable world; whereupon he returned back to England, and he being a conscientious Roman Catholic, was inclined to retire to some part of Virginia, there quietly to enjoy the free exercise of his religion, for which purpose he went thither himself in or about the year 1631, but being discouraged by the universal dislike which he perceived that the people of Virginia had to the very name of a Papist, he left Virginia, and went farther up the bay of Chesapeake, and finding there a very large tract of land commodiously watered with many fine rivers, and not yet planted by any Christians, he returned for England, and represented to the king, that the colony of Virginia had not as yet occupied any lands beyond Potowmack river; whereupon he obtained a promise of the king's grant, but dying before it was made out, his son Cecilius took it out in his own name, June 20th, 1632, the king himself naming it Maryland, in honour of the Queen Henrietta Maria." See also Sir William Keith's History of Virginia.

It is generally allowed that this charter, and the fundamental code of laws, including the provisions for the protection of religious liberty, were drawn up by the first Lord Baltimore, and that his sons, Cecilius, Lord Baltimore, and Leonard Calvert, who was the first governor, merely executed the designs of their father.

Our very accurate and laborious historian, Dr. Trumbull, who seems to retain more of the spirit and tastes of good Cotton Mather and his brethren, than any writer of our age, and is never employed so much to his own satisfaction as when he is relating the petty ecclesiastical squabbles of Connecticut, gives an honest, if not a very warm tribute of praise to the Calvert family. "The charter of incorporation was one of the most ample which had been granted. It not only conveyed the lands in the fullest manner, but authorized a free assembly, without

the least royal interference. Liberty of conscience was allowed to Christians of all denominations. Presents were made to the Indians to their satisfaction, so that the country was at peace. These circumstances, together with the rigid principles of the Virginians and some of the other colonists, had influence to expedite the settlement. Remarkable it was, that under a Roman Catholic proprietary, puritans were indulged that liberty of conscience which was denied them by their fellow protestants. Emigrants flocked in such numbers into the colony, that it soon became populous and flourishing."—*Trumbull's General History of the United States, Vol. I. p. 95.*

No. V. p. 30—35.

William Penn must be considered the father of Quakerism as it now appears. George Fox, James Nayler, and others, had indeed first given it the sectarian impulse, formed it into a distinct body, planned its discipline, and taught most of its peculiar tenets. But it was Penn who freed his sect from the wildness and extravagance of its first professors, and gave to it that spirit of toleration, and that direction of practical benevolence, on which its members now justly pride themselves. Thus he may be said to have had the same share in forming the spirit and character of his sect, that Franklin had in the discoveries of electricity. Franklin's predecessors had been able to evolve the electric fluid, and to accumulate and condense its force; but it was he who first controlled its powers, and made always harmless, and often eminently useful, what had before been a strange and alarming phenomenon.

To be enabled to effect this salutary change, as well as those other important results upon which his fame is built, it was necessary that Penn, while he equalled any of his sect in fervent zeal and sincerity, and far excelled them all in extent of knowledge, as well as comprehensiveness and clearness of understanding, should yet so far honestly participate in their failings and eccentricities, as never to lose his strong hold upon their sympathies.

We may smile when we see him and his friend Robert Spencer, commencing their religious career by falling upon the Christ Church students, after prayers, and tearing their surplices over their heads; we may lay down his "No Cross no Crown" with astonishment, when we find him suspending a most noble strain of hortatory theology, (to use a Johnsonian phrase,) in order to introduce a long discussion on the abomination of hat-worship, or, when he is inculcating the practice of virtue by recounting the brightest examples of benevolence, piety, and purity, inserting among them the praises of Pope Gregory for having entirely destroyed a number of Greek and Latin historians and poets, and having been nearly successful in suppressing Terence, Martial, and Plautus; and we may well wonder how it could be possible that the same man, who in 1673, was busily engaged in controversy with a madman,* who maintained that Christians ought *always* to keep their hats on, unless they felt some special internal motion to take them off, could, in 1678, appear at the bar of the House of Commons repelling the charges against himself and his people with the firmness and dignity of John Hampden, and maintaining the rights of conscience and liberty of faith of all, (even the then hated and dreaded Roman Catholics,) with a mild eloquence hardly inferior to that of Fenelon.

Nevertheless, it is very evident that, without this most anomalous mixture of mental strength and weakness, Penn could never have accomplished any of those important moral and political changes, which have rendered his name so deservedly illustrious. If what appears at a hasty glance to be the incongruous part of his character could have been lopped off, Penn might, like Evelyn, have been a most amiable, religious, and learned country gentleman; he might have founded hospitals, colleges, free-schools, and libraries, and very probably written delightful books, and made good speeches in Parliament; but

* John Perrot, who maintained this doctrine in a book entitled "The Spirit of the Hat; to which Penn replied in "The Spirit of Alexander, the Coppersmith, lately revived and now justly rebuked." Perrot rejoined, but Penn finally silenced him with "Judas and the Jews combined."—*Clarkson's Life of Penn*, chap. x.

he never would have become the founder of a great state, and one of the most venerated fathers of the civil and religious liberties of a mighty republic; nor would he have left a name to be held in reverence to the latest ages, as that of a great moral benefactor of the human race.

Penn's fame is now so firmly established, that it is hardly necessary to take notice of the slight aspersions which his cotemporary Bishop Burnet, and the historian Chalmers have cast upon him. Burnet was a party man, and he had both a political and a personal dislike to Penn, much like that borne by Swift and Arbuthnot to Burnet himself in his old age. He and Chalmers accuse Penn of ambition, of which, doubtless, he had a share; but it was of the purest kind, and of dissimulation, from which no man was ever more free. With all his prejudices, Chalmers allows Penn much merit, and expressly states, that every change in his frame of government (and he made several) was always in favour of freedom.

There were now and then some political discontents in the province, which Penn's enemies exaggerated. These mostly took place during his absence; his personal administration in Pennsylvania was peaceful and prosperous. The happiness and rapid growth of the new colony attest the wisdom of his government. Proud, in his history of Pennsylvania, (Vol. II. p. 111.) observes very justly: "As to what few irregularities and deficiencies, that really existed in the government or management of the province unmagnified by his adversaries, they were principally owing to his absence from it; which, it is certain, was very much against his mind, and chiefly occasioned by the necessity of his circumstances, the unsettledness of the government of England, together with the attempts of his enemies, and his great beneficence to his province, with his small and discouraging returns from thence."

"The style is the man," says a great writer. Penn's style is peculiar and characteristic. It is full of thoughts and full of words, yet most transparently clear. Altogether unlike Taylor, and other copious writers of his own and the preceding age, in whose long sentences, crowds of images, ideas, and words, are struggling together for utterance, Penn deliberately presents his thoughts to the reader one by one,

turns each round and round, displays it in every light, and then passes to the next. His mind always seems to be calm and equable, even when controversy betrays him into the rough polemical language of his days, or, as he calls it, "When he allows himself the freedom of the prophet Elijah against the prophets of Baal." We must even grant that he uses this freedom of retaliation but sparingly, when we consider "what showers," as, he says, "of reproach had fallen often and thick upon him." Penn himself might have thought the appellation no compliment, yet he certainly was a gentleman in all his deportment and feelings. "However differing," said he, with much truth, "I am from other men, *circa sacra*, that is, relative to religious matters, and to that world which, respecting men, may be said to begin where this ends, I know no religion which destroys courtesy, civility, and kindness. These, rightly understood, are great indications of true men, if not of good Christians."

In the State Trials, there is a report of one of Penn's trials for illegal preaching. It is perfectly dramatic, and brings the whole scene before the reader in the most vivid manner. You there see Penn displaying all his peculiarities, and many of his virtues. Instead of defending his cause as a private case, he makes himself, as he always did, the champion of great principles, and shows himself worthy such a cause. In the course of the trial, he discovers another quality which we should less expect to find in him—a vein of grave, sarcastic, and yet good tempered humour. After showing himself a much more learned constitutional lawyer than any of the court, and having been treated with the utmost indignity and injustice, he put some home questions to the Recorder, on the law, who finally answered with great indignation, "I tell you to be silent; if we should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow, you would be never the wiser." "That," replied Penn, with unshaken gravity, "is according as the answers are."

On another occasion, after having been repeatedly imprisoned, when he was brought before a magistrate, he began, as usual, to argue against persecution, and to assert his natural and constitutional rights, the magistrate, unable to reply, called for a file of soldiers to take him to prison. "Nay," said Penn,

"send thy boy with me; *I know the way to Newgate.*" In his "No Cross no Crown," there is a passage describing the plots of plays and romances with much dry humour; but he indulged this talent very seldom.

His letter of advice to his wife and children, on his leaving England, is one of the finest moral tracts in any language. It should be printed as a companion to Louis XVI.'s instructions for the education of the Dauphin; for almost every thing of any value that can be said on the subject of education, is to be found in these two little tracts.

The life of William Penn has been written accurately and sensibly, but very heavily, by Clarkson. Our countryman, Proud, has done it better, as far as he goes, in his history of Pennsylvania. But the subject is a very rich one, and requires a biographer who should be more sprightly, more eloquent, and more philosophical than either of them.

No. VI. p. 43—52.

In Swift's correspondence there is a letter from Dean Swift to Lord Carteret, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, on the subject of Dr. Berkeley's project; which contains some curious particulars of the life, character, and plans of Dr. Berkeley, and is, at the same time, very characteristic of the best and worst parts of Dr. Swift's own disposition—that is to say, of his readiness to serve his friends, and his inclination to sneer at every thing that did not agree with the rules of his own selfish prudence.

"There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth eleven hundred pounds a year. And because I believe, you will chose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a fellow of the university here, and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there, called the *Immaterialists*, by the force of a very cu-

rious book upon that subject. Dr. Smallridge and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily, with my Lord Peterborough; and upon his lordship's return, Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to Ireland, he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frightened when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and, for three years past, has been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the finest way of preferment; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a small tract, which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; wherein he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision; but nothing will do. And, therefore, I humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom, for virtue and learning, quiet at home; or to assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage."

In the Memoirs of the Court of Augustus, a learned and useful work, though written in an affected and pedantic style, the author, Dr. Blackwall, thus speaks of the wonderful variety and extent of Berkeley's knowledge: "I would with pleasure do justice to the memory of a very great, though singular sort

of man, Dr. Berkeley, better known as a philosopher and intended founder of a university in the Bermudas than as Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland. An inclination to carry me out on that expedition as one of the young professors, on his new foundation, having brought us often together, I scarce remember to have conversed with him on that art, liberal or mechanic, of which he knew not more than ordinary practitioners. He travelled through a great part of Sicily on foot, clambered over the mountains, and crept into the caverns to investigate its natural history and discover the causes of its volcanoes; and I have known him sit for hours in forgeries and founderies, to inspect their successive operations. I enter not into his peculiarities, either religious or personal, but admire the extensive genius of the man, and think it a loss to the western world, that his noble and exalted plan of an American university was not carried into execution."

"And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin," says a cotemporary poet. This epithet is too harsh to be applied to Dr. Reid and the metaphysicians of his school, but really their ridicule of Berkeley's system is very poor, and unworthy the dignity of philosophical discussion.

Indeed, it would seem that Berkeley's theory does not differ in its foundation from the old Socratic and Platonic philosophy. For in the Phædon, Socrates is represented as declaring it to be his opinion, that he who supposed all things to have been disposed and ordered by a MIND should not pretend to assign any other *cause* of them.

The remark Berkeley makes upon Plato's writings, may be applied to his own. "His works are the touchstone of a hasty and shallow mind." Berkeley has no common-place ideas, and those who will not take the pains of fathoming the depths of his philosophy, can easily find enough of apparent paradox to excuse their ignorance. His theory of vision was received on its first appearance with a good deal of ridicule: it was fully established, during his own life, by the case of a person who was born blind, and restored to sight by an operation; and all subsequent reasoning has tended to confirm his doctrine.

The most singular instance of this remarkable man's talent for evolving great thoughts and grand principles from ordinary subjects, is his "Siris, or a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries, concerning the virtues of Tar-Water." "This is, indeed," says his ingenious biographer, in the Biographia Britannica, "a chain which, like that of the poet, reaches from earth to heaven, conducting the reader by an almost insensible gradation from the phenomena of tar-water, through the depths of the ancient philosophy, to the sublimest mystery of the Christian religion." Berkeley thought with Bacon, that truth and goodness are one, differing but as the seal and the print, and in his constant endeavour to keep this connexion in view, he often hazarded what may seem wild theories or too subtile refinements.

His mathematical speculations are also unique in their way. His objections to the doctrine of fluxions are considered, by mathematicians, as having been fully refuted, and, doubtless, this is the fact in a mathematical view of the controversy; but the metaphysical difficulties which he has raised have never been satisfactorily answered, and perhaps cannot be, until we obtain some deeper insight into the principles of knowledge than any that the present systems of intellectual philosophy afford. Be that as it may, certainly there is scarcely any similar instance of ingenious mathematical speculation being applied to important moral ends. The comprehensiveness of Berkeley's understanding, the wide compass of his knowledge, and the power with which he brings it all to bear upon apparently the remotest objects, seem to prove by example the sublime philosophical conjecture of Hooker, "that by circuit of deduction, it may be, that all truth, out of any truth, may be concluded." This idea, so bold and original in the age of Hooker, now appears to derive fresh confirmation from every day's experience, and we have recently seen a splendid example of the connexion of all knowledge in the illustration of geology, from the observations of comparative anatomy.

The object of his Minute Philosopher, he states in his preface to be "to follow the Freethinker through his various characters of atheist, libertine, enthusiast, scorner, critic, metaphysician, fatalist, and skeptic," in the course of which he employs

against him several new arguments, drawn from his own original speculations. That in particular, taken from the language of the eye, as he terms it, is not only singularly ingenious in itself, but leads the mind to many interesting views of the principles of the imitative arts. This excellent work, like many other standard publications of the last century, had fallen into neglect in this country, when, a few years ago, the late Dr. Dwight, of Connecticut, revived its reputation here, and recommended a new edition of it to the American public, by a short notice of its uncommon merits. This came with peculiar propriety from Dr. Dwight, who was himself an acute metaphysical reasoner, and the President of Yale College, an institution so much indebted to Berkeley. As this notice appeared only in the New-Haven edition of the Minute Philosopher, which is now becoming scarce, no apology is needed for inserting it here.

"The minute Philosopher is an able defence of divine revelation. The writer is the celebrated Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, universally considered as one of the first philosophers who have appeared in any age or country. For the discussion of this subject he was better qualified than almost any other man by pre-eminent talents, both natural and acquired: particularly by his great learning and singular powers of reasoning. This work is an illustrious proof of these talents, and may be considered as a store-house from which many succeeding writers have drawn their materials and their arguments. The Minute Philosopher consists of a series of dialogues, involving most of the important topics in the debate between Christians and infidels, the principal arguments by which Christianity is defended, and the principal objections with which it has been opposed. The reasoning is clear, sound, and conclusive. The characters of the disputants are well chosen and ably supported, and their conversation is spirited and natural. The work is, of course, highly entertaining as well as convincing. In the character of Euphranor particularly, the writer has given, perhaps, the best example of the Socratic manner of reasoning which can be found. Warton observes, that the club composed of Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, &c. regarded this work, in spite of the prejudices of some of them, as a mas-

terly performance; not, indeed, when first presented to them, for they did not understand it; but afterwards, when thoroughly explained by its author, who knew more of this and most other moral subjects than all of them united.

"In a word, The Minute Philosopher may be confidently recommended as a performance of the first merit, to all who love to read the best reasonings on the most important subjects."

With respect to the University, it was Berkeley's design, to "train up a competent number of young Indians in succession, to be employed as missionaries among the various tribes of Indians bordering upon our settlements. It appeared to be a matter of very material consequence, that persons should be employed in this service who were acquainted with the languages necessary to be used; and he had also a strong persuasion that such missionaries would be much better received by the savages, than those of European extraction. These Indian lads were to be procured from the different tribes, in the fairest manner, and to be fed, clothed, and instructed at the expense of the institution." Chandler's Life of President Johnson, p. 50.

Having thus provided for the conversion and instruction of the savages, he intended to establish his university, in all other respects, on the most liberal scale, so as to advance every kind of improvement in the colonies. He meant, besides the usual course of academical instruction, from which he would have discarded much of "the pedantry of courts and schools," to have all the useful and ornamental arts taught here.

As there now seems to be an increasing taste for the productions of the fine arts among us, it may be a fact worthy noticing, as it is but little known, that the first regularly instructed painter in North America was Smibert, who had been Berkeley's fellow-traveller in Italy, and was brought out by him to act as instructer in drawing and architecture in the intended institution. Smibert was not an artist of the first rank, for the arts were then at a very low ebb in England; but the best portraits which we have of the eminent magistrates and divines of New-England and New-York, who lived between 1725 and 1751, are from his pencil.

Horace Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting, in England," gives some account of him. Walpole was a man of fashion and pleasure, of wit and taste, and withal a most expert hunter of antiquarian small game; but he had no heart for any thing generous or great, and he speaks of Berkeley's plans as might be expected from such a man; though he may be pardoned for slurring over, as he does, his own father's conduct in the business.

"John Smibert, of Edinburgh, was born about 1684, and served his time with a common house painter; but eager to handle a pencil in a more elevated style, he came to London, where, however, for subsistence, he was forced to content himself, at first, with working for coach-painters. It was a little rise to be employed in copying for dealers, and from thence he obtained admittance into the academy. His efforts and ardour at last carried him to Italy, where he spent three years in copying Raphael, Titian, Vandyck, and Reubens, and improved enough to meet with much business at his return. When his industry and abilities had thus surmounted the asperities of his fortune, he was tempted, against the persuasions of his friends, to embark in the uncertain, but amusing, scheme of the famous Dean Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, whose benevolent heart was then warmly set on the erection of a universal college of science and arts, for the instruction of heathen children in christian duties and civil knowledge. Smibert, a silent, modest man, who abhorred the finesse of some of his profession, was enchanted with a plan that, he thought, promised him tranquillity and honest subsistence in a healthful elysian climate, and in spite of remonstrances, engaged with the Dean, whose zeal had ranged the favour of the court on his side. *The King's death dispelled the vision.* Smibert, however, who had set sail, found it convenient, or had resolution enough, to proceed, but settled at Boston, in New-England, where he succeeded to his wish, and married a woman with considerable fortune, whom he left a widow with two children in 1751."

Walpole adds, "We may conceive how a man, so devoted to his art, must have been animated, when the Dean's enthusiasm and eloquence painted to his imagination a new theatre of prospects, rich, warm, and glowing with scenery which no

pencil had yet made cheap and common by a sameness of thinking and imagination. As our disputes and politics have travelled to America, is it not probable that poetry and painting, too, will revive amidst those extensive tracts as they increase in opulence and empire, and where the stores of nature are so various, so magnificent, and so new?" This was written in 1762.

There is at Yale College a large picture, and, from its subject, an interesting one, representing Berkeley and some of his family, together with the artist himself, on their first landing in America. I presume that it is the first picture of more than a single figure ever painted in the United States.

No. VII. p. 68.

As Luzac's works are not often to be met with in this country, the passages above referred to are worth extracting. In the dedication of his Oratio de Socrate cive, Lugd. Bat. 1795, to Mr. Adams, he thus speaks of the Constitution of the United States:

"Tale quippe hoc fœdus est, quo omnia, quæ ad conservandas, firmandas, augendas vires communes faciant, ullove modo facere possint, conferre tenentur Socii; quo, si qui officiis ad salutem universorum necessariis fungi detractent, remedia præscripta sunt et parata, ut ad præstandam fidem inviti etiam, revocentur; quo neque omnibus sociis, seu regionum magnitudine, aut divitiis ac numero civium prævaleant, seu tractu, opibus et incolis sint cæteris minores, idem jus est, eadem facultas, eadem vis suffragii, neque tamen una alterave civitas præpotentior in sorores immodice dominari queat: secundum quam denique Pacti legem unus est supremus Fœderatorum Senatus, una Delagotorum Concio, unum Ærarium, una erga externas nationes potentia et voluntas; et singulis tamen sociis salva in rebus suæ civitatis manet summa auctoritas; salva jura et tribunalia, salva legum ferendarum potestas, salva tributa et vectigalia, salva (uno verbo) omnia quæ ad robur, ad firmitatem, ad externum etiam decus Sociatæ reipublicæ, necessario non erant abdicanda. Sic vos ——illa refugistis et feliciter evitastis Fœderatæ civitatis vitia, quibus patria nostra per ducentos

annos misere huc et illuc jactata, quassata tandemque in ultimam perniciem acta est; simulque cavistis, ne immoderata et nimia unius reipublicæ moles (quod serius ocyus fieri per rerum naturam necesse est) in varias ac discordes dilabatur factionum partes, aut in unius, nullis limitibus circumscriptam, devenisset potestatem."

In another passage of the same work, after some words of eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, "quorum dum nomina sepius memoria recolo, gratus memini, a talibus me tantisque viris, dum ad me invisirent, fuisse invitatum *et tantum* non adductum qui liberæ vestræ Reipublicæ adscriberer, vestra omnium intima admissione usurus; quod si ante hoc octennium fecissem———sed quid ego tecum de nostris Batavorum per sedecem annos temporibus atque fatis?"

No. VIII. p. 71.

Du Plessis Mornay was such a character as we may imagine Cato or Helvidius Priscus would have been, if converted to christianity, and graced with the manner and accomplishments of chivalry. The modern French historians (among others Lacretelle, if I recollect rightly) are disposed to sneer at his stern morality and profound theological learning. Voltaire, however, has been just and liberal in his praise. The finest lines of the Henriade are devoted to the character and exploits of "Le grand Mornay toujours calme et serein." See Chant. VIII. and again in Chant. IX.

Non moins prudent ami que philosophe austere
Mornay sut l'art discret de reprendre et de plaire;
Son exemple instruisait bien mieux que ses discours;
Les solides vertus furent ses seuls amours.
Avide de travaux, insensible aux délices,
Il marchait d'un pas ferme au bord des précipices.
Jamais l'air de la cour et son souffle infecté,
N'altera de son cœur l'austere pureté.
Belle Arethuse, ainsi ton onde fortunée
Roule au sein furieux d'Amphitrite etonnée
Un chrystal toujours pur et des flots toujours clairs,
Que jamais ne corrompt l'amertume des mers.

Mornay, the sage austere, the prudent friend,
Knew the wise art to blame, yet not offend;
His precepts less than his example mov'd,
And lofty Virtue's charms, alone, he lov'd.
Eager for toil, and deaf to Pleasure's call,
He trod her slippery brink, nor fear'd to fall;
The court's infectious breath he scorn'd to fear;
His soul still breath'd its own pure atmosphere.
Chaste Arethusa, thus thy favour'd wave
Rolls its swift course where Neptune's billows rave,
Yet pure and sweet thy chrystal waters glide,
Untainted by the brine of ocean's tide.

Mornay has also received the praises of a cotemporary of as varied talents as his own, Grotius, "than whom," says W. Penn, "these ages have not had a man of more universal knowledge; a light! say the statesmen; a light! cry the churchmen too."

Grotius wrote these lines for Mornay's epitaph.

Nobilitas, animo clare quam sanguine major,
Res hominum solers noscere, rosque Dei,
Consilium prudens, dives facundia linguæ,
Hic cum Mornæo, contumulata jacent.

Nobility of soul, by Nature giv'n,
Nobler than blood of proud ancestral line;
Skill in the laws of man, and truths of heaven;
Maturest counsel; eloquence divine,
With Mornay here repose:—his tomb their hallow'd shrine.

Both of the above translations were contributed to a former edition of this discourse by my excellent and lamented friend, the late Anthony Bleecker, of New-York.

No. IX. p. 74.

It has been sometimes supposed in this country, that the aid given by France to the United States, in the war of the revolution, was wholly a measure of the French ministers, in which the king had no share. This, however, was certainly neither

the opinon of Franklin, nor of Dickinson, as appears from various passages of their political writings. We know that Louis XVI. was not at all a king of show: he was to the best of his ability the efficient head of his government. This is evident enough, from his correspondence, published a few years ago by Helen Maria Williams; in which it will be seen, with how much interest and industry he directed all the departments of the state.

It was not intended in the eulogium which has been given to Louis XVI. in the preceding pages, to vindicate every measure of his reign. But though it is true that he often erred, much must be pardoned to the difficulty of his situation, and much allowed, when we consider the contradictory and often profligate counsels of those by whom he was surrounded. Even at this day, with all the lights of experience, it is impossible to say, what measures on his part, would most have conduced to the permanent prosperity and liberty of France. I have spoken only of his motives, and they were always pure, benevolent, and patriotic. "La despotisme," said he, in a private letter, "à ceque je vois, n'est bon a rien," "Despotism, as far as I can see, is good for nothing," and this, no doubt, was his undissembled belief. It is not at all a rhetorical exaggeration to say, as I have done, that he fell a voluntary victim, rather than purchase his life at the expense of the blood of his countrymen. There is abundant evidence of this fact in his correspondence. When the Count D'Artois reproached him with not having repressed the popular impulse by force, he answers, in a letter dated 7th September, 1789:

"Je pourais donner le signal du combat, mais quel combat horrible! et quelle victoire plus horrible encore! J'aurais donneé le signal du carnage, et des milliers de Français auraient été immoles—mais vous direz peut être, le peuple a triomphé—il vous a prouvé par ses exces qu'il osait abuser de la victoire et poignarder son ennemi vaincu.—Ah! ne contez vous pour rien le calme d'une bonne conscience. J'ai fait mon devoir:" &c. "Mon frère, je me suis sacrifié pour mon peuple." And again, in a note to the Comte D'Estaing, who commanded the body-guards and Swiss, and who had urged the king to immediate recourse to arms. "Me defendre—il faudrait verser le sang des Français, mon cœur ne peut se familiariser avec cette

affreuse idée. Si je succombe, du moins je n'aurai nul reproche a me faire!" And again, in 1791, to M. De Bouillé, a confidential friend.—"Je ne murmure point contre la providence. Je sais que la succès dependoit de moi; mais il faut avoir une ame atroce pour verser le sang de mes sujets—pour opposer une résistance et amener la guerre civile en France. Toutes ces idées ont déchiré mon cœur, toutes mes belles resolutions se sont evanouiés." These sentiments pervade all his correspondence, but they are no where more strongly expressed, than in a letter written while he was still on the throne, to the Prince of Condé, who commanded the emigrant army. With the eloquence of the heart, and a prophetic spirit, he says: "Les insenses, ils veulent la guerre? Ah! si jamais le signal était donné, elle serait longue et cruelle. Comme elle n'aurait d'autre objet que la vengeance et la haine, elle deviendroit barbare. O Dieu! preservez la France de ce funeste fleau! que ces hurlemens homicides ne soient point entendues! S'il me faut descendée du trône, *monter sur l'echafaud* ou Charles I. fut immolé, abandonner ce que j'ai de plus cher au monde, me voila prét, mais *point de guerre, point de guerre.* Mon cousin, vous qui desirez unir la gloire au devoir—vous qui les emigrés regardent comme leur père et leur chef, et qui j'estime moi, comme un frère loyal et magnanime, opposez vous, je vous en conjure, aux projets insenses des Français réunis prés de vous: faites leur bien connaitre tout le danger, opposez ma volonté, mes avis, mes prièrres même." The correspondence, in which *patet veluti discriptâ tabellâ vita* REGIS, the king's whole life is laid open, abounds in so many noble, and such touching passages, that I can scarce refrain from more numerous extracts. I shall add but one; it was his last letter to Monsieur (his brother, Louis XVIII.) when he afterwards was brought a prisoner to the hall of the National Assembly, after the massacre at the Thuilleries, on the 11th of August, 1792. "Le sang et le feu ont tour-a-tour signalé l'afreuse jour d'hier, mon chèr frère. Contraint de quitter mon palais avec ma famille, de chercher un asile au millieu des mes plus cruels ennemis, c'est sous leurs yeux même, que je vous trace, peut être pour la dernier fois mon affreuse position. François premier, dans une circonstance perilleuse, ecrivoit, 'tout est perdu, hors l'honneur.' Moi, je

n'ai plus d'autre espoir que dans la justice de Dieu, dans la pureté des intentions bienfaisantes que je n'ai jamais cesse d'avoir pour les Français. Si je succombe, comme tout porte a le croire, souvenez vous d'imiter Henri IV. pendant le siege de Paris, et Louis XII. lorsqu'il monta sur le trône !"

I have said, in the foregoing pages, "that there is no reason why American republicans should revoke their praises of Louis XVI." This observation was made, not because there is any such disposition in the great body of intelligent Americans; for, on the contrary, as far as my own observation goes, the personal reputation of Louis is still dear to the people of this country; but because there have been a few instances, and disgraceful ones as they appear to me, of this sacrifice of gratitude to transitory party feelings. One of the most conspicuous of these is in the Columbiad of the late Mr. Barlow. That work was originally published at the close of the war of the revolution, as the Vision of Columbus, and was afterwards expanded by the author of the Columbiad, and published under that name in 1808. The Vision of Columbus was dedicated, by permission, to Louis XVI.

In the dedication, Mr. Barlow, among other eulogy, said, "mankind who survey your conduct, and posterity for whom you act, will see that the debt of gratitude is paid." And in the beginning of the sixth book, there are many spirited lines in honour of "the pride of monarchs," "the rising sun of universal fame," &c. In the Columbiad all this has been suppressed, and in place of it appear some frigid lines, in which Louis is represented as cheated into the support of our Independence, and aping the language of virtue—"By honest guile the royal ear they bend," &c.—"He speaks the borrowed language of the brave," &c.

This is indeed forgetting the independence of literary talent, and making history what old Chaucer calls it, "in very dele—a rock of ice and not of steel."

These pages have been consecrated to the praise of virtue, and it is with reluctance that I have admitted this censure of a man whose reputation, either literary or political, I feel no disposition to undervalue. Let me, however, place in contrast to his conduct towards Louis XVI. that of the venerable and

eloquent John Dickinson. It is well known that that true patriot, accomplished scholar, and excellent man, was a warm admirer and defender of the principles of the French revolution in its first stages.

His letters of Fabius, published in 1797, were in the United States what Mackintosh's Vindiciæ Gallicæ was in England, not equal indeed in magnificence of language, but little inferior in elegance and in ability, or in exuberance of thought and knowledge. In the course of this work, which is devoted to the panegyric, the defence, or the apology of the French republic, this tolerant and benevolent politician digresses to rebuke the injustice of some of his own party friends towards the "unhappy Louis." The concluding passage of this defence is eloquent, and the allusion in the closing quotation to the lilies of the Bourbon escutcheon, felicitous.

"It was his doom to live, not only in an age of revolutions in government, but also of revolutions in morality.

"Scarcely was his head laid low in the dust, probably in consequence of our liberty being established; scarcely were those lips closed in eternal silence, which never spoke to us but in the language of benediction; scarcely was that existence, to which after virtue and piety,* fair fame was dearest, dissolved and disabled to vindicate an aspersed reputation, than ——a severe scrutiny was made into his unscepired merits, and it was discovered——by *Americans*——yes——by *Americans*——that *he himself* was not entitled to *our* gratitude or friendship, but was a selfish unprincipled villain.

"Much injured Louis!

"The charges of thy accusers *undesignedly* erect a lasting monument to thy glory. They have proved thee guilty of sincerely loving thy people. Thy feet were led into unbeaten, unexplored tracts of policy, and thou hadst not been accustomed to its intricate mazes. Impelled by thy benevolence towards us, a young, innocent, oppressed, and inexperienced people, struggling in blood, and hardly able to struggle, though the prize was no less than PEACE, LIBERTY, and SAFETY, against the then most formidable nation in the world,

* See *Malesherbes'* narrative.

and by thy tender affection for *France*, recently weakened by deep wounds received from the same enemy, thou formedst the kind and generous resolution to help us at our utmost need, though the execution of thy noble design would exhibit to mankind the surprising spectacle of——a *republic* fostered by a *monarchy*——and in a portion of the globe far remote from thy kingdom——and in the neighbourhood of thy most valuable foreign dominions——and thou didst help us "*effectually*" till every man among us "from one end of our land to the other, and from one side of our land to the other," dwelt confidently with his family, "under his vine and under his fruit tree," and allied with thee and thy people, "there was none to make us afraid."

"But, in directing the course of thy exertions through an unknown wilderness, dangers might start up on every side. The accusers have convicted thee of being more anxious for the welfare of thy people, than for that of strangers——yet ——heaven and earth are witnesses that to thee, to thee, under "*a gracious Providence which raised thee up to be our friend*,"* "*We, the people of the United States*," stand indebted for the best of blessings——*Liberty*.

"Manibus date *Lilia* plenis:
"Purpureos ut spargam flores, animamque" *Amici*
"His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
"Munere———

Bring LILIES—LILIES in whole handfuls bring,
With all the purple fragrance of the spring:
These unavailing gifts let me bestow:
'Tis all I can—on thy dear shade below———"

To those who are but superficially acquainted with the history of the French revolution, it appears only as a story of blood and crime. But among ten thousand atrocities to make the heart ache with the sense of the depravity of our nature, there may be found many examples of heroic excellence, as well as of the gentler virtues. Though all the crimes which

* Words of Congress.

marked the black corruption of the Roman empire, were renewed in modern France still the French patriot may proudly add, in the words of Tacitus, and with a nobler application, "Non tamen adeo virtutum sterilis patria ut non et bona exempla prodiderit. Comitatæ profugos liberos matres: secutæ maritos in exsilia conjuges: propinqui audentes: constantes generi: contumax etiam adversus tormenta servorum fides: supremæ clarorum virorum necessitates: ipsa necessitas fortiter tolerata: et laudatis antiquorum mortibus pares exitus." "Yet was not our unhappy land so barren of virtue but that it produced even then noble examples of faith and magnanimity. Mothers accompanied their banished children; wives followed their husbands into exile and poverty: relations were daring in their kindred's aid; sons perilled their lives for parents; servants gave proof of devoted faith and affection; illustrious men reduced to abject misery bore it nobly; and many of them in death showed a fortitude equal to that of heroic antiquity." What example is there in antiquity of heroic self-devotion and constant friendship surpassing that of Malesherbes? He has claims upon our admiration as an upright judge, a philosophical lawyer, a man of letters, and a true friend of civil and religious freedom; but all this is forgotten in the strong interest which he inspires when we see him retaining, in his eightieth year, all the generous affections of youth, and volunteering his services, at the risk of his life, in the defence of his friend. "I was twice admitted," said he, in his letter to the Convention, requesting permission to appear as counsel for Louis XVI. "into the councils of him who was then my master, at a time when that station was coveted by every one, and I owe him the same duties now, when it has become a service which many consider dangerous." How eloquent is the heartfelt expression of Louis's gratitude! "Je n'ai point des termes, mon cher Malesherbes, pour vous exprimer ma sensibilité pour votre sublime devouement. Votre main octogénaire s'est étendue vers moi pour me repousser de l'échafaud; et si j'avais encore mon trône, je devrais le partager avec vous, pour me rendre digne de la moitie que m'en resterait. Mais Je n'ai que des chaines, que vous rendez plus legeres en les soulevant. Je ne me fais pas illusion sur mon sort."

EULOGY

UPON

LORD BALTIMORE.

[As being connected with the subject of the foregoing Historical Discourse, it has been thought not unappropriate to preserve in this place a brief eulogy upon the founder of Maryland, which was delivered at the Festival held in 1829, by the "Friends of civil and religious Liberty," in the city of New-York, on the occasion of the final passing of the bill for Catholic emancipation in Ireland. Dr. Wm. James Mc Neven presided, and one of the regular toasts from the chair was; ***Charles Carroll, the virtuous surviving signer of the great charter of our liberties.***

The health of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was received with rapturous and long-continued applause.—After which Mr. Verplanck rose and addressed the chair.]

EULOGY UPON LORD BALTIMORE.

The enthusiastic feeling with which the name of this venerable patriot has just been greeted, induces me, Mr. President, to request your permission to break in upon the regular order of toasts, and follow the one last given by another similar in sentiment, closely connected with it by various circumstances and recollections, and which I am confident will be received in the same spirit.

The President—with pleasure, Sir, it is in order, proceed.

Mr. Verplanck then resumed. The name of Charles Carroll, the patriot, the scholar, a liberal, enlightened and exemplary Catholic, a Marylander of the ancient and original Catholic race of that state, one whose name is so gloriously and durably identified with the history of this nation's liberties, and the charter of its independence, recalls to my mind a remarkable fact in the early history of his native state.

It is with reference to this fact that I am about to propose to you as a toast, a memory—a glorious and immortal memory, as it well deserves to be called, though with a quite different application from that in which the phrase is familiar to Irish ears. It is one of the most curious facts in our early history, a fact less generally known than it ought to be, that the first colony of modern times which was founded on broad principles of religious free-

dom, explicitly recognizing the rights of conscience and the liberty of thought, was that of Maryland, a Roman Catholic colony, founded by a Roman Catholic legislator. Of the more minute and personal history and character of Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, not very much, I believe is known, but we do know that he had served his country faithfully and honourably in peace and in war, and that in establishing a colony for the retreat of his fellow Catholics, his first principle of legislation was Religious Liberty. That single fact gives glory enough for any name.

This, Sir, is not the first occasion on which I have attempted to draw the public attention to this history, and to do honour to the memory of this wise and tolerant statesman. Some years ago, I had the honour to be appointed to deliver an Anniversary Discourse, before a respectable literary society of this state, instituted for the cultivation and preservation of American History. The eminent and accomplished men who had preceded me in that duty—among others, the late Dewitt Clinton, and Gouverneur Morris, had pre-occupied many of the most striking and interesting topics peculiar to our history. One subject, however, occurred to me as not unworthy of being associated with those which had successively furnished fit themes for the eloquence and philosphy of those distinguished statesmen. It was the eulogy of some of those virtuous and enlightened men of Europe, who long ago, looking with a prophetic eye, upon the destinies of this new world, were moved by a holy ambition to become the messengers of Heaven, in bestowing upon the future race who were to people these shores, the blessings of morals, education, and liberty.

It was while preparing to do homage to the mild and peaceful virtues of William Penn, that I was first forcibly

struck with the fact, which though it must have been already known to me, had yet never made any impression on my mind, that sixty years before the foundation of Pennsylvania, Lord Baltimore, had in Maryland, first set the illustrious example of a practical and extensive system of religious freedom. I did such justice at that time as was in my power to both of these, as well as to a few others of the European fathers of our country's liberties and happiness.

This is neither the time nor place to enter into historical details, nor are the minute fact and dates, in relation to Lord Baltimore very fresh in my memory. But, Sir, to estimate justly the rare merit of such a legislation, let us, for a moment, but consider the period at which it occurred.

It was at a time, when nowhere in the world could be found a country or state, or even a single city, where some dominant form of worship or belief did not crush down and trample upon all who opposed or doubted.—Those who in one reign, or on one side of a river or channel were heretics and martyrs, became at another time, or at a different place, in their turns, persecutors and oppressors.

It was too, at a period, when even the speculative idea of equal religious rights was nearly unknown. Now and then the faint and feeble voice of some obscure scholar or philosopher, was raised for Toleration, that weak and imperfect substitute for Liberty of Conscience—but it was raised sometimes from the depths of a cloister, oftener from the depths of a dungeon, and rarely reached the ears and never touched the hearts of the mighty ones of the earth. Even on this western shore what at that period

was to be seen in the English colonies on each side of the infant colony of Maryland? In New England, the Puritans just escaped from the prison and the stocks and the scourge at home, had hardly taken breath before they set themselves to persecute, and punish, and banish the Quakers and the Baptists. These very Puritans of New England, when enterprise or commerce brought them to Virginia, found themselves again heretics, and there felt the heavy arm of the Established Church.

Such was the spirit of the times—such the circumstances under which Maryland was founded, and such the merit of its founder

But it is not, Sir, as a mere piece of curious history, still less as a theme of declamatory eulogy, that I have been desirous to bring these facts to the recollection of those who are here assembled. It is because I regard them as affording an example, and a most brilliant and impressive one, of a great, and holy, and consoling truth.

The founder of Maryland, in thus rising above the errors of his own age, and probably sacrificing the early prejudices of his own education, had no higher view than that of establishing a humble colony on a distant shore, where a few of his countrymen might find rest and peace, and worship God after the manner of their fathers, or the conviction of their own minds. In this his prayers were heard and his wishes granted. But, meanwhile, he was unconsciously becoming the instrument of a still nobler purpose. He was unwittingly laying the foundation of a state destined to become one of the earliest members of a great republic. He was preparing a race of republican Catholics for the toils and dangers of the struggle for Independence, and for the duties and privileges of self-government—a race jealous of their own rights and re-

spectful to those of other men—a race which was to give to the church such men as the learned, pious, and liberal archbishop Carroll—to the state such men as his illustrious relative, whose name alone has just excited a burst of generous feeling in this hall to which no pomp of words nor power of eulogy could have given any additional warmth or intensity. He was laying the sacred corner-stone of that great edifice of civil and religious equality, which was destined gradually to take in the whole wide circuit of this land—a land where every man's religion is protected and no man's religion is preferred, where, though piety does not rear her mitred head in courts and palaces, she finds her true and living throne in the hearts and consciences of men.

What lesson, then, may we draw from this grand and beautiful result? To me it seems to teach, that no effort, no exertion, no sacrifice in the great cause of equal rights and common sense, is ever fruitless. Whether it be like Lord Baltimore's, the sacrifice of opinion and prejudice to truth—whether it be like your own, Mr. President, and that of so many others assembled around this board, those severer sacrifices to liberty which bade you break the ties that bound you to your native soil, and early homes, and youthful friends, to seek in another clime a new home and new friends, (which I trust you have all here found.)—or whether the patriot be called to a still dearer sacrifice—even to lay down his life in the glorious martyrdom of conscience and liberty, like the English Sidney, or the Spanish Riego, or the younger Emmet of Ireland—the sacrifice is never lost—that blood is never spilt in vain.—For a season, the effect may be hidden from every human eye. But the seeds of truth are scattered wide abroad. They are wafted by the winds of heaven to the ends of

the earth. On some remote shore, or in some obscure nook they take root, and that root strikes deep and firm. There they spring up in solitude and darkness, unnoticed of men.—But soon the vigorous trunk shoots aloft. It towers to the skies. It puts forth its broad arms. Tribes and nations seek shelter under its mighty shade, and gather from its branches the rich fruits of public greatness and private happiness.

Then at length the almost forgotten name of the patriot, the hero, or the sage, so long overclouded by calumny, or darkened by neglect, blazes forth at once in the clear effulgence of true glory. It receives the homage of genius, and the gratitude of nations. It becomes the precept of age, and the example of youth. It is now for ever rescued from oblivion. For it is

> Freedom's now and Fame's;
> One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die.*

Mr. President, it is in this trust, and with these sentiments, that I propose to you as a toast, "The memory of the wise and liberal founder of Maryland." His name must be dear to every patriot, and his example is eminently calculated (in your own felicitious language this evening) "to enlighten the understandings and change the hearts of the living statesmen of Europe."

* Halleck.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT

THE OPENING OF THE TENTH EXHIBITION

OF THE

AMERICAN ACADEMY

OF THE FINE ARTS.

MAY, 1824

K*

ADDRESS

ON THE FINE ARTS.

Mr. Vice President, and Gentlemen of the Academy.

We have all of us, Gentlemen, very much to regret that our venerable President has been compelled by domestic calamity to relinquish the performance of the duty he had undertaken at our request. If he could have now addressed you, as was his intention, you might have received from one who unites the character of a distinguished artist to that of a man of letters, such views of the philosophy and the history of his profession, as can be given only by him who combines practical skill with extensive and critical observation.

In attempting to supply his place upon this occasion, I can only speak as an uninstructed lover of the arts; and, in speaking of what I have never practised, and have studied but little, must necessarily confine myself to some general and perhaps vague observations.

Our Academy was founded about twenty years ago, in the hope of contributing something towards the cultivation of taste in this country, and the diffusion and improvement of skill in the arts of design. Amongst its original founders and patrons, were some of the most distinguished men of their times, whose names are durably inscribed in the history of our republic. Among them, together

with several who yet live to adorn and guide the councils of their country, were the late Chancellor Livingston, whose active, comprehensive, and accomplished mind was ever fertile in plans of public improvement, and the late Robert Fulton, whose brilliant and solid success in the useful and mechanical arts did not render him either contemptuous or indifferent towards those of taste and ornament. The institution which they established has not wholly failed in its intention. Something has been effected by it in instructing public taste, in affording models to the student, and in making the works and talents of our artists more known amongst us; yet various circumstances have unfortunately conspired to hinder it from realizing all the sanguine hopes of its early friends, and to interrupt or destroy that unity of action among our few artists and men of taste, which could alone give to it that great and lasting utility of which it is capable, and thus render it a deserving object of the pride of our city and state.

But let us not look back to the past. Indulging the hope that brighter prospects are now about to open upon us, permit me to invite the attention of the numerous and respectable assembly who have honoured the celebration of our annual exhibition with their presence, to the consideration of the uses and value of the FINE ARTS—not so much with reference to the private studies and pleasures of the artist or the amateur, but, as they deservedly recommend themselves to the notice of the patriot and the philanthropist, as they are fitted to add to the comforts and multiply the innocent enjoyments of life, to adorn and dignify the aspect of society, to give impulse and exercise to the latent talent, and fresh lustre to the glories of our nation; and by their moral influence upon

all classes, to animate patriotism, to refine the manners, and elevate the character.

It must be obvious to all, that the arts of design have a direct and positive utility, far beyond their own immediate sphere, arising from the constant and indispensable aid, which they afford to the mechanical arts, to physical science, and to many of the most important pursuits of civilized life. Drawing, engraving, the scientific principles of construction, (as distinguished from those founded in natural or conventional taste,) are of daily use in civil engineering, in military and marine architecture, in preserving and making known the discoveries of the naturalist, the observations of the anatomist, the inventions of the mechanician, and, in general, all the improvements of natural and medical science.

But, that quick sensibility to the beauties of form and proportion, that relish for purity of design and simplicity of execution, which necessarily result from a familiarity with works of taste, have a still broader, and (though less distinctly perceptible in their operation) scarcely a less efficient influence upon most of the arts of civilization, upon commerce and manufactures. The beneficial effects of good taste are to be found, even where you would least suspect its presence. It every where silently excludes wanton superfluity, or useless expenditure in labour or ornament. It inculcates a wise and dignified economy. It prompts art to achieve its ends by the simplest means. It gives to the productions of mechanical skill all the durability and elegance, of which they may be susceptible, by lending to them those forms, proportions, combinations of colours, and agreeable associations, which, because they are most simply and obviously fitted to their peculiar purposes, or are congruous to natural principles of man's phy-

sical or moral constitution, have pleased for ages, and will ever continue to please; whilst the caprices of fashion, and the cumbrous splendour of gaudy luxury, are inevitably doomed to become in a very few years, offensive or ridiculous. The manufactures of England and France, as they are at this day, compared with what they were half a century ago, present a signal instance of the operation of this principle in assisting to improve the domestic comforts of life, and to augment at once private wealth and national resources. It is true, that this magnificent result must be mainly ascribed to the splendid improvements of modern science, and the application of its discoveries to practical uses. But when, as if to prove that knowledge was not only power, but wealth also, Mathematics and Chemistry issued from the library of the student, and the cell of the alchemist, to mix in the pursuits of commerce and industry, pure Taste followed silently in their train; and that same power, which had anxiously watched over the inspirations of literary genius, and had directed the boldest flights of poetry, eloquence, and painting, may now often be found in the workshop of the mechanic, or by the loom of the manufacturer, superintending their labours with just as patient a diligence, and as unwearied a zeal.

But to be thus extensively useful, taste must become popular. It must not be regarded as the peculiar possession of painters, connoisseurs, or dilettanti. The arts must be considered as liberal, in their ancient and truest sense, *quia libero dignæ*, as being worthy of the countenance and knowledge of every freeman.

Leaving the consideration of this their indirect utility in other occupations of industry, let us now view them as they are in themselves.

There is no walk of the elegant arts where our de

fects in science and taste are more palpable than in that of Architecture. "The Genius of architecture," said Mr. Jefferson, an ardent votary, and a skilful and experienced judge of that classical and most useful art—"the Genius of architecture seems to have shed her maledictions over this land." Forty years have now elapsed since the publication of the Notes on Virginia, and during that period, we have advanced with unparalleled rapidity in numbers, wealth, power, letters, science; but, with some few brilliant exceptions, we have done very little to prove that this curse has yet passed away.

When a foreigner lands upon our shores—I do not speak of the bigoted and prejudiced tourist, who comes here only to gather materials for calumny, but of such a man as most of us have probably known many, one instructed in the arts and versed in the learning of Europe, who cherishes as deep a reverence as any of us for our free institutions, and as ardent a desire for the triumph of those principles of which our republic is the depository and safeguard—finding here, as he does, much to admire, much surpassing his warmest expectation, the first among several sources of his disappointment, arises from the general taste and character of our public edifices. He cannot expect to find upon this side of the Atlantic the gorgeous splendours of Versailles or Blenheim, and still less the lengthened aisles and fretted vaults, the towering domes, and sumptuous decorations of ecclesiastical pomp; but every thought of freedom, and glory, and patriotism, recalls to his mind some recollection of the exquisite works of republican antiquity. He looks around him, and, it need not be added, with disappointment.

There is, in fact, scarcely any single circumstance, that can contribute more powerfully towards elevating the

reputation of a people abroad, than the grandeur or beauty of their public structures, nor is there any manner in which a republican government can so appropriately exhibit its magnificence. The tinsel trappings, the robes and pageantry of office, that have been affected by some free states, or states striving to be free, are not in harmony with the general simplicity of republican manners, and in their own nature are almost as selfish as the show and pomp of patrician luxury. They may gratify or inflate the individual, who, so bedecked, struts his restless hour upon the stage of public life, but they add very little dignity to the state which bestows them. But a noble hall for the purposes of legislation or justice or a grand pile of buildings for the uses of learning, is the immediate property of the people, and forms a portion of the inheritance of the humblest citizen. An enlightened patriotism should, indeed, rest upon much more solid ground, but no man, who knows and feels that even in our best and wisest moments, we can never become wholly creatures of reason, will object to the aid of local pride, and natural association, to strengthen and animate his love of country. The ancient legislators understood the force of such principles well. In the mind of an ancient Greek, the history of his country, her solemn festivals, her national rites, her legislation, her justice, were indissolubly combined with the images of every thing that was beautiful or sublime in art. Every scholar knows, too, how much the remembrance of the *Capitolii Arx alta*, the lofty majesty of the capitol, entered into every sentiment of love and veneration, which the Roman citizen, when Rome was free, entertained for his native city. That venerable and vast structure had been reared at the very commencement of the commonwealth, by some of its greatest men, on a scale

of grandeur and magnificence, far beyond the needs or the wealth of their times, in a spirit prophetic of the future empire of Rome. Unlike the short-lived architectural works of our own country which scarcely outlast their founders, it stood for centuries, a witness, as it were, and partaker, of all Rome's triumphs and greatness, a silent and awful monitor frowning rebuke upon her crimes and factions.

When danger threatened from without, or civil discord raged within—when the Carthaginian was at the gates, or brother was armed against brother in the Forum, it was there, that the sublime conception of a great and classical modern painter, was, again and again, more than realised; for the rebellious or the timid remembered that they were Romans, when, in their mind's eye, they beheld on the sacred walls of the Capitol, the armed Genius of their country, followed by Fortune as her faithful and obedient companion, and casting upon them a withering look of reproof.*

Something of this moral effect, it is always in the power of the true and learned architect to communicate to all his greater works. The taste, the rules, the character of architecture, as well as its materials, having not less the expression of durability than the reality of it, tend to lift the mind above the "ignorant present," connecting our thoughts with the past, expanding them into the future. Of all the achievements of human skill or industry, this noble art approaches most nearly to the sublimity and vastness of nature; and it is well worthy of remark, that when the great poet of truth and nature so beautifully moralises his scene, and paints in a few impressive words, the

* Poussin, in the Vision of Coroliuus.

fleeting state of all earthly things, it is in architecture alone that he can find any material image of the power and talent of man, worthy to be associated with the mighty works of his Creator;

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve."

Nor will a benevolent mind overlook, or a wise statesman despise, the influence such displays of public grandeur may have in imparting "an hour's importance to the poor man's heart," in soothing the natural jealousies which may arise in his breast, and enabling him for a time to forget the comparative hardships of his lot, and to feel a more real and palpable community of interest with his wealthy neighbour.

Had the architecture of this country, like that of antiquity, been of native growth, it is not improbable that it would have sooner attained to the character I have described. But it has fared with this art as with our literature; we have borrowed most of it from England and France, and by no means from the best models which those countries afford. It is only within a few years that we have begun to think for ourselves, or to draw directly from the purer fountains of antiquity. Hence it is that when our increasing riches enabled us to erect large and expensive public edifices, instead of embodying in them those pure forms and scientific proportions of Grecian art which have been admired for ages, or, wherever they could with propriety be introduced, correctly imitating some few of those light and graceful, or those solemn effects of Gothic architecture, which it may be within our power to execute satisfactorily, many of our most costly

buildings have been vitiated by the predominance of that taste which prevailed on the continent of Europe, in the reign of Louis XIV., and was universal in Great-Britain throughout most of the last century, though it has now given way there, as it did at an earlier period in France, to a much chaster style. I mean that corruption of the Roman, or rather Palladian architecture, which delights in great profusion of unmeaning ornament, in piling order upon order, in multitudes of small and useless columns and mean and unnecessary pilasters, in numerous and richly decorated windows—in short, in that ostentatious and elaborate littleness, which strives to supply the place of unity and dignity by lavish embellishment and minute elegance of detail. When this style is carried into execution in buildings of poor materials, and where, as is too common in this country, artificial stone-work, stucco, wood, lath, plaster, and paint, supply the place of marble or freestone, the effect is exquisitely paltry. It reminds the spectator of the tawdry and tarnished finery of an underling player. This, too, is often made more conspicuous, by an ambitious or ignorant departure from the common technical rules and fixed proportions.

But in its very best estate, this style of architecture can rise to little more than a ponderous and imposing stateliness, which, though produced by infinite labour and immense expenditure, is still poor and ineffective, when compared with the grandeur and beauty of the works of true taste.

Indeed it very unfortunately happens that the marks of this false taste are but too prominent in our most splendid and costly public building, the Capitol of the United States.

The plans, elevation, and decorations of this grand national structure, when originally adopted shortly after the formation of our present constitution, were wholly in the style of Versailles and the interior courts of the Louvre, according to the old school of French architecture. The more classic taste of Latrobe, and the other successive architects who were subsequently employed on the building, introduced numerous and important variations and alterations of the original design, with a view to overpower the littleness of its details by the broader and nobler effect of their improvements. But, in spite of the rich beauties of the great Portico and of the Loggia, the colossal proportions and stately splendour of the Representative Hall, (unrivalled by any room for legislative purposes in the civilized world,) as well as of the bold and massy magnificence of many other portions of the edifice, which remind one of the gigantic creations of Martin's fancy, the Capitol still betrays the vices of its primitive design. It not only wants unity of effect as a whole, but is subject to more serious objections in its parts, arising from absence of congruity and convenience for their several purposes. All these defects would have been avoided, and much would have been gained in economy and utility, as well as grandeur, had a more cultivated taste presided over the commencement of the work. As it is, it almost deserves the harsh criticism applied to it by an architect of true science,* who called it "a magnificent architectural monster."

In our few attempts at Gothic buildings, we have been generally unfortunate in aiming at too much for our means. Independently of their very peculiar and deeply

* The late George Hadfield.

interesting associations, which, I know not how, throw back the architectural remains of the middle ages to a much remoter antiquity in the imagination than those of Rome or Athens, and which our familiarity with the brief and recent history of our own nation, at once contradicts and destroys—their sublime and solemn impression is in a great degree produced by their admirable adaptation to the ritual of the Catholic Church, by the sense of the years consumed in their erection, of difficulties triumphantly surmounted, of toil, and labour, and skill, unbounded and unwearied, expended not with a view to any of those purposes, for which Protestant churches are peculiarly destined, but for solemnity, pomp, impression, and varied rich ceremonial. All attempts to mimic this upon a small scale, necessarily partake of the insignificance of a builder's model. If we imitate the architects of the middle ages, we should take them as our masters throughout, and apply the same style of construction and decoration on the same scale that they did; and, therefore, in our places of worship, we should be content with copying their simpler and less adorned chapels and halls, and smaller parochial churches, without making the vain attempt to exhibit the vast proportions, the numberless and exquisite minuter beauties, and the infinity of picturesque combinations of Salisbury Cathedral, or York Minster, in the cheapest and least durable materials, and within the limits of a few square yards.

Besides these faults, most of our architects are very deficient in what may be termed the painting of their own art—that power, too rare elsewhere as well as here, of giving expression to buildings, of making their appearance announce their uses, of assimilating the style of ornament to the objects to which they are applied, of filling

the mind with those sensations most consonant to the uses, whether of amusement or learning, of legislation, or of devotion, for which they were erected.

Our need of improvement in this art is by no means confined to the public buildings of our national or state capitals. Our domestic architecture is still almost exclusively copied, and sometimes not well copied, from the common English books, without variety, and with little adaptation to our climate and habits of life.

Our better sort of country-seats have often an air of too much pretension for the materials, and their scale, in size and expense. While we despise the humble beauties and picturesque comforts of the cottage, we rarely attain to the splendour of the chateau or villa. In short, our countrymen have yet to learn, that good taste and proportion, so valuable in their effects, cost nothing.

These defects of our rural architecture, are the more to be regretted, because it is in the midst of nature that beautiful art always appears to its highest advantage. This contrast is so pleasing, that any tolerably proportioned building derives a thousand unexpected beauties from being surrounded by rich natural scenery. The colonnade, the portico, or the tower, can never appear with half so much grace and majesty, as when seen through foliage, or "bosomed high in tufted trees."

I have made these remarks, harsh as some of them may seem, with the more confidence, because it is evident that public opinion is rapidly awakening to a true sense of the importance of this subject; good taste is every where struggling forwards, and within these few years several edifices have been erected of the purest and noblest character. Mr. Jefferson's patriotic hope seems now about to be realized, for "as sparks of science fall upon

minds of natural taste, they kindle up their genius and produce rapid reform in this elegant and useful art."

Such an improvement is not solely directed to the mere gratification of taste, and to giving pleasure to the critical eye of the architect or connoisseur. Good taste is always the parent of utility. Whilst in works of public dignity it attains the grandest results by the simplest means; in private edifices it suppresses false and gaudy ornament, it prevents all sacrifice of convenience to ostentation, it attempts no unattainable magnificence, no combinations of irreconcilable qualities. When it is once firmly established, and good models have become familiar, it diffuses its influence abroad on every side, directs the labours of the mechanic, and, where it cannot appear in positive excellence, is scarcely less useful in banishing all that is unnecessary and incongruous, even to the smallest details.

Without assenting in full to that metaphysical theory, which resolves all beauty into the perception of utility, still, though use be not the efficient cause, it is the inseparable companion of true taste, and the same faculty which regulated the proportions of the column, or the composition of the frieze, presides with equal care over the minutest arrangement conducing to personal convenience or pleasure. The prevalence of sound architectural science, in any community, may be traced as distinctly in the increased comforts of the hospital, the improved commodiousness of the prison or penitentiary, and the bold and secure lightness of the bridge, as in the splendour of the palace, or the massive dignity of the cathedral.

I could willingly dilate much longer upon this subject. Without pretending to any exact science in this department, I have always found its study full of peculiar

charms. In its philosophy, it is connected with some of the most refined and curious speculations of intellectual science; in its theory, it brings together in very singular, yet most harmonious union, the rigid and exact rules of mathematics, and the undefinable and unexpressible, but not less certain, laws of sentiment and taste; in its history, it is throughout interwoven with that of the progress of society, of national character, and of genius; in its practice, it contributes at every moment to private happiness and public grandeur.

Let us pass on to the sister Art of Painting. Why should I expatiate on the uses and charms of that, with which all who hear me must be familiar? It is so intimately connected with the elegant literature, the general cultivation, and even the amusements of our times, that those who have no practical skill in it, and who have never seen any original work of the very great masters, have some understanding of its theory, and through conversation, books, engravings, and copies, know and feel much of the extent and majesty of its powers. It is a natural and universal language, the language of description through the eye, in its elements common to all mankind, but susceptible of an indefinite and never-ending improvement, as it becomes instructed by close observation, disciplined by practice, judged of by a quick natural sense of the beautiful or the grand, elevated by moral dignity of thought, or animated by deep intensity of feeling. Through the senses it awakens the imagination, and by her magic aid, reanimates the dead, acts over before us the great deeds of history, realizes to our eyes the most glorious visions of poetry, and can transfer to a few feet of canvass the unbounded vastness of nature's scenes, the cheering breath of her airs and

heavens, her changes of season, and "glad vicissitudes of night and day."

The great artist moulders in the tomb. But his works still live in the self-sustaining freshness of nature. Age after age passes away, and they still beam forth beauty upon one generation after another. In calm disdain, as it were, of the petty and transitory interests, pursuits, opinions, passions of the day, they continue with undecaying power, as years roll on, to address themselves to the great principles of our common nature, soothing the cares, elevating the thoughts, stirring in the very depth of the heart the thrilling emotions of natural sympathy, or awakening there the sleeping sense of the great, the sublime, or the holy.

Many of us have admired, and studied, and loved—all of us have heard and read, of the pure and matchless beauties, the intense yet noble expression, the graceful grandeur, the varied and lofty invention of Raffaele,—the harmonious brilliancy of Titian's colouring,—Guido's never-tiring sweetness,—the splendour, the opulent fertility of the magnificent Reubens,—the richness, the truth, the magic of Rembrandt's "gorgeous gloom,"—the severe and learned grace of Poussin,—the Elysian and ever-verdant imagination of Claude, combining all that is venerable or grand in antiquity or architecture, in poetry or mythology, with all that is most bright and beautiful in nature.

In all this, what is there but the triumph of mind? It is the separating of the excellent, and fair, and durable, and intellectual, and universally true, from that which is little, and temporary, and sensual, and accidental. It is the stripping off the grossness of sense from the forms of

matter, and investing them with the dignity of intellect and the expression of sentiment.

Can we then, as Americans, be content to look with indifference upon the progress of such an art? Can we coolly say, "All this is well for Europe, for the adorning of courts and palaces, for the amusement of princes, or to enable wealth and luxury, wearied out with their own existence, to fill up the languid pauses of life with new gratifications?" Oh, not so. Nothing is unworthy or unfitting the attention of a free and wise people, which can afford scope for the employment of talent, or can adorn or gladden life; least of all, should we be indifferent towards an art, thus admirably fitted for the mixed nature of man, an art at once mechanical, moral, and intellectual, addressing itself to every part of man's constitution, acting through his senses upon his imagination, through his imagination upon his reason and his heart.

But, although it is in the hand of the great epic painter, who fixes upon his canvass the sentiment of religion, or the glowing conceptions of poetic fancy, that the pencil has gained its chief honours, it is in another and much humbler department, that this art appeals more directly to the patronage, the judgment, and the natural affections of all of us. It is perhaps in portrait painting, that we are to look for some of its best and most extended uses.

I have called it an humble department of the art, because such is the rank assigned to it by the aristocracy of European taste, and because it really is so in respect to the narrow field it presents for the exertion of fancy or science; yet Reynolds has pronounced that the power of dignifying and animating the countenance, of impressing upon it the appearance of wisdom or virtue, of affection or innocence, requires a nobleness of conception, which,

says he, "goes beyond any thing in the mere exhibition of the most perfect forms."

While, too, our relish and judgment, with respect to other productions of art, are only so far natural as that they are founded in a sensibility, and a power of observation and comparison, common to all men in full possession of their faculties, but which require to be developed, exercised, and disciplined, by experience or study; Portrait appeals more directly to the comprehension of every one. Though it is sometimes applied to the gratification of vanity, it much oftener ministers to the best feelings of the human heart. It rescues from oblivion the once-loved features of the absent or the dead; it is the memorial of filial or parental affection; it perpetuates the presence of the mild virtue, the heartfelt kindness, the humble piety, which in other days, filled our affections and cheered our lives. In the hour of affliction and bereavement, to use the words of a living poet—for it is impossible to speak feelingly of the arts, without borrowing the language of poetry; not that poetry for which we turn to books, but that which lives in the memory, because it utters the voice of nature, and seems but to respond to the workings of our own thoughts, and to speak the secrets of our own breasts. In that hour

> Then for a beam of joy to light,
> In Memory's sad and wakeful eye,
> Or banish from the noon of night
> Her dreams of deeper agony.
>
> Shall Song its witching cadence roll,
> Yea, even the tenderest airs repeat,
> Which breath'd when soul was knit to soul,
> And heart to heart responsive beat?

What visions wake—to charm—to melt!
The loved, the lost, the dead are near:
Oh, hush that strain, too deeply felt,
And cease that solace too severe.

But thou, serene and silent Art,
By Heaven's own light, wert taught to lend,
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a Friend.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy softening, sweet'ning tints restore,
For thou canst give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore.

It is an exalted and sacred office which art discharges, when it can thus administer to the charities of domestic life. But Painting becomes public and national, when it is employed in perpetuating the expression of the mind speaking in the features of the brave, the good, the truly great—of those whose valour made us free, or by whose wisdom we may become wise; of the heroes of our own country, of the patriots of our own history, of the sages and men of genius of all countries, who have left us those works, which form the intellectual patrimony of civilized man—of the heroes of humanity, of the benefactors of the human race. Then it becomes, indeed, a teacher of morality; it then assists in the education of our youth; it gives form and life to their abstract perceptions of duty or excellence; and, in a free state and a moral community, where the arts are thus made the handmaids of virtue, when the imagination of the young patriot calls up the sacred image of his country, it comes surrounded with the venerable forms of the wisest and best of her sons.

I well remember the vivid impressions produced upon my own mind several years ago, when I first saw the

University of Oxford. The quiet grandeur and the pomp of literary ease which are there displayed, did not wholly disarm that dislike, I could not help feeling towards an establishment, which, possessing so much learning and so much real talent, had for the last century, in its public and academic capacity, done so very little for the improvement of education, and had so long been the sanctuary of unworthy prejudices, and the solid barrier against liberal principles. But when I beheld her halls and chapels, filled with the monuments, and statues, and pictures, of the illustrious men who had been educated in her several colleges; when I saw the walls covered with the portraits of those great scholars and eloquent divines, whose doctrines are taught, or whose works are daily consulted by the clergy of all sects throughout our republic—of the statesman and judges, whose opinions and decisions are every day cited as authorities at our bar and in our legislative bodies—of the poets and orators, whose works form the study of our youth and the amusement of our leisure, I could not but confess that the young man who lived and studied in such a presence, must be dull and brutal indeed, if he was not sometimes roused into aspirations after excellence, if the countenances of the great men who looked down upon him, did not sometimes fill his soul with generous thoughts and high contemplations.

Why should not we also have every where the same excitements to laudable exertion and honourable ambition? We should spread abroad over our whole land this mixed and mighty influence

> Of the Manners, of the Arts—
> Which mould a nation's soul,
> And cling around their hearts.

We, too, have great men to honour, and talent enough

to do honour, to them. In our public places and squares, in our courts of justice, our legislative halls, and seminaries of education, the eye should every where meet with some memorial of departed worth, some tribute to public service or illustrious talent.

Sculpture, in its rudest form, seems to be the instinctive effort of nature, in the early stages of society, to express veneration and to perpetuate honour or gratitude by the help of imitative skill. Nor does it lose its fitness for these uses in the highest stage of refined and cultivated art, although then, in place of the humble imitation of individual nature, it addresses and exercises the imagination, the taste, and intellect. The durability of the material suggests to the mind grand associations of past times, and presents to it in dim and shadowy perspective, the idea of long successions of future generations, who will gaze upon the form now before our eyes, with thoughts and feelings kindred to our own. But at the same time, the severity with which this art rejects the aid of colour and every other adjunct tending to illusion, compels and habituates the rudest mind to an effort of intellectual abstraction, whereby the undivided attention is fixed upon the majesty of expression, or the truth and grace of form.

Though our sculptors may never vie with those of antiquity, in the expression of faultless beauty and ideal majesty, yet they can always find a sufficiently ennobling employment in the commemoration of our great men. Statuary, austere and dignified in its character, is fitted chiefly for public uses, and of all the arts it is that for which private patronage can do least, and which most requires the fostering care of public munificence. Our native sculptors have already given ample proof that we no longer need the chisel of Canova or Chantrey, to com-

memorate our Washington and Franklin, and the sages who shared their labours, or who may hereafter follow in their footsteps.

We have already successfully called in the aid of Engraving. This is an art of less dignity and fame; but when I consider its multiplied uses to science, letters, and taste, and the various and very peculiar excellencies of which it is susceptible, I can scarcely call it an inferior one; for it is not, as the uninformed are apt to suppose, a purely mechanical occupation. Whilst in itself it affords room for the exercise of no ordinary talent, it stands in the same relation to the other arts, which printing does to Eloquence and Poetry, and by bringing their production within the reach of many thousands, to whom they would have otherwise been wholly inaccessible more than compensates for the loss of immediate impression by wider diffusion and greater usefulness.

When such an artist as our associate Durand, has completed an admirable engraving from one of the greatest scenes of our history,* or of any history, in which the grand truth of the story takes a stronger hold upon the mind, than mere fancy can ever gain, he has not only done honour to his own talent, but he has discharged a part of the debt of gratitude he owes his country. He has enabled every one of us to bring the great scene and the great actors of our Independence within our own doors, to make them as it were, spectators of the blessings they have earned for us, to place them before the eyes of our children—and, when our sons read the history of Grecian heroism, or of English virtue, when their eyes glisten,

* Durand's engraving of Trumbull's Declaration of Independence.

and their young hearts throb wildly with the kindling theme, we can say to them, "look there, remember that we too had our Epaminondas and our Hampden."

So great is the effect which may be produced by such and similar means, that it sometimes happens that where a people has degenerated from the virtues of their ancestors, when some wide-wasting corruption has tainted their morals, or tyranny has trampled down their liberties, the arts have served to keep the mind of the nation vigorous and lofty, to protect its talent from the general contagion, and to preserve the love of country intense and ardent, though without hope of liberation, and without the consolation of power. In Italy,

> Ahi, serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
> Nave senza nocchiero *

in lost, enslaved, distracted Italy, the arts still watch, and have watched for centuries, with vestal care over the flame of patriotism, as if commissioned by Providence to preserve it from extinction, until the arrival of that hour when it shall kindle up again, and blaze into high and unclouded effulgence. Italy, divided as it has been for ages among so many lords, has still one common feeling and one common pride. It is still one country—where a great and fallen nation, like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, (such as the classic hand of a member of our academy has portrayed him,†) sits august amidst the wrecks of former grandeur, powerless and hopeless, but cherishing an unconquerable will, revolving the thoughts and breathing the spirit of the past.

Foreign criticism has contemptuously told us, that the

* Dante.

† Vanderlyn, in his Marius at Carthage.

national pride of Americans rests more upon the anticipation of the future, than on the recollections of the past. Allowing for a little malicious exaggeration, this is not far from the truth. It is so. It ought to be so. Why should it not be so?

Our national existence has been quite long enough, and its events sufficiently various, to prove the value and permanence of our civil and political establishments, to dissipate the doubts of their friends, and to disappoint the hopes of their enemies. Our past history is to us the pledge, the earnest, the type of the greater future. We may read in it the fortunes of our descendants, and with an assured confidence look forward to a long and continued advance in all that can make a people great.

If this is a theme full of proud thoughts, it is also one that should penetrate us with a deep and solemn sense of duty. Our humblest honest efforts to perpetuate the liberties, or animate the patriotism of this people, to purify their morals, or to excite their genius, will be felt long after us, in a widening and more widening sphere, until they reach a distant posterity, to whom our very names may be unknown.

Every swelling wave of our doubling and still doubling population, as it rolls from the Atlantic coast, inland, onward towards the Pacific, must bear upon its bosom the influence of the taste, learning, morals, freedom of this generation.

Such considerations as these give to the lasting productions of our Arts, and to our feeble attempts to encourage them, a dignity and interest in the eyes of the enlightened patriot, which he who looks upon them solely with a view to their immediate uses can never perceive.

Nor is it only for their indirect effect upon the present or the future state of society, that the Arts should be cultivated and cherished.

They should be loved and fostered for themselves; because they call forth the exercise of a peculiar sort of talent, apparently native to our soil, and every day springing up fresh and vigorous before us. Our Arts have heretofore unfolded and expanded themselves, not in the genial sunshine of wealth and patronage, but in the cold, bleak shade of neglect and obscurity. The taste of our native artists, of whom so many have risen or are now rising, here and in Europe, to the highest honours of their profession, was not formed by contemplating the noble remains of classical antiquity, or the beautiful productions of modern Italy. They had not even the fainter stimulant of listening to the language of that affected and exaggerated enthusiasm, that while it is often wholly insensible to the excellence to which it does outward homage, can sometimes excite in others the warmth it but feigns itself. Nature was their only teacher, her works their great Academy.

Indeed, it is difficult to account for the remarkable fact, that so many of our countrymen should have become thus distinguished, far beyond the natural demand of the country, or even its forced patronage, without allowing the existence of some organic physical cause, or some mental peculiarity, strongly impelling talent in that direction.

In spite of the greatest disadvantages, and with little in our public or social habits, peculiarly fitted to foster the elegant arts, we have already given the most abundant and unquestionable proof of possessing the highest capabilities of success in them.

But the names and the works of men of genius, become the property of their country. They form a rich and lasting possession, which it is a legitimate object of patriotism to acquire and increase. Older nations, in summing up the long catalogue of their statesmen, poets, and scholars, are proud to add to it such names as those of Angelo, Canova, Raffaelle, Rembrandt, Poussin, Claude, Murillo, Reubens, Reynolds, Lawrence. Why should we not do the same? To be able to do it, very little is needed. The natural talent is here; and, when conscious of its heaven-given strength, but ignorant or uncertain how to apply it, it heaves and pants in the young breast, and rises in vain aspirations after it knows not what, or wastes itself in idle and blind efforts, how little is wanting to unveil to it the secret of its own powers, to give to it a steady impulse and true direction, and enable it to expand and dilate itself by its own energies, to the full stature and majestic proportions of Genius!

The young student of natural susceptibility and talent, requires but a little instruction in some of the technical and almost mechanical parts of his profession, a few models, even such as the narrow means of an establishment like ours can afford, and which may provoke the scornful smile of travelled connoisseurs—some good casts from the master-pieces of ancient statuary, the architectural publications of Stuart, Wood and Piranesi, some spirited and faithful engravings by Edelinck, Strange, Woolett, and Morghen, from the best works of the great painters; the opportunity of studying a few pictures, which, though they may not rank as the prodigies of the art, are of real excellence: add to this, something of public interest to cheer and animate his labours, something of cultivated taste to judge and reward his works;

and it is enough. You have given him all that is absolutely needful; the way is now open to him, and he treads in the path of fame, with a firm and rapid step. You have done well and wisely, and you have already your reward. You have given a great man to your country. His name, his fame, his genius, the imaginative or true, the gay or grand productions of his pencil or chisel, belong to us all and to our children.

But at length, perhaps, he finds that our scattered population, the equal distribution of wealth among us, or other peculiarities of our state of society present, if not insuperable, yet certainly very serious difficulties in the way of exercising his talent on the scale, and the subjects of which he is justly conscious that it is worthy. Perhaps, too, he hopes to build up that talent to far higher excellence, by the assiduous and constant study of those great original models, which age after age has gazed upon with increasing wonder and admiration, and all have agreed in pronouncing to be the great examples of Art. He leaves his native land—it may be for ever. Does he therefore rob us of our lot and portion in him? Shall our country look upon him as an outcast and ungrateful son? Oh, no.

Go, child of Genius—go, whither West, and so many others have gone before you. Go where your high duties call you; do justice to that art which you love, and to yourself. Go, show to Europe a specimen of the mind and the virtue of the new world; bear with you the wishes, the hopes, the pride, the benedictions of your native country; for she well knows that even in the giddiest round of success and applause, you will look with an undazzled eye upon the pomps of Europe; that you will never blush for the land of your birth; that

you will sympathize with all its fortunes, ever venerate its institutions, and glory in its honours.

I have touched very briefly upon some of the more prominent points of my abundant and diversified subject; and that of necessity so rapidly and generally, that I have rather suggested to your consideration those topics that have most impressed my own mind, than given to them that developement and illustration they are capable of, and which their importance so richly deserves. There are yet many more unnoticed. I shall speak of but one.

It is that general moral tendency which must naturally result from the cultivation of the arts of taste, as it does from every thing in science or literature, which habituates man to look for enjoyment elsewhere, than in selfishness or sensuality.

I do not claim for the Arts, the holy power of reforming vice, or illuminating moral darkness. Without Religion and her most fit and natural attendants, Education and Freedom, they are weak and feeble agents indeed. It is a presumptuous and terrible delusion to look either to Letters or the Arts, as the moral guides of man, and his best teachers of truth and duty. But in their proper place and sphere, when controlled and purified, and elevated by holier principles, they can, and they do contribute most efficiently to the moral melioration of society. Placed as man is, in a world where on every side is presented to him some object to allure or exercise his appetites, passions, affections, feelings, talents, reason, he must find something to occupy the better part of his nature, or the worse will be active.

Pleasing and elevating as is the study of the elegant arts considered simply as an exercise of taste and skill,

it is besides capable of producing other and far better results. Its immediate effect is to direct the attention more closely to the truth of nature. It next leads on its real votaries from the pleasure derived from the mechanical imitation of nature's ordinary appearances to the deeper delight afforded by the selection of whatever is grand or graceful in her forms, powerful or lovely in her expression. Then it is that new susceptibilities to some of the purest and most exquisite of mental pleasures awaken gradually in the breast, and we become conscious of sentiments and powers before dormant and unknown. We no longer gaze around with that gross, material sense to which nought but material objects can be present and visible. A keener mental sight opens within. To the eye of sense, the whole earth may be cold and blank; while to the eye of cultivated imagination, every part of creation beams with rays of light, and glory, and beauty.

In such moments—for alas! they are only moments—the world loses its hold, base cares and bad passions flit away, and the mind, though not redeemed from the thraldom of vice of the burden of sorrow, is for a time calmed and purified.

Among a people situated like this, to whom comparative freedom from those more pressing cares of life, which weigh heavily and incessantly upon the most numerous class of society in many other countries, leaves much leisure, is it not wise, is it not prudent, is it not consonant to the nature of man, to provide for him some occupations and objects, far lower, we willingly admit, than the exercise of his religious and social duties and affections, but as far above the vicious gratification of grosser appetites—something, that, while it engages and employs his fa-

culties in innocence, at the same time invigorates his mind, and enlarges his conceptions?

Whatever utility in this regard may be justly claimed for elegant literature, or speculative science, may, on the same grounds, be ascribed to taste and knowledge in the fine arts. If, however, some stern and severe moralist should yet doubt whether society derives any real benefit from either source, we may at least ask him, if the time thus employed is not well redeemed from coarse sensuality, from the calumnies and slanders of malicious indolence, from ostentatious luxury, from the dull, dull round of fashionable amusement, or from the feverish strife of personal ambition?

It is true, that the Arts have been at times the inmates of corrupt and despotic courts, the flatterers of tyranny, the panders of vice. But the alliance is not necessary—it is not natural. If the fertile and spirited pencil of some of the ablest masters of the elder French school, wasted its powers in allegorical adulations of a despot and a bigot—if the higher genius of Italy could sometimes stoop to yet baser prostitution, let us remember that such is the condition of man. Every acquirement may be abused, all talent may be profaned. Poetry, Science, History, have each in their turn been bent to serve some bad use. Boileau is the most abject of flatterers, Dryden panders the profligacy of a licentious capital, La Place is the advocate of a blind and mechanical atheism, Hume lends his matchless acuteness and the never-tiring fascinations of his style, to cheerless scepticism, and to cold-blooded defamation of the champions and the cause of liberty and conscience!

What then? Is ignorance therefore necessary to virtue or to freedom? Is the cultivation of the imagination, the taste, and the reason—of all those faculties, which

distinguish man from his fellow animals, unfriendly to the improvement of the moral powers? Believe it not. Patriot, Moralist, Christian, think not so meanly of your sacred cause—wrong it not by unworthy suspicions. It imposes upon you no useless austerities; it asks no aid from ignorance; it loves the light.

Confident, then, that whatever pursuit or amusement teaches man to feel his own capacity for purer and better delights than those of sense, must in some degree or other improve and dignify his nature, may we not say with Reynolds, that "every establishment which tends to the cultivation of the pleasures of the mind, as distinct from those of sense, may be considered as an inferior school of morality, where the mind is polished and prepared for higher attainments?"

Let me conclude in the language of the same great and philosophical painter, whose imaginative and almost Platonic philosophy, whose acute perceptions of the principles of the imitative arts, and placid dignity of eloquence, have raised him to a rank of excellence in literature, even superior to that which he had worthily earned in his profession; and whose works present an admirable example of the beautiful union of just and refined taste, with moral wisdom and elevated sentiment.

"The labours of the artist," says he, "may extend themselves imperceptibly into public benefits, and be among the means of bestowing on whole nations refinement of taste; which if it does not lead directly to purity of manners, obviates at least their greatest depravation, by disentangling the mind from appetite, and conducting the thoughts through successive stages of excellence, till that contemplation of universal rectitude and harmony which began in taste, may, as it is exalted and refined, conclude in Virtue." He adds, in words of weighty

truth and solemnity, which I would impress upon the mind of every member of this institution:—

"Every artist ought well to remember, that he deserves just so much encouragement in the state, as he makes himself a member of it virtuously useful, and contributes in his sphere to the general purpose and perfection of society."

NOTES

TO THE ADDRESS ON THE FINE ARTS.

Note 1—*Page* 128.

"The glory of this work, says Tacitus, speaking of the Roman Capitol, projected under the Kings, was reserved for liberty. It was completed and dedicated under the second consulate of Horatius Puvilius, with a magnificence which the immense wealth of the Roman people in after ages adorned rather than increased."—*Tacitus, History* III.

There is a secret charm in the writings of Tacitus, arising from the constant struggles of an ardent and indignant spirit of Roman liberty, as constantly repressed by that stoical dignity and studious impartiality, which he conceived to belong to the historian. He sees, not without very deep emotion, the great friends of liberty fall a sacrifice, one after another, but his stern philosophy suppresses all expression of sympathy for them, or of indignation against their oppressors. "I shall speak of men," says he, "without affectation and without hatred." "Nec amore quisquam nec odio dicendus est." But when he relates the destruction off the capitol, by the armies of Vespasian and Vitellius, he throws off all constraint, and gives vent to Roman feelings, in language such as Livy, or Lucan might have used.

Note 2—*Page* 129.

These lines are, I believe, by Campbell, but I have never seen them in his works, and know them only through quotations and the newspapers.

Note 3—*Page* 140.

This is the language of our distinguished countryman, Washington Allston, a poet and a painter, to whom I have often applied the eulogy, which some modern Latinist has given of a great artist of his own times.—"Arte clarus, literis ornatus, moribus pulchrior."

Note 4—*Page* 141.

The series of historical portraits of the Governors of the state of New-York, and of a number of the naval and military officers, who distinguished themselves in the late war, together with many of our most eminent magistrates, by Trumbull, Sully, Jarvis, and Waldo, which are now in the City-Hall of New-York, would form an excellent foundation for a national portrait gallery. By adding to it, at the expense of a few hundred dollars every year, the portraits of our Presidents, Chief Justices, Chancellors, and distinguished Judges of the Federal and State Courts, and of any great public benefactors in science or art, we should have, in the course of twenty years, an inestimable collection, to which every succeeding year would add fresh interest and value. This would afford scope, too, for the exercise of the talents of many excellent artists, who are now necessarily obliged to restrict themselves to mere face-painting. The historical portrait is a medium between portrait and history; and where naturally, and without affectation, it can be combined with action, (as has been happily done by Jarvis, in his picture of Commodore Perry, in the boat leaving his shattered ship, to hoist his flag on board another, in the memorable fight on Lake Erie,) it gives room for the higher powers of the art.

The library of the College of this city, contains a number of good portraits of the most eminent presidents and professors of that respectable institution since its foundation, in 1753, and this little collection is always seen with much interest. But a college which can number among its sons such men as Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Robert R. Livingston, Gouverneur Morris, and many younger men, who are now among the foremost of our citizens in politics, at the bar, or in the pulpit, would add to its own dignity and reputation, by extending this gallery so as gradually to comprehend all those of her sons of whom she has most reason to be proud.

Harvard University, founded in 1639, and Yale College, founded in 1701, two most respectable and useful, and for our country, venerable establishments, have already the groundwork of galleries of the same kind, and if these were to be extended on this plan, they would soon contain the portraits of very many of the greatest men of our nation. This would not be mere ostentation. It is a wise thing as well as a proud thing, for a seminary of learning to show itself to the ingenuous youth under its charge, as

> —— centum complexa nepotes
> Omnes Cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.

Note 5—*Page* 141.

Almost all the statues and busts of our great men which we have in this country, are by foreign artists, some of them of the highest reputation. The statue of Washington for the state of North Carolina, is, as is well known, by Canova, and Chantrey has executed another for Boston. We have in this and other cities very fine busts of him by Cerrachi, Thorwaldson and Trentanove; these are all historical likenesses. The best portrait bust is probably that of Houdon. The common-casts of Hamilton, and George Clinton, are from Cerachi. Franklin employed the skill of all the eminent French sculptors of his day.

Since the first publication of this address eight years ago, we can congratulate ourselves upon the sudden developement of the talent of several native sculptors. Greenhough, of Massachusetts, who has enjoyed and improved all the advantages of study and residence in Italy, is now employed by order of Congress, upon a colossal statue of Washington for the capitol. Frazee, of New-York, a self-taught and untravelled artist, has discovered powers of the highest order which require only fit subjects and occasion for their exercise, to do lasting honour to his country.

NOTE 9—*Page* 148.

West, Copely, Trumbull, G. Stuart, Malbone, W. Allston, Leslie, Steuart Newton, Vanderlyn, Harding, Fairman, Danforth, Cole, and Greenhough, are among the American artists, in different walks, who have not only studied, but successfully pursued their profession in Europe.

All of these, I believe, without exception, whilst (in the words of Bryant) their hearts

> ——— have borne to Europe's strand,
> A living image of their native land.

Among all the different scenes of their after life in Europe,

> Still kept that earlier, wilder image bright.

There are obvious reasons which impede the American artist, who aspires to display his talent in the mere poetry of his profession, and in very large compositions. We may look forward to a steady and growing demand for cabinet pictures, and such works as may be fitted for the scale of our houses and our limited fortunes. But our public and national establishments can seldom, with any propriety, or, indeed, in any keeping with their general character, borrow other decorations from the Painter and Sculptor, than such as are purely historical; including in that term not only portraits and statues of great men, but also those strictly historical works, the

subjects of which are drawn from our own annals. These, though unquestionably affording scope for great excellence, both in conception and in skill, still allow little room for the bolder flights of the imagination, and the more exquisite refinements of taste. The sagacity of Mr. West, many years ago, pointed out to his American friends, the practice of exhibition as a mode of patronage peculiarly fitted for this country, and it is a subject of felicitation to the friends of the arts, that it is daily becoming more common to the United States.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

[The following Tribute to the memory of a very useful and good man, was prepared in compliance with a vote of the Trustees of the Institution of which he was Principal, and was delivered at the Annual Meeting of the High School Society, November, 1829, the members of the Lyceum of Natural History also attending, as a society, with many other citizens. The Annual Report of the state of the Schools under the charge of the Trustees, having first been made by the President of the Board, he proceeded as follows:]

TRIBUTE

TO THE

MEMORY OF DANIEL H. BARNES.

Having thus briefly discharged the ordinary official duty of the Board of Trustees, another and more melancholy office remains to be performed.

It is to express in the name of all connected with the government of this Institution, or who take an interest in its welfare, our individual feelings of deep regret for the death of the late Associate Principal, and to endeavour to pay to his memory something of that honour which his talents and virtues merit, and his zealous and faithful services peculiarly claim at our hands.

In speaking of Daniel H. Barnes, I shall not use either the language of ostentatious grief or of studied panegyric. Cut off, as he was, suddenly, in the midst of health, and activity, and usefulness, his death is one of those mysterious and dark dispensations of that Providence "whose ways are not as man's ways," which, bringing home to the most careless, the sense of the frail tenure of life, awes the mind into stillness and solemnity. But severely as the blow must be felt by the dearer friends of his own family, the sorrow of others for the death of a virtuous and pious man, whose stainless life had been ardently devoted to the service of his Maker, the duties of his station, and the best interests of society, has in it little of bitterness. It is sad, and solemn, and calm, and durable.

Nor less unsuited to the occasion would be the language of rhetorical eulogy. The memory of a man who had diligently devoted his whole life and talents to the acquisition of useful knowledge and the application of that knowledge to the most beneficial purposes, will be best honoured by a simple statement of his life, his studies, and his character.

Daniel H. Barnes was born in the county of Columbia, in the State of New-York, in the year 1785, and was educated at Union College in Schenectady. He early devoted himself to the instruction of youth, and soon after he had completed his collegiate course, was appointed Master of the Grammar School attached to Union College. Here he gained not only ex perience but reputation, and some years after, was chosen Principal of the respectable Academy at Poughkeepsie, one of the incorporated seminaries of education under the patronage and visitation of the Regents of the University of this State. That institution flourished under his charge for several years, and in it many individuals, now filling honourable stations in various walks of life, received the most valuable part of their classical and scientific education. He was, however, tempted to leave this station by an invitation to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was placed at the head of an incorporated academic or collegiate establishment for the higher branches of education. At Cincinnati his situation was honourable, and his services, as usual, were laborious and successful. The enterprise, the activity, the rapid growth and improvement so conspicuous in that country, unparalleled in its progress in population, cultivation, and refinement were congenial to the unwearied activity and benevolent ardour of his own mind. The yet unexplored natural riches of that region of the west, added besides fresh excitements to his liberal and indefatigable curiosity.

But he found the climate of Ohio unfriendly to his constitution, and was reluctantly obliged some years ago to resign his duties there, and return to his native air on the Atlantic coast. He then established a private classical school in this city, where he soon acquired the same reputation which he had enjoyed at other places of his residence. In this city, his mind was enlarged and excited by new objects of curiosity and instruction, and the society of men eminent in various ways for talent or acquirement. His studies took a wider range. He became an ardent and successful student of Natural History. From the languages and literature of antiquity he advanced on to the higher branches of Philology and the Philosophy of language. He improved his knowledge of chemical and physical science, and became conversant with their application to the useful arts.

During this period, too, his early and deep-seated religious convictions and feelings, which had long ruled his life, led him to the more regular and systematic study of theology, and he became an ordained minister of the Baptist church.

Sensible, doubtless, that the instruction of youth was the peculiar talent which had been intrusted to him, and believing that he could thus, "according to his ability," best serve his Master, he never became the regular pastor of any church or congregation. His appearance in the pulpit was, therefore, rare and occasional; but I am told that his discourses and public prayers were distinguished for the soundness of their reasoning and the earnest fervour of their eloquence. His theological opinions were those of the Calvinistic Baptists. That he believed the doctrines he professed firmly and conscientiously, his life is a proof. That sincerity in his own belief was united

in him with charity for those who differed from it, is attested by his friendly connexion in this institution with an Associate Principal of the Society of Friends, and a Board of Trustees of various other denominations; and still more by the earnestness and fidelity with which, on proper occasions, he here enforced the great principles of faith and morals, upon a large body of pupils educated in all the different modes of worship known amongst us, without ever irritating the feelings or exciting the prejudices of any parent or pupil.

The respect and confidence with which he was regarded by that numerous and respectable body of Christians with whom he was immediately connected were shown, first, by his appointment to a professorship of Hebrew and Greek in a Theological institution, founded some years ago, for the instruction of candidates for the ministry in the Baptist church, and more recently, by his unanimous election to the office of President of the Columbian College in the District of Columbia, a seminary of general learning under the peculiar, though not exclusive patronage and government of the same communion. This last appointment, after some suspense, he relinquished in favour of this institution, to which he had been devoted from its foundation.

Our deceased friend's natural ardour of mind, directed as it always was by the sense of duty and the sentiments of philanthropy, made him one of those who can never become the slaves of routine and custom, and who cannot be content with what is merely well, as long as it seems practicable to make it better. Alike in the government of his own heart and conscience, in the pursuits of science, and in the business of education, his constant aspiration was to improvement.

It was, therefore, that his attention was early directed to the monitorial system of Bell and Lancaster, and its extension from simple elementary instruction to the mathematics, ancient and modern languages, and such branches of science as do not require the aid of lectures or experiment. He had satisfied himself of the value of this system by trial on a small scale in his own private classes, when his confidence in its efficacy was increased by its successful application in the High School of Edinburgh by Prof. Pillans, as well as by the attestations of Drs. Mant and D'Oyley to its use in the Charter-House School of London.

He, therefore, eagerly co-operated in the foundation of the High school for Boys, in 1824, became one of the two Associate Principals, and was, until his death, the faithful and efficient head of the classical department.

The several preceding annual Reports of the School committees, drawn up by some of our most distinguished citizens, show the high sense of the value of his services entertained by the successive Boards of Trustees; while the great number of pupils (always averaging from 500 to 700) gave still stronger evidence of his reputation with the public.

His School was often thronged with visitors and teachers from abroad, anxious to learn and diffuse its methods of instruction, and one of the best proofs of its merit, is the fact, that it was the model of numerous and most valuable similar establishments in various parts of the Union.

It was in the midst of this career of useful and honourable service that he was snatched from us.

He had been invited last month by the Trustees and Officers of the "Rensselaer School," recently founded near Troy by the well-judged munificence of one of our most

honoured, and patriotic citizens, to attend their annual examination. He had taken great interest in this school from its foundation, as it had been in part modelled on the plan of his own system of instruction, and because it combines with the usual elementary course, the rudiments of natural and physical science, and the practice of agriculture.

"I must go," said he, in words of fatal import. On his way thither, he was thrown from a stage-coach, and expired a few hours afterwards.

He died regretted and honoured by all who knew his public services, and deeply mourned by those friends who more intimately knew and loved his private virtues.

In this simple narrative of Mr. Barnes' life, much of his character has been anticipated. It is due, however, to his memory to say something more of his character as a scholar and a man of science, and his merit as an instructor.

He was an excellent classical scholar, accurately skilled in the Latin and Greek languages, to which he added considerable acquirements in the Hebrew, and a familiar acquaintance with modern languages and literature. As a philologist, like other zealous cultivators of that branch of study, he was perhaps disposed to push to an extreme his favourite theories of derivation and the connexion of languages; but he was learned and acute. His acquirements in mathematics were highly respectable, though I think that he never devoted himself to this science with the same zeal as to other collateral studies.

It is probably as a Naturalist, that his name will be best known to posterity, as it already is in Europe. He was a most industrious member of the Lyceum of Natural History in this city, a society which without parade or

public patronage, displaying in a rare degree the love of learning the without parade of it, has for many years cultivated the Natural sciences with admirable zeal, industry, and success. They have joined us in paying the last honours to the memory of our deceased associate and it is to one of their members,* himself a Naturalist of well-earned reputation, that I am indebted for the following brief, but judicious and honourable statement of Mr. Barnes' labours and attainments as a Naturalist.

"About the year 1819, he turned his attention to the Natural Sciences, and his connexion with the Lyceum of this city nearly at the same time, gave additional impulse to the characteristic zeal with which he prosecuted his new studies. The department of Mineralogy and Geology occupied his attention, and the first fruits of his inquiries are to be found in a paper read before the Lyceum, entitled a "Geological survey of the Canaan mountains, with observations on the soil and productions of the neighbouring regions."† In this paper he shewed himself well conversant with Botany and Zoology. To this latter branch of Natural History he subsequently devoted his leisure hours with greater avidity; and communicated to the Lyceum a curious and original paper, "On the Genera Unio et Alasmodonta,"‡ a family of fresh water shells distinguished for their beauty, and their almost infinite variety of form. Shortly after appeared in the annals of the Lyceum several other papers from Mr. Barnes on similar subjects. Two of these may be particularly noted, one on "the Genus Cluton," and the other on "the doubtful reptiles."

* Dr. Dekay.
† Subsequently published in the 5th vol. of Silliman's Journal.
‡ See Silliman's Journal for 1823.

The reputation of Mr. Barnes as a Naturalist will be immoveably established upon his memoir on the shells of his country. The introductory observations applicable to the whole study of Conchology are marked by that precision, clearness, and lucid order for which he was remarkable. He described above twenty new species, and a short time before his death he received a flattering proof of the estimation in which his labours were held by the learned of Europe.

The great and splendid work of Humboldt on Mexico, of which the Zoological part is now in the course of publication, contains beautiful plates and descriptions of the genera just referred to. The first Zoological critic of Europe (the Baron de Ferussac) in commenting upon this work, points out many errors into which the author has fallen; "errors," he observes, "which had arisen from his not having consulted the works of American naturalists, and especially the labours of Mr. Barnes."

As a naturalist, Mr. Barnes had very peculiar qualifications. Familiar with the learned and several modern languages, he was enabled to pursue his investigations beyond the narrow limits of his own. His inquiries were conducted with a caution, a patience, and a modest diffidence, which cannot be too much imitated. He was scrupulously exact in his descriptions, and exhibited a laudable hesitation at generalizing from obscure or doubtful premises. Engaged in laborious avocations, occupying the greatest part of his time, it was only in hastily snatched intervals of leisure, that he could devote himself to those pursuits which form the serious business of life with those who have gained distinction in them. The reputation, however, of a scientific man does not depend upon the quantity of his writings, and if it should

be said that Barnes has written little when compared with the labours of the professed naturalist, let it be remembered that that little has been done singularly well.*

In addition to this just and discriminating praise, I have only to add that he never regarded these acquisitions, or indeed any others not immediately entering into the uses of life, as of ultimate value in themselves. He cherished and cultivated the study of Nature as furnishing truer conceptions of the Creator's wisdom, as giving employment to the understanding and habits of accurate and attentive observation, and as frequently and often unexpectedly leading to results increasing the power or the happiness of man.

With these views of the objects of the science, whilst in his more elaborate printed essays he addressed the scientific naturalist, he was wont, in occasional popular lectures to his pupils, to unfold to them the infinite beauty, the diversified simplicity of the order of nature. To borrow the eloquent language of an accomplished scholar† of our own country, who amidst the laborious occupations of a busy life, found leisure to become one of the first naturalists of the age; he taught them how, by the light of science, "the very earth on which we tread becomes animate—every rock, every plant, every insect presents to our view an organization so wonderful, so

* The opinion of Mr. Barnes's merit as a naturalist expressed as above shortly after his death by friends and countrymen, has since that time been confirmed by the general suffrage of the naturalists of Europe. Within the last four or five years his memoirs have been repeatedly cited by some of the first zoologists and geologists of the age, as of the highest authority on the subjects upon which they treat.

† The late Stephen Elliot, Address to the Lit. and Phil. Soc. of S. C.

varied, so complex; an adaption of means to ends so simple, so diversified, so extensive, so perfect, that the wisdom of man shrinks abashed at the comparison. Nor is it to present existence that our observations are confined. The mind may thus be enabled to retrace the march of ages; to examine of the earth the revolutions that have formed and deranged its structure—of its inhabitants, the creation, the dissolution—the continual reproduction—to admire that harmony which, while it has taught each being instinctively to pursue the primary object of its creation, has rendered them all subservient to secondary purposes." With the same eloquent naturalist he could truly add, "The study of Natural History has been for many years the occupation of my leisure moments: it has lightened for me many a heavy, and smoothed many a rugged hour: beguiled by its charms, I have found no road rough or difficult, no journey tedious, no country desolate or barren. In solitude never solitary, in a desert never without employment, I have found it a relief from the languor of idleness, the pressure of business, and the unavoidable calamities of life."

In his own profession, as a teacher of youth, Mr. Barnes had long enjoyed a merited reputation. Able and willing to teach, and to teach well all those branches of knowledge which the wants or opinions of society require, as essential for pursuits of active life, he did not consider the mere drilling of his pupils in those studies as a sufficient discharge of his duty. He felt a warm and parental interest in them, and delighted to throw before them such collateral information as might stimulate their curiosity, or, without the labour of formal study, enrich their minds with such hints and outlines of science as might in after life be filled up and completed.

Nor were the peculiar obligations of the minister of a holy religion, forgotten by him in those of the teacher of human learning. He omitted none of those opportunities which the course of discipline and instruction constantly presented, to impress on those under his care notions of sound morals, to correct those of false honour and pride, to awaken rational piety, or to quicken those moral sensibilities, which, though they may be dormant in youth, are rarely dead.

It has been to me a source of pleasure, though a melancholy one, that in rendering this public tribute to the worth of our departed friend, the respectable members of two bodies, one of them the most devoted and efficient in its scientific inquiries, the other comprising so many names eminent for philanthropy and learning, have met to do honour to the memory of a SCHOOLMASTER.

There are prouder themes for the eulogist than this. The praise of the statesman, the warrior, or the orator, furnish more splendid topics for ambitious eloquence; but no theme can be more rich in dessert, or more fruitful in public advantage.

The enlightened liberality of many of our state governments (amongst which we may claim a proud distinction for our own) by extending the common-school system over their whole population, has brought elementary education to the door of every family. In this State, it appears from the Annual Reports of the Secretary of the State, there are besides the fifty incorporated academies and numerous private schools, about nine thousand school districts, in each of which instruction is regularly given. These contain at present half a million of children taught in the single State of New-York. To these may

be added nine or ten thousand more youth in the higher seminaries of learning, exclusive of the colleges.

Of what incalculable influence, then, for good or for evil, upon the dearest interests of society, must be the estimate entertained for the character of this great body of teachers, and the consequent respectability of the individuals who compose it!

At the recent general election in this State, the votes of above three hundred thousand persons were taken. In thirty years the great majority of these will have passed away; their rights will be exercised, and their duties assumed by those very children, whose minds are now open to receive their earliest and most durable impressions from the ten thousand schoolmasters of this State.

What else is there in the whole of our social system of such extensive and powerful operation on the national character? There is one other influence more powerful, and but one. It is that of the MOTHER. The forms of a free government, the provisions of wise legislation, the schemes of the statesman, the sacrifices of the patriot, are as nothing compared with these. If the future citizens of our republic are to be worthy of their rich inheritance, they must be made so principally through the virtue and intelligence of their Mothers. It is in the school of maternal tenderness that the kind affections must be first roused and made habitual—the early sentiment of piety awakened and rightly directed—the sense of duty and moral responsibility unfolded and enlightened. But next in rank and in efficacy to that pure and holy source of moral influence is that of the Schoolmaster. It is powerful already. What would it be if in every one of those school districts which we now count by annually increasing thousands, there were to be found one teacher well-

informed without pedantry, religious without bigotry or fanaticism, proud and fond of his profession, and honoured in the discharge of its duties? How wide would be the intellectual, the moral influence of such a body of men? Many such we have already amongst us—men humbly wise and obscurely useful, whom poverty cannot depress, nor neglect degrade. But to raise up a body of such men, as numerous as the wants and the dignity of the country demand, their labours must be fitly remunerated and themselves and their calling cherished and honoured.

The schoolmaster's occupation is laborious and ungrateful; its rewards are scanty and precarious. He may indeed be, and he ought to be, animated by the consciousness of doing good, that best of all consolations, that noblest of all motives. But that too must be often clouded by doubt and uncertainty. Obscure and inglorious as his daily occupation may appear to learned pride or worldly ambition, yet to be truly successful and happy, he must be animated by the spirit of the same great principles which inspired the most illustrious benefactors of mankind. If he bring to his task high talent and rich acquirement, he must be content to look into distant years for the proof that his labours have not been wasted—that the good seed which he daily scatters abroad does not fall on stony ground and wither away, or among thorns, to be choked by the cares, the delusions or the vices of the world. He must solace his toils with the same prophetic faith that enabled the greatest of modern philosophers,* amidst the neglect or contempt of his own times to regard himself as sowing the seeds of truth for posterity and the care of Heaven. He must arm himself

* Bacon, "*Serere posteris ac Deo immortali.*"

against disappointment and mortification, with a portion of that same noble confidence which soothed the greatest of modern poets when weighed down by care and danger, by poverty, old age, and blindness, still

> ——In prophetic dream he saw
> The youth unborn, with pious awe,
> Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page.

He must know and he must love to teach his pupils, not the meagre elements of knowledge, but the secret and the use of their own intellectual strength, exciting and enabling them hereafter to raise for themselves the veil which covers the majestic form of Truth. He must feel deeply the reverence due to the youthful mind fraught with mighty though undeveloped energies and affections and mysterious and eternal destinies. Thence he must have learnt to reverence himself and his profession, and to look upon its otherwise ill-requited toils as their own exceeding great reward.

If such are the difficulties, and the discouragements—such, the duties, the motives, and the consolations of teachers who are worthy of that name and trust, how imperious then the obligation upon every every enlightened citizen who knows and feels the value of such men to aid them, to cheer them, and to honour them!

But let us not be content with barren honour to buried merit. Let us prove our gratitude to the dead by faithfully endeavouring to elevate the station, to enlarge the usefulness, and to raise the character of the Schoolmaster amongst us. Thus shall we best testify our gratitude to the teachers and guides of our own youth, thus best serve our country, and thus most effectually diffuse over our land light, and truth, and virtue.

AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

PHILOLEXIAN AND PEITHOLOGIAN SOCIETIES,

OF

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Quid ni ego magnorum virorum et imagines habeam incitamenta virtutis et natales celebrem? Quid ni illos honoris causa appellem? SENECA EPIST.

Peace to the just man's memory,—let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the night
Of ages; let the mimic canvass show
His calm benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but Heaven, and in the book of Fame
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim,
A palm like his and catch from him the hallowed flame. BRYANT.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE ADDRESS.

The historian Polybius had examined the institutions of the Roman republic, her laws, her customs, her military discipline, and her public policy, with the jealous curiosity of a conquered Greek, and the enlightened sagacity of a statesman and a philosopher. Himself a distinguished actor in most of the important transactions of Rome's history during his eventful times—in turns the opponent in arms or in negociation, and the chosen friend of her greatest men, he had familiarly studied the very elements of Roman character, and was enabled to trace in it the springs and causes of the nation's greatness.

In a remarkable passage of his history he has pointed out one ancient usage of the commonwealth as, in his opinion, eminently efficacious in forming the character of her youth, inflaming them with magnanimous desires and generous sentiments, and fitting them for the toils, the duties, and the glories of freemen. This powerful agent he found in the public honours reverently and constantly paid to their illustrious dead.

It was not merely that the funeral rites of every citizen who had deserved well of his country were solemnly attended by the whole body of the people, who, with intense and respectful interest, listened in silence to the

praises of his virtues and public services, pronounced in the Forum by the most eloquent of his kinsmen or friends; but it was moreover that on such, as well as on other fitting occasions, the venerable images of a long line of yet older patriots and heroes, who in former years had illustrated the family of the deceased, were again brought before the public view, decorated with the robes and surrounded with the trophies of their well-won honours, while their great deeds were recited and their virtues extolled, and thus their memory kept fresh and living from generation to generation.

"By these means," says the historian, "the praise and the fame of excellent men and their deeds are continually renewed; the names and the exploits of those who have deserved well of their country are made familiar to the people, and handed down to posterity; and what is by far the chief of all, the young are perpetually excited to the hope of imitating these illustrious fathers of the state, and of earning that honourable name and grateful remembrance which the good alone can obtain."

The effect of such a usage could not be otherwise; for it was founded in the deepest knowledge of human nature.

The rules of prudence, the obligations of moral duty, the lessons of high philosophy, the exhortations of ardent patriotism, are all, in themselves, but cold generalizations, which may command the assent of the reason and be treasured away in the memory, without warming the heart or giving any direction to the conduct. Embody these in example, enable the imagination to give to them voice and form, and they at once become living and impressive teachers of the noblest truth. Combine with this strong influence that of another great law of human

nature, the principle of association; let these examples be drawn from the lives of those who have laboured or suffered for our own good, whose mother-tongue was our own, who once breathed the air and trod the soil of our own dear native land, the fruit of whose labours we are now enjoying, the scenes of whose exertions are still before our eyes,—how eloquent then do such examples become! When they have been made familiar to the mind, when they are combined with our earliest recollections, how little can be added to their force by fancy or rhetoric! A simply stated fact, a date, a mere name, is then sufficient to excite the flush of patriotic sympathy, or the thrill of generous enthusiasm.

For these, the most exalted uses of History and Biography, of literature and eloquence, America has already rich and abundant materials. Here the ordinary history of centuries has been crowded into the space of a single life. Here the humble colony of one generation has, in another, risen into a powerful state, and expands to a great empire in a third. This rapid course of events could not pass along without developing the energies of minds worthy of the times, and equal to their greatest occasions. Their scene of action was vast and magnificent; they were animated and sustained by stronger as well as purer motives than heathen philosophy ever knew; whilst science had armed their minds with powers, to which the knowledge of the chiefs and rulers of past ages was as that of children. It is one of the best and most exalted duties of the men of the present day, to make the characters and lives of these fathers of our country known and familiar to the youth of our land, and to accustom them to draw the lessons of wisdom, and the examples of virtue, from our own annals: "*Heroum laudes et facta paren-*

p"

tum, legere," and from them to learn "*quæ sit cognoscere virtus.*"

It is from these considerations, and with the hope of discharging some part of this duty, that I have been induced to select the subject of the present discourse. It seemed to me, that in addressing the literary societies formed under the protection of our ancient college amongst her students and graduates, for their mutual improvement in the best uses of good learning,—meeting them, too, upon the eve of that literary anniversary when our Alma Mater is again to send forth a fresh body of her sons, from the discipline of education, to the cares and struggles of active life,—no theme could be more appropriate than the praise of some of those illustrious dead, whose memory our country cherishes with grateful affection, and whom our college proudly numbers among her elder and favourite sons.

It has been the merit or the happy fortune of this institution, to have educated no inconsiderable number of America's greatest men. Here many of the most vigorous and original minds of the nation have received their first intellectual discipline and impulse. This is no idle boast, no fond exaggeration. From her origin, eminent for sound and accurate instruction in classical learning and mathematical science; placed in the midst of a city, where the restless and unceasing activity of enterprize and industry keeps the mind always awake, and presents to the most careless looker-on every aspect of human character and variety of human pursuit, this college has long given her pupils most of the advantages that can stimulate application or awaken genius; and the fame of many of her sons has amply repaid the cares of their Alma Mater. Amongst these she can claim some of the

fathers of our civil liberties, the founders of our national institutions, the teachers of our civil wisdom. On the same roll are inscribed the names of public benefactors, who by the improvement or wider application of science, have enlarged the power and augmented the happiness of man, and scattered plenty over the land. There, too, are the names of those who "have turned many unto righteousness," by devoting the best gifts of learning, taste, genius, and eloquence, to the study and inculcation of gospel truth and moral law.

It is not my intention to attempt giving a minute account of the lives or virtues of any of them. That is the proper business of the historian and the biographer. My chosen task is a briefer one, but it is not less pleasing or honourable. It is, to present in rapid review before you the names and characters of some few of the most distinguished of those who have thus illustrated our academic family, and, from this literary rostrum, amidst the scenes of their youthful studies and earliest distinctions, surrounded in imagination by their venerable forms and the trophied honours of their maturer lives, to speak to you briefly of their virtues and talents. I cannot indeed speak of them with the eloquence of antiquity, but I trust to do it in its true spirit; turning aside from the recollection of the errors or frailty which haply may have sometimes alloyed their excellence, expelling from my own breast every narrow or bitter feeling excited by difference of opinion, which might tempt me to wrong the fame of any one of them, and striving to raise myself and my hearers to a congenial admiration of moral and intellectual worth and high deserts.

At the commencement of our revolution, this college had been in successful progress for about twenty years,

under learned and able instructors, with all the collateral aids of science which the times afforded. The weight of station, authority, and perhaps of talent, in this city, was with the mother country. Dr. Cooper, the President of this college, was a wit and a scholar, whose learning and accomplishments gave him personal popularity and respect with his pupils, and of course added authority to his opinions—and those were the opinions and prejudices of the high-toned English University tory of the last century. To these halls then we should scarcely have looked for any of the earliest champions of American rights. Yet why not? In them classic lore had unfolded to the student the grand and exciting sentiments of ancient liberty; here the discipline of mathematical reasoning—a discipline, if possible, still more valuable than the conclusions which that reasoning establishes—had trained him to think and to judge for himself: and here he had been directed by the great masters of English philosophy, by Bacon and Locke, to venerate, to feel, and to assert the rights of private judgment and conscience. Yes—learning may be, and too often has been, the slavish handmaid of power, hoodwinked by early prejudice, lured by interest, or dazzled by ambition. But these are not the true and natural results,—they never can be,—of any study which otherwise enlarges the understanding and elevates the soul. Those who so believe, do but vilify Heaven's best gifts to the human race. Well hath it been said of such reasoners, by a philosophical and republican poet—

> "Oh, fool! to think the man whose simple mind
> Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
> Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
> The world's most perfect image to display,

Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmoved or cold!
Oh, fool! to deem
That he whose thought must visit every theme
* * * * * * *
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false, igoolde science fraught,
Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will shun,
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand."

AKENSIDE.

The annals of our college bear testimony to the same elevating truth. Her Alumni were among the foremost champions of American Liberty in the cabinet and the field. There were early found Jay, and Livingston, and Morris, and Benson; Van Cortlandt, and Rutgers, and Troup, and Hamilton.

At the beginning of that glorious struggle, Alexander Hamilton was still a youth, engaged in pursuing his college studies with that ardour and application which characterized all his mental efforts throughout life. The momentous questions of the rights of the colonies, and the powers of the parent state, had been discussed in New-York with no ordinary talent on both sides. The mind of the future statesman was roused by the subject. Like the Swedish warrior, who, when he heard for the first time the whistling of bullets about him, exclaimed, "*This* henceforth shall be my music," young Hamilton, with a nobler instinct, when he then first turned his mind to the investigation of great principles, the duties of subjects, their rights, and those of their rulers and of the state, felt the true vocation of his genius, and rushed impatiently forward to enter upon his destined career of a patriot statesman. Then it was that his talents were

first employed in the public service; and (in the words of his eloquent funeral eulogist*) "America saw with astonishment a lad of seventeen in the ranks of her advocates, at a time when her advocates were sages and patriots." A few months more found the same youth the companion in arms and the confidential friend of Washington. Who amongst us does not know the other events of his life? I can touch only upon that part of it which is identified with the history of our constitution.

It was to his foresight, his influence and eloquence, more than to any other man, perhaps more than to all others, that we owe that union of the states under the present constitution, which rescued us from weakness and anarchy, and gave us a permanent rank among the nations of the earth. It is well known that in the convention which framed it, opinions as to the character of the proposed instrument were held, so widely variant from each other, and so warmly, as to threaten the dissolution of the assembly without coming to any useful result. Hamilton's own theoretical plan of a constitution was undoubtedly not in unison with the principles and feelings of a majority of the people; for he thought that the state of society at home, and of public affairs abroad, required a frame of government as secure from the fluctuations of popular opinion as could be made consistent with its foundation in the public will. This was a theory, in my view, deduced from an imperfect estimate of the American character, and of the tendency and effect of representative institutions, which our ampler experience has, I trust, contradicted and refuted. But he hesitated not to sacrifice his pride of opinion to the practical good

* Dr. Mason.

of the country. Amidst the discordant elements of parties, and the collisions which proceeded from them, his great talents were devoted with steadfast singleness of purpose to the object of national union. To this he sacrificed every secondary consideration. He sought union in the spirit of union, and finally attained it, not by the victory of a party, but, as the convention solemnly declared, "as the result of a spirit of amity and mutual deference and concession."*

As this spirit gave birth to our federative government, so surely will it long continue to animate and sustain it. Whoever commends this spirit of mutual submission and concession merely as a salutary remedy against whatever ills may threaten our national union, in my mind, sees its operation but darkly and imperfectly. It is far more than this. It is the vital and animating soul of our form of government, throughout all its stages. It is bound up in all its provisions. It is taught in all our political institutions and usages, general, and state, and local. It is the earliest and most frequently repeated lesson of every citizen; it is inculcated upon him in every exercise of his elective rights. A wisdom higher than human foresight has thus made that which is the essential support of our civil polity, the natural result of all its operations. By this the Union was formed, and by it the Union will be preserved.

The effective defence of this constitution, its luminous exposition, and its victorious adoption after a doubtful and embittered contest, give to Hamilton other and equally enduring claims upon the gratitude of posterity. In his speeches in the convention of this state, and in the more

* Address of the Convention to the People of the U. S.

expanded vindication and exposition of the constitution contained in his numbers of the Federalist, whilst the immediate object of clearing up doubts, satisfying scruples, and refuting objections was victoriously obtained, he has left to succeeding generations a treasure of political science, that must ever be resorted to as the most authoritative and masterly exposition of our constitutional charter, and the most luminous commentary upon the nature and history of representative and federative government.

Then succeeded his short but brilliant administration of our finances, rendered memorable by that efficient organization of the public revenue and resources which replenished the bankrupt treasury, raised the prostrate national credit, and placed it on a firm and durable basis, gave immediate activity to commerce and the arts, and security to all their pursuits. It was memorable too for a series of official reports from his pen, which have proved the inexhaustible source of instruction, of argument, of authority to our statesmen, political economists, jurists, and orators, under every administration and all forms of parties. Of the doctrines sustained in these reports, many belong to the still debatable and debated questions of economical and constitutional discussion upon which great parties and great minds have heretofore divided, and still differ. How is it then, that Hamilton's writings, like his fame, have ceased to be the property of a party, and have become that of the nation?

It was not merely that he brought to the consideration of vast and complicated questions a mind original, inventive, logical; that those native powers were supported by an untiring industry and abundant knowledge, which drew elucidation and argument from every collateral source. But it was, that this vigour of mind and ampli-

tude of knowledge were but the instruments of a frank, and simple, and manly integrity of purpose, unstained by any selfish motive, always seeking for truth as its object, always looking to the public good as its ultimate end. It was this that stamped its peculiar character upon his eloquence, whether spoken or written. Filled with the strong interest of his subject, he had no thought of himself. There were no flights of ambitious rhetoric, no gaudy ornament, no digressions of useless learning or ostentatious philosophy; every thing he said had relation to his subject alone, and that was viewed in every light, tried by every test, examined, scrutinized, canvassed, discussed; no objection suppressed, no difficulty avoided; till at last, whatever might be his own conclusion, nothing was wanting to enable the hearer or reader to judge for himself. His stream of thought, as it proceeded, was swelled from a thousand fountains, yet it still flowed on in one full, clear, and mighty current.

It was this same characteristic of moral and intellectual frankness, that, during his life, made him, without office or patronage, the acknowledged head of a talented and powerful party; that, amidst that violence of contention which alienated friends and brothers, gained for the leader and champion of a minority the confidence of the whole nation in his purity and patriotic intentions. This won for Hamilton the high tribute of his illustrious rival, Thomas Jefferson, not only to his "colossal talents," but to his private virtues, and the good faith and undissembled honour of his public conduct. When he died, it was this recollection above all others that filled the land with gloom and sorrow.

Many years have passed away—I was then very young—but I still remember as if it were yesterday, the

manner in which the news of his fall flew throughout this city—the earnest inquiries which were heard—the expression of anxious and painful interest seen in every countenance. On the green before the house near this city where he lay expiring, I saw collected, in silent groups, all that society most esteemed for ability or worth. There, and every where, past differences, personal or political opposition, were sunk at once and for ever, in grief and honour for the honest statesman and the eloquent patriot.

The name of John Jay is gloriously associated with that of Alexander Hamilton, in the history of our liberties and our laws. John Jay had completed his academic education in this college, several years before the commencement of the revolution. The beginning of the contest between Great Britain and the colonies found him already established in legal reputation, and, young as he still was, singularly well fitted for his country's most arduous services, by a rare union of the dignity and gravity of mature age with youthful energy and zeal. At the age of twenty-eight, he drafted, and in effect himself formed, the first constitution of the state of New-York, under which we lived for forty-five years, which still forms the basis of our present state government, and from which other states have since borrowed many of its most remarkable and original provisions. At that age, as soon as New-York threw off her colonial character, he was appointed the first Chief Justice of the state. Then followed a long, rapid, and splendid succession of high trusts and weighty duties, the results of which are recorded in the most interesting pages of our national annals. It was the moral courage of Jay, at the head of the Supreme Court of his own state, that gave confidence and union to the people of New-York. It was from his richly stored mind that proceeded,

while representing this state in the Congress of the United States, (over whose deliberations he for a time presided) many of those celebrated state papers, whose grave eloquence commanded the admiration of Europe, and drew forth the eulogy of the masters orators and statesmen of the times—of Chatham and Burke—whilst, by the evidence which they gave to the wisdom and talent that guided the councils of America, they contributed to her reputation and ultimate triumph as much as the most signal victories of her arms. As our minister at Madrid and Paris, his sagacity penetrated, and his calm firmness defeated, the intricate wiles of the diplomatists and cabinets of Europe, until, in illustrious association with Franklin and John Adams, he settled and signed the definitive treaty of peace, recognizing and confirming our national independence. On his return home, a not less illustrious association awaited him in a not less illustrious cause—the establishment and defence of the present national constitution, with Hamilton and Madison. The last Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the old confederation, he was selected by Washington as the first Chief Justice of the United States under the new constitution.

I need not speak of the talent with which he discharged the duties of this latter station. His early education and regular industry had made him a learned technical lawyer; and after a long suspension of these studies, he returned to the law with a mind invigorated by constant and laborious employment, enlarged by a variety of knowledge and observation, and habituated to the investigation and exposition of the first principles of right, of liberty, and of government.

His able negociation and commercial treaty with Great Britain, and his six years' administration as Governor of this state completed his public life.

As the character of Hamilton presents, in its soldier-like frankness and daring, a beautiful example of the spirit of chivalry applied to the pursuits of the statesman, so in that of Jay, pure and holy justice seemed to be embodied. He lived as one—

> Sent forth of the Omnipotent, to run
> The great career of justice.

He was endowed above most men with steadiness of purpose and self-command. He had early sought out for himself, and firmly established in his mind, the grand truths, religious, moral, or political, which were to regulate his conduct; and they were all embodied in his daily life. Hence the admirable consistency of his character, which was the more striking as it seemed to reconcile and unite apparently opposite qualities. That grave prudence, which, in common men, would have swayed every action to the side of timid caution, was in him combined with invincible energy. So too in his opinions. No man was more deeply penetrated with the doctrines or the sentiment of religion; no man more conscientiously exact in its observances; whilst no man could look with more jealousy on any intermixture of the religious with the temporal authority; no man more dreaded, or watched with more vigilant caution, every invasion, however slight, upon the rights of private conscience.

After a long and uninterrupted series of the highest civil employments, in the most difficult times, he suddenly retired from their toils and dignities, in the full vigour of mind and body, at a time when the highest honours of the nation still courted his acceptance, and at an age when, in most statesmen, the objects of ambition show

as gorgeously, and its aspirations are as stirring as ever. He looked upon himself as having fully discharged his debt of service to his country; and satisfied with the ample share of public honour which he had received, he retired with cheerful content, without ever once casting a reluctant eye towards the power or dignities he had left. For the last thirty years of his remaining life, he was known to us only by the occasional appearance of his name, or the employment of his pen, in the service of piety or philanthropy. A halo of veneration seemed to encircle him, as one belonging to another world, though yet lingering amongst us. When, during the last year, the tidings of his death came to us, they were received through the nation, not with sorrow or mourning, but with solemn awe; like that with which we read the mysterious passage of ancient scripture—"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him."

Among the immortal names of our revolution and earlier political history, our college may claim yet a third son, worthy to be ranked with those of whom I have spoken.

Eloquent and learned, graced with taste and fancy, the accomplishments of elegant letters and arts, and the acquisitions of solid science, Robert R. Livingston was the fellow-labourer of Jay and Hamilton in achieving the liberties of the United States, and in rearing the fabric of our civil institutions, as well as their ablest rival and opponent in the subsequent division of parties. He filled for twenty-five years the first law office of this state; and during that period of the revolution when the best talent of the nation was employed in its diplomatic service, acted as Secretary of Foreign Affairs to

Congress, with an ability and talent at that time duly estimated, but which had fallen into oblivion, and become unknown to most of the present generation, until their effects were again conspicuously brought to light by the very recently published Diplomatic Correspondence of the American revolution. These alone are signal claims to distinction; but in him they are lost in the blaze of far brighter and more lasting honours. His first act as an American statesman, was as one of the committee of five, (Jefferson, Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston,) who, in the Congress of 1776, prepared and presented the Declaration of Independence. His last political transaction was the negotiating and concluding that treaty which added to our empire, Louisiana, with the command of the Mississippi and that vast territory whence one mighty state after another is now successively bursting into life. Thus the name of Livingston is deeply inscribed upon the very corner-stone of our national liberties, and on the broadest arch of our national power.

But the most important part of a country's history is not always that which is written in its political annals. The advance of knowledge, commerce, agriculture, arts, whilst they seem but to follow in the train of good government, often operate in silence changes as gigantic in their influence on human happiness, as those revolutions that shake the world and give birth to nations. Such changes have we witnessed within our own lives, and in our own country.

Splendid as were the incidents of Chancellor Livingston's official and political career, he himself wisely looked with more satisfaction, and his best fame may hereafter rest, upon his efficient agency as an enlightened private

citizen in hastening forward the march of improvement over our land. He was among the first in this state who applied to agriculture the science and the interest of a liberal study, braving the laugh of the ignorant, and the sneers of the prejudiced, at the failure of his experiments, and richly rewarded in their success by the general good he had earned. The arts of taste and design found in him one of their earliest and most judicious patrons. Under his auspices the first academy in this country for their cultivation was formed, and under his immediate direction it was provided with the best means of improvement for the artist, and of instruction and refinement to the general taste. Above all, his agency in the invention of steam-navigation, his enlightened science in early perceiving its practicability and admirable use, his prophetic confidence in ultimate success amidst repeated disappointments, losses, and ridicule, and finally his sagacity in seizing upon and associating with himself the practical genius of Fulton, whose plans had been rejected with scorn by the rulers, the *savans*, and the capitalists of the old world, combine to place him in the highest ranks of the lasting benefactors of the human race. It is a beautiful thought of Lord Bacon's, that, antiquity, whilst it honoured the law-givers, the founders or deliverers of states, but with the title of worthies or demigods, rightly bestowed upon those who had invented or improved the arts and commodities of human life, "honours (as he terms them) heroical and divine;" because the merit of the former is confined within the circle of one age or nation, but that of the others is indeed like the benefits of heaven, being permanent and universal. "The former," says he, "is mixed with strife and perturbation; but the latter, like the true presence of Deity, comes without noise or agitation."

It was therefore a proud eulogy, as well as a true one, which a distinguished professor (whose own name adds scientific lustre to the catalogue of her sons) lately pronounced upon this college, when he traced to her walls and lecture-rooms, the germs of the greatest practical improvements bestowed by science upon our state and nation,—the steam navigation of Livingston and Stevens, (for the name of Stevens belongs also to us) and the canal system of Morris and Clinton.

The memory of De Witt Clinton, the first graduate of our Alma Mater after the peace of 1783, is another brilliant and treasured possession of this college. After the numerous tributes which have so recently been paid to his memory, and especially that luminous view of his character as a scholar and a statesman, as the promoter of good education and useful improvement, contained in the discourse lately delivered from this place, by Professor Renwick, any thing I could now say on the same subject would be but useless repetition. Else would I gladly pay the homage due to his eminent and lasting services, and honour that lofty ambition which taught him to look to designs of grand utility, and to their successful execution, as his arts of gaining or redeeming the confidence of a generous and public-spirited people. For whatever of party animosity might have ever blinded me to his merits, had died away long before his death; and I could now utter his honest praises without the imputation of hollow pretence from others, or the mortifying consciousness in my own breast, of rendering unwilling and tardy justice to noble designs and great public service.

I have already exhausted much of the time and attention I have a right to claim of you; and there still

remain many names worthy of much honour, whom I had intended to commemorate. Some of these I must reluctantly pass over in silence, and of others I can do no more than awaken your respect or affection by a brief and hurried mention.

Yet the lives of some of them afford the richest materials for biography, and are indissolubly associated with the most interesting events of our history. There was Richard Harrison, alike in years and in parental care the father of our college, for half a century the most learned and accomplished lawyer of a learned bar, who during a long and busy life continued to pursue with unbated interest and application, the study of the best literature of antiquity and modern languages, and who found in those studies which in early youth had ripened his taste, and which graced the severer and profound legal science of his maturer years, the still animating occupation and amusement of an honourable and honoured old age.

There was the eloquent and highly gifted Gouverneur Morris, fitted for the stirring times of revolution by the buoyant energy of his character, and formed to grace alike the scenes of business and of pleasure by the ready versatility of his talent, the brilliancy of his wit and imagination, and the wide range of his knowledge and accomplishments. The marks of his genius are to be seen every where; for he was the companion of Hamilton and Jay in their labours for the independence of this nation, and the establishment of this government; and he was the associate of Clinton in joining the ocean with the lakes.

Nor can I pass over in utter silence the amiable Tompkins, the rival and opponent of Clinton; for there is one

remarkable incident in his life, peculiarly proper to be remembered here, in this seminary of learning and upon a solemn literary anniversary. It is not that in the short space of twenty-five years, he passed in quick and unbroken succession through every high trust which the people of this state could bestow upon him. It is not that in all of them he showed himself equal to their important duties; that throughout all of them, his gentle bearing, his many amiable and generous qualities, won for him the people's love; that in the dark hour of national peril, when the power of the Union was shattered, and its resources bankrupt, he put that popularity to the noblest use, by rallying the people of this state as one man to the common defence, until, in the oblivion of former political contentions, New-York rose with a giant's strength and raised its united voice,—that voice to the whole land,

> ——————The liveliest pledge
> Of hope, in fear or danger; heard so oft
> In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
> Of battle where it raged.

These are recollections that still warm the hearts of thousands. There is another which more peculiarly belongs to us. It belongs to us as the Alumni of his and our *Alma Mater*, the oldest seminary of learning in the state of New-York, as the friends of liberal and universal knowledge, as scholars, as patriots. It is this. During his administration of the government of this state, and under his recommendation and direction our common school system was formed and put into operation—a system admirable for the happy ingenuity with which state patronage and superintendence are combined with

local and individual support and supervision—full of present efficiency, and yet capable of illimitable expansion and improvement adapted to the wants of an increasing population, and their progressive demands for better instruction and higher knowledge.

Rough and imperfect as these outlines of character have necessarily been, they have yet covered so much of my canvass that I have little room left for others, whom, when the plan of this discourse first occurred to me, I meant to have made conspicuous in it. To our statesmen and jurists, the benefactors of society and the promoters of the arts, I wished to add with equal respect our departed scholars and authors, and divines. They are many, but must not all be wholly omitted. We can never in this hall forget the mild wisdom of our former President, Bishop Moore.* His placid dignity of aspect is still before me. The tremulous melody of his winning and touching eloquence still sounds in my ears. And, too, if I can place no worthier offering on the tomb of Bowden,† let me at least mention his name with a pupil's grateful remembrance, as a scholar, a reasoner, and a gentleman; and bear witness to his pure taste, his deep and accurate erudition, his logical acuteness, and the dignified rectitude of his principles and character.

Thence I might lead you along among the tombs of the learned and the good, who, in their days of youth and hope, filled these halls, and who now rest in peace; pausing ever and anon, to mourn over some one of those

* Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of New-York, and President of Columbia College.

† Dr. John Bowden, for many years Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Columbia College.

whom we have revered or loved, until we stopped together at the still fresh grave of young Bruen—

> ———Dead before his prime,
> Young Lycidas! and hath not left his peer.

Within a few days a bright light has been extinguished, a mighty mind has departed. If scholarship, at once extensive and profound, if the rare union of intimate acquaintance with books, and deep learning in the spirits and ways of men, if eloquence powerful, impressive, peculiar, original, if that strength of mind which masters others to its will, and sways opinion, if devotion and zeal for the best interests of mankind, animating and directing that learning, sagacity, and eloquence,—if such endowments can add lustre or dignity to character, that praise is Mason's.*

Almost from the hour he left these walls, he exercised a wide and commanding influence over the minds of others. Posterity will doubtless judge of his talent chiefly from his written productions. These are but fragments of his mind; the vigorous but accidental exertions of his strength. Yet the future reader will see in these, the productions of original genius acting upon ample stores of learning. The author is there seen seizing his subject with the Herculean grasp of Johnson or Horsley, stripping off and throwing contemptuously aside the common places which might belong to it, and embodying his own weighty sense in language always peculiarly his own, always forcible, always perspicuous, frequently condensed and polished, often fervid, glowing, and impassioned.

Still his writings afford, I repeat, an inadequate idea

* Rev. John M. Mason, D. D.

of the riches of his intellect. A more favourite field of exertion than that of mere authorship, (for I believe that, like many men of the fullest and the readiest minds, he sat down reluctantly to the toil of elaborate composition,) was in the business of education. It was as Provost of this college, as President of Dickinson college, and, for a much longer period, and with yet greater zeal, as head of the theological school of his own church, that he applied those principles which he has laid down with admirable force and precision, in that masterly report to the Trustees of Columbia College, which forms the basis of their present system of academic instruction. There it was that he laboured, not to teach the mere knowledge of words, or the mere knowledge of things, but (I use his own language) "to teach his pupils to get knowledge for themselves, by eliciting their faculties, and forming them to the *habit* of *thinking*."*

But by far the highest proofs of Dr. Mason's ability were shown in their proper place, his own pulpit; and there, chief of all, in that immense and continuous system of scriptural exposition and commentary, which he was, for many years, accustomed to give, according to the old usage of the Scotch churches.

Whilst the very nature of these unwritten and extemporaneous, but not unprepared expositions, rejected the forms and method of rhetorical art, they were the more singularly adapted to the kind and variety of his talents.

There, he was wont to pour forth the overwhelming opulence of his mind in irregular but magnificent profusion, laying alike under contribution to his object, theological learning, classic lore, and the literature of the

* Report to Trustees of Columbia College.

day; illustrating the conclusions of the logician by acute observations upon life and manners; alternately convincing the reason, and searching and probing the deep recesses of the conscience; now drawing moral lessons from the history of the long-buried past, and now commenting upon the events or the vices of the day, or perhaps the follies of the hour; now lifting aloft the blazing torch of Christian philosophy to guide the honest seeker after truth, and now showering his withering scorn upon the scoffer's head; explaining, defending, deducing, enforcing his doctrines or precepts, sometimes with colloquial familiarity, and then again, in a bold and swelling eloquence, that stirred and warmed the heart like the sound of a trumpet, or the triumphant shout of a rejoicing multitude.

It was in his noon-day of life, his prime of mind, when the little asperities of character, so often accompanying the consciousness of high mental power, were softened and mellowed away, when his earlier and perhaps narrower views and opinions had been opened and liberalized by large experience and independent thought, when every thing promised a long, and glorious, and useful career, that the numbing hand of disease was laid upon him, and the infirmities of premature age arrested alike his professional duties and his plans of literary enterprize. Such are the hopes of man! Over the loss of his usefulness to her churches, her studies, and the training of her ministry, Religion has mourned long before we were called to mourn his death. Among his literary enterprizes thus interrupted, was his long meditated biography of Hamilton, on which he had wished and hoped to put forth the whole force of his genius. He had studied his subject deeply; he was intimately

acquainted with the character of his hero and his friend; and he would have poured forth his soul in his eulogy, with the sympathy of congenial talent, and the eloquence of fond affection.

It has accidentally happened, (for it was not in the precise order of time) that I commenced this broken record of our deceased collegiate worthies with the name of Hamilton. Can I close it more appropriately, or with more dignity to our college, than with that of Mason?

My Friends and Brothers

of the Philolexian and Peithologian Societies—

The short and hurried notices I have now presented to you, form, I fear, a very poor tribute to the worth of those whom I have aspired to celebrate; but, for the end I had mainly in view in selecting their eulogy for my theme, I have said enough, and more than enough. I have hoped to show you, by the clear evidence of such examples, the rich advantages of education which you have enjoyed, the solemn duties such advantages impose, the ample heritage of renown which it has fallen to you to preserve or augment, the claims of society upon us, the broad avenues of glorious and beneficent exertion that open before us. Thither truth and virtue point you the way. Thither the great men who have formerly issued from these halls beckon to you to follow them.

In our connexion with them and their fame, there can be nothing to inflate vanity or to sooth indolence. It cannot, like the privileges and pride of noble birth, be turned to any purpose of delusion to others, or furnish food for our own self-conceit. Our accidental education

in the halls where Jay, and Livingston, and Clinton once studied, confers no dignity upon us, except so far as we may worthily emulate them; but it overwhelms us with shame if we disgrace the memory of our elder brothers—if we prove false and recreant to our academic mother.

The character of our country's genius is eminently practical; and it has struck me with great force, that this too is the predominant characteristic of all those whom I have pointed out to your emulation. Not one of them was a mere scholar, contented with the bare acquirement of learning, or of learned fame. Their science, their literature, their talent, were all consecrated to the duties of society, and the general weal. In this, surely, we may imitate them.

Differing as they did in some important points of opinion from each other—erring as they sometimes did in conduct—those differences and errors may teach us the infirmity of all human wisdom, and the duty of candid and tolerant judgment; yet let us look rather to their virtues than their imperfections, and remember that they now live in our grateful memory, because formerly they lived not for themselves alone.

Let us not soothe our sloth, or vindicate our selfishness, by the poor excuse, that their excellence was the fruit of rare genius, or still rarer contingencies of fortune, which we have no right to claim or to hope. For us this is no apology. What may be the value of our talents or attainments to others as well as to ourselves, cannot be known until it be tried. If we are once excited to warm aspirations after true excellence, the materials of action will not long be wanting.

It is true that we have not again a nation's liberties to

achieve. We have not now to lay once more the foundations of its government. But our liberties are always to be watched over, guarded, and defended. Our laws are to be improved, somewhat in their equity, much in their policy. Physical science, much as it has advanced, may now be carried forwards far beyond what was once deemed the extravagance of the wildest dreamer. That science, as well as all other valuable information, is no longer to remain the hoarded possession of a chosen few, but must be made popular and elementary, and placed within the reach of all. In that other vast region of science relating to mind and morals, our duties are still more numerous and urgent. Prejudices and errors are to be vanquished; truth is sometimes to be defended from assault or insult, always to be inculcated, explained, enforced.

It is our happy lot to live in an age and country where the field of usefulness is literally unbounded; where, in the indefinite increase of numbers and general intelligence, no well-directed effort to better the condition of others can ultimately fail. As it recedes from us, its effect swells up into illimitable and startling magnitude. Diffidence, or rather sloth in her garb, may whisper, that it will be far beyond our strength to work out any of those conquests over moral or physical evil, for which posterity reserves the never-fading wreath of true renown. Be it so. Yet wherefore has talent been given to us, and knowledge painfully won, if we cannot, in our place and sphere, contribute something to the sacred cause of virtue, freedom, happiness, truth? Obscurely it may be, but not the less honestly; without the gratification of personal distinction, but certainly not without the better reward of conscious well-doing.

Nevertheless, despite of these and all such considerations, it must be that in some of us, indeed, at times in all of us, low thoughts and selfish passions will gain possession of the mind.

I am speaking to scholars, and may without pedantry recall to them that familiar but striking passage of ancient history, of which the great English moral poet has made so exquisite a use—when the conqueror of his country,

> Ignobly vain and impotently great,
> Showed Rome her Cato's image drawn in state:
> As her dead Father's reverend image past,
> The pomp was saddened, and the day o'ercast;
> The triumph ceased—tears gushed from every eye——

Even so may it be with us. The memorials of those who have shared our early studies, and turned them to worthier uses than we have done, need not be sought for in the sculptured marble and bronze. They are around us and about us; they meet us in the halls of legislation and the courts of justice; in the busy commerce of our ports, and the richly-freighted navigation of our rivers and canals; in our system of education, our schools, our colleges, and pulpits. Every where we may trace the impress of their minds, every where we may hear their monitorial voices.

Then, whatever tyrant passion may have obtained the mastery of our hearts; whether bad ambition, or base avarice, or the love of pleasure, or more fatal indolence; let us listen to those voices; let us be roused by the admonition of those memorials to bid the triumph of the passions cease, and suffer the world's gaudy pageant to pass along unheeded.

That sway is then at an end. Those misty delusions fade away. The guiding star of our youth beams brightly once again upon the rough pathway of virtue before us. We erect ourselves to holier contemplation, and purer desires. We gird ourselves to the true purpose of good education, the performance of our duty to our God, our country, and our kind.

NOTES

TO THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE ADDRESS.

Note I. p. 180.

Ἐξ ὧν καιποποιημένης ἀεὶ τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν τῆς ἐπ' ἀρετῇ ῥώμης, ἀθανατίζεται μὲν ἡ τῶν καλῶν τι διαπραξαμένων εὔκλεια, γνώριμος δὲ τοῖς πολλοῖς καὶ παραδέσιμος τοῖς ἐπιγινομένοις ἡ τῶν εὐεργετησάντων τὴν πατρίδα γίνεται δόξα. τὸ δὲ μέγιστον, αἱ τῶν παρομοίνται πρὸς τὸ πᾶν ὑπομένουσιν ὑπὲρ τῶν κοινῶν πραγμάτων, χάριν τῇ τυχῇ τῆς συναναλῶσόντες τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς τῶν ἀνδρῶν εὐκλείας—Polybius, Hist. VI. 52.

Note II. pp. 186—189.

General Hamilton died June, 1804, at Greenwich, near the city of New-York, whither he was brought after the fatal meeting at Weehawken, on the opposite side of the Hudson. That scene has been commemorated by a distinguished graduate of the college, the late Robert C. Sands, in strains worthy of the subject.

> When the great strife for freedom rose,
> Here scented oft her friends and foes,
> Alternate through the changeful war,
> And beacon fires flashed bright and far;
> And here when Freedom's strife was won,
> Fell in sad feud her favoured son;—
>
> Her son,—the second of the band,
> The Romans of the rescued land.

Where round yon cape the banks ascend,
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend;
There mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,
There tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight
Flowed the fair river, free and bright,
The rising Mart, and Isles and Bay,
Before him in their glory lay,—
Scenes of his love and of his fame,—
The instant ere the death-shot came.

In a review of the first edition of this address by the same eloquent and fertile writer, after extracting the passage in p. 186 on the natural alliance of sound learning with liberal political principles, and the quotation from Akenside with which it concludes, he adds the following anecdote, which is undoubtedly correct. "Mr. Verplanck might have stated as a most pointed illustration of his own theory and the poet's, that the boy student, Hamilton, was actually engaged whilst listening daily to the doctrine of the Tory President, in carrying on with him a controversy in the public papers, in which the latter did not know his antagonist, and the lad in the people's opinion certainly had the best of the argument."

Note III. p. 194.

The diplomatic correspondence of the Revolution preserved in the archives of the government of the United States, was, for obvious reasons, kept secret for many years. Those reasons having now ceased, and the correspondence become mere matter of history, it was ordered some time ago to be published under the direction of the President of the United States, by a joint resolution of the two houses of Congress; and twelve volumes, containing the diplomatic letters of Franklin, Jay, J. Adams, Laurens, and others have been printed. In the first years of the revolution, the correspondence was addressed by our Ministers abroad to the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and the negociations conducted under their direction. Various inconveniencies arose from this arrangement, and our

agents abroad "frequently complained that their despatches were not answered, and that they were embarrassed for want of intelligence." In consequence of this, in 1781 the committee was dissolved, and the foreign correspondence placed under the control of a Secretary of Foreign Affairs, to which office Robert R. Livingston was appointed. When he came into the office, says the preface to the official publication of this correspondence, "a salutary change took place. His letters are numerous, full, and instructive." This too, it must be remembered, was during the most important period of our foreign relations, when the negotiations were pending which led to the first treaties with the powers of the European continent acknowledging our independence—when the first loans were negotiated abroad on the credit of our government—and finally, when the definitive treaty of peace with Great Britain was settled and signed, after many delays and difficulties.

Note IV. p. 196.

Col. John Stevens, of Hoboken, a graduate of 1768, is now one of the oldest living Alumni of the college of New-York. His agency in the invention, introduction, and gradual improvement of steam-boats, from the early and imperfect experiments made upon the Hudson and Delaware, between 1785 and 1800 up to the admirable mechanism and models of the boats now constructed and owned by his sons, is well known to all who have paid any attention to the history of steam navigation; and had not the plan of this address excluded any honours to the living, it would have claimed a distinguished place in these pages. I cannot, however, pass over this opportunity of noticing another less known claim of this venerable and patriotic citizen to public gratitude, in another instance in which his enlightened science anticipated the progress of improvement. There is no subject which now occupies a larger portion of the capital, enterprize, and useful science both of this country and Europe, than the use of railroads. But many years before their adoption and use upon any extensive scale, and long before the combination of steam-

carriages with them had been suggested elsewhere, Col. Stevens addressed a memoir to the Canal Commissioners of New-York, then engaged in the preparatory surveys for the Erie and Champlain canals, wherein he pointed out and explained the practicability and advantages of rail-roads upon the largest possible scale. This, with the correspondence with De Witt Clinton, R. R. Livingston, and Governeur Morris, which resulted from it, he published in 1812, under the title of "Documents tending to prove the superior advantages of rail-ways and steam-carriages over canal navigation."

In 1819, he again brought this subject before the public in another and modified form. I then represented the city and county of New-York in the state Legislature, and was a member of the committee upon canals and internal improvement; in consequence of which I had the honour of presenting an elaborate and able memorial from Col. Stevens, wherein he again stated and explained the advantages of this mode of transportation, with all the additional lights which the experience of eight years had afforded, and recommended to the Legislature the combining of rail-roads with the great system of canal improvement in which the state was then ardently engaged. He was, however, still too far in advance of the times; and though the memorial received a respectful reference, and was ordered to be printed for the use of the Legislature and distribution, it led at that time to no immediate practical result, though it was probably the germ of many of the useful private enterprizes of this nature since carried into successful operation.

Note V. p. 198.

Daniel D. Tompkins between the years 1801 and 1825 was consecutively chosen or appointed a member of the Assembly of New-York, and representative in Congress, a Judge of the Supreme Court of New-York, four times Governor of the State, a Member and President of the convention for revising its constitution, and a Vice President of the United States.

Note VI. p. 199.

The Rev. Matthias Bruen died a short time before the delivery of this address, and the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin a few days after it, both of them young divines of high promise and distinguished literary talent. Among the graduates of Columbia College cut off immaturely, who have left behind them honourable contributions to the science or literature of their country may be specially named, the Rev. John Blair Linn, and Matthias Bruen of the Presbyterian church, the Rev. James Eastburn, Cornelius R. Duffie, and Edmund D. Griffin, of the Episcopal, Dr. Jacobus Dyckman, and the late Robert C. Sands.

THE LAW OF LITERARY PROPERTY.

[Congress during the session of 1830-31, passed a law for the amendment and consolidation of the several acts for the protection of copy-rights to books, prints, &c. This act gave much additional security to copy-rights and more than doubled the term of legal protection to them, besides improving and simplifying the law in various other respects. Shortly after the adjournment of Congress a public dinner was given in New-York in celebration of this act of wise and just legislation, by a number of citizens distinguished for the successful cultivation of letters and the arts. On that occasion the following speech was made in reply to a toast and speech from the chair, complimentary to Mr. Verplanck for his agency in producing this beneficial result.

As it contains a view of the past and present legislation of the United States upon the important subject of Literary Property, it has been thought proper to reprint it from the newspapers of the time, and preserve it here.]

THE LAW OF LITERARY PROPERTY.

I THANK you, Gentlemen, for your kindness. I cannot but feel that is to that I am mainly indebted for the honour which you are now pleased to bestow upon me. It would, indeed be a poor affectation were I to pretend that I did not look with satisfaction on the part which it has been my good fortune to bear in protecting and extending the rights of publishers, artists, and authors, by the recent law; and I feel the honest consciousness that in assisting to guard their interests I have done some service to the state. But I cannot receive in silence the whole honour of that measure. There are others who are entitled to as full share as myself in your thanks and approbation. My only merit is that of having almost four years ago, during the first session of the 20th Congress, called public attention to this subject, of having with some industry collected the requisite information from those who had practically experienced the difficulties and imperfections of the laws then in force, and of having framed and introduced a bill for the purpose of correcting those evils—a bill certainly not perfect, but which could serve as a convenient basis for maturer legislation. That was, as we all recollect, a period of high political ferment; when, in addition to the usual

causes of party warmth, Congress was agitated by those discussions on the tariff or protecting policy, which involve such important interests and always excite such intense and deep feelings. Although, therefore, the bill I had prepared received the approbation of some of the most distinguished Senators and Representatives, of both political parties, I found it utterly impossible during the whole of that Congress to act upon the bill, or even to draw the attention of any large portion of either house to the measure. I confess that at the time I was disappointed and mortified. But shortly after the end of that Congress and before the meeting of the next, I was as much gratified by a spontaneous, unexpected, and zealous support, of a kind which in this country of free opinion and discussion is the most powerful of all—that of the press.

It would be unjust on this occasion to omit to mention, with special honour, the first and ablest champion who then appeared in this cause, and I have only to regret that I cannot mention him by name—I mean the author of a well-written, and well-reasoned article in a valuable legal journal of Boston, the American Jurist. I have not the pleasure of any acquaintance with the editors, nor have I ever been able to ascertain the name of the author of the article to which I allude.* But it is due to him to say, that in his essay on the law of the copy-right, he placed in a striking point of view the defects of the then existing legislation, and the obvious justice and policy of an efficient reform, asserting the rights of literary property with the learning of an accurate lawyer, the congenial

* I have since understood that it was from the pen of Willard Phillips, Esq. of Boston.

feeling of a man of letters, and the large views of a statesman.

This able writer was immediately and powerfully seconded by the newspaper press, less elaborately of course, but not with less zeal and effect, in this city, in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, and I add with pleasure to the number some of the most respectable presses in the interior of this state and of Ohio.

Under these circumstances, the question was presented to the last Congress with far more favourable auspices. The very respectable Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, at an early period, consented to adopt my bill of the last year, and, with some useful modifications, introduced it as their own. In doing this, they not only gave to it the great weight of their unanimous sanction, but also added to its support the very ardent and able assistance of the member of their body who reported the bill, Mr. Ellsworth, of Connecticut, a gentleman inheriting the sterling and practical talent of his father, the venerable Oliver Ellsworth, whose praises I need not speak here; they are to be found in the most honoured records of our legal and constitutional history. Mr. Ellsworth accompanied the bill with a brief but excellent report, stating its intention and uses, and lucidly and strongly enforcing the claims of the proposed measure. The bill was so favourably received that its friends expected to carry it through without any serious opposition. In this we were mistaken; but I do not regret the circumstance, since it led to a decision of the house very honourable to them, in my judgment, and equally so to the cause, the triumph of which we have assembled to celebrate.

As the debate was very imperfectly reported, and the particulars of it not generally known, I may be indulged in trespassing upon your patience by briefly stating the decision to which I allude.

The general policy of extending the term of copy-right to authors, artists, or their assigns, so as to double their former short term, as proposed by the bill, was decidedly objected to by a gentlemen whose experience, ability, and faithful public service had acquired for him much influence in the House; and he still more warmly and pointedly opposed the particular provision designed to enable those whose literary rights had been secured under the former laws, to receive the benefit of this extension. His argument was in substance this. The author or inventor has and can have no rights of property beyond what the law confers upon him. This right is for a limited term only, and at the expiration of that term his book or invention ceases to be his, and belongs to the public. If Congress should think fit to extend that term to those who may hereafter contract with the public—though the policy of so doing was broadly denied—they have certainly the power, but they have not that of giving to any individual for twenty-eight years what are now the vested rights of the individuals who compose the public.

I felt myself called upon, not less by my own personal feeling for many meritorious individuals, (some of them my earliest friends) to whom this provision specially applied, than by a sense of justice and the duty of asserting what I believed to be the rights of mind, to repel this argument, especially as it seemed to have made some impression upon a part of the house.

I therefore denied that the right of the author or inventor was the mere creation of the positive law of the

land. I maintained that the right of property in the productions of intellectual labour was as much founded in natural justice as the right of property in the productions of corporeal labour—that he who toils with the mind is as honestly entitled to the fruits of that toil as he who works with the hands. That the recognition of this species of moral right of property is a natural suggestion of the common sense of mankind, and is manifested even in the spontaneous and general feeling of indignation at literary plagiarism, or any other conversion of reputation or of property acquired by mental exertion to the use of others than those who had thus earned them. That such was alike the doctrine of the highest speculative ethical authorities and of the soundest practical lawyers, and especially of that great light of modern jurisprudence, Lord Mansfield, all whose reasoning in the great English case of the law of Literary Property, was founded upon this principle. Such too was the doctrine of the framers of our own constitution, as I maintained was quite evident from the peculiarity of their language on this point. They had not used any word, which could imply that they thought "to give rights to authors and inventors," but had authorized congress "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by *securing* to authors or inventors the exclusive right to their writings or inventions." They clearly did not think they were enabling congress to give these rights, but presuming them to exist, they provided for protecting them by a legal remedy. The limitation of the term of legal exclusive enjoyment and protection was indeed the effect of positive law. But this limitation was precisely of the same nature with the terms of prescription of property and limitation of actions in all

legal systems, which may be longer or shorter according to views of public policy, the natural and moral rights of property remaining unchanged. Therefore, in this instance I inferred, we did nothing more than prolong to the author the period during which the laws of his country would enforce his natural rights by a legal remedy.

As this question was distinctly presented to the house on this argument, and as on the vote a majority of above fifty (being nearly two to one of all the members present) refused to strike out the section containing this provision, I cannot but consider this as a very strong declaratory expression of legislative opinion, recognizing the true and sound doctrine of intellectual and literary property.

In the Senate, the bill met with no formal opposition. On the contrary, it was one of the many pleasing incidents that attended the passing of this law, that there it received the cordial support and high sanction of those brilliant talents which had been arrayed in opposition to each other on the greatest questions now dividing national politics. It was examined with great care and deep interest, and was favourably reported upon to the house by Gen. Hayne, and was explained and supported by Mr. Webster.

But whilst I must disclaim much of the honour of this improvement of the law of literary property, which is the just due of others with whom I have but co-operated, I am far from affecting to undervalue the importance of the measure itself. It is fit and salutary, considered merely as an emendation of the law; since it removes numerous difficulties and requisitions of the former statutes not essential for any public use, and which had heretofore been so embarrassing as almost to defeat the object of

their enactment, and of the constitutional provision on which they were founded. So many and so embarrassing were these difficulties, that I have learned that some of the most valuable copy-rights ever taken out in this country are of doubtful validity, and that even one of our most learned legal writers has hazarded and probably lost the copy-right of his works by the accidental oversight of some clerk or agent of his printer. It extends the protection of the law much more amply than heretofore to the arts of design, and for the first time to musical compositions. It relieves publishers from expensive advertising, and other charges and requisitions troublesome to all, and exceedingly onerous to the most numerous and least costly, but not the least valuable publications, as well as to prints and maps. It secures to the author and artist, in lieu of the former narrow term of fourteen years, with the contingent chance of one renewal if living at the end of the term, the sole and secure benefit of his work for forty-two years; and it is not the least valuable provision in my view, that it also extends the privilege of copy-right and renewal to the widow and children of the deceased author; thus securing to them the enjoyment of the most honourable, and too often the only legacy, which a man of genius can leave to those who had depended upon him for bread, who had shared his affections, and who cherish his memory.

It is an act of justice in itself. It is an act of great and useful public policy. It goes far to attain an early and favourite object of the founders of our constitution and the fathers of our civil liberty. For it is a fact, I believe little known, but well worthy to be mentioned with honour, that even in the old Congress of the revolution, one of their first measures of general and pacific legislation,

after the dangers of the war had ceased to press upon them, was a recommendation to the states—for Congress had not the power to pass such a law under the old confederation—to provide proper remedies, by law, for the security of copy-rights and patents. The venerable Madison was a member of the committee that introduced this measure.

In the convention which framed the present constitution of the United States, resolutions and amendments to the same effect were brought forward from different quarters; and when the section giving Congress this power was reported in the form it now bears, it appears to have been adopted unanimously. These venerable and great men judged well and wisely. They knew that the best security of national union and national power, was to be sought in the influence of national literature, science, arts, and education. They saw clearly that their own legislation, and that of those who were destined to administer the government they had reared, would be but feeble and temporary without the aid of that more potent and far more lasting, though secret and silent legislation, which acts on the mind and the affections. They were deeply read in the history of the past, and all history had taught them that truth. Philosophy and poetry had repeated the impressive lesson.

> Lycurgus fashioned Sparta's fame,
> And Cæsar to the Roman name
> Gave universal sway.
> Where are they? Homer's revered page,
> Holds empire to the latest age,
> And tongues and climes obey.*

If it be the rare lot of few countries and of ages far apart to produce genius peerless as that of Homer, yet

* Akenside.

our patriots saw that in our state of society the absence of such glory, should that haply be the destiny of our country—we trust far otherwise—would be more than supplied in aggregate effect by the number of powerful and cultivated minds, their activity, intensity, and constancy of action, through every channel of education, of instruction, of mental gratification, and amusement.

These are causes which, (to use the expressive phrase of an excellent and highly-gifted countryman of ours, who, if he had not been impelled by his genius to aspire at being the Raphael of his native land, might have been its Tasso—I mean Washington Allston,) these are causes and influences "which mould a nation's soul." These causes are now, they have long been, at work; they are every day becoming more vigorous; and, if our country is to escape the fate of other free governments—if our happy frame of government—as I have ever trusted with undoubting hope—is to continue for ages to shed its blessings upon our posterity, these causes will be among the most efficient agents in perpetuating our liberties and our union. Their agency works its way without noise or pomp; but it is felt in the hearts of the people. It is exerted not less in the humblest literary effort to instruct the infant mind, than in the labours of the teacher of high science, or in those of the philosophical historian, or statesman, or in the glorious inspirations of the orator, the painter, or the poet.

If in the first awakening of noble and disinterested emotions in the youthful breast, those generous feelings are associated with the eventful story of our liberties—if, when the thrilling sympathies of the young are awakened by the tale of courage, virtue, and patriotism—of Leonidas, Cato, or Sydney, they are taught to know

too the names and deaths of Warren and Montgomery—if, with the first stirrings of the imagination, the fancy can be fired by eloquence or poetry drawing its materials or illustrations from our own land—if the scenes consecrated by acts of virtue or the great deeds of our own history are made familiar by the pencil of high art, and brought by her faithful handmaid, engraving, before the eyes of all our citizens—if, with the lives and acts of the departed good and wise of our land, our sons are thus made familiar with their venerable forms "and features, the great soul's apparent seat"—if science, morals, law, can be impressed upon the student's mind, not as mere abstract truth without reference to our own moral or physical state, but as they bear upon our own condition, wants and character, if all these are taught by men trained under our own institutions and are illustrated from all that is about us—then indeed will be formed, there are already formed, ties of our union and guards for our liberties stronger than any laws can make, stronger than even our mutual interests (great as they are) can create, far, far stronger than can be imposed by arms or power.

Such, Gentlemen, are the high privileges and the glorious duties of those who form and influence the nation's mind, through its education, its learning, its tastes, and its affections. It is, too, the peculiar happiness of our own times and of our country, that our state of society co-operates with our constitution and laws in compelling those amongst us who seek for either honor or profit in this direction, to look for reward, not to the patronage of the great or opulent, but to that of an enlightened and moral public. Here they are freed from that base temptation, that depravation of the heart, and that consequent

degradation of the intellect, by which, in other countries, the highest minds have been borne down, and compelled, serpent like, to crawl in the dust of abject, and servile, and profligate dependance. The very law you have this day assembled to honour, is alike the evidence and the result of this happier state of things with us. How much, then, can our country justly claim from her authors, her artists, and all her sons ministering directly or indirectly to the mental wants of the people—from those whom she thus guards in their honest rights, whom she protects from temptation to wrong! But these are views and sentiments already familiar to all whom I see around this board. I will trespass no further upon your patience than to express them again more briefly in the form of a toast:

Our Authors and Artists—Their country recognizes and protects their rights of intellectual property. It is their high privilege to repay that protection a thousand fold, in their country's glory, and the freedom and virtue of her sons.

A LECTURE

INTRODUCTORY TO THE COURSES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION

OF NEW-YORK,

IN 1831—32.

[The Mercantile Association was founded a few years back, with a view of advancing the moral and intellectual culture of the large body of young men employed as merchants' clerks in the city of New-York. After establishing a well-selected library, with excellent reading-rooms, its enterprising and judicious patrons and founders undertook to provide regular courses of popular lectures in various branches of science and art. These were numerously attended for some years.

During the last two years, some very distinguished citizens have added fresh interest to the regular courses of scientific lectures, by short, voluntary courses on such branches of learning or art as were most familiar with their previous pursuits. The subjoined lecture was delivered as introductory to the several courses on Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Commercial Law, Moral Science, Political Economy, and the Fine Arts, which were delivered during the winter of 1831—32.]

MERCANTILE LECTURE.

I congratulate you, Gentlemen of the Mercantile Association, on the occasion which brings us together. Your institution, founded for the moral and intellectual improvement of the commercial youth of this city, has long been eminently useful. Its judiciously selected library and well supplied reading-rooms, with the excellent lectures and addresses heretofore delivered in this hall, have proved not less honourable to the zeal and public spirit of its founders than important in their effects on the character of an immense body of young men full of ardour, intelligence, and enterprise, who are, year after year, carrying into active life the deep and lasting influences of their present pursuits and amusements.

Surrounded as they are on all sides, in this gay and opulent city, with temptations to idle dissipation or vicious indulgence, exposed to the contagion of the worst and most alluring examples, freed, as many of them are, from the salutary restraint imposed by the sanctity of the parental home, and deprived of its resources of domestic fire-side pleasures, they have discovered in these halls amusements, ever new and fascinating, innocent and intellectual. Here they have met associates and found friends eager in the same pure enjoyments. Here they

have been led from harmless entertainment to useful reading, and thence onward to the most noble and invigorating exercises of the mind in the study and contemplation of physical and moral truth.

But the course of lectures which has been arranged for this winter forms a new epoch in the progress of this association. It is not merely that fresh and valuable sources of information will now be opened. That is much. But I cannot but regard the number, the talent, and the well-earned reputation of those public-spirited citizens who have volunteered to deliver the several courses, as giving a most flattering testimony to the value of this institution. It is a proof of the deep public interest taken in the character and welfare of our commercial youth, whilst at the same time it must furnish to them motives of kindling excitement in the pursuit of all that can exalt and dignify the character of an American merchant.

These gentlemen, severally and honourably distinguished in the law, science, fine-arts, literature, politics, and public eloquence of the country, divided in many points of opinion, but uniting in a generous zeal for the public good, have, amidst the pressure of private avocations, found or made time to devote a portion of their talents and acquirements to the instruction of those whom I now address. It will not be invidious to distinguish amongst them two venerable and patriotic men, one of whom, for years, administered, with masterly ability, our national finances, or was engaged in the negotiation of treaties involving our dearest interests;* whilst the other presided, for nearly as long a period, in the highest courts of common law and of equity in this rich and populous

* Hon. Albert Gallatin.

state, with a reputation that cannot be increased by any praise of mine.* Such are the men who now delight to unfold to the young inquirer the elements of those sciences on which their own fame was founded. This is an example worthy of republican antiquity, honourable to our state of society, and especially honourable to you, for whom the labour was undertaken. Let it be also to us and to you an animating example of unceasing and unflagging devotion to the common good, and the welfare of others.

I cannot but feel it as a high compliment to have been invited to deliver an introductory lecture to such a course of instruction, and for this I tender my most grateful acknowledgements.

The lectures intended to be delivered here, though by men intimately and extensively conversant with the subjects they have selected, must yet, from the narrow compass to which they must be confined, be but sketches or outlines, of those several subjects. These will stimulate the mind to inquiry, furnish broad views and leading principles, as well as point out the sources of more minute and accurate knowledge; but they will not, nor do they profess to make you masters of any of those extensive walks of science, of art, of taste, or of speculation. To become a proficient in any one of these requires the labour of years; to become skilful in all of them must demand the constant toil of a long and studious life. Of what use then to those who can give to such pursuits little more than hasty and broken intervals of time, and minds distracted by other duties and other cares—of what real use is that general and su-

* Chancellor Kent.

perficial information to be gained by these and similar aids?

The question is natural, and it is important. I have, therefore, thought that the reply to it, showing the true advantages of general knowledge to men engaged in active business, would be no unappropriate or unfruitful subject for this introductory lecture.

Upon this head the pedantry of erudition, and the pedantry of worldly wisdom are for once agreed in uniting to despise and degrade such acquirements, the one, viewing them as leading only to vanity and self-conceit, and the other, as a trifling waste of time for no practical purpose.

Pope, a poet distinguished above his brethren for sagacity and shrewdness of observation upon men and manners, has said—

> "A *little learning* is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
> There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking largely sobers us again."

This opinion, so agreeable to the pride of learning, has been re-echoed by thousands with whom no poet would be an authority on any other question, until it has almost become an adage. Like all remarks of acute observers, and like all maxims obtaining any currency, this too has its share of truth; had it not so, it would never have been received as true. But it is true only of the smatterer in every thing; it is true only of him who has never disciplined himself to any regular pursuit whatever; of him whose superficial acquirements are not the recreations of an active and useful life, nor the decorations of a mind exercised in other and solid avocations.

Of the vague knowledge of such a man, pride and conceit may well be the result, but they are much more frequently its cause. All human knowledge, however learned arrogance may strive to disguise it, is but little. This then is truly but a question of more or less. The profoundest scholar—the man of the rarest and the loftiest science, who loses sight of this truth, and forgets the immensity of the Unknown, in gazing fondly upon his own little treasure of fancied science, may be as truly intoxicated by such comparatively shallow draughts, as the most superficial sciolist, whom he scorns. And this intoxication, too, if we can trust to frequent observation, is far more likely to befall the professed, but trifling scholar, than the accurate man of business, who seeks in books a refreshment from toil, or who flies to science to satisfy the craving desire of knowledge. But all knowledge is in itself valuable. It was made for man, and his mind was formed to covet and grasp at its attainment. It is an innate desire, springing from the highest appetencies of his nature, the desire and the object of it being alike the kind gifts of his Creator.

Let us for a moment pause, and cast a rapid glance at the means of intellectual accomplishment which in this age and country, nay, in this very Institution, are within the reach of any young man, who, without defrauding his daily calling of a single duty, or a single thought due to it, will yet devote to better objects those hours which might be passed in indolence or folly.

Let us suppose these hours faithfully and judiciously employed for a few years, and then estimate fairly the amount and the value of the information thus accumulated. Let us see whether the knowledge thus rewarding his liberal curiosity, and which must confessedly fall

short of the accuracy and extent of that science, won by the exclusive votary of learning, is yet in any sense worthless or little.

It has been justly remarked by more than one philosophical observer, that there is in the nature of our mental operations and of language, in the power of classifying insulated facts and discoveries under general terms and broad laws of universal application, in the corresponding power of again deducing individual truths from these general laws, a provision for the gradual and progressive improvement of mankind. As knowledge is extended it becomes more easy of acquisition; for as the magnitude and the variety of known truths are augmented, in the same proportion the processes of study necessary to acquire them have been abridged and simplified.

An eloquent French mathematician, in a frequently quoted passage,* has admirably illustrated this truth by the history of mathematics, from the elementary propositions of geometry, treasured up by the Egyptian priesthood, down to the conclusions that have limited the last inquiries of the modern calculus. He has shown throughout the whole, how every discovery of genius has been accompanied or followed by a simplification of science, making these discoveries level to the comprehension of all.

Thus it is, to apply this truth to our own case, that the leisure hours of the modern merchant, should he give that direction to his studies, will soon place him far beyond the mathematical attainments of the most skilful of the doctors or professors of Padua or Paris, two cen-

* Condorcet, as quoted by Stewart and others.

turies ago. That acquaintance with the branches of mathematics, entering into the familiar uses of life, such as to the mathematician of our own day may well seem "a little learning," indeed, was but two or three generations ago the proudest boast of those who had drunk longest and deepest at the head springs and fountains of the severer sciences. Now, surely, the knowledge so valuable then, can have lost nothing of its real value in use by losing much of its rarity, and becoming more easy of access.

Nor is it alone in this rigid methodical science that the progressive accumulation of knowledge has brought with it a proportional, or more than proportional increase of facility in acquisition.

Let us select from among the illustrious dead of past ages some great man ardent in the search of philosophy, and crowned with all its honours; a man who wasted no labour on the mere curiosities of learning; whose talent, character, and station, led him to apply his powerful intellect to such studies only as had a direct bearing on the uses of society or the conduct of life. Let us then estimate, at their real worth, the attainments of such a man. Let us, for example, take Cicero. He was a man of wealth, rank, and genius, whose eloquence was the rich fruit of many a midnight study, and who by that eloquence became the saviour of his country. Nations were his clients, wealth and power were the reward of his talents; but, though he neglected no duty, and shrunk from no toil, he fled gladly from the tumultuous applause of the forum and the sway of the senate to the silence of his library. "Who has a right to blame me," said this model of brilliant and successful literary application, "who has a right to blame me if that time which

other men are wont to bestow upon festivals and shows, upon grosser and meaner pleasures, or even upon the rest and relaxation of body and mind; if as much time as they give to convivial feasts, to their sports, or to the gaming-table, so much have I given to letters and philosophy?"

"Other studies," said this ardent and accomplished student, then in the height of his fame and the noon-day of life, "other studies belong to particular times, or places or callings, or periods of life alone; but these nourish and strengthen the youthful mind, they please and soothe old age. They adorn prosperity, they afford a refuge and consolation in adversity. They delight at home, they are useful abroad. They are with us and about us, by day and by night, on the road and in the fields."

Such was the ardent eulogy which the most accomplished man of antiquity poured forth on his favourite studies in one of the most magnificent effusions of his genius. It was doubtless just, and yet the amount of useful acquirement and elegant accomplishment, deserving, as it did, all his toils and all his praise, that this great man could attain, not only by diligent study, but by travel extensive as the then known world, and by wealth and power, devoted to the collection of books and works of art—all this was far inferior to that within the reach of any one who now listens to me.

This assertion may seem absurd. Its apparent extravagance may provoke a smile, yet the slightest analysis will convince us of its substantial truth. The orator, philosopher, and statesman, of the Roman republic's last age, had studied under the first teachers of Athens, then still "the mother of arts and school of sages," all that the times knew of physical philosophy. He had become

intimately acquainted with the theories and conjectures of the most celebrated teachers; but he soon learned that theory and conjecture were all that they had to teach, and "finding no end, in wandering mazes lost," concluded that it was impossible for a wise man to form any definite opinion on the laws of nature. He turned away from the study of the material world, dissatisfied, declaring, with Socrates, that such inquiries were rather curious than profitable.

Let us now look upon our own times and country, and mark what are the opportunities of knowledge afforded to those who can employ the hours not engrossed by real business, in attending the lectures of some competent teacher of physical science. Here, a learned and able professor, with the aid of an apparatus in which the most recondite discoveries of science are experimentally illustrated by some of the most ingenious and delicate productions of mechanical skill, can unfold to the attentive pupil the great laws of attraction and repulsion, of motion, of mechanics, and of light. These are laws generalized from thousands of observations and experiments, perhaps destined hereafter to be more accurately ascertained, or resolved into even still more universal rules, but never to be contradicted or unsettled by any future system. He can guide you to an acquaintance with truths beyond the reach of mere observation, but learnt from the demonstration of pure reason; those mathematical laws of matter and motion, which, when once apprehended, are felt to be beyond the power of time or change, to reach far beyond the bounds of our little earth, to extend throughout all actual or possible creation, to be infinite and eternal as the Omnipotent

himself, and, as it were, a natural revelation of his immutable and all-wise government.

In the kindred science of chemistry he will exhibit to you the boldest achievements of science, and her humblest and most useful toils; now analyzing the atmosphere, or resolving the globe into its constituent elements; and now descending, with patient industry, to the aid of the dyer at his vat, or the metallist at his furnace; or to throw the friendly light of her safety-lamp, over the perilous path of the miner in the dark bowels of the earth.

Now then, let me ask, is such knowledge, be it general, be it comparatively superficial—can such knowledge be worthless? Had antiquity obtained a prophetic glimpse of that science now laid open to your inquiries, it would have been

> "The prophet's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
> The old man's vision, and the young man's dream."

Must not such knowledge give new interest to all that we see about us? Must it not fill the soul with kindling and ennobling thoughts? Must it not give juster conceptions of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator, of the powers, the duties, and the destinies of man?

If from natural and chemical we turn to moral philosophy, the same parallel holds good. In that most favourite study of Cicero's, the science of mind and morals, how feeble is the light that glimmered amidst the darkness of ancient discussions and systems; how rough the road to knowledge, how uncertain its attainment! But the youth who is now incited by a generous desire to know himself and his duties, can travel in a smoother road, and follow surer guides. Here he will

be directed to seek light from those who have kindled the torch of science at a consecrated flame; writers who, like Fenelon, and Addison, and Johnson, have "given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth;" or who, like Pascal, Paley, or Butler, have made logic and metaphysics the handmaids of sober piety.

Of history, literature, poetry, the elegant arts, of all that by example unfolds the mysteries of the heart, of all those fair illusions which spread their charms over life, and soothe its pains or anguish, how ample is the treasure contained in any well-selected English library of original and translated authors! How far superior in amount, in variety, and (with a very few rare exceptions) in excellence, to the treasured volumes of Cicero's much-loved collection!

Even in jurisprudence, Cicero's own and peculiar department, the brief and elementary, but able course of commercial law to be delivered here, will afford to you information which, could it have been offered to the illustrious Roman advocate, would have filled him with delight and astonishment. I need not speak of the value of that information to you as men of business or men of the world; but independently of its immediate and personal uses, it is in itself admirable. This is not like some parts of jurisprudence, the fruit of blind usage or arbitrary enactment. It is the happy result of the energies, intelligence, enterprise, and ingenuity of the whole civilized commercial world, applied to legal purposes by a succession of the strongest and most acute judicial minds of France, Holland, England, and America —much the greater part of it, bearing the test of Cicero's own definition of rational and equitable law, being alike good law at London, Paris, Amsterdam, and New-York.

Classical latinity does not even contain a name for the contract of insurance. Commerce, the Romans left to be carried on by the slaves or freedmen of their patrician senators; and navigation was pursued only with a view to war and conquest. But in our law of insurance, in that of shipping, and of exchange and negotiable paper, those sound and clear principles of reason and natural equity which the old Roman law always asserted in theory, are applied to the most ingenious inventions of modern times, for giving circulation to capital, and facility and safety to commerce.

I know not, then, why you may not with equal, and more than equal justice, apply to your own studies the eulogy of the eloquent ancient upon his. These our studies, may you say, snatched as they are amidst the calls of business, and in hours given by others to indolence or vice, "will nourish and strengthen the youthful mind, and soothe and gladden old age; they will adorn prosperity, and furnish a refuge and consolation in adversity."

The present state of society, thus abounding in the means of instruction, has one marked point of contrast to that of former ages; and it is one which it is the evident tendency of some of the most important improvements of society in wealth and skill, constantly to augment. It is, that as mankind advances in art and power, the division of labour grows greater and greater. As the aggregate power of society thus increases, the danger is that that of each individual may be narrowed to the limits of his personal occupations. The ancient, like the savage, was called upon to know and to do all that could be known or done by any man of the times and nation. The member of a modern civilized state

has frequently but one part to perform. He is but a single wheel or cog in a huge and complicated machine. The inevitable tendency of this is to enfeeble and dwarf the mind of every individual. The mere scholar, the mere lawyer, the mere merchant, the mere artisan, cannot attain the full perfection of his nature, or his full capacity for happiness. But it is an admirable and benevolent provision of Providence, that this very advance of the aggregate wisdom and power of society, thus swallowing up the strength of individuals, carries with it its own corrective, in those very facilities of acquirement of which I have spoken. Thus he who is confined by the order or duties of society to a single round of occupations, can yet find, in the leisure left at his own disposal, the opportunity of liberal inquiry, and that variety of contemplation which exercises and disciplines the whole intellectual man.

In this wide survey of knowledge, the pride natural to those who have successfully exerted themselves in some limited sphere, is rebuked by comparison with acquirements beyond their reach; and thus, whilst general knowledge makes man more respectable, more useful, and more happy, it cannot fail, unless in minds singularly ill constituted, to produce that rational humility, so finely called by Burke, "the deep and broad foundation of every virtue."

In addition to these considerations of the benefits of an acquaintance with science to man, in his personal and individual interests alone, there are others, touching the common interests of society. In proportion as knowledge is widely diffused, morals are secured and liberty protected. If there is any circumstance wherein the present age bears an advantageous comparison with preceding

times, such as to authorize a rational and confident expectation of the extension and permanence of free institutions, it is to be found here. Probably France and England a century ago contained as many men profoundly skilled in their several departments of science, learning, and art, as they now do; but how different was the state of the general mass.

It was, I believe, Steele who, in describing the learned lawyer of his day, makes his whole conversation begin and end with the great case of Grimgribber. This was, of course, a caricature, but still from the hand of such a master it was probably a likeness, though broad and distorted. But it was also in some degree the portrait of every other class. Civilization had then divided society into its several occupations, but general information had not yet corrected the narrowness accompanying that division. The man of letters was then a mere man of the closet, or else a mere author about town, the dependant of the great and of the theatres; and, in either case, equally ignorant of the substantial business of the world. Their *Grimgribber* was, as it might happen, the slang of the town, or the pedantry of ancient metres and philological trifling. The merchant was proud of knowing nothing beyond his counting-house, and the country gentleman led a life of vulgar enjoyment and boisterous ignorance. Below these there was no public, who read or who reasoned. In France this state of things was varied only by the more effeminate profligacy of the great, and those who imitated them, and the still lower degradation of the peasantry. Commerce, that enlightener of nations, has, during the last hundred years, done much in England in breaking down those party-walls which penned in knowledge among the classes of its immediate

professors. Much still remains to be done; but the effect has been already seen in liberalizing and improving the law, the literature, and the science of England. They have come forth from their cloisters, and fitted themselves to the society of men. It has been felt among England's merchants, her farmers, and her mechanics. They have studied their own interests, they claim their own rights, they instruct those who were heretofore their teachers. In France this state of society continued until the revolution. It was from this cause mainly that the French revolution, after dawning so brightly, was so soon and so long overcast with dark and bloody clouds. That liberty it then promised did not come until two generations had been successively thinned by the guillotine and the bayonet, by battle and massacre, in the streets of Paris and the woods of La Vendée, on the sands of Egypt and the snows of Russia, and the blood-drenched plains of Flanders.

And even now on what foundations rest the hopes, the power, the future protection of the rights and liberties of Frenchmen? Not upon the virtue and wisdom of their chiefs and rulers. Not upon the provisions and pledges of laws and charters. Not even upon that last and sacred resort of an oppressed people, an armed resistance to tyranny when it becomes too grievous to be borne. No, not upon any or all of these, honoured and prized as they may well be; for all of these have heretofore balked the hopes of the patriot and the calculations of statesmen. No, not these, but upon the annually increasing thousands of the men of "young France" whose minds have been opened by various and useful knowledge who read, who think, and who reason,

and who can therefore understand and maintain the duties of their rulers and the true interests of the people.

I need scarcely say that it was to a state of society in this country, wholly different from that of France, as France once was, that our own revolution was chiefly indebted for its calm and prosperous issue.

Here was a public fitted by reading and reflection to comprehend, and to feel the reasoning of the patriots who called upon them to withstand the aggressions of their rulers. Here was a people upon whom the wisdom and argument of the founders of our constitution could not be wasted. Therefore it was, that America alone, of all the nations of the earth, has passed tranquilly from a warlike revolution to a peaceful and stable republic. This glorious possession of regulated liberty it is for us to preserve by the same means that enabled our fathers to achieve it. The member of an ignorant community must hold his liberties and his property by a precarious tenure. It is only in an enlightened republic that the people know all their rights, and feel all their duties. Above all, it is there only that the rage of faction, which in ignorant democracies has always broken out into bloodshed and violent revolution, is mitigated into the fair contests of parties, who strive for victory through the press and at the polls, according to the rules prescribed by the constitution and laws of their country.

But these exalted duties of guarding our civil liberties and watching on the bulwarks of our constitution, though the most precious are not the most constant, often not the most useful privileges of the well-informed and patriotic citizen.

There are numerous subjects of internal legislation, of municipal administration, of the management of the or-

dinary machinery of society, forcing themselves upon the attention of the most careless, and the most selfish, and affecting the interests and happiness of every man. The questions of currency and banking, and interest and usury, the laws of taxation, and public debt, alike applicable to the finances of an empire, and those of a town, the administration of poor laws, of charities, of schools, of prisons, of markets, even of pawnbroker's shops —all these are subjects involving the welfare and comforts of thousands. Upon all of them we may have the assistance of a long-continued and a broad experience, and of the reasoning of good and wise men, so that he who presumes to decide upon any of them from his own first impressions, without consulting those aids, is in his way but a rash theorist. On all these subjects, quackery, under the disguise of plain common-sense, self-interest masked as philanthropy or public spirit, are constantly at work. All these questions require in such a government as ours a large and intelligent public, some of them prepared to reason and investigate for themselves, and many well fitted to comprehend and judge.

Considerations of the same nature give a similar value to the general cultivation of literature and of taste in the arts. Most powerful is the sway exercised by those mighty agents over the morals of the community.

Theirs is the potent mastery

> O'er the mind's sea in calm and storm,
> O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
> O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
> O'er Reason's dark, cold hours.*

Whether or no you chose to belong to it, they will

* Halleck.

form a public for themselves, and they will influence and govern it. Of that public your friends and neighbours, your wives and sisters and children, will be a part.

This influence is every where. It pervades the myriads of books which the prolific press pours forth, the daily sheet, the light periodical, the popular exhibition, the ornaments of our houses, the conversation of our firesides.

The author or artist who has the power of pleasing, has committed to his charge a vast control over the tastes, feelings, and sentiments of all within his reach. But he is himself re-acted upon by those whom he influences. He that hopes to please must accommodate his talent to the tastes and habits of those whom he addresses. "Unhappy Dryden—" said the great ethical poet of England, with a touching brevity, as he mourned over the fatal prostitution of his master's genius, dragged down from the pure elevation whither his nature gave him to soar, and forced to grovel in the filth his patrons loved. In the words of another man of genius,* kindred to his own, but of happier fortune and unspotted fame, lamenting over the failure of that poem of epic chivalry which Dryden had planned, in the hope of rearing a monument worthy of his own fame and that of his country—

—— "Dryden in immortal strain
Had raised the Table Round, again,
But that a ribbald king and court,
Bade him toil on to make them sport;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song and play;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line."

* Walter Scott.

Our authors, artists, editors, and publishers may have a ribbald public to deal with as well as Dryden his ribbald king and court. If your ingenuous minds revolt with disgust at that thought, you will feel it to be your duty to aid in averting such an event by acquainting yourselves with a sound, an undefiled, and wholesome literature, and thus becoming a part—and if a part, then certainly an influential and ruling part—of that reading public. Thus it is that the literature which now serves to amuse your youthful hours may hereafter be the means of guarding the morality of your own homes from contamination, or of cheering, animating, and aiding the literary talent of your country when directed to its best ends of truth and virtue.

But of a literature, thus guarded, thus directed, and thus purified, how rich are the treasures, how excellent, how elevating the influence! Not by barren precept, but by example, by illustration, by constant association with the purest sources of pleasure it teaches the "noblest morals of the heart." For in directing the mind to whatever is wise, just, pure, or lovely, it exalts and unsensualizes the thoughts. It emancipates the soul from the bondage of the world, lifting it above the desires, the cares, the meanness, and the follies of the present, and teaching it to reach after, and in part to know, and feel the power and the joys of its future and better being.

I have thus far considered the advantages of a liberal curiosity as confined to the opening of new sources of happiness within yourselves, or as diffusing light and truth over the wide surface of a well-informed public. But it would be unjust to the native talent of my country did I omit one other, and not the least happy of its effects.

I will not meddle with the controversy on the existence, or the causes of peculiar original genius—the inquiry whence it comes, that certain individuals are specially fitted for excellence in certain walks of speculation or of art. It is enough that this difference among men does exist. There are minds whose best powers seem to slumber until the excitement of some occupation or study congenial to their faculties rouses them into gigantic vigour. Now, the acquisition of varied, though it be not profound knowledge, is precisely the most efficient mode of presenting to every ardent and stirring mind the subject best fitted to its powers and tastes. Then it is that natural talent feels its strength. The attention is roused, the curiosity vividly excited, the faculties sharpened. The duties of life need not be neglected, for that would be unworthy of a mind capable of such energies. It tries its strength in solitude and silence; but society, perhaps the civilized world, at last gathers the fruits of those solitary efforts.

Such were the studies and experiments of Benjamin Franklin. I need not dilate on his character, or the incidents of his life, for they are doubtless familiar to you. His unrivalled sagacity and common sense must have given the printer of Philadelphia wealth and distinction any where. The revolution calling out as it did the whole talent of the nation, would have made him a legislator and a statesman. But it was his taste for general knowledge and love of scientific information, turning his mind to observation and experiment upon nature, that made him the discoverer of the laws of heat and of the principle of electricity. This added dignity and influence to his character and opinions, in his own time, whilst in the present day, the patriot whom we honour as one of the

founders of our independence and our constitution, is revered by every other civilized people as the sage who has given to their dwellings protection against the lightning of of heaven and comfort amidst the blasts of winter.

In the same manner it has happened within our own times that some of the most splendid works of literary genius and the most admirable discoveries of scientific investigation have been produced by the leisure studies of men engaged in commercial business or professional labour.

There is scarce a single science among those to be explained to you by the eminent lecturers who are to succeed me that will not furnish some striking example of this fact. Look, for instance, at chemistry. Sixty years ago it was a compound of wild hypothesis, and insulated facts or unexplained processes. The common consent of the scientific world ascribes its elevation to the rank of a science to Priestley. He was by profession and preference throughout life a teacher of religion and of learning, and an unwearied and prolific theological and metaphysical author. He was not—at least in my judgment, for it may be that in this respect I wrong his memory—he was not possessed of any remarkable force as a moral reasoner. Nor had he, I think, that rare power of steady, long-continued, unbroken attention which fixes the whole mind continually upon its chosen subject, until the very foundations of the inquiry are laid bare. But he had to an uncommon degree that liberal curiosity, that thirst for information to which no knowledge appears indifferent. To this were united incessant activity of thought and singular sagacity, minuteness and clearness of observation. An accidental circumstance of his life, his residing in the neighbourhood of a great

brewery by casually calling his attention to the peculiar appearances attending the extinction of lighted chips in the gas floating over fermented liquor, directed his curiosity to the examination and analysis of the several gases, and the curious results of his first experiments led to others, which in his hands soon became the science of Pneumatic Chemistry.

To chemistry he devoted his leisure time reserved from the faithful discharge of numerous other duties—and that time only. No man could be more patient, more industrious, or more ingenious in inventing and applying those experiments so happily termed by Bacon, "the judicious interrogation of nature." His interrogations followed each other with restless rapidity, and nature replied by the revelations of mystery after mystery.

Thus did Priestley win for himself the proud title of the father of modern chemistry. This science has since been wonderfully augmented in its power over nature, as well as improved in the philosophical accuracy of its arrangement and nomenclature; but the brilliant discoveries and labours of subsequent chemists, from Lavoisier to Davy, who have devoted their whole lives to this study, so far from eclipsing the glories of Priestley's leisure, may in fact be considered as being but their developement and consequences.

Turning from the material to the moral sciences, we may observe a precisely similar instance in the history of political economy.

It is with the reverence due to an intellect, of which I can never enough admire the penetration, the order, the comprehensiveness, and the strength—with the gratitude due to one whom I view as a public benefactor, and to whom I feel deeply indebted for the discipline and im-

provement of my own mind, that I pronounce the name of David Ricardo.

He was, as many of my hearers know, a London banker, and acquired in that business a most ample fortune. He was also many years a member of the British parliament, where he was very prominent and efficient on all subjects of finance and currency. Yet amidst the daily pressure of such employments, he was able to concentrate his mind to one favourite investigation, that of the principles of political economy. The French and Italian economists had been fertile in ingenious theories, which, though they had not the merit of truth, had the utility of affording a convenient basis for inquiry. Sir James Stewart had collected many facts, and explained some of them. Galliani, Turgot, and, above all, Adam Smith, had gone further. They had arranged and analyzed, and given to political economy the method and clearness, but neither the precision nor the certainty of a science. What the statesmen and philosophers of Europe had failed to achieve, whether in the learned ease of universities, or aided by the experience of the *bureau*, was effected by the English banker in hours borrowed from the turmoil of the exchange and the stock-market.

He it was, who, when the governments, the capitalists, and the talent of Great Britain, during the suspension of specie payments, after deceiving themselves, had combined to delude the people on the depreciation of bank paper, dissipated that delusion by the clear evidence of reason and fact, proved the mischief it was producing, and pointed out the remedy. His other and more elaborate writings, on the fundamental principles of political economy, are full of the most original and the severest reasoning, but always leading to the most practical con-

clusions. Possessing, in a most eminent degree, the talent of philosophical abstraction and generalization, his sagacity detected, and his rigorous analysis demonstrated the principles which pervade the laws of value and exchange; and he pursued these principles to their ultimate results with a close but bold logic, that, from the apparent contradiction of many of its inferences to particular facts, or the experience of life, sometimes bore to the careless or prejudiced reasoner the air of paradox or palpable error. This mental peculiarity, which might have been expected in a solitary and studious man of philosophical genius like Newton or Locke, was the more singular and striking in a man habitually and daily conversant with those practical details, the scientific theory of which he investigated and expounded. But when those general laws and principles, thus obscure or startling in their abstract and naked enunciation, are correctly applied to the actual affairs of life and their mutual combination and limitation with, and of each other are traced out, then their truth, their beauty, and their application become evident, and we see and acknowledge in Ricardo, the true union of the sagacious man of business and the profound philosopher. His masterly analysis of the manner in which labour governs the exchangeable value of the products of human industry, his discovery of the ruling principle of the laws regulating the rates of profit and interest, his developement of the true doctrine of agricultural rent, and his application of the whole to the theory of the operation of taxes, appear to me to be the most admirable intellectual exploits of the present age. They have formed a new era in the science of enlightened political administration; and unless my admiration of his genius deceive me, Ricardo is destined to be the guide and in-

structor of future statesmen, and the legislator of all well-governed nations.

I have trespassed too long upon your patience, but I cannot refrain from adding to these memorable examples in the two most modern of the sciences, another of eminence in literature, gained under similar circumstances. It is one that, whilst it illustrates my argument, affords me a most fitting occasion to pay a passing tribute to the memory of a venerable friend, the late William Roscoe of Liverpool. He has long ago received the richest offerings of American eulogy. The praise which Washington Irving* has bestowed upon him, as a scholar and a gentleman, must be familiar to most of you. With his accustomed graceful and polished eloquence of style, he has painted Roscoe as having almost created his own mind, springing up and forcing its way through a thousand obstacles; as self-prompted, self-sustained, and almost self-educated; conquering every obstacle, and making his own road to fame and fortune, and after becoming one of the ornaments of the nation, turning the whole force of his talents and influence to advance and embellish his native town. He has pointed out "his private life as peculiarly worthy the attention of the citizens of our young and busy country, where literature and the elegant arts must grow up side by side with the coarse plants of daily necessity, and must depend for their culture, not on the exclusive devotion of time or wealth, but on hours and seasons snatched from the pursuits of worldly interests by intelligent and public-spirited individuals." He has alluded to the dignity with which Roscoe sustained the reverses of fortune in his old age, and

* Sketch Book.

the solace he then found in the company of those mute loved associates, whom his muse has hailed as the "teachers of wisdom, chiefs of elder art."

To the justice or the beauty of Irving's eulogy in these regards, I could add nothing; but it was my own good fortune to have viewed Roscoe under yet another aspect.

The circumstance of my having, as a member of the legislature of this state, been officially engaged upon the improvement of the penitentiary system, which subject had attracted much of Mr. Roscoe's attention, led to the renewal of a slight personal acquaintance that I had formed with him several years before, and to a correspondence that lasted till his death. I can bear testimony to the philanthropic zeal with which he entered into the examination of that and of every question of improvement on this side of the Atlantic—to the warm interest he took in every thing that concerned the cause of civil or religious liberty, of education, or of humanity; to his zeal, his courage, and his unwearied efforts in promoting the success of all of them.

Roscoe's reputation, as a scholar and an author, was principally gained by his familiarity with the beautiful language, the elegant literature, and the fine arts of Italy, and by his excellent historical works, by which he placed those hitherto inaccessible branches of knowledge within the reach of the mere English reader. Now I know of no finer example of the combination of the beautiful with the useful, and of the manner in which the one may be made not only to harmonize with but to aid the other, than that in which Roscoe applied the reputation and influence won, and the literary talent cultivated by studies such as these, to all the best and most

practical uses of society, and among them, to the improvement of the coarsest, and in the view of a fastidious mind, the most revolting parts of the machinery of social government, to the statistics of vice, the police of prisons, and the prevention and punishment of crime.

His memory has yet other and special claims upon us who are here assembled.

As teaching by his own example and by his writings the value of a union of commerce with intellectual pursuits; as showing, by his life, how they may be made to harmonize, and to benefit each other, as the founder of the Atheneum of Liverpool, upon which this and similar establishments in America were modelled, we may justly regard him as one of the fathers of this institution. Such, I am sure, would have been his own feeling towards it; he would have joyed over the advantages that it now affords to the youth of New-York with a truly paternal fondness.

He died during the last summer, at the venerable age of eighty years, retaining, to the very last, his activity of mind, his love of letters, and his zeal for the service of mankind. His death was mourned by the intelligent and the good of Great Britain, as a public loss. It is fitting that we, too, should do him honour. I have therefore thought that this place, and the occasion of opening a course of varied instruction before a commercial audience of New-York, demanded this public tribute to the talents and worth of WILLIAM ROSCOE.

ERRATUM.

P. 190, line 21, for "*twenty-eight*," read "*thirty*."

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