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The People's claim on the Scholar.

(No 22.)

From the Author.

AN ADDRESS

BEFORE

THE "SOCIETY OF INQUIRY,"

IN WABASH COLLEGE, IA.,

JULY 22, 1845.

BY

JOHN P. CLEAVELAND, D. D.

OF CINCINNATI.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

CINCINNATI:

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1845.

ADDRESS.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN:

I HARDLY need remind you, that on these Academic holidays, you come together as members of the same *literary* household. You meet, no less, as associates in the same *religious* fraternity. It is proper, then, to recognize you in the twofold relation of CHRISTIAN-SCHOLARS. I shall aim to keep this relation in view. Most cheerfully would I content myself with the utterance of mere common-places, rather than pervert the purpose of your meeting. The offering I bring to you, is a willing, rather than a worthy one. I have complied with your kind request, more in the hope of getting, than of doing good. Happy, indeed, am I, to sit down at your annual festival; to see my brethren, find how they fare, and take their pledge. Heartily I thank you, gentlemen, for the opportunity of withdrawing my feet from the hot and dusty regions of professional toil, to bathe them, once more, in the waters of Helicon, and to breathe, for a few hours, the bracing air of your own Olympia.

The object, if I mistake not, of your Association, is to inquire after the claims of the world upon EDUCATED CHRISTIANS. My design will be briefly *to state those claims*.

Straitly have I charged myself to avoid, so far as I may, the beaten track.

The world's right to all the moral and intellectual illumi-

nation, which we can impart, has been denied. Great names have been, and still are arrayed against us. There was Mr. Cobbett, whose innate energy fitted him "to write better Anglo-Saxon than had graced the English press, after the days of Elizabeth," and who wrought out his *own* elevation to a seat in Parliament. Just across the English channel, there was John James Rousseau, a great political economist of his times, on whose tomb-stone, as he sleeps in the beautiful gardens of the Marquis Gerardin, is inscribed, "Here lies the man of Nature and of Truth." Others there are, and I blush to own it, much nearer home. From the high places of academic preferment, in this land of *equal rights*, they give it out, that "*American* society is not yet pressed down into its appropriate distinctions." *Nameless* shall be such republicans, such christians, here. Mr. Cobbett's course was as inconsistent as theirs. To the popular elements of the English Constitution, he owed his success, in the attempt to emerge from obscurity. The strongest ligatures bound him to the people's side. Strangely enough, he forsook his own propriety, and revealed his own deformity, when he boasted of helping to "thrust down thousands from affluence to want, because they were suspected of aristocracy of character." The marks and numbers of his low origin, neither genius, nor learning, nor place could rub out, and aptly has he been likened to the old Ephesian, who fired the temple of Diana, "to eternize his name by an uncommon action." The theory of these sophists is, that for a large portion of the race, ignorance, and relative degradation, are the appropriate condition. They maintain that a regard neither to political strength, nor to general happiness, nor yet to the public morals, will warrant the indiscriminate cultivation of the common mind.

I deny the doctrine, *first*, because it wars with man's whole nature. Let us dip a little into anthropology, taking only a matter of fact view. At the *starting points* of the different orders, as they are termed, note their respective capabilities of culture and expansion. Tell me, if in face of his own avowal to the contrary, their being's Author and Finisher has shown himself a respecter of persons? Among the earliest

elements of our humanity, has the Creator planted the foundations of a moral, or a mental monopoly? Can you point to the indexes of his approval of the restrictive policy? To one portion of his own offspring, has he bequeathed a title-deed to improvement, which, to all beside, He has mysteriously foreclosed? Divide the question. Begin with the *outward man*. Is Nature the patron of caste? Believe you that full half of the human race are *originally* unfitted for growth and high development? Are not their sinews as strongly knit as those of their fellows, who are chosen to a brighter destiny? Whose eye is clearer to see, whose ear is quicker to hear, whose voice is more melodious than theirs? Where shall be seen the elements of a physical vitality more enduring or indestructible? Moreover, possess they not the same energies of native *mind*, as others? Is not the will as strong? Is not perception as farsighted and keen? Memory, as retentive and large? Judgment, as instinctive and upright? Conscience, as unerring and true? Feel they not the same inborn, impulsive aspirations towards the First Good, the First Perfect, the First Fair? Kindles not the same inspiration in the soul, thirsting after knowledge, thirsting after truth? To thinking minds I submit, if premises like these, demonstrate just nothing. Has the All-creating formed affinities for truth and intelligence, only to quench them? Has he lighted up the natural man with an orb of glory, only to hide it in clouds, or to put it out forever? Would He not rather it should everywhere ascend, self-poised, to shine,

"Like another morn,
Risen on mid-noon?"

Shall we charge on *Him*, prodigality of creative power? Is bounteous Heaven the parent and promoter of a closer exclusiveness than wealth and pride ever coveted? If it were counselled *above*, that only one man in three should ever see light, should ever know truth, why, in sanity's name, were not two-thirds of the race produced with incapacity for culture; clean devoid of desire for knowledge? If in the major part of all minds, the Supreme fore-ordained that thought should lie bed-

ridden in the soul's dormitory, till, like the volatile colors, it has all faded out, pray, why produce it at all! Who wants an ear which may never be thrilled with delectable sound? Who wants an eye, which may never be charmed with grandeur and beauty?

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time;
Be but to sleep and feed! A beast: No more.
Sure He, who *made* us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To *rust* in us, unus'd.

Let others look *unmoved*, if they will, on the throes of a pagan world; the ceaseless striving of the general mind, to be lifted up and disenthralled; aye, let them hear it, without heeding, who can! This universal stir towards the light, this pledge of progress,

This inbred impulse to bid the spirits leap
Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow
Through the soul's shut up mansion—
To move in sympathy with God's great whole,
And be like man, *at first*, A LIVING SOUL;

who that has betaken himself to the vocation of a Christian Scholar, will not exult to help it on with all his might?

To the differing classes at *riper* age, let the same test be applied. Examine the forms and the phases of the *adult* mind. Long bondage to toil; continuous privation of discipline and systematic tuition; endurance of hardship; all these combined, shall not vacate man's universal aptitude for a higher sphere, and a broader range. Spite of counteractions and giant hinderances,

Will the creature dare
Look forth and say, Eternity I share
With Him who *made* me!

Put humanity where you please. Chain it down as you will. Cover it with thick darkness. Bend it beneath burden and hard pressure, till it seem ready to perish. Still will it

struggle to regain its birthright—to emerge from its eclipse—to rise and shine like the sun in' the firmament of the Father. God can undo his own workmanship. Man can undo himself. None other can undo him. His crown of glory, only his own hand can cast away.

It is a divine luxury to think of the large and indestructible capacities of untutored mind. By what we witness around us, we may take fair gauge of the dimensions of heathen intellect and conscience, and discover glorious and immortal susceptibilities, where all now seems shrivelled and dead. Drop your line into the first stagnant pool you come to, and sound its depths for yourselves. Away down, where a superficial eye would never penetrate, you shall find all the quenched or quiescent capacities of a common nature. Try the question with your next door neighbor. Untaught in the technics of the schoolmen, he is incapable to compose an oration. Yet, swift as thought, sure as instinct, will he know whether the pretender to eloquence is stirring or stupid, vivacious or dull. Erudite criticism shall not more unerringly judge between wordy and windy speech, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," (of which our times furnish plentiful specimens,) and that divine eloquence, which always consumes what it cannot convince. Artificial syllogism, your unlearned man knows not how to construct. But no veteran in logic can sooner conclude, whether others reason or rail. Melodious rhythm he would not attempt to weave. But as keenly as any favorite of the muses, will he relish all true poesy, such as embodies his own consciousness, and invests it with life and beauty. Such, then, to use John Calvin's peculiar diction, are the descending, inheritable properties of all souls. For what, pray tell me, were they bestowed? Are they but inlets to hope, forever destined to be deferred and denied? Are they but windows, through which the spiritual nature may get glimpses of Truth's temple, only to know that it cannot be admitted within the sacred portals? *Credat Judæus Apella; Non ego. Incredulus sum, et odi.** Sooner would I defend monopoly in the use of the

* A college professor once criticised this quotation, and denied that *Non ego* could be found in Horace. Let him turn to the Satires, Book I. Sat. 5, 100—101.

senses; much sooner concede, that they alone may see or sing, hear or smell, to whom inherited affluence and idleness have brought no higher occupation. Capacity for moral or mental improvement is a warranty for its fruition, and other claim is not wanted. Be it yours, then, gentlemen, to lead a risen generation to its rightful and rich inheritance. Into every lane of this breathing world, along its open highways,

On its broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,

joyously let us go forth, apostles of an honored mission—almoners of royal bounty—carrying good tidings of good, which shall be to all people. Let us lift up our voices as we go, crying aloud, "Up, brothers, up to your holy calling; come, cast off your slumbers; let us unbind your pinions; come, soar away; grovel no longer; behold an open door; enter in, and claim your complete humanity—your share of a common growth and salvation.

Another motive to enlist ourselves heartily in the cultivation of the general mind, in the whole world's instruction and regeneration, is the fact, that *knowledge is friendly to virtue*. This, too, is denied, and the opposite affirmed. Gravely the professors of the antagonist theory prophesy evil to morals, evil to religion, from the diffusion, to all classes, of mental culture. They appeal to the past and to the present, to prove the omen true. If they are right, for the sake of humanity, for our country's sake, and in behalf of every immortal interest, let us know it. Let schools and colleges know it. Let the dear people know it, that they drink no more the maddening draught. Rather let them die of thirst. Crime will always be rife enough, without being enforced. In a country where universal education is installed the guardian genius of our civil institutions, the value of the question cannot be exaggerated, and I am purposed to put it fairly. To cultivate the world's intellect, and neglect its conscience; to enlighten the head, and let the heart run wild, and riot in its own pravity, would be to vacate reason and experience. Learning goes safely forward, only when she leans on the arm of her elder sister,

Virtue. We are no worshippers of the Past. For burrowing in the dust of by-gone ages, we have no passion. But the Past has lessons, which it were insanity to repudiate. This is one; that mere intellectual matter, how copiously soever administered, is no infallible antidote to crime. The converse is equally clear. Science is far enough from being unfriendly to virtue. To affirm the hostility of human learning to an elevated morality, such even as gospel legislation demands, is to traduce nature—is to libel nature's God. Fit doctrine only for times, when scowling superstition shed murky twilight over the human soul—when ignorance tended devotion's cradle; when Duns Scotus, or some other dunce, was crowned by the Imperial Academy of France, occupied divinity chair at Oxford, and could count his thirty thousand students, because, by numerically two hundred arguments, he had proven that the Virgin Mary was born immaculate! Ours, you perceive, is not the only age, in which Oxford has made war on common sense. Learning vitiate the public morals! Science mislead the mind!

'Tis a discovery no where to be found
 In all the hoary registers of Time,
 Unless, perchance, in the Fool's Calendar.
 Wisdom disdains the word, nor holds society
 With those who own it.
 'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its Father.
 Wrought of such stuff as dreams are,
 And as fantastic as the visions of the evening.

He who dreads the effect of an education of the whole people, has never seen the eternal, golden chain, which binds all things in heaven and earth to the throne of God. Suppose, for a moment, that when "flinty intellect" is schooled alone, and "conscience is kept shut up at home," education is demoralizing; suppose that the abstractest philosophy does beget infidelity; where, and with whom, I beg to know, lies the fault? Believe you, gentlemen, that the outward world is so atheistically constructed, that every part of it is not radiant with signatures of the divinity? Summon forth from spirit-worlds ten thousand scrutineers! Let their commission be to

unlock all of nature's secrets—to explore all mind, all matter. Let them find one indivisible, scarce perceptible point, on which, around which, the All-creating has not strewn, thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, the testimonies of His presence and power. With the eagle let them soar; let them dive deep as leviathan; from universal vegetation let them sip nectar with the bee; of the human body let them probe every pore—trace out every artery, every vein—dissect every muscle, count every pulsation. Fair and full report let them make. Where saw they *atheistic sun or star*, giving out its sickly beams? Where saw they *atheistic flowers*, with colorless leaf, bereft of beauty, recusant to law? Tell me no more that man may not be trusted with knowledge, with all that he can get, with all that we can give. Tell me aught else you will. In times like ours, trust not men with too much gold, foreign or home-made. In this era of political *immutability*, when it is so easy to get office, so hard to keep it, trust them not even with too many posts of honor. But dream not that truth will ever put out the weakest eyes, or pervert conscience, or quench conviction of accountability. In purposing the diffusion of moral science, you are falling in with God's benevolence. You are confirming the key-stone of our republican arch at home. You are digging the foundations of a like glorious edifice, for the nations that sit in darkness. "Woe to that man," it is one of Channing's choicest thoughts, "woe to him who wants the love of Truth. For lack of this, genius becomes a scourge; its breath, a poisonous exhalation—its brightness, a seducer into the paths of pestilence and death. A resolution to seek it, to toil for it, live for it, die for it, is the pledge of all true culture and dignity. Precious as *thought* is, the love of truth is more precious; for, without it, thought wanders, and wastes itself, and drops down into guilt and misery. Let men regard truth more than they regard bread, and the spring of a perpetual elevation is touched within them." To lead on your day and generation to such pursuit and achievement, gentlemen, is the fit end of your Association. As christian scholars, this is your true vocation—your exact function—your duty, and your glory.

The moral and mental education of the world, *will likewise stir within your own minds, impulses after strong thought, and ripe scholarship.*

Any sacrifice but one, can better be afforded, than that of the habit of studying right, and thinking deeply. Books cannot be valued with money, and yet we can better afford to give up our libraries, those fountains of thought, than cease to think calmly, profoundly. Let the mass plod on, more animalized every year, but leave not a total age to barrenness and imbecility of thought.

Libraries are solemn places. He who can survey one, and not be filled with immortality and eternity, is unworthy of the one, unfit for the other. But there is external nature too, and there is the living, unfathomable fountain within. For a long time back, our countrymen have been greatly given to keeping in the shallows, and have seldom pushed out on the calm, holy, bottomless ocean of originality, to drop their leads into its resounding depths. A change is going on. Our literary mariners are putting on courage, and weighing anchor for long voyages. The Harpers alone, have published enough of the right sort, if they had published nothing else, to have generated an age of strong thinkers. They have published enough of the wrong sort, to produce, spite of the counteractions of the good and the true, an age of lean minds—of minds, whose thinking has the single quality of *superficialness*. The number is growing, who are set on having fellowship with the olden time. "Auspicious omens cheer us." Now let me be shown, that the whole world's education in moral and philosophical truth, will help to re-instate the babblers—to heat still hotter, the passion for politics, and money-getting, and display, and my lips are sealed. The heathen world looks dismally, as a whole. Thought is dead. Mind is in chains, forged out of the blackness of darkness. The mission preachers are like so many deaf and dumb asylums for deaf and dumb mind. Now if this scheme spreads, till all the nations are decently educated, will it foster *shallow* thought, *second-hand learning*, and supplant the scholar by the sciolist? We trow not—Our faith in a different result, is clear and confiding. To a full

assurance of its rights, let the general mind be but fairly aroused, and the pretender will be bidden to stand aside. He is not the man for such a day. From all *puerilities* in literature, in science, in morals, an enlightened self-reverence and self-reliance will turn away with instinctive loathing. As the footsteps of the mass press closer and closer on the scholar's heels, must he gird himself for higher effort, and rise to higher aims. Otherwise he shall be compelled to forego the honor of being a guide to the blind, and a light to the world. Self-devotion to those solitary and consuming studies, which nourish a genuine scholarship, will be stimulated in proportion as the faculties of the mass are disciplined and developed. *This* is an ambition of God's own origination—Gospel influences fan its flame, and feed its fires. This is coveting earnestly the best gifts, and the things that are more excellent. It is pressing toward the mark for the prize of our high calling. It is the christian motive, that tells us

Wherefore the student *should* trim the lamp,
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heaven,
And worshipping around the midnight throne.
Therefore it is, he spends so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
Of youth and joyance, when the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire.
His soul, refined to holiness, a flame,
Which purifies the heart it feeds upon,
Pours its glad homage out at Wisdom's shrine—
Draws *deeper* draughts at her unfathom'd well,
Nursing the never-dying lamp which burns
Brighter and brighter on, as ages roll.

History opposes not a known fact to the theory we are defending. When has the learning of the schools run into pedantry, and displaced all exact science? When has thought issued from the lecture-room, the pulpit, and the press, stripped of every attribute of might or majesty? Precisely when *the people* have been left to grovel, and drivel, and doze out life, "little more intellectual than the most intellectual animals." Yes, Gentlemen, it has only been,

When CROWN and CROSIER ruled a coward world,
 And mental midnight all round nature curled;
 When, wrapt in sleep, *Earth's torpid children lay,*
 Hugged their vile chains, and dreamed their age away.

Depress the people. Darken the common mind. Chain to ignorance the artizan and the operative. Reduce a generation of mothers to *drudges*,

Fitted to nurse young fools,
 And chronicle small beer—

Suspend the rightful, educational appliances of the family economy, and see now, how it has fared, the while, with the schools, the scholars, and the professions. Let Jurist, Physician, Tutor, Preacher, each be tried. Above all, try those whose lives are given to letters. Scarce in one mind of a million, shall you discern those

Conceptions of the Mighty and the Good,
 Whose holy elevating influence,
 Snatches us up awhile from earth, and lifts
 The spirit in its *strong* aspirings, where
 Superior beings fill the court of Heaven.

Here, if any where, is the place to speak of the tendency of an education for the whole people in letters and religion, to cure even the scholar of literary vanity and inflation. "The pride of learning," has been the theme of so many pulpit-homilies—has scared into a life of laziness, so many lovers of ease, it is commonly taken to be an admitted truth. Good illustration it gives us, of Dr. Franklin's classification of facts, into those which *have happened*, and those which *have not*. The pride of learning, Gentlemen! As if to penetrate into the *immensum et infinitumque* of man's own being, and God's, whilst man's dimensions dwindle to a point, in the awful contrast, would make man vain! What two minds ever received God's truth so like little children, as Francis Bacon and Isaac Newton? Yet of those two minds, the learned Puffendorf declares, "that they carried forward the standard of science, so that we and our successors might press on and make discoveries, which should far outshine all the achievements with which

the schools had rung loud and long." After overturning the existing philosophy, constructed by the immortal Stagyrte sixteen hundred years before, and erecting on its ruins, a system enduring as eternity, Lord Bacon bequeaths to us the legacy of his own experience, "that albeit, a little learning and still less philosophy leadeth men's minds to scepticism and pride, a great deal of philosophy bringeth them all back to religion." Newton on his death-bed protested, that if he had done any special service to truth or to the world, it was entirely owing to his having consented to diligence and self-denial. Learning can nurse a proud spirit, only when men flatter themselves that they have outdone their neighbors. Level upwards *the mass*, and vain boasting will cease. Moreover, there is another antidote, of equal infallibility. Liberalize individual minds, by original investigation, and exact knowledge; and all unbecoming airs will vanish away.

If shallow drafts intoxicate the brain,
Then drinking largely will sober us again ;

a prescription, by the way, much better adapted to cure mental, than physical ebriety. La Place knew more astronomical truth than any of his cotemporaries, and yet his last words were, "*That which we know is little ; that which we know not, is IMMENSE.*" In the last conversation I had with one of the oldest of our American Geologists, he remarked, with the modesty of true science, *I know* much less in Geology now, than I did twenty years ago.

In our humble advocacy of the whole world's claim to the "light of everlasting truth," we have designed no defence of "Procrustean bedsteads." We pray God to anoint you for the holy work of evoking the energies of the common mind—of infusing the immortal hopes of Christianity into the bosoms of all mankind. But *equalization* is not our aim. True, to be relatively learned, ought to be a harder and yet harder task, every succeeding year. But disparity will never forsake the race. Pigmies and Pyramids will be perpetuated, and

Pigmies be pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
Whilst pyramids are pyramids in vales.

An original pyramid, a genius, is a rare God-send. The literary pigmies of the nineteenth century, might well be surnamed, *Legion*. Generally, the fault is their own. Sometimes nature is parsimonious and inexorable. Dr. Cotton Mather's advice to his son, is excellently adapted to all who attempt the improvement of humanity. "It may not be amiss for you," he says to him, "to keep two HEAPS by you; a heap of *unintelligibles*, and a heap of *incurables*. Some persons you will meet with, who will pretty much perplex and distress you. You will find some most unpersuadable people. No reason, no counsel, no instruction will do anything for them. The best way, my son, with all these vexations, is, to throw them into the heap they belong to." Two such heaps, I apprehend, might now be kept full. Each of the professions might furnish a contribution. The *politicians* could afford to be liberal, and possibly, a so-called seminary, or college, here and there, might honor a small draft. But I am wandering.

There is another topic, on which I will venture a few thoughts. I mean the tendency, by indirection, at least, of universally educating and elevating the race, to *ensure a high classical taste among scholars*.

Neither to my feelings, nor to my most cherished opinions touching this present point, can I hope to render justice. Of its abstract merits, "here in this presence and company," there is no need that I speak. Yet, it would be pleasant to add one's own testimony, were it only to please one's self. Of the value of the ancient classics, profoundly read, minutely mastered, no just exponent can be produced. Too deeply do we feel our own indebtedness, to turn ingrate or reviler. Some share of patience under life's labors, we profess to keep ready for occasion. But it is soon exhausted, whenever we are forced to listen to the senseless cant about the *Pagan classics*—pious horror at the *Heathenism*, infused into the souls of college students. Quite active poison, it needs be, unless it be more largely administered, than when we were under the hands of the college practitioners. With such pseudo-reformers, I hold no debate. Into the first heap of *incurables*, I toss them at once, and let them lie. One only accomplished pupil of the

old masters, have I known to discredit them. No small cause of congratulation is it, that the eloquent Carolinian, in his intended attack, supplies one of the ablest apologies for classical study, which the whole controversy has contributed. His oration against *the profane authors*, sparkles with the choicest of the primitive gems—and is redolent with fragrance out of the ancient gardens. To *such* detractors as the lamented Grimke, may be safely entrusted the claims of classical learning. Thankfully would I hear of a rise in the terms of college matriculation, every fourth year, to the end of my days. Few other solaces would more fully inspire me to sing the Nunc dimittis Domine, of the dying Levite. “Young heathens, of our sons,” then, it will make, if we set them down at the feet of masters, who have taught and trained the intellect of ages! Of *such* Paganism, “may propitious skies send us down a copious rain.” I invoke the guardians of our *holy mothers*—the keepers of all fountains of learning—(*pro auctoritate, a Deo, et optimis hominibus illis commissa*.) that they hold no parley with an innovating spirit. For one, I am free to utter it;

Non—timeo DANAOS dona ferentes,

nor ROMANOS either, if the line were long enough to let it in. To pluck the laurel from *such* brows! To snatch the crown of glory from heads thus hoary with wisdom and age, might we ever speak anathema, we should cry—‘Perish the robber-hand, uplifted to the unholy deed!’ But the conceit shall die of inherent imbecility. Let woman be invoked to vindicate the ancient dead.

Say not—Their power is o’er—
 Although their lips be mute, their limbs be still,
 With might unknown before,
 Those silent Forms *the living heart* may thrill.
 Where’er some ancient mound
 Tells us—’tis here their mortal relics rest,
 At once that spot of ground,
 Our hearts with unseen holiness invest.
 Say not,—They are no more,—
 Those who the soul with tenderest thoughts can fill;
 Say not,—Their power is o’er,
 While thus its traces are within us still.

Weak, indeed, is that "literary faith," which strains so sweet, and sentiment so true, warms not to quenchless ardor. Oh yes; Horace but spoke prophetic truth—truth for himself, and for kindred genius, when he uttered that noble oracle—

Non omnis moriar. *Mullaque pars mei*
Vitabit Libitinam.

Yes—glorious Bard—thou shalt not *wholly* die. Thy memory shall endure with time—thy fame, with the world.

Bear with me. I am not straying from the main subject. Were there one ever-present wish, woven into my heart, it would be, that I might never write, for the pulpit or the press, a sentence of our dear mother tongue, in violation of the canons of classic composition. For you, young gentlemen, I offer the same prayer. Were I surrounded by all the solemn pressures of a religious excitement; did I see all my hearers bent on rushing forward, at once, to "find the pearl of price unknown;" in the most fervid dehortation against delaying another moment, the soul's highest concern, fain would I wish to leave an impress on every mind, of classic purity, dignity, and strength. A classical taste should be second nature to the scholar. Sentiments I am now giving out, which I have pondered long. Into each particular word, I would breathe the earnestness of an honest man. I pronounce them, not as the schoolboy, who loves his Latin, because it saves him from the severer formulas of the mathematics, but as the ripe reflections of more than forty years. There is no such charm for the common people even; no spell, that will so soon or so surely lead them captive at our will, as "proper words in proper places;" Saxon vigor; Roman dignity; Athenian grace; and so combined, so proportioned, as will indicate but one original—that clear, deep spring, the "well of English undefiled." Would you make the conquest, gentlemen; would you possess the treasure; address yourselves first of all, to the whole world's emancipation from ignorance and sin. Educate and elevate, purify and sanctify the total mass. Refine *them*, mentally and morally, and you will more refine *yourselves*. Why is HOMER the Poet of all ages, and all people; ruling the ascen-

dant, not of one short cycle, but to Time's end? Because, as fast as he wove his immortal verse, he hurried away, to test its power on the ear of all Greece. Because he returned to his closet, from his contact with his countrymen, sharpened by their criticisms, and urged upwards after the beau ideal of poetic perfection. How was it that HERODOTUS made himself the oracle and the ornament of every University on the globe? Just by reading all his first drafts to the crowds that hung round the Olympic games. All the master-pieces of the Augustan era were analyzed and anatomized in the Emperor's court, before they were given to the world. Those matchless compositions, which imparted perfection to the French language, were submitted to inexorable judges, and then carried home to receive the finishing stroke. Look at WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. A sloven-boy, a runaway pilferer, "publicly sneezed at, for his mawkishness," becoming, at last, friend, companion, counsellor to all professions, to all ranks, to all people, to all times! How was the mighty mutation made? In a very simple way. Every nascent line of the dramatist was, at birth, yielded up to *the people's* scrutiny. He raised his native force and fire into vital flame, at the people's altar. He was no more dramatic than moral tutor to his times, and in neither respect, was he more their tutor, than they were his. In his case, and in all these cited cases, it was action and reaction—reciprocated favor—improvement in the popular taste, both in morals and letters, compelling the very author who had wrought it, to strike a higher key, if he would retain his relative position. LORD BYRON wisely resolved to write *for the heart first*, and wickedly resolved to write only for its depravity. But he was borne up to a peerless refinement, by the reaction of the age, whose ears he first scared, and then charmed, with "the bugle notes of hell."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, perhaps "the best of bad writers," the purest of a class, *necessitated* always to be impure, is a fine instance of our doctrine. He made his own school, and overstocked it. He supplanted the Past, and new created the Present, quietly fashioning it after his own liking. Yet no man was ever more indebted to contemporary taste. The people

taught him his best knowledge, in payment for his having taught them an abundance, though in quality, not certainly superior to the Prophet's figs. It was they who inspired him with the conception of his Black Dwarf, the most perfect profane portraiture of "total depravity," ever drawn. SHELLEY might have shone a morning star, and left a track of light to mingle with the latter-day glory. But he despised his race, and they cancelled the debt at sight. The conclusion of our facts is grateful. It is just this: cultivate the missionary spirit; go forth on the work of the world's renovation, because, at the same time, you will be reaping rich harvests of classic refinement, erudition, and taste.

The mental and moral elevation of the race *will develop new materials for enlarging the boundaries of the empire of letters*. POETRY is a universal presence. 'Tis an element of our common nature. Impulsive and joyous emotion answers to its utterance everywhere. With new lustre, it lights up the eye; with new life, it informs every feature. Auditories of plain men and women, unpolished minds, grown dull under well-reasoned prose, suddenly waking to new life; all eye—all ear—to catch the inspiration of some aptly selected strain, full of genuine fire; I assure you, it is no phenomenon in real life.

There is among the living of our own state, (*serus redeat in cælum*), a son of Boanerges, who, in his prime, would often swing his battle-axe on some strong-hold of error, dealing death and demolition at every blow, and then stop, throw away his weapon, his bosom heaving, his eye melting, as his lips recited a line or two, which struck the true vein, and brought out the undying spark. I know not a class of minds, over which poetry has not dominion and sway. Bishop Lowth cites a ballad, used with startling effect by the Liberty-boys of Greece, which has less merit than most of our popular songs. "Could the Tyrannicides of Rome have called such an auxiliary to their cause," says the Bishop, "it would have been all over with the Cæsars, and Tully might have been saved his Phillippics." Lord Wharton boasted that he had *rhymed* the king out of his kingdom. The war-ditty, "Hearts of oak and ships of oak," once moved to desperation, many a generous

fellow, "only to fit him to be food for powder." Just after I entered on my profession, I happened to wind up a charity sermon with Mr. Pollock's picture of a miser, perhaps the most poetical thing Pollock ever executed. The next day, a shoemaker of ordinary education called on me to say, "that in his shop, they would like to have me work in a little poetry pretty often." Here was a double revelation to me. It evinced *the power of poetry* over a group of plodding *mechanics*, by stirring the *poetic elements* of their *own* inward being. Dr. Channing was right. Poetry *is* a universal presence. The world will know it, and joy over it, so soon as science and religion have *redeemed* the world.

'Tis a solemn thought, that you, gentlemen, may reveal to the Hottentot, or the New Zealander, their own inborn sympathies with the true, the beautiful, and the divine. Yet it may be done. Hear Percival—

The world is *full* of Poetry. The air
Is living with its spirit—and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is *rell'd*
And *mantled* with its beauty; and the walls
That close the universe with chrystal in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies too perfect and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
Unfading *Beauty* and unyielding *Power*.
Passion, when *deep*, is still. The glowing eye,
That rends his enemy with glance of fire—
The lip that curls and writhes in bitterness—
The brow, contracted till its wrinkles hide
The keen-fix'd orbs, that burn and flash below—
The hand, firm-clenched and quivering; and the foot,
Planted in attitude to spring, and dart
Its vengeance—are the language, it employs.
So the *Poetic* feeling needs no words
To give it utterance. Its seat is deeper
In the *savage*, than in the *man of cities*;
In the blithe *child*, than in *maturer* bosoms.
'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file and metrical array.
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,

Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
 And quantity, and accent, that can give
 This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
 Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
 'Tis a *mysterious* feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain,
 Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
 He tastes the high communion of his thoughts
 With all existences in Earth and Heaven
 That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
 'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
 In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
 And rounded period, *poor and rapid thoughts*,
 Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments,
 That overload their littleness. Its words
 Are *few*, but deep and solemn, and they break
 Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
 Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fir'd
 The holy Prophet, when his lips were coals—
 His language, winged with terror, as when bolts
 Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,
 Commissioned to affright us and destroy.

How seldom has this divine element been *developed*! How rarely hear we the distinct articulations of the Immortal Nine! The masses are but little *educated* yet. Paralysis hangs about conscience and intellect. Unevangelized mind has long been at a stand-still. During the dark ages, neither the schools nor the professions produced a line, worth any man's reading. A thousand years, generative of not one true poem! Why? Simply because *the people* were denied both cultivation and christianity. The common mind was not kept astir—was not capacitated to re-act on the schools, and *command* great deeds to appear. When modern missions have had fair play, and fulfilled their promise, they will surprise the lover of *letters* as much as the lover of *souls* and *revivals*. He who flouts christian missions, is as poor philosopher as christian; a sorry sort of scholar, seeing truth and humanity only on the narrowest side.

The undergraduates, present will not be offended, if I throw out a kind hint. To the *new* bachelors, (the *old* ones I despair of,) it may not be entirely useless. Well, I only wished to say, that it is somewhat amusing, how seldom a young man

get on two years in college, without, at least, a *slight fit of poetry*. Very often the attack is not attended with any serious danger, and dear nature may be trusted to cure herself. Now and then, a case becomes more obstinate, and needs the prescription of that shrewd old doctor, the good Quintus Horatius Flaccus:

Carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque
Presectum decies non castigant ad unguem.

Pope used to apologize for writing poetry, by saying,

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

With most of our poetasters, it is not even good lisping.

As to *rhetoric*, nothing is more undebateable, than that all the technical canons are false, any farther than they are nature's revelation of her own laws. The true rhetorician but puts a tongue in nature's mouth, that she may tell her own great truths. Whatever departs from these, departs from fitness, from beauty, from excellence, and is less than nothing. "Homo est interpretatur naturæ non magister," is God's ordinance—the corner-stone and key-stone of all inductive philosophy.

From a strong-minded but unpolished man, it happened to me, once, to get an admirable synopsis of rhetorical law, on the *manner* of a public speaker. He was complaining that some excellent preachers started off, in their first sentences, with the voice at its highest pitch, much at variance with his conceptions of propriety. "I am no *rhetorician*," said he, "but I am apt to think you preachers get plenty of *perpendicular* height, without quite *slant* enough." Of just such germs of truth, and gems of thought, and gleams of light, missionary successes will be making the record and the revelation, till God's image is restored to man, and "the earth is full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Young gentlemen of the "Society of Inquiry," it was not my intention to treat you to some stale and jejune discourse. Your good sense, I hope, will approve my choice. I close,

then, as I began, by saying, I have met you—not as *christians*—not as *scholars*—but as *both*—as CHRISTIAN-SCHOLARS. I have detailed to you a few considerations, pertinent to literary men; to minds self-devoted to self-culture; suited to engage them in the whole world's education, and the whole world's salvation. I wished to lead you to the largest view, and thus try to cover the whole ground. Our theme is urgent. Let us be clothed with the armor of light. Let us gird ourselves with holy panoply, and go meekly, calmly, to the conflict. It is auspicious grappling with darkness. Now is our time to assert that inward spiritual liberty, and moral energy—that force of right purpose, which shall subjugate the senses, subjugate the world; which shall liberate the conscience, liberate the will, and leave them, omniform and energetical, to unfold themselves without let or hindrance. For such a vocation, who will not thank God, and go forward. Let your lives be continuous deeds of meek and pious daring. Unbind your own souls; unbind all souls.

To all the sons of sense *proclaim*,
One glorious hour of *crowded* life
Is worth an age without a name.

My humble God-speed, I give you, with all my heart. May the "Christo et ecclesiæ," once inscribed on the walls of old Harvard, be indelibly graven on the humbler edifices of this rising seminary, and our whole valley soon blossom as the rose. May the spirit of the motto possess all the offspring of this *young Mother*, and crown them and their parent with a glory that fadeth not away.

Remember, gentlemen, that progress, calm, cumulative, ceaseless progress, is your duty, your destiny. Progress! The universal law—governing all mind—governing all matter—the most delightful, awful word, *but one*! Progress in knowledge—Progress in virtue—Progress in being, and in bliss! Progress for you, for me, for mankind! The scholar, whose zeal it inspires not; the christian, whose faith it fires not, should begin anew. It is one of Mr. Combe's just thoughts, that "when schools and colleges shall expound the various

branches of philosophy as portions of the Creator's institutions; when the pulpit shall deal with the same principles; show their practical application to man's duties and enjoyments; when the sanctions of religion, shall enforce the observance of natural law; when the busy scenes of life shall be so arranged, as to become a field for *the practice* of our philosophy, and our religion, then will universal man assume his station as a rational being, and Christianity achieve her predicted triumphs." I wonder not that you are inquiring about missions. I only wonder that any who claim the scholar's name, *fail to inquire*. How every tribe, which has been sitting in darkness from the beginning, now strains after light! How they call after us to disenthral them! In the adapted language of another—

Spirit of Missions—On!

Oh pause not in thy flight,

Till every clime is won

To worship in thy light.

Speed on thy glorious way,

And wake the sleeping lands.

Millions are watching for the ray,

And lift to thee their hands;

On—till thy reign is known,

Throughout the peopled earth;

On—till thou reigns't alone,

Man's heritage by birth;

On—till from every vale, and where the mountains rise,

Redemption's beacon-light shall kindle to the skies!