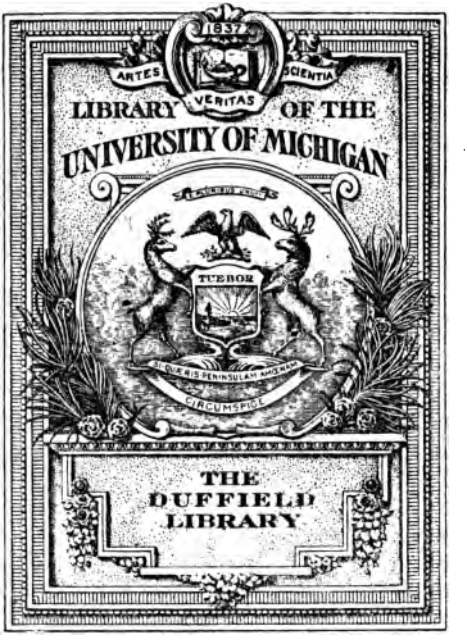

AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF THE HALL

OF THE

NEWARK LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,

NEWARK, N. J., FEBRUARY 21, 1848,

BY SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

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ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT,

Ladies and Gentlemen :—

These walls, though mute, are eloquent. Rising in the midst of a city that never saw a temple such as this, they tell us as they rise that a new era dawns!

In a community where the arts have been the grand object of pursuit; where sacred edifices dedicated to God declare a religious people, and schools bear witness that knowledge is valued as means to the great end for which man was made, it is a fact which may well excite surprise, that nearly two hundred years had passed since the city was founded, and no stone had yet been laid for a structure such as this!

We extol the spirit of the early and later citizens of Newark. Here it is: and in all that constitutes the excellence and glory of the State, where is a city with which it will not favorably compare? In morals, intelligence, order, industry, enterprise, prosperity, social happiness it is eminent, and its name is its praise the land over. But when I say that up to this hour this city has never made such provision as these walls now promise, I speak of her self-denial in the process of advancement: of years of progress forever lost: of treasures of

knowledge, and stores of pleasure, which might have been hers, and which now are opening upon her with a healthfulness, richness, beauty and power, that shall make this a NEW ERA in the history of Newark mind.

The fathers of Newark were men of faith and forecast. The memorials of their wisdom and worth, as well as their sepulchres, are with us till this day. Good men and true, they planted seeds that have borne fruit on soil that was blessed by their footsteps, enriched by their labors and hallowed by their ashes. Green be the turf over their graves, and sacred their memory in the hearts of their posterity.

We have said the fathers of Newark were religious men, and when they put their hands to the first stones of their first temples, it was *in faith* that with the progress of religious institutions, is blended the growth of every thing that tends to the elevation and happiness of man. And if I were to spend the hour assigned me this evening in setting forth the union of mental illumination with the happiness of the human race, or the connexion between knowledge and enjoyment, we should traverse a field of enquiry as fertile and refreshing as any domain of thought, and arrive at this grand conclusion, that with the NEWARK LIBRARY ASSOCIATION is identified the intellectual and moral happiness of all who seek to draw waters of health, pleasure and life from its invigorating fountains.

I ask you then to follow me in a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of libraries. The history will incidentally exhibit the enthusiasm with which their collection has been pursued, and will lead the way for us to contemplate the pleasures and advantages to flow from this Association. We have thus a field before us so wide and so fruitful, that we must touch and taste only as we proceed.

The earliest libraries of which we have knowledge were in Egypt, in the time of the Ptolemies. They were gathered in the temples of the gods, and over the door of the first library, was the inscription, dear to every true scholar, "*the nourishment of the soul*," or as Diodorus renders it, "THE MEDICINE OF THE MIND." Ptolemy Soter, or, as some suppose, his son Ptolemy founded the celebrated library of Alexandria, and drew into its alcoves manuscripts from every region of earth into which the light of letters had travelled. His librarian was Demetrius Phalerius, by whose diligence and taste the whole collection was rendered easily accessible, and by his zeal and perseverance the world was ransacked for books. A curious fact is recorded in proof and illustration.

The Athenians were famishing for want of bread, while the Egyptians had grain to spare. But the Athenians had the original manuscripts of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and Ptolemy would not sell them his grain unless they would lend him those manuscripts to be copied for his library. The starving Athenians refused the terms, except on his giving them a pledge, in the sum of fifteen talents of gold, for their safe return. Ptolemy gave the pledge, took the manuscripts, had them transcribed, and on returning them safely, bade them keep his gold, *as he now had all he wanted!*

This Library at length contained 700,000 volumes, and was finally burnt during the seige of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar. It was partially replaced by the Library of Pergamus, which was founded by Eumenes III, and in it parchment was first used in writing: the necessity for its use arising from the rivalry of the Egyptian libraries. *Papyrus* was to be had only from Egypt, and in order to check the growth of the

Grecian library, Ptolemy laid an embargo on papyrus, and prevented its exportation. This compelled the Grecians to find a substitute, and *parchment* was prepared. Necessity is the mother of invention. This Pergamean library was carried off by Anthony and presented to his mistress Cleopatra.

In what esteem must books have been held in those days, when kings prized them as their crown jewels, and royal lovers laid musty parchments at the feet of beauty, in whose charms the diadem of the world was lost!

The received opinion is, that the famous Alexandrian Library was destroyed by the Saracens at the command of the Calif Omar A. D. 642, and that for six months it furnished fuel to 4000 baths at Alexandria. This account is doubted; it is more probable that the part of it in the Serapion, or temple of Jupiter Serapis, was preserved until the time of Theodosius the Great, who caused all the heathen temples in the Roman Empire to be destroyed, 380 years after Christ. "A crowd of fanatic christians rushed into the temple and consigned this magnificent collection of pagan literature to the flames and winds." A sad termination truly of a noble monument of letters.

It is impossible to form an adequate conception of what the world of letters has lost by the destruction of these literary treasures of Greece and Egypt. We mourn the decay of temples and towers whose architectural ruins stand as melancholy memorials of ancient skill that has no parallel in modern times. But what is the body to the soul that dwells in it: what the temple of Jupiter Serapis to the books it enshrined? These libraries were the glory of the nations that possessed them; and when, as yet, the art of printing had not been wrought out by the wit of man, the sons

of genius gathered around the masters of philosophy and history and song, and learned lessons of wisdom from their lips; or frequented the halls of these magnificent libraries and studied the written page to gather knowledge which they might, in their turn, impart to others who could not resort to these fountains. Thus the libraries became the richest treasures of the Eastern world.

Nor do we know how much of what was written has been lost; even of the works of those who stand on the summit of intellectual fame. Perhaps no other Homer ever lived: but the songs which have come down to us are not the only songs of that prince of bards, whose art gives law to verse as a monarch in his realm. Where are the lost books of Livy, themselves a library worthy of kingly care? Gibbon and Bolingbroke agreed in the opinion, that what we have of Livy, might well be given for what we have not, and doubtless the same may be affirmed of other lights that shone in early times, a few only of whose rays have travelled down to us. The researches of the learned may yet be rewarded with discoveries. Many curious facts in reference to lost books and the probabilities of their being found, are mentioned in Dr. Clarke's travels, communicated by Mr. Walpole. We have not time to recite them now. On this subject, Dr. Covell says, "I have seen vast heaps of manuscripts (for I never found them on shelves or in good order) of the Fathers and other learned authors, in the monasteries at Mount Athos, and elsewhere, all covered over with dust and dirt, and many of them rotted and spoiled." A manuscript of Quintilian, the prince of Latin rhetoricians, was rescued from the counter of a pickling shop; several of the works of Cicero and the whole of Ovid were found in the garret of a monastery.

The Romans caught the taste for books from Greece, and emulated their rivals in the pursuit of literature. Libraries were part of the trophies which their victorious generals brought home to grace their triumphs; and "manuscripts were more valued than vases of gold." Trajan founded the Ulpian library for the benefit of the public, and filled it with books from plundered cities. Perseus, the Macedonian king, was defeated by Paulus Emilius, and his rich collections of books were transferred by the conqueror from Greece to Italy. Cato demanded the destruction of Carthage, and when it fell, the books that were found in the doomed city were presented by the Roman Senate to the family of the incorruptible Regulus. The wealthiest Romans lavished their gold to buy books, with a profusion that denotes a lust of literature more than the love of it. The greatest of military men, Julius Cæsar, is so stained with blood, and his fame so blended with martial renown, that we seldom recall the fact that he was a student of delicate health and solitary habits, writing or reading in his chariot while pursuing his enemies, and preferring the society of his books to that of his generals.

Cicero celebrated the praises of books in periods that never will cease to vibrate rapturously on the ear of every scholar. Recall his oration for Archias the Poet: what admiration of genius does the man of genius display: how he honors his own taste by extolling his client, who would have been forgotten, before this, but for the splended sarcophagus in which his lawyer entombed his remains. Plutarch tells us of the library of Lucullus, that "its walks, galleries, and cabinets, were open to all visiters, and the ingenious Greeks, when at leisure, resorted to this abode of the Muses, to hold literary conversations in which Lucullus loved to join."

Augustus Cæsar has given his name to literature. Under his genial auspices, Roman letters flourished as in the sunshine of England's virgin queen. And in the palmy days of that world-wide empire, the noblest man was the most learned: knowledge, not gold, was the measure of a man's greatness.

One day a stranger, in a strange dress, who had travelled from a far distant land, entered the "eternal city" and enquired for the great historian, Livy: he was directed to the palace of the Emperor Augustus, under whose roof the man of letters had his home. The stranger had no eye for the grandeur of the proud city whose magnificence then was at the acme of its unexampled splendor: he did not pause to look at its pillars or temples that rose before him, though these were sights that had never met his eyes before: he entered the halls of the Cæsars, and was permitted to look upon the historian whose pages he had perused in his solitude at the ends of the earth; and turning away, he said, "*it is enough*," and sought his distant home.

Nothing in those days was too costly for the ornament and preservation of these libraries. Emperors gave to them their own names, or the names of those they loved. Augustus loved his sister Octavia, and his *Octavian* library was exquisitely appointed with porticoes, galleries, shady walks, and every embellishment that taste could suggest and art produce, to make it the abode of rational and pure enjoyment for intellectual minds.

We might follow this history down through the middle ages, though we should find less of interest to repay us for the investigation. "Cassiodorus, minister of Theodore, king of the Goths, retired to a monastery which he had built, and founded a library there for the

use of the monks, about the year 550. Somewhat later, Charlemagne founded a library near Lyons."—From this time we should have to search these monasteries for books, and in those days so truly characterized as the *dark* ages, books were *preserved* but not read. Lights under a bushel, they shed scarcely a glimmer in the midnight of the world. Father Andre, a facetious monk, whether in irony or in earnest I will not say, very happily hits off the prevailing distate of himself and his brethren for the use of books, and their decided preference for the pleasures of the table over those of the study in the manner following:

"Preaching in a monastery which had recently been struck by lightning, Father Andre expatiated upon the goodness of God, who took, as he would shew, special care of his creatures. For, said he, among other evidences, consider what has happened to this holy house in which I am preaching. The lightning struck the *library* and consumed it, but injured not a single monk. If, however, it had unfortunately fallen upon the *dining-room*, or *buttery*, how many brethren would have been killed! how many tears shed! what desolation would have ensued!"

But I prefer to hasten over this period and come down to another era. For the facts which I omit, and a better history of those which I have cited, my young hearers are referred to the Encyclopedias, to the Curiosities of Literature by D'Israeli, and to their Classical Dictionaries.

With the art of printing we might begin the history of books. True, there were great men before Agamemnon—there were books before printing, as there is light before sunrise. But that was the creation of a sun to diffuse and rule the light of the world. Given of God at a period when religion and commerce were prepared with this art to go forth on a mission of

regeneration to the mind of the human race, it opened as with an Almighty hand the avenues of the soul, and poured upon it a stream of knowledge and truth, to flow with ever increasing fulness to the end of time. We are prone to wonder that those inventions which now contribute to our constant use in the shop, the highway of travel and of conversation, and which seem essential to the intercourse and existence of society, should have slept for ages in the mind of man like the Venus in the quarry. Why were they not found out before? But I submit that the most amazing fact in this connexion is, that the ART of PRINTING was not invented till the year of our world 5,439, or Anno Domini 1435! Through long dark years the sacred oracles had been multiplied by the slow process of manual transcription. Strange that no cunning Hebrew, among the many inventions of the times when the wisest of all men lived, discovered the way of making *more* books; although of making many, there was then no end. Why did Solomon never think of it? Or in those palmy days of Grecian glory, when the nuptials of art and science were celebrated, the fruit of which fair union was an offspring of beauty that charms the eye of admiring taste, even in these last days and in the ends of the earth; why, I ask, did not the art and science of Greece give birth to the art of printing? Go and walk through the alcoves of Cambridge or Oxford, or the British Museum, or the Vatican, amid those amazing exhibitions and collections of human learning: sit there for days and years to pursue the ever-increasingly delightful work of knowing all that is to be known; ply the oar of mind till you are gray, and wiser than the wisest: and then sigh that you have hardly yet pushed away from the shore: but what is that vast, boundless, priceless store of phil-

osophy, poetry and history, compared with what would now be there, had the printing press given form and immortality to all that Plato and Socrates, Homer and Sophocles, Livy and Cicero wrote, and spread those productions among the sons and daughters of Greece and Italy to wake the slumbering poet, orator and philosopher in souls that never had a thought beyond the shepherd's cot, or, at farthest, the warrior's grave. I once asked a friend to go with me to look upon a work of art, which, though deaf, had heard the plaudits of the world; and as we came away, he said, with a tear in his flashing eye, "*I could do it, I feel it in me.*" At the altar of genius, genius kindles; and the brother-spirit burns to rear another shrine at which other hearts shall worship. Hence painting, sculpture and architecture were the fields in which Grecian mind must make its high developments. As these creations rose, the rapt soul gazed on them, and one arch of beauty, one breathing canvass, one speaking statue, started the lurking Phidias and Praxitiles, and made a thousand painters and sculptors. *So* had the printing press given wings to the works of the great masters of literature, and multiplied the lessons of wisdom, the chronicles of history and the charms of song, these would have called into life the dormant energies of multitudes whose works of equal, perhaps transcendent beauty and power would now adorn and ennoble the empire of knowledge, and shed usefulness and gladness on the pathway of man.

Four hundred years only have elapsed since the art of printing was vouchsafed to man, and now behold the progress of letters, of religion, of thought among the nations of the earth. The multiplication of books is not so great an advantage, as their easy production and diffusion. Previous to this epoch, libraries were

scarce, within the means only of the wealthy and powerful, and in their possession accessible only to the few. Now every house may have a library larger than many of the learned men of early times were able to call their own. Melancthon is said to have had only four volumes in his library, and an old proverb cautions us against an opponent who reads but one.

It may be interesting here to present a table recently prepared and published in England, showing the aggregate of several public libraries in the principal cities of Europe.

Paris,	650,000
Munich,	500,000
Copenhagen,	400,000
St. Petersburg,	400,000
Berlin,	320,000
Vienna,	300,000
Dresden,	300,000
Naples,	300,000
Gottingen,	250,000
British Museum,	240,000

There must be other public Libraries in provincial towns; those named are metropolitan.

In our own country, for obvious reasons, we are unable to speak of such collections, but the statistics, compiled by Dr. Ludwig, of the number of public libraries in the different States of the Union, with the number of volumes, shew that we have made a vigorous beginning.

States.	No.	Vols.	States.	No.	Vols.
Maine,	4	4,300	Delaware,	1	3,600
N. Hampshire,	5	26,800	Maryland,	11	54,300
Vermont,	2	16,300	Virginia,	9	58,500
Rhode Island,	5	43,400	North Carolina,	3	16,200
Massachusetts,	30	203,000	South Carolina,	5	38,400
Connecticut,	4	71,000	Georgia,	4	22,000
New York,	33	174,900	Alabama,	3	12,200

Pennsylvania,	32	176,100	Louisiana,	5	13,300
New Jersey,	2	28,500	Mississippi,	2	5,600
Ohio,	23	68,800	Arkansas,		
Michigan,	5	9,500	Tennessee,	6	26,700
Indiana,	5	6,800	Kentucky,	9	44,600
Illinois,	3	3,700	Missouri,	5	20,500
Wisconsin,			Dist. Columbia,	9	75,600
	163	871,800		72	388,300

Total—Libraries, 235; Volumes, 1,260,100.

The library, whose Hall we open this evening, is to take rank among these; and in some important features, I doubt not, it is to be as great a benefit to society as the more ancient, costly and extensive collections of other cities and other lands. It is to be a library for the people. It is founded by their labors for their pleasure and advantage, and to be open to them on terms that render all its departments available by every virtuous and industrious person in the community. In all essential respects it is a FREE library: such restrictions only being thrown around it as shall secure it from abuse and promote its healthful increase.

Rejoicing together this evening in the progress of this noble work, let us now refresh our minds in the anticipation of those pleasures which we shall share with each other within these walls. Addressing, as I do, an intellectual assembly, engaged in a literary enterprise and aiming at the general diffusion of knowledge for the improvement of the common mind, I do not doubt that I shall have universal consent to the proposition, that all the pleasures of a rational being should centre in the soul. The lion has his pleasures, and the lamb. The sources of happiness open to each are adapted to their respective natures: and pursuing those tastes implanted by infinite wisdom and benevolence, they carry out the ends for which they were

created. Happiness is a legitimate object of pursuit, worthy of a creature of God, and promised as an endless reward of those who love him. The creature with a mind to reason, to comprehend, to study, to advance toward perfection, may debase himself by the pursuit of sensual pleasures; may poach on the manor of the brute and quarrel with the ox for his husks, or dispute the kennel with the dog, but he is out of the line of his destiny. A good dinner gratifies the palate of an epicure: but the pleasure is shared with every carniferous animal. Pleasures that flow to the soul through the organs of sense, as the pleasures of appetite, of equipage, of dress, of sumptuous living, are shared in common with the lower orders of being, and are enjoyed in greater or less profusion, as industry or fortune provides them. The miser who nightly draws his chest from its lurking place to add his gold, while his heart glows joyously over his hard-gotten heap, is despised. But had he taken a portion of his gold to the smith to be beaten into platters to stand on his sideboard and adorn his table loaded with delicious viands, and into cups to hold his sparkling wine; had he given a portion of his gold in exchange for a carriage and proud bays to drag it with him in it, the world would envy him as a happy man. A *miser* is called a miser-able man. The *millionaire* in his chariot and palace, is reckoned among the blessed. But tell me, ye who are able to calculate the difference of exchange, and can weigh the pleasures that become an immortal rational mind, and have some adequate conception of what the capacity is and the proper destiny of the spirit of man, tell me why the miser is not as happy with his gold in ingots as in houses and horses! In neither case is the pleasure co-existent in the same

sphere with that order of being to which God, angels and men belong. In both cases the animal instincts have been sharpened and guided by the power of rational mind, and then prostituted to the pursuit of enjoyment in channels that no animal but man would choose.

The point I would make in this connexion, and around which I would draw the attractions of philosophy, history and the added sanctions and sanctity of holy revelation, is, that the mind is the seat of all the happiness that of right belongs to human kind. All other enjoyment is shared with the brute and would be man's, if there were no books, no thoughts, no converse with spirit, no heaven. Under the brightness of this truth the value of books appears. We ought to give more time to thinking, and by the sole power of our own faculties make progress in knowledge. "There is one art," says Coleridge, himself an example and teacher of its power, "of which every man should be master, the art of reflection. If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all?" But life is short, and labors are many and pressing: few have time, and fewer have power to learn without books or by the ear. We must read and learn. Books are savings-banks, in which one generation deposites its earnings for the use of the next: they add their earnings to the store, and thus the capital is increased from age to age. Learning hath this advantage that giving does not impoverish, and withholding does not enrich.

But let us dwell awhile on the pleasures to be found in the realms of knowledge, now to be opened in this library. I shall seek them in the departments of philosophy, history and imagination.

I. The Study of Philosophy.—There is scarce a deeper, purer word in the language than this—*philosophy*. It has lost its original force and beauty, and is applied to scholastic science or metaphysical abstractions, when its gentle and all but divine composition speaks only *the love of wisdom*. Beautiful in its conception, it conducts the soul toward the source of the high and heavenly; purifies the spirit even in the days of its dwelling in tabernacles, and brings it into companionship with those who study the nature of truth and worship its infinite head. With the study of philosophy the unlettered mind associates only the pursuit of vain speculations, as profitless and visionary. Philosophy is folly in the world's dictionary. So be it. Its glory is, that it is self-reliant, and its worshipper is just as rich and happy in its possession, as if he had the stone once sought to turn all it touched to gold. This alchemy hath true philosophy.

The highest wisdom is in the revelation of its Author, and the streams that flow from that source are many and full; their banks are fertile, their waters sweet, and he who drinks shall never thirst. Descending from this high source, the writings of men who have tasted the springs of divine truth, and next to these, the works of the learned in every region of thought are before us, revealing such fields of investigation as ever invite, but never exhaust the study of the inquiring mind. Is it pleasure then you seek? And have you a mind that is formed for communion with the wise and good? Were you admitted to the society of Plato and Socrates, of Bacon and Newton, of Edwards and Coleridge, their presence might oppress, and prevent the high enjoyment which communion with their spirits would impart to one at home in their presence. But their works a child may read; and true modesty, an

attribute of genius, as a child-like temper is the emblem of heaven, may sit down in the alcoves of a library at the feet of these illustrious men whose shadows fall solemnly on the track of time, and commune with them reverently and joyously. The man of many cares, whose spirit pressed in life's struggle, often longs for rest, shall turn from the toils of his daily service, and here refresh his soul by converse with the mighty dead. Cato and Cicero, who has given us the thoughts of Cato, in his own eloquent language, rejoiced in the doctrine of the soul's immortality, because it promised to restore us to the society of those men whose virtues and wisdom we have admired, and who being dead, yet speak to us in their imperishable works. I mean no irreverence when I say the walls of our library shall enclose a heaven, more worthy the aspirations of an immortal mind than Cicero, or Cato or all the sages of pagan antiquity ever thought of. Groping on the confines of truth, and feeling after God, if haply they might find him, they rejoiced in the hope of a heaven of communion with the wise and good. But within these walls will be gathered not merely pagan wise men, but the long line of illustrious and holy minds, whose wisdom, enlightened by the inspiration of heaven, has shed a more enduring brightness upon the mysteries of thought. And as in our intercourse with men, like seeks like, and pleasure is found in harmony of soul, so here the spirit shall seek its kindred, and in the pursuit of a high and heavenly wisdom, every virtuous taste shall find its own refreshment and delight. There is joy in seeking after wisdom: not to make one richer in gold or lands: not to get power that hath glory and greatness, as the world counts it; but wisdom for itself, wisdom to be like God, wisdom

to be wise. Listen to the words of wisdom in praising Wisdom's words.

"They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the blessed,
Which thought carefully tendeth in the kindly garden of the heart;
They be sproutings of an harvest for eternity, bursting through the tilth of time,
Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth angel's food:
They be drops of the crystal dew, which the wings of seraphs scatter,
When on some brighter Sabbath, their plumes quiver with delight;
They be flashes of the day-spring from on high, shed from the windows of the skies;
They be streams of living waters fresh from the fountain of Intelligence;
Such and so precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter."

II. The Study of History.—The page of history invites a wider circle of guests. History is philosophy teaching by facts. But the great multitude of men unused to severe and patient thought, prefer to see the result of principles, rather than to search for causes. They will admire, as an acted drama, the rise and fall of empire, without studying the principles that lie at the root and make them flourish or fall. History is the drama of the world. It is the thing done. An artist took his seat in a little bark, and setting it afloat in the waters of the father of rivers, steered slowly and steadily down the stream, gazing upon the banks along which he passed, sketching the changing scenery, the virgin forest, the beetling cliffs, the spreading prairie, the Indian wigwam, the rising city, the deserted cabin, the wonders of nature and of art that are scattered all along its banks, till at last he floated out with the stream into the gulf that received him as eternity swallows time. The canvass on which this panorama is drawn, he spreads before his admiring countrymen who

flock to behold it. It is a sketch of more than a thousand miles condensed to three. It is an emblem of the world's history. All cannot float along down the stream and survey the wonders of its shores. But the historian has made the voyage; and on his pages, as on a canvass from pole to pole, he has drawn the map of time! *This is history.* It rises, stretches, stands up in solemn stateliness and the reader of history is the spectator of the drama of six thousand years.

Far away in the twilight of dim antiquity the patriarchs of sacred story move along, with measured step and slow: the wandering tribes of a scattered world appear upon the canvass, and one-third of the whole period of the Earth's history has passed away. That wide waste of waters with a single speck upon its surface, has a buried world in its bosom. It rises from the grave again and starts into life. Babylon and Nineveh appear. Those gloomy walls, like mountains of masonry, are the Pyramids of Egypt. Those flying ships are steering away to Argos for the golden fleece, and opening the paths of commerce through the sea. That giant, stalking in the greatness of his strength, is the Grecian Empire: he falls, and there you see a host of weaker powers exulting from his ashes and marching on the track of time. Those thundering legions with glittering shields and spears are the millions of Alexander, and the field is theirs, as the conqueror sighs for another world to subdue.

The canvass moves—and the Roman Eagles spread their wings over a subject world. See those splendid monuments of art, the silent witnesses of genius buried beneath the rubbish of two thousand years. The northern hordes are sweeping down upon that last

empire of the past, and a nation, whose dominion was the *orbis terrarum*, lies there shattered and scattered without power to rise or stir. Breaking into fragments, each fragment becomes a star that shines on the scene with milder and steadier beam. The Franks, the Lombards, the Saxons are gathering: new cities, countries, empires rise to view as the pageant passes. The world grows familiar to the eye, as the panorama moves, and another third of its history is gone.

A star rises on the hills of Judea. The infant Saviour is born, and the Christian era dawns. That rising glory in the East is the sun of righteousness; its golden radiance you see extending, as the darkness flees before it.

Those three white sails on the ocean are wafting the mariner of Genoa to the unknown world of the West, and lo! a new page opens—the first few lines are drawn, the great record is yet to be written—*our* HISTORY!

Such is history on canvass. The spectator shall sit down within the walls of this library, and the canvass shall pass steadily and slowly in review before him. Day after day, when life's sterner duties are done, he shall repair hither, and feast his eye upon this ever-moving page. He shall become familiar with the past: make acquaintance with the statesmen and heroes of distant times and lands: he shall live again in the days when Cyrus reigned, when Pericles was eloquent and Virgil sung: listen to the lips of Chatham, Burke and Erskine; draw lessons of wisdom and waters of joy from the sparkling fountains of Greece and Italy, and find himself at home in the groves and the bowers that have been hallowed by the great and good, whose very sepulchres are now unknown.

III. The World of Imagination.—And yet another source of pleasure opens here in the realms of fancy, where the poet, the novelist and dramatist have reared their fabrics of art for the admiration and instruction of mankind. In this department every man of taste will find enjoyment. As time is not allowed me to discuss the question that here arises as to the propriety of reading fictitious works, I fear that my views may be left with a liability of misconstruction. But I do not condemn, on the other hand, I commend the perusal of those books, the offspring of the fancy which are pure and healthful. And such there are. I know not that any moralists lay an interdict on *poetry:* yet poems there are, splendid and enchanting, that should never have been written, and having been written, should never be read. Their exhalations rise from the lower, not the upper world. Yet who will make a bonfire of poetry, because the devil has had his poets? So of other departments of fiction. The novel and the drama have been made the vehicle of conveying the most corrupt and corrupting sentiment, and their perusal has poisoned the hearts of thousands and made the world a prison or a desert, compared to the El Dorado of the romance or the play. But the abuse of the faculties of our nature must not forbid their use. We must discriminate wisely, and gather the good into our shelves and cast the bad away. 'Let us condemn as they deserve to be condemned, those works, however marked by wit and genius, however popular in the market-place or even in the parlor, that stain the soul of virtue, or color the cheek of innocence with a blush of shame. But let us also bear in mind that the loftiest and purest poetry is often as truly fictitious as the most beautiful and improbable romance. The

greatest sacred epic that was ever written, the only English epic worthy of the name, has quite as much romance in its composition as Ivanhoe. Yet Milton is a sacred poet, and Walter Scott a novelist. There is truth in both of them, and the truth to nature in each is what reveals the right of each to be the prince in his own dominions. If the poet forsakes *truth* and lets fancy on free wing bear him into the regions of the false and improbable, his extravagant conceptions are laughed at. The novelist who *invents* a world, and peoples it with angels or monsters, too good or too evil to have a likeness in the world that is, produces a book that may pass silently into forgetfulness as too absurd to find readers, or it may be condemned for its obvious power of mischief. The whole class of novels, that have at this moment a wider reach and potency than any other, drawn from the deep depravities of human nature, and gilding the blackest sins with the allurements of voluptuous vice, throwing a halo of glory instead of a halter around the hero of the tale of crime—these works, whether of the French or British school, or of domestic fabrication, are the most dangerous and deadly poison to the youthful soul. Let us stand at the door of this house and cry—"Procul, O procul, este profani," to all these books. But they shall form no part of the banquet to which we are invited. Here the sacred muses, with sweetest melody, shall sit and sing to those who love the minstrelsy of Milton, Cowper, Wordsworth and their brother bards: Spenser shall come forth from the shadows of the past; while the great master of the soul, immortal Shakspeare, speaks to us with more than a sage's power. And they who would not hear the voice of harmony in numbers musical, shall feel the wand of the great magician of the North, and

find in the choice productions of the finest fancies with which our race has been endowed, the power *imagination* hath to weave garlands of beauty to deck the pathway of virtue, to illustrate traits that adorn humanity, refine society and make the charm of domestic life. A field so wide has had strong men and noble minds employed; beautiful and abundant the harvest. It will be ours to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Already I see the youth when wearied with the toils of his daily task, or the man of business harrassed by cares more cankering than toil that sweats the brow, or the cloistered student whose profession chains him to his desk and duties; coming to this enchanted house, refreshing himself with Pierean draughts, courting the Muses or rising on the strong wings of poesy to "soar untrodden heights:" or satisfied with lower aspirations, here luxuriating upon all the realms of fancy offer to please a pure and manly taste. I mark the pleasure beaming on his cheek, as his hand turns earnestly the glowing page; I think of what this house has cost, and I say, *there is the return*, AND IT IS ENOUGH.

Call these ideal pleasures! Let the utilitarian, nay, let the philosopher make light of light reading, as some most falsely call the whole class of literature that springs from and addresses the imagination. But if man was made to be happy, and these high faculties were imparted for his happiness, why shall he not expose his soul to the influence of that which exalts, refines and expands his powers? It is not required that a man be a poet to love the inspiration of song. A soul may imbibe exquisite pleasure in the contemplation of a work of art, and the hand have no cunning to use a tool. And here many who have never dreamed of writing their names among "the few, the immortal

names, that were not born to die," shall come and rejoice in the full tide of elevated and refined enjoyment, in the midst of the richest works of art, the productions of gifted mind, the fairest fabrics of human genius; and when they have luxuriated in the wilderness of sweets provided, they shall go away refreshed for life's sterner duties, with minds attuned to a more delicate sensitiveness to the world they live in, and other worlds of thought, of action, of enjoyment opened on them, to the existence of which they were strangers till they stood on this mount, and saw these worlds of beauty before, around and above them.

What good will it do? is the profound enquiry of one who is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason. *His* measure of good is the money to be made by the operation. His Bible is a ledger; his heaven the bank. If it could be shown that the perusal of books would make men richer by a few dollars at the end of the year, there would be a rush for stock in the Library. And we hold, that in all which constitutes the real wealth of the people, in much that makes the imaginary abundance of the avaricious, there are elements here of power to promote the prosperity of every man in this community. I speak not of that indirect influence which the taste for reading will exert to restrain the young from the pursuit of evil, or to preserve order, promote industry and virtue, all of which are essential to the permanent prosperity of the State. But with improvements in the arts is identified the progress of such a community as this. If he is a public benefactor who makes two stalks of wheat to grow where only one grew before, a greater benefactor is he who by his genius enables one man to do the work of two, and makes a market for all that both can produce. Yet an impression has

been widely and fatally prevalent, that the grand inventions of human ingenuity have been the result of happy accident, rather than hard study. It is not true of the first thought, nor true of the successive steps by which the mind has been led to its proudest achievements. The boy or the dunce may apply the rules of philosophy and chemistry so as to produce a result, and that result shall be the most beautiful display of handiwork, in which the genius of the artisan shall be admired, while the higher genius that combined the principles, and discovered the mode of their application, shall be overlooked and unhonored. But in the *advancement* of art, however common and humble it may be, the thoughtful, observant mechanic, who has his mind intent upon the production of the best article in the best way, is the man who improves upon the work that has been hitherto done in the same establishment, and the great improvements that revolutionize a trade, and render old machinery and former tools useless, are introduced by those who think and study, while the rest of the world is asleep. I appeal to the history of the mechanic arts, and to the observation of my neighbors and fellow-citizens for the truth of what I say.

That knowledge is for the few, that we have an aristocracy and no republic of letters, is a bad but common opinion among men. This opinion is giving way before the advancing light of the age. Knowledge for the million is now as common an advertisement as dry goods and groceries. The press has made books cheap, and the cheapness has made the multitude readers. In our land, and in all lands where the Anglo Saxon tongue is spoken, the people will have knowledge. The blessedness of this diffusion is incalculable. If ignorance is not vice, it is its brother

and fast friend. Virtue and knowledge are handmaids of each other. But it has its evils—this cheap literature—and they are evils of no trivial character. The taste of the people has been corrupted by a surfeit of reading, and demands that which is frothy and frivolous, if not depraved. The activity of the age is unfavorable to solid reading, and men must have their news and their politics and their religious instructions administered in small doses, that they may take them rapidly, with their coffee in the morning, or in the rail-car. Never was there a fairer illustration of the old saying, "too much of a good thing is good for nothing," than the newspapers furnish. They have wrought mischief in unfitting the mind for the calm contemplation of truth, for the sober investigation of opinions, and while they furnish the mere superficies to be skimmed in a minute the ocean is left untasted, much less explored.

But "I have not the time for reading," is the reply of those who feel the truthfulness of this, and have sense enough to admit that the pursuit of knowledge is infinitely desirable to make men rich and wise and happy. "I have not time." Did you ever make a calculation to determine the quantity of knowledge you can compass in a given time. It is not impossible for the most active man in the city to give one hour, or even two, in each day to the improvement of his immortal mind. He ought to do it, or cease to think himself a man. Let him devote a part of this time in the early morning, or at the close of day, but in this hour or two he may read fifty pages, and in the course of a single year he will have perused 18,000 pages! In five years he has made himself the master of two hundred and fifty volumes of incalculable worth. Does it arrest the mind of any youth whom I address,

that it would be a pleasant acquisition to have perused the standard English poets? In one year, by reading two hours each day, he will have become familiar with every poet from Chaucer to Wordsworth. Would he read fiction? In one year, he will have finished nearly every novel that was ever written, worth reading.—History? How soon, with industry and system, will the man of business make himself acquainted with the whole circle of history, ancient and modern? What depths of philosophy will he explore? What heights of learning will he mount? This calculation any man may make for himself, and the truth of figures will convince the incredulous.

And did it never occur to you that the most eminent scholars have pursued their studies under difficulties immeasurably superior to those which beset your path? Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, "one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age," was born in the most abject poverty, the son of a poor weaver, and often saw his mother weeping and wringing her hands because she had not food for her children. He fought his way through the thickest difficulties and became an ornament to his race. Linnæus, the celebrated botanist, was apprentice to a shoemaker, and a scholar only upon charity. The world-famous Ben Jonson was a bricklayer, and it was when speaking of him, that Fuller, in his "English Worthies," says, "let not them blush that have, but those that have not a lawful calling." These, and hundreds more, have battled with poverty and triumphed. In our country, the way to knowledge is so easy that poverty scarcely imposes a barrier. There are no toll-gates on the road. Free schools are open to the young, and not a college in the land would shut its doors against a youth because he is poor. Two cents a week will give any

boy in Newark the range of this library with its thousands of volumes. Who cannot be learned? Who will not read and learn?

Blindness would seem to be the most insuperable bar to high attainments in knowledge, but where there is a will, there is a way. NICHOLAS SAUNDERSON lost both his eyes by small pox when only a year old, yet in boyhood he beat his classmates in Latin and Greek, and in Mathematics made progress that put competition out of the question. He desired to go to Cambridge University as a student, but he was poor and could not, *and he went there as a teacher.* The blind scholar planted himself within the precincts of those halls of learning, and offered to give instruction in Mathematics; and more wonderful, he commenced with lectures on Optics. His success was complete. How could it be otherwise, with his perseverance? He commanded the attention and applause of the University, and was finally called to be the successor in its mathematical chair of Sir Isaac Newton. Æsop, the famous Grecian writer, was a slave, and as he rose from this obscure condition to be a most distinguished man, the Athenians erected a statue to his memory, and on its base they placed the image of a slave, this signifying that the path to glory is open to all. Dr. Johnson was a child of charity. Dr. Parr helped himself to learning and distinction. La Grange was grateful to no parent or patron for the success that crowned his exertions. Thomas Simpson, the celebrated mathematician, was turned out of doors by his father, a poor weaver, because he would not stick to his loom. These examples might be indefinitely extended. "*The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties*" is a subject full of interest, which might be profitably made the theme of an extended disquisition, but there are books devoted

to the illustration, which you will readily find, that have furnished many of these incidents, and are full of others of similar pertinency and force.

Here you will resort to find those bright examples of diligence and success that will rouse the youthful mind to generous emulation of the great and good, that will point you to heights of knowledge and fields of enjoyment, which you may gain and call your own. Here you will find that even those men who have made the greatest improvements in the mechanic arts and thus conferred perennial blessings upon their race, have not been the dull, plodding wielder of the hammer and turner of the wheel, but men who thought and studied while their hands were busy with the tools. Thus is it in every walk of life. Knowledge and virtue are the arms of individual, as well as national strength, and he who will, may wield them both and conquer.

Mr. President—Those who have been familiar with the rise and progress of this Association, with the doubts and discouragements in which it was undertaken, the long and painful struggles of the infant enterprise, the immense and intense labor with which it was pushed on through the clouds with which its morning was obscured and its rising delayed, will appreciate the satisfaction with which I congratulate you and our associates, and the ladies and gentlemen, especially the youthful portion of this community upon the grand result. An edifice at once the ornament and defence of the city: an architectural ornament that has no rival among us, and a moral defence second only to the sacred temples which are dear to us as the ark of the covenant to ancient Israel—such an edifice has been reared, not by the munificence of one or two men of wealth, not by any one profession, sect or party, but by the contributions of the friends of learn-

ing, who have cheerfully combined their means to build these walls and dedicate them to the diffusion of useful knowledge among men.

In this great work we have had the favoring Providence of the All-wise God. And we have never doubted that this house will advance his honor and secure his praise. To him we look for continued smiles. Never may these walls be vocal with a sound, never may these alcoves give shelter to a page, on which the face of Infinite purity and truth will frown!

And now we enter upon their enjoyment. I wish that we had some adequate conception of what is before us here and hereafter. Sometimes I have thought it would be a mission worthy of the most exalted powers of argument and persuasion, not unworthy an angel's gifts, to go into the market-places of this generation, and challenge living men to think of what they are and where they are going?

We are intellectual and immortal beings. Combine these attributes of our nature, and think of our duties and destinies. Pause in the race of life, and view the goal to which you are hastening. *Can you see it?* Take the strongest glass that human ingenuity has contrived to aid the eye, and with it pierce the future. Canst thou measure the capacity or duration of thy spirit? Didst thou ever undertake to estimate the reach of infinite progression? Concerning thyself with matter, the limit of thy power is soon exhausted. Pile up pebbles, and at last you can pile them no higher. Art is long and strong, but time is longer and stronger: and what man does is undone. There is an end to it. But didst thou ever, child of immortality, consider *the power of an endless life:* that death is predicated only of the flesh, and that for nothing but to free thy spirit for the spirit-land, and give it wider range in realms

of knowledge where the etherial essence dwells alone.

Life has its labors. I know them, and would not shun them. Day by day we must seek our daily bread. The world around us has a claim upon our heart and hand. We must work while we live. It is our lot, and it is right.

Life has its pleasures. I love them, and rejoice in them. The domestic fire-side, the social circle, the song of friendship, the voice of love;—there's not a joy on earth I would not share with every son and daughter of the wide family of man.

But with the labors and the pleasures of the life that now is, I would never cease to feel, and I would fasten the thought as with nails upon every youthful heart, that the purest and loftiest pleasure is in the prolonged and infinite expansion of the human mind. From the depths of our present ignorance, let us rise into the regions of light and truth that are above us. The company of the good and great and wise invites us to the upward flight. Let us know more, and the more we know, the more we shall long to know. Gravitation draws upward in the world of mind. Onward is the word: higher! See the proud eminence on which the leader spirits of olden times are resting now. They have not drawn the ladder after them. In the morning of our career we may climb to their side, and when no steps ascend to higher worlds, our spirits, loosed from flesh, shall stretch their way right onward and upward, till they fold their pinions at the foot of the eternal throne.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE NEWARK LIBRARY ASSOCIATION was organized during the latter part of 1846, and the first election for Directors was held on January 4th, 1847. The foregoing Address was delivered at the opening of the Hall of the Library Edifice on the evening of 21st February, 1848, by the Vice President of the Association.

On that occasion the President of the Association—Mr. WILLIAM RANKIN—took the chair at half-past seven o'clock, and having announced the order of exercises, the Secretary—Mr. W. A. WHITEHEAD—addressed to the Association and the assembly the following introductory remarks:

GENTLEMEN, STOCKHOLDERS OF THE NEWARK LIBRARY ASSOCIATION:—It is with no ordinary pleasure that the Directors meet you this evening, in this beautiful and commodious apartment, which constitutes so interesting a portion of the structure which your liberal contributions have enabled them to erect.

Having so recently, in their Annual Report, presented in detail the present condition and prospects of the Institution, they have now only to welcome you—as they do most cordially—to a participation in the exercises with which it is intended to dedicate this Hall to the noble uses for which it is designed.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We open this Hall to the inhabitants of the City of Newark, as a place where all, of every class and condition, may increase their intellectual stores by participating in the

treasures of the learned and the wise, which from time to time will be brought before them;—where Literature, in all its varied forms, will ever, we trust, wear the most engaging features;—and where young and old may find constantly recurring inducements to a more thorough cultivation of the mental powers with which they are endowed.

We open it to our artizans and our professional men, as a place where the wonders of nature and of art—the mysteries and the revelations of science—the practical bearing of important discoveries—and the value of novel inventions—may in turn be presented for their admiration, their instruction, or their investigation.

We open it to all as a place of rational entertainment; believing that "to every thing there is a season," and that the occasional relaxation from mental and bodily toil which man requires, will be here improved to highly useful and ennobling purposes; that music and poetry, painting and sculpture, will here combine to calm the passions, exalt the affections, refine the taste, and enliven the imagination.

We open it in the hope and confident belief, that notwithstanding the varied uses for which it is designed, nothing will ever be heard or witnessed within its walls which will not tend to inculcate a high-toned morality, and to uphold the honor and majesty of that Being of whom it is said, "unless *He* build the house, they labor in vain who build it." Worse than useless would prove our undertaking if aught should ever transpire here to affect injuriously the moral or religious condition of the community. It is, therefore, in strict accordance with the spirit of the resolution by which the Board of Directors accepted the donation of a valuable Bible as the *foundation* of the library, that we shall strive to make this Hall subservient to the moral as well as to the intellectual improvement of all frequenting it.

We welcome you, therefore, to a place which we hope will ever be to you attractive, as well from the healthful influence it will exercise, as from the new sources of enjoyment and instruction it may offer."

The Rev. Mr. HENDERSON, of Trinity Church, then read from the Holy Scriptures portions of the 28th Chapter of Job, and of the 19th Psalm.

The Address followed; after which an Ode, written for the occasion at the request of the Committee of Arrangements, was read

by WILLIAM C. PRIME, Esq., thus concluding the exercises of the evening:

ODE

ON THE OPENING OF THE NEWARK LIBRARY HALL.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

Spirit of living Truth!
Fresh in immortal youth,
Yet aged as Eternity!
Come, at the fervid calls
Of hearts that, ever seeking after thee,
To thy great purpose dedicate these walls:
Come, and spread here thy broad and beaming wings,
Where, in thy name, the Muse her humble tribute brings.

Spirit of Art, divine!
This edifice shall be a shrine
Where thy true worshippers may kneel:
Standing sublime in Learning's cause,
The impress of thy mighty laws
Its form majestic will reveal,
While the same glorious Sun shall make it bright,
Or the same Moon shall gild it with her light,
As have for ages shed their beams upon
The hallowed ruins of the Parthenon!
And Wisdom's goddess, here shall own
All that approach to seek her lore,
No less, than where was raised the throne
Which first her votaries knelt before.

Knowledge shall here unfold
Her "treasures new and old;"
Science lay open her mysterious heart,
That searching eyes its inmost depths may see;
And Helicon's pure fount its streams impart
To all who thirst for living poesy!
These opening gates will languages unlock,
And free shall flow old Homer's tide of song,
As when, in ancient days, from Horeb's rock
Gushed limpid waters for the eager throng.

Britannia's bards shall dwell
Beneath this classic dome,
And visit—Fancy's dreams to tell—
The laborer's humble home:
And History's undying page
Here the eventful past shall state;
Or our brief present to a future age
Perchance relate:
Toil in these cheering walls forgot,
The weary soul refreshed shall be;
And riches wait to bless the lot
Of patient Industry—
Wealth, such as shaping Intellect hath wrought
From the imperishable mines of Thought.

Spirit of Eloquence, whose voice
Made Academic groves rejoice
In Plato's days of old!
We dedicate to *Thee* this Hall—
Here ever at thy trumpet-call
May Truth again grow bold,
And startle Error from his secret hold.

Spirit of Science! here inspect
The mysteries of Philosophy;
Or with thy telescope direct
To starry wonders in the sky.
Spirit of Music, here awake!
This dome with airs melodious fill,
And every listening spirit make
With rapture thrill!

Spirit of pure Religion! deign
Within this temple to abide,
For art and Science build in vain
Unless *Thou* o'er their works preside:
The crumbling touch of Time,
Lays low the edifice sublime;
But if Thy foot-prints there are found,
The spot whereon it stood "is holy ground;"
And every tribute offered there to *Thee*
The wreck of nature shall survive,
And in the hearts of God and Angels live
Among the records of Eternity.

CHARTER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

An Act to incorporate "THE NEWARK LIBRARY ASSOCIATION."

WHEREAS, the persons hereinafter named, and others, have formed themselves into an Association under the name and title of "THE NEWARK LIBRARY ASSOCIATION;" the object of which Association is the establishment of a Library with all proper conveniences and appurtenances, and the erection of a suitable edifice for its accommodation, with a view to advance the interest of learning generally, and to instruct and better educate the youth of the City of Newark in Science, Literature and the Arts: And Whereas, the said Association is desirous of an Act of incorporation, that its purposes may be more effectually subserved; therefore,

1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey,* That William Rankin, Samuel I. Prime, William A. Whitehead, Jacob D. Vermilye, John H. Stephens, James B. Pinneo, John Chadwick, William R. Inslee, Beach Vanderpool, Jeremiah C. Garthwaite, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, William B. Kinney and Samuel Meeker, and all and every other person, or persons, who are, or may become their associates, their successors and assigns, shall be and are hereby incorporated by the name of "The Newark Library Association," and by that name shall be a body corporate and politic, and shall be forever hereafter capable to hold, receive by donation or otherwise, purchase, lease and convey real and personal estate; provided, always, that the yearly income of such real and personal estate do not, at any time, exceed the sum of ten thousand dollars.

2. *And be it enacted,* That the capital stock of the Corporation shall not exceed fifty thousand dollars, which shall be divided into shares of twenty-five dollars each—the said Association having the power to commence operations as soon as the sum of fifteen thousand dollars is subscribed.

3. *And be it enacted*, That on the first Wednesday after the first Monday in January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and forty-eight, and annually thereafter, an election shall be held, at a general meeting of the Stockholders, for thirteen of their number as Directors for the ensuing year; and that each Stockholder present at such election shall have one vote for each share of stock he may hold, if not more than five, and one vote for every additional five shares; and those persons having a majority of all the votes thus cast, shall be deemed elected; but no Stockholder shall be allowed to vote, whose dues to the Association are not fully paid: and that the persons above particularly named as corporators, shall constitute a Board of Directors until others are elected: and that in case an election shall not be made on the day appointed by this Act, the Corporation shall not for that cause be deemed to be dissolved; but it shall, and may be lawful to hold such election on some other day, not more than six weeks after the time herein appointed for the annual election; and the Directors at any time in office, shall hold their offices until others are elected; and in case of the death, resignation or removal of any Director, the vacancy occasioned thereby shall be filled for the remainder of the term by a vote of a majority of the Board of Directors. Three Inspectors for the annual election shall be appointed by the Directors from Stockholders who are not Directors.

4. *And be it enacted*, That the Directors shall choose from among themselves a President and Vice President, and either from among themselves, or from among the Stockholders generally, a Secretary and a Treasurer, whose duties shall be performed gratuitously; and the Directors shall have authority to appoint a Librarian and such other officers as may be necessary; to establish regulations and restrictions, which shall be binding upon Stockholders and others in the use of the books and in the enjoyment of the privileges and objects of the Association; and seven Directors of the Corporation should constitute a quorum, competent to do all business, excepting such business as by the requirements of the Act, or any By-Law of the Association shall require more than seven to perform.

5. *And be it enacted*, That all instalments now due, or that may at any time be due, from Stockholders on the share, or shares, by them respectively held, shall be paid at such times as the Directors for the time being shall appoint: and the non-payment of such instalments by the Stockholders after due notice, shall, if the Board of Directors so determine, either work a forfeiture of all previous payments, and the stock upon which such instalments shall not be paid as aforesaid, shall revert to the Association, and be by them sold for the benefit of the Association, or the Board of Directors may take legal measures

to enforce the payments of such sum, or sums, as may at any time be due on their stock.

6. *And be it enacted,* That the capital stock of the said Association shall be deemed personal property, and that the shares of stock shall be transferable only on the books of the Association, under such regulations as the Board of Directors may prescribe.

7. *And be it enacted,* That no State, County, City, Township, or other public assessments, taxes, or charges whatsoever, shall at any time be levied or imposed upon the said Association, or upon the stocks and estates which may become vested in them under this Act, other than their lands and tenements.

8. *And be it enacted,* That this Corporation shall possess the general powers, and be subject to the restrictions and liabilities contained in the Act, entitled "An Act concerning Corporations," approved the fourteenth day of February, one thousand, eight hundred and forty-six, as far as the same are applicable.

APPROVED February 19th, 1847.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

1848.

President—WILLIAM RANKIN.
Vice President—SAMUEL L. PRIME.
Secretary—WILLIAM A. WHITEHEAD.
Treasurer—JACOB D. VERMILYE.

JOHN H. STEPHENS,
BEACH VANDERPOOL,
JAMES B. PINNEO,
WILLIAM R. INSLEE,
WILLIAM B. KINNEY,
SAMUEL MEEKER,
JEREMIAH C. GARTHWAITE,
JOHN CHADWICK,
FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

On the Library—Messrs. PRIME, STEPHENS, KINNEY, FRELINGHUYSEN and WHITEHEAD.

On Finances—Messrs. VANDERPOOL, PINNEO and GARTHWAITE.

On the Building—Messrs. MEEKER, CHADWICK and INSLEE.

STOCKHOLDERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Linn Adams,
John Annin,
Joseph L. Alden,
Albert Alling,
Wm. A. Agens,
Aaron T. Anderson,
Horace Alling,
Jos. C. Alling,
Chs. Alling,
Horace E. Baldwin,
Edward Booth,
Henry Bowden,
H. L. Brown,
Aaron O. Boylan,
Daniel B. Bruen,
Saml. Baldwin,
Caleb Baldwin, Jr.
Robt. Beatty,
S. A. Baldwin,
A. McW. Ball,
Terah Benedict,
John C. Beardsley,
Isaac Baldwin,
R. D. Baldwin,
David C. Brown,
Elijah D. Burnet,
J. E. Beam,
Rev. H. N. Brinsmade, D. D.
Geo. H. Bruen,
Henry Bange,
David C. Berry,
John Y. Baldwin,
J. H. Burnet,
Wm. G. Black,
Israel Baldwin,
Isaac P. Brown,
John Chadwick,
John S. Condit, M. D.,
Demas Colton, Jr.
John R. Clark,
Thos. D. Clearman,
T. B. Crowell,
J. Cummings Crane,
Lewis N. Condit,
Jno. C. Crane,
Amos K. Carter,
Jos. D. Coe,
Moses B. Coe,
Mahlon Campfield,
Aaron Coe,
Abm. Coles, M. D.,
C. P. Crockett,
B. W. Collins,
David Campbell,
S. G. Crowell,
Saml. O. Crane,
David W. Crane,
W. S. B. Clark,
Caleb H. Condit,
Rev. R. B. Campfield, Jr.
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Rev. J. B. Condit, D. D.
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Aaron Carter, Jr.
Robt. Crawford,
W. T. Crane,
J. J. Chandler,
Wm. H. Camp,
Jas. H. Crane,
Chs. G. Campbell,
Matthias W. Day,
P. S. Duryee,
Jno. R. Davison,
A. B. Dunbar,

Jno. M. Davies,
Chillion F. DeCamp,
Ellis Dunn,
Alfred L. Dennis,
M. W. Dodd,
Henry G. Darcy,
David B. Day,
Aaron S. Day,
A. L. Downer,
G. DeAngelis,
Alex. N. Dougherty,
A. G. Dulman,
Horace F. Dougherty,
Bethuel Dodd,
Jas. J. Dickerson,
D. Smith English,
W. S. Faitoute,
F. T. Frelinghuysen,
Wm. W. Ford,
Phineas M. Ford,
Faitoute & Stoudinger,
Theo. Frelinghuysen, Jr.
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Lewis C. Grover,
J. C. Groshong,
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E. Graves,
G. W. Gorum,
Chs. A. Glase,
Jno. Garside,
Wm. B. Gardner,
John T. Grice,
Jno. Granniss,
Wm. B. Guild,
Chs. Grant,
John W. Garthwaite,
Rev. Chs. Hall,
E. H. Holden,
Rev. M. H. Henderson,
A. S. Hubbell,
Jos. C. Hornblower,
N. Hedges,
J. Hartshorne, Jr.
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David A. Hayes,
Ira M. Harrison,
S. R. W. Heath,
R. B. Hathorn,
Hiram Hutchinson,
John Hall,
O. S. Halsted, Jr.
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Wm. H. Harris,
A. S. Holbrook,
Geo. B. Halsted,
W. R. Inslee,
James Johnston,
James N. Joralemon,
John P. Jackson,
Andrew Johnston,
J. Jelliff,
Thos. V. Johnson,
Jacobus & Condict,
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Robt. Johnston,
Wm. Jackson,
A. D. Jones,
H. H. Jaques,
Wm. B. Kinney,
Thos. Kirkpatrick,
John H. Kase,
Silas H. Kitchell,
Edward A. Keen,
Wm. H. Kirk,
James Keene,
Isaac E. Lyon,
A. Lemassena,
Linus Little,
H. C. Lee,
John C. Littell,
Wm. M. Littell,
Wm. G. Lord,
W. E. Layton,
Saml. Meeker,
Abm. Mockridge,
J. B. Miller,
H. K. McDonald,