

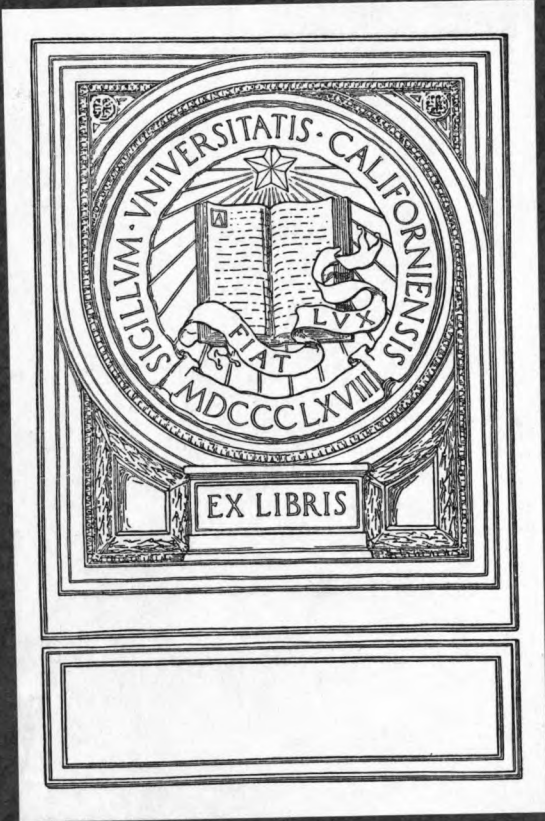
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**DESIRE OF REPUTATION;**

**AN ADDRESS,**

**BEFORE**

**THE PHOENIX AND UNION SOCIETIES**

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

**HAMILTON COLLEGE,**

**JULY 28, 1841.**

**BY ALBERT BARNES.**

~~~~~  
Wie ein redlicher Mann, den Verleumder umwölken, verachtet  
Sich zu vertheidigen, schweigt; denn bald verzieht das Gewölk sich.

KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH, Gesang xvi.  
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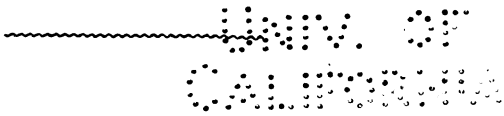
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## THE DESIRE OF REPUTATION.



THE subject on which I propose to address you at this time, is, THE DESIRE OF REPUTATION. My aim will be accomplished if I can set before you the reasons why that desire is implanted in the human bosom; its value as a principle of action; the modifications under which it appears, and the perversions to which it is liable; the true principles which are to guide us in seeking it, and the field which is now open, especially in this country, to secure an honoured name.

I have selected this subject because there is not a heart before me that does not beat with a generous desire to be known and to be remembered; because there is no aspiration of the bosom that is more likely to become perverted, and to be a source of injury; because, for the young especially, it is desirable that the proper metes and limits of its indulgence should be laid down with care; and because I am persuaded, when properly understood, it may be made an important auxiliary in the cause of learning, patriotism, virtue, and even true religion. I will not despise or condemn any thing which I believe to be an original law of our nature, however it may have been abused; I will not believe that any thing which God has implanted in our bosoms may not contribute to the most exalted excellence of man.

The desire of an honoured name exists in all. It is an

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original principle in every mind, and lives often when every other generous principle has been obliterated. It is the wish to be known and respected by others; to extend the knowledge of our existence beyond our individual consciousness of being; to be remembered, at least, for a little while after we are dead. Next to the dread of annihilation—the most fearful thought which crosses the human soul—we dread the immediate extinction of our names when we die. We would not have the earth at once made level over our graves; we would not have the spot where we sleep at once forgotten; we would not have the last traces of our existence at once obliterated from the memory of the living world.

I need not go into an argument to prove that this desire exists in the human soul. Each one has only to look into his own heart to find it always there in living power and in controlling influence. I need not ask you to cast your eyes upon the pages of history to see the proofs that the desire has found a home in the heart of man. I need not point you to the distinguished heroes, orators and poets of past or of modern times; nor need I attempt to trace its operations in animating to deeds of noble daring, or its influence on the beautiful productions of the chisel or of song. Ovid showed it when looking down into far distant ages, and anticipating the judgment of future times, he said:

Jamque opus exegi: quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,  
 Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas,  
 Cùm volet illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis hujus  
 Jus habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat ævi:  
 Parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis  
 Astra ferar: nomenque erit indelebile nostrum.  
 Quæque patet domitis Romana potentia terris,  
 Ore legar populi: perque omnia sæcula famâ  
 (Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia,) vivam.

METAMOR. XV. 871.

Horace expressed the same emotion, and the same conviction that he would be remembered, in the beautiful language

“*Jamque exegi monumentum ære perennius.*”

Milton was warmed by the same generous flame, and felt that there dwelt within him the innate power of rearing a monument which would convey his name to latest times, when he uttered this sentiment: “I began to assent to my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strongest propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.”\* Klopstock, in one of his best odes, has described the instinctive desire of future reputation, and of living in the memory of posterity, when founded on a virtuous principle:

“Sweet are the thrills, the silver voice of fame  
 Triumphant through the bounding bosom darts!  
 And immortality! how proud an aim!  
 What noble toil to spur the noblest hearts!  
 By charm of song to live through future time,  
 To hear, still spurning death’s invidious stroke,  
 Enraptur’d quoirs rehearse one’s name sublime,  
 E’en from the mansions of the grave invoke:  
 Within the tender heart e’en then to rear  
 Thee, love! thee, virtue! fairest growth of heaven!  
 O this, indeed, is worthy men’s career;  
 This is the toil to noblest spirits given.”

Dr. Good.†

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\* The Reason of Ch. Gov. urged against Prelacy. B. xi. Intro.

† Reizvoll klinget des Ruhms lockender Silberton  
 In das schlagende Hertz, und Unsterblichkeit  
 Ist ein Gedanke,  
 Ist des Schweisses der edlen werth!



The desire of a grateful remembrance when we are dead lives in every human bosom. The earth is full of the memorials which have been erected as the effect of that desire: and though thousands of the monuments that had been reared by anxious care and toil; by deeds of valour in the battle-field; or by early efforts at distinction in the forum, have perished; still we cannot traverse a land where the indications of this deep-rooted desire do not meet us on every side. The once lofty column, now broken and decaying; the marble from which the name has been obliterated by time; the splendid mausoleum, standing over remains long since forgotten; and the lofty pyramid, though the name of its builder is no longer known; each one shows how deeply this desire once fixed itself in some human heart. Every work of art; every temple, and statue; every book on which we carelessly cast the eye as we pass along the alcoves of a great library, is probably a monument of this desire to be remembered when life is gone. Every rose or honey-suckle that we plant over the grave of a friend is but a response to the desire not to be forgotten which once warmed the cold heart beneath. And who would be willing to be forgotten? Who could endure the thought that when he is committed to the earth no tear would ever fall on his grave; no thought of a friend ever be directed there; and that the traveller would never be told who is the sleeper there?—Even the poor slave that desires to be remembered by his fellow-slave when he is

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Durch der Lieder Gewalt, bey der Urenkelin  
 Son und Tochter noch seyn, mit der Entzückung Ton  
 Oft bey dem Namen genennet,  
 Oft gerufen vom Grabe her.  
 Dann ihr sanfteres Hertz bilden, und Liebe, dich  
 Fromme Tugend, dich, auch giessen ins safte Hertz,  
 Ist, bey dem Himmel! nicht wenig!  
 Ist des Schweisses der Edlen werth!

*Der Zürchersee.*

dead, feels the working of this mighty principle, *and is a man*—for the brute never has it—and he has in this, at least, the impress of human nature enstamped by his Maker on his soul.

To this universal desire in the bosom of man to be remembered when he is dead, the living world is not reluctant to respond; for were there no higher principle, the living wish to ask at the hands of others what they are desired to show for the departed. Affection, therefore, goes forth and plants the rose on the grave; rears the marble, moulded into breathing forms, over the dust; and, like Old Mortality, cuts the letters deeper when the storms of time efface them; and hands down in verse, and song, and marble; on the lyre and the monument, the names of those who have deserved well of mankind.

“Patriots have toiled, and in their country’s cause  
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th’ historic muse,  
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,  
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,  
To guard them, and t’ immortalise her trust;  
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,  
To those, who posted at the shrine of truth,  
Have fallen in her defence.”

TASK, B. v.

Why is this passion implanted in the human bosom? Why so universal? Why is it seen in so many forms? I answer, It is one of the proofs of man’s immortality; the strong, instinctive, universal desire to live—and to live on for ever. It is that to which philosophers have all along appealed, in the lack of better evidence, to sustain the hope that man would survive the tomb. It is the argument on which the eye of Plato fixed to sustain his own soul in the darkness which enveloped him, and which has been

put in the mouth of every school-boy, in the language of Addison.

“— Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
’Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
’Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.”

CATO, Act v.

And while this desire lingers in the human soul, as it always will, man cannot forget that he is immortal; it will be in vain to attempt to satisfy him that he wholly ceases to be when the body dies. He will not, he cannot believe it. He would not always sleep. He would not always be forgotten. He would live again:—live on in the memory of his fellow-man as long as the flowers can be made to bloom, or the marble to perpetuate his name; and then still live on when “seas shall waste, and skies in smoke decay.”

Nor is this the only design of implanting this desire of remembrance in the bosom of man. It is not merely to be an argument for, and a memento of our immortality; it is to be one of the means to excite us to virtue and to noble deeds. It is the operation of one of the beautiful laws of our nature, though, as we shall see, sadly perverted, designed to stimulate us to great and generous efforts. Men may call it selfish—and so it may become. They may call it ambition—and so it often is. But who knows not that the worst passions are usually the perversion of that which is most generous and exalted? And who knows not that one of the objects of all the lessons of experience, philosophy, and religion is to call man back from the erratic course on which a wicked heart has thrown him, to the operation of

the simple laws of nature ; to bind the lurid meteor within a regular orbit, and to light it up from a pure and steady central sun ? This desire of reputation ; this wish to be remembered, has been implanted in the soul to deter from vice by the dread of disgrace ; to prompt to actions worthy to be remembered by the fear of being forgotten ; to call forth the noble powers of the soul by a wish, like Milton's, to achieve some work "that the world shall not willingly let die." Point me to a man, young or old, in whose bosom this desire is extinct, and you have designated a man either abandoned to despair, or in whom virtue is dead.

Every law of our nature is of value, and has an important place in the great purpose of promoting the interest of society. In the principles of human action, what is the value of a desire of reputation ? What influence should it be allowed to have on a young man starting on a career of public life ? I have found in my own experience, and as far as my observation has extended, I have seen that the world is favourably disposed towards young men. There are no interests in society so valuable that the world is not willing to commit them to their hands, when they are satisfied that they are qualified to defend them, and to transmit them to future times. All the blood-bought blessings of freedom ; all the endowments of colleges and schools ; all the offices in the state ; and all the interests of religion and benevolence, they are willing to entrust to the young, so soon as they have evidence that they will be safe in their hands,—and then they who have toiled and bled for these things will lie calmly down and die. Judges and senators are willing to vacate their seats, and conquerors, whom no foe could subdue, are willing to resign their swords, and the ministers of religion, to whom the cause of truth is dearer than life, are willing to vacate their pulpits to enter them no more, when those now young show that they are worthy of the trust. But they ask evidence of this. They demand that the young shall show that they are deserving of confi-

dence before these great interests are committed to them ; they ask such a 'REPUTATION' of those advancing to receive these honours, as shall show that the trust will not be endangered, before it is yielded. To secure this, there is in this community an eye of unslumbering vigilance on every young man, from which he cannot escape. The world watches his movements ; learns his character ; marks his defects ; records and remembers his virtues ; asks the question about the reputation with which he enters on public life, and all with reference to the great interests which are soon to be committed to the hands of the advancing generation. There is an unseen, but withering influence, *from which he can never escape*, that attends every young man who is idle, dissipated, or unprincipled, that will go with him, like an evil genius, to the most distant part of our own land or to distant climes ; that will meet him even when he regards himself as among strangers ; that will, unperceived, cross oceans with him, and start up to meet him in polar snows or on barren sands ; that will meet him should he wander on the Alps or by the side of the Senegal or the Ganges ; or should he seek to hide himself in the crowded foreign metropolis. That evil influence he cannot live down, nor can he flee away from it. Aaron Burr met such an influence at Paris—a wretched fugitive and an outcast, without a friend ; and Benedict Arnold could have found no nook of earth where it would not have followed him. And in like manner, there is a happy influence, of more value than the fabled "Genius" of Socrates, that will go with every young man who, by an early life of virtue, has shown himself worthy of the confidence of mankind, and that will attend him around the globe.

In this land, perhaps more than in any other, every thing in life depends on a good name ; a fair reputation. It is a principle of our constitution that office shall be conferred only on those who have evinced by their lives that it may

be safely confided to them, and that it will be not an inappropriate recompense for public services. From the highest in the gift of the people to the lowest, there is not one that is not designed to be bestowed on those and those only who are called to it by previous tried fidelity. No advantage of birth or blood; no hereditary rank or name; no merit of an ancestor limits its bestowment, or confers any factitious facilities for reaching it. And in like manner there is not an office in our colleges or schools; there is not a pulpit in the land; there is not an honour which the bar or the profession of medicine has to bestow, to which there can be a hereditary claim, or to which the ascent is not to be made by slow and steady individual worth. Public favours are designed to be, and to an extent which few young men understand, will be, graduated by the claim to those favours which shall be established by a character honourably gained in early life. Talent will not answer the purpose of a good name; nor can gold or diamonds purchase what the community will gladly confer on him who has a character which shows that he is entitled to its confidence.

Such is the original principle with which man is endowed; and such is its value in the world. Yet that principle so valuable, and designed to accomplish so much in the welfare of man, I need not say has much more seldom appeared among men in a pure and healthful form than in a form perverted and ruinous. It is of importance, therefore, that we examine some of the modifications which it has assumed, and the parts which it has played in the great transactions of mankind.

The principle of our nature to which I am referring is, the desire of being known and esteemed by others; of being remembered when we are dead. The form of the principle, as it is implanted in the heart of man by the Creator, is the desire of an honoured remembrance on account of virtue and true worth; that which will lead a friend to drop a tear or plant a flower over the grave; that

sacred and cherished recollection which the world will not "willingly let die."—The perverted forms in which it appears among men is now the object of our contemplation.

First, it appears in the form of ambition—perhaps the widest passion, as it is one of the earliest, that has swayed the heart of man. It is the desire of power, of glory, of fame—

"That last infirmity of noble minds."

It is the wish for distinction, regardless of the rights and welfare of others, of the cause of justice or liberty, of the moral worth which, joined with talent, alone should entitle man to the grateful remembrance of his species. It is the wish to reign and rule; the wish to evince such talent as to command the applause of mankind; to play such a part on the theatre of human affairs, that however much men may wish to do it, they *cannot* forget the aspirant for fame. To record the deeds of such men has unhappily been the main province of history. The mind sickens when it contemplates the past: and when we would ask how man advanced from a state of barbarism through the various stages of society; how the arts flourished, and how science spread her triumphs; what regions the fleets for discovery or for commerce visited; and the successive steps by which man learned the arts of healing, or manufactures, or music, or poetry, we become almost disgusted with the records of the race, when we find the page of history occupied only with the names of heroes, and written with a pen dipped in blood, as though nothing were worth recording but prowess and skill in butchering men. It was not only in the darker regions of the world beneath us, that the feeling has been evinced which Milton has put into the mouth of the Arch-Apostate—

"The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be; all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater?

In my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;  
 Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

PAR. LOST, B. i.

The history of the world, as now recorded, has been a history of wars; of the fruits of mad ambition. Historians, it would seem, have been employed merely to attend the march of the conqueror, and record the achievements of battle; and poets merely to celebrate their praises. The muse has told us of the talent of distinguished leaders; of the skilful array of the battle; of the deeds of heroism on the field of blood; of the shouts of victory; of the triumphant and glorious return of the conqueror. Yet, one of the most melancholy spectacles on earth, had all men right feelings, would be the return of a mighty conqueror, or a march in order of battle—files of men with swords, and bayonets, and battle-axes—and it requires all the animation of martial music, and all the tinsel of dress and caparison, and all the magnificence of banners, and all the enthusiasm of numbers, and all the stern conviction of necessity, to make such a procession tolerable in a Christian land. For it reminds us that those swords are made to drink up blood; and those bayonets to pierce the hearts of husbands, and lovers, and fathers; and those battle-axes to cleave down brothers and sons, and the whole array to butcher mankind. War is a horrid trade:—a “game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.” Victory in war is a horrid victory; and its whole history is the darkest part of the record of the world. Future ages will yet go over the fields of Marathon, and Leuctra, and Waterloo with horror, and read the records of the past with amazement that such deeds were enacted in the world. The time will come when the desire to rear a monument by



conquests in war to perpetuate the name, will give way to the desire to be remembered as the benefactor of the species, and when for such a wreath as entwines the brow of Howard or Wilberforce, he who desires to be remembered would be willing to exchange all the trophies of ancient battle ever gained, and all the diadems of glory that ever sparkled on the brow of a conqueror. It is well for those who are preparing for public life now to know, that if *they* are to gain any reputation which is to be of permanent value, it is to be in measures adapted to bless and not to destroy mankind. Glory enough has been won in the field of carnage. Talent for slaughter has been evinced, in other days, far beyond what may be expected to be equalled hereafter; and no young aspirant for fame can hope to rival now Epaminondas or Scipio, Hannibal, Alexander, or Napoleon. The world, too, is changing its estimates of such deeds. In reading the history of the past, there is an increasing propensity to pass over the pages that contain the records of battles and sieges, and the disgusting details of the numbers of slaughtered men, and to fix the eye on the scattered and comparatively few notices that record the advance of literature and the arts, and that tell of commerce, and language, and customs, and inventions that went to enlarge the sphere of knowledge, and to mark the progress of domestic comfort. A man with just views of the relative beauty, grandeur, and true worth of things, would rather look in upon the cottage of contentment and peace in ancient Arcadia, than on the triumphal procession of the Cæsars; he would rather sit down in the peaceful dwelling described in Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," than to have seen the glory of Napoleon at Austerlitz or Marengo. The sentiments of the world change about "glory;" and now, as fast as any thing else in this changing age, the love of martial song and story is giving place to the descriptions of the arts and enjoyments of peace. Homer's beauty and grandeur, and not his description of battles, will make his name live to all

times; and the affections of mankind will more and more cluster around Burns—who sings the feelings of those who never sought glory in deeds of blood; on Wordsworth, the poet that describes humble, but virtuous life; on Cowper, that tells of nature just as she is.

The love of battle, and of fame in the battle-field, will not linger long in the world. I know not that the youth of my country are in any danger of being improperly influenced by a regard to military fame. But the love of honour or reputation has assumed another form in days that are gone by, whose remains now linger among us with more tenacity. I allude to the form which was evinced in the days of chivalry. It was founded on generous feelings. It grew up when there were no laws to protect character; when there was no intelligent public opinion and virtuous sentiment to which a man might safely leave his reputation. It was sustained by all the feelings of piety of the age, and by a profound veneration for God and his government—a veneration extending so far that it was believed he would interpose by miracle to defend the innocent. It was the desire of an honoured name, and a belief that when that name was attacked, it was to be settled by an appeal to arms, and that the God of justice, who held the scales even-poised, would interpose to decide in favour of the innocent. In tilts and tournaments; the ordeal or the duel, the idea was not that the individual took his reputation into his own keeping, or that it depended on the valour of his own arm, but that it was in the holy keeping of God, and that *he* would interpose, and decide according to truth. The institution of chivalry and knight-errantry, therefore, embodied all the piety as well as the honour of the age; it embraced reverence for the divine government as well as respect for valour; it reposed on what was believed to be a righteous cause as well as on the strength of the arms in battle. It was the champion of right; the vindicator of innocence; the punisher of wrongs; the patron of courtesy; as well as

the claimant to valour. It lived indeed in the smiles of the fair; but it sought also the approbation of heaven. It aimed at invincible valour, but it aimed at what the warrior never did, the favour of heaven and the vindication of right. It had indeed, like the valour of the warrior, no connexion with science, or with the arts. It founded no schools or colleges—but it destroyed none; it planted no vineyards or olive-yards—but it did not destroy them; it built no cities of commerce or hamlets of peace—but it did not go forth with a torch like the warrior to lay those which existed waste. It was the protector, not the originator; the patron, not the founder.

Why, it may be asked, is this remote and almost forgotten theme alluded to here? What connexion has it with the subject before us—the desire of reputation? I answer, because it was one of the ways in which for centuries a reputation was sought and defended; and because, more than almost any other institution of ancient times, the *reason* for which has passed away, it still lingers among us. The desire of vindicating one's honour and reputation by an appeal to arms, still lingers around the capitol, and maintains its hold in the remotest parts of our Republic. It lives as the form of what it once was—though a form without the soul—the purpose of vindicating personal honour without the piety or the appeal to God. Once the duellist expected the interposition of heaven. It was a part of his religion. That expectation now is all gone. It is no longer an appeal to God as the avenger; it is dependence on personal valour, and on the skill of the marksman. Once, in public estimation, it settled the great question of right; now it proves nothing but the superior skill of the successful combatant, the superior steadiness of the nerve or the eye—a superiority often which is not the index of innocence but of more practised guilt. That Hamilton fell was not because he was a less righteous man; it was because his adversary was a more practised marksman, and had a pur-

pose of vengeance and of death that fixed the eye and nerved the arm.

I would not allude to this mode in which reputation is vindicated, were it not that there are few dangers that yet encompass the path of those who are preparing for public life more likely to assail them than this. It lingers still among our countrymen. When we had hoped that it had died away, we are shocked to learn that some man, whose life was deemed valuable, has fallen as another victim, showing that this deference to the "laws of honour" still lives among us. In common with others, I honour true independence. If there is any man at whose feet I would bow down with highest expressions of regard, it is the man described by Horace—

Justum et tenacem propositi virum  
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
 Non vultus instantis tyranni  
 Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster  
 Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,  
 Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:  
 Si fractis illabatur orbis,  
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ—

HOR. CAR. Lib. iii. 3.

the man like

"Mount Atlas:

Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,  
 And oceans break their billows at its feet,  
 It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.  
 His towering soul,  
 Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,  
 Rises superior"—

CÆTO, Act ii.

But I need not pause here to say what true independence is. It is that trait of mind which, while it renders due respect for the opinions of others, yet seeks to find the truth, and which holds it fast at every sacrifice. It is not to be

turned away from what is true and right by flattery or fear; by the dread of contempt for singularity or of persecution; by the hope of life or the apprehension of death. It is that which, strong in conscious rectitude, is not humbled and abashed though it stands alone; which, secure in the belief of uprightness of intention, can follow out its own convictions, though the world may smile or frown. You would not select the duellist for a man of independence. It is his *want of it* that leads him into the field—for he oftenest goes there against his own convictions of right, sacrificing his independence to a law of honour, whose wrong and folly he admits, and to the fear of a charge of cowardice from his friends. Hamilton left his recorded sentiments against the practice which cost him his life; and fell a sacrifice to the custom, because even such a brave man did not dare to avow that sentiment openly, and to meet the scorn of one portion of mankind. “My religious and moral principles,” says he in a paper found after his death, “are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would ever give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow-creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws.”\* To stand up against prevailing but bad customs; to brave the smile of contempt and the finger of scorn when one knows that he is right; to bid the world laugh on while we pursue “the even tenor of our way,” often requires a rarer courage than to face the cannon’s mouth, or to expose the life to the fire of a skilful marksman.

I have spoken of two methods in which men regard their reputation—the one, when they seek a reputation in climbing up the steep of ambition, though it lead them through fields of blood; and the other, when it leads them to vindicate their insulted honour in violation of the laws of God and man. I might speak of a third perversion, when it becomes the mere love of praise; when the wish of com-

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\* Life of Col. Burr, vol. ii. 318, 319.

mentation becomes the whole principle of action, whether it lead to the field, or inspire the orator, or direct the inspirations of the poet, or urge on the professional man. The love of applause lies deep in the human soul; and there are few whose virtue is made of so stern material as to resist or survive its influence.

“O popular applause! what heart of man  
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?  
The wisest and the best feel urgent need  
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;  
But swelled into a gust—who then, alas!  
With all his canvass set, and inexpert,  
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power!  
Praise from the rivelled lips of toothless, bald  
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean  
And craving poverty, and the bow  
Respectful of the smutched artificer,  
Is oft too welcome, and may disturb  
The bias of the purpose. How much more  
Poured forth by beauty splendid and polite  
In language soft as adoration breathes?”

TASK, B. ii.

Few are the men who can successfully resist its influence; few they, whose hearts are proof to the shouts which lift the name up to heaven.

I turn to another inquiry—to the question, what course a young man shall pursue who wishes a fair reputation? What measures shall he propose to himself as the rules of life? What shall he do when his name—as he may expect it will be—is attacked? I know of few questions more important to those who are entering on the career of life; and I scarcely know of any better service which could be rendered to those who are to meet the roughnesses and jostlings in the way before them, than to lay down a principle which would be a safe guide.—I venture, then, on this subject, so dear to us all, to lay down this proposition, that *in regard to the amount of reputation which is due to us, the*

*world will work itself right.* That every man will have ultimately the reputation which he ought to have. That He who presides over the course of events holds an even balance in his hand, and that what is due to every man will be determined by the strictest principles of equity. That a man who *ought* to be esteemed by the world, ultimately will be; and that he whose name *ought* to be covered with infamy, however bright it may shine for a while, will ultimately have a reputation black as night. Water will find its proper level; and so will the reputation of a man in the course of events. The man who ought to be remembered with gratitude, will be; the man whose name ought to be covered with infamy, will be.

You cannot force a reputation by artificial means; you cannot make the world do honour to a name that ought to be dishonoured; you cannot build a mausoleum so splendid, or rear a monument so massive or so high, as to perpetuate the memory of a man who has never done any thing to constitute a reason why he should not be forgotten.

This principle, which I deem so important, you will permit me for a moment to illustrate. I admit, indeed, that it is easy to acquire celebrity by splendid perverted talents; but it is not possible to perpetuate that admiration through succeeding ages. The principle, whose truth I maintain, is, that the world will, in the course of time, work itself right; that the man who ought to be remembered with admiration will be remembered, and that he who ought to be remembered with dishonour will have such a bad immortality; or if he ought to be forgotten that he will be forgotten. I know not that this principle can be expressed in more terse and vigorous language than in an ancient proverb, which has also the advantage of inspiration. "The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot." Against this principle, indeed, there is a class of mankind that have been always contending; and it would almost seem sometimes that the principle was to be

carried away—as if old ocean, in a furious tempest, should burst over the iron-bound coast, and sweep over every barrier. Men of giant minds, and giant wickedness, who could stamp with the foot and whole nations would be armed for conquest, and before whom the mountains seemed to flow down to make a smooth path for their armies, and beneath the tread of whose legions the earth has trembled, have seemed to make war also on this great principle; to establish such a reputation as they pleased, and to compel not only their own generation to honour them, but to control the opinions of all future times. It would seem as if they must be successful. Their deeds are emblazoned in song—“married to immortal verse.” They rear splendid arches of victory. They raise the lofty column that points to heaven, and cover it all over with the story of their deeds. They build the pyramid to endure for ages; or cause the splendid mausoleum to be constructed over the place where they shall sleep. They stamp the record of their deeds on their age as if in eternal brass, and die with the expectation that all future ages will honour their memory.

But it is not in lofty arches or columns; in the mausoleum or the pyramid; it is not in the power of even immortal verse—more enduring than all—to preserve the memory of such men as they wish. The arch, the pyramid, the column, crumble to dust; and long before the inscription on them becomes illegible, the world reverses the sentence, and pronounces their just and unchanging doom. Mankind will ultimately judge right, and place the name on the scroll where it ought to stand. A proper sentiment is already formed of Alexander and Cæsar; of Charles II., and of Henry VIII.; and is forming, with a rapidity which nothing can check, of him who was triumphant at Marengo, but who lost his crown and his glory at Waterloo. Remembered he may be, perhaps, as long as in the wildest days of his mad ambition he desired. We admit it. There are *two* men, at least, of the generation which is just gone by, that



will not soon be—one of whom will never be forgotten. They are Napoleon and Washington. Future ages will see them when they look back to these times; but how different! The one will appear in the sky as a lurid meteor, dying away in the distance—the other as a bright and benignant star, brighter and brighter with every century that the world shall stand! So it will be in the walks of literature and science. The world will judge right. Gibbon, of splendid genius, but skeptical and obscene, will descend from his elevation. Swift, a man of fine talents and a fine writer, has exiled himself already from every respectable library by his obscenity; and the splendid powers of Byron will not always save him from the neglect which pride dreaded more than death. But not such is the fame of Locke, of Newton, of Bacon, of Howard, of Jenner. And the fame of Milton too, the world will not willingly let die. He will hold on his flight in that

“ Adventurous song,  
That with no middle course intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.”

PAR. LOST, B. i.

The principle to which I am referring, has had too many illustrations to admit more than a bare reference to it now. I might refer to Socrates, destined always to be mentioned as the greatest and the best of all the men that the Pagan world ever produced, though sentenced by his own countrymen to death. Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned for high treason, on charges of which, in all coming times, he will be acquitted. He had a respite; and year after year rolled away, and again he was permitted to revisit his favourite El Dorado; but the sovereign will of the most pedantic and self-sufficient of monarchs doomed him to the block; and posterity has already determined the issue be-

tween him and James I. Whose name shines with a purer splendour than that of Galileo? Yet I need not say that the time was, when scarlet-clothed cardinals and heads of universities denounced him; and when he was doomed to painful incarceration, because he dared to say that the earth revolved round the sun. "Why stand ye here gazing up into heaven?" was the text which bigotry and ignorance chose from which to preach when he was condemned, and on which it dared to rebuke the great spirit that was not afraid to contemplate the wonderful works of God. I might allude here, without impropriety, to the "noble army of the martyrs," to the "confessors" and the persecuted of past times; to those whose names were once covered with reproach and infamy. Yet who will live in the long and grateful recollection of mankind like they who died for the establishment of the Christian religion? The work which they did was worth all which it cost; and as far as a grateful recollection will be a recompense, the world will reward them. Is it improper to say, also, that if the men chosen on the banks of the little lake of Genesareth to revolutionize the religion of the world, and who had endowments such as no other men ever had, had wished to obtain the widest reputation, and to secure the longest grateful remembrance, they chose the very path which wisdom would have selected—the path through reproaches, and obloquy, and scorn? Columbus, too, lived and died amidst reproaches—taunted as a wild projector, and then abandoned to neglect and want when success had placed him at the head of his age. But he will live—live, not because the marble tells the place where he sleeps in the new world which he discovered, but live in every lovely village, in every growing city, in every splendid capital, in every kingdom or republic that shall ever rise up in the vast hemisphere which he disclosed. Such men have a reputation which never dies. It grows brighter; never wanes. Wickedness may erect a splendid monument, but who will go and rebuild it when

fallen? Who would construct the pyramids again, to perpetuate, if they could, the names of their first builders? Who will cut deeper the letters that record the names of men of infamy, that they may be transmitted to more distant times? None. But on the humble tablet in the hills of Scotland, you may see zeal, and devotion, and love going from place to place with no hope of fame or reward, to cut deeper the names of Richard Cameron, and of those who lived and died like him. "Old Mortality" is the emblem of the gratitude and generous feeling of man. He was not the creation of fiction; but had he been, the fiction would have been one of the most just and beautiful that the splendid genius that has now made him immortal could have invented. He represents man—man, self-denying, disinterested, generous and just, in this thing at least, in keeping up the remembrance of those whose names ought not to be left to die.

A man who is always defending his reputation will have enough to do, and will usually have no reputation that is worth the trouble of defence. He who is willing to commit his name and memory to the course of events, content with the small measure of notice which is due to an individual, will not find the world slow to do him justice. Let him do his duty; let him lead an upright life; let him make the best use of his talents, and God will take care of his reputation, and will assign to him the place, in the estimation of mankind, which may be his due.

Of the correctness of the principle which I have been endeavouring to illustrate, there will probably be no difference of opinion. It may be asked, however, in what way it is that the course of events so shape themselves as to do justice to a man's reputation, and how it is that his name may rise above calumny and detraction? I know that a man pursuing an upright and an honourable course may be overwhelmed with reproaches. I know that the tongue of slander, whose "breath outworms all the worms

of Nile" may attack him. I know that calumny may assail him in a form which he can no more meet than he can meet a "mist that comes in from the ocean:" and I am not ignorant that, covered with reproaches and disgrace, he may be left to die. The sun, that seemed most bright when on the meridian, may sink behind a dark cloud; and it may appear that the name is to be handed over to perpetual infamy. How shall it be rescued? What influences will come up to remove that cloud, and restore the name to its deserved lustre? Can a man safely commit his reputation to the keeping of others, and believe that justice will be done him when he is dead?

I answer these questions by observing, that there is that on which the calumniated and the injured man may rely. Look at the change which is made in the views entertained of a man when he dies. Look at the great and beautiful law of our nature, by which, the moment when the soul leaves the clay tenement, the world is ready to come around the cold remains of the injured man, and to do justice to his name.

The grave—how it silences the voice of detraction and calumny; how it changes faults to foibles, and errors to weaknesses! *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*, is a sentiment that speaks out the natural language of the human heart, and will do so to the end of time. It is the operation of a law of our nature, by which death brings out in bright relief the virtue of the departed, and covers up his faults;—and the design is as benignant as the law is beautiful. It is, to teach us to exhibit to others in life no other feeling than that which we would love to cherish should we go and stand by the grave of friend or foe—to teach us to show to others that love "which suffereth long and is kind; which is not easily provoked, and which thinketh no evil; which beareth all things, endureth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things,"—and which we never regret that we evinced to friend or foe, when he dies.

“Oh, the grave! the grave!” (I use language familiar to you all;) “It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From this peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets, and tender recollections. Who can look down, even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that now lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is we call up in long review the whole history of the truth and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheard in the daily course of intimacy; there it is we dwell upon the tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled grief; its noiseless attendants; its most watchful assiduities—the last testimonials of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—Oh how thrilling is the beating of the pulse—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accent struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. Ah! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account, with thy conscience, of every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who never, never can be soothed by contrition. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast injured by thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold beneath thy feet, then be sure, that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repenting on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour

the unavailing tear, bitter because unheard and unavailing."\* Around the grave, God intends that man shall be willing to do justice to the memory of the dead; and the feelings which *he* brings over the heart then are one of the operations of that great law which I am illustrating—that the world will do ultimate justice to a man's character and reputation.

Further, time brings out the character. It explains that which was dark; gives consistency to that which seemed doubtful; and removes that which envy, and malice, and hatred accumulated around the name. The zeal of party leads men to calumniate, and envy attempts to destroy the reputation; but the zeal of party soon dies away, and the next generation has no occasion to envy. We never envy the dead, but the living. We feel no envy of Epaminondas, or Pericles, or Fabius. Not a living bosom envies Homer, or Virgil, or Tasso, or Milton. No one will ever envy Washington. You could not constrain the next generation to carry forward the work of envy which may be begun in this; nor *would* the coming age turn aside from its employment to finish a work of detracton. Envy is the work of one generation only; admiration of genius, and talent, and moral worth, is the work of man as man, and flows on to all coming times.

There is one other thought. It is not human nature only; not the course of events only; not the innate sense of justice in the human bosom only that is set to guard character, and transmit a good name onward;—it is the Great Being who presides over all events, and who gives to man such a reputation or reward, here or hereafter, as is just. Enduring reputation arises from the favour of heaven, and from dependence on the Great Dispenser of gifts and crowns, rather than on man.

You are all familiar with the interesting lesson taught us

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\* Irving.

by the great poet of nature, who sounded all the depths of the human heart.—Said Wolsey—

“ — When I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of,—say I taught thee.  
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
 Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT;

Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
 Thy God's and truth's.

O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.”

HENRY VIII. Act iii.

You will allow me to express the same thought in the language of another, whose name, like Shakspeare's, is to go down to latest times—he who desired to produce that which the “ world would not willingly let die.”

“ Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,  
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. ‘ But not the praise.’  
 ‘ Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
 And perfect witness of’ God ‘above  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed;  
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.’ ”

LYCIDAS.

There is an interesting department of my subject—perhaps to some whom I now address, of much more interest than any thing to which I have adverted—which the time will scarcely allow me to enter on. It is the inquiry, What fields are now open for securing an honourable reputation? What new heights of glory are there now to climb? What regions of science remain to be explored? In what department in the arts can we hope to perpetuate the name and the memory? Can any aspirant for fame in the forum, hope to surpass Demosthenes or Cicero; or equal Burke and Chatham? Can any one in the arts, hope to place his name beside that of Phidias or Praxiteles; of Raphael, or Michael Angelo? Can any one hope to sing the praises of heroes like him of Scio, or the bard of Mantua, or to imbed his name by immortal song in the language and literature of his country, like Tasso, or Dante, or Milton? Is there any one now who can open new fields of discovery in the heavens like those on which the eye of Galileo, or Brahe, or Newton, first among mortals, gazed? Who is to equal Mansfield in our father-land, and Marshall in our own, on the bench? Who is again to lay the foundations of science, broad and deep, in some new *Novum Organon*?

- I answer these questions, which seem fitted only to dishearten and discourage, by observing, that the field is by no means explored; the harvest is not wholly reaped; the possibility of being gratefully remembered by those whose good opinion is of value is not hopeless. To those who are just entering on the career of life, I may observe, that they start under uncommon advantages. You enter on your way with all the benefits of the labours, the travels, the profound thinking, the patient sufferings, the brilliant thoughts, the eloquence, the patriotism of all past time. You begin where those whom the world loves to remember and to immortalize, left off. You begin with best thoughts of the profoundest thinkers of other times, on science, government, religion and laws, as **THE ELEMENTS** on which



you are to act. You begin with the mariner's compass, the quadrant, the printing-press, the blow-pipe, the telescope, as the instruments by which you may carry forward the triumphs of science, of literature, and of art. You gather the fruits of all the self-denials and the sacrifices; the profound studies; the skilful inventions, and the sufferings of past times. Every happy discovery; every useful invention; every improvement of the past, has contributed its part to the refinement and intelligence of the age in which you live. There has not been a philosopher who has not thought for you; not a traveller who has not travelled for you; not a defender of human rights who has not bled for you; not a profound student who has not contributed something to the general mass of knowledge which now blesses your condition; and not a martyr, the benefits of whose death you are not reaping in the religion whose smiles and sunshine you now enjoy. "Other men have laboured, and you enter into their labours." For you—if you will have it so—Plato and Bacon lived; for you Galileo invented the telescope; Godfrey the quadrant; Gioia of Amalfi discovered the properties of the magnet, and Fulton perfected the steam-engine; for you, Newton, and Herschell, and Kepler watched the stars of night; for you Columbus discovered the new world; for you Washington and Lafayette fought the battles of freedom; for you Hancock, and Henry, and Ames, and Adams roused the nation to liberty; and for you Marshall lived to explain the great principles of the constitution. What an inheritance—rich above all the wealth of Cræsus, and honourable above all that coronets or crowns could give! All in liberty, in science, in religion, and in the arts that is valuable is to be intrusted to you;—to *you*—to defend, to perfect, to transmit to future times.

It is much to have such an inheritance; much at the beginning of our way to be placed on such an eminence. It should not discourage us as if nothing remained to be done. When these names are looked at, it should stimulate us to

greater efforts, by showing us what man may be, and what he is capable of effecting. Nor should we sit down disheartened, as if nothing remained to be done, as Alexander did on the throne of the world, because there were no other worlds to conquer. In every field of scientific research, and in every department of poetry, eloquence, and the arts, there remains enough to be done to fill the highest measure of honourable ambition, or to gratify the highest love of investigation. In the science of astronomy—vast as seems our knowledge—yet how little, comparatively, do we know! We have named a small portion of the stars; we have determined the distance and periods of the worlds which compose the system to which we belong; we have even succeeded—after ages of unsuccessful effort—in determining the parallax of one—and but one—fixed star! But how little is known of those distant worlds! How little that may be known! For who can tell what more perfect instruments; more patient observation; more profound calculation; or perchance some new system of numbers, that shall be to fluxions what fluxions were to simple geometry, may yet determine in respect to that magnificent array of systems, that shall fill man with more elevated conceptions of God! In the sciences of chemistry, of anatomy, of pure mathematics; in the application of science to the arts of life; I will add, in the sciences of morals and theology, how much yet remains to be known! Remember the modest and beautiful declaration of the aged Newton. “I do not know-what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem only to have been like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.”\* A few shells have been picked up since his time, but the great ocean of truth remains still unexplored.

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\* Brewster's Life of Newton, pp. 300, 301.

You will ask me what field is open in this land, where an honourable reputation may now be gained? To this question, which a noble-hearted and ingenuous youth would ask, I would reply by saying, that in this country, at least, the whole field is still open. The measure of military reputation is indeed filled up, and the world will look hereafter with fewer smiles on the blood-stained hero than in days that are past. The time is coming, also, and is near at hand, when a man who attempts to defend his reputation by shedding the blood of another, will only exclude himself from all the expressions of approval and of confidence among men. Reputation is not to be gained, that will be of value, by brilliant verse, that shall unsettle the foundations of faith and hope; that shall fill the soul with misanthropy, or that shall corrupt the heart by foul and offensive images. Sickening night-shades enough of this kind have already been culled, and twisted around the brows of those great in title or in talent. The sentiment has gone forth, not to be recalled, that he who is to be held in lasting, grateful remembrance, must base his claims on true virtue; on tried patriotism; on a generous love of the species; on the vindication of injured virtue; on great plans to advance the permanent welfare of man.

With this principle to act on, and this end in view, our land presents a field where to gain an honourable reputation as wide and glorious as the world has ever known. It is a land where there is enough intelligence to appreciate learning and talent; and where there is justice enough to do right to well-meant endeavours to defend our liberties, or to promote the welfare of the race. It is a land where, if any where, a man may be sure that justice will be done to his name while living, and to his memory when dead. It is a land where a noble deed will strike far into coming times; and where its influence is to be felt in far distant parts of the world. For God has reserved this land as the theatre

where all that is noble in freedom, pure in virtue, great in benevolence, lofty in patriotism, and rich yet, we trust, in eloquence and in song, is to be displayed.

Do you ask what can be done here to secure an honoured name? I answer, the liberties of our land, bought with so invaluable blood, are to be defended, and transmitted, in their purity, to other times—and he deserves a grateful remembrance who contributes *any* thing, by private virtue or public service, to such a result. Every office is open for any young American as the reward of service rendered to the country; and there is not one in the gift of the people that may not be contemplated as possibly within the reach of any aspirant for a grateful remembrance. It is one of the glories of our system, that the path to the highest office is to be kept open to any one who may confer sufficient benefit on his country, to show that it may be a suitable recompense for public services. And no human tongue can tell what youth now before me may yet enter on that high office, or in what humble cottage beyond the mountains the infant may now be sleeping that is yet to attain it.

“At the very time of the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, which settled the peace of Europe, in 1747, (I use the words of the historian of the United States,) the woods of Virginia sheltered the youthful George Washington, the son of a widow. Born by the side of the Potomac, beneath the roof of a Westmoreland farmer, almost from infancy his lot had been the lot of an orphan. No academy had welcomed him to its shades, no college crowned him with its honours; to read, to write, to cipher—these had been his degrees in knowledge. And now, at sixteen years of age, in quest of an honest maintenance, encountering intolerable toil, cheered onward by being able to write to a schoolboy friend, ‘Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain every day, and sometimes six pistoles,’ ‘himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick; no plate but a large chip’—roaming over spurs of the Alleghenies and along the banks of

the Shenandoah; among skin-clad savages, with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants 'that would never speak English;' rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bearskin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place at night on a little hay, straw, or fodder, and often camping in the forests, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury—this stripling surveyor in the woods, with no companion but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his compass and his chain, contrasted strangely with the appearance of the Congress at Aix la Chapelle. And yet God had selected, not Kaunitz, nor Newcastle, not a monarch of the house of Hapsburg nor of Hanover, but the Virginia stripling, to give an impulse to human affairs, and, as far as events can depend on an individual, had placed the rights and the destinies of countless millions in the keeping of the widow's son."\*

Every great department of science and literature also is open in this land; and here as elsewhere, also, there is no royal path to a name that shall live. Heaven, too, never conferred on any people a land, or so crowned its early history with events fitted to nurture all that is great in the human soul, as here.—The whole field of poetry is open. Greece had its Hesiod and Homer; Rome its Horace and Virgil; Italy has had its Petrarch and Dante; and we, in common with our father-land, our Spenser, and Milton, and Cowper; but who, in our own land, is to stand forth, and on the rich materials of our early history, rear a name that "shall be more enduring than brass?"

We are, as a people, young. We have been much ridiculed across the waters. Our science and learning have been spoken of with contempt. About five-and-twenty years ago, it was asked, in a periodical that aimed to give law to the reading world, "Who reads an American book?"

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\* Bancroft, iii. 467, 468.

There is, or was," said they, "a Mr. Dwight; we believe his baptismal name was Timothy." Since that time, the writings of that same *Mr. Dwight*—of whom it was so doubtful whether he was then alive—have been more frequently reprinted in Great Britain than any work of theology which the three kingdoms have produced. And need I speak of Prescott, and Bancroft, and Irving, and Everett, and Pickering, and Duponceau, and Bowditch, names known in history, or eloquence, or letters, and destined to be where history is read, or eloquence and learning honoured? At this day, many of the most popular and wide-diffused books in England are American; and there are not a few living men in this land, who, by their writings, are giving instruction to tens of thousands in the land where Milton and Shakspeare lived.

No young man ever could have desired a wider field to make his influence felt for good than the God of Providence has opened before him now in this land. If he will, his influence may be felt for purposes of good on the other side of the globe. Perhaps in humbler spheres, but still enough to secure an honourable remembrance, he may associate his name with that of Wilberforce or Howard; he may show that he is not unworthy to live in the land of Franklin; he may show that he has greatness enough to appreciate the value of the liberties defended by Washington; he may so live, that the pure, the good, the fair will delight to strew flowers on his grave, and that the world will not willingly let his memory die. Here shall yet be realized what Berkeley saw in almost prophetic vision, when, though a foreigner, he looked with generous and noble feeling on this western world. It was all fresh and new. Its hills towered to heaven; its rivers rolled with a majestic volume unknown across the ocean; it was just the place, reserved by heaven, when corruption and decay were enstamped on all the old world, for poetry, and song, and liberty, and science, and

the arts, and pure religion to take up their abodes. Filled with these great anticipations, he sang :—

“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 empire 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.”

THE END.

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