

AN

24

# ADDRESS

IN BEHALF OF

The Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological  
Education at the West.

DELIVERED IN TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON,  
MAY 30, 1849.

BY

REV. SAMUEL H. COX, D.D.

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT.

NEW-YORK:

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BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,—Without any wish to inflate our national vanity, which I consider a very different element from our proper patriotism, I am willing to remark, even in these sacred precincts, that we are a wonderful nation, a wonder of wonders and of nations. We have no parallel in history, from Nimrod to Sardanapalus, from Herodotus to Macaulay; and not to see a fact like this is to violate the crowning principle of D'Aubigne;—God in history;—aye, God in Providence:—aye, Jehovah Stator, the Protector of the United States.

Sir, it were not wonderful, Southron as I am, if, in these precincts, I should feel some of the inspiration of Plymouth Rock. I cannot conceive it possible that I should address an audience descended from that high heraldry, so recreant to their glorious ancestry and their glorious principles, as not to appreciate every reference that commemorates them for their good graces, past, present, or future.

Our daughter, Sir, for I care nothing about the nine Muses or the three Graces, just now,—we have Christian Graces which are infinitely better,—I am thinking of the heaven-born daughters of Christian benevolence, which glorify this country in the eyes of the world, and make it more precious in the esteem of American Christians,—our little daughter, little sister, that is six years old, has become a great patroness of the West. And I do not think that even the English would take offence at this, when the little Prince of Wales, prospective sovereign of the whole world girdled by British power and influence,

struts into Parliament by the side of his queen-mother, and takes his seat upon a little throne at her right hand, while her big husband sits upon a smaller one at her left. But, Sir, like every thing excellent in this world, she has a worth which stupid starers will not appreciate, and which loud huzzas will never adequately answer.

In the history of God's dealings with the race, I have often been delighted to see how much superior to that sensuous display, and often to that cathedral and architectural glory which stains the light of heaven before it lets it in at the windows,—was that grander scene, above all pageantry, when the Son of God was laid in a manger, where horned oxen fed, when even the Magi of the East had the instinct to follow the star to his birth-place. By the way, there is an infelicity in the English translation of our Bible, since it was they who were in the East who saw the star, who found him not at the palace of Herod, where they were talking politics, and excluded that glorious Prince and Savior, to honor whom Heaven's glorious militia of angels came down with celestial minstrelsy, gracing his entrance into the world to save sinners.

Not to speak of a thousand other instances, Sir, I will just quote another one, connected with the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock, with the seed of empire and salvation; of Christian truth and civil liberty; a liberty as well derived from Heaven, bought with His blood who gave it to mankind, and sealed with the same token. From that wondrous time, two hundred and thirty years ago, almost, and from that place, ever to be consecrated in the luminous recollections of the good, influences have come, which have made New-England—I acknowledge it with desire—the garden of the world of the West.

Many an influence has resulted from you to the later States, the Southern and the Western, for which, as one not from among you, I desire to acknowledge with gratitude, your generosity and the obligations of the country.

Mr. President, I have somewhere read a story—not in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, though the scene was in the vicinity of the Orient—of a benevolent, kind, old ascetic—St. Antonio for aught I know—who pitied the caravans and the

dromedaries as they passed his door, and provided water and carried it out by the glass to them, so that they complimented him for his goodness, and looked upon his dwelling as an oasis in the desert.

It was suggested to him who possessed this concealed treasure, that he had better dig a well there; and when he died, caravans and dromedaries, for hundreds of years, would thank him for that far-reaching goodness, which had anticipated their thirst and slaked it before he died, and centuries afterwards.

I am not a Free Mason, but if I were, I should call this Royal-Arch Beneficence. That, Sir, is the kind of far-seeking philanthropy, which will dig a well for posterity, rather than give an extempore and transitory glass of water to a man who wants three of them.

I think I may now say that one of the grand excellencies of our institution is its prospective and permanent regard to the interest of man in the United States of America, and for all coming times, until the clarion of the Second Advent of the Son of God shall wake the dormitories of the dead. I trust in Him that our country will stand so long, and furnish revenues for the millennium and for heaven, as great as the Eastern continent itself, when converted to God.

If our society is not popular, it is because it is not understood. It is neglected, and so not appreciated. In this it has a somewhat rare pre-eminence, that it requires something better than impulse, and sympathy, and general panegyric, to elevate it in public sentiment to a just equality with its deserts. In this aspect of the matter, I speak it with reverence, it is like its holy parent, Christianity itself. That religion, which is alone the truth, would influence and save the whole world, were it by them appreciated in its true nature and excellence, both intrinsic and relative. Is there one sinner on earth, *neglecting the great salvation* of our Lord Jesus Christ, who rightly considers or knows either what he does or whither he goes? The excellence of a good thing, or the truth concerning it, depends not on human appreciation, or on the vote of majorities, or on the heathen mendacity that makes the clamor of the populace the oracle of heaven—*vox populi est dei!* It

is not ignorance that sees how much is to be known, nor avarice that inquires after the luxury of doing good. Instead of extemporizing a cup of cold water, we are eternizing many a salubrious fountain, for the drink of whole caravans and generations of pilgrims. Now, if a man will reflect on this subject wisely; if he knows the worth of knowledge and desires the education of the masses; if he appreciates the GREAT WEST, and that prospectively, as related to the cities and the districts of our great Atlantic slope from the Alleghanies to the ocean; if he loves as he ought his country; if he loves truly his God and Savior, and hence wishes well, with all his heart, to all his unborn fellow-creatures to the end of time and for ever afterward; will he think it a mean or an impertinent project to educate the national mind in the vast valley of the Father of Waters? to provide the means there, pure and permanent, of establishing sound intelligence, Christian civilization, eternal truth, genuine virtue, self-government, liberty and order, in connection with the sciences and the arts, in connection with churches and colleges, and in connection with grace and glory, in that immense territorial amphitheatre of our nation, soon to be populous and rife and teeming with its hundreds of millions of immortal and—mortal men? Calm but confident, convinced but not fully comprehending, overwhelmed but still *speaking the words of truth and soberness*, I pronounce our project great and good beyond all possible estimate of mortals. It improves the mind to try to think of it. It meliorates the heart to sympathize with its grandeur and its philanthropy. And it looks to heaven with sublime and filial confidence, invoking the Father of lights to be its Patron, its Protector, its Prosperer for ever.

Mr. President, living in the Empire State, and knowing how to parse the word "Excelsior," without having been inoculated with the Dutch pride of a man that lives there but was not born there, I recollect very well when it was not so certain that Clinton's project for connecting the waters of Lake Erie with the Atlantic would go. There were a great many ominous, long-faced conjectures, and cold shoulders, put upon the plot. Some of them, Sir, got up a Dutch conscience; they thought that the valley of the Mohawk, having been made by a wiser architect than Clinton, it had not been made so crooked

and hilly if the Lord had wanted the waters of Lake Erie introduced into the Atlantic through the Hudson; and it was observed that those seemed most conscientious in the matter, who were most afraid of having their farms invaded by the onset of the canal. But Clinton had an obstinate rationality and stuck to it; and in 1826,—the very year of the Home Missionary's Society's birth,—we celebrated the junction of those waters. The Dutchmen gave up for once that they were beat. And, Sir, they managed to get an idea that there was such a thing as short-sightedness, and long-sightedness, and that the latter was preferable to the former; that any man could get enough of nature and moonshine to belong to the short-sighted party, but that it required science, philanthropy, knowledge of the past, and prognosis of the future, to make Clinton's "Big Ditch" navigable from Albany to Buffalo.

Clinton is dead, and the ditch now not half large enough. Empire runs west by steam; thought can hardly keep up with it. This is a wonderful country. God has made it such, and we desire and accept its magnificence, and anticipate its future grandeur with all faith and pious devotion. I am not certain, Sir, that even this renowned city of Yankee notions is secure from all that wisdom which made the Dutch conscience.

There are two grand *desideranda* in every city, which have not often been anticipated by their founders. I am not certain that Alexander thought of it in fixing on the position of the capital of Egypt; or that Penn thought of it, when he founded Philadelphia near the junction of the Schuylkill with the Delaware. One grand object is to get good air. Man can live three days without water, and three minutes without air; but the majority of mankind seem not to know that it is necessary to feed the lungs with pure oxygen.

We sometimes find it necessary to get pure water; and I am told that some of your short-sighted political economists advocated the plan of introducing the waters of Spot Lake into Boston; while others were so far-sighted as actually to go to Cochituate, 20 miles off, for their supply. Boston has received a new impetus by the introduction of the pure lymph into your city; and I cannot tell where you will go next, after you have drunk up all the water of that lake. (Sensation.)



This is but a type of the order of things. It must be so. Providence is our leader. God is with us and in Him is our trust. When I think of the greatness and wonder of this nation of nations, in the maximum lifetime of a single individual advanced from thirteen to thirty sovereign States, with territory enough for a hundred more, I meditate with awe on the successive demonstrations of which these are the *avant courier*.

A fine poet has told us with too much historic truth, something of the rise and fall of empires in the old world, which some would throw with too much malignity upon our aspirations. Pointing to the solemn past, the great sepulchre of ages, he exclaims—

There is the moral of all human tales ;  
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past :  
First, freedom ; and then glory ; when that fails,  
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last.

And shall this be our history? Barbarism, if not our first danger, our last, the *finale* of our unblest career, the putrescence of our arch of empire? *Sic transibit gloria? Sic respublica moritura? Absit impietas! Regnat Jehovah.*

Mr. President, I should expect nothing better, if I did not believe in Heaven's eternal conservatism. My hope is not in legislation, nor Whigs nor Democrats, but in the Almighty God; the God to whom our fathers prayed in the time of their calamities, and whom our fathers praised in the day of their deliverance. There is but one power in the universe that can keep this Union, and but one element that can do it,—righteousness exalts it and supersedes that sin which is a "reproach to any people."

When God began his first creation in elemental chaos, or to organize a post-Adamic world as it afterwards proved to be, whatever the pre-Adamic earth may have been, for I was not there and cannot tell, the first thing he said, was, "Let there be light," and there was light. And himself has made that old creation the hieroglyphic of the new. For he tells us that the new shall be as much more glorious as matter is less than mind. "Be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create; for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy." Let it be our prayer from the great heart of

this nation, as the heart of one man, up-sent to heaven under the patronage sacerdotal of our Lord Jesus Christ, that God would make this country Christian; that he would here perfect his new creation, and bring the mouths of our millions to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, and good will to men."

Now, Sir, one great reason, I doubt not, why colleges, as the great armories and arsenals of the churches, are not more appreciated, is because of that Dutch conscience, and Spot Lake Yankee notion of which I spoke. We must have more enlargement, more comprehension, more forecast. Why, Sir, forecast in Scripture is put down as one of the tests, and almost the whole of the elements of wisdom. What made five of the virgins wise? Why, Sir, they could look ahead, and think of the midnight cry, the advent of the bridegroom, and the necessity of oil in their vessels with their lamps, and they knew that they could not have enough for others, if they should have enough for themselves.

If the mind in this country could only be developed, and disciplined, and educated, as it ought, to consider the wants and interests of so great a nation as this, our grandeur would increase—its dimensions would not be greater than its ballast; and it would grow and sail, but not capsize.

I have often looked, Sir, with interest, to what has been called by some, the divine geography of the earth, the physical geography of this country. From north to south, if we could get such a bird's-eye view, which no bird could ever take, not even the eagle, we should see between the two oceans the great Father of Waters coursing for 2000 miles down to the crevasse at New Orleans. From the basin of the great valley, rises the Rocky Mountain range, and west of that we see the Pacific slope down to its granite iron-bound border, and that new Havilah, "where there is gold;" but though the gold may be good, I am afraid the desire which transports so many thousands of our youth there is not so good.

Auri sacra fames,  
Quid non mortalia pectora cogis—

that means that the "love of money is the root of all evil."  
(Great sensation.)

Go back, Sir, to the great valley of the West, and rise hundreds of miles to the Alleghany range; crossing its peak, we descend along the great Atlantic slope, on the borders of which our fathers used to live, and think there was a great country some hundred miles beyond them.

We are told, Sir, that of the three local places fixed upon for the metropolis of this powerful nation, the first was New-York, for every body knew that even the Yankee could not go then so far as Philadelphia, and it was important to have New England represented. Then, in the growth of the country, for the little one was kicking in the cradle and acquiring strength by the exercise, we got to Philadelphia; and then, we managed to reach the very borders of the Potomac. But where is the Potomac now? It has got so far East, that the West cannot find it. Beyond the peak of the Alleghanies, almost one half of our national population has already swarmed—nine millions of them. And, Sir, the lever, the scalebeam if you will, of empire, now poised upon the Alleghanies, will soon dip into the West, and we shall “kick the beam” in our eastern elevation; and it will never come back to us; it will be there for ever. And what shall we do?

Sir William Temple spoke with an immortal felicity of the Northern Hive of Scandinavian myrmidons and savages, who were growing with Rome, from Augustus to Trajan, Antoninus and Constantine, *orbis totus terrarum*; and while there was not a man in Rome who knew the geography of the country North of the Baltic. They came, the Goths and Vandals from the West, and the Huns from the East, to scathe and destroy that wonderful empire of the Cæsars.

We have a geography, and our map-makers are trying to keep up, as fast as they can, with its extending limits. One day, nobody knows where are Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Minesota, excepting that they are somewhere out West. But they will be developed soon in the camera obscura of the Cardinals at Rome, the most important place of light in all Europe, the centre and focus of the whispering galleries of the world.

Now the question is, Are we willing, connected as they are with our country, *E Pluribus Unum*—and I will add another

piece of Latin, *Esto perpetua*, may the cement of our growing empire, by the grace of God, be rendered indestructible and eternal; may the eagle of the nation, with the olive branch of peace in its beak, fly with the spirit of the dove among the stars, and shed no evil influences from her pinions upon us, in their elevated flight; are we willing that we be Christians and Americans, and that we may think of what is good for the whole, and every man magnify himself, not by pride but by truthfulness, by philanthropy, and by serving his generation *comme il faut*, by the will of God, as he ought?

Mr. President, one half of our argument, I think, is to help the people to understand exactly for themselves the premises. They say that in all theological errors, and some others probably, men get wrong in their premises, and then the more logic a man has, the more mischievous and erratic he becomes; for, having established himself upon erroneous *postulata*, he extends them until they strike out the stars from heaven.

It appears to me, the more I look into this institution in its relations with the interests of our country, to be a most promising and excellent thing, worthy of the Middle States and Eastern States; worthy of Presbyterians and Congregationalists, worthy of Lot and of Abraham together. "Let there be no strife, I pray you," except the strife who shall do the more good. Keep the golden rule between us, and we shall never forget the grander things in which we are wont to magnify our country. Though we may be different, let us rejoice that both lean to the same head. Let us keep the glorious gospel—by the grace of God the most glorious deposit ever made to man, and give it to posterity. And as long as we keep it, in its glory, in its nature, and in its fulness, let the devil keep away from us, and we will act together and do together as brethren.

I wish to read a few paragraphs of our last Annual Report, and I am sure the latter part of it cannot be unacceptable to the children of the Pilgrims, who know how to bless their ancestors according to the fifth commandment.

Not monopoly and selfishness, but a centre that there may be a circle, and that the circle may be radiant: and I will add,

many centres that the circles may be widened into each other, and all may be infused with the light of heaven, of nature, and of day.

“ We have not assembled simply to review the past, but also to consider the motives which urge us to the future prosecution of our enterprise. It was a noble conception of James Smithson, of England, which led him to commit \$500,000 in trust to the United States of America, to be used for the ‘*INCREASE AND DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE AMONG MEN.*’ And in order to secure these noble ends, the munificent gift itself was not to be *diffused*, but hoarded and concentrated in an *Institution*. The Solar System is illuminated by light first condensed into a Central Orb. This is Divine philosophy—concentration in order to diffusion.

“ This is the philosophy which directs the movements of this Society. Every Institution which it aids in establishing at the West, is for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. Here also is concentration *in order* to universal diffusion.

“ It was a peculiar honor to this nation to be selected by a foreigner from amongst all the nations of earth, to be a *TRUSTEE FOR MANKIND*. As a nation we can be charged with no higher trust. But in prosecuting the work of this Society, we are *in part* fulfilling such a trust. We can therefore on the present occasion select no better post of observation from which to discern our duties and responsibilities, than that sublime position into which the providence of God in a thousand ways is bringing us as a nation.

“ The country itself which we inhabit is such a trust as has been committed to no other nation.—Stretching from sea to sea, and from the frozen North to the burning South—[rather an indefinite line, then, the politicians say, when they talk so calmly about “*destiny*,” a thing which they understand in Washington, it seems]—it embraces within its ample boundaries every variety of soil and climate, and possesses internal resources that might well constitute the wealth of a world. It has bread enough to feed its own accumulating millions, and then to spare for famishing nations. Its very vastness is but

an index of the mighty designs which God had in view in its creation, and whose wondrous developments make the briefest space in its history big with importance. The lateness of the period at which it was laid open to civilized nations, seems to indicate the part which it was to act in the last great drama of the world's history.

“The manner of its early settlement stamped it with characteristics that are still its glory, and will, we trust, be imperishable. It was opened and *dedicated*, as the grand asylum of the oppressed and persecuted. Hither the fretted and the weary exile fled. Here unshackled man walked forth, and found ample room for the free spirit. As the devout worshipper kneeled upon the deck of the *Mayflower*, or on the wild shore, or in the depth of the wilderness—he felt that an ocean rolled between him and the prying eye of the informer, and that he could give the boldest utterance to his holy aspirations and his opinions, without any fear that the sounding sea, the echoing shore, the pathless forest, or the howling winds, would read in his hearing some hated act of uniformity. [It is a pity that we should ever lose our hatred for that act, and for Charles II. and his brother.] The majesty of nature with which he was surrounded, seemd to *mock* at the very idea of *fettered* worship. He was alone with God.”

I am not sorry, Mr. President, that heraldry, primogeniture, entailment, peerage, and all that sort of thing, with shields and mottoes drawn from fields of blood, are abrogated in this country; for the age of chivalry is gone. I will cry for it when I am ready. Let it go, to Kamschatka and beyond, and grapple with the whales on the other side of the shore. We have a better country, a better state of things than chivalry and blazonry and nobility could ever make for us.

I have somewhere read, in the wisdom of one of our fathers, when the nation was first born, this idea. We are opposed to factitious creations, differences perfectly unreal, based upon nothing but nonsense; but real distinctions, Republicans and Puritans will honor. God has not made every man six feet high, and has not gifted every man with ten talents or with five. Some are insane, and some are idiots.

Where distinctions are real, Sir, it is false philosophy, false piety, false republicanism, and bastard meanness of thought, ever to be unwilling to recognize those distinctions. We must recognize what is real, and, Sir, this ought to be our glory. I have often thought, Sir, that if the children of the Pilgrims have not sense enough to appreciate the sterling virtues of their ancestors in making such distinctions, they ought to go to grass with Nebuchadnezzar, and learn wisdom.—(Great sensation.)

I would say with Cowper, that those who can trace their ancestors, not to the loins enthroned and rulers of the earth—

But higher far their grand pretensions rise,  
To sons of parents passed into the skies—

such persons ought to interpret the divine maxim, “the glory of children are their fathers.”

And, Sir, I care not if the Cavaliers and the Tories did despise the Puritan, because they said his head was round, and because “a turnip” was the anagram of a “Puritan”—and it is a fact that so it is, and it is about the worst true thing I ever heard against them,—yet they were the men, from Wentworth in Elizabeth’s Parliament forward, who resisted the miserable arbitrary measures of the Stuarts, and strove for liberty and the right, for God and man together.

I will thank God for making such a stalwart race of men and for keeping them alive. I would not have a French posture-master criticise Ridley and Latimer in the flames, because their postures might not be altogether *secundum artem*. (Great sensation.) They did a noble work for posterity, if they do not appreciate them, and their whole conduct shows that they had studied the nature of the Holy Scriptures. Macaulay once said, and perhaps without intending it, with more truth than poetry, in his dramatic and picturesque style of writing, that they actually had an idea that “all things were working together for good to them that loved God, who were the called according to his purpose.” And if they had not, I believe the foundations of this republic would never have been laid in precious stones, and Boston would never have been Boston to this day.

Let us turn to the report :

“But such spirits were not sent here to rest, nor to live for themselves. The first great act of free worship done, they addressed themselves to toil, that they might fulfil their sublime mission. They were sent here to hold in trust for the benefit of mankind *a priceless boon.*”

It was indeed a “priceless boon,” the germ of every thing valuable in society, for this world and for that which is to come, though the Tories knew it not. And, by the way, the very etymology of the word Tory is a very good index finger of the whole concern. Sir Walter Scott has traced it back to the black letter of antiquity, and has told us exactly what it was. When the British nation restored Charles II they did a worse thing for themselves than the poor Trojans when they brought the Grecian horse within their walls.—They did not know what they had brought. Immediately after the Restoration, he enacted profligacy at Hampton Court and every where else. It would have been better for England and for the Court, if Woolsey, who made it, had kept it in the service of the Pope. He did every thing he could to make profligate all London and all England, and the effect of his influence is not yet redressed.

Well, Sir, he used to have a procession of the English nobility, the chivalry of the kingdom; he feasted them at night, and long before the sun rose, some of them were at their devotions under the table—drunk. Thus they would stagger home.—They used to go with hired flambeaux, disturbing the chambers and stillness of the citizens with a song, of which song I cannot get the etymology, unless it be upon the principle of our days that harmony is the union of all dissonance. They would stagger through the streets singing their rude discord, with this fitting chorus—“Sing, rantani, scrantam, tory, rory, row.”

Thus made they “the night hideous” to the citizens: they scared the sleep of honest people, defied the police, advertised the crimes of the Court, and disgraced London, with their habitual orgies of heathen abomination and Christian profaneness. They were hence called from the word most emphatic in their choral roar, “the tory row;” and so the epithet *tory* became all the ton, for their proper *soubriquet*, who *per fas et nefas* upheld and advocated the king and his criminality.



I wish that my Lord B—— would remember that, the next time he vaunts the name of Tory ; for this undoubtedly was the origin of the word. Such was their song, on their return from that doomed throne.

Let us read now the Puritan's own description of the work, which deserves to be written, says our Secretary, in letters of gold :

“After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government—one of the next things we longed and looked after was to ADVANCE LEARNING, AND PERPETUATE IT TO POSTERITY—DREADING TO LEAVE AN ILLITERATE MINISTRY TO THE CHURCHES WHEN OUR PRESENT MINISTERS SHALL LIE IN THE DUST.”

Sir, we have not got a motto for our Society yet, but I am ready as soon as others are, to transplant these letters into our Society, and make this our motto. We are actually carrying out this in good faith to men, who give glory to God in the highest and peace on earth, for its conjunction. These words, Sir, ought to be got by heart by every little scholar that goes to school to a madam in New England. They are worthy to be remembered. They have a meaning which Heaven will approve :

“In these few words, uttered by simple hearted but true men, as descriptive of what they *had done*, we have developed the true philosophy of society. And the place of our assembling [that means New Haven, but I am going to make it mean Boston this morning] as well as the errand which has brought us together, renders a special notice of it appropriate. These few words, as a guide to the proper organization of society, are worth more than all the ponderous tomes ever penned by *visionary theorists*. Here are ‘Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,’ in blessed reality—and simply because the delicate network of brotherhood which pervaded that infant society received its vitality from its connection with the throne of God.”

Witness at the very outset the straight-forward declaration that “God had carried” them “safe to New England.”

Then, next to building their houses and providing necessities for their livelihood, they "reared convenient places for God's worship."

Why! What a queer people. They actually thought they had souls, and that it was better to be saved than to neglect the great salvation; and that what they enjoyed, their children might, and they cared for their children and their children's children, and for us. God had taught them. It makes me think of that horrid plague of darkness, that smote all Egypt, *but the children of Israel had light in their dwellings*. And so it is in this day, when a worse darkness embowers others' houses, on which no rainbow above of God's covenant is portrayed.

"They had left cathedrals, and surplices, and liturgies, and rubrics, and mitres behind—but still they needed places, and 'convenient places' for God's worship, and they would give no sleep to their eyes nor slumber to their eyelids, till the sanctuary arose, where they could worship 'without the admixture of human ceremonies.'"

Why, Sir, to say that their idea of a church was classic, is the least praise you can give it; but the word *ecclesia* in the Bible never had the meaning which by a bad translation and understanding of it, has now become stereotyped in the English language. When you read in the 19th chapter of Acts, that the town clerk of Ephesus dismissed the assembly, was it with the apostolic benediction? And yet it is *ecclesia* in the Greek. Do you suppose that the rabble, who were clamoring about the image of Jupiter, were a church in the modern acceptance? And when the horns blew to summon the people to hear Demosthenes speak against Philip, it was an *ecclesia* who came to hear him.—And when the disciples were gathered together *eis to auto*, into one place, it was an *ecclesia* still, a congregation of God's worshippers.

And, Sir, we degrade the living temples of the living God, the crowning glory of the Christian, when we forget that the container is nothing, to the contained: that the shell of the nut is more to its kernel, than the finest cathedral that ever was to one poor widow worshipping God, even if she have but two mites to contribute. Our temple is that unearthly citadel

where God resides, and in which he dwells. I believe the Puritans have attacked the idolatry of churchism in that Bluebeard usurper that became the first head of the English Church. Indeed, the story of Bluebeard is only a drive at Henry VIII, for the murder of his wives, just as "Who killed Cock Robin," means "Who killed Charles I." (Sensation.) But let that pass.

"They had also left behind them kings, and thrones, and despotisms,"—that is a queer idea now-a-days. Although I have no predilection for monarchy, yet as to the kings, I not only wish them well, but wish them a great deal better. (Sensation.) I wish that Victoria and all her little urchins were cured of the scrofula. I should be glad too if Mr. Birch, whom I understand to have been recently appointed tutor to the Prince of Wales, would use the birch, and make him know something according to Solomon's doctrine—"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child [all except heirs apparent] but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." So my father taught me, as I know by very *sensible* recollection. Then, Sir, the kings tell us that a man cannot govern himself. I wish sometimes that I could examine them with a microscope, and say—Who are you, gentlemen? If a man cannot govern himself, how can he govern others?

Jefferson, in his inaugural,—Jefferson ought never to have said a worse thing than that,—said that if kings were angels, it might be well that they should rule over us. Yes, sir, and when we find any of that genus among us, we will invite them to supersede General Taylor in the White House. But, until then, by the grace of God, the hope of Christians will be the colleges, and the theological seminaries, the pulpits and the free presses. Men can govern themselves, and I believe, Sir, that the grand problem of self-government is the desideratum and hope of this age. Centralization will kill Europe yet. In France, if they do not live at Paris, they do not know where France is; and if they do, they want to govern to the borders of the Mediterranean. Centralization! It was something that Napoleon understood, when he said that if a man wins Paris he gets France, for the servile majority around it have not the power or the will to govern themselves.

In this country we do not believe in the aggregation of power in the White House or the Capitol. We will not let the nation do any thing that belongs to the State to do. Nor will we let the State do any thing that belongs to the county to do. And so down to the township, the neighborhood, the household, and the individual. Our way, as taught by the Puritan, is the true way; to make the nation go right is to make the constituent wise and good; to make the people know their duties and their rights. God has united our duties and our rights, and what He "has joined, let not man put asunder." I am glad, Sir, that they left kings behind.

I was preaching, last Lord's day, to my own people, of my venerable namesake Samuel, upon whose garments was no *macula*, who was interjacent between the Judges and the Kings, the last of the former, and he who crowned the first of the latter. When he heard that the people were crying for a king, he was grieved. He fasted and prayed, and told the Lord of it. But the Lord said to him, "they have not rejected thee, but me." He was told that it was a matter of stern necessity; but before Saul was crowned, or thought of, or had gone to seek his father's asses, he made his protest to the people, and told them what a king would do with them. He told them when they had built a pyramid, and were about to place an idol upon the peak of it, that the base of it would be crushed and degraded. I never wish to see a monarchy in this country; but I do wish to see a philosophical and enlightened conservatism, which God alone can create. If that is our lot, I am not at all afraid if our republic does increase in millions, and if, before the twentieth century shall commence, it shall have tripled or quadrupled its population.

"They had also left behind them kings, [we have followed their example in that,] and thrones, and despotisms, and as the next step in the great process, they say—'we' i. e. the people—the sovereign people—'settled the civil government.' But an ignorant people could not administer such a government if 'settled.' The erected sanctuaries therefore must be supplied with learned expounders of God's word, and able defenders of the faith, or in their view the vital power of their whole system would fail. The following emphatic language

furnishes the sole reason assigned by them why they 'longed for' the advancement of learning—'dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the Churches, after our present ministers shall lie in the dust.' We cannot suppose that they really *had* no other reason—but this in their view comprehended all others. Were they mistaken? Were they a band of religious enthusiasts, cast upon these shores by the effervescence of society in Europe—fit associates for wild beasts and roaming savages? *Let the nation which they founded answer."*

And now, Mr. President, why is it that we wish to have our fellow citizens every where educated, to have permanent means and facilities increased and multiplied so that a thorough and correct education may be within the reach of every heir apparent in the nation from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast? It is because, Sir, we think the other world is more important than this. We think, as a German scholar used to say, that the sentiment of infinity had been put upon the individual by the wonderful radiations of the truth of Christ. There is no other sentiment of infinity to be got but that. A man who has no other hope for immortality can take a dog's epitaph for his own—" *Periere ipsæ ruinæ,*"—the very ruins have perished. Let us never forget that a man who does not know the worth of the soul of man has not begun to syllabicate the lessons of importance; has not entered the alphabet of Christian wisdom in his philosophy. It is because I believe in the worth of the soul of man that I do not think the most important consideration of a race is the color of his skin, and that I do think that where there is a man for whom Christ died, there ought to be the liberties and the rights of men. I see Heaven patronizing that sentiment, and God himself the grand conservative Agitator, and I see the doom of slavery written in heaven, ratified on earth, and anticipated by all men.

Mr. President, I will here tell an anecdote, for sometimes I think there is nothing like a fact, or as a quack-doctor used to say, a case. Abstraction often leads to distraction; but by looking at facts, we may get the principle from the concrete. Travelling over the Alleghanies, I arrived one night at Chambersburg, where I found myself closeted with a respectable

worldly gentleman of the city of Philadelphia, and another gentleman with broad phylacteries that represented the order of the Jesuits. I was sorry to see how they seemed to sympathize with each other. Said the merchant to me:—

“I doubt very much the truth of your Christianity. Don't the Bible say that ‘the gospel is the power of God unto salvation?’”

“Well, what of that?”

“Why, sir, I have tried it very often, and have never found in it any such power. I have lived in Philadelphia all my life, and whenever any eminent clergyman has been there to preach, I have attended, and tried to feel the power. When Dr. Beecher and other great doctors have been there, I have sought to place myself within their influence, but I have never found any such power yet.”

And all this, while the Jesuit showed his teeth as though this had been good argument; he thought perhaps that we would have to go to “the church” for an explanation. Said I:

“My friend, do you know where that text is to be found?”

He did not know, but it was somewhere in the Bible; he did not think it was in the Maccabees.

I turned to the first chapter of Paul to the Romans—heaven's light set at the top of the pinnacle in the centre of the world, the queen of nations, to irradiate the world, and he said he was not ashamed to preach the gospel to Rome also—he had not a particle of shame about it—‘I glory superlatively, in the gospel of the blessed God.’ He said to them, “it is the power of God to salvation,” but why did you not read the whole text? You garble it. “It is the power of God unto salvation TO EVERY ONE THAT BELIEVETH.” Do you think that the gospel is a thing with which a man can be charged like a Leyden vial with lightning, in his blood and bones, and be *shocked* into salvation? I can tell you that Christianity SATURATES rather than shocks; and man must be filled and insulated and then it may have its power, but the gospel was never intended perhaps to save a Philadelphia merchant, however rich he might be, unless he believed upon evidence, rational evidence. Why do you not read the remarks of T. C.—Rev. Thomas Chalmers—in the Edinburgh

Encyclopedia, where he proves Christianity true without opening the book, by its external light,—instead of taking a taper to find the sun at noon-day,—and then you may learn that “it is the power of God unto salvation to every man that believeth.”

Now I believe that that merchant would not be worth the notoriety I am giving him, were he not a type of a whole class, who expect to be shocked into Christianity, without saturation or contact. It is by contact that the soul is vitalized and brought to understand the gospel and to believe with the heart unto righteousness, justification, and acceptance in Christ, that for His sake we may be treated as if we were what we are not—as good as he is—the righteousness of God in him. Well, he and his Jesuit friend looked down, and I quoted it just to show how much it would have assisted to an understanding of the text, to quote the whole of it.

We wish to make citadels of light in all the West, that men may be trained to approach the Lord, and appreciate the gospel of Christ. Now what shall we say of an ignorant minister? I have seen a great many divines who would take a text and preach without being able to translate the text. I hope that it will not be understood as a Parthian missile from me, if I tell you that I was born and bred among a people, who believe that reason has no office in religion, who err in exactly the opposite extreme from the Socinians, who believe in an inward light which makes the word of God itself “a secondary rule.” They protested from the beginning, more than two hundred years ago, against the wickedness of an educated ministry,—a sin of which they are awfully clear.

I was 19 years of age when I left them, but as far as I had any convictions, they were entirely in favor of their tenets. But after I had read the Bible, and found it the power of God unto salvation, I was cited to meet them. A very respectable Quaker minister in Philadelphia undertook to convince me, in the presence of a number of clergy of the feminine gender who supported him, that I was wrong, and one text of the Bible entirely conclusive against the Presbyterians was cited—“A measure of the Spirit is given to every man, to profit withal.” I suppose I had heard that argument for universal inspiration

as many as five hundred times before, and sometimes it read "a *portion* of the Spirit."

"I know what your doctrine is," said I; "the Spirit, you think, somehow gives a man a starting capital, and puts it inside of him, every where; and by taking care of that, he comes into all knowledge, if he will but attend to 'that little thing which convinceth thee when thou art doing wrong.' But do you know where that text is, which you have quoted?"

They did not know, and so I turned to the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and the 7th verse, "But the *manifestation* of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal."

"Now where is your 'measure' or your 'portion'?"

"Oh, well, but it is the manifestation of the Spirit in man."

But it is *phanerosis* in the Greek, man's *active* manifestation. He is speaking of the body of Christ, where every member has not the same office, but where every member must in some way make a *phanerosis* by the grace of God;—the mother in her nursery, her proper sphere, enlightening and purifying the fountains of society; every person, in high estate or low, making a *phanerosis* for Christ. And they are bound to do it *pros to sumpheron* for the general good, for the common advantage. The body is one, having many members, but all are made lustrous by the reflection of each.

The poor gentleman having such a *vade-mecum* of inward light, not being guided aright in so simple a passage, I thought his inspiration was not worth much. He then took it and read it in its connection, as he had never done before, I think, and acknowledged that he was wrong.

"So," said I, "was George Fox, William Penn, Robert Barclay, and others."

Yet after that, that same man, in arguing with me, said that "a portion of the Spirit was given to every man to profit withal." Said I, "I give you up, sir, as about incorrigible."

Now, Sir, I care not what a man is, whether he be dressed in drab or black, whether he wear an umbrella for a hat, or the finest chapeau in Broadway, if he has not common sense and ability to read the word of God in the original and parse it grammatically, he is an unfit, dangerous, desperate attempter



to do what he has no call to do. Men little know what they are about, when in ignorance and in darkness they are thus thrusting their cogitations before the world.

And what shall we do? Some tell us that a learned ministry is not always wise and sound; and, Sir, I begin to believe it. There are some instances within the memories of our fathers, and perhaps of our children, where men have acquired so much learning that "much learning hath made them mad," and they have forgotten the use of language, and especially the study of the word of God. But if learning will not always give us a wise and sound ministry, will ignorance do it? Learning may make a man proud; but will ignorance sanctify and bless his humility? I doubt it, and especially at the West! I have been West—not so far as I hope to go—and have seen a good many Western cities in the Western part of New-York, which is the Eastern part of the West. To such a man I would say, "Go West," a very strange and indefinite commission perhaps, but I would say "Go West;" keep going; go beyond the Rocky Mountains; go beyond the Indians; go to the very granite coast; and beyond it; to a thick scaly audience; and preach to fishes; or you will never find an audience worthy of your powers. [Sensation.]

The fact is, that an ignorant man "preaching the gospel to every creature," is a monstrosity in the face of all earth and heaven. Here he has a Bible. When you send to your minister, in London, a despatch, would you have him take it second-hand, full of blunders, and thus make known to Lord Palmerston the wishes at Washington? They who will not trust an apprenticed shoemaker to make them a pair of shoes, will trust those who have not served the least apprenticeship to learning to tell them the way of salvation, and to lead their souls in the path of righteousness.

I wish for a learned ministry, but I am as far as possible from wishing to deify learning. How in the world will you get a learned ministry? Can you galvanize a man into learning, or learning into him? There is no way in the world but toil, patience and assiduity, perseverance, and a soul that goes upon the *respice finem* principle, that looks to the end and expects the *euge* of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I intended to bring up a further illustration, but I see yonder a face (the clock) which I cannot stare out of countenance, and which tells me that the seamen's friends want me away very soon.

I need not say, Sir, to this audience, that in the West we must take care of them ; not because they have no comparative virtues there. The evils at the West, in my opinion, are not as bad as the evils in England. There they have the results of their solidified aristocracy, of their organic tyranny. You cannot move society. When an American goes over there, he often scolds because society is so incorrigible. He scolds the people.—Why, Sir, it is the tyrannic organizations which made the people. They are the accretion of ages, and some of them had a beginning before Alfred was born. They are so fixed that their removal would require an earthquake ; and that earthquake, I think, is prophesied in Daniel and in the Apocalypse. I have no ill will towards England. I have only weighed her advantages and her disadvantages.

It was an honorable and sound sentiment of Jefferson—“Error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it.” Let us all learn, and so be the mighty champions of *the truth as it is in Jesus*.

Let our young men go armed cap-a-pie. That man is alone prepared who is able to explain the Scriptures in the original. “It is a sweet thing to trace a spring to its source.” Aye, I would call it not a spring, but a fountain, gushing up with the waters of everlasting life. I want nothing more to live with and to die with than the truth of Scripture.

We want men who are competent. How to get them—that question let history answer. There never were such men, and never will be such men, until they have organic helps, schools, colleges, assistance from those who have aided them before they could beat the mountains into a pathway. I know that if you go there, you will sometimes sicken at the difficulty, when you see how the church must fare. But how the church may fare,

The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,  
 And what they will. All pastors are alike  
 To wandering sheep resolved to follow none.  
 Two gods divide them all, Pleasure, and Gain.

For these they live, they sacrifice to these,  
 And in their service wage perpetual war  
 With conscience and with God. Lust in their hearts,  
 And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth,  
 To prey upon each other ; stubborn, fierce,  
 High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.

And yet, Sir, there are many places in the West where there is piety, where there is intelligence, where there is a far-reaching wisdom. They will welcome yours, and correspond with it. I have only to say that in the history of six years, of this Society, the results are delightful.

Before I conclude, I would remark that the existence of this Society, connected with its mode of proceeding, has actually saved several colleges in the West from going to bankruptcy and destruction. If we have done nothing more than that, I feel that we have done much ; we have put our money out to compound interest to all eternity. But money, Sir, is not worth mentioning compared with the good we have done, and the good we intend to do. If Cowper could say of England, "with all thy faults, I love thee still, my country," I say a man who cannot love this country, being of age and well informed in history, cannot see the distinction between virtue and vice, hope and despair, Infidelity and Christianity, the Devil and God—is one who should make tracks quick,

"And leave his country for his country's good."

I intended to bring Cicero and Lord Bacon here to help me, but I have no time, for my hour and a half has expired ; and if I have not improved it, it is not because the theme does not appear to me lustrous and worthy the hearty co-operation of Americans, Puritans, Protestants and Christians.

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