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MEMOIR OF GAMALIEL BRADFORD, M. D.

BY CONVERS, FRANCIS, D. D.

The name of Bradford stands in an honored place on the records of New England history. From William Bradford, the ancient governor of the Plymouth colony,—a man in the front rank of the Puritan worthies,—Dr. Gamaliel Bradford, of whom a brief notice is here to be given, was a lineal descendant, in the sixth generation. He was the son of Gamaliel Bradford, Esq., a gentleman who, by intellectual culture, manly courage, and the best qualities of a generous heart, won a high place in the respect of the wise and good.*

Dr. Bradford was born in Boston, November 17th, 1795. At the early age of twelve years, he had passed through the preparation usual at that time for admission to Harvard University. But, as he was deemed too young to meet the duties and hazards of a college life, he accompanied his father on a voyage to the southern part of Europe, and was placed in a Catholic seminary at Messina, where he remained nine months. The winter of 1808–9 he spent in London, and in the ensuing spring returned to Boston. His studies were continued at home, and in 1810 he entered Harvard University. Without the impulse of a strong ambition for the literary honors of college, his unquestioned talents, classical attainments, and keen intellectual activity gave him a highly respect-

* See a Memoir of him in the Massachusetts Historical Collections, 3d series, Vol. I., p. 282.
able position among the good scholars of his class. At the Commencement in 1814, when he was graduated, he delivered an English poem, which, as well as his poetry on other occasions, afforded gratifying evidence that he had not courted the Muses in vain.

Leaving college with the preparation of a ripened and richly furnished mind, Dr. Bradford selected for his calling the medical profession. While pursuing the studies of that department, he was occasionally engaged in the business of private instruction, and for one year held the office of assistant teacher in the Boston Latin School. In the winter of 1818, after a diligent attendance as a medical student at the almshouse, he was seized with the typhus fever, which prevailed at that place, and for several weeks his life was in great danger. He always thought that his constitution never wholly recovered from the shock of that illness.

In the autumn of 1819, he went abroad in pursuit of the objects of his professional education, and attended the medical lectures at the University of Edinburgh. He returned in the spring of 1820, and commenced practice as a physician in Boston. In March, 1821, he was married to Sophia Rice, daughter of Colonel Nathan Rice, who had faithfully served his country as a major in the Revolutionary army, and was held in high esteem wherever he was known. Dr. Bradford found in the virtues and the devoted affection of his wife a blessing beyond all price, especially under the trials which afterwards fell to his lot.

A few months before his marriage, he had removed to Cambridge, where a more rapid progress seemed to be promised in his professional business than could be expected by a young physician in the city. During the winter of 1824-5, he delivered an excellent course of lectures on physiology in Boston, in connection with Dr. John Ware. In the autumn of 1826, he left Cambridge and returned to Boston. The following year, he gave up the medical profession, in the science of which few were so thoroughly versed, however its details of practice might be ill suited to his taste or temperament. He then undertook the management of a large brewery in South Boston, to the superintendence of which he de-
voted himself with great industry and fidelity. While Dr. Spurzheim was in Boston, Dr. Bradford, who was always a decided and strenuous adversary to the doctrines of phrenology, delivered three lectures on the subject, distinguished for scientific clearness and ability. The business of the brewery he continued till 1833; and, within a few months after he left it, he received the appointment of Superintendent of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. The important and sometimes perplexing duties of that station he discharged in a spirit of vigilance, faithfulness, and strict firmness, alike honorable to himself and happy for the institution.

For some time Dr. Bradford had been suffering under a malady which filled the hearts of his friends with sad apprehensions. It was in 1832 that his health was first assailed by fits of epilepsy. These increased in frequency and severity from year to year. Hoping to find some wholesome and relieving influence from a voyage, he went up the Mediterranean in October, 1838, and was absent four months. But his failing health was not restored or assisted; and on the 22d of October, 1839, an epileptic attack of unusual severity terminated his life, at the age of forty-four years.

Every one acquainted with the intellectual character of Dr. Bradford will remember that he knew how to make the best use of the stores of an amply furnished mind. Few men could better sift the learning connected with any subject, so as to detach the available matter from a mixed mass. The steady clearness of intellectual vision for which he was remarkable enabled him to bring and keep before his view both the near and the remote bearings of a question. In conversing with him, one was often surprised to find in how few words he would lay open lines of thought before unnoticed, but now seen to be avenues to important truth. For all that ever wore the semblance of quackery or pretence he had a strong dislike, which expressed itself with severe honesty. A sham, however disguised under solemn forms or veiled with stately words, found little mercy at his hands. He appreciated well the meaning of the saying, that "Reasons and reason are different things.” It was his habit to sub-
ject facts to a rigorous scrutiny, and to value them chiefly in reference to the general laws of which they are the expression. In the same spirit, he measured men and their doings by the standard of essential principles. There is a class of inquirers, who are seldom satisfied till they have removed the coverings gathered over opinions and actions by policy or custom, and looked at the central truth or falsehood which lies within. Dr. Bradford belonged to this class. He sought always to reach what he believed to be the last analysis of a question, and to arrive at the broad principle which includes all particular cases. What may have seemed to some like extravagance in his views of political and social subjects was, in truth, the result of a philosophical spirit, that aimed to penetrate beyond conventional accidents to the foundation of man's relations and rights. Hence he had the wisdom of hope, which believes wrong to be remediable, simply because it is wrong. "The greatest evils and the most lasting," it has been said, in words which might well express his doctrine of reform, "are the perverse fabrications of unwise policy; but neither their magnitude nor their duration are proofs of their immobility. They are proofs only that ignorance and indifference have slept profoundly in the chambers of tyranny, and that many interests have grown up, and seeded and twisted their roots in the crevices of many wrongs."*

The character of Dr. Bradford's mind was strictly analytical. But he never undervalued those truths which find their justification in sentiment, provided the sentiment were not another name for transient or perverted feeling. On the contrary, he regarded these as expressions of the soul's essential laws, and found their sufficient defence in the fact, that they are imbedded in the constitution of human nature. Though he loved to look at things in the dry light of the understanding, yet he never forgot that the understanding alone cannot solve the great problem of man and his aspirations. His instinctive sense of right was quick, while his demand for evidence was searching and not easily satisfied. It is worthy of remark,

that the perverting influences which have sometimes been ascribed to medical studies, in questions of intellectual philosophy, never misled his mind. His faith in the intense reality of the spiritual nature was strong; and he never gave his sanction to the shallow speculations which would find an account of man's whole being in the action of material laws.

In medical science the learning of Dr. Bradford was unquestionably ample, and his judgment sound and enlightened. But his interest as a student reached far beyond the limits of his professional inquiries. This was especially the case in the latter part of his life, when the great questions of intellectual and ethical philosophy were among his most frequent subjects of thought and conversation. He took much delight in the best books on these topics. Sir James Mackintosh was his peculiarly favorite author; and it was not long before his death that he spoke with intense pleasure of the memoirs of that admirable writer, which he had then just read. From these severer studies he found a healthful recreation of mind in the best romances and works of fiction, which afforded him great pleasure, and of which he judged with fine critical taste.

As a writer, Dr. Bradford was much and very favorably known, chiefly, however, in short and occasional efforts. These productions of his pen are numerous, and are mostly to be found in various journals of the day.* They bear honorable testimony to his power of clear, vigorous thought, his love of truth, and his fearless honesty of mind. He wrote with ease, and was fond of this exercise of talent. Had the powers of his mind been earnestly concentrated upon some large and important work, he would have

*They consist principally of essays and reviews published in the Boston Spectator, The Nondescript, New England Journal, United States Literary Gazette, New England Magazine, North American Review, and Christian Examiner. Dr. Bradford's address to the Massachusetts Temperance Society, and his letter to Fletcher, Sprague, and Otis, on Slavery, were published in a pamphlet form. His speech when the Abolitionists had a hearing before a committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, in the spring of 1831, was published as a pamphlet, and also in The Liberator. These various writings amount to about eighty different pieces. While they all bear the stamp of no ordinary mind, some of them are enlivened with that well directed humor which formed a part of the composition of Dr. Bradford's genius. It should be added, that he twice officiated as poet at the anniversaries of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge, namely, in 1820 and in 1827. These poems were not published.
left a memorial of his genius among the writings not soon to be forgotten.

It may be said of Dr. Bradford, not only that his moral standard was high, but that it rose higher the more he became involved in the duties and the business of life. He never paltered with conscience or principle. No shuffling devices ever degraded his opinions or conduct. Dr. Bradford was eminently a man of integrity. Every one who knew him relied spontaneously on the forthright and thorough honesty of the man. In all transactions with others, and in the discharge of any trust, his faithfulness was minutely scrupulous. He would never avail himself of excuses even for those slight deviations from accuracy which are by common consent considered venial. But his integrity, exact as it was in these respects, reached much further. It directed and shaped his convictions, his opinions, and the use he made of his influence. It was a principle which rendered him faithful in all outward relations, because he was first faithful to his own soul. There was no hollowness at the surface, because the centre was sound. His thoughts and deeds were true to the law of right; his purposes and acts sprung from a moving power in his own moral nature, not from gusty influences abroad. Thus he was a whole man, not a compound of pieces and fragments, which have no harmony, and hold together only so long as they are surrounded by an outward pressure from the world's law or fashion. His integrity was not the varnish of conventional honesty in the affairs of the world, but the spontaneous form of thought and action taken by one who desires to be rather than to seem. It proved itself no less in fidelity to his convictions of right, than in fidelity to his engagements. His truthfulness might sometimes seem stern or abrupt; but its meaning was honest and even kind. No one could know him without perceiving that his indignation at wrong expressed a sentiment inspired alike by benevolence and by a sound logic, and that he was quite fearless in manifesting the feeling. From this source sprung his enlightened and firm attachment to the cause of Anti-slavery, a cause which he believed to rest on the high ground of unalterable right, as well as of pure humanity. His spirited
and forcible speech in March, 1831, when the Abolitionists had a hearing before a committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, left a deep impression at the time, and will be long remembered by those who were present on that occasion.

Dr. Bradford cherished a true and living interest in the Christian religion, both speculative and practical. The great questions it suggests to every thoughtful mind arrested his earnest attention, as questions reaching to the foundation of our being; and the importance of its sanctions to the true conduct of life was apprehended by him in all its extent. The progress of years quickened his feelings and strengthened his convictions on this subject. In the latter part of his life, the highest truths became matters of a more searching and personal interest to him than ever. They made themselves felt in all his principles; and he would have deemed it a shallow folly to think of constructing a system of philosophy or ethics, without the religious sentiment at its centre.

On the whole, we may say that here was a true, enlightened, upright man, — one who thought soundly and clearly, and kept the eye of his mind ever fixed on great principles, — a man of realities, not of devices. Those who knew him will always feel, that, in the remembrance of his fine talents and his unbending probity, they have that record of wisdom and virtue which gives forth an imperishable blessing. We are reminded of the very significant words of an ancient English drama: —

"I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men,
As when she’s pleased to make them lords of truth:
Integrity of life is fame’s best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end." *

* Webster's Duchess of Malfi.
LIFE AND LABORS OF DE CANDOLLE:

EXTRACTED [AND TRANSLATED] FROM THE ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF RATISBON, AT ITS MEETING, NOVEMBER 28th, 1841,

BY THE PRESIDENT,

PROF. VON MARTIUS.

Augustin Pyramus De Candolle, professor of botany at Geneva, died on the 9th of September, 1841. De Candolle exerted such an extensive and powerful influence upon the progress of botany, that he is identified with the history of the science in the present century.

The man who impressed the seal of his genius on the natural history, and especially on the botany of the last century, Linneaus, died at Upsal, on the 10th of January, 1778. On the 4th of February of that same year, twenty five days after the departure of Linneaus, and on the same day upon which the death of Conrad Celtis occurred, Aug. Pyramus De Candolle saw the light of day at Geneva. Thus did the spirit of the times, which guides the wisdom of man, transfer the rôle of the systematical classifier of plants from Sweden to the verdant shores of the Leman, and place it in the cradle of him, upon whose urn we now suspend the flower-garland of grateful reverence.

"Scilicet a tumulis, et qui pericræ propinquæs, Protinus ad vivos ora referre juvat."

Ovid, Fast. II.

De Candolle was without doubt the Linneaus of our age. In the right understanding of what he has accomplished, lies the true
measure both of his own greatness, and of the work done by his predecessor,—lies the sum of the progress which botany has made since the departure of Linnaeus from the scene of his activity. The importance of systematic arrangement and classification was the leading idea in both their minds; and consequently both have been especially useful as registrators of the vegetable kingdom. Both, however, were influenced and guided by the ideas of vegetable physiology and morphology which each had formed. The systematic works of both, therefore, went hand in hand with their general views, received from them their impulse and signification, and reflected back the spirit which distinguishes their different epochs. They are accordingly as different in their manner of comprehending and of carrying out their ideas, as were the fundamental principles respecting the nature of plants which prevailed in the time of each. There is, however, this essential difference between them. The thoughts which Linnaeus embodied in his system, were his own creation. De Candolle, on the other hand, adopted the ideas of the French school, founded on the natural method of A. L. de Jussieu, with the view to their full development in an universal descriptive system of the vegetable kingdom. We do not at present propose fully to trace the parallel between Linnaeus and De Candolle, although some of its elements will be indicated in the brief sketch of the life and labors of our much lamented friend: but it remains for the historian of botany, to exhibit in detail the relations which these two men sustained to each other, and to the epochs in the progress of the science distinguished by their names.

Aug. Pyr. De Candolle sprung from a noble family of Provence, which, from religious considerations, removed to Geneva in the year 1558. The younger Catholic branch of the family, still existing in Provence, is now represented by the Marquis De Candolle, with whom the Genevan botanist always maintained the friendly relations of kindred. Augustin De Candolle, the father of our departed friend, was one of the first magistrates (premier syndic) of the republic of Geneva. In the early years of his life, the feeble health of the child gave much anxiety to his parents. In his seventh year he suffered from an attack of acute hydrocephalus; but fortunately conquered a disease so often fatal to childhood, or which in other cases so frequently leaves behind a feebleness of the mental powers. But the youth and man, with
his well-organized head, fitted for the most difficult processes of thought, experienced no further ill effects from this distressing malady.

In the gymnasium, (collège,) he was not distinguished, except for his proficiency in Latin and French versification. By the time he reached the first class, in the year 1791, he had gained many prizes by his great facility in versification, and his uncommonly retentive memory. At this period, when his body and mind were proportionally and very rapidly developed, he entered into the "belles-lettres class," a division which answers to the German lycealcursus, or highest department of the gymnasium. The revolution about this time (1792) overflowing the limits of France, extended itself into Switzerland; the government of the canton of Geneva was overthrown; and the father of our De Candolle retired to an estate which he possessed in Champagne, a village near Grandson, between Yverdun and Neuchatel. The young man had until now devoted himself almost exclusively to classical studies. He had read the great Latin and Greek authors diligently, and with good effect on the development of his judgment; he had written many essays in French and Latin verse, and knew by heart a great number of classical passages from the literature of these languages. Even at the time of his leaving college, his memory retained so perfectly the first six books of the Æneid, that he could go on with the recitation of any portion of them taken at random, without hesitation. The study of history was peculiarly attractive to him, and for a long time he regarded himself as destined to the profession of an historian.

Somewhat later he attended to the lectures of Pierre Prevost on philosophy. Logic from the lips of this celebrated natural philosopher, the author of the valuable treatise on the equilibrium of caloric, had a powerful influence on his excitable mind. It gave him the habit of sharp and clear thinking, and was an excellent introduction to the different exact sciences, with the study of which he was employed in the years 1794 and 1795. Physics, the department of Marc. Aug. Pictet, had more attraction for him than mathematics.

Meanwhile his residence in the country, where he was accustomed to pass his vacations, had brought him nearer to nature. Without any book on botany, following the guidance simply of the objects themselves, he accustomed himself to the art of ob-
servation. At first this occupation had only the character of a pastime, or recreation. What afterwards suddenly induced him to devote himself wholly to the "amabilis scientia," was the excitement which he experienced in 1796 in the lecture room of the excellent Vaucher.*

The number of teachers at the Academy of Geneva was at that time very small. Mr. P. Vaucher, professor of theology, who soon after proved himself an accurate observer by his account of the Conferæae of fresh water, was giving in that year a free course on botany. De Candolle had only heard the first half of the course, when he returned to his parents at Champagne, determined to devote himself exclusively to this science. The attractive descriptions of Vaucher had revealed to him his own genius; and he chose at the age of eighteen the vocation to which he remained faithful during his whole life, with an enthusiasm which did not desert the man of sixty-three even on his death-bed. In these lectures he had become acquainted with the organs of plants. Returning to the country, he began at once to describe the plants which he found, indicating them by their common, not their scientific names, of which he was at that time ignorant. He considered himself fortunate a few months afterwards, when he received the first edition of Lamarck's *Flore Française*, and a few other botanical books, whose true value he immediately understood.

It was the custom at that time, in his native city, for the sons of rich parents to study law. De Candolle consequently began this study in the year 1796, but with the fixed intention of not allowing it to affect his future destination. One of his friends, who was closely connected with Dolomieu, induced him to pass the winters of 1796 and 1797 in Paris, under the eye of that celebrated observer of nature. He received his father's permission for this, and lived in the house of Dolomieu, by whom he was treated with paternal tenderness. He now attended the lectures of Vauquelin, Fourcroy, Charles, Portal, and Cuvier. In the

* [The teacher survived for about a year, his more celebrated pupil; vide Botanical Necrology in this Journal, Vol. xliii, p. 215. An interesting biographical notice of M. Vaucher, from the pen of Alphonse De Candolle, has recently been published in the Bibliothèque Universelle at Geneva; an English translation of which appeared in the Annals and Magazine of Natural History, for November and December last.—A. G.]
Jardin des Plantes he had made the acquaintance of Lamarck, Deleuze, and Desfontaines. To the latter his heart was peculiarly drawn. The gentle repose of this learned and amiable man enchained him as to a second father;* and he preserved to his latest breath the most tender and grateful affection as well for him as for Vaucher. These winter sessions had opened to him a view into the depth and extent of natural science. He perceived the importance of the relations between physics, chemistry, and botany; he perceived that the latter science had reached a station where she required especially for her completion the aid of the others. He determined to labor in this field, and to help to bring botany out of her isolated position. This was besides the peculiar task of the period. The labors of our great M. von Humboldt, of Priestley, of Ingenhauss, &c. had extended the domain of botany in a similar direction. Accordingly he came out first with his treatise upon the nourishment of *Lichens*, which, in the summer of 1797, was laid before the *Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle*, then recently established by Saussure at Geneva. His intercourse with Senebier and Vaucher confirmed him in this direction of his faculties. It is easy to perceive that, in the whole course of his literary labors, he sought to make the doctrines of physics and of chemistry available in their application to botany. We find the same spirit in his excellent treatise *Sur les Propriétés Médicales des Plantes*, (Paris, 1804, 4to,) of which Perleb has given a German version (1810) enriched with many valuable additions. He attempted in this work to represent more fully than had been before done, the parallel suggested by Linnaeus, but opposed by other writers, between the outward forms of plants and their chemical constitution and adaptation to pharmacy; a labor in which he manifested a happy talent for tracing back various phenomena to their origin in general principles.

In the year 1798, Geneva was incorporated into the French republic. De Candolle, finding his future prospects much affected by this event, the property of his parents having been materially diminished by the catastrophes of the Revolution, determined

* De Candolle honored the memory of his friend, who died on the 16th of November, 1833, by a "Notice Historique sur la vie et les travaux de M. Desfontaines," in the *Bibliothèque Univers.*, Feb. 1834.
to adopt the medical profession, and easily obtained the consent of his father, who hoped that he would be thus established in a lucrative mode of life. The son, meanwhile, whose enthusiasm for botany had increased from year to year, thought principally of the greater facilities he should thus enjoy for the pursuit of his favorite science. During this year he went the second time to Paris; and taking up his abode in the neighborhood of the Jardin des Plantes, he gave himself up with zeal to the study of its accumulated treasures. Lamarck encouraged him to labor with him in the botanical portion of the Encyclopédie Méthodique; in which he wrote the articles *Parthenium* and *Lepidium*. He also assisted Lamarck in the preparation of the article on *Panicum*, Poiret in that on *Paspalum*, described the species of *Senebiera*, and published his treatise on *Lichens*. At the request of Desfontaines, he undertook the preparation of the text for the *Plantes Grasses*, which Redouté had begun to represent in a splendid iconographical work. He received on this occasion the most friendly assistance from Desfontaines and L'Heritier, who gave him the free use of their rich collections and invaluable books. If neither this work, nor that on the *Liliaceae*, which Redouté published somewhat later, (also with the assistance of De Candolle,) nor the *Astragalologia*, published in 1802, merit the praise of exact analytical descriptions of individuals, such as science now demands of *monography*, yet they already foreshow the facility and acuteness of systematic comprehension, which so fully characterize De Candolle's later efforts.

At this period he contracted a close friendship with the noble-minded Benjamin De Lessert, a man always open to every thing great and useful. The two friends glowed with the purest enthusiasm for the benefit of their fellow men. They founded the Société Philanthropique, whose first operation, during a time of public necessity, was the distribution in Paris of the Rumford soup. De Candolle was during ten years the secretary and an active member of that benevolent society. At this time he brought to maturity another institution of a similar tendency, which is still flourishing, viz. the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale; he drew up the statutes for this society, and assisted until the year 1807 in preparing the bulletins issued by it. His activity in this field of philanthropy was maintained and enlarged by his intercourse with many distinguished men of
similar views, such as the geometrician Lacroix, Biot, Cuvier, and the elder Brongniart. About this time he received the visit of two of the most distinguished citizens of the department of the Leman, who requested him to join them, in order to represent the interests of the department in a union of its Notables, which the First Consul had summoned. He accompanied them to the Tuilleries. Bonaparte inquired for the representative from Geneva, and turning to De Candolle endeavored to obtain from him the declaration that Geneva found herself happy in her union with the French republic. But courtesy could not bring the son of the Genevan magistrate, an upright friend to his country, to make an obsequious reply.

In the year 1802, De Candolle married Mademoiselle Torras, the daughter of a Genevan then resident in Paris. This marriage, founded on mutual affection, and made happy by love and harmony, gave him three children; of whom only one son survived the father. In the same year he was called to be professor honorarius in the Academy at Geneva, but did not yet engage in its duties. He remained in Paris instead, and gave at the Collège de France, in Cuvier's place, his first course on botany.

Benjamin De Lessert had purchased, in the year 1801, the rich and very interesting herbarium of the Burmann family. The duplicates he presented to his friend De Candolle; and the latter afterwards acquired the equally rich collection of plants made by L'Heritiier, who had fallen a victim to assassination. These were the foundation of the immense herbarium which De Candolle increased, during his active life, to the number of from seventy to eighty thousand kinds, and which may be regarded not less for its copiousness, than on account of its exemplary order, and the rich variety of original specimens communicated by all the distinguished botanists of our times, as one of the greatest treasures in natural science of all Europe.

At the same time De Candolle began the preparation of his Flore Française; which, although announced as a second edition of the synonymous work by Lamarck, should be regarded as exclusively the production of De Candolle; since Lamarck gave to it only his name, and the use of his collections. Many years were employed in the collection of materials for this work in all the provinces of France. The author had opened a correspondence with all the botanists of the country, especially with Nestler,
Broussonet, and Balbis, as well as with many foreign students of nature,—with Vahl, Pallas, Willdenow, Jacquin, the younger Hedwig and others, and made repeated journeys throughout France. This work, a truly great one, embracing a region rich in plants, was the first flora arranged according to the principles of the *Methode Naturelle*. The introduction to it, which exhibits a clear and orderly conception of nature, was De Candolle's first attempt to give a scientific representation of this theory. It met, as well as the annexed *Clavis Analytica*, with the greatest approbation. The work, the sale of which in the year 1804 had already reached to four thousand copies, is now quite out of print. It is the first book which has appeared in France in which we Germans find a satisfactory account of Cryptogamous plants resting on autopsy, a class of plants which had been before much neglected in France. The masterly manner in which an immense mass of materials has been treated,—the exactness with which the descriptions are given in a luminously technical style, whilst at the same time more is said of the geographical situations of plants than has been usually the case,—stamp this *Flore Française* as a work of great merit. With this alone, would De Candolle have fulfilled his obligations to the public, had he written absolutely nothing else. So thorough a production could not but meet with acknowledgment by the French government. Such men as Chaptal and Lacepede knew how great an influence the national welfare a thorough knowledge of the vegetation of the country would exert. He received accordingly a commission in 1806, to travel through France and the kingdom of Italy, and to study these countries in a botanical and agricultural point of view. For six years he made a journey each summer, and gave an account of his observations to the Minister of the Interior. In these official reports he described the peculiarities of the district of country, noted the modes of culture in use, and presented plans for their improvement. He neglected no occasion to bring forward unobserved truths. His noble independence of character often led him to protest against faults in government, on which occasions he did not limit himself to his immediate commission. Some of these official reports have appeared from the press. He had at the same time formed a plan of preparing an extensive statistical work upon the condition of farming, and of every thing connected with it, which he would
probably have completed, accustomed as he was to give to his plans the fullest development, if the political catastrophe of 1814 had not directed his activity into new channels. Only a few portions of that work were completed by him. One result of these journeys was the very valuable supplement, in a botanical point of view, to his *Flore Française*. Meanwhile he had been called, in the year 1807, to the professorship of the medical faculty at Montpelier. He repaired thither a few years later (1810) to take possession of the professorship of botany in the philosophical faculty, (faculté des sciences,) which was then created. He received the direction of the botanical garden, the collections of which he soon doubled. His active spirit animated the scholars, who flocked thither in great numbers. Since Magnol, the chair of botany at Montpelier had never exercised so favorable an influence on the academic youth. The clearness, fullness, and elegance of his style, the practical bearing which he gave to his teachings, with the genial serenity and freshness of his character, which united the glow of the Provençals with the serious diligence of the Swiss,—who could withstand such qualities? His ready talent for extemporaneous discourse, and the spirit and grace which he threw into his lectures, made his science charming even to women. Even if what passes by the name of botany among the fair sex in France and Switzerland be not precisely his science, yet it may be deemed a proof of his influence, that in those countries, a knowledge of plants is regarded as almost as essential an element in the education of women, as that of music with us sound-loving Germans.

One result of his academical labors at Montpelier, of great interest for the scientific public, was the publication of his *Théorie Élémentaire de Botanique*; the first edition of which appeared in 1813, the second in 1816. This book put into circulation a host of new and sound ideas in vegetable morphology and physiology. His talent for generalization is manifest throughout this work, often leading him, indeed, into bye-ways, which, however, like every excursion of the true enquirer, tend to bring him ultimately to a higher point of view. Two doctrines, here for the first time propounded in a scientific connection, that of the confluence or union of organs (*soudures*), and that of their unequal development or suppression (*avortemens*), have become, under certain points of view, canons in observation. It may be said in gen-
eral of the theoretical views of De Candolle, that they differ in many respects from those of Linnaeus, and often justly supersede them, because they are founded on broader and more physiological premises. I do not stop to point out these differences. It would be necessary to enter deeply into their respective modes of thinking, to do justice to either of these eminent enquirers into nature.

De Candolle's views approach more nearly, on the whole, to those of Goethe; but it is not to be thence inferred that he was essentially aided by our great poet in the development of his ideas. Even in Germany, it was long before we understood Goethe's object in his doctrine of metamorphosis. But when De Candolle was informed of the powerful impression which these views had made on our minds in Germany, he caused Goethe's book to be translated, and studied it diligently. In his later and larger work, (Organographie Végétale, 1832, translated into German and enriched with valuable notes by Meisner and Röper,) may be found echos of Goethe's theory, and evidences of a further progress in that direction. It is not possible, however, definitely to assign to each individual his own property in truths which spread with rapidity and force among thinking men. They do not originate from one head, they belong to the time, which excites them in many minds, and enunciates them in various forms. In this view, nothing seems in more wretched taste than contention about the priority of a theoretical idea. The students of nature freely acknowledge that they derive their ideas from the objects of their examination, not from themselves; they announce them with so much the more confidence, in proportion as they recognize in them only the words of nature, which they have become worthy to hear.

The fall of Napoleon restored to our friend his political independence. He had returned to Geneva, in the year 1814, to visit his friends. The contemplation of the prosperity which the republic enjoyed on its separation from France, the associations of childhood, the patriotic pulsations of his heart; all drew him back again to his home. The political commotions in the south of France, at that period, were not adapted to render his residence there agreeable. Called during the Hundred days to be Rector of the University of Montpelier, he had to struggle with a host of difficulties, especially as the return of the Bour-
bons produced a dangerous reaction against those who had served under the Emperor, and especially against Protestant families. Although no partisan, yet De Candolle was obnoxious in both points of view. His own country presented (under less brilliant auspices to be sure than in Montpelier) the attractions of the father-land, the satisfaction of laboring for his compatriots, repose from political convulsions, and with all these sources of enjoyment, a society such as Geneva alone, situated as it is on the highway of the world, can collect together.

The State Council of Geneva created for him a professorship of natural history, and he returned on the 8th of November, 1816, into the service of his native country. The French government did not willingly part with him; his scholars at Montpelier made every possible effort to retain their beloved teacher, but in vain. In Geneva he had lectures to deliver in zoology as well as botany. In this field likewise he manifested his happy talent for instruction; and all his lectures were enthusiastically received by a crowd of hearers.

At the instigation of De Candolle, a botanical garden was instituted, of which he was the curator until his death. More than five hundred subscribers formed by degrees a fund of eighty nine thousand francs, appropriated to the support of this garden. This is not the only testimony of the sympathy of his fellow citizens in what De Candolle recommended as for the interest of science and of the town. There was accidentally entrusted to him for a short time, a large and valuable collection of drawings of Mexican plants, made by the Spanish botanists Leon Mocino and Cervantes, in Mexico. These being unexpectedly called for, all the artists and amateurs of the city assembled at his request, and in eight days' active labor made a complete copy of all these drawings. De Candolle told me with glistening eyes that this proof of the regard and affection of his fellow citizens was one of the most delightful experiences of his life. But who among his associates would not gladly have assisted in scientific efforts a man who was distinguished by so much gracefulness, by such transparent frankness, united with such fine tact in social intercourse. He was a keen observer, an accurate judge of the human heart. It was therefore easy for him to associate with all classes in society, and to influence all for the good of the commonwealth. This is manifest by his being chosen in the year 1816 into the
Council of the representatives of the canton, and being twice unanimously re-elected after the first time of service, in the years 1829 and 1839, by the voice of the people. As long as he lived in his paternal city, he was called by the confidence of his fellow citizens to situations of public responsibility. He examined with a penetrating glance the condition of municipal affairs at that time; a friend of order and of a peaceful progress, he procured many useful institutions, and applied himself to the carrying out of others which were projected by congenial patriots. He took an active part in the formation and enriching of the museum of the Academy; I have already mentioned that the botanical garden was created by him. As president of the Society of Arts, he animated every movement of his fellow citizens in the field of arts and manufactures. He considered attention to agriculture of peculiar importance in a small republic, which depends upon its neighborhood for the necessaries of life. On this account he founded in that society a peculiar class for agriculture, whose labors he promoted with the most lively interest. To impress the agriculturist with the importance of his calling, to awaken in him the spirit of emulation, of observation of nature, and of careful reflection, he regarded as one of his most pleasing duties, both as a citizen and as a man of learning.

His imagination was lively and excitable, if not creative; his feeling for beauty was pure and unprejudiced: he could not therefore be other than a warm friend of the fine arts, and he accomplished for their support in his canton, whatever lay in his power. Yet he did not carry his love for the fine arts to excess, but always regarded them merely as means for the embellishment of life: not so the attainment of objects of real utility; these lay nearer to his practical understanding, to his spirit of republican citizenship. On this account the Class of Industry in the Société des Arts, had reason to rejoice in his peculiar cooperation. The report of two hundred pages, which De Candolle prepared in the year 1828, for the Industrial Association of Geneva, is a valuable testimony to his varied knowledge, and his devotion to the manufacturing interests of his country.

The institution of the council of the museum, the improvement of the schools through the extension of special instruction, the enlargement of the public library, the direction of schools for the people, the definitive organization of an institution for the deaf
and dumb, his contributions for the erection of a small post for the use of the rural communities, and also for the founding of a better system for the instruction and examination of medical and surgical students—all these actions of an elevated patriotism, either originated with him, or received his earnest and effectual support. It must be particularly mentioned in this place, that he exercised the most beneficial influence on all the departments of public instruction by his counsel, by his powerful aid, and by the authority of his name.

It was his constant effort to increase the desire for knowledge, to extend the circle of science. He was inspired by that genuine aristocracy, which we find also in a Cuvier, a Fourcroy and a Laplace; he wished to raise science to the rank of a princess, that she might make herself the servant of mankind. In this sense also he was a great friend to publicity; he helped to introduce it into his country, he caused it to be prized at a period when it had not yet been regarded with favor, and in which it not seldom called out suspicion and alarm.

In his place as member of the representative council, subjects of great political importance were often referred to him. He discharged all such commissions with as much skill, as independent disinterestedness. More than thirty commissions of this kind were executed by him with as much assiduity, as if they concerned objects of his own favorite science. His friend, the first Syndicus Rigaud, who honored his memory by a discourse on occasion of the induction of the lately elected deputies, mentioned two such labors; one relating to a project for a committee for procuring provisions for the city (comité des subsistances) of the year 1820, and another two years later, on the project for reprisals against France in relation to their exports and imports; which had for its object the rejection of the project. Mr. Rigaud remarks on this subject, "The first report was an excellent work, which touched on the most important questions of national economy. It introduced also just ideas on the question of provision for the people by other means than by the government, at a period when the remembrance of a recent time of scarcity, had fixed many prejudices even in the minds of enlightened men. De Candolle exerted himself to present the doctrines of political economy in an intelligible manner, just as he tried to clothe every other species of knowledge in a popular dress. As early as the year 1817,
he had published a treatise for the instruction of the public, on occasion of a disturbance among the people arising from the dearness of potatoes. In his report upon the project of introducing restrictions on the trade with France by way of retaliation, he developed the principles of true freedom of trade in his peculiarly lucid manner. His influence in the representative council was great. It was grounded on a high opinion of his character, as well as of his extraordinary talents, and on an eloquence which expressed his inward convictions with the fire of sudden inspiration. As a citizen and member of the council, De Candolle pursued steadily but one object; that of bringing opinions into harmony, of always drawing more closely the bonds of unity among the citizens of Geneva. He exerted himself to convince his numerous friends, often of different political parties, that extreme opinions could not find room in a small republic; and that reciprocal sacrifices were often required for the good of the country.

Gentlemen! It may perhaps appear at first sight irrelevant to the present occasion, to enter so much into detail respecting De Candolle's influence as a citizen and magistrate. Yet I find myself called upon to do so on many accounts. In the first place, we thus learn to appreciate the whole power of a mind, which could combine with an almost inconceivable productiveness in its own science so great a power for quite different affairs. We may also obtain additional points of comparison, which may place both aspects of De Candolle's character in a peculiar light. This warm devotion to his republican country, this self-sacrificing attachment to its interests, is a trait in which he resembles the sages and philosophers of classic antiquity. As Aristotle found time in the midst of his numerous works on physics, natural history, and philosophy, to write others on politics; as nearly all the Gre­cian philosophers, in addition to their widely different pursuits, were also practical or theoretical statesmen, so we find the citizen of the small Swiss canton, penetrated with ideas and feelings which belong to him only as a citizen of this inconsiderable spot of earth; he, the same man whose writings, composed in either the Latin or French language, are read from the Ganges to the Mississippi. We cannot escape the thought, that so active a devotion to the interests of the community could only exist in the mind of a learned man in whom the ancient associations of re-
publicanism have not given place to the modern spirit,—the spirit of monarchical centralization. This old classical mode of thinking showed itself in many other great Swiss scholars, in Conrad Gessner, Alb. von Haller, Saussure, &c., as well as in De Candolle, though not in an equal degree. For however attached from inward conviction to the form of government of their country, not one of them had so earnest a desire to take an active part in the internal affairs of the republic. They were all rather theoretical students; while in De Candolle was reflected the spirit of our age, which passes onward from theory, from pure science, into realization in the form of useful ideas. The thought of the dignity and perfectibility of man, which the French revolution had so often in its mouth, only to degrade, shone out in the noble-minded, ardent citizen of Geneva, a son of the revolution in the highest sense of the word.

A comparison of Linnaeus with De Candolle in this point of view, will result greatly in favor of the latter. We see Linnaeus in Upsal, a remote and inconsiderable university-town of the north, active in the professor’s chair, where he is surrounded by a crowd of young men eager for knowledge from almost every part of the earth; or we see him at the writing table of a small room, from which the dictator of natural history sends throughout the world his works, written in that terse, genial Latin in which his whole self is mirrored. There only lives Linnaeus; or in aula academica, presiding over the discussions of his scholars; or in the small primitive botanical garden, where the registrar of the vegetable kingdom walks between formal rows of box and regular flower-beds in silent meditation. The northern natural historian withdrew himself from the world; he did not even deign to take part in the administration of the academic senate, which he regarded only as a burden. Restricting his society to a few friends, and to the infrequent visitors from other countries, Linnaeus looked not upon the bustle of the world, except sometimes to deprecate it; only in the concrete study of nature does he find himself at ease. He is no cosmopolite, except that he studies nature in every zone; he recommends Swedish medicinal and esculent plants, instead of those which distant countries might offer. His mind becomes a denizen of every corner of the earth, but he belongs personally to Sweden alone. He allowed all political commotions to pass by him unheeded while absorbed in
the contemplation of nature; chained to his little inkstand, from which he scattered through the world with luminous, aphoristic geniality, his thoughts, his anticipations of higher wisdom,—almost always expressed in the language of Scripture, and with an emphatic unction.

How entirely different was De Candolle. He is the man of the council, the man of the people. His power was felt as well in the Genevan republic, as in the republic of letters. No movement in the political world is to him a matter of indifference. He notices every change, and marks its relations to the progress of science. If he open his lecture room, it is not merely active young men who sit attentive at his feet. The elite of the fashionable world and of the higher walks are among his auditors; men and women of his own city, and numerous travellers from distant lands, who, between Paris and Rome, crowd the highway of European travel, passing through Geneva, all felicitate themselves upon having listened to his eloquent discourses. Whilst the northern student of nature meditates in solitude by the light of his study lamp, the pride of the learned world of Geneva, in his saloon, surrounded by the comforts of a half English, half French establishment, receives the visits of rich or celebrated friends, and of his fellow citizens, who talk of the movements of the political world, consult with him on the interests of their country, or listen to the voice of some enlightened citizen of the world, with lively interest in his far-reaching plans.

Thus are portrayed, in the persons of Linnaeus and of De Candolle, not merely the state of the natural sciences, but also the more universal features of the spirit of their respective eras, as exhibited in the school and in life.

But in order to complete the portrait of our departed friend, I must now give a more particular account of those literary works which he commenced soon after his return to Geneva, when his mind had attained its full maturity; those works which especially authorize us to term him the Linnaeus of our time; I mean his universal system of plants, an undertaking which was the result of the observations of many years, of repeated visits to the great collections of plants in Paris and London, and of a diligent correspondence with all the considerable botanists of the world, which he began to publish in the year 1818, and continued to labor upon with unexampled diligence until the end of his
days. Since the death of Willdenow (in the year 1810) and the publication of the Enchiridion Botanicon of Persoon in 1809, botanical literature comprised no work which presented a universal view of all known plants according to their genera and species. The new edition of the Systema Vegetabilium of Römer and Schultes, made but little progress after the death of the former. The systematic knowledge of plants remained in a fluctuating state. Whilst numerous monographs appeared, and the materials were multiplied by discoveries in all the countries of the earth, there was no clue to guide in the labyrinth of countless forms. At the same time the necessity was constantly more and more felt of arranging plants, not in the dead frame-work of the Linnaean sexual system, but according to the so-called natural families in a comprehensive scientific whole. If we are not even yet able to conceive of these original types, as so many foci of the moving and forming spirit pervading the vegetable world, expressed in each individual case by more or less striking external characters; if we are obliged in the first instance to adhere to collective characters, that is, to the admission of a certain sum of distinctive marks; if it must further be acknowledged, that although we can perceive the principal characteristics, as they exhibit themselves in a few families, yet that we lose them entirely in their organic, that is, in their universal connection—in their evolution, as it were, out of each other; if especially we cannot deny that the natural method does not yet bring with it any philosophic satisfaction; that above all, the inward truth does not harmonize perfectly with any system,—it must however be acknowledged, that we can in no other way attain to an understanding of the kingdom of plants as a great whole, than by the path of a thoroughly concrete examination, led by the hand of analogy and induction. The German students of nature acknowledge that such an understanding cannot be obtained by speculation, nor by any constructive method; and they can only promise themselves favorable results by pursuing the path opened by Jussieu's Methode Naturelle. In other countries also—for example, in France and England, more recently in Italy likewise—Jussieu's doctrines had already struck powerful roots, and thus was the age expecting and prepared for a work which should extend the applications of the "natural system," carrying it on from the genera in
which its founder had represented it, to the species, and giving by means of it a full and satisfactory description of the latter.

In order to have a due conception of the vastness of this undertaking, and its enormous difficulties, it is necessary that we should glance at the progress of descriptive botany. This part of the science, which so many regard as a lifeless register, others as the whole sum of botanical knowledge, dates no farther back, in a systematic form, than the sixteenth century. In 1584, Conrad Gessner published the first methodized work upon the vegetable kingdom. In 1623, Caspar Bauhin produced the first systematic register, \textit{(Pinax,)} in which about seven thousand species of plants were indicated by names and some description, but without characteristics. Tournefort published the first work which can be properly called a systematic arrangement, in the years 1694 and 1700. His work contains nine thousand five hundred and sixteen articles, or about eight thousand species of plants; and this number was not materially increased in the next succeeding general work, the \textit{Historia Plantarum} of Ray, in the years 1693 to 1704. In 1737, Linnaeus gave his first systematic description of known plants. As Tournefort had introduced the conception of \textit{genera} into science, that of \textit{species} was now established, along with a method of description based on a well-founded and enlarged terminology. But Linnaeus in throwing overboard a vast number of old and unintelligible accounts of plants as useless ballast, at once reduced the list of species to about seven thousand, a number which in the later editions of his \textit{Systema} may have been increased to about twelve thousand. Since that time the increase of acknowledged species has been truly prodigious. In the last of the works of Linnaeus in the year 1760, we find in the first five classes of his sexual system 1,835 species of plants; Vitman in 1790, has 3,491; Willdenow in 1797, 4,831; Persoon in 1806, 6,121; Römer and Schultes from 1817 to 1823, 13,519 species. In the first edition of Stendel's \textit{Nomenclator Botanicus}, the first complete \textit{Pinax} since Bauhin, the number of genera of phaenogamous plants, or of the first twenty three classes of the Linnaean system, amounts to 3,376, and that of species to 39,684: the second edition of this celebrated work, on the other hand, which was finished in the current year 1841, reckons of phænogamous plants 6,722 genera, and 78,005 species.
De Candolle's task was therefore six times greater than that of Linnaeus, if we only take simple numbers into consideration. But to this must be added the numerous difficulties which arise from the dispersion of materials throughout a literature in which the botanists of all civilized countries take part. Besides, in the time of Linnaeus, science had much fewer foci than at present. Learned societies have now been formed in North and South America, in India and Java, for the promotion of the natural sciences, and separate portions of systematic botany are treated in periodical publications, monographies, and greater or smaller works, written not in Latin exclusively, as was formerly the case, but often in the language of the country. Hence the acquisition of the requisite literary apparatus merely, is now within the reach of only very considerable pecuniary means. De Candolle, with the most noble disinterestedness, sacrificed in this cause a great portion of his estate.

Equally formidable are the internal obstacles attendant upon the examination of vast collections of plants. The characteristics of the genera according to the natural method are made to rest upon organic peculiarities, which scarcely required a notice in the Linnaean system; such for example, as the internal structure of the ovary, the ovule, and the seeds. The use of the microscope, neglected by Linnaeus, is now become quite indispensable. The distinguishing marks of species are founded on numerous, and often very minute differences, which require a close examination of all the parts. To make out a diagnosis, the description must now be more circumstantial than formerly, when a few words were sufficient to discriminate between related species. Linnaeus's *Systema Plantarum*, in the Reichardt edition of 1779, describes 7 species of the genus *Eugenia*, and only 13 of *Myrtus*. De Candolle, in the year 1828, has 194 of the former genus, and 145 of the latter, of which he forms two divisions. It is obvious to every one that this immense increase of the labor of the systematic describer must weigh heavily upon each separate species. To this must be added, finally, the necessity of regarding each plant no longer merely as a prepared, or, as it were, crystallized production of nature, as was done by Linnaeus, but as a living and acting self-developing being: a view which has been elicited by the doctrines of morphology, and which cannot now be wholly excluded from merely descriptive treatises.
De Candolle began his great work in the year 1818, in an extended form, under the title of Regni Vegetabilis Systema Natu­rale. Two volumes had already appeared, when he perceived that so immense a field laughed to scorn the limits of human life; he therefore adopted a condensed form, and published seven volumes between the years 1824 and 1838. With an enthusiasm which has perhaps never inspired any other botanist, he devoted the greater part of the day to this gigantic task. Still he was not able to go through the whole extent of the vegetable kingdom in this manner. The work was interrupted by his death in the middle of the eighth volume; and a great portion of the so-called Monopetalous plants, as well as the classes of Monocotyle­dones and Arotyledones, are yet untouched.

De Candolle appears peculiarly great in the accurate comprehension of the characters both of genera and species. In the description of distinctive marks, he not unfrequently departs from the terminology of the Linnæan school. Whilst he at times describes a given object with admirable art, conveying the most lively image to the mind, his expressions occasionally fail of this distinctness. No one who can realize the greatness of the task, will be surprised that amidst such an overwhelming mass of materials, some objects should be described after a less thorough examination and scrutiny. But we never fail to recognize the intelligent, penetrating systematizer, furnished with the happiest talent for combination, even when not altogether fortunate or thorough in his observation of the particular subject. Well has the greatest English botanist said of him—his head is still better than his eye.

De Candolle has given a fuller development of his morphologi­cal and systematic views respecting particular families of plants and genera, in a series of treatises which have been regarded as models of monographical labor by all systematic botanists.* It should be particularly mentioned here that he enriched the geography of plants, elevated by Alex. von Humboldt to the dignity of a peculiar science, with many important facts, and exhibited also the practical side of this study. His general views on this subject are laid down in a valuable Essai Elémentaire de Geographic

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* Memoires sur la famille des Legumineuses, Par. 1825. 4to. Collection de Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Regne Vegetal. Par. 1825—1838. (10 Mem.)
I pass over many of the minor scientific labors of this unwearyingly active man, such as his systematic account of the species of Cabbage, his description of remarkable plants of the Genevan botanical garden, and numerous contributions to the memoirs of various scientific associations, who vied with each other in thus appropriating the activity of this admirable man. More than a hundred diplomas from learned societies in every part of the civilized world testify his scientific eminence, and the extension of his literary relations. Since 1808 he has belonged to the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences; since 1822, to the Royal Society of London. In the year 1826 he was chosen one of the eight associés étrangers of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; and King Louis Philippe has testified his respect for the learned Genevan by bestowing upon him the cross of the Legion of Honor.

These various marks of respect could not dazzle a man who, in the most animated intercourse with science and with mankind, perceived the endlessness of the subjects of enquiry, and who exaggerated neither the measure of his own limited powers, nor the amount of his influence. Like all truly great men, De Candolle was modest; and the consciousness of his own worth is shown only in the lenity with which he judged others, and in the heartiness with which he applauded their services. His twofold enthusiasm to increase the knowledge and advance the welfare of the human race, reposed on a gentle but uncompromising character. From temperament he was impetuous, rapid in determination, firm and unaltering in execution; he had the practical skill to carry his plans into effect in every variety of occupation. A practiced physiognomist would detect these characteristics at a glance. De Candolle was of a sanguine temperament, of middle stature, firm, broad-chested, with proportionally long and muscular arms, quick and elastic in his walk, light and brisk in all his movements. His oval face, shaded by thick black hair, and by its somewhat dark complexion reminding one of his Provençal origin, was not so much distinguished by the expression of a well marked and prominent profile, as by the high and finely arched brow, the mobility of the features, the fire of his brown, proportionally small eyes, which shone even through spectacles, and by the charm of his mouth. In speaking, the whole intellectual
expression of the man was suddenly elevated. His ideas unfolded themselves easily and without effort in discourse, which, like his writings, inclined rather to rhetorical breadth than to exact conciseness.

The poetical element of his mind, which he manifested while yet a scholar in the college, remained active in him in later years. His fancy, both strong and rich, variously colored, blooming, and rapid in its movements, clothed his quick-rising conceptions in a light and graceful dress. He has left behind a great number of poems of a lyrical character, in which he represents the universal feelings of nature, or unfolds with grace and delicacy the emotions of the human heart. What we have seen of these reminds us of Lafontaine, Delille, and of our own Pfeffel. From 1821 to his death, he continued his autobiography with great particularity, in which are contained valuable materials for moral and literary history, often under the form of explanatory notes. His son will publish, with such omissions as circumstances require, this memorial of the untiring activity of this excellent man.

But while such variously directed labor found in itself the best intellectual reward, De Candolle was by degrees obliged to acknowledge the insufficiency of his physical powers for the task he had himself allotted to them. In the year 1825, he had the misfortune to lose his youngest son, a promising boy of thirteen years old. The philosopher sought to soften the sorrows of his heart by increased activity, and redoubled his zeal for the completion of his work; but from that time his health began to fail. He often suffered from attacks of gout, and from obstinate catarrhal affections, and was obliged on that account to relinquish his professorship in 1834, which was transferred by the Senate to his son Alphonse. In the year 1835, he suffered from a severe illness. He was afflicted with an asthma, and a disease of the throat, [bronchocele?] for which excessive doses of iodine were prescribed. In consequence of this, he suffered from oedema pedum, and from nervous attacks, which increased until his death. He was never perfectly well after 1835, and his strength was so much exhausted that the progress of the dropsy, which from the month of June rapidly increased, could no longer be opposed with effect. He died at 6 o'clock in the evening of the 9th of September, [1841,] having lost his consciousness several hours earlier.
By his will of the 20th of February of the present year, [1841,] he left his library and his collection of plants to his son, with the condition that they should be open, as before, to the inspection of botanists, as if in a public establishment, and that students should have the use of them until the end of their term of study. The filial devotion of the son has made the fulfillment of these conditions a sacred duty. Many distinguished botanists have promised their aid for the completion of a work which transcends the powers of any individual.* De Candolle bequeathed to the Society of Natural History of Geneva the sum of two thousand four hundred francs, the interest of which is to be distributed in prizes for botanical monographs. The right of publishing new editions of his Théorie Elémentaire, and of his Organographie, he left to his friend and scholar Guillemin† in Paris; the same right with regard to the Flore Française, and the Essai sur les Propriétés Médicales des Plantes, he bequeathed to Prof. Dunal in Montpelier.

This is the image, in its essential features, of one of the most excellent men which the century has offered to receive the honors of science. In botany, that Candollea, the Australian shrub to which Labillardière has affixed his name, is not required to keep him fresh in the memory of his botanical associates: he has inscribed his own name on every page of the system of plants. Neither does posterity require the monument which his native city proposes to erect to his memory, nor the new "Rue De Candolle" next to the botanical garden in Rochelle, in order to say how great has been the influence of De Candolle in our time. Exegit monumentum aere perennius.

* [Vide Amer. Jour. Sci., Vol xlii, p. 376.]
† [This favorite pupil did not live even to commence the undertaking thus committed to his charge: he died early in the spring of 1842.—A. G.]
MEMORIALS

OF THE

REV. DANIEL B. PARKHURST,

MINISTER OF THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN DEERFIELD.

COMPRISING A

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER,

BY SAMUEL WILLARD,

TWO SERMONS

SELECTED FROM HIS MANUSCRIPTS BY A COMMITTEE APPOINTED

BY THE PARISH,

And a few Paragraphs from other Papers.

BOSTON:
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1842.
A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. DANIEL B. PARKHURST.

The general history of mankind is little more than a record of follies and crimes; and many a shelf, in almost every considerable library, is burdened with volumes, over which every benevolent eye might weep, and from which the feeling heart must revolt. Read they indeed may be by the most humane; but their object must be not the mere contemplation of such characters and scenes as are generally described, but the discovery of ways and means, by which the like crimes and miseries may be prevented in future. It is true, that while splendid crimes without number have been not only presented to view, but frequently arrayed in fascinating colors, some characters have occasionally been exhibited, which might be contemplated with pleasure and profit; which were in some good measure what men and women ought to be; not the corrupters or destroyers, but the benefactors of man.
Such bright pages may be found in civil history, but they are of more frequent occurrence in biography; a species of writing, that is justly regarded as one of the best means of moral improvement. Of this species of writing, however, we have not always made a proper use. Extraordinary talents and splendid attainments, though connected with moral blemishes equally conspicuous, have often received the tribute of admiration and celebrity, which belong to wisdom and virtue alone; and where there has been no such prostitution of the historic page, there has frequently, and perhaps generally, been an undue proportion of homage paid to intellectual greatness. The labors of the head, of the understanding, or the fancy, when successful, have claimed, and have generally received, too exclusive a regard. They are too apt to withdraw public attention from other characters, which are more deserving of admiration, as well as love; from those examples of moral heroism, which, if they were allowed to occupy their proper place in society, would exert an influence incomparably more beneficial, than any greatness or splendor that is merely intellectual.

The character of the late Mr. Parkhurst appears to me one of the best subjects of biography, that has fallen within the compass of my acquaintance. His life was indeed short, and, like that of most other students, it was chiefly passed in such retirement, as would not be likely to furnish many striking incidents, were they all brought forth, and set in the most conspicuous light. My narration, therefore, will be short;
and it will be my chief endeavor to exhibit the interesting traits of his character; a character which may well be studied by all, and especially by those who would labor successfully in the sacred profession. I am aware that, in speaking of the virtuous dead, there is a tendency to exaggeration; and in the character of Mr. Parkhurst there were some excellences, so far surpassing all that is common in persons of his age, that I might be thought to have fallen into an excess of encomium. To guard against such an imputation, I would state the fact that, during the time he spent in Deerfield, which was not far from four months, he called on me more times than there were days, and that many of his visits were from one to two hours in length; and were passed in almost unremitted conversation with me, or other persons present. As a perfect transparency of thought and feeling was one of his principal characteristics, any person of common discernment must, with such opportunities, have become well acquainted with the features of his mind and heart. For myself, indeed, I think I knew him better than I ever knew any other man, who had not been a member of my own family.

Rev. Daniel B. Parkhurst, son of William Parkhurst, M.D., was born at Petersham, February 20th, 1818, and was named for his maternal grandfather, Daniel Bigelow, Esq., an attorney much respected through the county. He early acquired the art of reading, and his book became one of the principal companions of his childhood. While other boys were
at their sports, he was often by the side of his mother, poring over some interesting page; or, with an expressive countenance, relating to one most dear to him the facts he had been reading. It is said, indeed, that his heart was always social, as well as benevolent; and his feelings would have prompted him to mingle in the gambols of others, had not his attachment to his books been uncommonly strong. As it was, to use the words of one who was well acquainted with his early years, "he never was a boy."

I have mentioned the fact above with mingled pleasure and pain: with pleasure, as unfolding the dawn of his aspiring mind; with pain, as it was probably the cause or occasion of shortening his brilliant day. This early devotion to study, to the exercise of the immortal mind, which precluded the ordinary pastimes of children, we must admire, even while we view it with deep regret; and I may be allowed to suspend the thread of my narrative, for the purpose of making a few remarks on an erroneous principle in education, which has often cost us dear; I mean that of stimulating children to mental exercises, which are inconsistent with the proper development of their physical powers; which enfeeble their health, and sometimes bring them prematurely to the grave. Far be it from me to reflect on those parents, who have been blessed with children, who seem to be children in nothing but their stature; and who, in consequence of their mental application, have withered and fallen in the morning of life. Few or none have been aware how great a risk there was in excessive study, espe-
cially in early childhood. Few have thought it necessary to check their sons or daughters in such a noble pursuit, as that of reading and study. Perhaps, indeed, the only effectual way of restraining such minds as those of Buckminster, Parkhurst, and Margaret Davidson, is to forbear teaching the art of using books till the age of six or seven years; to remain perfectly easy, though they do not even learn their alphabet before that age. This suggestion may astonish those parents, who are ambitious of saying that their children, by the time they are four or five years old, can read the Bible, or other books equally difficult; but it is recommended for general practice by Spurzheim, one of the wisest men of the age, and I have little doubt, from a few experiments which have fallen under my notice, that the principle is correct and important. Let children have exercise in the open air, and let their minds be employed in acquiring the knowledge of things, till both body and mind have become hardy and vigorous; and an acquaintance with letters and words, the arbitrary signs of things, will cost them little comparatively either of labor or time, and the danger of excess in sedentary study will be vastly diminished.

After acquitting himself well in the common schools, Mr. Parkhurst was prepared for College at the academy in New Salem, under the able instruction of Mr. Joseph Anderson. The first two years of his collegiate life he passed in Amherst; the other two in New Haven, where he received the Bachelor's degree in the 19th year of his age. The subse-
requent year, or a considerable part of it, was spent in teaching a school; and the next three years in the study of divinity in the Theological School at Cambridge, which, with a high reputation, he left in July, 1840. Soon after this, he was seized with a dangerous fever; and, in the autumn, he went to Savannah, in Georgia, for the benefit of his health, though with a prospect of being able to preach. While at the south, he received an application from the Committee of the First Congregational Society in Deerfield, Massachusetts, to preach to that society, on his return, as a candidate for settlement. In March, 1841, he did return, though in weather so adverse to his slender constitution, that his sickly aspect did not allow any sanguine hope of his being able to perform, for many years, the labors of the parish. He engaged, however, with ardor in parochial duty; and, after preaching seven days, received an almost unanimous call from the society, to settle with them in the ministry. He left the people for a few weeks, and then returned and preached a few Sabbaths more, during which time he gave an affirmative answer to the call. He was accordingly ordained July 21st; and it was observed by some, who had frequently witnessed such solemnities, that there was a manifestation of joy among the members of the society, far surpassing all that is common on such occasions; a joy, which continued to disclose itself for several succeeding days and evenings in large but simple parties, where pastor and people had opportunities of exchanging pledges of kindness and confidence.
As the established minister of the society, Mr. Parkhurst preached in his own pulpit only four days and a half. The last week in August was a season of severe sickness in several families of the parish; and Mr. Parkhurst, who had incomparably more of sympathy than strength, was greatly affected by it. It was, moreover, about the time when he had the threatening fever a year before, and he had symptoms of another. In addition to all this, he was preparing to administer the communion on the following Sabbath; a service deeply interesting to his soul; and he was expecting that a considerable number of his people would then come, for the first time, to the sacred table, whom the warmest feelings of his heart were going forth to meet and embrace. The text he chose for the occasion, and on which he left an unfinished sermon, was, in its connection with the melancholy sequel of his story, truly affecting: "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you, before I suffer." On Saturday morning, his physician pressed on him and others the necessity of immediately suspending his labors and cares, and attending solely to the recovery of his own health. It was impossible, however, to guard him against the excitements of the day, which, with his extreme sensibility, passed like arrows through his heart. One of the lambs of his flock was already a corpse, and the obsequies were to be attended in the afternoon. In the morning, a young lady of uncommon interest, who, during the ordination season, had taken a very leading part in those rare expressions of joy, took her departure from
the visible world, after a sickness so peculiar as not to allow many, even of those who were near and dear, to enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of endeavoring to mitigate her distress. Mr. Parkhurst was urged to remain quietly at home, and leave the funeral solemnities of the child, referred to above, as well as all the services of the following day, to be performed by another, who was willing, as far as possible, to relieve him of every labor and care: but, overrating his own strength, he thought he might go to the church, where, according to the general custom of the place, the funeral was to be attended, and read a consolatory portion of Scripture. This he did, but, as soon as he had finished, he was alarmed by the quantity of blood that came into his mouth. He immediately descended, and retired, with the physician and some other attendants, to the court. The prayer was made, and the rest of the people entered, and continued for several minutes in the court, and witnessed a scene that will not soon be forgotten. During the service, a dark cloud had suddenly risen, and was then pouring down upon the earth torrents of rain, mingled with frequent flashes of lightning, and such explosions of thunder as we seldom hear. In one corner sat the pale form of him, at whose every danger all hearts palpitated with fearful apprehensions. In another part of the court was the father of the interesting lady, mentioned above, who had come thither to mitigate his own sufferings by sympathizing in the distresses of his neighbors; and many others, sorrowing for themselves and their friends, were thus detained from completing the last sad office to the dead.
To a superstitious or a gloomy mind, there may seem to have been something ominous in the circumstances above related. Was there, however, anything significant in relation to him, whom we now mourn, in those terrific peals of thunder, or any of the attendant circumstances? Terrible indeed they well might be to those who were conscious of alienation from God; but to one, like our beloved Parkhurst, we believe they should receive a different interpretation. Each intonation might be regarded as the voice of an angel, saying to that pure spirit, "Come up hither." Each explosion, while it caused the very earth to tremble, revealed the great power of Him, on whom he confidently relied for support, in all the vicissitudes of health and sickness, life and death.

Mr. Parkhurst remained a few days in Deerfield, and then withdrew to the more tranquil abode of his father in Petersham, where, with his medical assistance, he so far recovered as to return to Deerfield, and preach one half of the day on the first Sabbath in October; and, as he felt no ill effects from the labor, both he and his friends were encouraged with the hope that the greatest danger was past. For several years, however, he had been subject to a scrofulous affection, which about this time seemed to be concentrating its malignity in one of his elbows. On the 6th of October he went to Petersham, to attend the installation of Rev. Mr. Gage; and soon after repaired to Keene, and put himself under the surgical care of Dr. Twitchell, with a principal reference to what was supposed to be a white swelling on his
elbow. The difficulty in his arm soon yielded to surgical skill, and there were times, when the uncertain disease about his lungs was attended with better symptoms. Still he was so far from recovering his strength, that he was evidently becoming more feeble, and more subject to a morbid excitability; till at length all intercourse and all correspondence between him and the people to whom he was tenderly attached, was forbidden or discouraged by his physician, as contributing to aggravate his disease. From that time, no member of the society either visited or wrote to him; nor did his immediate attendants, who were no more in number than necessity required, think it prudent for several days to lisps to him the name of Deerfield, or any of its inhabitants. The same reasons forbade all conversation on the subject of death. He probably did not anticipate so speedy a departure, till a few days before it took place. On the last morning of his life, however, the 16th of February, he observed to a friend that all would be over before the 20th, which was his 24th birth day; and when asked by her whether he was happy, he replied, "Yes, perfectly happy," and repeated it several times. He spoke also of the day as a "beautiful" one, though the weather was indeed stormy. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon he expired. Eight or ten minutes before his death, he asked for some of his medicine; and when he was inquired of by his physician whether he would not have a little alcohol, he said, "No," but some other preparation, which he named. A friend went to bring it, but, before she
could return, that voice was forever silent, and the
spirit fled; and so noiseless and quiet had been its
farewell to the body, that even the physician, who
was present, had not been aware of its flight.

By examination, after the death of Mr. P., it was
found that his lungs were far more diseased than had
been supposed; so much so, indeed, as to make it
rather wonderful that he had lived so long, than that
he had died so soon. It was unquestionably a pul­
monary consumption.

The relics of Mr. Parkhurst were conveyed to
Petersham, where, for the gratification of those who
had known and loved him from a child, and sympa­
thized deeply with the bereaved family, a sermon was
delivered by the Rev. Mr. Gage, and other services per­
formed by the ministers of other societies in the place,
on the morning of the following Sabbath, his natal day,
in the presence of such a concourse of people as no
sacred occasion, perhaps, ever before had brought to­
gether in that house.

The parents and sisters had generously consent­
ed to have the relics of one, who, through the resi­
due of their lives, must have a grave in each of their
hearts, transferred to Deerfield, and deposited there.
Accordingly, those precious remains were, at the close
of the public solemnities, delivered to a delegation
from Deerfield, and conveyed to the place where they
were to find their last repose.

The tidings of Mr. P.'s death were circulated
through the lately happy valley of Deerfield, by the
long-continued tolling of the noble bell, which had so
recently and so joyfully introduced him to the pulpit; and for many successive days, that organ of grief and joy did not utter any other sound than the mournful knell. On Monday, the 21st, funeral services were attended in the First Church, when, besides appropriate hymns and music, select Scriptures were read by Rev. George M. Rice, who was then supplying the pulpit; a prayer was offered by Rev. Nathaniel Gage, minister of the afflicted family, and another by Rev. Crawford Nightingale. The funeral discourse was delivered by him, who, seven months before, on that day and almost at the same hour, had, at the particular request of Mr. Parkhurst, offered the prayer of consecration, and joined in the imposition of hands. It required no strong appeal to the eyes or the ears of that numerous assembly, to draw forth the clearest demonstrations of grief from many a heart, already overflowing. They knew, they felt their loss.

From the church, those sacred relics were borne in long procession to the grave yard, and laid in that hallowed spot, where rest the ashes of the late Rev. Winthrop Bailey, whom no discerning mind and feeling heart ever knew, or could know, without honoring and loving. His dust had sanctified the place, and we could hardly show the kindred spirit of Parkhurst higher respect, than to lay their mortal remains side by side. Sacred and solemn, yet beautiful, let those sepulchres be in the view of all. Let evergreens and the fairest flowers flourish around them, till the hands of every one, who knew their worth, shall moulder in a similar grave.
To those, who are chiefly ambitious of a reputation for prudence, or make all their calculations for private or public interest on probabilities of pecuniary loss or gain, it may seem wonderful that the First Society in Deerfield should have settled a man whose prospects of life and health were so doubtful. To such I would say, we had our hopes and fears; and our fears have been more than realized. Still I never heard a whisper of regret, that the sacred connection between him and us was formed. Though we have fallen far short of the moral benefits, which we did hope might be derived from his ministry, we have enjoyed something, we have enjoyed much from a brief connection with him; and the moral effects, resulting from the intercourse we had with him in public and private, will not, we trust, be transient or inconsiderable. The living man we shall indeed see and hear no more; but there are those, who, as they meet about the same public altar, will, I am sure, hold a profitable communion with his glorified spirit, agreeably to the sentiment which he, in this imperfect state, fondly cherished in regard to the intercourse of the living and the dead. We have the treasure, too, of his earthly remains; a treasure from which we may hope to derive benefits, which no money would buy. Where is the youth, who will not frequently resort to the grave of so much wisdom and virtue, and inhale influences from the atmosphere of the place, that will give new life to every thing that is pure and noble? Thither many a mother, for years to come, will lead her young children, and talk of the youthful Shepherd, who, had
he lived, would, in imitation of his divine Master, have taken "little children in his arms and blessed them;" would have "gathered the lambs in his arms, and carried them in his bosom." It is impossible that the tomb of one, so much respected and beloved, should fail of a good moral effect on the hearts and lives of those, who often visit the scene. Shall I be charged with extravagance in what I have said? It is not youthful enthusiasm, which indeed is not always lasting. It is the feeling of many, whose original ardor sixty, seventy, or eighty winters might be supposed to have cooled to a reasonable temperature, but who are still among his warmest admirers. Reader, dost thou still ask, What is the ground of this enthusiasm? of the overflowing joy attending his ordination? and the correspondent grief occasioned by his early death? I will tell thee; but in doing this I must go into a delineation of his character, intellectual and literary, moral, social, religious, and ministerial.

As far as I am able, I shall represent Mr. Parkhurst as he appeared to my view during the sixteen or seventeen weeks which he passed in Deerfield. Doubtless I might collect many interesting facts from those, who knew him best in childhood and early youth; and this would be a pleasant office. My time and limits, however, will not allow me to do much in this way; and it is the less desirable, as we may generally judge, by the richness and abundance of ripened fruit, what must have been the number and the beauty of the blossoms. Two or three testimonies, which I
have incidentally received, will suffice. A lady now of our society, who had the happiness of numbering him, while a child, with her pupils, and who was peculiarly worthy of the trust, speaks with a lively interest of his orderly behavior, his amiable manners, and the accuracy and facility with which he performed the exercises of the school. He gave her no other labor or care, than simply to appoint and hear his lessons. As a brother, I am assured by his parents, he was always affectionate, while he paid a uniform and cheerful submission to parental authority. In the words of the father, "he never disobeyed him in his life." Indeed all in his native town, with whom I have conversed, bear witness to the loveliness of his character. I shall not follow him through his academical and collegiate course, satisfied, as I am, that he was never ambitious of the outward tokens of eminence; that he aimed at the reality, and not the reputation of the general and the thorough scholar; and he secured the latter, while it was an object of minor concern.

The intellectual powers of Mr. Parkhurst would have been very prominent, if other parts of his character had not risen above the common level. His discernment was quick and penetrating, his comprehension expansive, his power of attention strong, and his memory tenacious and methodical. That such a mind should make rapid progress in the acquisition of truth, is just what we might expect; especially when it is free from all the obstructions, by which many other minds are retarded, and aided by the most salu-
itary excitements. He had a sincere love of truth. He hungered and thirsted for it, as the proper and necessary nutriment of one of the nobler parts of his nature. Of course he could have no fondness for paradox, no pride of opinion, no false independence, no love of disputation for its own sake; nothing that would for a moment blind him to the light of truth. The enclosures of his mind, if enclosures they could be called, were everywhere transparent to every ray, from whatever quarter it might come. On every doubtful question, it was like a delicate balance in equilibrium, which immediately yielded to the slightest additional evidence in either scale. Two persons like him could not dispute; could not argue long on any subject. If, from accidental circumstances, they had taken different views, and formed different opinions, a little communication would melt the two minds into one. The one would readily impart, and the other as readily receive those communications, which were needful to a correct judgment.

With such a mind, such opportunities, and such application, as characterized the subject of this memoir, it is not wonderful that, in the short term of twenty-four years, he should have become rich in his intellectual and literary stores; but that his treasures of learning and knowledge should have become so great as they were, was, I believe, surprising to all, who had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with them. From early childhood, he had been reading the most valuable books; and not only remembered what he read, but seemed to have constantly discrimi-
nated between the useful and the useless; and to have laid up and carefully arranged every thing most valuable for future application. He often, if not generally, read with a pencil in his hand, as appears from the books in his library; and frequently made notes in the margin, as well as other indications of particular attention. His industry and his critical mode of reading in some measure account for the observation, which has been made, that he seemed to be acquainted with almost every valuable book, old or new, that was mentioned in conversation. His knowledge of characters, living and dead, in church and in state, in his own land and in foreign countries, was perhaps no less remarkable. These, indeed, as I am told by his mother, excited in him an early and a lively interest. While engaged in her domestic concerns, he would follow her from room to room, to read, or to relate to her what was so interesting to himself. He was a general scholar, and was impatient of obscure views in all cases, where it was possible to obtain those that were clear. He was fond of scientific studies, particularly of some branches of mathematics, and astronomy, and did not wholly relinquish them, when he entered on his professional course. He had read, too, with a critical eye, the volume of human nature; and in this respect was better prepared for a discreet course in practical life, than ordinary men of his profession seem to be at the age of fifty.

The moral character of Mr. Parkhurst blended in great beauty with the features of his understanding. As observed above, he loved truth for its own sake, and
for the immediate gratification which it affords to the understanding. As we have reason to believe, he loved it still more for the influence it is calculated to have on the heart and the life. He cherished it, as the vital principle of all that lives and charms in the moral creation. Rectitude, invariable rectitude, was the rock, on which alone he would consent to build his own character, or that of society. His views of right and wrong were prompt and clear; and, while he would have rejected with abhorrence the thought of invading the more important rights of others, such were his feelings of honor, that he would have shrunk from infringing inadvertently on their most inconsiderable rights. Where duty called, he was undaunted, and yet moderate and prudent. Conscious of rectitude and benevolent intentions, he was remarkably frank. A character so thoroughly transparent has seldom or never come under my view.

It is almost superfluous to add, that a mind like his could not overlook the infinite superiority of the soul to the body, nor sacrifice the realities of the future to the phantoms of the present; immortal interests and duties to the indulgence of sloth, or any animal gratification. If he was chargeable with any excess, it was the noble one, which, though we cannot wholly approve, we must love and admire; an application of the mind, too constant for the frailties of his animal nature to endure. The spirituality of his life was a bright example of the sentiments he professed. His mind was all activity. While in Deerfield, his health did not allow him to pass many hours together in the
labors of the study; but he made a good use of the
time spent in society. Seldom or never did he allow
a minute, even there, to escape without improvement.
He was constantly imparting or receiving some bene-
fit beyond that of relaxation, or transient enjoyment.

With such intellectual and moral traits, is it won-
derful that Mr. P. should have been the delight of
every circle, in which he moved? that he should have
been almost the idol of his affectionate parents and
sisters? or that he should have been so joyfully wel-
comed to his public station in Deerfield, and so deep­
ly lamented, when suddenly removed? We have not
yet seen him, however, in all his intercourse with the
living world. We have not seen the overflowings of
his mind and heart in the various scenes, in which
the man appeared as he was. He had a lively sense
of the proprieties, becoming the various relations and
circumstances of life. With the filial respect, which
was dictated alike by the understanding and the
heart, towards his natural parents, was blended a
kindred feeling towards the aged in general; while,
on the other hand, the sacred principle of a common
equality among all human beings of all ages and con­
ditions, rendered it impossible for him to be other­
wise than kind and condescending to those, who were
in any respect his inferiors. Old and young, rich and
poor, learned and unlearned, without any invidious
distinction, were objects of his attention. We have
seen him in large and promiscuous parties, passing
from one to another, and shedding, with the impar­
tiality of the sun, the light of his kindness and affabi­
lity on all. He knew, better than almost any one else, how to adapt his conversation to the different characters and circumstances of those he met, whether singly or collectively. From the stores collected by reading, he could converse for hours with those, who were entertained with literary conversation; and he could find something useful, as well as pleasing to say to those, who seemed least capable of bearing their part in conversation. He was generally cheerful, often facetious, and sometimes humorous; and all these qualities together rendered him a delightful companion to all. At the same time, there was a gravity, a dignity in his manners, which always commanded respect. While he inspired in every one a happy sense of freedom in his presence, there was something in him, which laid an effectual restraint on excessive levity and familiarity; which seemed to say to everything of this kind, "Thus far, and no farther." He seemed to discover by intuition the line between that ingenuous freedom, which, as it implies confidence in the candor, or generosity of others, generally pleases, and that indelicate boldness or presumption, which awakens jealousy, if it does not excite disgust. Hence he was likely to succeed in many a noble enterprise, where others of less tact, but with like good intentions, would wholly fail.

Some of his former acquaintances, indeed, have spoken of him as diffident and reserved in conversation; and those, with many others, who were not conversant with him during the last year of his life, may regard the representations here made, as the
exaggerations of a partial friend: but, comparing what has been said, with what I have myself witnessed, I am satisfied that there must have been a great change in him, after he left the seclusion of his classic and theological studies; that his tour to the South, which brought him into contact with a great variety of characters, and the new sphere of duty, into which, on his return, he was introduced in Deerfield, were the means of unlocking and bringing forth into light and action powers and resources, which had been imperfectly disclosed to his former acquaintances, to his intimate companions, and perhaps even to himself. In a social view, all, which had before appeared, might have been little more than the morning star, compared with the opening day.

If the preceding representations are correct, no one can reasonably doubt the vitality of Mr. Parkhurst's religious character. Though many suppose the acknowledgment of this or that particular dogma to be essential to real piety, some, who differed widely from him in theological speculations, were ready to confess him a pious man. He did not, indeed, abound in those professions, which prove nothing; but the deep principles of morality and religion were his frequent and favorite subjects of conversation; and, if a life like his be not sufficient evidence of true and habitual devotion to God, we can, I think, have little confidence in what I have ever regarded as the true criterion of character; "By their fruits ye shall know them." I have not learned that he ever kept a journal of his feelings; but he did leave some records of his
thoughts on the subject of duty and devotion to God, intended, as it seems, for his own private use.

In theological speculations, as well as in almost every thing else, Mr. Parkhurst seems to have maintained a happy balance of character; to have been equally removed, on the one side, from an indolent and morbid conservatism, and, on the other, from a desire of change, which is no less a disease of the soul. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of those apostolic injunctions, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." He believed in the possibility and the duty of continual improvement, both personal and social, intellectual and moral. He was willing to examine the boldest theories of modern times, and to borrow from them any hints, that might be useful; but he was himself too modest, to indulge an expectation of astonishing the world by a disclosure of deep or lofty truths, which for eighteen hundred years had escaped all eyes but his own.

Of the ministerial character of one, who spent little more than four months with his people, including the time before, as well as after his ordination, it might be supposed that I could have little to say. The beginning, however, may sometimes show very clearly what the whole course would be, if allowed to continue; and Mr. Parkhurst had evidently begun well. With clear conceptions of the dignity and importance of the office, and the great variety of duties he was taking upon himself, he had deliberately formed his plans of operation, and consecrated all that he was or could be to the holy profession, on which he
Moral and religious improvement was the supreme object of his regard, and he took a lively interest in the temperance reform. In three or four weeks after his ordination, we were visited for the first time by Reformed Inebriates, who lectured on the new plan of operation. He deliberated for a few minutes, and then took a leading part in the subsequent measures; and that with a degree of zeal and moderation, which made a lasting impression on many. Within the few days he was allowed to remain with us, he was probably the means of sowing more seed, than any one then imagined; seed that is now springing up, and flourishing around his tomb, beyond the most sanguine expectations of enthusiasm itself. Is this the immediate agency of the Almighty? or is it the living influence of an example, which has now vanished from the mortal eye?

Those, who knew our beloved friend only as a preacher, would not be likely to do him full justice. Most of his sermons were written while he was in feeble health; and on that account they did not always show that polish, which often attends the productions of inferior minds. They were logical, direct, and forcible; presenting some great truth, or moral principle, distinctly to the mind, and urging it on the heart and conscience with a power, that would be generally felt; but far less by strangers, than by those whom he had drawn together by the strong influence of that respect and love, which, in the common intercourse of life, he had kindled in their bosoms. He wrote well, and delivered his sentiments well; but,
if he had lived, and enjoyed so much health, as to allow him all the time for study, which he desired, he would doubtless have improved in both these respects.

It was in the common intercourse of life, that Mr. Parkhurst would have shown his chief superiority over other men in the same profession. I have spoken of his affability and kindness; but must again recur to that subject. The greater part of this sketch was already on paper, and the preceding paragraph, which relates to his social character, had been recorded in my own mind, very nearly in the words there used, when several volumes of his manuscripts were unexpectedly brought to me; and, turning over the leaves of one of the volumes, a member of my family accidentally found the paragraphs annexed to the sermons, which, compared with what has been said, may serve to show how conspicuously his principles shone through his life.

I close this memoir with a brief apology for the imperfections, which a rigid critic may find in the style of the sermons, here presented to the public. Many of the greatest men and best scholars leave their manuscripts in a state, which would not admit of publication, without injury to their reputation; and this is frequently and justly urged against severe criticism on those posthumous publications, which had not the advantage of their author's correction, and which the editors would not be justified in altering. This argument, which is generally a strong one, derives peculiar force from the fact already mentioned, that
Mr Parkhurst's sermons were almost all of them written under the pressure of such infirmities of body, as not to allow him to be long at his desk. We may add, that the vast accumulation of well-digested thoughts on a great variety of subjects, which he had treasured up, had left him comparatively little time for attending to the niceties of style, or the mere dress of thought. It is much more wonderful that he had effected so much in the short term of twenty-four years, than that he had done no more. The second sermon was selected partly because it was the last he ever preached, and may be regarded as his own funeral discourse. The other was delivered on the first Sabbath he preached in his own pulpit, after his ordination.
SERMONS, &c.

Ezekiel iii. 17.

SON OF MAN, I HAVE SET THEE AS A WATCHMAN TO THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL: THEREFORE HEAR THE WORD FROM MY MOUTH, AND WARN THEM FROM ME.

The office of a religious teacher is one of great antiquity. Indeed, so far as we are enabled to judge from the imperfect records, which have been transmitted to us, it would seem that wherever religion has existed, in any degree but the very lowest, there have been those, who have made the inculcation of its principles and the administration of its rites, the business of their lives. The universal existence of this office is easily explained. It arises out of the religious and social elements of human nature almost as naturally, as seasonable vegetation springs forth in a fertile soil and in favorable weather. Man cannot live long without worship. The earth, with its array of false and seductive pleasures, cannot engross all the thoughts of its intelligent inhabitants. It may engross enough of their attention and desires, most sadly to pollute and debase the heart; but, with all its power, it cannot utterly extirpate or extinguish
that fearful looking forward to the untried future, and
that dread of the constant gaze of an invisible Judge,
which history shows to be universal. There is not
merely a disposition of the kind, which I have de­
scribed; but no disposition more strongly inclines us
to seek for sympathy, counsel, and encouragement
than this. When, indeed, the heart is filled with the
power of religion, and we have attained to a high
excellence in faith and virtue, there is a sentiment in
the heart most unlike the feeling of loneliness and
destitution; for, though our fellow-mortals desert us,
yet we feel that we are not alone, for God is with us.
But, in those imperfect stages, when we first become
conscious of our religious wants, and when the soul is
first awakened to a sense of its relations to the infi­
nite God, to the boundless universe, and to Eternity,
the very vastness of the conceptions, which the mind
tries to realize by faith, creates an indescribable feel­
ing of solitude and desolation. We are like one just
awaking out of a dream. We are confounded by the
awful truth, which has broken in upon our minds.
We tremble, as we remember how carelessly we have
walked, without light, and without a guide, amid
countless and formidable perils; and are oppressed
with a sad and heavy anxiety, as we grope in uncer­
tainty, to find the straight and narrow path, which
leads to the sunlight of perfect day. At such a mo­
moment as this, when involved in vague and indefi­
nite fears, we feel that, in truth, we are alone; and
the instincts within us impel us to turn ourselves
about, to look for sympathy, for advice, for encour­
agement.
This state of feeling and these wants are not peculiar to any one clime, or to any one class. Even those, who have no settled purpose of laboring for the perfection of their inward nature, occasionally have glimpses of better things, and throbs of holier desires, than commonly belong to them. So generally are men conscious of certain inward wants, only occasional, perhaps, and wholly undefined in the greater proportion, that we seem justified in styling it a natural and universal characteristic. It is an obvious question, then, if such be the truth, Why should we not suppose that the office of religious teacher is one, which ought to exist? For there is an obvious foundation for it in the nature of things. We have spiritual wants. We want religious instruction. We want religious counsel. Why should there not be a class, whose office it is to gratify these wants, as well as other wants? Why should there not be an order of men, to assist us in learning more accurately our relations and duties as religious beings, as well as an order to assist us, when we would learn the law of the land, and the relations in which we stand, as citizens, to the public authorities, and to other members of the social union? There is as much need of the one, as of the other. Religion, in that sense, in which it denotes the perfection at once of the understanding and the heart, and in which it implies a pure and obedient life, is not the gift of nature. It must be an acquisition. Like other things of great value to ourselves, it must be striven for; and it is the last result of long and patient toil. Men are no more born per-
fect in religious knowledge, and in moral power, than in other kinds of knowledge, and in the arts. They require education, instruction, sympathetic encouragement and fraternal assistance.

Remarks in this tone are not, I think, unseasonably introduced on the present occasion. The very office, which at your request, my friends, I have recently assumed, has been attacked, and has been denounced, as indissolubly connected with the upholding and perpetuation of ignorance and bigotry. It has been said, we want no stated and professional religious teachers. Let every man be his own teacher in religion, and conduct his own prayers in his own language. And so would I say, and I trust you will never find me slow or backward in repeating and enforcing this truth. There is no such thing in the appointment of God, as vicarious religion. Another man cannot learn in our room, and worship in our stead. Our own understandings must struggle to master the great doctrines of theology. Our own faith must feel their reality. Our own wills must put in practice the morality, which our consciences confess to be authoritative. But we may allow all this, and yet we are not at liberty to infer that men cannot assist each other in gaining religious knowledge; or that they cannot strengthen each other in the fulfilment of their religious obligations. A simple reference to the experience of any mind will suffice to justify this remark. One's understanding of theological truth may be improved by the assistance of others, as well as his understanding of mathematical or scientific truth.
Words, of power to move the slumbering or indolent will, are as useful, and as effective in inducing men to seek for virtue, as to seek for glory, or for wealth. Because a man makes the study and enforcement of religious and moral truth the leading end and the principal pursuit of his life, we are not entitled to say that he assumes any authority over his neighbors, or esteems himself infallible. God forbid. Nevertheless, the assertion has been made, and been passed about, that there should be no clergy, because there should be no theological dictators. But the calumny implied in this, loses its power, if we recollect how vain is this rule of judging, if applied in other cases. Who ever supposed that a physician assumes authority, and designs, or desires to play the dictator, because he understands the medical science, and has made himself the minister of its healing mercies? The physician is invited into our families, to assist in recovering a sick one to health. He does not claim to be possessed of certain knowledge in his profession, or to be capable of curing every disease. But he has had better opportunities, than the rest of us, to understand the human system, and can direct us to remedies, which we should never have used. So it is with the kindred profession. No minister of Christ, unless he be unworthy of his office, will set himself forward, as having a right to command or dictate. We can only help you. We have no supernatural gifts, but we have endeavored to qualify ourselves to assist you in your inquiries respecting religion and duty. We do not command you to hear what we say, or believe
what we teach. We invite you to listen to the expression of our own views; and it is for yourselves to receive, or reject the sentiments we utter. We are like other men, and are as destitute of authority as other men. We are erring, and ignorant, and dependent. But we are willing to give you our aid, and glad to receive aid from you.

So distinct an assertion of a truth so obvious, may seem to some, I fear, very unnecessary. But we actually hear cries against the clergy, which seem to be uttered by men, believing that the clergy are another order of Jesuits, who have a system of espionage and police peculiar to themselves, and whose only aim is the aggrandizement of their own party. But I wholly disclaim and deny an imputation so base; and would remind those, who would disseminate an opinion of this nature, that, however the charge of undue assumption, and of hostility to reformation may justly lie against individuals, it certainly cannot be justified, if brought against a whole class.

Justice to the office, upon which I have entered, requires me to notice another objection, viz., that the clergy have always been the opponents of social progress and improvement. But reforms in religion have heretofore been conducted like reforms in science, or in government. They have usually found both their most strenuous advocates and opponents in the ranks of those, whose profession has been theology. It was clergymen, who wrought the overthrow of papal supremacy in the sixteenth century, and clergymen who upheld that supremacy. It was clergy-
men, who overthrew the ecclesiastical system of exclusive Calvinism in this commonwealth; and from the same order were found the vindicators of that system. So, too, we may observe, astronomers have reformed astronomy, and astronomers have opposed that reform. Physicians have reformed medicine, and physicians have opposed that reform. Statesmen have reformed government, and other statesmen have opposed such reform. It is a fact, which should not be forgotten in this discussion, that every reformation of religion has been made by those, who have been professionally devoted to it. They, who have done this glorious work, may not always have belonged to the established ecclesiastical order of their day, any more than our Saviour did. But, like him, they have been absorbed in the labor of public preaching, and have known no other pursuit than that. This it is, which constitutes a Christian minister. Other men are bound, as well as he, to study their eternal relations, and to practise the law of duty. But it is the prescribed office of a clergyman alone to make it the sole business of his life to assist others in their religious inquiries, and to encourage them to the performance of right actions.

I have been unwilling to begin my labors among you, my friends, without saying something in explanation of the nature of my office, and in vindication of the order, to which I belong. I readily confess, I have had a personal reference to myself; for, desiring, as I do most fervently, to be instrumental in promoting your improvement as immortal beings, I cer-
tainly am very unwilling that my influence should be destroyed, or impaired, by the action of prejudices against the very office which I have taken. Among the greater part of the community, no such prejudice, I am aware, exists. But there are those, who declaim against the pulpit, as the organ of falsehood and bigotry, and who yet profess a reverence for the religion, which the pulpit defends and enforces. Yes, there are clergymen, who denounce their own office. To such we may reply, as we have already done, that the office of a religious teacher seems as naturally to find a place in the order of society, as the office of a teacher of science, or of philosophy, or of civil law; for men need instruction and counsel in theology and duty, as much as in any speculative or practical pursuit. And, to the loudly sounded objections that the sacred profession claims undue authority, and exercises an evil influence, we rejoin by an appeal to recorded history; and we can show that, if the clergy have ever claimed undue authority, that authority has been assailed and broken by other clergy; or, if they have ever exerted an evil influence, out of their own ranks have come the champions, who have overthrown that influence. Wherever there have been those, who have falsely arrogated and exercised spiritual dominion, as the vicegerents of Heaven, there have been Wickliffs and Luthers to wage the war for human freedom and right. However truth may require us to condemn many, who have been formally consecrated as religious teachers, as being unworthy the name they bear, I cannot imagine how any person of
proper feelings can regard their office with other sentiments, than those of respect and reverence. The office cannot modify the character of the man; neither, on the contrary, can the man change the character of the office. Its responsibility is so awful, as to be almost oppressive; and no one, I am sure, can deem himself strictly adequate to fulfil its high demands. Yet so it is with all the greater duties. We are but unprofitable servants at the best. We discharge our great obligations but very imperfectly; and, though we accomplish sufficient to secure peace of conscience, we cannot realize the ideal of perfection, which the mind loves to contemplate. We are perpetually humbled by the comparison of what we are, and of what we would be. But religion brings before us interests and relations so vast and awful, that we inevitably look with trembling solicitude upon the attempt to dispense its sacred truth, to proclaim its fearful warnings, to minister its divine consolations.

When we remember the names of the great and good men, who in ages past have illustrated the religion of Christ, and who in his spirit have taken up the cross, and borne it with them at every step, during the period of their public toils as his servants; when we remember the piety which has burned in their bosoms, the eloquence which has proceeded from their lips, and the martyr-like self-sacrifice, with which they have resisted the falsehood and the wickedness of the world; we must acknowledge that it is a long series of glorious examples, which one entering upon the duties of a Christian minister has before him, to
inspire his mind, and impel him to fervent action. There are no other names in the pages of human history like these; for their spirit has seemed to ally them more nearly to the angels above, than to the mass of our race. Some of the noblest of them have done their work in obscurity; and, careless of worldly renown, have willingly gone their way from the earth with no other applause, than the approbation of God in their own consciences. We turn away from the history of triumphant warriors as tame and insipid, when we have once read of those followers of Christ, whose lives have been a perpetual warfare for God, against ignorance and iniquity. Whose name is illustrated with the brightest glory? that of him, who wept that there were no more nations, against whom he could lead his conquering armies? or that of an Apostle, who, after passing his life in poverty, suffering, and imprisonment, at length finished his course by crucifixion? May we not, like him, magnify our office, for which even he felt unequal?

My Brethren, among whom, if it please God, I am to sojourn in the office of the Christian ministry, on this day, which commences my public labors in my new capacity, you will pardon me that I have so often expressed myself in a manner personal to myself. I trust I shall not often hereafter have occasion thus to speak. I ask no favor from you, except such as one Christian may rightfully expect from another. But I pray you, however you may judge of me individually, never to think lightly, or to speak lightly of the office of a Christian minister. You could not, I know,
stand as I have before an assembly of Christians, and be publicly consecrated to that office, without such a feeling of fear and awe, as would reach the lowest depths of the soul. The very heavens seemed to roll back, and all things here around us were as vanity before the gaze of the inner man.

May God grant an answer to that prayer of consecration, by which this holy office was placed upon me, and by which this desk was made the appointed place of my labors; and may neither you nor I ever feel a throb of regret, that our fortune has become thus united!

I. Corinthians vii. 31.

THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

The eye of man sees nothing, which changes not. The universe presents only a series of perpetual changes. History itself is but the record of the changes, which have filled the past. Change is the order of nature. Growth and decay, reproduction, followed by dissolution, constitute the course of time. All, which we can here discover, is transitory. "The fashion of this world passeth away." Let us first consider more minutely what are the objects in this world, which pass away; and, in the second place, we will inquire what there is, which is enduring, and changes not.
And, first, all that is endued with life passes away. Life, as that word is used in science, is an attribute not only of animals, but also of vegetables. A plant is said to live, because it is possessed of organization, and is endued with the power of growth. All life, then, it should be observed, is transitory. The tree comes up, at first, a frail shrub, and the principle of life within it, causes it to attain to a height, and a strength which makes it inflexible. It may continue for years the pride of the beholders; but decay is its final doom. Rottenness enters its body, its branches drop off, its roots lose their firm hold in the soil; and the next tempest that comes, bows it to the earth. Its elements remingle with the earth, and it is gone. Such is the fate of the vegetable creation. Its life is transitory. From the flower, which comes up at dawn, which blooms at mid-day, and decays at eve, to the oak which can stand for centuries, in defiance of the agents, which are levelling the meaner productions around it, the same doom awaits the whole race of vegetable existence. Every individual in the forest is destined to the dust.

And so it is with the life of animals. The insect and the reptile, the bird of the air and the wild beast of the desert, all have their time of birth, of growth, and of death. Man, too, is not exempted from the general law. He commences his existence helpless, and almost equally destitute of the power of thought and of motion; and, to whatever degree his living capacities may be developed, the period always arrives, when he is deprived of them. The grave is the end
of all. There is something almost melancholy in the consideration that, two hundred years hence, not one of the many millions of human beings, who now rejoice in the possession of life, and cover the earth with the products and the proofs of their invention and activity, their virtue and their wickedness, will be living; and that not fifty years can elapse, before a vast majority will have departed. The process is now going on; it is never interrupted. A few weeks since, and I saw faces in your midst, which I see no more, and which I shall see here no more forever. The child in its early years, the young in the joy of youth, the middle aged, and the old have taken their departure. And, a few weeks hence, faces which I now behold will, in all probability, have become pallid with death. When the monarch of heathen antiquity wept, as he thought that a century would sweep from the earth the armed myriads, whom he had gathered about him, to fulfil the dictates of his ambition and pride, corrupt as he was, he manifested a cast of sentiment and reflection, which is closely allied to religious sensibility. The thought is in itself affecting; and it is honorable to his memory, that his heart was softened by it. All life, then, is transitory; the life of vegetables, the life of brutes, the life of men. They all have a beginning and an end. Their doom is to pass away.

In the next place, the productions and inventions of the human mind pass away. Men are sometimes said to have attained an immortality of fame upon the earth. Such language may not be inappropriate,
when used for the purposes of rhetoric. Men may be remembered for many years, even centuries; but no production or invention of man can be secured against the ravages of ultimate decay. Not to speak of the forms of dress, courtesy and worship, which are proverbially changeable, consider for a moment the governments, laws, and social institutions, which have existed. They have been changing with every changing year. Where are the vast establishments of civil and military dominion, which made Babylon, Egypt, and Judea the wonder of the world? Where are the institutions, which gave the classic states of antiquity their mighty influence in their own generation, and have caused them to be studied and admired ever since, as among the most ingenious and cunning inventions of the mind of man? They are all gone, and the shadows of their names are fast flickering and fading, as we recede from the past, and enter upon the future. Human speculations, too, usually continue but for a short time. Systems of philosophy, exhibiting amazing powers of thought, and constructed in the most elegant and compact style, have been again and again invented by the great, and adopted by the many; and as often have they lost their influence, and vanished before the mighty tide of time. There is an element of decay in them all; for, in every thing human, there is imperfection; and what is imperfect cannot be eternal. The great monuments of art and of literature are likewise subject to the same invariable law of decay. Marble and canvass, brick and stones do not endure forever. Language,
too, is far from being unchangeable. Scarce any two adjacent districts use precisely the same dialect; and the forms of speech vary, to suit the ever-varying wants and caprices of men. Literature, of course, must change and perish with language, for it is but a form of language. Poets and orators, whose supremacy at one time is almost absolute, and who are the delight of a nation, are hardly intelligible, excepting to a few scholars, after the lapse of a few generations. They are slowly superseded by other poets and orators, until they are finally among the things which are forgotten.

Such is the fashion of this world; it all passes away. Life is transitory in all its forms. All the productions and inventions of the human mind obey the same law; and they perish with the perishing life of men. One generation dies, and is succeeded by another; and the great works, which have been the ornament and admiration of the former, are neglected and forgotten by the latter. *Change, change* is the universal destiny among things here below. We see nothing, which does not pass away.

Yet it would be very erroneous to suppose that there really is nothing, which is destined to endure. There is in the universe that, which can never perish. Let us inquire, in the second place, what there may be which is imperishable. First, though all the *productions* and *inventions* of the mind of man are doomed to pass away, the mind itself can never perish. Immortality is wrought into its nature. The living form, in which it resides during its sojourn upon the earth,
loses its powers and dissolves. All the works, which it creates and fashions by its inherent vigor and fire, decay and vanish. But the mind itself has a far different end, and is secure against the attacks of disease, the violence of the elements, and all the accidents which affect the outward man. It can look calmly down upon what is exterior to itself, and defy its power to injure. It can smile at the drawn dagger, and, though the whole universe of matter were in commotion, and all things were hurled together and overwhelmed by one storm of tremendous violence, the soul might sit serenely, secure and conscious of its immortality. When, therefore, my friends, you are rendered anxious, and are perplexed, as you contemplate the never ending changes about you, think that there is that within you, which is safe and imperishable. Let your faith fix itself here, and compose your troubled feelings by a living consciousness of your own immortality. And, in like manner, console and cheer yourselves, when you stand by the side of your dying friends. For, though the pulse falters, and the eye grows dim, and the tongue stiffens, it is only life, the life of the animal body, which perishes. The mind, the spirit leaps into new existence.

Secondly, while human speculations, systems of philosophy, and the works of genius and literature, sink into oblivion, there is that which the mind may seek after and embrace, and which is as eternal as the mind itself. It is Truth. The speculations of philosophers, and the conceptions of poets and ora-
tors, pass away, because they are blended with falsehood. Truth is in itself independent on the opinions of this or that age or sect. But there have been men, who have asserted that there is no such thing as absolute truth; and hence they have concluded that it matters little what men believe, for all opinions are equally true and equally false. Truth and falsehood, in short, are mere fictions of the imagination. But not so. So far from being a fiction of the imagination, truth is wholly independent and absolute; and, when we seek not any of the systems and inventions of human philosophy, but the simple truth in and for its own sake, we seek an eternal treasure. In how striking a light does this consideration set the conduct of those, who strive for the perpetuation of sectarian dogmas, without regard to their intrinsic truth or falsity. They struggle for that, which must inevitably be forgotten sooner or later. They contend for a shadow; and the efforts, which they use, only tend to injure themselves; for mere sectarianism of faith is after the fashion of the world, and must pass away. But they, who strive for the truth, with singleness and sincerity of purpose, may rest assured that they have set their desires upon an object, which never suffers change.

Thirdly; we have said that the institutions and laws of civil society are perpetually perishing. But there is an appointment, a law, which can never pass away. It is the law of Duty. What was right at the foundation of the world, is right now, and will be right to the end of time, and throughout eternity.
Love, and purity, and justice are and always must be virtues. Hate, impurity, injustice always must be vicious and sinful. It matters not whether civil governments be after one model or another; whether laws be according to the code of this or that nation. We know that there is a government, that there is a law, which can never vary. It is a very grand subject of meditation, that the law, which is alone applicable to all men in all time, is incapable of change; while the inventions of man, for his own comparatively imperfect and transitory purposes, fluctuate like the surface of stormy waters.

Fourthly; high over all, and far, even infinitely removed above the reach of change, is the one, eternal, self-existent God. He is alone in his immutability, and the changes, which mark the face of all things present, are caused and regulated by the unchangeable and almighty Agent. Here, here is our security and safe-guard. Though the billows of time perpetually occasion desolation and decay, and human life and human society appear to be suspended upon the capricious operations of chance, yet it is an immutable Sovereign, who ordains the whole; and all these variations are really according to certain eternal laws of fitness and order, known to himself. He, too, may be relied on especially, because he loves truth as truth, and right as right; and whatever he appoints, in regard to ourselves, we know must be for the best. For he can do only what is right and good, and his wisdom is infallible. His benevolence, also, is immutable and infinite. He loves us and all our fellow-
men with a love, which never varies; and nothing can befall the soul during the course of its endless existence, which is incompatible with the dictates of an Infinite and All-wise Love.

"The fashion of this world passeth away;" but the elements of the spiritual world, its truth and its laws, the soul of man, and the spirit of God have an existence, which is eternal. Here, then, we have the key to all true wisdom. It is not life, it is not any invention or production of man, which should be suffered to become the end of our desires and affections; for they will all prove insufficient perpetually to feed the flame of happiness in the heart of man. Man sustains relations to two classes of existences: the one transitory and perishable, the other eternal and immutable. The former are a wholly insufficient support to a being, who, like man, shall have no end. If he would be truly and unfailingly happy, he must seek after what will not decay and perish. It is as impossible to support fire by floods of water, as to render the human heart secure in the possession of happiness, so long as it chiefly courts what is present alone. The mind is spiritual and immortal. Give it, then, a sustenance spiritual and immortal. Let it love Truth and Duty. Above all, let the Great Spirit of the universe be the object of its most intense and holy affections. Let him be loved with all the heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Let the heavenly Father be adored and reverenced, as the centre of all perfection, and the immutable ground of all existence and happiness.
In conclusion, my friends, let me remind you of the saying of Jesus Christ, that "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my words cannot pass away." His words are the words of Eternal Truth, as that is known to God; and they define that law of Duty, which can never change. He came from God, and was one with God; and he taught, not a mere system of human philosophy, transitory and vain. He taught the truth, the simple truth, and the truth alone. It proceeded from his lips unmixed with error. In his rule of duty there is not the shadow of a deviation from absolute rectitude, as that is recognized by the Divine Mind. Why, then, do we perplex ourselves with speculations respecting those things, which lie dark to the eye of man? The only truth which concerns us, as immortal and moral beings, is Christianity. The Gospel is the precious gift of Perfect Truth. Thanks be to God for such a revelation, while we are pursuing our dark passage to the other world. We need nothing more. This is all-sufficient, and may be trusted. "Heaven and earth may pass away," but the words of Jesus, the Son and Messenger of God, shall never pass away.
EXTRACTS FROM OTHER MANUSCRIPTS.

THE PASTORAL OFFICE.

The duty of a Pastor is to do, as he thinks his Master would do, in his place; that is, he must devote himself altogether to the business of making the Flock, of which he is Overseer, Christians. He must instruct them in the Christian Revelation, as recorded in the New Testament; must defend that revelation, illustrate and enforce its truths and moral rules, explain the spirit of Christ and the character of God, comfort the anxious, the broken hearted, and the dying, rebuke the sinner, and bring him out of the path of error and transgression, and set forth the glories of a supreme love, reverence, and obedience to God as our Father, and to Christ as our Master; and, above all, exemplify the Christian virtues, and thus win his brethren of the human family to the fold of Christ.

I challenge the invention and imagination of any man to produce a more beautiful vision, to present a more delightful object before the fancy, than the character of a Christian Pastor, as described in some of our old English writers. Take, as examples, the Pastor as he appears in Chaucer, in Herbert, in Baxter, in Dryden; which last writer, indeed, only modernizes Chaucer. Some of the beauty of the descriptions of these men arises in part, perhaps, from the
circumstances, with which our fancies are accustomed to surround the ancient Pastor. He not only has personal qualities of a most interesting nature, but he seems to reign with a sort of patriarchal simplicity, and, as it were, by divine right, amid his little flock. They all look up to him, as to a trust-worthy spiritual guide; as to one, who has received from Christ an appointment to stand between him and them, and to be to them the authorized distributor of all the blessings of Christianity. He sits as a father in the midst of his family, having the entire confidence of all, and the object of unqualified reverence and love. One is disposed to regret that the picture is a fancy-piece, and that we have nothing at the present day, corresponding to it, in fact. But we should remember that, so far as reverence and love for a minister of the gospel does not depend chiefly on personal qualifications, it is not desirable; and that it is by no means impossible for us to command an equal degree of reverence and influence. But to do this, we must rely not on our office, but on our characters and understandings. If we are only pious, devoted, beneficent, pure men, possessing competent abilities and attainments, we shall be influential and respected as Pastors. Formerly the Pastor was respected on account of his office; now virtue and wisdom form the only ground of esteem and respect.

A Pastor's manners should be a natural expression of his character. As that is benevolent and mild, so should his manners be kind and affable. The consciousness of the greatness and responsibility of his
office ought also to create an elevation and solemnity of feeling, which will naturally manifest itself in a sedate and grave deportment. Uniform dignity and affability ought, then, to be his peculiarities of manner. As he is the servant of him, whose love reached all, so ought he to be always accessible.

Maxim. Be always dignified, affable, and accessible.
A DISCOURSE

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN ABBOT EMERY,

MEMBER OF

THE SENIOR CLASS IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY;

DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL, NOV. 6, 1842.

By WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY,

MINISTER IN SPRINGFIELD.

CAMBRIDGE:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN OWEN.
1842.
To the Rev. Dr. Peabody:

Cambridge, November 7, 1842.

Dear Sir: — In compliance with the expressed wish of the Senior Class of Harvard College, we respectfully request that you will furnish us, for publication, with a copy of your Discourse, delivered yesterday, in memory of our deceased classmate, John Abbot Emery.

We make this request, not merely from regard to the beauty and eloquence of the Discourse, but that we may possess a tribute which shall always remind us of the virtues of our departed friend, and of the pastor whose instructions did so much to rear them.

The lessons which the Discourse contains may be productive of like fruits in the characters of others; and, were there no other reason for its publication, this alone, we are confident, would overcome all objection on your part to complying with our request.

Respectfully yours,

E. Carleton Sprague,
Moses G. Cobb,
William Cushing,
Committee for the Class.

Cambridge, November 7, 1842.

To Messrs. E. Carleton Sprague, Moses G. Cobb, and William Cushing.

Gentlemen: — I submit to your disposal the Discourse, which was listened to with so patient attention, though it has no other claim than that of sincerity in its expression of feeling, and truth in its description of the virtues of our friend; though he is gone, his memory and example are left us, and will live long in the respect and affection of those, who knew him best.

In those, who were connected with him here, I feel a deep interest, both for his sake and their own. With the best wishes for your welfare, and the earnest hope that an impression may be made by such a departure, that no time shall wear away,

Yours respectfully,

Wm. B. O. Peabody.
DISCOURSE.

ECCLESIASTES, xii. 5.

"THEY SHALL BE AFRAID OF THAT WHICH IS HIGH."

This writer has given a representation of old age, made up of images of beauty and power, all strongly expressive of its desolate and helpless decay. The mansion, once hospitably open, now standing with doors closed and windows darkened; the silver cord loosed, and the golden bowl broken; the disarray of furniture, showing the same neglect within its walls; the fallen wheel, no longer sending streams through the dusty gardens,—are all touches of the pencil, which, though found in an Oriental picture, are near enough to our own experience to sadden every heart. But the dreariest part of this description is in the words, "Afraid of that which is high"; which relate not so much to physical infirmity,—inability to ascend the tower or mountain,—but rather to that distrustful fear, that want of confidence in high attainments, hopes, and endeavours, which, after all, are "the sere and yellow leaf," which gives the deepest sadness to life's closing days. The confidence of the
young man, on the other hand, his firm trust in these very hopes and endeavours, is that which gives him his eminent advantage for bringing the powers into action, for unfolding the affections, and for all those efforts; by which the foundations of character are laid. It may sometimes go too far; sometimes it might be better, were it balanced with a little of that distrust, in which the aged abound. But the excess is better than the deficiency,—better for the mind,—far better for the heart. For, without this firm faith in power, from whatever source derived; without this brave confidence that the high and honorable end proposed is always within human reach, nothing great is ever accomplished, or even attempted. This is the inspiration, which awakens energy, that no failure can discourage, and no obstacle withstand; which, if once beaten down, returns to the battle, and is sure to triumph at last. Well is it for the young man, then, that he is not afraid of that which is high. Let him fear that which is unworthy; let him be afraid of that which is low; for our religion came to awaken this very desire and love of that which is high. It orders us to go over and possess it; for with the right spirit we can reach it, if not in this life, in the life immortal.

In close connexion with my subject, let me speak of those hopes, which the aged fear; hopes, which in themselves are withered, and which they labor to discourage in others. Should not the hope of happiness be indulged? Is there danger of giving it too large
a place in the heart? Not, surely, if we understand its nature, and the only way, in which it can be secured. If we dream that it resides in any earthly good, if we believe that outward applications can remove uneasiness within, or that prosperous circumstances can light up any permanent glow of satisfaction, we shall indeed be in danger; not, however, from the hope of happiness, but from the mistaken path to it, in which we go. But if we understand that great law of our nature, which ordains, that, like health, it shall not be an object of direct pursuit; that, like health, happiness shall never be secured by pursuing happiness, but by pursuing something else; if we can enter into the spirit of that religion, which assures us that it can proceed only from the right use of the powers and affections, the hope can never be set too high; since it will always imply the desire of something higher than itself, and it cannot be followed except in the upward path of duty. When all the elements of our nature move harmoniously, each in its place and proportion, to accomplish the great purposes of existence, happiness results, as surely as health from exercise and labor; it spreads over the soul that peace, which passeth understanding, and which Christianity was sent to bestow. You have seen the illustration of this truth in him whose loss we deplore. He desired not pleasure; he knew that it is not happiness, but the coarse and dangerous substitute, by which the want of it — where it is wanting — is sup-
plied; he wanted not pleasure, for it is a short excitement, and happiness must be something, which shall endure. He found it, to his heart's desire, in that mild thoughtfulness, into which he was self-chastened by his clear view of the purposes of life and his efforts to fulfil them, but which, in most men, is formed by the cares and sorrows through which they have passed; as the tender gloom of our Indian summer is owing to the frosts that have chilled the ground.

Neither is there any reason why the thirst for excellence, of which the old are so often distrustful, should not be indulged. Indulged, indeed! it should be warmly welcomed and encouraged in the breast. What if they say that they have walked over the graves of many broken resolutions, and have seen the easy frailty with which, in the presence of temptation, not only the young, but the mighty have fallen? It might have been found, perhaps, that it was not moral principle,—certainly not religious principle,—which gave way, but rather the poor virtue of habit, innocent only till it was tempted, and which a touch might any time overthrow. Our friend who has left us was a living testimony to show that the hope of excellence is not always disappointed, even in early years. He placed no reliance on the mechanical habit of virtue, formed by influence from without only, and founded on nothing within; he had the virtue of principle; he had the spring within, which sent him onward in the strait and narrow way long after he had ceased to re-
ceive an impulse from other hands. This energetic principle, which depends not on circumstances without, is a sure pledge that the voyage of life shall prosper. When the first of those mighty engines, which now regularly traverse the ocean, was to leave our shores, the wind blew a gale, the waves gnashed their teeth in the outer harbour, and the veteran seaman said, that no ship would leave the port that day. But when the hour came, the signal rang, the vessel moved with calm unconsciousness in the very front of the tempest, and, like a decree of fate, went forth into the angry sea, while the hearts of thousands swelled with fear and wonder, as they saw that great victory over the winds and waves. Such is the outset in life of those, who have the moving energy within; circumstances can do little to assist or depress them; or, rather, all circumstances are compelled to favor their enterprise, and there is no height of excellence, which they need despair to reach.

But I must turn from these general remarks, however intimately connected with the subject, to take a nearer view of the character of our departed friend. It was one, which I was well acquainted with from its earliest years, and which I considered it a privilege to know. The only embarrassment, which I feel, arises from the unqualified praise, which it demands. I sometimes doubt whether my partiality may not have misled me; for, when I would discriminate, I cannot remember the faults, that must have shaded his virtues.
I would state them without reserve, whether for example or for warning; but I trust you will believe me, when I say, that, if I do not set them before you, it is because I did not know them.

In speaking of his intellectual character I am addressing some, whose opportunities of knowing it were equal to my own. They probably are aware that it was not one of those, which give the most flattering early promise of what it is to be. And is it not found that the early development of many young minds is an illusion, growing out of their possession of a memory quick and grasping, which easily brings up rich and various illustrations connected with any subject? These resources are not suspected, at first, to proceed from a cistern instead of a spring, till the supply begins to fail; the age of reflection comes, and when the powers of judgment should be called into action they are found wanting; the early brilliancy disappears; they have reached the point beyond which they cannot go. His mind was not of this order; there was nothing treacherous in the promise, which his childhood gave; from the first he was intelligent and thoughtful; the powers of observation and reflection grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, till they ripened into the sound, healthy, and vigorous understanding, for which he was distinguished. It was eminently fitted, not, perhaps, for the lighter efforts of fancy, not for that easy play over the surface of metaphysics, by which so many, seeing deep reflections beneath them, are
led to believe themselves profound; but it was fitted to act a manly and useful part, having all its powers in their place and proportion, without the least tendency to excess on any side, and able to concentrate their full energy on any pursuit, whether of literary or active life, in which he might enter; for he would be sure to engage in it with all his heart.

I must not omit to say how much his soundness of mind was owing to his moral excellence; by which I mean not merely what all know, that physical regard for his well-being kept his powers in full strength, and serenity of mind left him always free to use them. This is a fact which it concerns us all to know. But there is a still higher sense, in which the mind reaps the benefit of moral cultivation; for, so intimate is the connexion of all the elements of our nature, that, whatever is done for the benefit of any one part, is seen in the improvement of every other. The habit of truth, for example, strengthened the memory by its exactness; it gave precision to his views, and a clear definiteness to his statements and opinions; and thus was he a manifestation of the divine wisdom of the great statute book, in which it is written, that whoever neglects the one thing, which he ought to have done, shall find it impossible to accomplish the other, which, perhaps, he earnestly desires to do. Let no one be blinded to this truth by the splendid sins of genius; whatever may be the outward glare, it confesses its own inefficiency, and laments the waywardness of its irregular exertions;
for it sees with sorrow and shame that it is not what it might have been; and well it knows, that its own uncertain flashes will soon be lost in the steady brightness of the sons of light, who are to shine in the firmament for ever.

When I speak of the strength and soundness of his understanding, I do not mean that he was incapable of light and graceful exertions, though, I confess, I had not expected the playful humor and elegant facility of some of his familiar writings. They showed that he had his powers at command, and could bring them to bear on whatever subject pleased him. Had he devoted himself to literature, he might have excelled, not only in patient labors, but in those fields of taste, which are so often resigned by men of sense to less worthy hands, and needlessly; for all the advantage of genius is, that it is unconscious of its own preparations. Resolute effort can often do as much, and more; there is no respect whatever, in which the determined and persevering mind should be afraid of that which is high.

But there is another view of his character more important in relation to the world where our friend is now, and one, in which he can be contemplated with even greater satisfaction. I mean his moral character, which, in all temptations incident to his years, was kept free from every excess. The solicitations of guilty pleasure had no charms for him. He never deceived himself with names; he could see the reproach of self-indul-
gence through the thin veil of social feeling; he never practised that fraud on himself, by which so many young men turn vice into virtue, and shame into their glory. The page of his life was never stained with the least touch of sensuality; that immedicable disease, that sickness unto death, by which the young man's promise is often fatally darkened in the brightness of its rising. But innocence in these respects, meritorious as it is, does not rise into the upper heights of virtue; and I would rather speak of that fine moral taste, which rendered such temptations powerless on his heart.

Early in life he felt the importance of keeping the distinction between right and wrong strongly marked in his mind. There is no faithfulness to conscience where these are loose and shifting, like traces in the sands. Many young men are without precision in their moral views; that some things are right, and others wrong, they admit; but what things are right, and what are wrong, they have never clearly determined for themselves. He felt the importance of this effort; he drew these boundaries so broad and deep, that he could not have passed over them ever so little without hearing from his conscience, and that right soon. He watched the tendency of his ways. He knew that a moral act is not a thing done, and done with; something goes before,—either thoughtfulness or careless indifference; something also is coming after,—either self-congratulation, or remorse and
shame. He was aware that few such actions stand alone; most of them are either the beginnings or the successive steps of habit; and he could as soon deceive himself by calling a strand of the chain-cable a piece of iron, as be insensible to those mighty bands, which, once wound around us, are seldom, if ever, to be undone.

But the right moral discernment is not enough, without moral energy to act upon it; and here it is that many young men are wanting. I say moral energy; they may have enough, and to spare, of the energy of interest, passion, or self-will. They may be inflexible as the rock in every thing, which concerns their own pleasure; but the energy to do what they ought is sometimes wholly deficient in those, who are irresistible in doing what they will. It was not so with him. He had courage to face a smile; he had fortitude always to say what it was necessary to say, and to do what his moral sense required. He had that power to say, No, for the sake of conscience, which is seldom found in many, who can say it with more than sufficient emphasis when interest or passion inspires; and who are thus tempted to stifle and suppress their convictions, suffering the clear outlines of the right to be softened and shaded into the wrong; and thus, by disuse of their moral power, let it sink away in a spirit of compromise and compliance, which stoops to many a burden, which it is ashamed and afraid to bear.

And here it should be said that his spirit was sin-
gularly gentle, and he was one of the last who would needlessly incur the guilt of giving pain. In truth, it was his cultivation of his affections, which gave the daily beauty to his life; they were never fastidious nor capricious; nor did they wander from the sphere in which his lot was cast. They were like the evening fire, which "gives light to them that are in the house," before it shines through the windows, to send its cheering into the darkness of the night. He was one of those, who can be happy when alone; a sure indication that there is peace within; at the same time he was social and warm-hearted, strong and faithful in his attachments, loving many, and hating none; always taking a generous interest in others, and most of all solicitous for their welfare, where character and happiness were concerned. I can bear witness to his exemplary fidelity in the duties and relations of home; whenever he returned to the family mansion, his presence made it bright; it was never darkened by a selfish cloud upon his brow; it was the place, to which he longed to flee away, and be at rest. When his domestic circle was broken by the death of his surviving parent, his heart sighed for a home; and now the want of his soul is answered; he has found it in the mansions of his Father's house above.

The presence of religion was necessary to stamp these virtues and graces deep, and make them permanent; nor was it wanting. He felt its importance, and, without superstition or enthusiasm, he gave it a
warm and grateful welcome. He understood its true relation to all other things, knowing that it should enter into all the pursuits and cares of life, shedding light and love upon them all. He was not like many, who fear it, under the impression, that it must supplant their interest in other things; he would as soon have feared to let the morning sun into his chamber, lest it should displace all else from the room. He knew that it takes no room in the soul. It requires the surrender of nothing which has any right to be there. It simply asks of us to value things in proportion to their magnitude and importance, and only to withhold from Cæsar, that which belongs to God.

I think that I express the principle of his religious life, by saying, that he felt, and labored to feel more earnestly, that he was the child of a heavenly Father, sent into this world to be educated for more advanced existence; and he regarded the various discipline of this life—its advantages and privations, its joys and sorrows—as the means of preparing for that future, to which, prepared or not, we must go. He endeavoured to treat his God as a Father; he spoke to him as if he was present to hear; to him he poured out his soul with its dearest cares and interests; the least trace of Divine goodness filled him with answering confidence and love. The claims of that Being always stood foremost to his conscience; he never could approve himself as faithful, while they were disregarded; he felt that much was meant by walking
humbly with God. It was prayer on which he relied to keep alive the sense of these obligations, which always fails, like the Hebrews in the battle, as soon as the hands of prayer sink down.

For the Saviour of the world he had a deep and solemn veneration; it was through him alone that he hoped to reach that character, which forms the heaven of the blest. It was his earnest desire to bear something of the same bright image, as far as human frailty would allow. Therefore did he labor to be influenced, not by the things which are seen with the eye, but those which are unseen, because they are spiritual and eternal, and thus to form Christ in himself, the hope of glory. He delighted to think of that Friend, whose love was stronger than death; to him the name of Jesus was a word of power; to that commanding voice he listened, and was earnest to profess his loyalty to that king of men. Here it is that I find the deepest reason why I should mourn him not. From this I derive the trust, that, while we lament his departure, he enjoys a diviner Sabbath and communion with the blest above.

I shall say no more to deepen your impression of that loss which we all deplore; for I know that you have felt it as I have; the black shadow of death has been cast over your hearts as well as mine. He was a friend of many who hear me; there are those present, who have suffered with manly tenderness under this mournful and affecting blow. Should I fol-
low the suggestion of feeling, I might describe the joy with which we heard, that he would soon be with us in health and happiness again, and the heart-sinking change, which came over us, when he returned, indeed, but not with the animating smile, not with the cheering voice; he came, borne by the hands of others; we welcomed not the living, but the dead; he was once more among his early friends, not to live or to die, but only that his ashes might be laid in his own chosen place of rest. But on this I will not dwell. The act of death is the act of God; it is that love which careth for us more than we care for ourselves; it is this which ordained, that, at the very hour when life is brightest, he should exchange it for the grave. Though his departure seems untimely to human eye, we know that it cannot be so; God's hour is best; a life of religious goodness is never short, nor can it be estimated by common measures of duration. "Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age."

There is divine instruction here, which I would fain impress on every heart before me; but the impression is made, and nothing can be added by any words of mine. To those engaged in the same pursuits and labors, and, more than all, to those who, with him, were drawing near the close, it must have been solemn and affecting to see their associate sinking at their side, when his hold on life seemed as strong as any of their
own. There is no place on earth where character com-
mmands more respect, nor where virtues are more warm-
ly acknowledged, than in this our intellectual home;
and therein do I trust, that, while you cherish his mem-
ory, you will also remember what interests and objects
of existence were nearest to his heart. I have seen in
many an example, that bodily presence is not the most
effectual presence; the dead have stronger influence
than they ever had in life; they sometimes act with
resistless power on those, whom their living voice could
never reach. I shall not be misunderstood, then, when
I say, that he died for you. If any one of you re-
spected his character, remember the foundation of re-
ligious principle on which it stood; if there was any
thing, in his self-improvement of mind and heart, which
you thought worthy of praise, remember that his con-
science was the inspiring cause of his exertions; and
if there are those, who have lost a friend in him, may
the remembrance of former days, the place that shall
know him no more, the sympathy with him that yet
remains unbroken, and every thought that has power
in the heart—in a word, may the awful eloquence of
death itself, pleading for God and eternity, induce you
to prepare to meet him in the mansions of the blest.
For it is better, far better, to slumber in his frozen
grave, than to live unmindful of the work which we
are sent into the world to do.

And now, though dead, he yet speaketh; though
there is no speech nor language, and his voice is not
heard, he speaks to us in the silence of our souls, imploring us not to mourn for his departure, but to prepare for our own. It is not far from any one of us. We are near that world, where the sun shall no more go down, or the darkness shall never pass away. Let us remember that death is not the end, but the beginning; were it the close of life, it would be impressive, no doubt, but it would have little of the fearful solemnity which surrounds it now. Prepare for it, then, as for the opening of immortal existence; forget not, that, every hour, by action or neglect, by effort or indifference, the characters of men are forming; let these events have that place in your minds, and that power on your hearts, which Heaven intended to give them. Then you will be ready; and in that hour, which always comes unexpectedly, when it comes at last, you will be prepared to meet your God.
SERMON.
A SERMON

PREACHED IN KING'S CHAPEL,

AUGUST 6, 1843,

THE SUNDAY AFTER THE FUNERAL

OF THE

REV. F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D. D.

BY N. L. FROTHINGHAM,

MINISTER OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

BOSTON:
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.
MDCCCLXIII.
Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1843,
By Charles C. Little and James Brown,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY FREEMAN AND BOLLES,
WASHINGTON STREET.
Dear Sir,

The Vestry of King's Chapel, grateful to you for your faithful delineation of the character of the friend and pastor whose recent death they deplore, passed the following vote at a meeting held yesterday:

"Voted, That the thanks of the Vestry be presented to Rev. Dr. Frothingham for the interesting discourse he delivered on Sunday morning last, in which he commemorated with such fidelity, justice, and discrimination, the character and the virtues of the pastor whose death we lament, and whose memory we affectionately cherish, and that the wardens be instructed to ask of him a copy for the press."

Permit us to express the hope that you will comply with the wish of the Vestry for the publication of your sermon, and thus add to the many and important favors you have conferred upon our society.

With great respect and esteem, your friends,

Samuel A. Eliot,
George B. Emerson,
Wardens.

Rev. Dr. Frothingham.
SERMON.

"When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the
man of God is buried."—1 Kings, xiii. 31.

A tomb has been opened among you since we last assembled here for our usual services. A man of God has been laid in it. Let me call him so, and put some stress upon the title, and dwell upon it with a melancholy pleasure. It belongs to every good man who serves his Maker by serving his generation, and who walks humbly before Him, on whose hand we are all so dependent as we go through with our responsible and transient lives. But it belonged to him in an unusual measure. The late pastor of this church was of no ordinary stamp of goodness. His service was beyond the usual kind. His conversation with heaven was of
no common closeness and constancy. He fulfilled a holy office, of which he felt all the sacredness;—that was sullied in nothing by being touched with his revering hands;—to which few have been so deeply devoted, and in which few have been so tenderly beloved. Was he not a "man of God?" But his "sepulchre" has been prepared by the decree of that sovereign wisdom, which he never questioned, and to which we with uncomplaining tears submit, and God has "buried" him. Gradually, for his strength wasted day by day,—and yet suddenly, for death is always sudden,—he sunk down under the pressure of a disease that was as stealthy as it was deadly; and with all his faculties and affections about him, he departed out of our sight. A tranquil, constant spirit, that had long stood waiting,—and this he told you, when his venerable colleague died, was perhaps the most "difficult post of duty,"—he has at length found we know not how much more than his release.

But two days ago, his wasted form was brought here for the last religious offices, where he was wont to come in all the stages of his life; where he worshipped as a boy, and I was a witness how seriously; and where he preached the truths of the
divine gospel with a chaste zeal, and a clear rea-
son, and a deeply moved spirit, and a pathetic
sweetness, of which you all were the witnesses,
and of which there are but rare examples. Alas,
that his eloquent tongue must have been thus mute
in the assembly of his people! He was buried
according to his own direction, given with his char-
acteristic simplicity. There was found among his
papers, not till the second day after his departure,
one that bore the plain inscription, "My Funeral."
With the even and sedate hand that corresponded
well with the mind that dictated it, it enjoined that
there should be no deviation from the common ser-
vice of the church; but expressed a preference
that instead of the funeral hymn there might be the
chanting of the psalm, which begins, "The Lord
is my shepherd, I shall not want," and goes on
with the devout confidence, "though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear
no evil," and closes in an almost triumphant tone,
"I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever;"
— that house which has many mansions, eternal in the
heavens. Was not this as if he desired, in the
immediate prospect of his dissolution, and even with
his dead lips, to utter his sense of the experience
he had enjoyed of the divine goodness? "I would," it goes on, "that not a word should be said concern­ning what may be considered my character or deservings, at that solemn hour when in the house of God and presence of his holiness, my poor re­mains are waiting to be consigned to the earth. Let the voice of the church only be heard in those words, mostly from sacred scripture, which are used in our mother country impartially for prince and peasant, and which are certainly sufficient for me." That restriction is now taken off. I cannot stand in this shrouded pulpit, that has been his for these nineteen years, and not speak of him. These mournful draperies insist upon their subject. You have come to hear some feeble tribute to so strong a character and so dear a memory. Only let me speak with that sober regard to the unexaggerated truth, which was so fixed a principle in him. I should be afraid of offending his shade by a single word of indiscriminate eulogy, or rhetorical artifice, or overstrained description.

My mind returns to the affecting scene that was so lately presented in this house of your devotions. The eyes that you there saw closed had once a sensibility, more than is given to most men, to all
that was admirable in art and nature, to all the forms of sublimity and beauty, whether wrought by the hands of man or displayed in the universe of the Almighty. The heavens and the earth and the sea were objects of his careful study and unwearied delight. They were not to him a mere show and wonder. He did not look at them with a transient curiosity or a superficial pleasure, but with the vision of his highest sentiments, with a philosophic understanding and a devout heart. They were fraught with divine meanings for him. He loved to enrich his meditations with the thoughts that their varied spectacle was always revealing to his search. He endeavored to draw both knowledge and spiritual improvement from those pure sources; — the first if he could find the opportunity, and the last by all means. He took science with him when she was willing to come, and placed her on his left hand; but his religious feelings were his guides always, and led on at the right. His soul was engaged and affected by what he beheld among the minutest and the grandest of the works of his own Creator. And when he perceived any copies and distant imitations of what was done by that heavenly hand in the productions of human skill and
genius, when he gazed on the buildings and the monuments that are connected with patriotism or piety, that embody lofty conceptions or display virtuous impulses, he was touched with that also, and glowed with thankfulness to Him, who had given such an ability and such a disposition to his poor brother man. And what he thus saw, you know with what peculiar felicity he could describe. What he thus learned he was always ready in the most finished manner to communicate. His invalid state, which began so long as twenty-three years ago, while he was the youthful minister of another congregation, led him to seek for health in different parts of his own country, on the southern coasts of his mother land which he deeply venerated, and among the islands of a still warmer sea. Wherever he went, he carried the same spirit of observation and sensibility; he brought back new treasures of instruction for himself and others. The ocean by which he sat he made to murmur in many ears beside his own with the praise of God. The cataract, whose mighty falls he contemplated with an emotion that would not let him be silent, he made to sound the same ascription within these very walls; and it was almost as good and elevating to
hear his lips tell of it as to listen to the deep hymn itself of those eternal waters. From the tropical skies, under which he dwelt for a few months, and where a languid frame would have seemed to conspire with the summer air to demand repose, his quiet diligence brought home something for his pulpit and something for his scientific friends; at the same time valuable contributions to Natural History, and lessons of a kind wisdom which none knew better than he how to recommend. I see him also on the seaside of Devonshire, gathering minute specimens from its beach, and worshipping in the humble chapel that looked but like a moss-covered cottage in contrast with the noble church of the establishment that reared its grey tower in the neighbourhood. His own expression to an eminent English divine was, that he loved it as “a sacred relic of men’s hands embowered in the green of nature;” and I read among his published pieces a sentence respecting it, which is too characteristic of his delicate and generous temper to allow of its omission. “I went there while I remained,” he says, “and should have done so had I remained till this time. I have no idea of deserting our friends, because they assemble under simple thatch, instead
of under groined stone; — though I also think," he adds, "that I should have been cheerfully willing to pay my tithes, for the pleasure of looking at that old church, and walking through that old church-yard." Pardon me, my hearers, if I appear to have dwelt disproportionately long upon this part of the tastes and character of the friend we have lost. Could I have alluded to it at all, and said less?

In reflecting upon his intellectual endowments and habits, one is struck with the singular combination that he presented of accuracy and discursiveness. He was a close critic and a patient investigator, and yet his imagination was one of the ruling lights of his mind. With that he beautifully illustrated the conclusions at which he arrived, and the facts that he discovered. He insisted everywhere upon the rigid truth, and then adorned it with the colours of an original invention and the charms of his rhetoric. He was studious of dates and details. He was willing to track small incidents, and disentangle complicated evidences, while at the same time that vivid inspiration was warm within him which naturally gives birth to verse and song. But these different elements knew their proper places among his meek faculties. They did
not interfere with one another. They were mutually helpful. His fancy did not abuse his reason. His reason did not chill his fancy. He kept them suitably related. He was remarkable for the clearness of his perceptions. What he saw he saw distinctly, and exhibited it as distinctly as it was seen. He loved history, with its sober and warning page. He loved, too, all the flowery fields of poetic enchantment. But his judgment was so grave as to be almost severe. It was not the language of passion that stirred or captivated him, but the tender strains of subdued feeling, the voice of harmonious wisdom, the utterances of a rapt but an upright soul. He was the enemy of all violence and exaggeration. He could bear with nothing that was unnatural, or unholy, or untrue. He kept his glance fixed upon the honest reality of things, with candour but with resolution; and on no pretext was that to be tampered with or concealed. These qualities eminently fitted him to be the historian of this church to which he ministered. He was led to undertake the task by his taste for antiquity in its records as well as in its structures, and by the fondness that he always felt for this religious home of his childhood. He performed it in such a manner
as to leave it for no one who shall come after him to do it again and better. It seems to me a beautiful thing among the dispositions of providence, that after his strength failed him under his labours in another place, and a threatening illness separated him from the service of a closely-attached people, he was permitted to return hither; to preach the gospel of Christ with his manly powers, where he received the sign of its baptism upon his infant forehead; and be laid here, at last, to be bewailed, where his youngest days had been instructed.

Shall I venture to speak, as if under a separate department, of the feelings, the sensitive nature, of your lamented pastor? Certainly no one could, or ought, but with a reserved tongue. Nor should I, but that there seemed much that distinguished him in their character and expression. They united great strength and fervour with an extraordinary tranquility. They were alive to every touch. They took an eager interest in whatever related to sacred principles or human welfare. They were full of harmonies with the surrounding world. They were quick to kindle or to melt, as anything occurred to rouse a righteous displeasure or to appeal to the softest sympathies. But yet they broke out into no
excess, and they sunk down into no weakness. You always found him prudent, measured, calm. A spirit of control seemed to be constantly upon him. It looked out from his thoughtful eyes, and impressed itself upon his whole demeanour. I do not remember him when he was easily moved to mirth, though he had a keen relish for all innocent joy; nor to anger, though he knew well how to resent and what to resent; nor to tears, though he was tenderly constructed, and made many tears start at the pathos of his affectionate word, while he kept his own below the brim of their fountain. And whence came this spirit of control? I think from a contemplative disposition, that had always made serious estimates of life and of the duties and objects of living; and that had been trained by the various discipline of a delicate if not a suffering frame, to look closely at the transientness of mortal things, and to feel the necessity of a curbed will, and to fix its trust upon the promises of God. He was penetrated with moral and religious persuasions, that were too habitual to be ever uneven, and too profound to show any tumultuous sign of themselves as they flowed on. He was eminently, though with the most silent modesty, a devout man.
Unconsciously and without effort he was so, as if a heavenly responsibility and hope were the breath of his nostrils. He lived in that undisturbed air. His faith was not a transient visitor, coming and going, visible at intervals, and noisy at the gate; but it abode in him as a child of the house. It was this that so subdued him under each passing event, and prepared him constantly for every event that was to betide. From hence came the composure which was never indifference, that preserved him so steady under the attacks of an insidious disease, and made the years of his sinking strength and unruffled endeavours so many, and so useful, and so blessed as they were. His remarkable purity from the stain of this world must have been evident to all who enjoyed his intercourse. He seemed to stand aloof from every contamination. The thought of sin was a grief to him. I recollect hearing him, many years ago, discourse upon the beatitude of "the pure in heart," and thinking, as I heard, that few were so likely as himself to inherit the blessing that he described, and to "see God."

In his manners it was impossible not to mark the most entire plainness and frankness. They were so wanting in all artifice that a stranger might have
called them uncourteously. They were so free from sycophancy, as to seem sometimes hard. They were so restrained by the reflective habit of his mind as to appear sometimes cold. But these appearances vanished from him when one became no longer a stranger. There was a certain delicacy in all his sentiments, and a benevolence of heart, that would never suffer him to be harsh or insensible. His was a truly Christian urbanity. He did not profess more than he believed. He did not declare more than he felt. He did not show more than was real. He was not one to prefer a courtesy to a duty; though he observed, as the apostle has enjoined, the duty of being courteous. His look always matched his thought, and his word came straight from his conviction. Sincerity was bound visibly upon his open brow like a written phylactery. He had as little respect for subterfuges as he had occasion for any. Within was no guile. Without was no assumption. His communication was simple, direct, faithful, as his whole character was consistently grave and earnest.

In his opinions, he loved to be settled. He studied that there should be some fixture in them. He was unwilling to be doubtful. He would have been
unhappy to waver. He dreaded being carried about on any important subject as the wind prevailed. He sought to be assured. He set out his judgments carefully, and then allowed them to take their root. He was not anxious, like many, to disturb them continually in order to see if they were in a good condition. While he was candid and charitable towards the views of others, he held his own in unshaken honour. He was ready at all times to listen to any new arguments that might be brought against the justness of his belief; but he was not ready to be always putting it to the question as a suspicious thing. This would have been to render his belief no belief, but only a flickering assent or a flimsy conjecture. At least, he thought so. He wanted a foundation, and must have it; and he laid it with pains and circumspection, as that upon which he was to build his safety. The skeptical and the vacillating, and they who are easily caught by the show of some new thing, might have found fault with him here as too precise, perhaps as too pertinacious. But it was a demand of his nature to know where he stood, and to be able to stand confidently.

As a theologian, he was an independent but
humble inquirer. You might infer that he would be so from what has already been indicated as the character of his mind. He was a reverent searcher of the scriptures; a reverent observer of those works and providences of God which are "a part of his word." Reverence was one of the leading traits of his spirit. He never lost in the office of a teacher the feeling of a disciple. He sought nothing so assiduously as the truth. He prized nothing so highly as the truth. He loved nothing so well as the truth. He was willing to follow it wherever it led. He did not care to count what it might cost. He was thoroughly persuaded of the inestimable value of the religious views that he had embraced. He recommended them with a solemn ardour. His preference was for the "old paths." Novelties in religion had no attraction for him. He venerated the sacred bequests of the generations that have gone before us. Though not servile to antiquity, he saw more and more in it as he grew older to win his respect and to meet his sympathies. He rejected nothing with a quicker or a more offended determination than the modern refinements and latitudes, that with a parade of spirituality scoff at ancient forms and outward tes-
timonies, and with the prate of freedom do what they can to break off the yoke of a gospel belief. He was firmly conservative. He shrunk from the skeptical tendencies of the age. He hoped for nothing good, he anticipated only the most disastrous evils, from the pretended religious philosophies of fashionable innovation. His doctrine he connected rigorously with what he found in his Bible; with its historians and prophets and apostles, and above all with the inspired authority of the Saviour himself, who is "the head over all things to the church." From the holy volume, and not from his own conjecture or fancy, he drew the arguments with which he would impress others, and the lessons by which he would educate himself. To the Liturgy of this church, and to the faith which for these so many years has been inculcated within its walls, his attachment constantly increased till the day when every tie that attached him to the earth was severed. But the faith of our friend did not chiefly delight in definitions or dogmas of any kind. He was solicitous rather about its genuine fruits. His was eminently a faith of the affections. It nourished his sensibilities more than it encouraged his speculations. Though he distinguished himself
as a controversial writer, taking an active part with those among us who have vindicated the claims of a liberal theology, yet it was from no pride of opinion or fondness for debate, but because he saw that this theology and they who held it were assailed with the bitterest uncharitableness; and because it was dear to him, as he conceived it to be the true interpretation of "the mind of Christ," and the most favorable to the virtue and happiness of mankind. For his own part, he loved to look away beyond all the divisions that keep men's kindness from one another,—to repose upon his own peaceful persuasions, to believe with his heart.

It remains that I should speak of him as a preacher of God's word. This might seem unnecessary for you, who have been favoured with abundantly more opportunities of knowing him in this relation than any other persons, and almost presumptuous in me who heard him comparatively seldom. Yet the sketch must be made, even if with but few imperfect touches. The pulpit was the high field of his faithful labours; may I not add, of his holy renown? With what a meek grace, what a beautiful simplicity, what a deep seriousness upon his expressive face, he stood up here and else-
where and spoke for his Master! His voice was richly musical, breathing out as from the soul; his look saintly; his manner fervidly collected; his word full of calm power. While he was yet a young man his aspect seemed venerable. It grew more apostolic, when the thin features grew thinner, and the touch of time was upon the locks of his hair. And when the progress of disease had enfeebled and altered the tones of his speech, still as before, and more than ever, they stole the attention of all classes of minds, and went to the heart of every hearer. His topics were various, and each was treated with its becoming method. He was no vague writer. He did not deal in abstractions and unaffecting generalities. He had always a purpose in view, and he moved distinctly towards it. In the discussion of moral points he showed a nice discernment. He qualified, as he went on, what needed to be set in its just proportions. There was no indiscriminate assertion. There was no empty declamation. He reasoned with ability. He interpreted with good sense. He described with the most skilful hand. But it was in tender and persuasive representations that he most excelled. These were the most congenial with the cast of his
reflections, and one must be of a stern nature that could have heard him at such times and remained unmoved. His style of discourse was called a plain one by many. But this could only be because it was so easily understood. It was essentially poetical; figurative in an unusual degree; and though always chaste, abounding with the highest forms of eloquence. It was suited in each several instance to its end. It was never out of place. It was the more clear and not the less so for its ornament. He taught the more effectually by the exquisite mastery that he thus displayed of the language in which he wrote. His "Sermons to Children," have interested many other young persons than they to whom they were first addressed. His "Sermons of Consolation" have gone from this public desk, and from the preparations of his sick room, into hundreds of sorrowful chambers, assuaging the griefs and lifting up the souls of those who mourned there in secret. His mind,—or rather his spirit,—unimpaired by the decay of the body, never hurried and seldom perturbed, accomplished more in this department of ministerial labor than is often done by the most industrious, with all the advantages of their full vigour.
But, brethren, most of the things of which I have been attempting to speak are now only memories. That voice is silent. That countenance we shall no more see. That form after its long languishing is laid to rest. Never was a tedious decline endured with more perfect patience, more sustaining trust. His last days were not among the least instructive of his life. It was good to converse with his prepared soul. It is good to reflect how peacefully it passed away to God. We read of Stephen the first martyr, that when he confronted his tormentors, "his face was as it had been the face of an angel." Shall I confess that the passage was suggested to me more than once when, under the slower martyrdom of the malady that was exhausting his life he seemed to be already looking towards heaven, and inwardly saying, "Receive my spirit" whenever it shall be summoned away!

"When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried." The question is often asked, with some curiosity, or some uneasiness, Where shall I be buried? An idle question. Of what consequence where? No baneful thing can then harm us. No healing thing can then help us. The desert is no exposure, and the
carved monument is no defence. Neighbourhood is of no importance where all is but dust. The deep pits of the sea shall give up their dead at the call of God as easily as the shallowest grave. The Roman emperor, entombed in the air upon the column of his victories, was not so near to the skies as the poor Christian whom he had permitted to be slain for the Redeemer's sake. Of what consequence in what place, when the fragrance of the earth, and the rays of the sun, and the music of the stream and the air are alike unheeded? But let me be buried in the moral fellowship of righteous souls. Let me be buried in the affections of them I love. Let me be buried in the memory of those who will honour mine. Let me be buried in faith towards the Heavenly Father, in charity with the world, and in hope of the Life Everlasting.
THE STAY AND THE STAFF TAKEN AWAY.

A

DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE

HON. WILLIAM PRESCOTT, LL. D.,

DELIVERED IN

THE CHURCH ON CHURCH GREEN,

DECEMBER 15, 1844.

BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.

BOSTON:
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.
1844.
At a meeting of the New South Society, held after the afternoon service on Sunday, December 15th, 1844, Chief Justice Shaw presiding as Moderator, it was unanimously

Voted, That the thanks of the Society be presented to our Pastor, the Rev. Alexander Young, for the impressive Discourse this day delivered by him on occasion of the decease of our lamented fellow-worshipper, the Honorable William Prescott, and that he be requested to furnish a copy thereof for the press.

Voted, That a Committee of three members be appointed to present this request to Mr. Young, and take measures for carrying into effect the purposes of the foregoing vote, and that Hon. Lemuel Shaw, Benjamin Rich, Esq. and John Dorr, Esq. constitute this Committee.

R. L. EMMONS, Proprietors' Clerk.
DISCOURSE.

Isaiah, III. 1—3.

Behold, the Lord, the Lord of hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and the staff — the judge, prudent and ancient, the honorable man, and the counsellor.

Yes, he takes them all away, each in their turn and order, each in his own good time, in his own appointed way: and the Lord's time is always the best time, and the Lord's way the best way. In his great loving-kindness to their friends and to society, they may be permitted to live many days upon the earth, to pass the bounds assigned for the life of man, to outlast their contemporaries, to outlive their generation; and yet, at length, they too must be taken away.

"They must lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre."

"It is appointed unto all men once to die." There is no exemption, and no escape, from this
fundamental, this universal law of our being. If there were any, the virtues and services enumerated in the text might have spared to us yet longer the venerable man, whom we this day miss from his accustomed place, and whose recent and sudden departure, we, my brethren, in common with his family and this whole community, have so much reason to deplore.

The text indicates who are the stay and the staff of society — who are the real benefactors of their country and their race — who they are by whom the interests of a community are upheld and guarded, and its rights vindicated and maintained. They are not the noisy demagogue, nor the unfledged patriot — not the mere practical man, nor the man of one idea — not the small politician, any more than the minute philosopher; — but the far-seeing and wide-reaching statesman, the man of enlarged views and comprehensive mind, the man of undeviating rectitude and unbending integrity. They are the tried and the trusted magistrate, the wise and impartial judge, the upright and honorable man, and the prudent and experienced counsellor. These are really the stay and staff of a commonwealth, — its lights, its ornaments, its blessings. It is to them that the people must look for support and guidance in all emergencies. In ordinary times, in times of quietness and tranquillity, the people may, perhaps, trust to ordinary men, and may leave it to
the conflicting parties to watch one another’s movements, and to see to it that the State incurs no detriment from the lack of political wisdom or moral principle in their leaders. But in times of difficulty and trouble, that must arise, sooner or later, in every community and nation,—times like those on which we have now unfortunately fallen,—the people will find that in trusting to such men they have leaned upon a broken reed, and that nothing can supply the place of sound judgment, experience and integrity, in their rulers and public men.

1. The first stay and staff of a people, next to religion, is the *Magistracy* — the Judge’s bench and office — the high Courts of Equity and Law. Here is the great barrier, the ocean-dike, which society sets up to repel the encroaching surges of iniquity and crime, which constantly threaten to overwhelm it. It is here, that the foundations of a people’s security and happiness are laid,—in their unwavering confidence in the decisions of a tribunal, lifted by the tenure of its office, by its independence alike of the interference of the government and the dictation of the populace, above the favor and the fear of man. Such a tribunal as this,—and such a one, thank God, we have, and have long had, in this commonwealth,—to which the poor and humble have equal access with the rich and powerful, and by which their rights are equally regarded and protected — a tribunal which cannot be warped by flattery, nor
intimidated by threats, nor lured by bribes—is the best emblem and representative of that awful tribunal before which we are all one day to stand in judgment. There is something august and venerable in the aspect, nay in the very idea, of such a tribunal—in the idea of its independence, its immobility, its absolute impartiality.

The comfort and happiness of a people depend far more upon the constitution of its Courts, and the character and qualifications of its Judges, than upon the theory or the form of its government. For usually the ruler of the State can have little to do directly with the affairs of the subject, and can affect him but little in his private concerns and his domestic relations; and if the subject have a refuge in the independence of the Courts, he has a security against this interference. Even under a monarchical form of government, like that of England, the citizen may be protected by Law in the quiet possession and undisturbed enjoyment of his dearest and most valuable interests. His house may be literally his castle, and his life, liberty and property may be perfectly secure from invasion. Whereas, under a republican or democratic form of government, where the Law has little or no authority, as in some parts of our own country, outrages may be committed that would not be tolerated under the despotisms of Russia or Turkey, and no man’s life is secure from the summary vengeance
of an organized mob. One of the gravest offences that can be committed against the public weal, is to endeavour to bring the Judiciary into contempt, by lowering the standard of their qualifications, or encroaching upon their independence. The men who attempt this know not how grievous a wrong they are doing to themselves and to their children, as well as to their neighbours and fellow-citizens. There is no class of persons in a State whose labors are more arduous, whose services are more valuable, and whose influence is more salutary, than the Judges'. When they are driven from the Bench by a paltry economy, the people suffer and mourn; and when they are removed by death, the stay and the staff are taken away from Jerusalem and from Judah.

2. The next stay and staff of a community is its honorable men—not those who have this title from courtesy, or from some office which they have happened to hold, but men of pure character, uncompromising principle, and incorruptible integrity. These men are "the salt of the earth," which, diffused through society, preserves it from corruption—the leaven that keeps it from stagnation, fermenting the whole mass, and stirring it up to right actions and worthy deeds. And men of this description are not confined to any one class or calling in life. They are not the exclusive property of any political party or religious sect. They
are to be found not only on the Bench and at the Bar, not only in the Senate and at the Council-table, not only among those who have been favored with a liberal education and are engaged in the liberal professions, but also, and quite as often, among the merchants, the mechanics, and the farmers. You, my hearers, can point, as well as I, to many such honorable men, whom we have known in this city and commonwealth. And, thank God, the race is not yet extinct. We have still among us some of "nature's noblemen," men who make us proud of the city in which we dwell, men who would adorn any rank in any nation, who would feel a stain on their good name far more acutely than a wound on their body, and whose integrity is equalled only by their munificence.

One of the saddest sights that can be witnessed, is intellect devoid of integrity, talent divorced from principle. And one of the most alarming signs of the times in a republic, is when men of this character have an influence, acquire popularity by their eloquence, raise themselves to office by the low arts of intrigue, and sway the destinies of the nation. My friends, is not here our great danger, our great deficiency at the present juncture? It is universally admitted, that we have intellect and talent enough in this country, among our politicians and statesmen. What we lack is integrity, honor, principle. We want the thoroughly honorable man
the incorruptible statesman, the pure-minded patriot. And we never can expect to prosper, or to live at peace among ourselves, until more of moral and religious principle is infused into our public men. Unless this is done, the glory, if not the sceptre, will inevitably depart from us. When the honorable man fails, or dies, the stay and the staff are taken away from Jerusalem and from Judah.

3. There is another stay and staff which society needs to uphold and guide its steps—and that is the ancient and prudent Counsellor. He is the great balance-wheel in the political machine, revolving with a quiet and steady motion, regulating the movements of all the lesser wheels, and keeping them from flying madly from their centres. He brings the gathered wisdom of years and the lights of a various and mature experience to bear upon the new questions, which are constantly springing up to perplex and agitate society. The science of government is not a matter of intuition, but a subject for deep study and long reflection. On this point, “days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.”

Such was formerly the universal, as it is the natural sentiment of mankind. Of late years, however, in this country, opinion seems to have somewhat changed; at least there has been a tendency in an opposite direction. From the general decay of the sentiment of reverence among us, there has
been manifested of late years a disposition to take the management of important affairs out of the hands of "the ancient and prudent counsellor," where our fathers placed it, and to commit it to the inexperienced and immature.

We might have learnt, however, by this time, that this is all wrong, false in theory, and bad in practice. It is against nature, against reason, against our own experience, and against the Word of God. We know what was the fate of Rehoboam, when "he forsook the counsel of the old men, that stood before Solomon, his father, while he yet lived, and consulted with the young men, that were grown up with him, and which stood before him." And we may rest assured, that whenever the prudent and ancient counsellor is removed, whether by prejudice, or faction, or the hand of death, the stay and the staff are taken away from Jerusalem and from Judah.

Since we were last assembled, brethren, in this our house of prayer, the grave has closed over the mortal remains of one of our fellow-worshippers, who worthily sustained the several relations enumerated in our text, of a Judge, an Honorable Man, and a Counsellor. A sense of duty to the living, as well as to the dead, prompts me to speak to you

1 Kings, xii. 6—8.
of him, in the words of truth and soberness — both as a deserved tribute to a beloved and honored name, and for our own benefit and improvement. We may all be made the wiser and the better, I think, by the contemplation of his character and example.

William Prescott was born on the 19th of August, 1762, at Pepperell, in the county of Middlesex, in this State. He sprung from a most honorable parentage. He was the only son of a New-England farmer, who drove his own team a-field, and ploughed his own acres. That same farmer was Colonel William Prescott, who, on the 17th of June, 1775, at the head of the raw recruits of the New-England militia, twice broke the serried ranks of the British grenadiers and light infantry, as they marched up the slope of Bunker Hill, and drove them in confusion and dismay to their boats. He was blessed with a most excellent and pious mother; and, like many other eminent men, he

1 The first of the family, who came over to this country in 1640, were substantial farmers, from Lancashire, in England, and settled in Groton, the town adjoining Pepperell. Benjamin Prescott, the father of the Colonel, was chosen in 1738 the Agent of Massachusetts at the English Court, to maintain the rights of that Province in a controversy with New Hampshire, respecting their boundary lines. He declined going, however, on account of the fatal prevalence of the small-pox at that time in London. Edmund Quincy, who went in his place, actually died there of that disease in the same year. By a singular coincidence, Prescott died at home of a fever, in the course of the same year.
owed to her early influences some of the peculiar and prominent traits of his mind and heart. She possessed the same firmness, mildness, and high principle which characterized her son; and the profound veneration for the Deity, and the deep religious sentiment, which were obvious to all who knew him intimately, were probably implanted in his breast as he stood by his mother's knee. It was, doubtless, his strong filial reverence and affection that prompted him to retain in his possession his paternal acres, and led him to spend a few months every year, in rural hospitality, at the old family homestead.¹

He received his early education at Dummer Academy, in Byfield, under the tuition of the famous Master Moody, and entered Harvard College in 1779. He graduated in 1783, with distinguished rank, in a class with Harrison Gray Otis, Ambrose Spencer, and Artemas Ward, all of whom survive their eminent classmate. I have recently been informed by one of them, that "he ranked with the highest scholars of his class—that he was always distinguished by the firmness of his character, the

¹ Colonel Prescott was with General Gates, as a volunteer, at Saratoga, at the surrender of Burgoyne, in October, 1777. He afterwards retired to his estate at Pepperell, where he resided till his death, October 13th, 1795, at the age of 70, much respected by his townsmen, among whom he had great influence. His widow survived till 1821, cherished and rendered independent in her circumstances by her only son.
mildness of his manners, the correctness of his conduct, and the purity of his morals. These qualities made him a universal favorite with his classmates, and secured the approbation of the Faculty." He studied his profession at Beverly, with Nathan Dane, well known as the compiler of the great Digest of American Law, and the founder of the Law College at Cambridge, and still better known as the author of the celebrated ordinance which forever excluded slavery from the whole vast territory northwest of the Ohio river. Having been admitted to the Bar of Essex, in 1787, Mr. Prescott immediately opened an office in Beverly, where, however, he remained but two years. In 1789 he removed to Salem,1 as affording a wider sphere for professional talent, and there continued in constantly increasing practice till the year 1808, when he transferred his residence to this town, and at the same time united himself with this parish,

1 Whilst residing at Salem he formed the connexion, which for fifty-one years was to him a source of unmingled blessings; he was married in 1793, to Catharine G. Hickling, the daughter of Thomas Hickling, Esq., the Consul of the United States at St. Michael, in the Azores. Of their seven children, four sons died in infancy. Edward, the sixth child, a graduate at Cambridge in 1825, a Minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and rector of St. Mary's Church in Salem, New Jersey, died suddenly, April 11, 1844, on the third day of his voyage from Boston to St. Michael, at the age of 40, greatly lamented by his parishioners, as well as by his family and friends. The surviving children are William H. Prescott, the historian, and Catharine Elizabeth, the wife of Franklin Dexter, Esq., of Boston.
then under the pastorship of the Rev. Dr. Kirkland.

Here he remained, engaged in professional business, of which, probably, he had as large and important a share as was ever enjoyed by a member of the Suffolk Bar. For a long period he was retained, on one side or the other, in almost every important case that came into our courts, both in the counties of Suffolk and Essex. From an early hour in the morning, to a late hour at night, he was chiefly devoted to his profession, though also partly occupied with public affairs, in which he always took an interest. In 1812, he was appointed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, on a committee with Nathan Dane and Joseph Story, "to collect the charters, and the public and general laws of the late Colony and Province of Massachusetts Bay," which were printed in 1814. In 1818, he was appointed to fill the place of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Suffolk, the second year after its organization; during the first year it having been occupied by his classmate, Mr. Otis. Twice he was solicited to take a seat on the bench of the Supreme Judicial Court of this State; once, under his friend Chief Justice Parsons, who urged it very strongly upon him. But he steadily declined this high honor, preferring the more active duties of his profession.

Mr. Prescott was not, however, so much en-
grossed by the arduous duties of the Law, as not to find time for the service of the public. On the incorporation of the City of Boston, in 1822, he was elected the first President of the Common Council. He was at different times a member of the State Legislature, a Representative both from Salem and Boston, a Senator from the County of Essex, and a member of the Executive Council under the administrations of Governor Gore and Governor Strong. He took an active and prominent part in the Convention of Delegates assembled in 1820 to revise the Constitution of this State. With another eminent member of this parish, his most intimate friend, George Cabot, he was chosen by the Legislature of Massachusetts a delegate to the Convention held at Hartford, in 1814; an office, which although attended with great personal inconvenience, he undertook, from that high sense of duty which controlled all his actions, and most faithfully executed. He was never ashamed of having been a member of that Convention. He was a Federalist, of the school and the principles of Washington, and through life kept those principles ever before him as the guide of his opinions and conduct. And now that that old Federal party is extinct, and is no more an object of alarm, it will be frankly admitted, I suppose,

1 Mr. Prescott was a Representative from Salem, from 1798 to 1802, inclusive, a Representative from Boston in 1811, 1821, and 1823, and a member of the Executive Council in 1809, 1812, and 1813.
even by its warmest opponents, that in its ranks were to be found some of the wisest and best men in the nation, and that it was the purest political party that ever existed in this country.

Mr. Prescott lent his valuable services and counsels not only to the State, but to the cause of liberal education and sound learning. He was an Overseer of Harvard College from 1810 to 1821, and a Member of the Corporation from 1820 to 1826. He was also a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In 1815, the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, a distinction that was repeated by Dartmouth College in 1826.

In the year 1828, after forty years' laborious practice of the Law, he was attacked with some complaints of the lungs, attended with bleeding; and the symptoms became so alarming, that the physicians imperatively required him to relinquish his professional career, at least so far as practising in Court. Though he continued for a year or two after this to give advice on important questions, as chamber-counsel, he at length wholly abandoned the exercise of his profession; and we have it stated on the concurring testimony of the highest authority on the Bench and at the Bar,¹ that "he had attained the highest rank in his profession, both as a

¹ Chief Justice Shaw and Mr. Webster.
counsellor and an advocate,” and that “at the mo­ment of his retirement from the Bar, he stood at its head, for legal learning and attainment.”

The remainder of his days he passed in the en­lightened occupations worthy of a great and good mind. His library furnished him with ample means for the most rational enjoyment. Here he would take up any particular question of a metaphysical, theological, or historical nature, and pursue it with all the ardor of a young inquirer after truth; for truth was what he strived to attain through life, and which shone through his every word and act. The studies in which he took the greatest delight, were moral philosophy, theology, and civil history; and the vast variety of his reading, and his careful medita­tion, as well as the natural bent of his mind, filled him with toleration for every sect and party.

1. In the removal of such a man as this, though in a good old age, a stay and a staff are taken away from Society, — whom he had so long and so faith­fully served, both in the walks of a laborious and responsible profession, and in the various public offices which he had filled in the city and in the State. He had served this community most effi­ciently, both in defending their rights at the Bar and in adjudicating upon them from the Bench. During his long professional career, with what untiring in­dustry, with what a conscientious fidelity did he devote himself to the interests of the numerous
clients who sought the aid of his legal learning and prudent counsel.

The secret of the wide influence which Mr. Prescott exerted and the general esteem which he inspired in this community, was unquestionably the entire confidence which was reposed in the soundness of his judgment and the integrity of his heart. Our citizens felt sure that his clear intellect could be dazzled or diverted by no false lights, and that his sense of duty and right could be warped by no sinister or selfish aims. It was believed that he was not only a skilful advocate, and a judicious counselor, but a thoroughly honest and conscientious lawyer. It was this absolute confidence which led men to summon him to their sick-chambers and their death-beds, to indite their testaments, and to commit to him the arrangement of their affairs and the disposition of their property after their decease. He was a trusted, because he had been proved to be a trust-worthy man — passing on through life above suspicion, and without reproach.

He was an honorable man, inasmuch as he was an independent, firm and courageous man. He was an echo of no one's opinions, a copyist of no one's doings. On all questions, moral, social, or political, he thought and spoke and acted for himself, not following the lead of any partisan, not following even the multitude, in its wisdom or its folly. He did not shrink from the avowal of any sentiment
or the prosecution of any measure from the fear of
any consequences that might result to himself per-
sonally. He was afraid only of doing what was
wrong.

Regarding him as a statesman and a patriot, he
died at a fortunate time for himself—at a moment-
ous crisis in our affairs—out of which may God,
in his infinite mercy, bring us with our national
escutcheon unstained, and with no drops of blood
upon our garments! He was spared the shame and
mortification of seeing our territory enlarged by the
indefinite extension of slavery, with its intolerable
evils and accursed wrongs. I say he died at a for­
tunate time for himself; for the infirmities of age
would have prevented him from taking an active
part in the decisive measures necessary to check
and prevent this great national calamity. Had this
object been attempted some years ago, in the time
of his vigorous manhood, he would have been among
the first, I doubt not, to meet it, calmly, yet man-
fully, and fearlessly. For he was a man of indom-
itable moral courage. I have myself heard him say,
that it behooved every New-England man, who con-
sented to take a seat in the great council of the na-
tion, to go there resolved to submit to no affront to
the North, and steadily to repel every encroachment
on the rights of the free States. And was he not
right? Do we not need more such men there, at
this crisis, as that "old man eloquent" and brave,
who has for so many years fought, almost single-handed, the battles of liberty against a host of foes, and has at last triumphantly vindicated the right of petition? Do we not now greatly need the prudence, the calmness, and the courage of such men as William Prescott, who might tell us what we ought to be prepared to do in case this dreadful evil is fastened upon us? Never has there been a time, since the first outbreak of the Revolution, when the wisdom of the ancient judge and the prudent counsellor was more needed. Yet, as I have intimated, God may have taken him away in mercy from witnessing this foul blot upon his country's character and honor. Tacitus, in his life of Agricola, mentions it as some alleviation of his premature death, that he escaped the worst times, and did not see the courts of law closed, the senate surrounded with an armed force, and havoc and slaughter stalking through the land; and then adds, "Tu verò, felix, Agricola, non vitae tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis." And may we not deem it fortunate, rather I should say providential, that our venerable friend did not live to see this dark deed consummated — did not live to see the constitution violated, or the union shaken to its centre, or the nation plunged into a foreign or a civil war?

"He sleeps well. Treason may do its worst; nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing Can reach him further."
2. Again. In the decease of this venerable man, a strong stay and staff is taken away from this Church. We lose in him one of our oldest and best parishioners — one of the firmest pillars and brightest ornaments of our congregation. Judge Prescott connected himself with this parish on his coming to Boston in 1808, under the brilliant ministry of Dr. Kirkland; and from that day to this he has continued a steady supporter of our religious institutions, and, until prevented by illness and the infirmities of age, a regular and constant attendant upon our services of worship. In his earlier days he took an active part in managing the prudential affairs of the Society, and has always been ready by his counsels, his labors, and his purse, to promote its interests. You know, my friends, that he was ever among the foremost and largest contributors to the advancement of every good work proposed in our religious community. The Theological School at Cambridge and the Ministry to the Poor in this city have received often and largely from his bounty. And the cheerfulness with which he contributed to every object which he thought would promote the prosperity of this Church, rendered his gift doubly valuable, proving that it was indeed a gift of love. The last, and a very recent instance of

1 Among other legacies, Judge Prescott bequeathed five hundred dollars to the Boston Asylum for Female Orphans, and three thousand dollars to the Corporation of Harvard College, for the purchase of books for the Library.
this kind, which will always be gratefully remembered by us, was his generous donation for the purchase of that noble Organ, which is now called, alas! too soon, to chant his requiem.

Judge Prescott is the last of that remarkable class of clear-headed and strong-minded men, all emigrants from the county of Essex, whom this Church adopted, and fostered in her bosom, and is proud of enrolling among her children. Theophilus Parsons, George Cabot, Nathaniel Bowditch, William Prescott—I name them in the order of their decease—where will you find in any church among us another such brilliant galaxy of names—such a combination of talent, wisdom and virtue—men who have stamped their characters upon this community, and will be held here in everlasting remembrance?

Brethren, I love to reflect that such men have been of us and with us—that they have lived with us, and worshipped with us, and died with us—that they have been with us in heart and soul, in unity of religious sentiment and principle. And when doubts are at any time expressed in my hearing of the efficacy of our peculiar system of Christian faith, I point to the characters of these men, formed under the influences of this faith and the instructions of this pulpit. I say "By their fruits ye may know them. He that doeth righteousness is righteous."
My friends, it is a precious privilege which we of this ancient church enjoy, that we have a noble and sacred ancestry — that we can look back in our annals to hoary heads that have been found in the way of righteousness, to venerable names that make a part of the history of the commonwealth and country, and stand high on the rolls of jurisprudence and science. We have a glorious history, that yet remains to be written, and which will include the biographies of the learned and eloquent ministers of this church, and of its eminent laymen, and of its cultivated and pious women, not a few — may the living ones return late to the stars! — who have been full of good works and alms-deeds which they did.

Let us cherish their memories — the memories of the sainted dead. Especially let the young men who are now coming on the stage of life, look to the example of integrity and lofty principle which these great and good men have left. Let them be taught by their success in life, by the enviable fame which they gained, and, more than all, by the affection and reverence which are cherished for their memories, and by the tears and regrets with which they were followed to their graves, — that the only path of honor is the path of virtue, — and that if they would be remembered hereafter, they must first be respected and loved by a living generation whom they have served and blessed.
3. But a stay and staff has been taken away not only from this church, but from its Pastor. Judge Prescott has always been not only a valuable member of this parish, but a steady friend and unwavering supporter of its ministers. He was the model of a good parishioner — wise, considerate, sympathizing, kind. My illustrious predecessors in this honored place, Kirkland, Thacher, Greenwood, successively enjoyed the benefit of his counsels and affections. And for myself I am bound to say that in him I lose my greatest benefactor in the parish. I can almost literally apply to myself the words of Roger Ascham, when speaking of the death of his patron. "In the midst," says he, "of outward injuries and inward cares, to increase them withal, good Sir Richard Sackville dieth; — that worthy gentleman; that earnest favorer and furtherer of God's true religion; that faithful servitor to his prince and country; — a lover of learning and all learned men; wise in all doings, courteous to all persons, showing spite to none, doing good to many; and, as I well found, to me so fast a friend, as I never lost the like before. When he was gone, my heart was dead. There was not one that wore a black gown for him, who carried a heavier heart than I." When I was settled in this parish twenty years ago, an inexperienced young man, ready to sink under the crushing labors and responsibilities of the place, Judge Prescott took me kindly by the
hand; and that hand was never afterwards withdrawn. His countenance and encouragement have often strengthened my heart and nerved my soul amidst the trials and anxieties of my professional life. In this way I have been laid under a load of obligation which now I can never hope to discharge. But if I forget it, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right arm fall palsied from its socket.

4. Finally. In the decease of our lamented friend, a stay and staff has been taken away from his Family. How great a loss they have thus sustained, they alone can understand. That loss is enhanced by the circumstances of his life, and the dispositions and qualities of his heart. That life had been, for the most part, a quiet and uneventful one, and therefore all the happier. His social and domestic affections were strong and tender. He loved his home, and the circle of his chosen friends, more than the conflicts of ambition and the scenes of political strife. And although he was ready to make sacrifices of personal ease and enjoyment for the common good, yet he was always glad to be released from public cares, that he might spend his evenings around his own fireside, in the bosom of his family.

He lived to enjoy a serene and happy old age. Never has it been my privilege to witness one more tranquil and delightful. His last years, which with
the old man are usually a burden and a toil, were amongst the best and happiest of his happy life. How much pure and rational enjoyment did he receive, and how much did he impart, in his truly patriarchal abode, in the midst of his children's children! It was in his old age, too, that a grateful country honored him for the services which his family, in three successive generations, had rendered it by the sword, the tongue, and the pen. Fortunate indeed was he in the ascending and the descending line of his generation; looking backward with filial admiration to the brightening fame of his brave progenitor, and forward with paternal pride to the widening reputation of a descendant who, by his writings, has done so much to instruct and delight the world.¹

Our venerated fellow-worshipper died suddenly, on the morning of the last Lord's day, without a struggle or a pang, in the full possession of his faculties, and with a hope full of immortality, in the 83d year of his age.

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died;  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;  
E'en wondered at because he dropped no sooner.  
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;  
Yet freshly ran he on two winters more:  
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

¹ William H. Prescott, Esq., the author of the "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic," and of the "History of the Conquest of Mexico."
It has been affectionately and beautifully said by another,¹ that "the objects on which his eyes were fixed, for the last time, before they should be closed to open no more, were the objects nearest and dearest to his affections and his heart. This must have been as he could have wished. He could not but have prayed, that, with a body unracked by disease, an unclouded mind, and a perfect consciousness, he might enjoy this, as his last earthly wish. Not unmindful of the approach of that change, which was to call him to another state of being, he met the moment, when at last it came, with serenity, and submitted himself to the will of his Creator with cheerfulness and trust."

Such a departure was a *euthanasia* indeed — a fitting close to such a career.

A life, a character, a death like this, need no comment from me to explain or enforce their lessons. I leave them to make their own impression.

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has past;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet,
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.

¹ Mr. Webster.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dim with the mists of age, it was his time to die."
APPENDIX.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SUFFOLK BAR.

A meeting of the Suffolk Bar was held in the Law Library, on Tuesday morning, December 10th, 1844. It was called to order by Charles P. Curtis, Esq. and proceeded to the choice of a President and Secretary, pro tem.

The Hon. Jeremiah Mason was chosen President of the meeting, and William H. Gardiner, Esq. Secretary.

The Hon. Daniel Webster then made some appropriate remarks, substantially as follows:—

Mr. President and Brethren of the Suffolk Bar:

We have met together on one of those solemn occasions, common to so numerous a body, but which must, in this instance, cause an unusual degree of regret and pain. The oldest member of our Association has departed this life. He had lived to an extraordinary age, and though retired for many years from active life, he was known and respected by all of us; to some of us known very long and intimately. No man has ever lived among us, of more amiable demeanour, or purer character. No man has ever possessed, in a more eminent degree, those qualities which create public confidence for the members of this profession. William Prescott was a man, whose integrity was incorruptible, and whose manners were most gentle and kind; but whose firmness of principle, and at the same time independence of character, were never to be questioned. It is fit that they, who have not only known, but who, as members of a common profession, have been honored by his virtues, should now do honor
to his memory. I have been requested, a few moments since, to move Resolutions, appropriate to this occasion, and I cheerfully comply; for though there has been little time for their preparation, and none for premeditated remarks, no length of time can be needful for the purpose of expressing, in a simple and respectful form, our affectionate reverence for the character of our deceased brother.

Mr. Webster then moved the following Resolutions, which were seconded by the Hon. James Savage, and unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the members of this Bar have heard, with sincere sorrow, of a recent mournful event, which strikes from the head of their roll, a name which they had long been accustomed to venerate.

Resolved, That the late William Prescott, whose sudden decease, at a good old age, calls forth this tribute of respect, presented to his associates, throughout a long life, whether at the Bar, or on the Bench, or in the dignified retirement of his late years, such an eminent example of modest talent, substantial learning, and unpretending wisdom, with affable manners, strong social affections, absolute fidelity in every relation of life, and probity beyond the slightest suspicion of reproach, as rarely adorns even the highest walks of professional excellence. Concerning whom may it be more appropriately asked than of him,

"Cui Pudor, et Justitiae soror, Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas, Quando ullum inventem parem?"

Resolved, That the members of this Bar will long cherish the memory of the character of their deceased brother, as an honor to his profession, a model to themselves, and an example of virtue and excellence to all.

Resolved, therefore, That the members of this Bar tender their respectful sympathies to the family of the deceased, and respectfully ask permission to attend the funeral of their late oldest associate.

Resolved, That the President and Secretary of this meeting be requested to present to the family a certified copy of these proceedings.

Resolved, That the same officers also cause the proceedings of this meeting to be communicated to the Honorable the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, now in session.
The death of the Hon. William Prescott was announced in the Supreme Court on Wednesday morning, December 11th, by Mr. Webster, who presented the Resolutions which had been adopted by the Bar, with the following remarks: —

May it please your Honors:

I rise to perform a duty, of a kind new to me here, and as sad as it is new. I rise, in behalf of the Bar of the County of Suffolk, to communicate to the Court its proceedings on a late mournful occurrence. The oldest member of that Bar is now no more. William Prescott has departed this life. He died suddenly, at his own house, and in the bosom of his family, on Sunday morning, the 8th instant, without pain, and without loss of faculties, or mental aberration, at the age of eighty-two.

The objects, on which his eyes were fixed, for the last time, before they should be closed to open no more, were the objects nearest and dearest to his affections and his heart. This must have been as he could have wished. He could not but have prayed, that, with a body unracked by pain, an unclouded mind, and a perfect consciousness, he might enjoy this, as his last earthly vision.

Not unmindful of the approach of that change, which was to call him to another state of being, he met the moment, when at last it came, with serenity, and submitted himself to the will of his Creator with cheerfulness and trust.

Mr. Prescott retired from the practice of the Bar in 1828; and it will not be thought in any degree unjust to others, to say, that at the moment of his retirement, he stood at its head, for legal learning and attainment.

Although thus withdrawn, for several years, from the active scenes of his profession, yet, having constantly cherished a warm interest for its character and usefulness, and derived pleasure, as great and as sincere as those felt who were younger, from every evidence of the advancement of the noble science of Jurisprudence, his brethren of the Bar could not but feel the magnitude
of the loss which they have sustained by his death; nor could they withhold the tender of a sincere and affectionate tribute to his character.

Others know, and will record, his worth in other relations of life. We contemplate him, on this occasion, only as he stood, for a long time, among us, as a Lawyer and an Advocate, and for a short period sat before us, as a Judge.

Assembled in full meeting yesterday, the Bar of Suffolk unanimously adopted these Resolutions.

In the necessary absence of our learned brother, the President of the meeting, and at his request, and that of the Secretary, I now communicate these proceedings to the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, here sitting; and respectfully beg leave to say, that it would gratify the feelings of the members of the Bar, if the Court would relieve them from their attendance on their duties before it to-day, that they may all have an opportunity to follow the remains of their lamented brother to the tomb.

To this address Chief Justice Shaw replied as follows: —

Gentlemen of the Bar:

This Court receive, with the deepest sensibility, these Resolutions of the Bar, and do most sincerely sympathize with the members of the Bar, and the people of this community, in the emotions of sorrow with which they have been struck, by the sudden, melancholy, and impressive event, to which these proceedings relate.

The decease of such a man as Mr. Prescott, so long known, so highly and universally respected, and so sincerely loved, though at an advanced age, though withdrawn from the conspicuous stations of public life, which he so long held and adorned, cannot occur without a severe shock to the feelings of those who survive. Such feelings are natural; they are not without their beneficial uses; and, to a certain extent, it is fit that they should be indulged. It is fit that those, who are still engaged in the more active and absorbing duties of professional and official life, should pause, to receive with deference and submission, the monitory lesson it imparts, to pay a just and
heartfelt tribute to the memory of a deceased brother, and prepare for the great change, in which they are so soon to follow him.

Mr. Prescott was most known as a lawyer, at once learned and practical. By persevering industry, by an ardent devotion to his high and responsible duties, without extraordinary advantages, he had attained the highest rank in his profession, both as a counsellor and an advocate.

He was distinguished for patient investigation, for great power of discrimination, and practical sagacity, in separating what was essential from what was accidental, in whatever was presented for his consideration. But to these characteristics of an eminent jurist, he added the crowning grace, without which all other qualities must fail to command the confidence of others, that of professional integrity. It was a full reliance upon his known purity and singleness of purpose, which induced all those who had occasion for counsel and assistance to believe, with entire confidence, that in his care their dearest rights and most important interests would be safe. These slight, but highly gratifying views of his professional character, views which, if the time and opportunity would permit, might be greatly extended, while they bring back a grateful and vivid recollection of his excellence to those who were contemporary with him, and knew him personally, present a bright example to those members of the profession who have entered on its honorable career since his retirement.

But although Mr. Prescott devoted most of the active part of his life, and the energies of his mind, to the duties of the profession he loved, yet he was not unknown to his countrymen as a patriot and statesman. Though mostly regarded by the people as the trusted counsellor and faithful advocate of their personal and private interests, yet when the emergency called, when their public rights and social interests were in peril, he was looked to as the advocate and supporter of these great interests; nor was he looked to in vain. He was surpassed by no man in that purity of purpose and disinterestedness, that sterling integrity and unyielding resolution, in support of what he considered right, which are among the highest qualities of a sage and patriot.
Of Mr. Prescott's private life and character, gratifying as it would be, it does not become me to speak upon this occasion. It is sufficient, and it is gratifying to know, that since his retirement from the duties of his profession, he has passed an elegant leisure in those intellectual occupations and literary pursuits, which a life of honorable and useful industry had prepared him to enjoy, and in those graver studies which befit the dignity, and add brightness to the prospects of advancing years.

The Court will pass an order that the proceedings of the Bar be entered on their record, as a memorial to future times of the respect and veneration in which our lamented brother was held, and will adjourn ¹ till to-morrow, to enable us personally to join with the Bar in paying our tribute of respect to his memory, by attending his remains to the tomb.

¹ The Court were at this time engaged in a capital trial.
A

DISCOURSE

ON

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE REVEREND

HENRY WARE, D. D., A. A. S.,

LATE HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE;

PRONOUNCED IN

THE FIRST CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE,

SEPTEMBER 28, 1845,

BY

JOHN G. PALFREY, D. D., LL. D.,

FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY.

CAMBRIDGE:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN OWEN.

1845.
Dr. Palfrey, Cambridge.

Dear Sir: — I have the pleasure to express to you the thanks of the College Faculty, and the Theological Faculty, for your discourse on the life and character of Dr. Ware, and to request, in their name, a copy for the press.

Very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

James Walker, Pres. pro tem.

Harvard University,
Oct. 1st, 1845.

Hazelwood, Cambridge;
Oct. 2d, 1845.

Reverend and dear Sir: — I am grateful for the indulgent reception of my discourse on the life and character of Dr. Ware by the College Faculty and the Theological Faculty of the University, and in compliance with their request I place the manuscript at their disposal.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

Rev. James Walker, D. D.,
President pro tempore,
&c., &c., &c.
The request to me, to deliver a discourse commemorative of Dr. Ware, was made a few days after his death. I wished to be excused, on the ground that my leisure, till the middle of September, was already pledged to another engagement. But it not being found convenient to make any different arrangement, I consented to undertake the service after that time. It seems proper to make this explanation of the delay.

Some paragraphs, beginning with page 14, were omitted in the delivery.
DISCOURSE.

FELLOW-STUDENTS AND FRIENDS:

At the earliest time permitted by previously existing engagements, I present myself before you, in compliance with the request of the Academical and Theological Faculties of the University, to attempt a tribute to the character of the late Hollis Professor of Divinity, the Reverend Dr. Ware. I could by all means have wished that the duty had fallen upon more competent hands. Especially there is one, who, from earlier acquaintance, and longer official association with the departed, to say nothing of reasons still more obvious, would far better have met the claims of the occasion, and satisfied the wishes of those numerous friends of the deceased, of religion, and of learning, who desire to have it noticed with worthy commemoration. But circumstances not conveniently admitting of any other arrangement, I have esteemed it to be my duty, and I feel it to be my privilege, to express in your behalf, as best I may, that estimation which I share with very many, of the worth and services of an excellent man,
several years my revered instructor, and several years my respected and beloved colleague in academical labors.

Dr. Ware's was a character of mark. In those walks of life to which my observation has extended, I have known few minds so sagacious; none more firm, more calmly balanced, more candid, or more just. Its influence has operated extensively. Nearly all the ministers in the country, of one of the principal Christian denominations, have been his pupils. Of the whole number of young men who have been educated in the academical department of the University, in the two centuries and more since its institution, nearly two fifths have been graduated since he was engaged in its service. And if his life cannot be called eventful, its course has been closely connected with a succession of events of the strongest interest to the friends of science and of Christianity. His official connection with the College has covered the whole of three presidencies, embracing far the most prosperous period the institution has ever known. His election to office here proved the signal for the development of causes, before in silent operation, destined to divide the old Congregational unity of New England, and establish another form of Christian belief. The Divinity School has grown up to what it is from a course of instruction which he instituted, and for a while conducted alone.
Henry Ware was born on the 1st day of April, 1764, in the town of Sherburne, in this county, being the ninth of ten children of John and Martha Ware, of that place. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances. He was a feeble child, and little expectation was entertained of his surviving the critical period of infancy. But, by the help of a peculiarly tender care on his mother's part, his constitution acquired strength, and when seventeen years old, he was as large and rugged as most boys of the same age. He had small advantages of early instruction in book-knowledge; but describes himself as having been always a favorite of his masters for his quiet timidity, which made him very obedient and observant of rules, and peaceful among his comrades; though no boy of the school was a more intense lover of play. Besides these qualifications, he was able, he says, to learn with greater ease and quickness than any of his mates. But it was very little that he had opportunity to learn, the school which he attended being kept only from six to ten weeks in the winter season, and the rest of the year being employed in such work, with his elder brothers, on his father's farm, as could be performed by a boy of his age.

He was left fatherless when fifteen years old, with a patrimony amounting to a hundred pounds of the currency of the time. His two oldest brothers, who looked with fond and affectionate hope on the fair
David of their race, with a generosity so nobly common, then and now, in our New England farm-houses, agreed to combine their endeavours for his advancement in the world. In November, 1779, he was placed under the care of the Reverend Elijah Brown, the minister of the parish, to be fitted for college, and made such rapid progress under that gentleman's tuition, that he was admitted to the Freshman class, at Cambridge, at the Commencement of 1781.

The College was at this time in a state of extreme depression, greater, probably, than has been experienced at any other period of its history. The resources of the country were exhausted, as well as its interest engrossed, by the war of the Revolution, then drawing near to its close. The means of the College were small; what funds it possessed were chiefly invested in the miserably depreciated public securities; the Commonwealth, to which it had been such a blessing, seemed almost to have done caring for it; and the Corporation were still engaged in a suit, as humble as fruitless, to Governor Hancock, their late treasurer, for the possession of their papers, and the settlement of his accounts. The retirement of President Langdon, a man richly deserving more reputation and more success, however unsuited to command the peculiar perplexities of those times, had left a vacancy in the chair, not yet filled. Of the three professors, the usefulness of the excellent
Wigglesworth was impaired by feeble health, the once vigorous mind of Sewall was under a cloud, and Williams was young in his place; and the tutors were not men of distinguished qualifications. With the unavoidable relaxation of discipline under such circumstances, habits of idleness and dissipation had established themselves within the walls, and the standard of scholarship was dismally low. The ostensible course of study was very limited. A sufficient supply of text-books was not to be had in any of the departments. The prescribed exercises were but few, and some of the officers were in the habit of neglecting a considerable portion of them.

In the year 1836, when seventy-two years old, Dr. Ware set down a few memoranda of his early life, to which I am indebted for a portion of the particulars that have now been stated. His class, when graduated, in 1785, consisted of thirty-two persons. Its list exhibits but one or two names, besides his own, of decided eminence in after life. He had very little intercourse, he says, except with ten or a dozen, with whom he was connected in social and literary fraternities, and there was about the same limitation to his acquaintance with the other contemporary classes. That he was a favorite with that portion of his class with which he was acquainted, he had this evidence, that he was chosen president of each of the three associations of which he was a
member. So punctilious was his correctness of deportment, that he never once incurred a fine, or any other punishment, at the hands of the Faculty, an exemption, in those days, of very rare occurrence. At the exhibitions and at Commencement, the honors were assigned to him which indicate the first rank in his class, and he also delivered, by the appointment of his classmates, the Valedictory Oration, which was then in the Latin language.

"I can look back upon my College life," says Dr. Ware, in the manuscript already referred to, "with but a limited degree of satisfaction. The honors I received were certainly more than enough to satisfy my most extravagant expectation or wishes, and my satisfaction in the recollection of them would be complete, could I be conscious of their having been worthily bestowed. But I do not know whether one has less reason to feel humbled and mortified in receiving an honor which he is conscious of not deserving, than in having a merited honor withheld from him. I am amazed that it should be possible for one, with such habits of study and low attainments as mine certainly were, to hold so high a standing as was allowed to me. Nothing will account for it but the shameful fact, that my competitors were as deficient in their habits of study and in their attainments as myself." There must, however, have been not a little self-disparagement in this, the result of that genuine hu-
mility which at all periods of life distinguished him. It was not possible, that, surrounded by such an apparatus of knowledge, incomplete as it was, a mind like his should not be stimulated to profitable activity; and it scarcely ever happens that such an intellectual discipline as that of which in after years he showed the fruits has its beginning in mature life.

Having finished his course of study as an undergraduate, he took charge of the town school of Cambridge. He devoted himself, he says, with great zeal to its laborious duties, and had the satisfaction to know that his services were well received by the children and the parents. He at the same time commenced his preparation for the ministry, having, from the first period of his studies, designed to consecrate them to the sacred office. There was at that time no system of public education in theology, and, through the infirmities of Dr. Wigglesworth, the chair of Divinity in the University was virtually vacant. What aid Mr. Ware had in the direction of his professional reading I have understood to have been derived from the Reverend Mr. Hilliard, then minister of the First Church in this town.

On the 1st of April, 1787, his twenty-third birthday, he began to preach, occupying the pulpit of the pastor and instructor of his childhood. His theological attainments could not have been great, his studies having been confined within little more than a year
and a half, during which time he had been employed as an instructor seven hours of every day. But his pure, upright, and devout soul was itself a mine of religious truth and sentiment. His mind had a keen appetite for the knowledge which makes wise unto salvation, and received it with the quick intelligence and the ready welcome of sympathy. He had the great Christian preparation for his studies, which is assured in the promise, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." The clearness, Scriptural simplicity, and practical character of his expositions of truth; the rich personal experience disclosed in his discourses; their modest, and at the same time winning and fervent, tone; the gentle and sincere solemnity, which impressed and subdued all the more for assuming nothing, and inspired confidence in the same degree as it tacitly disclaimed authority; the native and cultivated refinement of mind, which not only made any offence against good taste, any coarseness of address, impossible, but which knew how to find for gospel truth the kindest access to the waiting spirit; the ruling good sense, which conceived no extravagances; the contemplative and tender feeling, which had fathomed the depths of every remonstrance and rebuke that was uttered; these qualities in the young preacher, set off with the advantages of an engaging presence, a musical voice, and a natural action, fixed attention and won golden
opinions in the congregations to which he ministered, and were a rich earnest of the excellent usefulness of his years of riper service.

The town of Hingham presented at this time a favorable specimen of the intelligence and culture of a leading village of Massachusetts. General Lincoln, whom it is no injustice to any to call its brightest ornament, had just returned to it from his greatly honorable public service, and was the centre of respectful regard, and, as much as any other, the source of a generous influence, in a society of refined and intellectual men and women.

Dr. Ebenezer Gay, pastor of the First Church of the place, had just been taken to his rest. This venerable man, eminent among the liberal clergy of his day, the associate of Mayhew, Chauncy, Shute, and Tucker, had exercised a ministry lengthened out to the unusual term of sixty-nine years of official service, and the ninety-second year of his age. He was taken from a numerous and prosperous congregation, full of reverence for his years, his character and doctrine, trained by him through three generations in the ways of truth and righteousness, accustomed to look to him as having been the bond of union from a time to which the memory of scarcely any living could run back. The pulpit graced by such a man was privileged beyond the common walks of Christian ministration. The fruitful youth of Mr. Ware was esteemed to have yielded
evidence that he was worthy of such a position; and he was ordained over the First Church of Hingham, October 24th, 1787.*

This post of honorable usefulness he continued to hold for eighteen years. With what he justly calls "the imprudence and want of forethought and calculation so common to young men entering the clerical profession," he "early entered into matrimonial engagements," to the hazard of his prospects of professional efficiency, distinction, and usefulness, as well as of that personal independence which is so important not only to the minister's comfort and freedom of mind, but scarcely less to his standing with the people of his charge, and so to his power of influencing them for their good. It perplexes a thoughtful observer to see the dulness of conscience of many young clergymen on this delicate subject,—a fault much less venial now than formerly, when the pastoral relation might reasonably be expected to be permanent. A right-minded and considerate young man, in other walks of life, does not think himself justified in forming a domestic establishment till he has not only something to maintain it with, while he lives and thrives, but a prospect at least of some partial provision for it in sickness, misfortune, and bereavement. He does not think it right, by any

* From Mr. Hilliard's sermon at his ordination (p. 21, 2d edition), it appears that he had just declined a tutorship at College.
such premature step, to cripple his own energy, and invite a host of anxieties, distracting his mind from the appropriate cares of his vocation, still less to take with open eyes the melancholy chance of leaving those, whom he professes to hold dearest, to a harsh struggle in a lonely world.

The young minister has the least excuse for doing this of all men. Least of all men can he complain, while he continues in a single state, of the hardship of living in an unsympathizing solitude. Everybody is his friend; at the firesides of all his parishioners he has a hearty greeting and an affectionate home. Would he be considerate in this matter, as other young men feel bound to be, he has a degree of security which other young men have not, that before long he will have arrived at that partial pecuniary independence which every man ought to aim at, were it only for his individual peace and independence of mind, and ability to be useful to others. While no minister's income will compare with the largest in the other professions, it is alleged, on an authority of approved currency on such subjects, that the average income of all the ministers in these United States is larger than the average income of either the lawyers or the physicians. I am not acquainted with these statistics, and cannot affirm the correctness of the statement. But I know of nothing to discredit it, and it appears to me to be probably true.
In the common course of things, the young lawyer or physician struggles into a decent position through years of poverty. The young minister passes at once from his studies into the possession of a revenue considerably more than adequate to his wants. Would he, without parsimony, devote for a few years the residue above what is wanted for his personal occasions to making some provision for the future, as, I repeat, other well-intentioned men do before they take on themselves a future which requires larger provision, how greatly would it be for his own best good, and that of the people of his charge! The little store, which in a very short time he would lay by from his superfluity, and which, with prudence, might be hoped to remain untouched and increasing till times of greater need, would give him tranquillity and confidence in the pursuit of his studies and the discharge of his office. But no! he is ordained and married about the same time, and he begins life on a scale of expense, which already all that he has, or may reasonably expect ever to have, is needed to support, while, in the natural course of things, the demands on it must be expected to go on increasing.

By and by he wakes up to a sense of embarrassment. The duty of providing for those of his own house, the neglect of which, he knows and preaches, would mark him for worse than an infidel, is no longer the compendious duty that it once was. The con-
trivance of the ways and means is a black, worldly perplexity, which waits for him in the retirement of his study, and dogs him in his parochial walks. Meanwhile, the day of novelty and enthusiasm has gone by. All that David does, no longer pleases the people. Does an unreasonably dissatisfied portion of his people wish him to go? It is in their power to compel him to it by making it impossible for him to stay. Does an approving, but not generous, people wish him to stay? They argue that they can have their wish without being just to him, because he cannot afford to depart. Is there a narrow-minded deacon, whose views of doctrine are not met? He flatters himself, that, if the young man cannot be convinced, he can be distressed, into new professions or un­wonted silence, as the case may be. Is there a parish committee-man, or large contributor, whose sin has been rebuked, he is apt to call to mind that the minister can ill do without him, and carry himself accordingly.

I will not enlarge. I am not speaking only of prudence for one’s self and one’s dependents, though that is a Christian obligation. But, to limit the view to a Christian minister’s capacity of usefulness, which assuredly every Christian minister ought exceedingly to care for, how many congregations have been disturbed and divided, how many ministers have been sorely tempted to unfaithfulness, by disaffection which would never have assumed an active shape, had not
the disturbers been able to persuade themselves that the necessities of the minister and his family placed him at their mercy.

But I have spoken in part of recent developments of the evil, in times since the introduction of the practice of separations between pastor and flock. The mischief of that pecuniary pressure, of which, in his own case, Dr. Ware condemns the occasion, was experienced by him in the necessity which it imposed of engaging in pursuits which defrauded his fine mind of full opportunity to do itself justice, and in the effect which he feared was to be ascribed to it on the premature decay of the beloved early partner of his life.

"Ignorant altogether of the value and use of money, I soon found," he says, "by experience, that a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars was far short of what was necessary for the comfortable support of a family, in the very lowest style of living which my profession and place in society required. I was accordingly pressed with poverty, and obliged to resort to the only means which seemed to be open for a country clergyman for supplying the deficiency of his salary, that of keeping boarders, and taking the charge of boys to fit for college. It was a very laborious and irksome life, and less profitable than it should have been."

That, under such circumstances, he should have acquired so high distinction in his profession, is proof
not only of great natural aptitude for its duties, but of great diligence and energy of purpose. It must be presumed that the extent of his professional attainments was narrowed from this cause, the general cultivation and efficiency of his mind hindered, and his eminence and usefulness less than under circumstances more propitious they would have become. But one is led only the more to admire the fidelity and perseverance, which, under such disadvantages, accomplished such results. Certain it is that he was conspicuous in the first rank of the clergymen of the day in all the accomplishments and graces that become that character. His services as a preacher were held in the highest esteem by the people of his charge and in the neighbouring churches, while, in the more private walks of the sacred office, though long restrained, according to his own account, by a constitutional diffidence, which embarrassed his freedom of communication, and abridged his enjoyment and usefulness in society, he won the attachment of his people by a conscientious and affectionate desire for their welfare, and sympathy with their fortunes, and was especially valued by that portion of them the most competent to estimate correctly the rectitude and delicacy of his character, and the resources of his mind.

The consideration in which he was held by the best judges, as well as by the community at large, was shown, when, in 1805, in the forty-first year of
his age, he was elected to the chair of the Hollis Professorship of Divinity in the University in this place; an eminent post of duty, to which any man in the ministry would have regarded it as a flattering honor to be invited. Not without hesitation and misgivings, but moved alike by a sense of the rightful claims of the public upon those whom it demands for its important trusts, and by considerations of expected benefit to his family, he determined to make that perilous experiment on a minister's happiness, the separation from an affectionate people. His appointment was confirmed by the Overseers on the 14th day of February; he was inaugurated on the 14th of May, and removed to Cambridge the following month. One hope which had had its influence on his determination was doomed to be frustrated. "I could not," he says, "without deep solicitude and regret, see the life of one, endeared to me by pure and kind affection, and all the virtues of a faithful wife, wasted away by labors and anxieties beyond her strength; and it was partly, at least, the hope of being able to provide better for her support, that made me willing to accept the offer of a professorship in College, and a removal to Cambridge. But it was too late. She survived only till the 13th of July following."

The election of Mr. Ware to the Hollis Professorship marks an era in the history of the Congrega-
tional churches of New England. Dr. Tappan, his predecessor, was a man esteemed by all parties for the candor of his sentiments and the gentleness of his spirit, as well as for the purity of his life. Without pretending to fix the exact point of Dr. Tappan's temperature on the doctrinal thermometer, it fell within the somewhat vague range of what had already begun to be called moderate Calvinism. Dr. Morse, who vindicates for him a sufficient, though not the highest degree of orthodoxy, sets him down as a Sublapsarian. But of late years a different theory of Christian doctrine had been adopted by a large and intelligent portion of the community, and found favor with some of the governors of the College.

At the time when the vacancy occasioned by Dr. Tappan's death came to be filled, the Fellows were the Reverend Drs. Lothrop and Eliot, Judge Davis, Judge Wendell, and Professor Pearson, the three first-named belonging to the liberal school in dogmatics, the last two to the orthodox, to use the terms by which the two parties then chose to be distinguished. Mr. Treasurer Storer, though his views were not so precisely defined, now belonged to the church of Mr. Buckminster, and was understood to be inclining to the liberal opinions of his eminent young pastor. By this corporation was Mr. Ware elected Hollis Professor, the rival candidate, as I infer from the pamphlets of the time (the transaction being
too remote for my recollection of particulars, though I have a clear remembrance of the excitement that was produced), being the Reverend Dr. Appleton, then of Hampton, New Hampshire, afterwards President of Bowdoin College.

The nomination, when submitted to the Overseers, was strenuously opposed in that Board, by the late Reverend Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, and others. The character of Mr. Ware was treated with unvarying respect. The argument was made to rest on the importance to the cause of religion and the well-being of the community, that the incumbent of the Hollis Professorship should hold Calvinistic opinions, and especially on the supposed obligation to make such a choice imposed on the College authorities by the statutes of the founder; a point which has been amply treated by many writers, among others by President Quincy, in his history of the College, and by Mr. Francis C. Gray, in his letter to Governor Lincoln, in 1831, and which I shall not be expected to discuss here.

The nomination of Professor Ware was confirmed by the Overseers by a vote of 33 to 23, to the great discontent of a portion of the clergy, and of other leading men. The following year, Dr. Pearson detached himself from the College, resigning his places both as Professor and Fellow, and assigning as the cause that there remained "no reasonable hope to
promote that reformation in the College he wished,” and that “events during the past year had so deeply affected his mind, beclouded the prospect, spread such a gloom over the University, and compelled him to take such a view of its internal state and its external relations, of its radical and constitutional maladies, as to exclude the hope of rendering any essential service to the interests of religion by continuing his relation to it.” He immediately transferred his activity and influence to the erection of a new school of theological instruction; and, in two years more, was established, with large endowments, the Theological Institution at Andover, in which he became the first Professor of Sacred Literature.

Dr. Morse published a pamphlet entitled “True Reasons on which the Election of a Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard College was opposed at the Board of Overseers,” and presently became involved in a controversy respecting certain transactions connected with his and Miss Adams’s Histories of New England, which did not cease for nine or ten years, and which was alleged by himself and his friends to have been provoked by the part he had taken in the election of the Hollis Professor.

In 1805, the once famous magazine called “The Panoplist” was set up, for the defence and inculcation of Calvinistic opinions. To the “Boston Anthology,” which, though it often treated theological
subjects, was rather a journal of general literature and science, succeeded, in 1812, "The General Repository and Review," edited by Mr. Norton, which, with the signal ability of its learned conductor, assumed the championship of liberal views. In 1815 was republished here the chapter treating of the Progress and State of the Unitarian Churches in America, from Belsham's "Memoir of the Reverend Theophilus Lindsey," the beginning of the active controversy, in which the late Dr. Channing, Dr. Worcester of Salem, John Lowell, and a writer in the "Panoplist," understood to be Mr. Jeremiah Evarts, bore the principal part, and which finally drew the line of the division still existing in the Congregational church of New England. Of this series of events, so important in our religious history, the efficient causes lay far deeper, but their immediate occasion and impulse was the election of Mr. Ware to the Hollis Professorship.

Meanwhile, the original subject of all this stir was devoting himself in tranquil retirement to the proper duties of his place. He took no part in the public discussion of doctrines till after several years, when the urgency of his friends, who were unwilling that so much calm wisdom, experience, and ability should fail to bring a tribute to what he and they esteemed so good a cause, so far overcame his natural diffidence as to prevail upon him to publish, in 1820, a
volume entitled "Letters to Trinitarians and Calvinists, occasioned by Dr. Woods's Letters to Unitarians," which passed through three editions the same year, and drew, in 1821, a reply from Dr. Woods. Dr. Ware continued the controversy by an answer to this work in 1822, and a "Postscript" to the same the following year.

As a prominent officer of the academical institution, he took his full interest and part in its internal administration, and in all its cares and concerns. He prepared, and read to the students, comprehensive and elaborate courses of lectures on the evidences, doctrines, and ethics of religion, and on the history and criticism of the records of revelation. He conducted the instruction of the classes in the text-books from time to time prescribed in those departments. To the routine of discipline, he freely gave his time and wise attention; and the rare union in him of firmness, gentleness, and sound and careful judgment, made him a stable stay, on the one part, for authority to lean upon, and conciliated confidence and made obedience easy on the other. After the establishment, in 1814, of the separate Lord's day worship in the College chapel, he punctually took his share in the pulpit service; a heavily laborious duty, when performed as he performed it, to one whose week has been crowded full with the tasks of instruction. When, at two different times, after the death of President
Webber and the resignation of President Kirkland, he was invested with the temporary government of the College, it prospered beneath his care.

From its earliest life, from the time when the legend of consecration to Christ and to the Church was inscribed above its venerable portal, the institution has been a place of preparation for the ministry of Christ's religion. I do not know that at any earlier period of the College history than that which we now are considering, there had been arrangements for any systematic course of instruction for the young men, who, having completed their academic term, continued to reside in Cambridge, pursuing their studies for the pulpit. As far as I have learned, the advantages they sought and found in a residence here consisted in the use of the library, and in such occasional private communications and counsels of the President and the Hollis Professor, and sometimes other officers, as might aid them in the direction of their reading, the formation of opinions, the use of time, and the perception and appreciation of the particular objects of that high usefulness to which they had become devoted.

At the time of the accession of Professor Ware, the importance of a more systematic culture had come to be perceived. He was one of those genuine lovers of reform and progress who are always ready for any innovation for the better; who, in the pur-
suit of what is truly good and useful, are not only content to move on with their age, but desirous to move on before it. He had not been here more than long enough to obtain freedom and ease in the prescribed and traditional duties of his place, before he devised and reduced to experiment new methods of useful influence. In 1811, he began a course of stated exercises with the resident students in divinity, which proved to be the germ of the existing Divinity School.

In 1815, in consequence of a circular issued by the Corporation, soliciting aid to the object of preparing young men for the ministry, a considerable amount of funds was collected, and the "Society for promoting Theological Education in Harvard University" was formed. In the following year, at the request of the Corporation, Mr. Norton, Lecturer on Biblical Literature on the foundation of the late Samuel Dexter, undertook a course of exercises with the divinity students in that science. Professor Frisbie also (and subsequently Professor Follen) afforded them some instruction in ethics; Professor Willard, in Hebrew; Professor Everett, in the criticism of the Septuagint version; and Dr. Kirkland, in dogmatic theology.

In 1819, just after the inauguration of Mr. Norton as Dexter Professor of Biblical Literature, the students in divinity were divided into three classes, with reference to the number of years which it was
desired they should henceforward devote to their
novitiate. In 1824, the immediate government of
the School was vested in the directors of the Society
for promoting Theological Education, an arrangement
which was revoked in 1831, when some of the du-
ties of that board reverted to the Corporation of the
College, and others to the Faculty of Theology. In
1826, Divinity College, erected by means partly of
the funds collected ten years before, and partly of
new contributions for the purpose, was first occupied
by the School. Four years after, it obtained the in-
estimable accession of the services of the Reverend
Henry Ware, junior, in the departments of Pulpit Elo-
quence and the Pastoral Care; and, the several sub-
jects of instruction being divided between this office
and those of the Hollis and Dexter Professorships,
the system of regular education for the ministry was
made permanent and in some sense complete.

Dr. Ware continued to devote himself to these la-
bors with accustomed ability and diligence till the
year 1840, more than thirty-five years from their com-
mencement; a longer service than was ever ren-
dered by any president of the College, or any professor
except two. Down to the autumn of 1839, when I
ceased to be his colleague, there was not apparent
any decay whatever of his intellectual powers. He
had still all the promptness and rectitude of judg-
ment, the inquisitiveness, vivacity, decision, and clear
perceptions, which had belonged to him at any period of our long acquaintance. But, about that time, in consequence of the inconvenience experienced from a cataract, which for three or four years had been forming on his right eye, he found it judicious to retire from a portion of his duties, and limit his attention henceforward to the Divinity School. In the autumn of 1840, not without misgivings on his own part and that of his friends, it was resolved to make the experiment of relief, from the operation of couching, previously to taking which step he resigned his professorship, receiving from the Corporation of the College the amplest expression of the sense entertained by them of the fidelity and value of his long services.

The operation upon his eye was not successful; a violent fever set in, and his constitution was permanently impaired. To leave for posterity some monument of his honorable labors, and (such was his own modest statement of the motive) "to relieve himself from the tediousness of a useless and inactive life," he employed the two following years in carrying through the press a selection from one of the series of his academical discourses, which he published early in 1842, under the title of "An Inquiry into the Foundation, Evidences, and Truths of Religion"; a work deeply impressed with the good sense, good taste, candor, sobriety, gentleness, and profound rever-
ence for truth and righteousness, which characterized the writer's mind.

The labor occasioned by this publication may perhaps have been injurious, after the shock which his nervous system had lately undergone. His faculties of mind and body declined through that and the following year, and for the most part he confined himself to his home, though sometimes he was present at public worship, and occasionally might be seen in his garden, enjoying the heart-healing sounds of summer, and the odorous presence of the fruits and flowers which he could no longer see. The last time he walked abroad was when he passed to his new dwelling on the 20th of November, 1843. It was consumed by fire seven weeks afterwards, but the agitation of that scene did not appear to distress him, but rather for a time to reawaken his energies. He was replaced in the comfort of his dwelling, as soon as it could be rebuilt, and, at the close of an illness, exempt in its later stages from suffering, departed this life on the 12th of July of the present year.*

* Dr. Ware was married three times; first, to Mary, daughter of the venerable Jonas Clark, minister of Lexington; second, to Mary, daughter of James Otis, and widow of Benjamin Lincoln, junior; third, to Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Bowes, formerly an eminent bookseller of Boston. Of the first marriage, there were ten children; of the third, nine. Eight died during their father's lifetime; namely, Henry, pastor of the Second Church in Boston, and afterwards Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care at the University; Harriet, wife
Such is the doom of humanity, and wise men do not deplore it. When, and as, it pleased God, the good man finished a course run for his own honor, for the divine service and favor, for the good of us who loved him here, and of many, many others, living and departed. To be remembered gratefully when gone, what other remembrance is there worth a thinking man's thought? To have lived well, what is there else unquestionably worth living for? He was an equably burning and a cheerfully shining light, in which for a season we were willing to rejoice, and now the sum of his example and influence is added to that of the example and influence of those good and wise, who are a salt to savor the world. I never heard of his having an enemy, and he had cordial friends and well-wishers without number. I never heard of any body's being injured by his unkind word or deed. A meek and gentle charity was the spirit of his life. Mild and encouraging in his inter-

of the Reverend Edward B. Hall, of Providence, R. I.; Edward Proctor, drowned in Charles River, when ten years old; and five in infancy. There survive, Lucy Clark, wife of the Reverend Joseph Allen, of Northborough; Mary Cotton, wife of Jairus Lincoln, Esq., of Northborough; John, M. D., of Boston; William, minister of the First Unitarian Church in New York, and afterwards, of the church in West Cambridge; Elizabeth Ann, wife of the Reverend George Putnam, of Roxbury; Caroline Rebecca, wife of Edward Warren, M. D., of Newton; Charles Eliot, M. D., of Boston; Charlotte Louisa; George Frederick; Thornton Kirkland; and Ann Storrow.—The Honorable Ashur Ware, United States Judge for the District of Maine, is a son of Dr. Ware's oldest brother, Joseph, a soldier of the Revolution, a man of literary taste and cultivation, and greatly respected through a long life.
course with intimates and strangers, tolerant in his judgments, reasonable in his expectations, easy to be pleased, patient to wait God's time for his successes, grateful for what was given, content to forego what was denied, a rare serenity of mind endowed him richly with that truest independence that can belong to man. No one could be much with him, and continue to cherish the tumults of a selfishly ambitious or a dissatisfied temper. Occupying a conspicuous and responsible station, in which an agitator would have found abundance of temptation and scope for turbulent activity, and which unavoidably, from the circumstances of the times, invited some ungentle assault, he knew how to be inflexibly true to its obligations, without ever a departure from the meekness of wisdom. The candor of his mind was remarkable. He trusted truth enough to give error every fair chance. Who ever knew him unjust to an adverse statement, or heard him sharpen an argument with a taunt?

The scrupulous, rather the essential and spontaneous, fairness and uprightness of his understanding was an eminent qualification for a liberal discipline of youth. Its influence gently laid their minds open to a willing and reverential reception of all truth, and by a sort of insensible but irresistible contagion inspired them with the love of it, and of the goodness with which it is congenial. A great firmness in counsel and action belonged to this steady tranquillity of
spirit; a truer man, to stand courageously by what his cautious judgment had once approved as fit and right, does not live. A hopeful perseverance belonged to it no less. His official success was not without its interruptions. At one time, twenty-five years ago, some of the most eminent of his pupils adopted a theory of Christianity the most adverse to his views of a sober interpretation of the Scriptures. At a more recent period, the School was partially infected by what he and his colleagues regarded as a sad tendency to no religion. But he had lived long enough to see many unexpected occurrences, and therefore to see some others without surprise; and observation and experience, as well as meditation, had given him a reliance on the power of truth, and of the well directed labors of its friends, which forbade a moment's discouragement or distrust, even though some floating vapor should, within the little range of its transient shadow, obscure that ever-burning sun. And always, before long, a better state of things rewarded his constant hope.

That exemplary and useful life was also a singularly happy one. Show me the man more truly fortunate than was he, before disease had impaired the sense of enjoyment. I heard this remark quoted a few years ago, as having been made in all its unqualified strength, by one as high as any in social position, of ample fortune, and experienced in a round
of the honors of public station. He said he "could not name the life more fortunate than had been that of Dr. Ware."* I paused to ponder the observation, and I found it, in all its unqualified emphasis, to be true. Arrived at the verge of age in bodily and mental health; rich in the priceless memories of a well-spent life; surrounded with the joys of domestic affection; the community grateful to him for his own services, and again grateful to him for raising up to them benefactors and blessings in his children; what was there wanting, of all that is worthy of a wise man's wish, to fill his cup of mercies to the brim? The sacred poet's language was made for his use.

"Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thoughts employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy."

For that crowning blessing, the cheerful heart that tastes the gifts with joy, was eminently his. On his seventieth birthday, he made a record, with a sufficient expression of the thankfulness that was swelling in his burdened breast, yet with a modest reserve that but imperfectly sets forth the reasons. "In looking back upon the past," he wrote, "it is not possible for me to express sufficiently my gratitude to God for the prosperity he has given me. Life prolonged to so great an age; health as sound as at

* The remark was attributed to the late William Prescott.
any former period of life, with few of the infirmities of age which make life a burden; a reasonable competence for the support of life, sufficient to prevent anxiety, and not enough to encourage indolence and relieve from the necessity of economy and care; that medium of condition, which is best suited to virtue and to contentment; above all, sources of domestic satisfaction and peace in the character, dispositions, conduct, and affections of all the nearest relations of life, unalloyed by a single exception of unamiableness of character, personal defect, or misfortune." On the 20th of August, 1835, in his seventy-second year, circumstances favored the gathering of all his race around his table, and they assembled, to the number of fifty, all his living children by birth and by the adoption of marriage, and all his grandchildren, to overjoy his heart, and take his blessing together, and grasp each other and both their revered parents in fraternal and filial embraces. What a group! What centres of influence, what objects of wide love and veneration, were met that day, from their several spheres, beneath that roof! The strife between Croesus, the Lydian, and Tellus, the Athenian, had they been living then, would have been solved.* Whoever else might have been the happiest of men, there was one here that

* Τίς πάνιν όλβιώταιος; — Herod., Lib. I., § 30.
day who would have stood between them and a
good pretension to the title.

In April, 1839, referring to the record on his sev­
entieth birthday which I have quoted, Dr. Ware
wrote; “Five years have passed away since I
wrote the foregoing pages, and, by the blessing of
God, for which I hope I am duly thankful, I am still
here, and can still speak, as then, of unimpaired
bodily health, but not, as then, so confidently of or­
gans and faculties not perceptibly impaired by age.
The last lustrum has witnessed a very sensible decay
of all my powers, both of body and of mind, and
admonishes me more impressively with what rapid
speed my life is hastening to its close. My sight,
which began almost four years ago to fail, has been
gradually failing ever since, so that, extending now
to the other eye, it has become so dim as to admit
now of my reading but very little, and with great diffi­
culty. My hearing, so far as respects the mere per­
ception of sounds, I cannot perceive to be in any
degree impaired.”

So wrote the resigned, good man, the wisdom he
loved beginning to be “at one entrance quite shut
out.” Six more years have passed, half of them
years of sore infirmity, and the scene is closed.
Blessings on the memory of an illustrious Christian
sage! The places that have known him are to know
him no more. But the gracious influences with which
he filled them linger yet. The community which he served has an enviable place for him in its annals, and a place as permanent and larger still in the beneficent influence which from him spread forth so broadly through so many of its interests. The family which he trained to honor understand well, that, of what they best loved in him, all is not departed. And the large company of us, his other children, who, whenever we think of any portion of good in principle and sentiment that we may hope we possess, are reminded of his instructions, counsels, and example, will still rise up reverently at the hearing of his name, and cordially pronounce him blessed.
A

DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE

HON. JOSEPH STORY, LL. D.,

DELIVERED IN

THE CHURCH OF THE FIRST PARISH IN CAMBRIDGE,

ON SUNDAY, SEPT. 14, 1845.

BY WILLIAM NEWELL,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE:
Metcalf and Company,
Printers to the University.
1845.
At a meeting of members of the First Parish in Cambridge, held after
divine service, on Sunday, Sept. 14th, the following votes were passed:—

Voted, That this society hold in the most respectful and affectionate re-
membrance the character of the late Judge Story, whose death has been
noticed in the public services this day.

Metcalf, William Read, and Nathan Rice, be a committee to wait upon the
pastor, to thank him for his appropriate and impressive discourse pronounced
this morning, and respectfully to request a copy for the press.

A true copy. — Attest,

JAMES MUNROE, JR., Sec'y.

Cambridge, Sept. 15th, 1845.

Reverend and dear Sir,

At a meeting of the worshippers in the First Church in Cambridge, after
divine service yesterday, votes were unanimously passed, a copy of which we
have the honor herewith to place in your hands.

Agreeably to our commission, we respectfully request a copy of your ser-
mon, delivered yesterday morning, for publication.

We are, dear Sir, with great esteem,

Your parishioners and friends,

John G. Palfrey,
Abel Whitney,
Andrews Norton,
Charles R. Metcalf,
William Read,
Nathan Rice.

To the Rev. William Newell.

Cambridge, Sept. 16th, 1845.

To Messrs. J. G. Palfrey, A. Whitney, A. Norton,
C. R. Metcalf, W. Read, and N. Rice.

Gentlemen: — I place at your disposal the discourse of which you have
asked a copy. It was necessarily prepared in haste, and is but an imperfect
expression of the respect and admiration in which we hold the memory of
our lamented townsman and friend. But as a token of our reverence and
affection, coming from the heart, it may have its value. It may serve as one
memorial of the sentiments with which he was regarded among the people of
his own village, as well as by the community at large.

Among the many rich flowers which will be strewn upon his grave by
honored hands, I esteem it a privilege to join with my parishioners in this
humbler offering of love.

With much esteem,

Your friend and pastor,

William Newell.
"He who has been enabled, by the force of his talents and the example of his virtues, to identify his own character with the solid interests and happiness of his country; he who has lived long enough to stamp the impressions of his own mind upon the age, and has left on record lessons of wisdom for the study and improvement of all posterity; he, I say, has attained all that a truly good man aims at, and all that a truly great man should aspire to. He has erected a monument to his memory in the hearts of men."

SERMON.

"Behold the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and the staff, ..... the judge, ..... the prudent, ..... and the honorable man, ..... the counsellor, ..... and the eloquent orator." — Isaiah iii. 1-3.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." — Job i. 21.

Every general law must be a law of wisdom and benevolence. Every universal condition attached to our being must result sooner or later in good. Every event which God has made necessary and inevitable carries in the very fact of its being so an all-sufficient argument, to a religious mind, that it has uses and blessings, seen or unseen, enjoyed in this world or to be enjoyed in some future stage of existence, which amply compensate for its present and seeming evils. He who ordained it for all loves and pities his children, is laboring for the welfare of the universe, has expressed his benignant purposes in his creation, has revealed his Fatherhood in the gospel and in the character of Jesus Christ. And under his administration, "Whatever is, is right"; "Whatever has happened is best." The poet’s maxim and the Persian proverb are but echoes of the great Christian truth, "All things
work together for good”; are implied in the great Christian prayer,—the prayer of our Lord himself,—the prayer which in so few words comprehends so much,—the simple but sublime prayer of an humble and filial faith,—“Father, thy will be done.” That Will, not an arbitrary but an intelligent Will, has made life a short, uncertain, checkered pilgrimage. That supreme but all-righteous, all-benevolent Will has appointed the mysterious change which we call Death for the accomplishment of its wise and good purposes. Life and death are both from the same hand, are both under the same overruling Power. He who called me into being in his infinite mercy, in his infinite mercy has placed the tomb across my path. The earth is but the cradle of man; and at its Father’s call the soul must leave its cradle for its nobler sphere, though at the cost of suffering and tears. The corruptible must put on incorruption,—the mortal must put on immortality,—the mounting spirit must ascend to a higher life,—but only over the ruins of its fleshly tabernacle, which sometimes slowly crumbles and falls, sometimes is suddenly laid low, that its prisoner may be set free.

In our Christian faith we readily assent to the consolation that is offered us on the departure of the great and good, of the lovely and beloved, of the innocent child and the virtuous old man,—that it is best for them that they should go; that God has other work and brighter skies for them above; that they have exchanged a world of suffering, of sorrow, of clouded enjoyment, of imperfect vision, of unsatisfied desires and hopes, for one in which all will be light, and love, and peace. We do not doubt that God has in store
for them blessings infinitely outweighing the richest and most envied of earth. When the first bitterness of grief is past, in the calm of peaceful meditation, we rejoice for them that they are gone to the Father. As far as we in our present ignorance and weakness of faith can bring nigh to our minds the delights and the duties of the second life, we are comforted by the thought of their happiness. In some cases that thought is the first and most prominent in our minds. When our friends have ceased to be useful in the world, when their faculties have been hopelessly shattered by the violence of disease or sapped by the slow decays of age, when repeated misfortunes and bereavements have thrown a thick gloom around their path, and life has lost its sweetness, or has become a sad and wearisome burden,—we may even welcome the last enemy and hail him as a deliverer and friend,—to be devoutly wished and prayed for.

But there are instances perpetually occurring in which death presents itself under a very different aspect. It comes not only to the aged, the infirm, the wretched, the solitary survivor, the superannuated and idiotized pauper, the useless wreck of intelligence and power, the obscure and unknown outcast, but to the young and the hopeful, to the prosperous and the happy, to those who are still the blessings and the ornaments of the circle in which they move, to those whose continued stay seems necessary to the happiness and welfare, if not to the support, of a loving household, to the pillars of the church and the state, to the needed champions of truth, humanity, and freedom, to the lights of a nation and of mankind. “Behold the Lord, the Lord of
Hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the staff and the stay, the judge, and the sage, the honorable man, the counsellor, and the eloquent orator.” There is the mystery and the sadness of death. It removes those whom the world cannot afford to lose. It cuts short the career of many a wise and gifted man, even while the full radiance of his genius and virtue is shining upon society. It scatters the fond hopes, it rends the cherished affections, which are still growing fresh and strong around their honored object. It comes with heavy shock into the united family, and passes on through bleeding hearts. The heavy loss of the survivors makes us forget the unspeakable gain of the departed. While we mourn for ourselves, for our commonwealth and our country, we lose sight of the glory and the happiness of the ascended Christian. His departure seems to us all untimely and grievous; — it is one of the darker dispensations of Providence, in its actual or apprehended effects upon the circle and the community which suffer, — one of the darker dispensations of Providence, in which evil seems for the time to be permitted to triumph; — and our thoughts dwell more on the visible calamity which has fallen upon the living, than on the unseen bliss of the friend and benefactor whom they so deeply mourn and miss.

Such an event has just occurred in the midst of this community. God has removed one of the great lights and ornaments of our country. He has taken from Jerusalem and from Judah, from the University and the Union, the stay and the staff, the judge, and the sage, the upright and the honorable man, the wise counsellor, and the eloquent orator. He has called him from us
in the undiminished vigor of his intellect, and in the mid noon of his fame and his usefulness, while we were looking forward with pride and hope to many years of active and beneficent labor in his high vocation, and to new contributions to legal science from his wonderfully prolific pen,—the rich, ripe fruits of a green old age, in full bearing to the last. His earthly mission has been terminated just as he was about to concentrate his powers upon a field of occupation so happily adapted to his period of life and his somewhat enfeebled constitution, as well as to his character and talents, that, in our blindness, and in spite of the warnings we had already received, we felt as if there were almost a pledge given us by Providence that his life would be long spared for the work which he seemed to have been specially chosen and trained to perform with such unrivalled ability and success. Feeling that his health and strength were now inadequate to sustain the arduous and increasing labors of his public office in addition to his cares and responsibilities in the University, and to the preparation of the important professional works which alone would have been enough for the lifetime of a common man, but which he had laid out for himself as the pleasant employment of his next ten years, he was on the point of resigning his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court and of devoting himself for the remainder of his days—so long as God should give him ability to discharge the duties of his station—to the charge of the Law School in this place, and to the completion of the legal investigations upon which he was engaged. But it was otherwise ordered. He died in the robes of his judicial office.
His colleagues in that high station, who looked up to him as their head in fact if not in name, are called to mourn for a different separation from that which they had already anticipated. They have lost the stay and the staff on which they as well as the community leaned. Almost at the moment when he was about to pen his letter of resignation, he was seized with the illness which, after a few days of alternate hope and fear agitating all hearts from the highest to the lowest (for he was known and loved by all), proved to be the last summons of God. A disease, which, it appears, had been preying for years on the vital organs of the system, and which no human skill could arrest, at length terminated a life which had long been suspended by a thread, and which, with this secret enemy within, could have been preserved as long as it was only by a favoring Providence, as well as by strict temperance and care.

The silver cord is loosed. The golden lamp is broken. The pure light is quenched. The blessing is withdrawn. The marble coldness of death rests upon that honored brow. The funeral group gathers around that revered form. The last lingering look is fixed upon those loved features. The solemn prayer is uttered. The tearful eye speaks the farewell of many an overflowing heart. And, as the body is borne tenderly to its long home, and the mourners in sad silence or with subdued voices follow the relics of the dead to their last resting-place in the quiet shades of his own consecrated Mount Auburn, to sleep by the side of his children and in the beautiful spot which he had himself chosen and adorned, even a stranger's eye
may perceive that it is no common funeral which is passing through our streets,—it is no common loss which has fallen upon our people.

I am sure, my friends, that I should do violence to your feelings not less than to my own, if I failed to express our deep sense of the calamity which has fallen both upon our village and upon our country, and to lay upon the grave of our lamented townsman and friend, some tribute, however humble and inadequate, as I know it must be, to his genius and worth.

He was one of the great men of our country. Very early in life he distinguished himself in the profession which he had chosen, and was a prominent leader in this Commonwealth of the political party whose principles he had espoused with all the ardor of youth and the warmth and eagerness of his temperament. At the age of thirty-two, a period of life at which most of his brethren are but just making their way into the practice of the law, he was appointed by President Madison one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. The result proved the choice to have been most wisely and fortunately made. Young as he was, he was found equal to his office. What higher praise can be given him? The conspicuousness and difficulty of his station would have only made any incompetency more glaring had his claims rested on the flashy brilliancy of superficial acquirement and not on the solid foundation of learning and genius. If there were any, not knowing the man, who, under the circumstances of his appointment, doubted and feared, their doubts and fears were ere long changed into admiration, confidence, and respect. From the moment
that he was chosen to his exalted office, he gave himself up to its duties with all his characteristic devotion and zeal. He forsook all interfering interests, and made it his first fixed aim to be an able, faithful, and righteous interpreter and minister of the Constitution and laws of his country. How he performed the great and responsible duties which he had undertaken, with what consummate ability, with what unswerving uprightness, with what winning grace, with what universal acceptance,—with what laborious diligence of investigation, with what calm wisdom of judgment, with what wide-reaching comprehension of his subjects, with what overflowing fulness of learning, with what matchless resources of legal erudition, available at a moment's warning, with what clearness of reasoning and copiousness of illustration,—and, more than this, with what integrity, with what pure love of truth and of justice, with what candor and patience, with what strict regard to the rights of all, with what courteous consideration of the feelings of all, with what gentle independence and firmness, with what mild dignity of bearing,—in a word, with what a rare union of the gifts, accomplishments, and virtues, which best befit and adorn the station which he held,—is well known to his countrymen; and will be yet better known and felt now that death has set his seal upon his labors, and summons the world to examine his finished career.

It was not the least among the privileges and honors of the office to which he was so early called, that it brought him into intimate connection with one whose name stands by the side of Washington's in the annals
of our nation. He became the admiring friend and the trusted and worthy colleague of Chief-Justice Marshall. In the society of that great man, in the light of his wisdom and experience, in the atmosphere of his pure, patriotic, and noble spirit, he began his judicial life, and for a quarter of a century enjoyed the blessing of his companionship and cooperation. Every year added to his reputation and to his influence, till he stood with acknowledged authority among the most accomplished jurists of the age, and, in our own country at least, first among the foremost.

His mind was very peculiarly and happily endowed. It was richly and variously gifted both by nature and by study. It might be compared to the lithe proboscis of the elephant in its union of delicacy, dexterity, and strength. He combined surprising quickness of apprehension with caution and solidity of judgment; the sagacity of a practical understanding with the depth of a profound reasoner in the subjects of his profession; an eagle-eyed insight into the dim and remote truth with indomitable patience and intense industry in bringing it to light and clearing away the rubbish which had gathered over it; the comprehensiveness of a wide-searching intellect, seizing upon the general principles of his noble science and mastering its most complicated problems, with the suppleness and tact and microscopic vision of a mind that inspects and grasps the minutest facts, and elaborates the minutest details,—reminding us of the mighty power, which, in its varied applications, with equal ease, moves a mountain mass or finishes the point of a pin. He was thus most admirably fitted for the highest success in his office. He was alike ready
and qualified for business and for study; for dealing
with men and affairs, and for discovering truth and
applying it.

Those who can best appreciate his labors in his
official station and in his printed works have borne
ample testimony to their greatness and value. We
may well congratulate our country that such men as he
and his coadjutor, Marshall, have laid the foundations of
our jurisprudence, deep and strong, for coming genera­
tions. And it is not America only which recognizes the
debt of gratitude which is due to him for his services and
his writings. His name is widely and honorably known
beyond the Atlantic. "The loss," it was truly said on
the day of his funeral by one of our most eminent
statesmen and advocates, "the loss is not confined to
this country nor to this continent. He had a wider
range of reputation. In the High Court of Parliament,
in every court in Westminster Hall, in every distin­
guished judicature in Europe, in the courts of Paris, of
Berlin, of Stockholm, and of St. Petersburg, in the
Universities of Germany, Italy, and Spain, his authority
was received, and when they hear of his death they
will agree that a great luminary has fallen. He has, in
some measure, repaid the debt which America owes to
England; and the mother can receive from the daugh­
ter without humiliation and without envy the reversed
hereditary transmission from the child to the parent.
By the comprehensiveness of his mind and by his vast
and varied attainments he was most fitted to compare
the codes of different nations and to comprehend the
results of such research." It belongs, however, to
others, better qualified than myself, to speak of his
legal attainments and his judicial merits as they deserve to be spoken of. The common voice of his brethren and of the people has already pronounced this general eulogy upon his public character and his official labors; — and those who understand them best praise them most.

But there are other relations in which we are at no loss, any of us, to comprehend and to feel his excellence; — other points of view, — and those, too, of more importance in the sight of God, — in which we love to remember him. He was not merely a great man in the common and lower sense of the word, — not only illustrious for his intellect and learning, — not only admired for his ready gifts and varied acquirements, — not only reverenced for the high station which he occupied, — not only rewarded with a wide-spread fame for the lucid and instructive works which issued from his pen; — he was much more than all this. He was great and illustrious, admired and reverenced, for his private virtues, for his Christian graces, for the noble and winning qualities of his kind and generous heart. He was another instance of the double power which is added to superior talent by its union with sincere goodness. His life was without stain. No breath of suspicion ever rested on the spotless ermine of his character. He was the truly upright and honorable man, as well as the just and independent judge, without fear and without reproach. He carried into all his dealings, — into all his varied duties, — the same purity and elevation of purpose, the same heartiness of interest, the same mildness and consideration for others, which distinguished him on the bench of justice. In
his habits of life he was remarkable for his simplicity, regularity, unwearied diligence, and methodical arrangement of time. He could never have accomplished what he did, except by the most persevering industry, united with the peculiar activity and lightning quickness of thought, and ever-ready command of his faculties, which were among his peculiar gifts, derived from a happy nature, improved by education, circumstances, and self-discipline, and kept bright to the last by unceasing exercise, amidst the multitude of his pressing duties. And what was remarkable in him was, that while he thus gave himself with his whole heart to his legal pursuits, while he was one of the most laborious of students, and the most industrious of writers, he was always ready to enter into the passing interests of the day, — he could unbend his mind at once from its graver occupations and its profound inquiries, and descend with ease and grace into the pleasantry of lighter conversation, — he could enjoy with keen relish, not only the society of kindred and equal spirits, but the company of younger and differently trained minds, — he could apply himself to their mental condition, sympathize with them in their feelings, and become for the time their companion and friend. He rose from his books, not dulled and stiffened by his labors of thought, but ever with pliant and light spirit, prepared for friendly intercourse, for domestic hilarity, for interchange of ideas and feelings, or for the practical, every-day business of life. And this was to be ascribed partly to a natural versatility of talent, and a natural elasticity of intellect, and partly to the genial cheerfulness of his disposition, and the out-
flowing kindliness of his temper, that was ready to see good in every thing and to do good to every man. And who that knew him will ever forget his affable and cordial manners, his warm greeting, his ready smile, his hospitable welcome? In him the consciousness of superiority never betrayed itself in a haughty, cold, repulsive demeanour. Wherever he went, he carried with him an atmosphere of sunshine. His pleasant wit, his inexhaustible vivacity, the flow of his conversation, ranging with equal ease from the lightest to the gravest subjects of thought, his stores of anecdote, his varied and instructive discourse, charmed and gladdened all whom choice or chance brought into his company. In the street and by the fireside, in the public conveyance and in the private meeting, among strangers and friends, with all classes and conditions of men, with the old and the young alike, with the learned and the ignorant, his free, social, and communicative qualities made him the life and the light of the circle. And these were connected with, were indeed a part of, the loving and disinterested spirit which formed one of the prominent traits of his character, and which showed itself not only in the ways which have been mentioned, but in all the multiplied forms under which the various calls of human life and human society could bring it forth. He was always among the foremost and the full-handed — you can bear witness to it — in every good work; — always standing ready with purse and influence, with wise counsel and generous sympathy, to throw into the stock of human happiness; holding his ten talents in his open palm, and writing in his life a golden commentary on the charge of the
Apostle to the rich in this world’s gifts, “that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.” No one who needed his help ever went to him in vain. No useful enterprise, no charitable undertaking, ever failed through his negligence or coldness. With all his engrossing cares he found time to serve his friends, his townsmen, his fellow-citizens, in a multitude of ways, besides that which Providence had made the chief mission of his life. And the more he did, the more he seemed able to do. Hard work and useful work was his pleasure. The more of it the better. It was a delight to him to impart aid and comfort and happiness to every individual who came within his sphere. And his kind and liberal heart poured itself out in secret streams of bounty, as well as in more public benefactions, freely and ungrudgingly. The same disposition which led him to communicate so readily of his stores of knowledge to all who approached him led him to communicate not less readily, at every call of duty or charity, of his stores of wealth. He did not live for himself alone. “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another,” said the Saviour. Our departed friend, certainly, if any man, was entitled by this criterion to be called a disciple of Jesus. In this spirit of love he was indeed a Christian worthy of the name. And he was not only a Christian in spirit, but a Christian in faith. He was a Christian in spirit, because he was a Christian in faith. His life bore the fruits of his
creed. His death was in accordance with it. He bowed humbly to the will of God. His last words were words of prayer. He was a believer on conviction in the divine mission of Christ, in the facts of the gospel history, and in the truths of the Christian revelation. He was a sincerely religious man, without any parade of piety. He reverenced Christian institutions. He was a devout and constant worshipper at the sanctuary. As long as his health continued firm, he never failed to appear, morning and evening, in the house of God. He was deeply interested in religious subjects, and in the religious movements of the day. He gave his voice and his influence, his authority and his example, to the Gospel of Christ. It would be well for others to remember and profit by the lessons which he gave them in this as in other points of human duty.

In his theological opinions, he acknowledged no creed but the Scriptures, and no authority but that of the Great Master himself. He had rejected the so-called Orthodox doctrines, because they were at variance, as he thought, with the teachings of reason and the true interpretation of the Bible. He was an avowed and earnest Unitarian,* and, on more than one occasion, bore his eloquent public testimony in behalf of that form of Christian faith which we deem it our privilege to have embraced as the truth of God and the teaching of the primitive Church. When it can number in its ranks such men as Newton and Locke among philosophers, and Milton among poets, and

* He was for several years the President of the American Unitarian Association, and a speaker in its public meetings.
Lardner and Channing among divines, and Parsons and Story among jurists, it may be fairly presumed that it is no weak or pernicious heresy; that it rests on safe and strong grounds; that it has God’s smile upon it. We only ask the world to judge the tree by its fruits; — at least, before they condemn it on hearsay, as a barren and poisonous thing, to remember a few of the names which shine among its branches, and whose fragrance yet fills the world.

I have thus imperfectly, in the limited time which I have been able to give to the subject, sketched the character and merits of our beloved and revered townsman, — the learned and upright magistrate, the illustrious jurist, the accomplished scholar, the indefatigable student, the eloquent instructor, the wise counsellor, the pure patriot, the public-spirited citizen, the kind neighbour and friend, the sympathizing and true-hearted companion, whose genial spirits and open affections ran warm to the last, untouched by the chill of age, the generous helper and benefactor, the affectionate husband and father, the pure and devout Christian. He has passed from us in the fulness of his virtues and honors, in the unabated freshness and strength of his fine powers. His loss is in many respects an irreparable one. — What it is to his family, I need not say. I will not intrude upon the sacredness of domestic sorrow. — It is a loss to the nation and the world. It is a heavy loss to this village and to our own religious society, with which he was partially connected, as an occasional fellow-worshipper,* and in whose prosper-

* During the College vacations. And in this connection I may mention the fact, which, though trifling in itself, is so characteristic of the man,
ity he took a warm and active interest. It is a loss which cannot be estimated, or, as it now seems to us, repaired, to the whole University, over whose affairs he has so long presided, as a member of the Corporation; and, above all, to that department of it with which he was specially connected, and which, under the auspices of his name and the lustre of his character, has at once risen in rank and in numbers above every other institution of the kind in this country. His pupils have already expressed in their affectionate tribute to his memory the veneration and love with which they regarded him. He was "the minister of God to them for good"; inspiring them with his own enthusiasm for the studies of their chosen profession, showing them by his own example the excellence and the rewards of industry, and distilling into their minds, not only by direct precept, but through the high moral tone of his conversation and his character, an interest in all truth and beauty, a reverence for goodness and for God. He led them through the temple of justice to the shrine of virtue and the altar of the Most High. They looked up to him as a father, counsellor, and friend. His kind and familiar manners drew them to him in a kind of filial confidence. The love which he manifested towards his pupils was amply returned in the love which they bore to him. And what was true of him in this relation was true of him in every other. He was "the general favorite, as the general friend."

that he gave directions to the sexton of the church to use his pew freely during his absence, and to keep it open for all strangers and visitors who might wish for a seat. He was indeed "given to hospitality" in the church as well as at his pleasant home.
The anxiety which prevailed among his townsmen, of all classes, during the progress of his last illness was an expressive and affecting testimony to the value of his public services, and the winningness of his private life. It may be pleasant to them to know that he felt and appreciated it. He was peculiarly touched and gratified by the many expressions of interest which came from the workmen and mechanics of the village. He was not less loved than honored by all. For all had experienced or knew his kindness. They read it in his benignant countenance and his courteous manners. They saw it as he passed through the street. He had some word of pleasant greeting for every one whom he met. The poorest and humblest were treated by him with a truly republican, a truly Christian affability and kindness. This was not the least part of his greatness.

No man among us was more universally beloved than he. No man on his dying bed could better apply to himself the words of the ancient saint:—“When the ear heard me, it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. I put on righteousness and it clothed me; and justice was my robe and diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked and plucked the spoil out of his teeth. . . . . My glory was fresh in me and my bow was renewed in my hand. Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel.”

He is gone. The places that have known him will see him no more. But he lives in the hearts of men.
He lives in the works and words which he has left behind him. Still more he lives unto God. He has gone to the Father. That Father has kind and beneficent purposes in his removal, though we may not see them now. He will not forsake his people. He will raise up others to guide and to bless them. He taketh away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and the staff. But we must thank him that he gave the blessing and that we have enjoyed it so long. We must bow to his decree in trust and in hope. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."
A DISCOURSE
ON THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF THE LATE
HON. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL,
DELIVERED IN THE NORTH CHURCH,
SALEM, MASS.
SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1845.

BY JOHN BRAZER, D.D.,
Pastor of the North Church and Society.

Printed by Request—Not Published.

SALEM:
PRINTED AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE.
1845.
TO

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH SALTONSTALL,

HER CHILDREN AND FAMILY,

This Discourse,

PRINTED AT THEIR REQUEST,

Is affectionately and respectfully

INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

Salem, May 19, 1845.
I have placed this passage of scripture at the commencement of this service, not for the purpose of discoursing from it in the usual method, but simply to introduce some commemorative remarks on the Life and Character of one who has recently left his place vacant in this religious circle; who was inexpressibly dear to many hearts; who has filled a large space in public estimation; who was highly distinguished by professional ability; who has been, for a long period, among the most trusted, honored and beloved in this whole community; who in fine, in all the relations of life, exhibited, above most men whom I have known, the true dignity, power and attractiveness of the Christian character. In thus devoting the whole discourse to such a sketch, as the present interview may allow, to
some recollections of Leverett Saltonstall, I suppose I shall be acting in accordance not only with your expectations and my duty, but consulting equally your feelings and my own.

It may seem, at first view, that the subject of these remarks has been so long and widely known, both in private and social life, and as the depositary of important public trusts, that any detailed biography may be well deemed superfluous. This might be so, if to impart information merely, were the only object of a tribute like this. But it has higher and more valuable uses. It is, at all times, a subject of enlightened inquiry to analyze into its component parts a character, which, as a whole, has left a deep and salutary impression on our minds. And when, as in the case before us, this impression is fraught with hallowed associations and gracious influences, it is equally a duty and a privilege to gather up and preserve those distinctive traits upon which the memory loves to linger, and which may serve to perpetuate the inspiring influences of a good example.

The personal history of Mr Saltonstall was marked by no startling vicissitudes. His life was an even and ever onward career of usefulness and honor; and though he was not spared from some of the gloomy passages of this probationary state, yet his life, considered in all its varied aspects, may be regarded as singularly felicitous. Its details are well known to this community, and have been made so familiar by the public tributes which have recently been paid to his memory,
that I need only refer to them in a brief summary. He was born at Haverhill, in this county, one of the most pleasing of our New England villages, and which, in an "Historical Sketch" of his, published nearly thirty years ago, he describes, "as one of the most beautiful spots for a settlement that can be conceived." He was the eldest son and second child of the late Dr. Nathaniel Saltonstall, and belonged to a family that has, at all times, since the first settlement of Massachusetts Bay, been distinguished for its patriotism, important civil services and high moral worth. He was born on the 13th of June, 1783, was prepared for College at Phillips' Exeter Academy, became a member of Harvard University at the early age of fourteen, and was graduated with distinction, in the year 1802. He began the study of the law with Ichabod Tucker, Esq., then of Haverhill, who, subsequently, for many years, was a highly respected Clerk of the Courts in Essex County; and completed his legal studies under the direction of the late learned and lamented William Prescott. He entered on the practice of his profession in his native town, but in May, 1806, removed to this city, where the remainder of his life was passed. He soon became distinguished among very distinguished competitors at the bar, was early called upon, by his fellow citizens, to take part in the public councils of both branches of our State Legislature, was President, at one period, of the Senate, afterward our Representative in Congress, and was regarded through his whole active life, as one of our most able, efficient, trust-wor-
thy and distinguished public men. He was the first Mayor of our city; President of the Bible Society, of the Essex Agricultural Society, and of the Essex Bar; a member of the American Academy of the Arts and Sciences; of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University; and received from this Institution the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws. I cannot pause to speak, at length, of the manner in which these high duties and offices were sustained. It must suffice to say, that he fulfilled them all, and illustrated them all, by a courteousness, fidelity, probity and high-mindedness, that rendered him continually, in each successive place and office, more and more, the object of public esteem and confidence.

I come now to the more appropriate duty of the place and hour. This is to speak of the Character of our departed friend. But here, again, the accustomed limits of the occasion will allow me to present only a few leading traits. These, I hope, will be found to be prominent and distinctive. But to show how, in active life, they modified, and controlled each other, and how, in like manner, they were influenced, in their development and operation, by the less obvious parts of his mental and moral constitution; and, still more, how all were moulded or restrained in their effects by the peculiar environment of the circumstances in which he was placed; these are inquiries, which, both on account of their delicacy and extent, are unbefitting the present occasion.
I have but a word further to premise. And this is, that as I mean to make this sketch as characteristic as I can, I shall endeavor to render it thoroughly faithful, as far as it goes. I wish to present, if possible, a likeness, or rather the first lines or elements of a likeness, all that, in the providence of God, is now left to us, of our lamented friend, and not a fancy-piece. I shall studiously avoid, therefore, all labored eulogium, and the lavish heaping up of monumental epithets, as equally unworthy of the theme and place and service. I trust that the tribute will be at least honest and affectionate; honest, since a bald panegyric of such a man, it seems to me, would be no better than a blot on the escutcheon of his fair fame; and it must, of necessity, be affectionate, since it is impossible for any of us who knew the subject of it intimately, to think or speak of him but with hearts full of tenderness in the recollection of his endearing and elevated character, and now, alas! aching for his loss.

In entering upon this sketch, I first advert to the General Bearing or Deportment of our friend. Let not this be thought an unimportant element in character. It enters largely into those first impressions, whose import no wise man will disregard. It offers, whether intended or not, a significant commentary on all the subsequent professions and acts of the individual, and greatly affects his personal influence. The Manner or general Deportment of Mr. Saltonstall was frank, direct, ingenuous, and kind. It was not, perhaps, always equal, for his temperament was sanguine, and his susceptibility to
impression was quick and acute; and it might happen, therefore, that the infelicities of an occasionally clouded brow, and a manner somewhat perturbed, would be visited upon those, whose feelings, consciously, he would be the last to wound. But these inequalities, if such there were, were directly merged and lost out of sight in the genuine kindness, frankness and cordiality that pervaded his general bearing. There was, obviously, nothing hollow, insincere, indirect, or merely plausible, about him. He had nothing studied or artificial in his mien; no professions of deep interest for all he met in the streets; no stereotyped smiles for all comers. He despised, as all honest men must, such skin-deep homage to popular favor as this. But his whole deportment was simple, open and free; and all those minute impressions, by which every individual is, unconsciously to himself, revealing his real character to the accurate observer, were in perfect keeping with his avowed aims and purposes. In a word, whatever else you might miss or desire, you felt, at first sight, on meeting him, that you were dealing with a right-minded, truthful and honorable man; and all your subsequent intercourse with him, though it were life-long, would only serve to deepen the impression.

And yet with this openness both of deportment and conduct, there was united a singular Cautiousness of character. It was, if I do not err, the natural bias of his mind to examine subjects carefully and long, to place them in different attitudes, to view them, especially, in their darker aspects, and to anticipate difficulties before arriving at any decisive opinion or process of action. I
may greatly mistake, but he seemed to me to look at future results with a doubtful and forecasting eye, and to enter rarely on any plan or enterprize under the inspiration of hope. If this were so in any degree, its natural effect would be to cast a shade of indecision around him in the conduct of affairs. But when once, either from a sense of duty, or from the pressure of necessity, he became pledged and interested in any pursuit or project, every early appearance of irresolution vanished, the phantoms of doubt fled before his advancing step, his awakened powers gained continually new impulse from exertion, his strong love of honest fame, together with all the higher motives of his moral nature, became enlisted in the effort, the whole man, in a word, became identified with his purpose, and none were more decided, ardent, and effective than he.

In approaching the more essential parts of the character of our friend, I mean those which distinguished him as a Moral and Religious man, I first refer to one which was singularly characteristic. This was a Placability, a readiness to forgive wrong-doers, an earnest desire, as far as in him lay, to "live peaceably with all men." This distinguished him in his earliest youth, in his parental home, in all the domestic and social intercourse of his maturer years. It was, with him, equally the result of natural bias and of religious principle. Though his temperament was one of quick sensibility, and a high and just self-respect made him feel keenly any personal slight, or offence, yet he seemed utterly incapable of harboring any ill-will towards the offender.
In his profession it was his constant endeavour to prevent litigation, and not to promote it; to pacify the uneasy waters of strife, and not stir them up; to adjust differences, and not exasperate them; and thus, at the obvious sacrifice of his own immediate interest, to reconcile adversaries, who in their heady anger in prosecuting a doubtful right, were bent on doing themselves, as well as their opponents, an essential wrong. As a leading lawyer, for many years, he was habitually conversant with the keen encounters of the bar; as an eminent citizen he could not wholly escape the attacks of the envious and malignant; as a distinguished politician he was often exposed to the hot words and biting flings of excited debate; as a frequent candidate for public office, he was a prominent mark for the prevailing savagery that disgraces the political press in our country; yet he was the first, on all occasions, to forgive and forget an injury. He had too serious and elevated views of the social relations to sacrifice any of them to the poor purposes of retaliation. He was too magnanimous a man to descend to the littleness of revenge. He had no respect for the brute-like instinct and habits of the world at large, on this subject. He had studied in a better school; he had sat at the feet of a higher master; and possessed true manliness and moral courage enough, under all circumstances, and up to the utmost limits of duty and forbearance, to "love peace and ensue it." Indeed, to him above most men, belonged the beatitude of the Saviour, "Blessed are the Peace-Makers."

Connected with this rare and beautiful placability of
temper, I may refer, though it can be only in a brief al-
usion, to the general Benevolence and genial feelings
which entered essentially into his moral nature, greatly
promoted his own happiness, and contributed largely to
his success in life. His Benevolence was of the most
expansive kind. It was native to his heart, and it was
quickened and instructed by religious principle. He
labored for the public weal in the discharge of his public
offices, and these had an additional value in his estimation
as enlarging the field of benevolent effort. He was ever
ready to lend his personal and pecuniary aid to all wor-
thy objects. He strove to do good to all within the cir-
cle of his influence; and wretchedness, in all its multifold
forms, was, peculiarly, the object of his solicitude and
care. He loved to make others happy, and to see them
so. He delighted in the reciprocation of kind affections,
and in the interchange of kind offices. He was eminent-
ly companionable in his feelings, enjoyed with pecu-
liar zest the innocent pleasures of social intercourse,
and was always happy in extending to all his friends
a cordial and kind reception in his own hospitable
home. These generous and genial affections developed
themselves in early life. They rendered him the gene-
ral favorite of his associates at the University; and en-
deared him, especially, to those of his own Class, who as
a body have been equally distinguished for talent, learn-
ing, professional eminence, and for the perpetuation of
those gracious and kindly feelings of friendship which
are but too liable to die away with the freshness and
buoyancy of youth. They, in common with all his nu-
merous friends, will mourn his loss as a severe personal bereavement.

Another highly distinctive trait in the character of Mr. Saltonstall, was his Reverence for the Right, a deep sense of Moral Duty and Obligation. The law of rectitude was the supreme law of his life. It was, with him, no conventional bond. He found it written on his soul by the Hand Divine; he read it by the light of his own consciousness; he recognised its supreme and unborrowed authority; and felt that its decisions here and now, were prophetic intimations of a final award, at a Higher Tribunal hereafter. But while he implicitly obeyed this inner sense of right and wrong, he was fully aware that it was liable to be perverted and blinded; and that, in point of fact, some of the blackest sins in this sinful world, have been perpetrated on the alleged authority of conscience. It was his habitual care therefore, to enlighten and educate it, so that the light within him should not be worse than darkness; that it should be an authentic ray from the Primal Source of all light, and not a reflection from those strange fires which are kindled from below.

This principle of conscience, thus carefully instructed and guarded, went with him into all his social intercourse. He was a thoroughly Honest man; honest, not only in the common negative sense of not violating human laws, and of omitting to avail himself of undue advantages over others, but he was honest in the higher sense of being true, sincere, and trust-worthy in all the relations and intercourse of life. He possessed, in an
eminent degree, the rare virtue of an Uprightness of character, that nothing could break or bend. A spotless Integrity marked all his aims and acts, and brought the separate details of principle and conduct into one consistent whole. A singular Probity reigned throughout his life, which led him under all circumstances, to look singly to the right, and to pursue it for its own sake.

But this Conscientiousness was most fully developed in his intercourse with himself. Kind and considerate in his estimate of the conduct of others, he was severe and inflexible only in his estimate of his own. He could bear any other loss but the loss of self-approval. His standard of duty was high, his moral perceptions keen and apprehensive, but they were nowhere brought into such a searching analysis, as in his own habitual habits of self-inspection.

I come now to speak of what I have always considered the most distinctive, as well as crowning grace, in the character of Mr. Saltonstall. This was the sentiment of Reverence. He was eminently and thoroughly a reverential man. This principle was deeply implanted in the natural constitution of his mind, and to cultivate and improve it, was his constant care. Superior to pride, that is ever looking downward for contrasts favorable to its own glorification, and despising vanity, which is too full of its own emptiness to look beyond itself, he delighted to look reverentially upward. He loved to recognize and to honor all that was approvable, great and excellent, wherever found. This fair and grand Universe considered as the work of God, and
the earliest revelation of his power and goodness; Rank, Influence and high Condition worthily won and worthily used; Distinction, of all kinds, honorably achieved and meekly borne; legitimate Authority; established Usages; time-honored Institutions; Monuments of Antiquity; Places where great and stirring Deeds have been done; the Sepulchres of the Departed; great Names and recognized Authorities that gleam forth like beacons, in the long track of the past; eminent Worth among his Associates and Contemporaries; all these, and all things else, which bear the mark of rightful superiority, received his ready and deferential homage.

This sentiment, thus naturally strong within him, was fostered by the circumstances of his birth. It was his rare privilege to trace his lineage from an ancient and distinguished family, and that respect for antiquity, which always enters as an element into reverential feeling, was, in his case, quickened and matured by his connection with an honored ancestry. He was born too, at a period, when our public institutions had not wrought out all their levelling influences; when the social distinctions of life received due honor; when religion entered palpably into the details of every-day life; when domestic discipline was rightfully enforced; when legitimate authority was considered as implying some submission and obedience on the part of those subjected to it; when duties were regarded before claims; when high deference was supposed to be due to parents and superiors; when, in a word, all those
habits and emotions, which are of the very essence of reverence, were rife in the public mind, and when, therefore, most of those incidental and impalpable influences which do more than all direct instruction to form the character of the young, were favorable to a reverential state of mind. In these sentiments, and in this general tone of feeling, Mr. Saltonstall largely participated. It was peculiarly manifested by him in the sacred offices of filial love and duty. He regarded the relation which God has formed between parent and child as being, in itself, most sacred, and as intended, in an especial manner, to call forth and mature that feeling of reverence, which, at first, hallowing their mutual intercourse, goes on to connect itself with all that is good, great, conservative and loyal in life, and ultimately centres upon its worthiest object, even the Infinite and Eternal God. For his mother, particularly, who long survived his father, he ever felt, and ever expressed, in a thousand uncommanded ways, the sincerest deference and respect. He knew that Christian mothers do most, under God, to make true and high men, and that his did much to make him, and ever felt that the measure of his duty to her, was nothing less than all a grateful and loyal son could do. And when she became burthened with years and infirmities, and public distinctions and honors were accumulating upon him, it was his pride and pleasure, in every act of reverential love and self-exalting humility, to follow the example of that best of human children, whose story is recorded of old, who, when seated as a second Pharaoh on the
highest throne then on the earth, left it, that he might go, in royal state, to pay filial homage and respectfulness to his humble, old and infirm parent.

But this sentiment of Reverence, as was right and fitting, found its best and fullest expression in his condition and duties as a Religious Being. It was the object and business of his life to keep a duteous walk with God. He loved to view His works as the glorious symbol of His august attributes, and to consider those events that fill up life’s little history, as fraught with a divine significance which the thoughtful and serious spirit should interpret and apply. But these upward tendencies of his soul were most fully developed and sustained by the more express revelation of the will of God by the Lord Jesus. He made its Evidences and specific Doctrines an early study, and it was never far from his thoughts at any subsequent period of his life. In one of my interviews with him, in his last sickness, he told me he had been revising his theological studies, and had been strengthened in his conviction of the divine origin of the Christian Revelation, and placed his entire faith in this, on those great Facts, to which his Lord and Master originally appealed as the authentic seal of his divine mission, namely, those Miraculous Works, “which none could do, unless God were with him.” He expressed, also, an intense regret, and as deep an abhorrence as his gentle spirit could feel on any subject, for those ill-considered, conceited and scoffing speculations, by which reckless men attempt to shake the faith of others in these great Facts. Born and bred
in the stern faith of his Puritan ancestors, but which, afterwards, through much painful study, and great mental conflict, he felt obliged to renounce, he yet took with him to his more enlarged views of God and Christ and duty, much of that solemn awe and exquisite tenderness of conscience, which are often connected with those speculative opinions, which his mind, in all other respects, had outgrown. His attention to the Institutions and sacred Rites of Christianity was constant, earnest and exemplary. He believed them to be of divine appointment, as instructive in themselves, and as suggestive of touching associations and wholesome influences, which no intelligent and good man would willingly forego. He gave to them no merely formal, or stinted, or half-reluctant service, but in every way, his ready, hearty, personal aid. None of us will soon forget the solemnity and fervour with which he habitually lent his rich, mellifluous and well-taught voice to join in lifting up our hymns of praise to the most High, from that place now shrouded in the sad drapery of mourning in token of our irreparable loss. His very presence and deportment here, were a mute but most edifying commentary on the sacredness of the service. He was the first superintendent of our Sunday School, and for many years, by his personal attention, pecuniary assistance and weighty influence, did much to sustain and strengthen it. He felt, as may I say? but too few in all our congregations, feel, that without the earnest and sympathizing co-operation of the People, the Pastor must labor all but hopelessly, and in vain. In this, as
in our interests generally, as a Christian Society, he was unspeakably important to us. In all our concerns, he was the first to be sought, the readiest to serve, the last to shrink, from any fitting duty of a devout Christian and Good Parishioner.

May I add, in this connection, that he was one of the best of Good Hearers. His hearing began before he left his home, and coming to our worship with a prepared and accessible heart, he was open to every good impression while here. He could find, therefore, even in the defective services of the minister, suggestive hints for serious thought. He gave his whole soul to the duty of the place, and considered every thing approaching to lightness and frivolity as equally indecent and indevout. He well knew the inexpressible difficulties of the pastoral office, at the present day, and, especially, in our denomination, and always took great pleasure in being pleased with any well-intended effort; was more anxious to examine into the spiritual state of his own heart, than to ascertain the critical value of the sermon; and could find much occasion for generous praise, where others, who in mental and spiritual culture were vastly his inferiors, could find little, but to criticise and undervalue.

In a word, he made a near approach to that highest manifestation of God’s love and grace here below, that of being a true Christian; a whole-hearted, devoted, sincere, conscientious, pre-eminent Christian. He was a Christian everywhere, and in all relations of this trial-state. At home and abroad; in his retirement and in
ordinary duty; in the intercourse of private life, and in those public trusts and that political intercourse, where, as an element of conduct, religion too seldom enters; he was an avowed and consistent Christian. But his religion was not exhibited in any studied staidness or affected sanctimoniousness of bearing. He was too devout a follower of his Master for this. But it discovered itself in the only way that it should ever discover itself, that is incidentally, unconsciously, and only avowedly, when the occasion called for an outright expression of it. It, ordinarily, made itself known in the natural, and therefore universally understood, language of manner, look and tone. It escaped, as it were, because it could not be repressed, from a heart overburthened with its own religious sentiments and emotions. His life, to sum up all, was a “living sacrifice,” held consecrate to the One true God, and to Jesus, whom God hath sent. And I think, I am aware of the import of my language, when I say, that it was with him the all-absorbing purpose of life, to become in all respects, what God would have him to be. His habitual affections were worship; his prevailing state of mind, adoration; and his most earnest hopes, fears and aspirations, themselves, prayer.

In thus dwelling upon the moral qualities of Mr. Saltonstall, I have left myself little opportunity to speak of his Intellectual Endowments and Mental Culture. Restricted, at furthest, to narrow limits, I have chosen to dwell longest upon what I deem to be most important. But it most not be hence inferred that in his intellectual
capacities and powers, and in their energetic and successful exercise, both in professional and public life, he is entitled to no especial commemoration. On the contrary, in all these respects, he was distinguished scarcely less than by his moral and religious worth.

His perceptions appeared to me to be equally quick, clear and comprehensive. His inferences from them were ready and just, though, perhaps, as I have already intimated, rendered, apparently, somewhat infirm as a basis of action, by an extreme cautiousness, an over-nice forecast, and a want of antedating hope. His observation of facts and events was always awake and active, but not for the mere gratification of an idle curiosity. He regarded them rather as outward and palpable expressions or representatives of something beyond themselves, an indication of some preceding state of things, and as prophetic of certain results which would naturally ensue. He was distinguished, in consequence, for practical wisdom, sound judgment, skill in affairs, and for an uncommon share of that rarest of all mental accomplishments, admirable common sense. Indeed, the habits of his mind were discursive, in the better or philosophical sense of the term. It was habitually employed in tracing resemblances and analogies, in connecting the unknown with the known, and in referring facts to principles. He seemed to seize, by a sort of intuition, upon the axis-thought, on which any given inquiry turned, and laid out his strength, mainly upon that. He was an accurate observer of character, though always leaning to the favorable side, keen to
discover the narrow and often evanishing line between truth and error, the right and the wrong, the real from the apparent, the substance from the form. He well understood, though he was not harsh to note, those fallacies, both of theory and usage, that men practise upon each other, and those, too, scarcely less numerous, which they practice upon themselves. I do not know that he was particularly fond of mental labor for its own sake, though his power of voluntary attention when it was called for by any exigency, was great, and most conscientiously exerted. His peculiar tastes led him, not so much to works of fancy and imagination, though these were not neglected, as to those of more solid import, and especially to those connected with his duties and tastes as a professional and public man. His knowledge of History generally, and of Political Economy, in its different branches, was various and accurate. An heir to the Puritans, both by birth and spirit, he loved to trace their eventful annals in all their details, and there were few amongst us, whose knowledge of our early history was, at once, so minute and comprehensive as his. He was endowed with an imposing person, great natural fluency of expression, a lucid, simple and forcible diction, and a singular power of identifying himself with his theme, which lent to his oratory a reality, naturalness, impressiveness, and persuasive energy, which no merely artistical culture can afford. It is easy to infer, that, possessed of gifts and accomplishments like these, he could scarcely fail of success in professional and public life. And such was
the fact. He was early distinguished at the Bar, and has uniformly been considered a cautious, safe, enlightened, conscientious and disinterested counsellor. He was wholly incapable of drilling, or tampering with, or browbeating witnesses, or of resorting to any professional stratagems or artifice; and his whole deportment towards parties, his legal brethren, juries and the court, was marked by a fairness, urbanity, uprightness and honor, which have done much to create and uphold the acknowledged high character of the Essex Bar. He felt that every man had a right to be heard in his own defence, and that it was no part of his duty to pre-judge the claims, real or supposed, of any one; but he had no respect for that atrocious professional hardihood, not, it is said, wholly unknown in legal practice, which "knows nothing but the client;" which contends for victory only; and is as earnest, and apparently as honest, in urging a bad cause, known to be such, as in sustaining a good one. Having never witnessed any of his forensic efforts, I can offer no analysis of his character as an advocate. But his undisputed eminence, as such, for many years, is, of itself, a decisive fact, and the tradition of some arguments, in which his whole moral nature was particularly enlisted, assigns to him a forward place among the most powerful pleaders of our age and country.

I am equally unable, also, and for a similar reason, to speak of Mr. Saltonstall as a statesman and political debater; and happily for the fidelity of this commemorative notice, it is not necessary. Few men were so
widely known in these relations, in his native State particularly, as he was, and none were more highly estimated. He derived his political opinions from patient and conscientious inquiry, and not from the roar of the multitude; and being based on principle, they were not swept away or changed with the flows and ebbs of popular sentiment. They were consistent with each other. They were faithfully followed out. They were habitually acted upon. He sought the public weal with as single an aim as others seek private thrift. He was an avowed and a devoted disciple of what he deemed the Washington school of politics, both in their primary significance, and in their application to all the subsequent phases of affairs which our history has assumed. In debate he was decided, frank and explicit in taking his positions; sincere and earnest, it may have been, at times, vehement, in urging and defending them; but always perfectly fair and courteous in his deportment towards those who differed from him in opinion. It was, in consequence, his almost singular felicity, as a public man, to win and to secure the entire confidence and esteem of his political friends, while, at the same time, he conciliated the respect and good will of his political opponents.

But it is the end that crowns the work. The Man, in this instance, was the result of the Discipline of Life. Events, as they occurred, each in its turn, tried and taught him, and then passed away amongst forgotten things. But the man remained essentially the same, and only progressively changed to a higher being, through
the moral culture and spiritual energy that these passing events called forth. Out of those pure and rare elements of character which God originally imparted, and by the varied vicissitudes of the probation through which God called him to go, a sincere, high, honorable, eminent Christian Man was formed. The moral image of Himself, that God at first estamped upon the soul of our friend, was brightened, irradiated and brought into full relief, by the attritions of this harsh mortal life. And now, I doubt not, that it has been removed to a higher state, where it will gather, henceforth and always, ever new and intenser glories from the ever increasing effulgence of God's nearer presence.

Yes, it is the end that crowns the work. And the end of his earthly work was the priceless crown of the recollection of a life well-spent; cheerful submission to his Heavenly Father's will; a general preparation of character that God, we may trust, will accept and bless. "Mark the perfect man, for the end of that man is peace." This peace was eminently his. That clear and deep-seated religious faith, which had been the light and law of his life, which had guided and guarded him through a long career of useful, beneficent and honorable action, still sustained and upheld him, when this career was drawing to its close. It sustained him during a protracted and foreboding sickness. It sustained him in the near and conscious approach of that hour, when he was called to leave a life full of usefulness, full of happiness, full of every thing that rendered existence dear in his social position and domestic ties. It sustained him,
as nothing else could, through his final leave-taking with a family circle that concertered, in itself, all that ineffable goodness of our Father in heaven, which is faintly shadowed forth in those most intensely suggestive of all human words—A happy Christian Home! None whose sad privilege it was to be near him then, can ever forget the submissive, solemn, serene, sublime example he exhibited, when that home was to be left, never more to be entered. Above all, none of those will ever forget it, to whom his life had been one continued expression of conjugal and paternal love; and to whom this parting was the last manifestation of a heart filled with love to them, and of confiding piety towards God. With a full appreciation of the signal blessings with which he had been surrounded; with a devout thankfulness to Him, from whom they flowed; with a deep sense of all that is implied in a change from the seen and palpable of this world, to the unseen and unknown realities of a future state of being; he reaped, at last, and felt the full efficacy of the blessing of the ascension gift of the Saviour of the world: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

I must here bring this feeble tribute to a close. I have, now, no time to derive from it, those religious uses which it forcibly suggests, nor to offer to his mourning family those religious solaces, which they must greatly need. Nor is it necessary. The whole life of Leverett Saltonstall is more suggestive of edifying instruction than any words of mine can be; and the memory of his
virtues must be, of itself, to those dearest to him, a suf-
ficing consolation. Let this then, with all the aids of
God's good spirit shed abroad in their hearts, serve to
sustain them. And let us, his fellow-worshippers and
friends, let all who knew and valued him, honor his
memory, as he himself would have preferred, by perpetu-
ating all the good influences of his example in our own
lives, so that when we shall be called to follow him to
an eternal state, we may enter, as we trust he has, into
that "Rest that remaineth to the people of God."
APPENDIX.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ESSEX BAR.

A meeting of the Essex Bar was held at Ipswich, on Thursday morn­ning, May 8th, 1845. It was called to order by Benjamin Merrill, Esq., and proceeded to the choice of a President and Secretary.

Benjamin Merrill, Esq., was chosen President of the meeting, and Ebenezer Shillaber, Esq., Secretary.

Mr. Merrill then made the following remarks:—

Brethren of the Essex Bar:—The lamented decease of Leverett Saltonstall, the eldest member of this Bar, and for many years its President, fills our breasts with emotions of profound sadness. The whole extent of the professional lives of all of us has been spent by his side; we have witnessed his successful and honorable career at the bar;—his abilities, his legal learning, and his distinguished eloquence as an advocate;—his devotion to the true interests of his clients, and his fidelity to the Courts. Our profession has been honored by his int­ellectual, moral, and social qualities. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualities that win and secure the entire confidence, the ar­dent attachment, and the sincere respect, not only of his brethren, but of the whole community. We should be unjust to ourselves if we sup­pressed the feelings of grief that fill our bosoms at the loss of one so loved and honored.

The following Resolutions were then moved by Hon. Joseph E. Sprague, seconded by Nathaniel J. Lord, Esq., and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the decease of the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, for many years President of this Bar, is an afflicting event, which de­prives us of a brother and associate whom we all have long loved and honored.

Resolved, That it is our privilege, as well as duty, to cherish the re­membrance of the professional, social, and moral excellencies of our la-
mented brother, whose deportment and conduct at every period, and in all the relations of life, have been an example worthy of respect and imitation.

Resolved, That the members of the Bar respectfully express their deep sympathy to his bereaved family, and request permission to unite in testifying their respect to his memory, by attending his funeral solemnities.

Resolved, That the President and Secretary of this meeting be requested to present to his family a certified copy of these proceedings.

Resolved, That the same officers also cause the proceedings of this meeting to be communicated to the Court now in session in Ipswich.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SUPREME COURT.

The death of the Hon Leverett Saltonstall was announced in the Supreme Court, on Thursday morning, May 8, 1845, by Mr. Merrill, who presented the resolutions which had been adopted by the Bar, with the following remarks:—

May it please your Honor:—The members of the Bar have requested me to solicit the indulgence of the Court to the expression of the emotions of deep and unaffected sorrow at the recent occurrence of the decease of their associate and brother Leverett Saltonstall,—an event which is afflicting not only to the Members of the Bar, but creates a deep sensation and leaves a wide chasm in the whole community.

Mr. Saltonstall has long enjoyed in an eminent and uncommon degree the respect, attachment and love of his fellow-citizens.

He was born in this county, and descended from ancestors who through every period of the history of our State, from its earliest settlement, have been among its most eminent citizens and distinguished benefactors,—his life has never sullied, but has added lustre to the name. A familiar acquaintance with him for nearly fifty years, through his academic, collegiate and professional life, authorizes me to bear testimony, in which all will concur, that the qualities of his heart and the faculties of his mind formed a combination that attracted, in an uncommon degree, respect, attachment and love; his warmth of heart, cordiality of feeling, disinterested kindness, sincerity and frankness, ever cheered and gladdened the circles in which he moved; the purity and
The firmness of his moral principles, the independence of his conduct, and the soundness and vigor of his intellectual powers, secured the respect and consideration of his fellow-citizens.

His preparatory legal studies he prosecuted under the tuition of the late learned William Prescott; an intimate friendship and mutual high regard existed between them till the decease of the latter. At the time Mr. Saltonstall was admitted to the Bar, he found in practice here an extraordinary assemblage of eminent lawyers, Theophilus Parsons, Nathan Dane, William Prescott, Samuel Putnam, Charles Jackson, Joseph Story, John Pickering, Daniel A. White, all of them celebrated in the history of our jurisprudence, and many of them since elevated to high judicial dignities in the state and nation. By the side of all these eminent practitioners Mr. Saltonstall soon acquired high rank by his ability, learning and integrity. His eloquence at the Bar and in legislative bodies was powerful, persuasive, and brilliant: it was the eloquence of the heart,—the sincere and cordial expression of the ardent feelings and deep emotions of a generous and noble nature. He has died not at advanced age, but his life has been long—for it has been filled with deeds of benevolence and acts of usefulness.

The Members of the Bar, in common with all his fellow-citizens, feel that his loss is a painful bereavement—it depresses our feelings and engrosses our sensibilities. We should be unjust to ourselves if, when so much worth passes away, we did not pause amid the bustle of life, and pay to his memory the homage of our hearts.

To this address Judge Wilde replied at considerable length, with deep sensibility—expressed his sympathy with the feelings of the Bar, his regret at the early loss of so useful and excellent a citizen as Mr. Saltonstall, whose worth and excellence he had known and highly esteemed for forty years.

The Court passed an order that the proceedings of the Bar be entered on their record, as a memorial to future times of the respect in which Mr. Saltonstall was held, and then adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

At a special meeting of the City Council, on Saturday, May 10th, called by order of the Mayor, Mr. Roberts submitted the following Resolves, which were unanimously passed, viz:

Resolved, That the members of the City Council deeply deplore the
decease of the late Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, the first elected Chief Magistrate of the City of Salem, and, as a citizen, alike honored and distinguished in all the relations of life, both public and private.

Resolved, That the members of the City Council tender their sincere and profound sympathy to the family of the deceased, under this severe affliction and bereavement.

Resolved, That in token of their respect for the many and manly virtues of their late honored and honorable fellow citizen, the members of the City Council will attend in a body the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That an authenticated copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

DEATH OF THE HON. MR. SALTONSTALL.

The following article was published in the Salem Gazette of May 9th. Some facts have been added:

It is with inexpressible sorrow that we announce the decease of our distinguished and respected fellow citizen, the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall. He died yesterday morning at 4 o'clock. It rarely occurs that the death of an individual creates so deep a sensation of grief, and leaves so wide a vacancy in society. He was universally loved and respected.

Mr. Saltonstall was the representative of a family that has been conspicuous in our history from the earliest settlement of New England. His ancestor, Sir Richard Saltonstall, was the first named associate of the six original Patentees of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and was appointed the first Assistant. On board the Arbella, while lying at Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, he, with Gov. Winthrop and others, signed the "humble request of his Majesty's loyal subjects, the Governor and Company late gone for New England, to the rest of their brethren in and of the church of England," in which they take a tender and affecting leave of their native land on their departure for their "poor cottages in the wilderness." They arrived at Salem, in the Arbella, on the 12th June, 1630, and brought with them the Charter of Charles I.

On the 17th June, Sir Richard Saltonstall, in company with Gov. Winthrop, and other principal persons, left Salem and travelled
through the pathless forest to Charlestown to select a place of settlement. The want of good water and of other conveniences induced several of the party to explore the neighboring country. Some went over to Shawmut, now Boston; others proceeded northward by Charlestown neck to a place well watered on Charles River, where Sir Richard Saltonstall, with the learned Rev. George Phillips, and others, commenced a plantation, and called it Watertown. Johnson, an early historian, says, "this town began by occasion of Sir Richard Saltonstall, who, at his arrival, having some store of cattle and servants, they wintered in those parts." They entered into a liberal church covenant, July 30, 1630, which is published by Dr. Mather, who adds, "about forty men, whereof the first was that excellent Knight, Sir Richard Saltonstall, then subscribed this instrument."

He was present, as First Assistant, at the first Court of Assistants, which was held at Charlestown, Aug. 23d, 1630, at which various orders and regulations were made concerning the planting and government of the infant Colony.

The sufferings of those engaged in this new settlement in the wilderness were extreme the first winter, and Sir Richard Saltonstall became discouraged from remaining himself, but left his two elder sons. Gov. Winthrop has recorded in his Journal, that "March 29, 1631, he, with his two daughters and one of his younger sons, came down to Boston and stayed that night at the Governor's, and the next morning, accompanied with Mr. Pierce and others, departed for their ship at Salem."

Sir Richard Saltonstall through life continued to be the friend of the colony and was actively engaged in promoting its prosperity. Two of his sons remained here, and he was interested as a large proprietor. When Sir Christopher Gardner attempted to injure the Colony by misrepresentations, and on other similar occasions, for Massachusetts was troubled in its infancy by false accusations of enemies, he rendered the colony efficient assistance, and interceded in its favor with the government at home.

He was a puritan, but of singular liberality in his religious opinions; he was offended at the bigotry of his associates, who as soon as they were themselves free from persecution, began to persecute others, and he addressed to Rev. Mr. Cotton and Rev. Mr. Wilson a letter on the subject, and remonstrated against this inconsistency. It is written with ability and in a catholic spirit, and has been reprinted and admired to this day. He says,—
Reverend and Dear Friends, whom I unfeignedly love and respect:

"It doth not a little grieve my spirit to hear what sad things are reported daily of your tyranny and persecutions in New England, as that you fine, whip, and imprison men for their consciences."

"I hope you do not assume to yourselves infallibility of judgment, when the most learned of the apostles confesseth he knew but in part, and saw but darkly as through a glass. Oh, that all these who are brethren, though they cannot think and speak the same things, might be of one accord in the Lord."

This letter, written between 1645 and 1653, shews the lively interest he felt in the honor and welfare of the colony.

Sir Richard Saltonstall was also one of the patentees of Connecticut, with Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brook, and others, and a principal associate with them in the first settlement of that Colony. They appointed John Winthrop Governor, and commissioned him to erect a fort at the mouth of Connecticut river. In 1635 Sir Richard Saltonstall sent over a bark with twenty laborers to take possession of land for him under his patent and to make settlements.

In 1649 he was commissioned with others, by Parliament, for the trial of Duke Hamilton, Lord Capel, and the Earl of Holland, for high treason. They were condemned and executed on a scaffold erected before Westminster Hall.

Sir Richard Saltonstall has been justly styled "one of the Fathers of the Massachusetts Colony." He was a patron of Harvard College, and left it a legacy in his will made in 1658. There is a fine portrait of him in the possession of his descendants. He died soon after 1658.

Richard Saltonstall, son of Sir Richard, was born 1610, settled at Ipswich, and was chosen an Assistant in 1637. He was a man distinguished for firmness and decision, attached to the principles of the New England government and churches, and an ardent friend to the liberty of the people.

In 1642 he wrote a pamphlet against the Standing Council, a subject that caused much agitation through the Colony.

In 1645 he entered his protest against the introduction of Negro Slavery:

"Upon a petition of Richard Saltonstall Esqr for justice to be done on Capt. Smith and Mr. Keyser for their injurious dealing with the negroes at Guinea, the petition was granted and ordered that Capt.
Smith and Mr. Keyser be laid hold on and committed to give answer in convenient time thereabouts." — Col. Rec. Vol. 3, Oct. 1645.

The following is the petition:

To the hon'd Generall Court,

The oath I tooke this yeare att my enterance upon the place of Assistante was to this effect. That I would truly endeavour the advancement of the Gospell, and the good of the people of this plantation; [to the best of my skill] dispensing justice equally and impartially, [according to the lawes of God and this land] in all cases wherein I act by virtue of my place. I conceive my selfe called by virtue of my place, to act [according to this oath] in the case concerning the Negers; taken by Capt. Smith and Mr. Keser; wherein it is apparent, that Mr. Keser upon a saboth day gave chase to certaine Negers; and upon the same day took divers of them; and at an other time killed others; and burned one of their townes. Omitting several misdemeinours which accompanied these acts above mentioned; I conceive the acts themselves to bee directly contrary to these following lawes; [all which are capitall by the word of God, and two of them by the lawes of this jurisdiction].

The act [or acts] of murder [whether by force or fraude] are expressly contrary both to the law of God and the law of this country.

The act of stealing Negers; or of taking them by force; [whether it bee considered as theft or robbery] is [as I conceive] expressly contrary both to the law of God, and the law of this country.

The act of chasing the Negers [as aforsayde] upon the saboth day [beeing a servill worke, and such as cannot be considered under any other heade] is expressly capitall by the law of God.

These acts and outrages beeing committed where there was noe civill government which might call them to accompt; and the persons by whom they were committe beeing of our jurisdiction; I conceive this Court to bee the Ministers of God in this case; and therefore, my humble request is that the severall offenders may bee imprisoned by the order of this Court and brought unto their deserved censure in convenient time; and this I humbly crave that see the sinn they have committe may bee upon their owne heads; and not upon ourselves [as otherwise it will.]

Yrs in all Christian observance,

RICHARD SALTONSTALL.

The house of deputys think meete that this petition shall be granted and desire our honored mgis'ts concurrence herein.

EDWARD RAWSON.
“The Court thought fit to write to Mr. Williams of Piscataqua that the Negros, which Capt. Smith brought were fraudulently and injuriously taken and brought from Guinea by Capt. Smith's confession and the rest of the company, that he forthwith send the negro, which he had of Capt. Smith hither, that he may be sent home, which the Court doth resolve to send back without delay, and if you have any thing to allege why you should not return him to be disposed of by the Court, it will be expected you should forthwith make it appear either by yourself or your agent, but not to make any excuse or delay in sending of him.”

In a subsequent page of the record is the following:

“The General Court conceiving themselves bound by the first opportunity to bear witness against the heinous and crying sin of manstealing, as also to prescribe such timely redress for what is past, and such a law for the future as may sufficiently deter all others belonging to us to have to do in such vile and most odious courses, justly abhorred of all good and just men, do order that the negro interpreter with others unlawfully taken, be by the first opportunity at the charge of the country for the present sent to his native Guinea, and a letter with him of the indignation of the Court thereabouts, and justice thereof desiring our honored Governor would please put this order in execution.”

He was one of the few persons who knew where the Regicide Judges, Whalley and Goffe, were concealed, and in 1672 gave them £50.

He was a relative and friend of John Hampden, (grandson of the celebrated parliamentary leader,) who was distinguished in the time of Charles II., and James II., and who joined in the invitation to the Prince of Orange. He, as well as his father, was a benefactor of Harvard College. Dr. Mather records the name of Saltonstall among those benefactors of the College "whose names it would be hardly excusable to leave unmentioned." All his male descendants in Massachusetts, except two, have been graduates at this college.

Mr. Saltonstall was absent several years in England, where he had three daughters married. He returned to Massachusetts in 1680, and was again chosen the First Assistant, and also the two succeeding years. In 1683 he again visited England. He was an Assistant, except when he was in England, from 1687 till his death; he died at Hulme, April 20, 1694, and left an estate in Yorkshire.

Henry Saltonstall, who was in the first class that was graduated at Harvard College, is said by Gov. Hutchinson to have been a son or grandson of Sir Richard Saltonstall. Like several other early gradu-
ates, he went home after leaving college, and received a degree of Doctor of Medicine from Padua, and also from Oxford, and was a fellow of New College in that University.

Nathaniel Saltonstall, son of Richard, and grandson of Sir Richard, was graduated at Harvard College in 1659, and settled in Haverhill on the beautiful estate half a mile east of the bridge, still known as the "Saltonstall seat." This spot, exceeded by none in New England for fertility of soil and beauty of landscape, was with other land conveyed to him by the Rev. John Ward, the first minister of Haverhill, on the marriage of the daughter of Mrs. Ward to Nathaniel Saltonstall.

He was chosen an Assistant in 1679. He took an active part in seizing and deposing the tyrannical Royal Governor, Sir Edmund Andross, and, after his removal, became one of the Council of the Revolutionary government, and so continued till the charter of William and Mary, and was then appointed one of his Majesty's Council. His powers of mind were superior, and he was free from the prevailing bigotry and fanaticism of the times. He was opposed to the proceedings against the Witches, in 1692, and expressed his sentiments freely. Mr. Brattle, in his account of the witchcraft, says, "Maj. N. Saltonstall Esq., who was one of the Judges, has left the Court, and is very much dissatisfied with the proceedings of it." He died in 1707, and left three sons, Gurdon, Richard and Nathaniel.

Gurdon Saltonstall, the eldest son of Nathaniel, was Governor of Connecticut, and was celebrated for his extraordinary talents and extensive learning. Dr. Eliot says, "he was an oracle of wisdom to literary men of all professions." He was one of the greatest and best men New England has produced. He was a benefactor of Harvard College. His widow bequeathed to it £1000, for the use of two students designed for the ministry. He died in 1724.

Richard Saltonstall, the second son of Nathaniel, was graduated in 1695; he resided in Haverhill, sustained several civil and military offices, and was an excellent and very respectable man. He died in 1714.

Nathaniel Saltonstall, third son of Nathaniel, was also graduated in 1695, and was a tutor in the College. He died young, and left a high reputation for abilities and learning.

Richard Saltonstall, son of the last named Richard, was born June 14, 1703, and graduated in 1722; at the age of twenty-three he received the commission of Colonel; and in 1736 he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court. In 1741, while the Court was in session
at York, the celebrated Rev. Samuel Moody wrote the following lines on the court:

"LYNDE, DUDLEY, REMINGTON, and SALTONSTALL,
With SEWALL, meeting in the Judgment Hall,
Make up a learned, wise, and faithful set,
Of God-like Judges, by God's counsel met."

Judge Saltonstall was a man of talents and learning. He was distinguished for generous and elegant hospitality, and for bountiful liberality to the poor. His address was polished, affable and winning, his temper was gentle and benevolent, and he enjoyed the love and esteem of all. He died in 1756, and left three sons and two daughters; one of the latter was wife of Col. George Watson, of Plymouth, and the other to Rev. Moses Badger, Minister of the Episcopal Church at Providence.

He had been married three times; his third wife was a daughter of the second Elisha Cooke, of Boston; the first Elisha Cooke had married the daughter of Gov. Leverett—the second Elisha Cooke married a daughter of Richard Middlecott, Esq., a wealthy and respectable citizen of Boston. Richard Middlecott in 1672 married a grand-daughter of Gov. Edward Winslow.

Elisha Cooke, senior, and Elisha Cooke, junior, were distinguished for abilities and elevated character, and for forty years were popular leaders and champions of Colonial rights and freedom; they were both representatives of Boston, and by their influence swayed not only the people of Boston, but the General Court: both were at different times sent to England as Agents of Massachusetts, the first to obtain a restoration of the Old Charter—the other to oppose the Royal Governors. — The first died in 1715 — the other in 1737, leaving a son, Middlecott Cooke, and a daughter who became the third wife of Judge Richard Saltonstall.*

NATHANIEL SALTONSTALL, who was graduated in 1727, was a brother of Judge Saltonstall. He was a merchant, and died young.

Col. RICHARD SALTONSTALL, eldest son of Judge Richard by his first wife, was born April 5, 1732, and was graduated in 1751, with high reputation for scholarship, having had "the oration." In 1754 he was

*The late learned Rev. Dr. Bentley, a native of Boston, was an enthusiastic admirer of the two Elisha Cookes; he fancied that the word Caucus was derived from Cooke's-house, the Cookes having frequently called popular meetings at their houses. He also conjectured that it might have been derived from Caulkers, because the Cookes were accustomed to assemble the Caulkers at their houses, with the other patriotic mechanics of Boston.
commissioned as Colonel of the Regiment in Haverhill and vicinity, and was the fourth of the family in succession who held that office. He served with the Provincial troops in the campaigns of 1756 and 1757, against Crown Point. At the capitulation of fort William Henry, in 1757, when the Indians commenced the massacre of their unarmed prisoners, he escaped into the forest, and a day or two afterwards reached Fort Edward, nearly exhausted by hunger and fatigue. After peace took place he was Sheriff of the County. At the Revolution he was a loyalist, and went to England. He died unmarried, at Kensington, Oct 6, 1785. When he resided on the family estate in Haverhill, he was highly respected and beloved for his benevolence, hospitality, courteousness, and integrity. His younger brother, Leverett, third son of Judge Richard, was also a loyalist; he died in 1782.

The late Doct. Nathaniel Saltonstall, father of our fellow citizen just deceased, was second son of Judge Richard Saltonstall, above mentioned, and of Mary, daughter of the second Elisha Cooke. Dr. Saltonstall was born Feb. 10, 1746,—on the death of his father in 1756, he was received into the family of his maternal uncle, Middlecott Cooke, Esq., of Boston. Dr. S. was a distinguished and skilful physician, and through life enjoyed the esteem and respect of his fellow citizens. He loved tranquillity and retirement, and avoided the bustle and perplexities of public life. In 1780, he married Anna, daughter of Samuel White, Esq., whose ancestor was one of the early settlers of Haverhill in 1640. She was a descendant of Gov. Winthrop* on the maternal side; through life she was distinguished for the gifts of her mind and the virtues of her heart. Dr. S. died May 15, 1815, and his widow in 1841. Their three sons, Leverett, Nathaniel, and Richard, are deceased; of their four daughters, two are living, Anna, wife of James C. Merrill, Esq., of Boston, and Sarah, wife of Isaac R. Howe, Esq., of Haverhill. The descendants of Dr. S. are the only descendants of the Cooke family and the Middlecott family.

His son, the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, whose decease is now deplored, was the worthy descendant of this long line of eminent ancestors, including among them not only Sir Richard Saltonstall, but Gov. John Winthrop, Gov. Edward Winslow, and Gov. John

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*Gov. Winthrop's daughter was married to Lt. Gov. Symonds,—their daughter Ruth to Rev. John Emerson, of Gloucester,—their daughter Mary to Samuel Phillips, of Salem,—their daughter Sarah to William White of Haverhill, June 12, 1716,—and their son was Samuel White, who was father of Anna, the wife of Dr. N. Saltonstall.
Leverett. In his veins flowed "all the blood of all the Howards;" and in his character clustered the virtues of all his ancestors.

He was educated at Harvard College and was graduated in 1802; he maintained a high literary rank in a class unusually large, and remarkable for genius and ability. He there formed ardent attachments and warm friendships that have endured for life, and which nothing but death could sever. The full warmth of his early affections never abated amid the chilling cares of later days; he was constant, firm, disinterested, and indefatigable—he never lost a friend—he was formed to be loved and trusted.

He commenced the practice of law in 1805; he soon became distinguished at the bar and entered on a large and successful professional business. He was an able and eloquent advocate and a learned and faithful lawyer. A high and pure sense of duty, as well to the court, as to his clients, presided over his conduct. He abhorred the arts of chicanery and the base expedients of rapacity. He was emphatically an honest lawyer.

The confidence and favor of his fellow-citizens called him at an early period of life to the State and the National Legislatures; in those bodies his unsuspected integrity, enlightened principles and powerful eloquence gave him merited consideration and influence.

His private life was an example and illustration of the social and domestic virtues; he was just, kind, disinterested, frank, magnanimous, and honorable,—bountiful to the poor, and an ardent friend and liberal benefactor of institutions of learning and charity.

He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him by Harvard College. He cherished an ardent affection for the places of his education, Harvard College and Phillips' Exeter Academy; in his will he has made a bequest of books to be added to the library of the latter, and to the former he has given a legacy to increase the fund long since bequeathed to it by his ancestors.

To all his friends he has left a precious and invaluable legacy,—the remembrance of his virtues—recollection of his Christian life and of his Christian death.
The subjoined notice, prepared by Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, was published in the Salem Gazette, of May 13.

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

Others, as might have been expected of them, have already paid appropriate tributes of respect and affection to the memory of the excellent man whom so many loved and honored while he was living, and whose remains have been just borne to the grave in the affecting presence of a weeping community. It may still be permitted to one more friend to attempt to preserve the suggestions of the moment, and with a pen tracing only impressions upon the memory and the heart, to group a few brief sketches of his life and character.

Those more competent to the task, have described Mr. Saltonstall as a lawyer. Amidst distinguished competitors he attained unusual eminence as an advocate, and he was relied upon by his clients as a cautious, judicious, and safe adviser. No one could strive more assiduously to prevent litigation, to adjust controversies, to heal breaches. No one, in the practice of the profession, could be less inclined than he was to employ any unworthy arts, or resort to subterfuge, to brow-beat an opponent, to insult a witness, or to treat with the slightest disrespect the court or the jury. In all these respects his example has long exerted a visible influence upon the Essex Bar, and they have honored themselves as well as him by their grateful acknowledgment of what they owe to it.

Mr. Saltonstall was the first Mayor of the City of Salem. He took the office that he might be useful in it; and by the fidelity with which he discharged its various and arduous duties, by the courtesy with which he mingled with his official associates, by the deep interest which he manifested in the concerns of the city, and in the welfare even of its humblest citizens, he made himself the object of universal respect, and, in not a few striking instances, of heartfelt gratitude. Many of those who mourn and have cause to mourn his death may be found in the houses of the poor, and even amongst the inmates of the Alms House; and scarcely a citizen can walk the streets who has not had some occasion to acknowledge his services.

In the Legislature of the State Mr. Saltonstall commenced and closed his political career. At an early age he took his seat in the House of Representatives, and in that body at different periods, even to the very close of his public life, he rendered perhaps his most valuable services, and was distinguished and honored beyond almost any of his cotempo-
raries. He was an effective debater, and in the committee room none could surpass him in the faithful, patient, and intelligent performance of all his duties. He was a member of the Senate in two most important political junctures, and as a leader of the majority he assumed a full share of responsibility for its acts. He also presided over the Senate with admirable dignity and to universal acceptance. In the political service of Massachusetts he felt himself at home, and the State never had a citizen who maintained her character with a nobler pride, or labored for her welfare with a purer zeal. With his whole soul he loved Massachusetts. Had he been one of those who landed upon Plymouth Rock, he could not have been more fully imbued with the spirit of the Puritans, and from his ancestors who came to Salem in the Arabella, he inherited a full measure of devotion to the political and religious institutions which have made Massachusetts all she is. Yes, he was in every sense, a true son of Massachusetts. At home and abroad, in public and private life, under all circumstances and at every period, would you reach his heart and desire to move it, you need only to praise or to attack Massachusetts, and you could not forget Leverett Saltonstall as he responded to the eulogy or repelled the aspersion. Would to God that such a spirit as he possessed might never be absent from our public councils, and could not be extinguished in the hearts of our people? Would to God that he might yet and long speak from his grave in what all remember of his earnest appeals and stirring remonstrances, and not speak in vain in vindication of the character and institutions and principles of Massachusetts!

In the discharge of his duties as a Representative in Congress, Mr. Saltonstall fully sustained the reputation he had previously acquired, and made the most favourable impression upon all who there observed his official course, and became personally acquainted with him. He spoke with evident effect upon many important occasions; he discussed constitutional questions as one familiar with the principles and necessary rules of construction to be applied to them; he opposed rash and hasty legislation with the instinctive caution which always characterized him; and he addressed himself with assiduity and intelligence to the promotion of measures which the welfare of the people demanded. At the commencement of the administration of Gen. Harrison, he was appointed to the responsible station of chairman of the Committee of Manufactures, and upon him consequently devolved the burthensome duty of digesting a new and entire Tariff, having reference alike to the supply of the ascertained deficiency of the revenue, and to the protection and development of the vital interest of domestic industry. Few can
to undertake it, he entered upon the work with resolute determination, and prosecuted it to its completion with persevering energy. For months he gave the greater part of every day to severe intellectual labor upon the subject. He engaged in an extensive correspondence for the purpose of obtaining desirable information from all sources; and by his patience and industry in collecting facts and his judgment and skill in collating them, he was enabled to understand the actual condition and the wants of the country, and to exhibit a result which might prove the basis of wise and safe legislation. The Report and Bill which he presented in behalf of the committee, are memorials of the value of his services as a practical statesman; and although the system which he prepared was not formally accredited as it came from his hands, it was substantially adopted to such an extent, that none will hesitate to ascribe to him a large share of the honor which is due for the passage of the Tariff of 1842.

While in Congress Mr. Saltonstall formed many intimate friendships with the leading members, by all of whom his death will be regretted with the sympathy which those only can feel who esteem and deserve to be esteemed by each other. He was known and proud to be known as a personal as well as a political friend of Henry Clay; and while none can wonder that two such men should have felt the attraction of kindred hearts, all who have honored them both will remember with interest the warmth and earnestness with which he availed himself of every occasion to vindicate the public and private character of his much injured friend. Every one in his presence saw and felt that when he performed such a service he spake from the heart and to the heart, and that it was an act of personal justice more than political fidelity, the duty of a friend rather than a partizan, which he conscientiously and fearlessly performed.

As a public speaker, Mr. Saltonstall was a particular and lasting favorite. His musical voice and graceful action blended harmoniously with the natural method in which he arranged his thoughts, and the simplicity of the diction with which he clothed them. His manner of speaking was conformed to no artificial standard, but art could not improve it. It was always interesting, often pathetic, and sometimes deeply exciting. His eloquence was eminently persuasive, reaching directly and at once the minds and hearts of those who listened to him, and indicating the purity of the source from which it flowed. It cannot be described in more expressive terms than those of Cicero—"plena animi, plena spiritus, plena veritatis."
Mr. Saltonstall was a patriot. In no modern or affected sense—for no selfish purpose and for no mere party end—but in the earliest, the uncorrupted American sense of the term, in the sense in which it was applied to Washington, and in which it has been and can be applied to but a small portion of our public men. Mr. Saltonstall was through life, in heart, steadily, practically a patriot. He loved his country, her institutions and her people. The blood of the patriots of the Revolution flowed in his veins, and he never disowned or disgraced his origin. The Constitution, as the wisdom of our fathers devised it, he had carefully studied and thoroughly understood, in its letter and in its spirit, in its objects and its means; and with a scrupulous fidelity, which the usual construction of an official oath does not sufficiently indicate, he never sought and he would not consent, by any abridgement or extension of its powers, to impair or violate it. The Union he prized as Washington prized it, in the same spirit, for the same purposes, and to the same extent, and there was not an act of his life, which impartially considered and rightly construed, could bring into question his readiness and his anxiety to do everything which the Constitution required or permitted for the preservation of the Union.

Mr. Saltonstall did not engage in political life without fixed principles and definite purposes; and as every element of his character was suited for sympathy and co-operation, he became closely identified with one of the two great parties, into which, under the necessary influence of the fundamental principle of our institutions, the country must be divided. In every honorable sense, he was a decided, zealous, and active partizan. He could not be indifferent, and he would not be unfaithful; and though he never sought to precipitate a crisis, and never panted for a conflict, every crisis found him at his post, and every conflict proved how much he attracted the notice of his opponents by the ardor and earnestness with which he defended the cause of his friends. Every one that knew him must feel that in his political action he kept himself beyond suspicion, and exhibited himself without disguise; and that he would be the first to consider his biography incomplete and his memory dishonored, if it were not recorded of him that he lived and died a Whig—inflexible in his principles, unwavering in his course, unstained by a single suspicion of vacillation or inconsistency. Let it then be gratefully recorded and proudly remembered of him, that in aid of the political cause to which he was devoted, his voice was never silent, his vote was never withheld, and that in every form of public and private exertion his influence was always visible, and in this community must even yet long be felt. So anxious was he that noth-
ing which he could accomplish should remain unattempted, that he
would not hesitate to give up his time, subject himself to inconvenience,
and endanger his health, even upon a slight occasion for making him-
self useful.

A partisan as he was, Mr. Saltonstall was remarkably exempt from
the infirmities and vices which beset and too often adhere to men long
engaged in public life. In the political arena, as at the bar, he never
compromised his personal character—he never resorted to the subtleties
of equivocation—he never stooped to acts of meanness—he probably
never indulged a malicious thought or purpose—he certainly never
"sought occasion of revenge." His heart was "open as day" to his
opponents as well as to his friends; and the evidence is not wanting
that the former as much as the latter, felt and respected his sincerity.
Both have shed tears together over his grave, and both may be equally
trusted to do justice to his memory.

In the offices of private friendship, Mr. Saltonstall exhibited his
character in all its charms. Inquire of the few who can recollect his
boyhood, of his college classmates, of his professional brethren, of his
family relatives, of any who have joined the circle which always as-
sembled around his domestic hearth, and if they can give utterance to
their emotions, they will bear the testimony more to be prized than any
other to his rare and unsurpassed personal, domestic and social virtues.
His home might well be supposed to be an abode of happiness; but how
much his presence and the influence of his example contributed to make
it happy, let no friend beyond its precincts attempt to describe. Where-
ever he went the warmest greeting awaited him, for "none knew him
but to love him;" and "once a friend" he was "a friend till death"
of all the wise and good of his acquaintance. His cotemporary for a
half-century will tell you that the virtues which scattered such a profu-
sion of fruits and flowers along his path through life budded and were
"admired of all beholders" in his youth; that the ingenuous boy was
the type of the honest man, and that the graces and charms which clus-
tered in his character were never acquired, but always belonged to him.

Such, imperfect and unsatisfactory, is a rapid review of some of the
important acts of his life, and of the striking traits of his character. To
refer effects to their cause, it is only necessary to add that Leverett
Saltonstall was a Christian. His nature was peculiarly adapted to
the development of the religious sentiment, and, under the most favora-
ble influence of parental culture, it germinated in his childhood, "grew
with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." No intellect
ever grasped the truth of the Bible with a clearer apprehension, and
no heart embraced it with a warmer faith. The uncorrupted Chris-

tianity of the Bible—"built upon the foundation of the apostles and

prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone"—compre-
hending every doctrine which Jesus taught, and rejecting the "com-

mandments of men"—the Christianity divinely revealed and attested

and not of human inspiration—it was this in which he believed and

hoped and trusted, as long as he lived, and in his dying hour. In an

interview with the writer, during his sickness, he stated the interesting

fact that he had recently reviewed the grounds of his religious opinions

by a careful study of the scriptures, and that his faith had been delight-

fully refreshed and immovably strengthened.

His interest in religion was constantly manifest in his support of its

institutions. As he loved the Bible, he loved the Sabbath and the

Church. Never can he be forgotten by his fellow-worshippers, as join-
ing in the songs of the sanctuary, he "made melody in his heart to the

Lord," and, by his regular attendance upon all the ordinances, constant-
ly proved how much he felt the obligations which he had professed.—

The teachers and scholars of the Sunday School, of which for many

years he was the Superintendent, will long remember what they owed

to his services and example; and the various religious associations of

which he was a member will still derive encouragement from the endu-

ring proofs of his co-operation in their proceedings.

His private life—the only sufficient test—bore ample evidence of the

efficacy of his religious faith. In the discharge of his ordinary duties,
in the execution of many important trusts, amidst all his social relations
—as a son devoted to aged parents—as a brother proving himself even

more than a brother where it was important that he should be so—as a

husband and father and the head of a household—as a friend and neigh-

bor—as a benefactor to the poor who will testify how much he did for

Christ by simply recounting what he did for them—in short in every

station which he occupied, in every office which he filled, in his daily

walk, wherever he could be observed, it was distinctly to be seen that

he recognized his religious obligations, and that he seldom failed in ful-

filling them.

The faith which he had cherished, and the life which he led, pre-
pared him of course for a Christian death. The symptoms of a fatal

disease gave previous notice that the event was approaching. Without

a murmur or a sigh, with unruffled composure, with almost unvarying

cheerfulness, he bore the trials of a painful sickness, and, in a spirit of

calm resignation, he approached the grave. Lingering on its brink, he

meekly performed the last offices of pious affection, and uttering at in-
tervals, as long as he could speak, delightful assurances of his gratitude for the past and his hope for the future, he exhibited in his placid countenance the silent but expressive testimony that he felt within him to the end

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

In connection with his religious character and death, it should not be forgotten that our departed friend was a true lover of nature. How many can remember him as in his early morning walks he went forth with a light step and a cheerful countenance, gazing with rapture upon the varied landscape, charmed with the brilliancy and fragrance of the flowers, listening with a responsive heart to the grateful music of the birds, and imparting to all whom he accompanied or met the animating glow of his ardent emotions! Who that can sympathize in his poetic and devout admiration of the beauties of nature, will not love to remember that upon his dying bed he prized an opening rose-bud as a choice symbol of the goodness of God; and who that feels how much he felt "the sacred inspiration of the morning hour," will fail to be struck with the fitness of the moment of his death, occurring as it did at the very break of day, while the stillness of the external scene corresponded with his inward serenity, just as the "glimmering dawn" betokened the light of immortality which was beaming on his spirit, and at the instant the birds had begun to chant his requiem!

EXTRACT FROM REV. DR. FLINT'S DISCOURSE,
Delivered in the East Church, the first Sabbath of the preacher's officiating in his own pulpit, after the decease of the Hon. L. Saltonstall, from the following text; 2 Thessalonians, ii. chapter, parts of 16 and 17 verses. "God, even our Father, who hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts."

When I first saw him in his fresh and blooming boyhood at the university, his person and deportment were strikingly beautiful and engaging, indicative of the purity of his untainted soul, of the truthfulness and trust, the social and joyous heartiness, with which he met and reciprocated the love and cordial companionship of his class-mates of congenial warmth of feeling, of kindred hilarity of spirit and high relish of the innocent pleasures of life,—a trait which marked his character in after years, when with religious gratitude he partook gene-
rously, but never intemperately, of the good things of heaven’s bounty, esteeming, with the apostle, every creature of God to be good and to be received with thankfulness.

His collegiate course was without stain or reproach, beloved alike by his fellow students and instructors, evincing the justness of the old Latin adage, "virtue is more lovely emanating from a beautiful form."* He graduated quite young, but with honorable rank in scholarship. All the attractive and shining qualities of character which so endeared him to the affections of his classmates, and won for him distinction among his distinguished cotemporaries, were retained and received continual accessions of loveliness and brilliancy of polish, as he prosecuted in this city the preparatory studies of his profession, and as, at the same time and through life, when these studies, and afterwards his increasing business as a lawyer, and the many offices he filled, as a public man, left him brief intervals of leisure, he improved these intervals in storing his mind with general knowledge and in gratifying his taste for elegant literature. Mr. Saltonstall regarded his descent from illustrious ancestors, distinguished through a long line for talents and worth and high standing in the community, not as a subject of self-complacent and indolent pride, but as a call and an incentive to emulate their virtues, their public services and generous deeds, which proved them to be nature’s noblemen, and thus to add another shining link to the chain that had been lengthening and kept bright through successive generations from the first of the name in New England down to himself, who has now been gathered to his progenitors with honors, equal to those of the most honored of his race, and as universally beloved, as he was known and honored.

As a public man, others knew him better than I; and, wherever his decease has been known, his eulogy has been pronounced with a remarkable unanimity of testimony from men of all parties, to his able and faithful public services, to his integrity and honesty of purpose, to his ardent love of his country, to his disinterested devotion of property, time and a glowing eloquence to its true interests and honor, or what he sincerely believed to be such. His professional brethren, and all, who have witnessed his long and successful practice in our courts of justice, have acknowledged his ready and persuasive eloquence, as a popular advocate,—his skillful, but always fair and honorable management of whatever cause he undertook—that, while he made his client’s cause his own, he used no dishonest arts to disparage that of his adversary,—that he never betrayed a trust or neglected a

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* "Virtus pulchrior est eveniens e corpore pulchro."
business of whatever nature, which his clients, his friends, or fellow-
citizens confided to him.

As an orator he was not formed by art, but was made so by nature. He was a striking example of the eloquence of which Quintilian speaks, "His heart made him eloquent." His fine person, a flexible and charmingly modulated voice, won the attention and delighted the eye and ear of his auditors, whether he conversed in private or delivered an argument or a speech in public. From familiar and critical acquaintance with the scriptures of the New Testament unusual for a layman,—I speak advisedly here, he of late years having generally introduced the subject of religion when conversing together by ourselves,—from careful study of the evidences and enlightened conviction of the truth of the Christian revelation, Mr. Saltonstall was a devout and practical Christian. The religious sentiment was strong in him through life, early developed and fostered as it was by a religious mother's faithful instruction and winning example of gentleness and piety. Like young Timothy, early and long a cherished son and fellow laborer of Paul in the gospel, he was indebted to a mother and grandmother, both unfeignedly believing and devout Bible Christians, for his earnest faith and for the depth and warmth of devotional feeling, which pervaded his character and kept his heart pure, his conscience undefiled, and his morals unspotted from his childhood to his latest breath. He has told me that his mother often referred to her mother, who was a daughter of the Rev. Richard Brown, fifth minister of South Reading, as the model she aimed to follow in her household management and training of her children. The religion of Mr. Saltonstall made him the virtuous and useful citizen, the excellent and happy man, the exemplary and idolized husband and parent, that he was; and his rare social qualities made him the companion, most loved and cherished by his classmates when and wherever he met with them, whose presence was ever hailed by them, as the signal of living over again the hours and renewing the by-gone joys of our youthful companionship and exemption from the cares of later life.—Those pleasant meetings crowded with pleasant memories come thronging to my mind, as I retrace the long track of years, which I have travelled with him, who has begun, alas before me, "the travel of eternity."—I can add no more. May the reflection that we are all on the same road, and not far behind, soften our regrets for the departed, and incite us to more earnest diligence and fidelity in following the steps of those, who through faith and patient continuance in well doing, are gone to inherit the Christian promises in God's heavenly presence, to go no more out forever.
RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS COLLEGE LIFE.

BY A CLASSMATE.

Mr. Saltonstall entered Harvard College in 1798. His classmates were generally strangers to each other, shy of forming acquainances, yet curious to discover the character of their future companions. At the first recitation in Latin, Saltonstall in construing Horace, rendered “hominum recentum” by the word Freshmen. This piece of pleasantry was received with a smile by the tutor, and a cordial laugh by the class, and led us to desire to know more of one who introduced himself so agreeably to our notice. We found him so frank and amiable in his manners, with so little reserve and no disguise, that his character was soon understood and his good qualities as well as his faults, were apparent to the most superficial observer, so that he won immediately that confidence which is commonly the growth of long acquaintance.

Everyone admired his good fellowship, his generous temper and warm heart, and he soon became the centre of the social gaiety of the class, and the leader of its fun and frolic. But his genial spirits never transgressed the bounds of decency or good morals, though they sometimes trespassed on the strict rules of College discipline, in which, however, he was generally detected, for his powerful and musical voice towered above the confused clamor of his companions, and he scorned to resort to the prevarication which is too often the defence of juvenile delinquents. His honesty and ingenuousness usually obtained for him the remission or mitigation of his fine or admonition, as well as the confidence of the College Government.

Saltonstall was among the few who appreciate at the time they enjoy it, the happiness of a College life. His ancestors, for many generations, were educated at Cambridge, and some of them were its liberal benefactors, which created in his mind a peculiar respect for that University. He regarded it as truly an Alma Mater to him; he left it with regret, and to the end of his life manifested a warm affection for it, by zeal for its welfare and an anxious observation of its progressive improvement. He delighted to revisit the home of his youth, and attended every annual Commencement except two, from the time he graduated.

In his time, there was more distance and reserve in the intercourse of the elder members of the Government with the students, than pre-
vails at present. The presence of the President was awful; no con-
versation, even in a whisper, was allowed between scholars in his
study. We stood before him with profound respect, and regarded him
as a Sage whose oracular responses were to be obeyed, not questioned;
yet we all loved and venerated him.

Saltonstall was a favorite of his instructors, especially of our partic-
ular tutor, a gentleman still living, whose devotion to the improvement
of his pupils, has ever since been acknowledged by the respect and es-
teev of the Class, and with whom it was the happiness of Mr. Salton-
stall to form and preserve the closest friendship.

The love of truth which he manifested at College, then and ever after secured him the undoubting and implicit trust of his friends; he
never said what he did not believe, or promised what he did not intend
to perform; and his fine, candid countenance, and manly deportment,
soon gained for him the same credit with strangers.

His rank as a scholar was high, and he had an earnest and fervent
manner in his declamation, which made him an interesting and agreea-
able speaker; but he did not possess at College that industry and love
of mental labor which afterwards raised him to high honor and use-
fulness.

He had been piously educated, and brought from home impressions
of his religious duties, which were not effaced by the gaiety and fri-
volity by which he was surrounded, for he obeyed the paternal injunc-
tions of searching the Scriptures and revering the Sabbath.

With many of his classmates he contracted friendships which were
continued without interruption through his life. No man was ever truer to his friends than Leverett Saltonstall, or stood by them more steadily in distress and adversity. Many of them were less fortunate
than he was in the distribution of the prizes of life. He never forgot
the claims of these, or turned from them in coldness. On the contrary,
his counsel, his countenance and his purse, he gave freely, and the lat-
ter bountifully. Prosperity and success did not change his manner or harden his heart; he never calculated the hazard of assisting a friend in need, but committed himself generously in the cause of those in
whose integrity he confided.
PROCEEDINGS OF THE SALEM BIBLE SOCIETY.

At the Annual Meeting of the Bible Society of Salem and vicinity, the following Resolution, presented by Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, was passed unanimously:

Resolved, That in the death of its late President, the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, this Society laments the loss of one whose official services were for many years freely devoted to the promotion of its interests, and whose character through life bore ample testimony to his sense of the value of the Bible as the only and all sufficient rule of Christian faith and practice.
EULOGY

ON

JOHN PICKERING, LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ACADEMY,

OCTOBER 28, 1846,

BY DANIEL APPLETON WHITE,

FELLOW OF THE ACADEMY.

Published by Order of the Academy.

CAMBRIDGE:
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1847.
Among all the works of God, I know of no object of contemplation more delightful than a beautiful human character, pure and lovely, ennobled by Christian virtues, and adorned by the accomplishments of mind. Such was eminently the character of our late beloved associate and President, John Pickering, whose death we have been called to deplore, and whose distinguished worth we have come together to contemplate and honor. The reluctance which, as some of you know, I felt at becoming your organ on this affecting occasion, arose from my conscious inability to do justice to his profound erudition; but the charm of his character overcame my reluctance, and if I can succeed in drawing a faithful portrait of his life and virtues, I shall rely on your goodness to pardon the imperfect sketch I may give of his talents and learning.

That noble-hearted man, the late Judge Lowell, in commencing his eulogy on the first President of the
American Academy, recognizes the obligation "to trace the path of the great, the virtuous, and the wise, through all their exertions for the benefit of mankind, and to portray their characters as an example to the world." This, doubtless, is the highest purpose of eulogy, and most worthy both of the living and the dead. The memory of great and good men is most truly honored by that which, at the same time, most benefits the world,—the study and practice of their virtues.

You will allow me, therefore, Gentlemen, in seeking to pay this true honor to the memory of one who so richly deserved it, whose life was so invariably virtuous, and who rendered himself so eminently wise and useful, to give especial attention to those virtues and exalted principles which enabled him to achieve his unsullied fame, and which may enable others, stimulated by his example, to pursue a like honorable career. Such a manner of proceeding on this occasion well accords with the high ultimate design of the American Academy;—"to cultivate every art and science which may tend to advance the interest, honor, dignity, and happiness of a free and independent people." Of all arts conducing to this great end, the most important, certainly, is the art of human improvement, and the most excellent of sciences is the science of a good life. And both are best studied from original models of excellence. Biography, still more than history, is philosophy teaching by example
the lessons of wisdom; but, to fulfil its office, it must teach in the spirit of philosophy, and unfold the means and inculcate the principles upon which progress in excellence essentially depends. The life which is now presented for our contemplation, if exhibited with that truth and simplicity which were so remarkably its ornaments, would beautifully illustrate the lessons of wisdom, and make her ways as clear to the studious mind, as they are pleasant to the upright in heart. We care little for the mere possession of talents or genius; real merit is above them both. And where shall we look for one who in the meritorious use of talents is greater than our departed friend? Such a life as his cannot be traced too minutely, from its dawn to its close. Genius and eloquence have already, on various occasions, bestowed a rich and glowing eulogy on the learned jurist, the man of science, of letters, and of worth, leaving us, in echoing the voice of praise, little more to do than to enforce its justness, and to gather what instruction we may from the virtues which have called it forth.* The simple truth, Gentlemen, bestows the highest eulogy on our lamented President, while it affords us the truest consolation and the best instruction.

* See the noble tribute to the memory of Mr. Pickering, contained in the Law Reporter (Vol. IX., p. 49), from the gifted pen of Charles Sumner, Esq.; also his admired Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, at their Anniversary, August 27, 1846.
John Pickering was the eldest of ten children of the late Colonel Timothy and Rebecca White Pickering, and was born on the 7th day of February, 1777. His ancestors were of a most worthy character. The first of them known in this country was John Pickering, who was one of the early settlers of Salem, and in 1642 bought of Sir George Downing's father the farm on Broad street in that town, which has ever since descended in the male line of the family, and always, except in a single instance, has been owned by a John Pickering, as it still continues to be. On it stands the ancient and picturesque mansion, the late summer residence of our deceased friend, who by his skilful arrangements converted the greater portion of the farm into a beautiful and flourishing village.

Colonel Pickering was a vigilant and devoted father, but his whole soul was so absorbed in his country at that alarming crisis of her affairs, that he could bestow but a transient attention upon his son's early culture. Fortunately for this son, he was, like Sir William Jones, whom in other respects he so strongly resembled, blessed with a mother in every way qualified to fulfil the duties of both parents. In his intelligent, docile, and sweet disposition she beheld the image of her own gentle spirit, and she could not fail in all her intercourse with him to exert a propitious influence upon his opening mind and character. He had an excellent uncle, too, the Honorable
John Pickering, who lived in Salem, and who indulged for him all the feelings of a parent. John and Timothy Pickering were only brothers, and their souls were knit together in the closest friendship. Both were zealous Whig patriots, renowned for their integrity and steadfastness. John was graduated at Harvard College in 1759, four years before his younger brother, and was one of the original founders of the American Academy. He sustained various important public trusts, and at the time of his nephew’s infancy was Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts. They had seven sisters, all of whom were married and had families, some of which were highly distinguished. Young John, bearing the favorite ancestral name, and possessing uncommon attractions, was the object of observation as well as interest, without being exposed to those fond and admiring attentions which are so apt to foster vanity and selfishness.

As it is our desire to show from his example how characters like his may be formed, where natural gifts like his are bestowed, and how human excellence is best attained, whatever may be the endowments of nature, we shall freely avail ourselves of the most authentic information we possess, without using the family correspondence, of the early development of his faculties and the progress of his education. There are four periods which deserve distinct attention; — the five or six years of childhood, before he went to
any school; his years at school; his four years in college; and his four following years abroad.

The first of these periods, though so little thought of generally, was to him, perhaps, next in importance to his college life, for in it was laid the foundation of his character and intellectual habits. Providence appears to have ordered the circumstances of it better for his improvement than human wisdom would have done. He was in no common degree qualified by nature, both in his physical and mental constitution, for self-direction and self-cultivation. His senses, particularly his sight, hearing, and touch, were acute and delicate; so, too, were all his faculties and feelings. He had a curiosity all alive, together with a memory quick and retentive. His mechanical ingenuity was as early manifested as his intellectual vigor. Happy was it for him, that he was exposed to no luxurious gratifications or excessive indulgences of any kind. Happy, too, probably, that he had no teacher but his mother, aided by the influence of his admirable father, and that he was in so great a degree left to be his own teacher.

During this period, his father, being attached to the Revolutionary army, had no fixed place of abode for his family, and they resided successively at Salem, Philadelphia, Newburgh, and then again at Philadelphia and in its vicinity. It was not till their second residence at Philadelphia that a good school could be obtained for John, which was a subject of frequent
regret with his mother, but doubtless all the better for him. His lively curiosity and love of knowledge had become remarkable before he was two years old, evinced particularly by a continued attention and interest in his observation of things. Nearly at the same time he commenced his philological career. Of his own accord he took it into his head to learn to read; and, at the age of two years, he could repeat the letters of the alphabet, and in speaking would readily join adjectives and verbs to his nouns. Before he was five years old, he could read without spelling, and spell without book, rarely missing a word which he had once read, however little affinity the letters might have to the sound. Such was the self-taught infant philologist.

We allude to these facts, not as being very wonderful in themselves, but as illustrating his natural powers and turn of mind, as well as his intellectual habits. His early devotion to learning led directly to those habits of observation, attention, and application, which were among his greatest advantages as a scholar. Equally fortunate was he in the early development of his affections and his moral nature. Besides the kindest care, he received the most judicious religious nurture, and constantly enjoyed the influence of examples which tended to produce in him the generous and noble virtues. It was perfectly natural that he should become what he was, truly magnanimous, and one of the most unselfish of human beings.
Thus prepared by himself, under the eye of his mother, he entered his first school at Philadelphia when he was about six years of age. His aptitude for wisdom and goodness, as well as for learning, had already inspired entire confidence, and disposed his parents to seek for him the best advantages of education. At this school, in addition to the usual English exercises, he attended to the French language, and pursued his studies with so much ardor and closeness of application, that some relaxation became necessary for his health. With a view to this, his father, in 1786, sent him on a visit to his uncle and other friends in Salem. He took only his French books with him, expecting soon to return. But it was otherwise ordered. His uncle, who had now retired from public life, and was living on the family estate with a widowed sister and her only daughter, never having been married himself, became so attached to his beloved nephew, that he could not consent to part with him. Without formally adopting him, he ever after treated him as a son, and never was any parent more blessed in an own son.

John, thus made a fixed resident in Salem, at the age of nine years, soon resumed his studies with renewed health and energy. His character, having received such a powerful impulse in the right direction, could not fail to be carried forward in strength as well as excellence under the somewhat sterner influences which were now brought to bear upon him. In his
uncle, alike dignified, wise, and affectionate, he found the best of domestic guides. His master in the Latin Grammar School was Belcher Noyes, an experienced teacher, and a man of some classical learning, as it would seem from a Latin grammar of which he was the author. His writing-master was Edward Norris, of whom he took lessons every day, for some length of time, with complete success. He was remarkable for his handwriting before he left Philadelphia, and it deserves notice here as one of his distinguished literary accomplishments. The handwriting, it has been said, indicates the writer's character. In him, certainly, both were alike clear, simple, and beautiful. Nothing perplexing was ever found either in his chirography or his character. The rank which he speedily attained as a classical scholar was high, as might be inferred from a fact related by a venerable gentleman, now living,—which deserves remembrance, too, as having served to swell the tide of good influences then bearing upon him. When President Washington visited Salem, in 1789, young Pickering was placed at the head of the Latin school in the procession on that occasion. What more powerful incentive to all that is good and great could he have received, than the honor of thus meeting the saviour of his country and his father's friend?

Thomas Bancroft, a true scholar and gentleman from Harvard College, afterwards the distinguished Clerk of the Judicial Courts in Essex county, suc-
ceeded Mr. Noyes in the Latin Grammar School, and completed Mr. Pickering’s preparation for the University. In this excellent instructor he found a no less excellent friend, for whom he cherished a high regard. But, though fitted for college by Mr. Bancroft, he was offered for admission by his father, who took the liveliest delight in his son’s character and scholarship, and came from Philadelphia, probably on purpose to enjoy the pleasure of presenting him to the University at Cambridge. After being honorably admitted, in July, 1792, he accompanied his father to Philadelphia, where he passed a happy vacation.

On leaving his parents to join his class at Cambridge, he did not leave behind him their good influence, which was blended with all his thoughts and feelings, and kept alive by an affectionate and frank correspondence with his father. He found, too, at the University a never-failing supply of good counsel from the friendship of his cousin, the Rev. Dr. Clarke of Boston, who took a deep interest in his welfare, and was honored by him as his “oracle.” He found also in his teachers and guides—in Willard, Tappan, Pearson, Webber, and their associates—men of piety as well as learning, whose whole example and influence pointed to heaven, and led the way.

These were distinguished advantages, but not more distinguished than were his fidelity and wisdom in the improvement of them. Dr. Clarke introduces those beautiful “Letters to a Student in the Univer-
sity of Cambridge,” which were addressed to him, by alluding to other peculiar advantages. “Your superior qualifications,” he says, “for admission into the University give you singular advantages for the prosecution of your studies.” “Happy for you, they who superintended your education were less anxious that you should be early fitted than that you should be well fitted for the University. You were, therefore, indulged with a year extraordinary in preparatory studies.” “Thus informed, you begin the college life with every advantage. You have anticipated the academical studies, and, if you persevere, your future improvements must be answerable to your present acquisitions. Four important years are now before you.”

Important years indeed,—for good or for evil! To John Pickering they were full-fraught with good. To some others they have proved calamitous. How is this to be accounted for? Here, Gentlemen, is a problem worthy of your Christian philanthropy, and your most profound philosophical wisdom. What problem in the material world has stronger claims on your attention, as men of science and learning, pledged to advance the best interests of humanity? Since the institution of your Academy, many of its expressed objects of scientific inquiry have been successively assumed by other associations specially devoted to them. Why, then, may you not give attention to some of your implied duties, and pursue inquiries in
the intellectual and moral world,—inquiries alike practical and philosophical, and more immediately connected with the loftiest object of your institution,—the advancement of the honor, dignity, and happiness of a free people? Might not the laws of man's moral nature be more clearly understood? Might not the knowledge of them be made more effectual for the attainment of his best education? Such inquiries would seem particularly appropriate to the American Academy, which was originally designed to be subservient to the great objects of our venerable University.

I pray you, Gentlemen, to pardon this suggestion, and accept it as my apology, if I should appear to pay a disproportioned attention to Mr. Pickering's academical life.

His advantages, upon entering the University, were certainly great, and in some respects peculiar. But they did not consist in his extraordinary intellectual acquirements, or his fine natural powers, or in both together, so much as in his complete moral and religious training, his cherished love of learning, his correct habits, his filial piety, which made the wishes of his parents and uncle his own, and that wisdom, so rare in youth, which led him to follow experienced guides rather than prejudiced companions, and not only to shun all noxious habits, but, like his prototype, Sir William Jones, to avail himself of every "opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties,
or of acquiring esteemed accomplishments.” Such as these were his preeminent advantages. Some of those students who have most signally failed in their collegiate course were, like him, distinguished for their mental powers and preparatory acquirements, wanting only his moral strength and his wisdom. How it might have been with him, had his mother, instead of her gentle religious nurture, given him lessons of frivolity and fashion, and had his father and his uncle been as observable for their selfish indulgences as they were remarkable for their public and private virtues and their exalted Christian character, and had his teachers, moreover, instilled into him the poison of an irreligious example, we can only conjecture. So, too, we can only conjecture what sort of a character King George the Fourth might have become, had he received the nurture and education which blessed the youth of John Pickering. But while we believe that the laws of the moral universe are as fixed in their operation as those of the material world, we cannot doubt that the result, in either case, would have been essentially the reverse of what it was.

Mr. Pickering entered the University at a juncture when all his strength of principle and all his wisdom were needed to guide him through the trying scenes that awaited him. The tempests of excitement and disorder swept over his class, in their Sophomore year, prostrating numbers of them apparently as
strong as himself. Expulsion, rustication, suspension, all followed in rapid succession, for offences to which nothing could have prompted the student but those maddening stimulants, the plague of which no one then knew how to stay. Pickering's virtuous sensibility was outraged by the terrific ravages of this moral plague, as he manifested at the time by a characteristic expression of his abhorrence,—quoting those emphatic lines of Virgil:—

"Non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, omnes scelerum comprehendere formas
possim."

It was at this period that the late Judge Lowell, then one of the corporate body of the University, declared the exalted sentiment, that, rather than endure such evils among the students, he would send them off till he had made college a perfect chasm, and then start anew on the right ground.

Pickering's moral indignation, however, bore no unkindness to his offending fellow-students. His heart teemed with sentiments of candor, generosity, and true honor. Nothing of the ascetic or recluse appeared in his disposition or manners. He mingled freely with his classmates in their pleasures and sports, their "jests and youthful jollities," insisting only, that, so far as he was concerned, they should be innocent and proper. And this was a condition exacted by his very nature, unconsciously as it were to himself. His simplicity and singleness of heart were as re-
markable as his purity and elevation of mind. He joined the various social as well as literary clubs, even the gayest of them, the more readily, doubtless, from the very cause which might have restrained others,—a natural diffidence, which he felt it his duty to overcome. The musical club, or Sodality, was best suited to his taste, and afforded him the highest gratification. He cultivated music with delight, both as an art and as a science, and was distinguished in college for his performance on the flute and the violin, as well as for his skill in vocal harmony. As president of the Sodality, he introduced an improved style of music in their performances. Social music became his favorite diversion, affording him through life a lively enjoyment and recreation.

In the whole course of his studies, he manifested a genuine independence and a wise foresight, as well as an energetic industry. Upon his entrance into college, he was surprised to find in what low estimation classical learning was held by the students. Scarcely one among them could be found to do it reverence. The times, however, were very peculiar. The innovating spirit of the French Revolution was raging in the world, and ancient learning, least of all, could expect to escape its baleful influence.

But no example or influence could tempt Mr. Pickering to forsake his first love. He faltered not for a moment in his devotion to a liberal pursuit of classical studies, thoroughly mastering those embraced by his
stated exercises, and extending his knowledge much farther both of ancient languages and the literature contained in them. In all his voluntary studies he loved to have friendly companions, and his literary attractions failed not to draw them to him. One of my respected classmates, a learned scholar and divine of this city, who sympathized with Mr. Pickering in all his philological researches, has told me of the delightful hours they passed together at Cambridge in reading various classic authors; and he remembers another classmate as having been attracted to join them, now as distinguished at the American bar as he then was in college. He remembers, also, the gratification with which they welcomed the addition to their number of a fine classical scholar from England, who entered Mr. Pickering's class at an advanced period, and most heartily sustained him in his favorite studies. I take pleasure in alluding to these bright examples, as being illustrative not only of Mr. Pickering's character and influence, but also of the tendency of classical learning itself to produce such examples.

These favorite studies, however, were not allowed to occupy more than their due proportion of Mr. Pickering's time in college. The mathematics and natural philosophy were studied by him with scarcely less ardor, and with equal success; nor was any branch of learning overlooked by him, which he had an opportunity to cultivate. Academic honors had no influence in shaping his plans of study or his rules
of conduct. So far from this, he dreaded them, as an unwelcome visitation, if they required his speaking before the public. He pursued knowledge for its intrinsic value and because he loved it; and conducted himself nobly by following out his inbred sense of propriety and Christian duty.

His father, being a member of President Washington’s administration, was too much engaged by his public duties to do more for his son’s improvement in college than by occasionally writing to him. Such a father, however, could not fail to do much in this way, and to exert a powerful influence upon such a son. Their correspondence, were it open to us, would afford the best illustration of Mr. Pickering’s condition and circumstances in college, as well as of the motives which governed him, and the manliness and moral beauty of his youthful character. An intimate college companion remembers some of the father’s letters, and the excellent instructions they contained. It is to be hoped, that, at some day, they may be permitted to see the light.

Mr. Pickering enjoyed his college life in a high degree, and justly appreciated its privileges; yet he felt the want of an instructor in elocution, and, unlike some students of that day, he lamented the inability of the professor who taught English composition to attend to his class in that exercise, which he considered among the most important in college. By such disadvantages he was stimulated to greater diligence
in supplying himself with instruction. In the practice of speaking he found much aid from an ancient secret society, composed of select members from the two middle classes, called the Speaking Club, then in high esteem; the members of which held regular meetings for declamation and mutual improvement, and were alike faithful and kind in pointing out each other's faults of elocution, sometimes entering into discussions which served to accustom them to extemporaneous speaking. At that period, also, the resident members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, during the Senior year, were a working society for mutual improvement in composition, reasoning, and elocution. They had frequent meetings within the walls of college, at which the members, in turn, produced and read dissertations or forensic arguments, which, with occasional colloquial discussions, were found highly useful. Mr. Pickering could not fail to make them so to himself. His leisure hours, too, whether given to social intercourse and recreation, or to classical and other well-chosen reading, were fraught with improvement of much value. His learned friend, Dr. Clarke, was ever ready not only to advise him as to the course of his reading, but to lend him the best books for his purpose.

In his knowledge of the French language he had greatly the advantage of most of his classmates. His chief object at college in respect to this was to acquire a correct pronunciation of the language, in which
he was remarkably successful, his instructor being a native of France, and particularly pleased to give him the attention which he desired. He had, indeed, a peculiar facility, in all the foreign tongues which he studied, in acquiring ease and correctness of pronunciation. His delicately tuned ear was in this an excellent guide. Thorough and complete knowledge was sought by him in all his studies. Hence he accustomed himself to the practice of writing in the principal languages he acquired,—a practice which he commenced at college in the French, and continued afterwards in the Portuguese, Italian, Latin, Greek, and some other tongues. No intellectual labor was irksome to him which looked to the increase or improvement of his knowledge.

Though Mr. Pickering had no thought of ever becoming a medical student, yet, in pursuance of the principle to avail himself of all opportunities of acquiring valuable information, he attended, in his Senior year, Dr. Warren's lectures on anatomy, and Dr. Dexter's on chemistry. With the former he was greatly delighted, as affording him both instruction and entertainment in a high degree. The latter, from the nature of the subject, were far less interesting; yet he was stimulated by them to unite with several of his classmates in pursuing the study by themselves, making such experiments as with their small apparatus were in their power.

The peculiar delicacy of Mr. Pickering's mind and
feelings exposed him, in early life, to no little suffer­ing from diffidence, which it required all his resolution and sense of duty to overcome, and which, perhaps, he never entirely subdued. Yet few ever exceeded him in dignity of mind, strength of character, and firm, uncompromising principle. From his modest reluc­tance to speak in public, he would have gladly avoid­ed his first college honor, a part in an English dia­logue, at an exhibition in his Junior year; but his resolution enabled him to perform it to the gratifi­cation of his friends, as it did also his second part, a finely written Latin oration on Classical Learning, a subject suggested to him by his ever-attentive friend, Dr. Clarke. Great as was his enthusiasm for classical learning, he had, in college, as real a love for the study of the mathematics, and highly distinguished himself in this department. Near the close of his Senior year, he received the honor of a mathematical part, which appeared to give him more pleasure than all his other college honors. It afforded him an opportu­nity to manifest his profound scholarship in a manner most agreeable to his feelings. When he had deliv­ered to the Corporation and Overseers this part, con­taining solutions of problems by fluxions, he had the rare satisfaction to be told that one of them was more elegant than the solution of the great Simpson, who wrote a treatise on fluxions, in which the same prob­lem was solved by him. Such was the distinguished honor that crowned Mr. Pickering’s intellectual labors in college.
At his Commencement, he had assigned to him a new part, one never before introduced, which, with the subject, was intended by the government as a particular honor to him, and his classical friend before mentioned, from England. This was an English colloquy, and the subject given them was, "A Panegyric on Classic Literature." The execution of the part was honorable to both, and formed a suitable close to Mr. Pickering's academical life.

At this important era, which fixed the character of his whole earthly career, we may be allowed to pause for a moment to contemplate his attainments and his example. His education, in all its essential objects, was now complete. Together with the acquisition of a rich fund of various learning, all his faculties were so disciplined and improved, his love of knowledge so inflamed, and his ambition so exalted, that he could not fail to extend his views, and urge his pursuit of learning with increased energy. Alike powerful in mind and pure in heart, amiable, intelligent, and armed with all the strength of virtue and religious principle, he was prepared to enter the world of action, temptation, and trial. He at once inspired respect, together with the most entire confidence, wherever he became known, in the stability of his principles. They who intimately knew him would as soon have thought that one of the planets would shoot from its orbit, as that he would depart from his honorable course.
Whether, as many of his classmates affirmed, he bore from the University the reputation of being the first scholar of his class, it is of little consequence to inquire; nor is it material to measure very exactly the magnitude or extent of his talents; it is enough to know that they were not so great as to raise him above the strictest virtue, or the least of moral obligations, and that in accomplishing his education he made himself a model scholar, and laid the foundation of his eminent distinction and usefulness in life. To profit from his example, we must learn how he attained to such excellence. For this purpose it is that we have traced so carefully the progress of his education, and considered his advantages and disadvantages, and the manner in which he improved them; for he appears to have improved both, or rather to have made what were regarded as disadvantages the means of greater improvement. Though he regretted that more complete instruction was not afforded in some departments of education, yet it was doubtless better for him, with his enlightened industry and wise disposition of his time, to have too few than too many teachers, and to enjoy undisturbed the best hours of the day for study, than to pass through the most skilful process of recitation. The professors and tutors, whom it was his good fortune to have through college, were able teachers and admirable guides; and, if they taught not all things, they misled in nothing. Had it been otherwise with them, it might
have been otherwise with him; for who can be safe, when guides mislead? Mere defect of instruction he could supply for himself, better perhaps than others, with some additional advantages from the spontaneous and independent exertion of his faculties. His fidelity in attending to his stated exercises and observing all the proprieties of a conduct at once courteous, manly, and upright, was not more extraordinary than his industry and sagacity in employing his leisure time to extend his classical and philosophical learning, and to acquire the most valuable accomplishments. Even his hours of convivial recreation were subservient to the growth of his social and generous virtues, and his favorite pleasure consisted in the cultivation and practice of one of the most delightful of the fine arts.

Of all whom I have ever known, from our own or any other University, no one appears better entitled than Mr. Pickering to be regarded as the model scholar. In saying this, I pronounce his highest eulogium, and present his strongest claim upon the public gratitude. Vast and comprehensive as was his matured learning, and valuable as were its fruits to his country and the world, the finished model he has left for guiding the studies and forming the character of the scholar and the man is infinitely more precious. Any student, commonly well endowed, who has a soul capable of aspiring to excellence,—and what young man, devoting himself to a liberal education, is desti-
tute of such a soul? — may find in this model an unerring guide to the attainment of his lofty object. Faithfully following his guide, he cannot fail of success. One condition only is indispensable, — a condition, too, altogether in his own favor. He must begin and persevere in the spirit of his model. He must abjure every indulgence which has the least tendency to impair his moral or his mental energies, or to induce any injurious or unseemly habit. "Pro-cul, O procul!" must be the earnest exclamation of his heart against every form and aspect of moral evil. Thus persevering, he will find his progress as delightful as his success is certain.

The instructor, equally with the student, may gain wisdom from the contemplation of such a model, — the model of a character which it is his peculiar province to form. The faithful ship-builder spares no pains in studying the best model of his art, and making his work strong and complete. Much more will the faithful builder of a human character, freighted with treasures of immortal value, seek the highest degree of perfection in his work. Here, in this noblest of human works, the "wise master-builder" is deserving of all honor. He entitles himself preëminently to the gratitude of mankind.

I trust, Gentlemen, you will not regard these remarks, intended as they are to elucidate Mr. Pickering's distinguishing merits, as an impertinent digression, or charge me with a waste of your time in
dwelling so long upon that portion of his life which is sometimes passed by with a single glance. It is more pleasing, I know, to admire the ripened fruit than to watch the culture of the vine or the tree which bears it; but the latter is quite as useful an employment as the former. Having witnessed the planting of a noble tree, and carefully observed its early culture, its growth and expansion, its full foliage and fair blossoms, we may not only admire its fruit, but understand the means by which it is produced.

A smiling Providence appears to have guided Mr. Pickering at every step of his progress. Upon leaving the University and returning to his parents in Philadelphia, he found himself in the very situation which, of all others, he must have preferred for his continued advancement in various excellence. His father, then Secretary of State, introduced him at once into the most intellectual and cultivated society, and afforded every desirable opportunity for the gratification of his literary taste and ambition. Having chosen the law for his profession, he entered the office of Edward Tilghman, Esq., and closely pursued his legal studies for about nine months, when he was appointed secretary of legation to William Smith, who had been a distinguished member of Congress from South Carolina, and was then to be our minister at the court of Lisbon. Nothing could have been more agreeable to Mr. Pickering than such an appointment. It opened a delightful prospect for the indulgence of
his curiosity in seeing Europe, and for the extension of his literary and philosophical researches. In Mr. Smith, who was as remarkable for his amiable disposition as for his talents, he was sure to find a most valuable friend and companion.

During his short residence in Philadelphia, he generally devoted his early morning hours, as well as his evenings, to classical reading. He assured a friend, whom he had left a student at Cambridge, and whom he wished to imbue with a genuine love of ancient learning, that, instead of seeing the inutility of the classics, as many of his classmates had predicted he would, he was fully convinced of their value, and was then pursuing them, particularly Greek, with more ardor than ever. His ardor in the pursuit and promotion of Greek literature, as we all know, never abated.

In August, 1797, Mr. Pickering, after a voyage of twenty-seven days, arrived at Lisbon. On the passage he studied the Portuguese language, so that, by taking a few lessons after his arrival, he was able to speak it with tolerable ease. Most of his time in Portugal was passed at Lisbon, except during the hot months of summer, when Mr. Smith resided at Cintra, a beautiful rural retreat, much resorted to by the wealthy inhabitants of Lisbon. Here Mr. Pickering, little inclined to mingle in the fashionable amusements going on around him, had leisure for his own pursuits, and found constant enjoyment among the orange and
lemon groves abounding there, and from the mountainous, romantic scenery of the place. He used to speak of some other excursions from Lisbon. He visited the famous monastery of Batalha, a grand specimen of elaborate antique architecture, which made a deep impression upon his mind, and he often spoke of it afterwards with enthusiastic admiration. He also visited the ancient University of Coimbra, where the venerable professors paid him the kindest attentions, and at parting embraced him as a friend. He had, indeed, always a language of the intellect, heart, and manner, alike intelligible and pleasing to all, which at once secured him friends wherever he went.

He travelled little to see the country. Much as he loved nature, he loved humanity more. Whatever related to the human mind, or to human society, in any state or form of its existence, — institutions, laws, manners, arts, education, language, — engaged his deep attention. In pursuing his studies at Lisbon, he felt at first the want of books; but making friends, in his wonted manner, of some learned monks, whom he visited in an old convent, he obtained through their kindness those which he most needed. The civil law and the law of nations, with the study of languages, were the leading objects of his attention. He read Vattel's *Law of Nations*, in the original French, and entered upon Justinian's *Institutes*. Meeting with a learned native of Damascus, where the
Arabic language was spoken in its greatest purity, he studied that language; and, at the same time, made it the occasion of acquiring a more familiar knowledge of the literature and affairs of Portugal, by conversations on these subjects with his friendly instructor, who had lived many years in the country. He also studied the Italian language at this time, and probably the Spanish. It having been expected that Mr. Smith would be sent on a mission to Constantinople, Mr. Pickering indulged the pleasing vision of seeing the East, and treading the classic ground of Greece and Rome. With this view, he undertook the study of the Turkish language; but the mission to that country was abandoned, and he never realized his anticipated delight.

In Lisbon, as in college, music was his favorite social recreation. Mr. Smith himself had a fine taste for music, and the musical parties among his friends were to Mr. Pickering a source of instruction as well as entertainment. He joined them on the flute, and thus acquired that correct taste and cultivation which he could hardly have obtained at that time in his own country. He became so well versed in the science of music, that in later life he took much pleasure in explaining its principles to his young friends. His mechanical ingenuity, which discovered itself so early in life, was perhaps most manifested in his practical knowledge of the construction of musical instruments.

The noble father kept a steady eye upon his son's
higher improvement, and therefore, satisfactory as was his connection with Mr. Smith, he made arrangements for his removal to London, where his advantages would be more ample. During the two years he had passed with Mr. Smith, their mutual regard had ripened into the sincerest friendship, and, on parting with him, Mr. Smith expressed his exalted esteem, and his deep regret at losing the society of so estimable a companion and friend.

Under the continued smiles of Providence, Mr. Pickering found himself, in November, 1799, happily situated in the family of Rufus King, our minister at the court of St. James, surrounded by the most desirable means of intellectual progress and rational enjoyment. He was honored by an intimate reception in the family of Christopher Gore, then at London, residing in Mr. King’s immediate vicinity. He gained the warm friendship of both these eminent gentlemen, and met in their respective families the best society, whether for his taste or his manners. His social pleasures at this time were of a high order, and rendered altogether delightful by the simultaneous arrival in London of a classmate of kindred sentiment and taste, who afforded him all that exquisite enjoyment of confidential intercourse which springs from college friendship.* This beloved friend survives to honor his memory and bear witness to his worth. He had access to his inmost thoughts and feelings, and can

* Dr. James Jackson.
put the seal of truth to the strongest lines of excellence which I have drawn. I have only to regret that his skilful and delicate pencil was not employed to paint the picture.

Our consul at London was Samuel Williams, Mr. Pickering's friend and cousin, who freely offered to advance whatever funds he might desire for the purchase of books. His father having encouraged him to indulge his inclination in such an expenditure, he availed himself largely of Mr. Williams's kind offer, and selected and brought home with him an extensive and choice library, which in the end became a rich acquisition to the literature of New England.

Mr. Pickering was the private secretary of Mr. King, and also the instructor of his sons in their vacations from school; but he found much time for his literary pursuits. These were such as we should naturally suppose, from his taste and settled habits of study; and his proficiency was in proportion to the excellence of his habits and his disciplined powers of mind. His ardent curiosity and love of knowledge, his keen, philosophical observation, his clear perception, sound, discriminating judgment, and close, penetrating attention, with his strong and exact memory, all improved by constant exercise, and aided by a judicious observance of order and method, will go far to account for his acquirements at this period, as well as for the vast accession afterwards made to his learning and intellectual ability. Together with his un-
remitting industry, he possessed the mighty power of concentrating his whole attention upon the object before him, and pursuing it with intense application. This he acquired the habit of doing, like his illustrious friend Bowditch, in the midst of his family, without being disturbed by conversation carried on around him, or even diverted by music, which he so loved; yet cheerfully submitting to necessary interruptions, and instantly returning again to his laborious mental work.

All his spare time, after fulfilling his duties to Mr. King and to society, was devoted to the various juridical and philological studies which he pursued in so systematic and thorough a manner. Taylor’s *Elements of the Civil Law* he completely mastered, making it a point to read entirely through the various recondite Greek quotations with which the work abounds,—an entertainment, we venture to say, never before indulged in by any American lawyer. In connection with this, he read parts of Livy relating to the Roman law and constitution, investigating any matters of difference between these authors. He, of course, kept up his intimacy with the classic writers of Greece and Rome, and read various learned works connected with them, among the most considerable of which was Havercamp’s *Sylloge Scriptorum de Linguae Graeca Pronuntiatione*. He generally took up first in the morning some ancient author, most frequently Cicero, delighting at such moments to read a
portion of his ethical or philosophical writings. His practice now, as in college, was to pursue different studies each day, mingling with the severer the more lively. Along with Taylor, which he made a severe study, he read through Dryden’s prose works, which, with his philological taste and views, were highly entertaining. With Euclid’s Geometry, Locke’s Human Understanding, and the philological works of Harris and Murray, he read a copious history of the French Revolution, and several works of Edmund Burke on the same eventful subject,—an author with whom he was greatly delighted on all subjects, and of whose genius and sagacity he appeared through life to feel an increasing admiration.

As Mr. King passed the summer seasons at Millhill, a fine rural situation about five miles from London, Mr. Pickering availed himself of the opportunity it afforded for the study of botany, and with the aid of Professor Martyn’s lectures he acquired a competent knowledge of that beautiful science, which became a source of refined gratification to him, and never more so than when he had the pleasure to impart it in his own family.

But Mr. Pickering was not so devoted to his studies as to overlook any important means of information. He occasionally attended the meetings of Parliament and the courts of law, especially the Admiralty Court, where Sir William Scott was the judge, in the proceedings of which he was particu-
larly interested, from its connection with the law of nations, and from its having before it various American cases. Though the theatre, in its ordinary performances, had no attractions for him, yet he went to hear Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and was deeply impressed by the transcendent powers of the latter. In all his attendance on English speaking, whether in the Parliament, the courts, or the theatre, he was a strict observer of the use and pronunciation of the language, and had already begun to note peculiarities of expression, with a view to ascertain how far the true English tongue was corrupted in America.

Mr. Pickering's incessant occupations prevented his journeying much in England. He failed not, however, to visit Oxford, where he could find so much to gratify his highest curiosity. His classical and mathematical scholarship, but for his modesty, might have made him feel more at home either at Oxford or Cambridge than anywhere else in England.

Fortunately, he had an opportunity to visit the Continent before his return to America. In the winter and spring of 1801, he passed three or four months in travelling through France and the Netherlands. In Paris, he was introduced to Madame de Staël, the object of attraction to the literati and politicians of the day. He saw Bonaparte at the height of his renown, with Italy at his feet, whose noblest works of art he had transported to France. As a lover of the fine arts, Mr. Pickering could almost visit Rome
in Paris. At Leyden, he became acquainted with the celebrated Luzac, Greek professor in the University, who afterwards honored him with his correspondence. In Amsterdam, he gained the friendship of Dr. Ballhorn, who soon after published a learned juridical work, dedicated "Viro clarissimo Joanni Pickering." To a youthful scholar such testimonials of merit must have been as gratifying as they were honorable.

Soon after Mr. Pickering's return from the Continent, he set his face homewards. The extensive library, before alluded to, was collected by him with great care, partly in Portugal and partly during his travels in France and Holland, but principally among the booksellers of London, through whom he found access to some of the rarest treasures both of ancient and modern learning. This library was no unworthy representative of the treasures stored in his mind. He had been as wise and faithful in the use of books, as he was skilful in the selection of them. No one better knew the true value and purpose of books, or made them more effectually the means of practical wisdom and goodness. Not the slightest tinge of pedantry ever appeared in his conversation or manner.

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

Mr. Pickering studied literature and the fine arts both with fidelity and delight. Not only music, but poetry, painting, architecture, and especially sculpture,
gave him pleasure as lively as it was refined. The influence of these favorite pursuits appeared in his disposition, affections, and whole conduct, and, together with the effect of the best society, gave a peculiar charm to his manners; which were so simple as not to arrest observation, and yet so refined as to bear the closest scrutiny, and which, having their foundation in his good heart, and being guided by the nicest discrimination as well as true delicacy of feeling, were sure to recommend him to the favorable regard of all, and to the cordial respect of the most worthy.

We might abundantly show the high estimation in which Mr. Pickering's character and talents were held by his eminent friends, Rufus King and William Smith, were their correspondence with his father at our disposal. But for this we must wait till the long hoped-for biography of this pure, ardent, and able patriot and statesman is given to the world;—a service of filial piety, which it was in the heart of our lamented friend to render, but which now, alas! must be performed by another.

In November, 1801, Mr. Pickering, with his noble library, after a stormy and perilous voyage of forty-five days, arrived in Boston. Few scholars ever had a more brilliant return from abroad, or a warmer welcome home. One disappointment, however, awaited him on his arrival;—he did not meet his revered father, who was far away in the interior of Pennsyl-
vania, out of office, enjoying the purest reward of laborious patriotism,—the veneration of his country and—*an honorable poverty*. This led to another disappointment. Mr. Pickering, in the purchase of his precious library, relying upon his father’s advice and resources, had incurred a debt, which he had now no means of discharging but from the library itself. To part with any portion of this cost him a struggle, but the moment he saw it to be his duty the struggle was over. He sold more than two thousand volumes by public auction, under such favorable auspices as enabled him to cancel his debt, and to retain the residue of his books, to him probably the most valuable part.

Thus a smiling Providence returned, but not to him only; the friends of learning shared it with him. The distribution of such a collection of books, together with his own bright example, gave an important impulse to the pursuit of ancient learning. The classic Buckminster soon after imported, on his return from Europe, a similar collection, which, at his deplored death, were in like manner dispersed through our literary community. The germ of the Boston Athenæum, too, may, doubtless, be traced to the sale of Mr. Pickering’s library and the effective impulse which it sent abroad.

Colonel Pickering, ever watchful to secure for his son the highest advantages, had made some arrangements for the completion of his law studies with the
late eminent Theophilus Parsons, influenced partly, perhaps, by an old family friendship,—Mr. Parsons having been named for the Colonel's uncle, the Rev. Theophilus Pickering, and been consequently a welcome guest in his father's family. But the earnest wishes of the good uncle, whose unvarying affection had followed Mr. Pickering from infancy, prevailed with him to return to Salem, where he entered the office of Mr. Putnam, afterwards a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court.

Here, attracted by Mr. Pickering's well known character, I joined him, to finish my own professional studies. While he had been abroad, expanding his views of men as well as books, I had been confined to a didactic sphere within the walls of college. On emerging into the world, nothing could have been more welcome to me than such a companion. His society was alike instructive and delightful. It brightened the whole time I was with him, and made it one of the sunniest spots of my life. From that moment, I was for many years a close observer of him in public and in private, at the bar and among his friends, in his walks and amid his studies, in the bosom of his family and at my own fireside, and to my view his whole path of life was luminous with truth and goodness,—never obscured, no, not for a moment, by the slightest shade of obliquity in him. I cannot withhold this cordial testimony. To the eye of reflecting age, truth and goodness are every thing,
mere genius and fame nothing, — in the comparison, absolutely nothing.

It was while we were thus together in Mr. Putnam's office, that Mr. Pickering revised an edition of Sallust; an edition pronounced by an able critic in *The Monthly Anthology* to be "in every respect preferable to the Dauphin Sallust," and "not unworthy of the classical reputation of the reputed editor."

Justly to appreciate this literary labor (if labor that may be called which was a pleasant recreation), it is necessary to understand the circumstances under which it was performed. Certain booksellers in Salem, having determined to publish a reprint of Sallust, asked of Mr. Pickering the favor to correct the proof-sheets, which he was unwilling to grant without making it the occasion of some valuable improvement. Hence the revised edition. President Willard, of Harvard University, was consulted about it, as the college government had recently made this author a preparatory study for admission, and his suggestions were followed in the undertaking, — an undertaking wholly gratuitous, and pursued rather as an amusement than as a work of elaborate care. It was, indeed, an interesting as well as liberal amusement, and I could not participate in it without receiving a strong impression of Mr. Pickering's classical taste and knowledge. Nearly the whole of this edition was destroyed by fire, before it had an opportunity to be tested by public opinion.
As evidence of Mr. Pickering's undiminished ardor in the pursuit of Greek literature, it deserves mention, that, when he was thus dividing his time at the office between Sallust and the law, he was employing a portion of his hours at home in reading an old edition of Homer with the scholia of Didymus. It appears to have been his practice through life thus industriously to mingle literary occupation with his domestic enjoyments.

In March, 1804, Mr. Pickering was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of law in Salem. On the third day of March, 1805, he was married to his second cousin, Sarah White, and in the following May they became members of the First Church in Salem, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Prince, of which Mr. Pickering was made one of the ruling elders. This continued to be his place of worship while he remained in his native town, and also when he afterwards returned to it for his summer's residence. But on his removal to Boston, in 1827, he with his family attended public worship in an Episcopal church. He was truly liberal and generous, yielding in matters of opinion, as in other things, more than he claimed; for, with the Apostle, he attached less importance to particular tenets, than to "love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith." In all his relations, civil and religious, he was alike useful and exemplary, honored and beloved.
Though never inclined to a political life, Mr. Pickering sometimes acceded to the wishes of his friends so far as to partake in the administration of public affairs within our Commonwealth. For several years during the late war with England, he was a representative from Salem in the General Court, and after the war, for some years a senator from the county of Essex, then again from Suffolk, and once a member of the Executive Council. He was very early, as you know, elected a Fellow of the American Academy, and afterwards a member of the American Philosophical Society, and of various other learned bodies at home and abroad.* He also received the highest academic honors from more than one university. But political and exterior honors appear of little importance in connection with his intellectual career. His true distinction springs directly from his intrinsic excellence.

In following Mr. Pickering through his education, and during his residence abroad,—which was but an extension of it,—we have traced his progress more minutely than is necessary in pointing out the results of his education and learning. It is not so important that we should have a complete view of his labors and literary productions, as that we should clearly understand the spirit and the principles which actuated him in accomplishing them. Few may expect to enter into his labors, or to attain to his distinc-

* Note A.
tion; nor is that material; but all, of whatever pro-

fession or employment, may imbibe his generous spirit
and act from his exalted principles, and this is the
essential thing.

His first publication, after his admission to the bar,
was an oration delivered in Salem, on the fourth of
July, 1804, which was received by his political friends
with distinguished marks of favor, and published at
their desire. Its sound and philosophical views of
government, and its able exposition of public affairs,
and the spirit and progress of parties in the United
States, with its clear, appropriate, and manly style,
give it a permanent value, and render it particularly
interesting, as one of Mr. Pickering’s earliest produc-
tions.

We are reminded by this oration of the opinion,
which Mr. Smith was known to express in Lisbon,
that Mr. Pickering’s abilities remarkably fitted him
for a diplomatic career; an opinion which became
more manifestly just, as he advanced in the improve-
ment of his abilities and the acquisition of general
learning. His knowledge of jurisprudence, with his
various literary and scientific attainments, eminently
qualified him for any station in the government at
home or abroad. And had the spirit of Washington
continued to preside over the destinies of the coun-
try, such men as Mr. Pickering would have continued
to be preferred for high political trusts. But, I think,
we cannot doubt that our honored friend, both by
nature and education, belonged to learning, and not to politics, or even to the law, distinguished as he was in the science of jurisprudence.

“Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues.”

Providence, in bestowing his rare philosophical and literary abilities, destined him for the purest intellectual pursuits. Spirits for less “finely touched” might, for that very reason, better succeed in the ordinary conflicts of the forum; conflicts, in which fine powers and finer feelings, like his, must be quite out of place. Instruments of exquisite metal and polish are not suited to work upon rude and rough materials.

When, therefore, upon the resignation of Dr. Eliphalet Pearson, Mr. Pickering was appointed, in June, 1806, Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages in Harvard College, many of his friends, as well as friends of the University, were very desirous that he should accept the office, regarding it as a sphere in which his extraordinary learning and accomplishments would be most productive of benefit to the country and of honor to himself. The late Dr. Bowditch was, at the same moment, appointed to succeed President Webber as Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. A remarkable coincidence! These eminent men, near neighbours and intimate friends, were doubtless better qualified for the offices to which they
were respectively appointed than any other two individuals in the whole country. They were also admirably suited to cooperate in giving a spring to the University in all excellence, intellectual and moral. Both were liberal, elevated, and disinterested in their views of education and learning; both had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a supreme love of truth and goodness; the one was devoted to science, the other chiefly to literature; both were exalted and spotless in reputation, alike raised above all suspicion of moral failing, yet with some striking points of contrast; the one, quick and ardent, would leap to a logical conclusion at a single step; while the other, cautious and patient, like Lord Eldon, could never weigh his arguments or consider his subject too deliberately. "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," was applicable to both; but the one could put aside his gentleness of manner when he felt it to be his duty; the other could hardly be brought to feel it a duty. Both were as exemplary in Christian virtue, in the exercise of social benevolence and the domestic affections, and in purity of habits, as they were distinguished in literature and science; and both would have discountenanced by their powerful example those indulgences and practices which often lead the young student into habits more injurious to him than any amount of learning can be beneficial. But both, to the deep regret of the University, declined their appointments.
Seven or eight years later, on the establishment of the Eliot Professorship of Greek Literature, Mr. Pickering was still more urgently pressed to be a candidate for the new professor's chair. A friend to him and to the University was authorized, by the President of Harvard College, to ascertain "whether any and what definite amount of compensation would induce him to accede to the proposition." But Mr. Pickering gave no encouragement for proceeding to his election. The literary duties, no doubt, were attractive, but the disciplinary cares connected with them had a forbidding aspect. Some of his friends, moreover, very naturally desired for him a sphere of usefulness which appeared to them more eminent and extensive. Nor were they too sanguine in their views of his future eminence. Yet who could now say that he might not have been still more extensively useful, had the direct influence of his superior powers and virtues, his teachings and his example, been exerted upon the numerous young men since educated at the University, and been diffused through them over our whole country?

Mr. Pickering was a grateful and devoted son of the University, which so justly appreciated his merits, and which, at a subsequent period, bestowed upon him its highest honors. For many years he was an efficient member of the Board of Overseers, always ready to exert his influence to advance the usefulness and reputation of his Alma Mater. His last admirable
report, as one of the visiting committee, in 1840, em­
embodies views and principles of university education
which ought never to be overlooked or forgotten.*

We need not dwell here upon his learning as a
jurist, or upon his excellent qualities as a practising
lawyer. These have been portrayed and exhibited on
an occasion before referred to, in the best manner for
extending their influence in the profession of which he
was so bright an ornament. We should remember,
however, that, while pursuing his extensive literary
researches, and performing numberless intellectual
labors for the public and for individuals, he was
incessantly engaged, to the last year of his life, in the
arduous duties of his profession,—duties which not
unfrequently imposed upon him a drudgery as irk­
some as it was laborious. He felt the full weight of
it, and but for those interesting questions which led
him to examine principles, his profession, as he some­
times remarked, would have been nothing but labor
and drudgery. Having ascended to the fountain-head
of jurisprudence, and stored his mind with great prin­
ciples, he took delight in tracing these in their
practical application. In this view, he regarded his
profession as a most honorable one. The friends of
humanity and learning, however, will not cease to
regret that the "labor and drudgery," which others
might have well performed, should have taken so
much of his precious time from those noble intel­

* Note B.
lectual pursuits for which he was so peculiarly com-
petent. Especially must they regret, that, on re-
moving to the metropolis, where his powerful literary
influence was so important, he should have felt it
necessary to present himself only in his professional
character. The office of city solicitor, which he held
for a great number of years, brought with it much
additional labor, though occasionally relieved by the
occurrence of those interesting questions which he
loved to investigate and settle. The numerous legal
opinions which he was called upon to give, we are
assured, were as remarkable for their soundness as
for their learning.*

Mr. Pickering's literary productions and labors,
aside from the practice of his profession, were so
abundant and multifarious, that it is not possible for
us, on this occasion, to take a complete or distinct
view of them. We must classify them as well as we
can, according to their kindred relation, contenting
ourselves with some brief remarks.

First, we class together those writings which par-
take of a professional character, while they are also
made attractive to the general reader. The most
considerable of these, perhaps, is the able discussion
of "National Rights and State Rights," which was
drawn from him by the case of Alexander McLeod,—
a case involving a question of the highest public im-
portance,—"dignus vindice nodus." It was, indeed,
worthy of his interposition, and his learning and logical ability were equal to its solution. He brought to the discussion such a thorough knowledge of the subject, with such clear views of our federal and state relations, urged with such weight of argument, justice, and truth, that he settled this great national question upon principles which can never be shaken. For this single service he is entitled to a grateful remembrance so long as any value is attached to the union of the States.

The next of this class, in point of general interest, is the article upon Curtis's *Admiralty Digest*, published in the *American Jurist*, little known, probably, except to lawyers; yet I could not point to any work which contains, within the same compass, more matter of permanent interest to every reader of American history, and which throws more light upon the foreign policy of our government from the time of Washington's declaration of neutrality, in 1793, to the declaration of war, in 1812, under President Madison.

Another dissertation, published in the *Jurist*, entitled "Remarks on the Study of the Civil Law," is highly useful to the classical scholar, and, indeed, to every educated gentleman, though designed more especially for civilians and lawyers. Early impressed with the importance of this study, Mr. Pickering wished to draw the attention of the bar to it as among the most effectual means of raising the dignity and usefulness of the profession. He regarded
the civil law as a wonderful repository of human reason, the source of a large portion of our common law, and the basis of that international code which governs us and all the nations that constitute the great community of Europe. At the close, he expresses a strong desire to see this branch of jurisprudence take its proper rank in our law schools, as well as among our practitioners at the bar. Alluding to an illustrious example of professional liberality in the donation made by our late learned countryman, Dr. Dane, to the University of Cambridge, for the advancement of American law, he adds:—“We earnestly hope that some benefactor of equal liberality will soon be found who will devote a portion of the well-earned fruits of an honorable life to a chair for the civil law in that ever cherished institution.”

As akin to this subject, we may glance at the article, written by Mr. Pickering for the Encyclopædia Americana, on the “Agrarian Laws of Rome”; a correct view of which laws he considered indispensable to general readers, as well as lawyers, who would have just notions of the Roman history and constitution. Contrary to the general impression, that those laws were always a direct infringement of the rights of private property, he shows that the original object of them was the distribution of the public lands, and not those of private citizens, though they might sometimes violate private rights; as certain laws of our State legislature, agrarian in principle, made for
the relief of illegal settlers on Eastern lands, violated the rights of proprietors of those lands.

The "Lecture on the alleged Uncertainty of the Law," delivered by Mr. Pickering before the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is an excellent production. Instead of seeking for his auditors an hour's diversion by indulging their love of pleasantry at the law's expense, he aims at what is true and useful, and affords both entertainment and instruction. His object was, to promote a just respect for the science of the law by securing for it a proper confidence. The science itself is as certain as the sciences in general; but when we come to apply it to the innumerable objects to be regulated by it, then the same uncertainty takes place, which is experienced in the other sciences, not excepting the mathematics. The various learning and striking illustrations with which this beautiful lecture abounds place it among his most valuable writings.

The article written for the *North American Review*, entitled "Egyptian Jurisprudence," is as characteristic as it is curious. No other American scholar, we think, would have attempted it. For several years, he observes, the learned world had been in possession of some original and very ancient legal documents from Egypt; yet, though they had not escaped the notice of jurists on the continent of Europe, he had not seen any allusion to them in the juridical journals, either of Great Britain or of this
country. One of these extraordinary documents is an Egyptian deed of a piece of land in the city of Thebes, written on the papyrus of that country, more than a century before the Christian era, with the impression of a seal, or stamp, attached to it, and a certificate of registry on its margin, in as regular a manner, Mr. Pickering adds, as the keeper of the registry in the county of Suffolk would certify to a deed of land in the city of Boston at this day. Of this curious document, written in Greek, as was common while Egypt was under the Greek dynasty, a learned and ingenious explanation, together with a fac-simile of it, is given by Mr. Pickering. The whole article is exceedingly interesting, and affords a beautiful specimen, not only of his rare learning, but of his philosophical taste and skill in the application of his learning.

Such are the chief, though not all, of Mr. Pickering's writings which have a professional bearing. In the second class we include those which partake of a legislative character.

As a member of the legislature of Massachusetts, Mr. Pickering rendered important public services, and made himself conspicuous among the eminent men of the Commonwealth. His elaborate "Report on the Subject of Impressed Seamen, with the Evidence and Documents accompanying it," made to the legislature of 1812, the first year of the late war with England, is a durable monument of his patriotism,
as well as of his ability and learning. We cannot justly appreciate this undertaking, without looking back to his position, in the midst of that dreadful war,—most dreadful to all reflecting men, who saw and felt that it bound us to fight the battles of Bonaparte against the civilized world. When this overwhelming conqueror was on his triumphant march against Russia, our government, at the very moment which seemed to suit his views, declared war against England, the only remaining barrier in his way to universal dominion. The power of the elements over him could not be foreseen. The repeal of the British orders in council, the chief alleged cause of the war, having taken place before its declaration, though not known here till afterwards, left the impressment of American seamen, or rather the claim of a right to take British subjects from the merchant-ships of the United States, the only remaining pretext for prosecuting the war. In relation to this subject, great errors had crept into the public documents, and great delusion existed in the public mind. Mr. Pickering thought that he could in no way render a greater service to his country than by correcting those errors and dissipating that delusion. For this purpose, he introduced, in the House of Representatives, an order “to ascertain the number of the seamen of this Commonwealth impressed or taken by any foreign nation.” On him, as chairman of the committee thereupon appointed, chiefly devolved the labor and
responsibility of the undertaking. It is sufficient to add, that it was accomplished in a manner alike honorable to himself and satisfactory to the legislature. A great mass of evidence was reported, comprised in more than fifty depositions, taken from the principal merchants and shipmasters of Massachusetts, together with a just account of the previous practice of our government in relation to impressments, and a clear exposition of national law on the subject, all showing conclusively that the further prosecution of the war was as unnecessary as it was disastrous.

We cannot follow Mr. Pickering through his important legislative labors. It must suffice to observe, that on great occasions, or on subjects involving great principles or momentous consequences, his learning and his pen were always in demand, and never withheld. The contemplated separation of Maine from Massachusetts, when he was a Senator from Essex, in 1816, was such an occasion, and he reported the first bill for this purpose, "drawn," says the historian of Maine, "with great ability and skill." * In 1817, he was appointed, together with the late Judge Dawes and late Dr. Dane, "to revise the laws relating to the Courts of Probate, and the settlement of the estates of deceased persons, in one general bill, with such alterations and amendments as were necessary." This great and protracted labor was cheerfully assumed by Mr. Pickering, though the youngest member

* 9 Law Reporter, 52.
of the committee, and was accomplished by him with his usual ability and success. Whether the younger or the older in any working committee or body, he was as sure to have the work to do, as others were that he was the best qualified to do it. A similar and yet more extensive service was devolved upon him, on the death of Professor Ashmun, in the revision of the whole body of statutes, in connection with those eminent jurists, Judge Jackson and the late Professor Stearns. The portion of the work which Mr. Pickering undertook was a revision of the statutes relating to the "internal administration of the government," divided into fourteen distinct titles, and subdivided into fifty-eight chapters, some of which contain over two hundred sections. When it is added, that to these chapters was subjoined a great mass of explanatory notes, we may form some judgment of the extent and importance of his labors in this arduous undertaking. He accomplished it in a manner that entitled him to the lasting gratitude of the Commonwealth.

While he was a member of the Senate from the county of Suffolk, in 1829, he took a leading part in the discussion upon the bill respecting manufacturing corporations, which, being based upon principles of justice and sound policy touching the individual liability of stockholders, engaged his strenuous and persevering support. His able speech on that occasion was published, and it affords ample evidence of his thorough knowledge of the subject, and his large and just views of public policy.
In this connection we would observe, that Mr. Pickering was often engaged as counsel before committees of the legislature in important cases. These were interesting to him in proportion as they led him into the investigation and enforcement of great principles of public justice. He never, perhaps, spoke with more signal ability and effect than on the question of a second bridge between Boston and Charlestown,—a question which involved principles and consequences of momentous concern to the people of Massachusetts. His speech was a powerful support of private rights and the public faith, and was alike honorable to his head and his heart.

With this very imperfect notice of Mr. Pickering's civil and legislative services, we pass to the third class, including those miscellaneous labors and writings given by him in private and social life. His lively interest in all public improvements, scientific discoveries, and literary undertakings, with his various ability, prompt pen, and ever obliging disposition, pointed him out as the man to be called upon for any sort of intellectual work, needed by societies or individuals. Was any report, memorial, or other document required on any occasion, or was any project to be commended by an exposition of its merits, his judgment and his pen were put in requisition for the purpose. So, too, if any young author had a manuscript eager, but unfit, for the press, he might be relied on to give it form and comeliness, and to usher it into the world with a preface or
introduction. In such cases he was ever content to remain unknown, and to leave the whole literary credit where it was most desired. It would be difficult to say which was the greater, his modesty or his generosity. In some of these various professional and benevolent efforts, he found a most cordial helper in a cherished and admiring friend, whose genius and learning were as practical as his feelings were generous and Christian,—I mean our late eloquent associate, that warm-hearted and noble-minded gentleman, Leverett Saltonstall,—whose delightful image mingles sweetly with the memory of the friend whom he so honored and loved.

These miscellaneous claims upon Mr. Pickering’s attention rather increased than diminished upon his removal to Boston. His professional robe could not conceal him from the eye of science, or from the calls of benevolence. Almost immediately his pen was engaged, at the organization of the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in drafting its constitution, writing its first annual report, and commending its objects to the public regard. He was also its first vice-president, Daniel Webster being at its head. Among the latest of these disinterested services was the learned report which he made as chairman of a committee of Boston gentlemen, recommending the purchase and introduction into the country of a telescope of the first class, and illustrating the progress and the importance of astronomical science. These are but instances. His familiar acquaintance with
European languages attracted many foreign gentlemen, whose society was so highly valued by him, that he could not fail to give to it much of his time. American scholars, too, always found him ready to listen, and bountiful both of his time and knowledge. The young student was encouraged to repeat his visits by the manifest delight which Mr. Pickering always took in imparting useful information. Annoying applications for his patronage in matters of a dubious character were, perhaps, unavoidable, and these would sometimes be intruded upon hours which should have been sacred to his repose and recreation.*

We now pass to the fourth class, comprehending Mr. Pickering's writings and labors in the cause of ancient learning. We have seen his constant devotion to the Greek and Roman classics. The Hebrew and other Oriental languages also engaged his profound attention. A competent knowledge of the original languages of the Bible he considered indispensable to the theologian. He says, too, of the Hebrew, speaking of Harvard College, that, "with a view to general philology, the student's labors will find as rich a reward in the study of this ancient and curiously formed language, as in any one dialect of the tongues spoken by man." And he wished to see more attention paid to this study in all our colleges.† It was his earnest desire through life, to diffuse the love, promote the study, and raise the standard of classical learning in

* Note D.  † Note E.
our country. We can here take only a brief notice of his principal efforts for the promotion of Greek literature.

Mr. Pickering, while he was in Europe, wrote to a member of the college government at Cambridge, proposing, among other improvements, "the adoption of uniformity in grammars and other elementary books at the University." This, whether from his suggestion or not, was soon after carried into execution by the selection of Adam's *Latin Grammar* and the *Gloucester Greek Grammar* to be used in Harvard College. Connected with this subject is the excellent little work, written by Mr. Pickering in 1825, which bears the unpretending title of *Remarks on Greek Grammars*, yet abounds in various information, as interesting as it is learned. The views it presents of the importance of a steady uniformity of elementary books of instruction, and of resisting the spirit of perpetual change in these "instruments of learning," deserve the respectful attention of all our collegiate institutions.

The just tribute which is paid by Mr. Pickering to that "sound Greek scholar," the late President Willard, and to the Emeritus Professor of Greek Literature at Cambridge, whom he ranks among "the most profound scholars of the country,"* will long be enjoyed by those who love to remember solid and genuine excellence. The glowing commendation of English literature at the close of these *Remarks* is one of the most

* Rev. Dr. Popkin.
eloquent passages of Mr. Pickering's or any other literary discussions.

The translation of Professor Wyttenbach's *Observations on the Importance of Greek Literature and the best Method of studying the Classics*, by Mr. Pickering, was first published in the *North American Review*, for 1819; and was afterwards republished, with an appropriate preface by the translator, and the addition of "an exemplification of the author's method of explaining the classics to his pupils." This was printed at the expense of that kind-hearted patron of letters and zealous agent in founding the Boston Athenæum, the late William S. Shaw, who deserves a grateful remembrance in this metropolis. Professor Wyttenbach, who was regarded in England as the best Continental scholar of Europe, and who, for a great part of his life, had been a practical instructor, was worthy of the attention bestowed upon him by Mr. Pickering. The results of such a scholar's experience and erudition could not fail to be a valuable guide to those who are engaged in "the arduous but honorable office of instructing our youth in classical learning." We think, too, that his noble example as a self-teacher is worth almost every thing else. His own account of the exertions and progress he made in studying the Greek authors is exceedingly interesting; to which he adds, — "Now, my intelligent pupils, why should not you be able, with the assistance of an instructor, to accomplish as much as I did without one, and by my own
industry alone?" We cannot forbear to repeat here, as strikingly applicable to Mr. Pickering's own style and writings, what Professor Wyttenbach observes of the "perfection of Xenophon's style, — which," he says, "has a healthy soundness, an ease, simplicity, and grace, which give it the preference above all others for the introductory studies of boys; whose fresh and youthful minds will there imbibe nothing but the wholesome aliment of the purest of fountains."

In the course of his classical reading in England, Mr. Pickering paid a thorough attention to the pronunciation of Greek, and went over the whole controversy about the reform introduced by Erasmus, as contained in Havercamp's *Sylloge*, and came to the conclusion that Erasmus was right. But a personal acquaintance with several natives of Greece, who arrived here in 1814, led him to a revision and change of his opinion. The result of his investigations on the subject is given in the memoir which he communicated to the American Academy in 1818, and which attracted the marked attention of scholars in Europe; and though it was at first opposed by a distinguished professor of this country, it afterwards received his sanction. It, indeed, bears full evidence of Mr. Pickering's candor and patient research, and is a beautiful specimen, not only of his extraordinary learning, but of his judgment, taste, ingenuity, and acuteness.*

But Mr. Pickering's great work, his Herculean labor

* Note F.
in the cause of classical learning, was his Greek and English Lexicon. How he could have had the courage and resolution to undertake such a work, in the midst of professional toils, is inconceivable without a knowledge of the man. In truth, he thought infinitely less of his own ease than of good to his fellow-men. “A strong conviction,” as expressed by himself, “that it would be rendering an essential service to the interests of sound literature in our country, to promote the study of the language of Greece, whose authors will be models in writing as long as her sculptors and architects shall be models in the fine arts,” sustained him through all the difficulties of this bold undertaking. He was early convinced of the importance of a Greek lexicon with an English instead of a Latin interpretation, and seeing no prospect of such a work in England, he entered upon the execution of his contemplated plan in 1814. After proceeding alone through about one sixth part of the whole work, he associated with himself the late Dr. Daniel Oliver, whose character both as a scholar and a man rendered him worthy of such a connection. The prospectus was issued in 1820, and the first edition appeared in 1826; the rapid sale of which made it necessary to prepare a second edition much sooner than had been expected. Mr. Pickering, having become sole proprietor of the work, was alone responsible for the second edition, published in 1829, enlarged by the addition of “more than ten thousand entire articles and
very numerous parts of articles,” and greatly improved throughout. The next year it was reprinted, with additions, at Edinburgh, and recommended to public notice as a “very useful and popular work.” In the advertisement to the third edition, this is particularly alluded to, “in order to prevent any misconception or suspicion of plagiarism on the part of the American editor.” The preparation of the work for this “new and extensively revised edition, adapted to the more advanced state of Greek studies,” was among Mr. Pickering’s last labors, and will serve to brighten his highest classical honors. Of his brilliant success in this laborious undertaking my own judgment is of little worth. I give you that of others. An eminent and experienced teacher of classical learning has publicly declared, that “this legacy to American scholars is worthy of the distinguished author,” — and that, “after groping amid the vagueness and confusion of Donnegan, it is truly a relief to turn to the order, clearness, and precision of Pickering.” A learned professor of the highest authority, himself the author of a Greek and English lexicon of the New Testament, has pronounced “the lexicon of Mr. Pickering, in its present shape, to be the best extant for the use of colleges and schools in the United States, — for which, indeed, it has been specially prepared.” A third eminent Greek scholar has told the world, that what Mr. Pickering undertook to do in this great work “has been admirably done.”

* Note G.
With this brief and very imperfect notice of Mr. Pickering's classical achievements, we proceed to the fifth class, comprising his publications and labors relating to the English language and literature. We shall attempt little more than to invite attention to their great variety and value. He spread the fruits of his various erudition over the country with unstinted liberality, thinking only of enriching others and paying the debt which every scholar owes to humanity and learning. The *Monthly Anthology*, the *North American*, the *New York*, the *American Quarterly Reviews*, and the *Annals of Education*, with other periodicals, as well as the daily journals, were honored by the productions of his pen, — productions which, however occasional in their purpose or origin, possess that intrinsic merit which gives them a permanent interest, and entitles them to preservation in some durable form. We trust that in due time they will be gathered up and presented to the world in a manner, and with a biography, worthy of the author.

In all Mr. Pickering's zeal for ancient literature, he never lost sight of his native tongue. He loved the Greek authors ardently for their incomparable excellence, but he valued them the more highly as being the best models of writing to the English scholar. The purity and improvement of the English language in America engaged his early attention. During his residence in England, he began the practice of noting *Americanisms* and expressions of doubtful authority,
and as he continued the practice after his return, the collection so swelled under his hands, that he was induced to prepare them for publication, and, in 1815, completed the *Vocabulary*, which formed the first of his learned communications to the American Academy. He afterwards republished it, with additions, for general use; and though he regarded it but as a beginning, yet it was a work of long and patient labor, for which he deserves the gratitude of every American scholar. The work attracted attention even in Germany, where portions of it were translated and published. With its preface and introductory essay, it has served to guard the purity of our language and literature.*

Mr. Pickering had the same general design in his elaborate and learned article on Johnson's English Dictionary, first published in the *American Quarterly Review*, for September, 1828, and justly considered as one of his most interesting and useful publications. Johnson and Walker were regarded by him as holding the first rank in their respective departments in England, and he thought them, of course, entitled to be received as standard authorities by the lexicographers and orthoepists of America.

His excellent article on "Elementary Instruction," published in the *North American Review*, deserves particular notice as being richly imbued with his

* Note H.
classical and philosophical spirit, and as containing hints and views important to all who are concerned in the work of education, from the teacher of the alphabet up to the head of a college.

The "Lecture on Telegraphic Language," which he delivered before the Boston Marine Society, of which he was an honorary member, is another beautiful specimen of the familiar and pleasing application of his various learning to the useful purposes of life.

Mr. Pickering's eulogy on our great mathematician, the American La Place, in which he so happily traced the loftiest efforts of philosophical genius, was alike worthy of his subject and of himself, and it will ever rank among the richest treasures of the Academy whose Memoirs it adorns.

But we must hasten to the sixth class, which includes Mr. Pickering's studies and labors upon the languages of the American Indians. His more particular attention appears to have been drawn to this subject in 1819, by the publication of Mr. Du Ponceau's Report to the American Philosophical Society, and correspondence with Mr. Heckewelder upon the Indian languages of North America. The extraordinary facts disclosed by this publication kindled Mr. Pickering's enthusiasm. Though deeply engaged upon his Greek Lexicon, he could not resist the attractions of this new field of labor, so suited to his genius and taste, and in which he might hope to render such important service to science and learning.
He stopped not to inquire how profitable the employment might be to himself; it was enough to feel assured that he could labor successfully in extending the boundaries of human knowledge and advancing the improvement of mankind. He immediately wrote for the *North American Review* an able article upon Mr. Du Ponceau's admirable Report, recommending it in the strongest terms to the attention of the learned. In this article he expressed the hope that "the Dictionary of the dialect of the Norridgewock Indians, composed by Father Rasles," would soon be published; and he also suggested "the necessity of establishing, by common consent of the learned, a uniform orthography of the *spoken* languages" of the aborigines of America; both of which laborious undertakings were left for him to accomplish. In 1820 he published in the same Review another ingenious and learned article upon Dr. Jarvis's *Discourse on the Religion of the Indian Tribes of North America*; which attracted the particular attention of Baron William Von Humboldt, of Berlin, who thereupon opened an interesting correspondence with Mr. Pickering on the Indian languages, which continued without interruption till the Baron's death, when Mr. Pickering's portion of the correspondence was deposited in the library of the Royal Academy of Berlin.*

Among the most arduous of Mr. Pickering's incessant labors in this new field of science, and also the

* Note I.
least attractive, except from a view of their utility, was the republication of Eliot’s *Indian Grammar*, and Edwards’s *Observations on the Mohegan Language*, with introductions and notes. He used to speak of the former as a German labor, and so, too, it was regarded by his friend, Mr. Du Ponceau, who thanked him for the great service he had thereby rendered to the cause of learning. Various other ancient works, relating to the Indian languages, were brought into new light by Mr. Pickering’s unwearied care. He prepared Roger Williams’s *Vocabulary of the Narraganset Indians* for the Rhode Island Historical Society, and Cotton’s *Vocabulary of the Massachusetts Indians*, for the Historical Society of this State. But the greatest work of this description which he undertook was the publication of Father Rasles’s Dictionary, already mentioned, of the Norridgewock, or Abnaki, language, with an introductory memoir and notes,—a work which called forth expressions of admiration from those of the learned, both here and in Europe, who could best appreciate the severe toil it must have cost him.

The elaborate article which Mr. Pickering prepared for the *Encyclopaedia Americana*, on the Indian languages of North America, is as scientific as it is comprehensive, and exhibits the extent of his researches and the depth of his learning on this copious subject. It was translated into German and published at Leipsic with marks of distinguished honor.
The able and spirited articles published by him in the *New York Review*, in 1826, in reply to an article in the *North American Review*, which had unjustly assailed the philological reputation of two of his most distinguished friends, and traduced the character of the Indians as well as misrepresented their dialects, shows with what vigor he could wield the pen of a Junius, when truth and justice demanded the effort, while it manifests his profound and familiar knowledge of the whole subject.

The preparation of a scheme for reducing *spoken* languages to written forms, contained in his "*Essay on a Uniform Orthography for the Indian Languages of North America,*" communicated to the American Academy in 1820, was, perhaps, of all his labors, the most characteristic of his philological and philosophical genius and skill, and, in its practical consequences, of the highest interest and value. While it facilitates, in a simple and beautiful manner, the formation of written languages and the study of comparative philology, it affords an instrument of incalculable advantage in civilizing and Christianizing the barbarous nations of the earth. It has already been sufficiently tested in Africa, and especially in some of the South Sea islands, as well as among the North American Indians, to rank its author among the distinguished benefactors of mankind.*

* In Mr. Pickering's learned article on Adelung’s

* Note K.
Survey of all the Known Languages and their Dialects, published in the North American Review, in 1822, he represents the present age as the epoch of a new science, — “the comparative science of languages,” which is to be studied, “as we study other parts of human knowledge, by collecting facts, — by ascertaining what languages there are on the globe, and collecting vocabularies, or specimens of them all.” According to his estimate of the number of dialects on the globe, they amount to about four thousand. Into this ocean of languages he plunged too deep for me to follow him. I lose sight of him entirely. I cannot fathom his research or enumerate his acquisitions.

We are now brought to the seventieth class of Mr. Pickering’s literary labors, embracing those which relate to comparative philology and ethnography, and, as connected therewith, the Oriental languages, including those of Africa, Asia, and the vast extent of islands in the Pacific. Here a field was opened to him wide enough for the employment of all his strength and all his time, could he have devoted himself to it. He gave himself to it, as far as he could, with untiring zeal. He hunted for specimens of unwritten dialects, with as much ardor as Audubon hunted for those of unknown birds; and he could give them forms as distinct, if not as beautiful. He had always, indeed, been watchful of opportunities to collect materials for his philological investigations. Hear-
ing, once, of a stranger in Salem who had been among the Yaloffs in Africa, he sought and obtained from him facts and information which enabled him to study the interesting language of that people. Shipmasters, and even common sailors, who had visited strange lands, might be sure, not only of a welcome, but of assistance from him, if they had any facts or knowledge to communicate, illustrative of the inhabitants or their dialects. The publication of Holden's "Narrative" of his captivity and sufferings on Lord North's Island affords an interesting example of such assistance. When the United States Exploring Expedition was in contemplation, Mr. Pickering exerted all his influence to draw the attention of the government, and those more immediately concerned in the undertaking, to "the various native languages of the different tribes of people that might be visited by the expedition." He reminded them of the noble example of the late empress of Russia, and endeavoured to stimulate their curiosity and interest by illustrating the real importance of "this department of knowledge," and by considerations of what was due to the scientific reputation of our country. His correspondence with J. N. Reynolds, Esq., in 1836, on this subject, presented his own enlightened views so clearly, that, if they were duly regarded, we cannot doubt, from the high reputation of the young philologist who accompanied the expedition,* that results have been

* Horatio Hale, Esq.
attained important to the world and honorable to America.

The hieroglyphics of Egypt and the dialects of the South Sea islands appear to have excited Mr. Pickering's literary enthusiasm in the highest degree. These were fascinating topics, which he was never weary of investigating or discussing. The Chinese language was scarcely less interesting to him. The new views of this language, presented to the world by his friend Mr. Du Ponceau, called forth an able and very learned article from his pen for the North American Review, in 1839, which was seized upon, as other of his works had been, as a prize to British literature; and well might British writers be proud of such a prize.* The sister language of Cochin-China (the history of the first American voyage to which country was given to the public through his means) was illustrated by him in another able article, published in 1841, in the same Review. Both articles exhibit, in a striking manner, his familiarity with the profoundest philological speculations.

But I need only point your attention to the eloquent address delivered by him before the American Oriental Society, at their anniversary meeting in 1843, — a society of which he was the soul as well as the head, — to show you the compass, variety, and depth of his philological erudition, and the vast extent of his views and plans for making his erudition useful.

* Note L.
to the world. The leading objects of this society are "the cultivation of learning in the Asiatic, African, and Polynesian languages," and "the publication of memoirs, translations, vocabularies, and other works relative to these languages." Mr. Pickering's Memoir on the Language and Inhabitants of Lord North's Island, presented to the American Academy during the last year of his life,—a memoir as touchingly interesting as it is beautifully written,—affords ample evidence of the noble manner in which, had his life been spared, he would have performed his part in this great literary enterprise.

But I must forbear. To do justice to Mr. Pickering's learned labors would require abundant time, with a genius and a pen kindred to his own. In the cursory view we have taken of them, many of his valuable writings have been wholly overlooked; some of which demand at least a respectful allusion. Of his article, in the New York Review, upon the elegant History of Ferdinand and Isabella, it is sufficient praise to say that it is worthy of its subject. The comprehensive Introductory Essay to Newhall's Letters on Junius gives us, in a more concise and pleasing manner than is elsewhere to be found, the history and literature pertaining to the Junius controversy. His biographical sketches of Bowditch, Spurzheim, Du Ponceau, and Peirce, published in the daily journals, are marked by the various excel-
lence of his just, delicate, discriminating pen.* The mention of the last-named friend reminds us of the estimable *History of Harvard University*, which was left unfinished at the lamented author's death, and completed for publication by Mr. Pickering; whose own article on the subject, in the *North American Review*, contains one of the most graphic as well as most just views which have ever appeared of Harvard College.

We must add as a supplementary or *eighth* class of Mr. Pickering's works, his numerous and important letters, addressed to various learned men in this country and in Europe. "For many years," says a well-informed friend, "he maintained a copious correspondence on matters of jurisprudence, science, and learning, with distinguished names at home and abroad; especially with Mr. Du Ponceau, at Philadelphia; with William Von Humboldt, at Berlin; with Mittermaier, the jurist, at Heidelberg; with Dr. Pritchard, author of the *Physical History of Mankind*, at Bristol; and with Lepsius, the hierologist, who wrote to him from the Pyramids in Egypt."†

All Mr. Pickering's writings are stamped with the excellence of his clear, simple, graceful style, — a style unsurpassed by that of any English author on similar subjects. With proper words in proper places, and bearing the polish of refined taste, it yet flows

* Note M.  † 9 Law Reporter, 66.
as naturally as if no thought or labor were bestowed upon it. Almost any one might hope to write in the same manner.

"Sudet multum, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem."

The most essential purpose of language is always attained by Mr. Pickering's diction. We see, at once, the ideas he would express, as distinctly as we behold material objects in a clear sky. Nor was his style incapable of rising to an impassioned tone of eloquence, as we have seen on one occasion, at least, when he felt called upon to administer a suitable re­buke to philological presumption. His indignation, if roused, could flash its scorching fires, gentle and benignant as was his whole nature.

But Mr. Pickering's strongest claims upon our ad­mirations and gratitude arise from the exalted spirit and principles which actuated him in all his works. No selfish ends or views ever appear; nothing to set off his powers, or to gain notoriety; while all his im­portant writings are imbued with his rare learning and philanthropy, and conspire to establish his fame. He spoke from his inmost heart, when he reminded his brethren of the Oriental Society, in the elegant address just now referred to, that "to be beneficial to our fellow-men" is "the great end of all our in­tellectual labors." He spoke, too, from his own deep experience, when he declared, that "steady, unremit­ting labor on subjects of the intellect, like untiring
labor of the body upon physical objects, will overcome all obstacles." We see his own high aims in the "incentives" which, at the close of the same address, he so eloquently urged upon his literary associates,—"the love of learning for its own sake,—the reputation of our beloved country, to whom we owe so much, and whom we are all ambitious of elevating to the same height to which other nations have attained by the cultivation of learning." Such was the lofty character of his literature throughout his long career of laborious study.

Mr. Pickering enjoyed excellent health till some time in the summer of 1845, when he experienced the first symptoms of a fatal disease. Under the severe pressure of increasing illness, he pursued his studies, and attended to his various active duties, while he had any bodily strength. His mind continued clear and firm, and he manifested, during all his protracted illness, that patience, gentleness, and Christian resignation, which perfected the example of his life. He died on the fifth day of May, 1846, leaving a widow, an only daughter, and two sons, to mourn their irreparable loss.*

All of you, Gentlemen, had the happiness to know Mr. Pickering in his social as well as literary character, and need not that I should speak to you of his

* Mrs. Pickering soon followed her lamented husband. She died on the 14th of December, 1846.
kind and courteous manners, his sweet temper and disposition, his benevolent virtues, the richness of his conversation, and the delight which his society afforded. He was, as you well know, a man universally respected,—who never lost a friend, and never had an enemy; whom once to know was always to love and esteem.

In domestic life, he was all that could be wished; and, I may add, all that could be imagined in amiable affections. Wisdom and love were delightfully blended in his whole deportment.

Brilliant as is the reputation of the scholar and the author, we lose sight of it in the superior excellence of the man. He was, indeed, a true man. His sensibilities were tender, his whole organization delicate and susceptible, yet always sound and healthful, with nothing of a morbid tendency to unfitness him for the active duties of life. Mild and gentle, he yet felt keenly and quickly; and with all his patient forbearance, he was not wanting in spirit and energy to assert his rights. He had a true enthusiasm, without any extravagance. His ardent love of freedom and justice, and his abhorrence of tyranny, in all its forms, never partook of fanaticism. With much reserve in expressing his religious feelings, he was profoundly conscientious, and lived in the fear and the love of God.

Truly of him we may say, with Nature's great poet,
"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man."

Christianity, too, might rise up and set her seal of
greatness upon him. The fundamental law of Chris­
tian greatness he nobly fulfilled. He was, in the
highest sense, "the servant of all," — a true philan­
thropist, the benefactor of his race. His profoundest
erudition and his severest toil were ever subservient
to the good of mankind. Usefulness was his glory.

Limited as our view of Mr. Pickering's life has
necessarily been, we have not failed to see the wide
extent of his active and beneficent influence. Our
laws as well as literature bear the impress of his lu­
minous mind. Education acknowledges him as one
of her most efficient friends. We have seen him the
teacher of teachers, the improver of authors, the en­
lightener of colleges, the pioneer of civilization, affor­
ding a guiding light to all engaged in the acquisition
or diffusion of knowledge, from the humblest pupil
to the profoundest inquirer, from the classical instruct­
er at home to the herald of Christianity in heathen
lands.

Some men's learning is kept, as a standing pool,
for their own undisturbed gaze. Mr. Pickering's was
a living fountain, gushing out in every direction, fer­
tilizing the country around. Others there are, who
think only of rearing from their learning a monument
to themselves, caring little for the world. Mr. Pick-
ering thought little of himself, but every thing of the world. So, too, in the use of wealth, some are intent only on its accumulation, as if its value consisted in its bulk, and the distinction thereby produced. Not so the "man of Ross." He spread his wealth wherever he could make it most productive of common blessings. Mr. Pickering was the man of Ross in learning,—scattering his intellectual treasures everywhere, as they were needed to bless his fellow-men.

"The admirable Pickering!" is already the exclamation of fervent gratitude.* Admirable indeed;—not for wonderful talents perverted, or for dazzling, delusive genius; but for fine powers finely improved, and for noble qualities nobly applied. Admirable for his prodigious industry and learning, and for his sterling integrity and goodness. Admirable as a scholar, as a jurist, as a philologist, as an explorer of truth, as a guide to wisdom and learning, and as a bright exemplar of virtue.

Such an illustrious benefactor inspires the gratitude of all enlightened men. Throughout this western continent, wherever literature and science have their votaries, his memory is cherished. That distinguished American writer, now in France, who has passed his life in reflecting the light of letters from one continent to the other, repeats to us, with his own exalt-

* Note N.
ed admiration, the voice of sympathy and of eulogy from the literati of Europe.*

The memory of John Pickering will live throughout the learned world. So long as human language exists and is cultivated, his name will be honored. If he sought not fame, he has found it the more surely, and in a higher degree. His precious reputation rests on ground as solid as his ambition was pure. It will extend with the benign influences of his learning, and it will brighten as it extends.

When will the people at large learn to appreciate their true friends, their real benefactors? The military or political idol of a day kindles their enthusiasm like a blazing meteor, which glares for a moment and is extinguished for ever. Their literary admiration blindly follows brilliant genius, however unsanctified by virtue, and which continues its baleful glare, like the ignis fatuus, to mislead and destroy. We would point them to a luminary of the heavens, whose clear light irradiates the path of human duty and human improvement, and guides surely and always to knowledge, virtue, religion, and happiness.

* Mr. Walsh.
NOTES AND ADDITIONS.

The following passages are from a letter addressed to me by a classmate and intimate friend of Mr. Pickering.

"A love of knowledge characterized Mr. Pickering from youth to old age. Whatever was the subject of his attention, he acquired definite conceptions of it, and these he fixed in his memory. His memory was exceedingly retentive; partly owing, no doubt, to the diligent cultivation of it. If to this love of knowledge and strong memory you add his uncommon diligence, you get the principal explanation of his extraordinary acquisitions. It is, however, to be added, that his mind was of a truly philosophical or scientific cast. He always referred phenomena to principles, so far as he could; considering how far they went in support or in contradiction of principles commonly maintained. His views of every subject were comprehensive. When a partial discussion had led to a conclusion satisfactory to common minds, he would bring forward the considerations which had been overlooked, and thus prevent a too hasty or too confident decision. I can remember this trait of his character from the time when we were in college.

"Mr. Pickering was pure in heart. Few men, if any, have I known as much so. He seemed to have no affinity for evil thoughts, desires, and purposes. They found no harbour in his breast. He had, as I believe, a true and sincere, though unostentatious, piety. He certainly loved man, whom he had seen. He
was truly benevolent. To children he showed a tender care and kindness. He was peculiarly liberal to all, and especially to the young, who were seeking to get knowledge. And let it be noted, that this is much more than for the rich man to be liberal in the use of his wealth. Such a one merits great praise, surely; yet he gives what he cannot use for himself. The man of learning does not, indeed, seem to deprive himself of any thing, in helping the student. His own knowledge is not lessened in doing it. But he cannot impart it without giving his time; and this, like his heart's blood. Mr. Pickering would patiently attend to the young student, leaving even his business to do so; and then deprive himself of his sleep at night to finish his business.

"The conversation of such a man must be full of instruction. It was most agreeably so. I think I may say, that, for fifty years past, I have never spent half an hour with Mr. Pickering in which I did not get some interesting or useful information, such as few men could give me.

"In his manners there was a peculiar polish, improved, undoubtedly, by his intercourse with cultivated people abroad. His manners were so simple, as not to arrest attention at first; but so refined and finished, as to bear the closest scrutiny, and to fit him for the most elegant society. He manifested in them the nicest discrimination as to persons. Their foundation was in his good heart and in his respect for the pleasure as well as for the rights of others."

The following is a brief extract from a letter addressed to me by a learned scholar and divine, alluded to in the discourse, who was intimately associated with Mr. Pickering in the American Oriental Society.

"It gave me a great, although a melancholy pleasure, when we last met, that you should request me to recall and write to
you my recollections of the late Dr. Pickering. I think it was
my particular senior, the late Dr. Joseph McKean, who introduced
me to our departed friend, then in the class, as you know, next
above us. And this must have been between fifty-two and fifty-
three years ago. But from that period I ever entertained toward
him the most respectful esteem and regard, and have shared the
privilege of his friendship,—a virtuous friendship, productive, from
its commencement, of literary and moral benefits. His acquaint­
ance was, to use the phrase of Waller the poet, 'a liberal edu­
cation.'

"You well remember his gentlemanly deportment in college.
You recollect, too, his high and just reputation in the various
branches of mathematical science,—a reputation fairly and labo­
riously earned. But he deserves remembrance at Harvard, also,
for being most efficiently engaged in the resuscitation of classi­
cal literature. That was at a very low ebb, you know, in the
early part of our time there.

"With respect to the extent of his linguistic acquirements,
about which you wished me to inform you, I really am not able
to give any satisfactory account. I think, however, I can recollect
as many as sixteen languages of which we have occasionally con­
tered, at least. Of late years, the Chinese, in two or three of its
dialects, had engaged my lamented friend's attention; and he
gave some labor to the Cochin-Chinese; and paid great attention
to the progress of discovery in regard to the Egyptian hiero­
glyphics. The adaptation of his system of expression of sounds
by our own alphabet (of which he published a Memoir in the
Transactions of the American Academy) excited no small inter­
est. Our missionaries adopted his views in reducing to writing
that dialect or derivative of the Malay which is spoken in the
Sandwich Islands, having effected the translation into it of the
whole Bible. This single thing is highly honorary to our country;
and I have wondered that so little has been said respecting it by
literary men among us. It must also have a considerable effect.
For, as the languages of the Pacific are mostly of Malay origin, it can hardly be predicted to how great an extent the influence of it may reach.

"In regard to ethnology, his attention was drawn to it almost necessarily by the rapid progress made of late years in that branch of information. Indeed, living as he had done in the midst of your Salem merchants and intelligent navigators,—situated as he was, in connection, on the one hand, with the Academy, and presiding in its researches, the results of which became familiar to him,—and on the other, no inattentive observer of the progress of missionary enterprise, in which his own labors, as regards the philosophy of language, were brought so often into practical operation,—ethnology became, of necessity almost, a subject of indispensable attention. It was so to me; and it was, therefore, of course, most frequently the theme of our conversations, when we could pass together any portion of our much occupied time. More especially has this been the case in the formation and progress of our American Oriental Society,—an institution happily effected by his consent to become its President, and giving it his valuable labors, influence, and reputation. How it can live and flourish without him remains still to be seen, although, as I hope, his example will have given an impulse, the effect of which may continue.

"One thing should be remembered in respect to classical literature in connection with the late Dr. Pickering. It is this;—his attachment to that literature had a practical object. He did not become a critical scholar for the purpose of vaunting his accuracy in taste, acuteness, or memory. He was ardently and patriotically desirous of raising the scholarship of his country, and qualified himself, and was preparing means for others, to the accomplishment of that end. Hence his 'lingering in the groves of Academus,' or his intimacy with the ancient 'votaries of the Muses,' was not the reminiscence merely of youthful attachment; but, turning his acquirements into a channel of usefulness, he could
contemplate them, not as mementos of wasted labor, but even as fruits of enlightened public spirit.

"How to express my own feelings I find very difficult. Indeed, it is not necessary. You know his moral and intellectual worth, and can appreciate its value, as well as the value of his literary excellence. His was a rare example of true modesty united with distinguished and solid merit, of unassuming but efficient worth, of gentleness of temper joined with decision of character, and of liberal study blended with practical usefulness, good learning with sound common-sense, and thorough honesty of purpose and act; and I may add, of inflexible integrity in private, public, and political life." *

Aided by the recollections of several of Mr. Pickering's most intimate friends, I am enabled to add the following sketch, which, in the absence of an engraved likeness, I am sure, will be acceptable to all his friends.

The personal appearance of Mr. Pickering was striking. It was both dignified and attractive. His stature was tall, and his form rather slender than stout, but well proportioned; yet it was the expression of his countenance, and the fine intellectual cast of his features, which were the distinguishing characteristics of his person. The form of his face was oval, with a remarkably high and ample forehead. His mild, clear, hazel eye was expressive of the gentleness of his nature and the vigor of his intellect; while a straight nose, slightly inclining to the Roman, and a finely formed mouth, added to the regularity of his features. The expression of his countenance, when in repose, was grave and thoughtful; but his eye kindled benignantly, and a benevolent smile played upon his lips, whenever any object of interest came

* Rev. Dr. Jenks.
before him. It was this peculiar benignity of expression, joined
to an entire freedom from the slightest assumption of superiority
in word, look, or manner, which attracted towards him the young,
and those who were seeking relief from poverty or distress; while
the intellectual refinement and remarkable dignity of his personal
appearance and manners commanded the interest and respect of
persons in all conditions of life.

ANCESTORS AND FAMILY.

The following additional notices may be interesting to many
of Mr. Pickering's friends.

The first-named John Pickering, as stated in Allen's Biographical
Dictionary, came to New England about 1630, and died at
Salem in 1657. "February 7, 1637, he was admitted to the
privileges of an inhabitant." He left two sons, John and Jon-
athan. The latter died in 1729, at the age of 90, without issue.
John, born about 1637, married Alice, daughter of William Flint,
and died May 5th, 1694, leaving his wife, Alice, and sons, John,
Benjamin, and William (who married a Higginson), and daughters,
Elizabeth (married to a Nichols), and Hannah (married to John
Buttolph). To John he bequeathed "Broad Field by the mill-
pond," as stated in Felt's Annals of Salem (whence these facts
are principally taken), who states also, that "he was frequently
of the selectmen, and a capable, enterprising, and public-spirited
man." The third John Pickering married Sarah Burrill of Lynn,
and died June 19, 1722, aged 64, leaving his wife, Sarah, sons,
Theophilus and Timothy, and daughters, Lois (married to Tim-
othy Orne), Sarah (married to Joseph Hardy), and Eunice (mar-
rried to her cousin, William Pickering). "He was selectman and
representative in the legislature. His decease was a loss to the
community."
Timothy Pickering married Mary Wingate, and died June 7th, 1778, aged 75, leaving his wife, Mary, sons, John and Timothy, and daughters, Sarah, Mary, Lydia, Elizabeth, Lois, Eunice, and Lucia; all of whom were married (except John), and had numerous descendants. "Deacon Timothy Pickering sustained principal offices in town, and was an intelligent, active, and useful man." His elder brother, Theophilus, deserves notice as one of the remarkable men of his time. He was educated at Harvard College, graduating in 1719, and settled in the ministry in that part of Ipswich which is now Essex. He was remarkable for his bodily strength, mechanical ingenuity, and theological ability. Tradition says, that a certain man, who had the presumption to challenge him to a wrestle, was not only thrown by him at once, but thrown over the wall. His friends thought him equally successful against some of the New Lights of that day, who wrestled with him in religious controversy. He died, unmarried, at the age of forty-seven. The seven daughters of Timothy Pickering were married as follows: Sarah, to John Clarke (parents of the late Rev. John Clarke of Boston, and Mrs. Francis Cabot); Mary, first, to the Rev. Dudley Leavitt (parents of the late Mrs. Dr. Joseph Orne, Mrs. William Pickman, and Mrs. Isaac White, whose daughter, Sarah, became Mrs. Pickering), — second, to the late Chief-Justice Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant; Lydia, to George Williams (parents of the late Samuel Williams, consul, &c., Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Lyman, and others); Elizabeth, to John Gardner (parents of the late Samuel P. Gardner and Mrs. Blanchard); Lois, to John Gooll (parents of Mrs. Judge Putnam, who, with her widowed mother, once formed part of the family of her uncle, the Hon. John Pickering); Eunice, to her cousin, Paine Wingate, Senator of the United States from New Hampshire (parents of George Wingate, a graduate of Harvard College in 1796, and other children); Lucia, to Israel Dodge (parents of the late Pickering Dodge, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Devereux, and others). The members of this family were remarkable for their longevity. Mrs. Win-
gate's age a little exceeded one hundred years, and her husband
was for some years the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard Col-
lege.

The few particulars now mentioned may be sufficient to indi-
cate these wide-spread branches of the Pickering family.

Colonel Timothy Pickering, who was born in 1745, and died
in 1829, married Rebecca White, and they had first eight sons,
and then twin daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. Their eighth son
was Octavius Pickering, well known as a reporter of decisions of
the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Of the father, whose
exalted character as a patriot and statesman is indelibly impressed
on the history of his country, we need say nothing here, except
to notice one of his most gratifying honors, which became inti-
mately connected with the subject of our eulogy. Washington,
on retiring from the presidency, in 1797, presented Colonel Pick-
ering, his fellow-soldier and friend, with a splendid piece of silver
plate, from his own service, as a memorial of his cordial esteem
and confidence. This treasure, of priceless value, was bequeathed
by the Colonel to his son, John, and by him to his daughter, Mary
Orne Pickering. May it always find possessors equally worthy of
such a treasure!

Mr. Pickering's two sons, John and Henry White, graduated at
Harvard University, the one in 1830, the other in 1831; both are
happily settled in Boston, the former in the profession of the law,
the latter in commercial business. The proprietor of the ancestral
estate, in Salem, is still John Pickering.

Note A. Page 42.

Mr. Pickering was a representative from Salem in the legislature
of Massachusetts, in 1812 and 1813, and again in 1826; a Sena-
tor from the county of Essex in 1815 and 1816, and from the
county of Suffolk in 1829, and a member of the Executive Council in 1818. He received the degree of LL. D. in 1822, from Bowdoin College, and, in 1835, from Harvard University. The following is copied from the Law Reporter already referred to.

"The number of societies, both at home and abroad, of which he was an honored member, attests the wide-spread recognition of his merits. He was President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; President of the American Oriental Society; Foreign Secretary of the American Antiquarian Society; Fellow of the Massachusetts Historical Society; of the American Ethnological Society; of the American Philosophical Society; honorary member of the Historical Societies of New Hampshire, of New York, of Pennsylvania, of Rhode Island, of Michigan, of Maryland, of Georgia; of the National Institution for the Promotion of Science; of the American Statistical Association; of the Northern Academy of Arts and Sciences, Hanover, New Hampshire; of the Society for the Promotion of Legal Knowledge, Philadelphia; corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin; of the Oriental Society at Paris; of the Academy of Sciences and Letters at Palermo; of the Antiquarian Society at Athens; of the Royal Northern Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen; and titular member of the French Society of Universal Statistics."

Note B. Page 47.

The Report referred to was made to the Board of Overseers at their annual meeting in January, 1841. The following brief extract will sufficiently indicate its character.

"Superficial observers, who measure the value of education by its direct capacity of being turned into money, or the immediate supply of the physical wants of man, and not by its moral effects on the constituent elements of human society, are frequently dis-
posed to undervalue some of the departments of knowledge,—particularly ancient literature,—which have always been cherished, and justly so, as an essential part of the university course. Those departments of study are too often stigmatized as antiquated, and not adapted to the 'spirit of the age'; while an urgent call is made for what is designated by the vague and undefined name of useful knowledge. Such persons seem to mistake the true purpose of a university education; which is not to qualify a young man for any one particular profession or business, but to develop the powers of his mind, and to store it with all that general information in science and literature which shall be really useful to him, by its permanent influence in any station in life."

Note C. Page 48.

In the Law Reporter, before referred to, it is justly said of Mr. Pickering, "that he was a thorough, hard-working lawyer, for the greater part of his days in full practice, constant at his office, attentive to all the concerns of business, and to what may be called the humilities of his profession. He was faithful, conscientious, and careful in all that he did; nor did his zeal for the interests committed to his care ever betray him beyond the golden mean of duty. The law, in his hands, was a shield for defence, and never a sword with which to thrust at his adversary. His preparations for arguments in court were marked by peculiar care; his brief was very elaborate. On questions of law he was learned and profound, but his manner in court was excelled by his matter. The experience of his long life never enabled him to overcome the native, childlike diffidence which made him shrink from public displays. He developed his views with clearness, and an invariable regard to their logical sequence; but he did not press them home by energy of manner or any of the ardors of eloquence."
“His mind was rather judicial than forensic in its cast. He was better able to discern the right than to make the wrong appear the better reason. He was not a legal athlete, snuffing new vigor in the hoarse strifes of the bar, and regarding success alone; but a faithful counsellor, solicitous for his client, and for justice too. It was this character that led him to contemplate the law as a science, and to study its improvement and elevation. He could not look upon it merely as a means of earning money. He gave much of his time to its generous culture. From the walks of practice he ascended to the heights of jurisprudence, embracing within his observation the systems of other countries. His contributions to this department illustrate the spirit and extent of his inquiries.”

Thus was the law the laborious as well as honorable business of Mr. Pickering’s life. Literature, however intently pursued, was his amusement, his delightful recreation. And this he enjoyed chiefly at home in the midst of his family. Besides the fine law library at his office, he had at his house a large miscellaneous one of choice books which gratified his highest wishes. But his love for books did not seclude him from society or from domestic enjoyment. The claims of hospitality as well as of his family were sacredly regarded by him; and when these encroached on hours which he had assigned to some favorite pursuit, the early morning and the late evening would find him redeeming the time which had been cheerfully given to the duties of social and domestic life. His extraordinary faculty of abstraction, the readiness with which his mind could turn from one subject to another, his unwearied industry, and a peculiarly calm and happy temperament, all united in enabling him to accomplish what he did in the conflicting pursuits of literature and the law.
It is not easy to give a just impression of the variety and extent of Mr. Pickering's kind and gratuitous services. At the moment the writer was engaged upon this part of his subject, he received a letter from a friend, now a distinguished author, containing the following grateful acknowledgment of assistance afforded to himself. "Mr. Pickering," he observes, "was in my eye the model of a high-bred, courtly, and refined gentleman,—profound, yet unpretending. I have gathered much wisdom from his lips, as well as his writings; the first compositions I ever put to press were revised by him." Many an author has been ready to acknowledge much more than this, and with equal pleasure. Mr. Pickering might have justly applied to himself the remark which he made of his friend, Mr. Du Ponceau, that, if he had been ambitious to claim all that he was entitled to, "he might in numberless instances have said, in the spirit of the Roman poet,—Hos ego versiculos feci; tulit alter honores."

In the pursuits of the young student Mr. Pickering always manifested a lively interest, and the young were strongly attracted to him. With some of the gifted students of our University he maintained a literary correspondence. Among those of them who have passed away may be named Samuel Harris, with whom, many years ago, he corresponded on the Hebrew and other learned languages, and whose untimely death deprived the country of one who promised to be an accomplished Oriental scholar.

We must not omit all notice of one of the most laborious of Mr. Pickering's undertakings in this class of services. Not long before his removal to Boston, a protracted series of arduous and perplexing duties was imposed upon him as chairman of a committee "appointed to inquire into the practicability and expediency of establishing manufactures in Salem." His elaborate and able re-
port on the subject was published in 1826, and affords striking evi-
dence of his practical, as well as his intellectual, talents.

A more characteristic instance of generous service occurs to
our recollection, which deserves mention as manifesting his ever
vigilant attention to the interests of learning. He promoted and
prepared an ably written memorial to Congress, from the principal
citizens of Salem, in 1820, for the reduction of duties on the im-
portation of certain foreign books. It was the first presented to the
government on that subject, though followed by others from various
learned bodies, the object being considered important to the cause
of literature and science in the United States.

Note E. Page 58.

Mr. Pickering, in his Address before the American Oriental
Society, observes, "that the various new sources of information
which modern perseverance and zeal have opened to us have ma-
terially extended the boundaries of a liberal education; and it has
become indispensable to unite with our Greek and Roman a por-
tion of Oriental learning. If there were no other motive for the
pursuit of this branch of knowledge, there would be a sufficient
one in the fact, that the great parent language of India, the San-
scrit, is now found to be so extensively incorporated into the Greek,
Latin, and other languages of Europe, and, above all, in those
which we consider as peculiarly belonging to the Teutonic or
German family, that no man can claim to be a philologist without
some acquaintance with that extraordinary and most perfect of the
known tongues."

In the Law Reporter, before referred to (p. 62), it is stated
(doubtless within bounds), that Mr. Pickering "was familiar with
the French, Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, German, Romaic, Greek,
and Latin; was well acquainted with the Dutch, Swedish, Danish,
and Hebrew; and had explored, with various degrees of care, the Arabic, Turkish, Syriac, Persian, Coptic, Sanscrit, Chinese, Cochin-Chinese, Russian, Egyptian hieroglyphics, the Malay in several dialects, and particularly the Indian languages of America and of the Polynesian islands."

Of late years, the Egyptian hieroglyphics possessed for Mr. Pickering a fascinating interest. The history of the Egyptians, from the era of Herodotus down to the latest discoveries of Lepsius, would have enlisted his enthusiasm as a lover of literature and science; yet it was in connection with his cherished pursuit, the study of languages, that the hieroglyphical inscriptions enchained his attention,—speaking, as they do, through the medium of Champollion's interpretation, a language older than all others by the long interval of ages.

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**Note F. Page 61.**

Mr. Pickering's memoir *On the Pronunciation of the Greek Language* was hailed by the Greeks "as a vindication of their national honor"; and Asopius, a learned Greek (a poet and professor at the University of the Seven Islands), was so much gratified by reading it, that he sent Mr. Pickering a copy of one of the best specimens of Romaic literature, as a token of his gratitude.

The *North American Review*, for June, 1819, contains a profound and very learned article upon this Memoir, which the scholar who is curious in Greek literature will find exceedingly interesting.

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**Note G. Page 63.**

As we wish to give a just view of the character and merits of Mr. Pickering's great work, we adduce here some passages from
several of the numerous other critical notices of it which have appeared in various parts of the country, and which extol it in the same high tone of commendation as those before referred to. "Liddell and Scott's," it is said, "is the only work now extant that can come in competition with Pickering's." And it is added, — "We do not hesitate to give the preference to Pickering's, because we regard it as better suited for use in colleges and schools." Mr. Pickering himself, in the Preface to his Lexicon, speaks of Liddell and Scott's as "a most valuable and important acquisition to all who wish to study Greek critically." He was, indeed, the last man to depreciate the literary works of another. But his object was, to make the best lexicon for the students of Greek generally. This, for our country, appeared to be the desirable object. Those comparatively few scholars who pursue their Greek studies to great extent and exactness will of course supply themselves with various lexicons. That Mr. Pickering succeeded in his object is abundantly manifest.

A learned professor (who speaks to us through the Hampshire and Franklin Express) says of Mr. Pickering's Lexicon: — "The recent edition is a new work, restudied and rewritten, with the aid of all the best works of the kind which European scholars have so multiplied during the interval of ten or fifteen years which have elapsed since the appearance of the first. And irrespective of national preferences and grateful recollections, all prejudices apart, it is a work of vast labor, great learning, excellent judgment, and elegant taste; it is, as we have said, in its kind and for its use, a finished work. It is not, of course, as full and complete as its larger rival; though, on some points, — as, for instance, the prepositions and particles,— it will bear a favorable comparison in regard to completeness. In the discriminating and felicitous translation of many and difficult passages, it is without a rival. The quantities of the doubtful vowels are marked with great care and accuracy. The derived tenses of the verb are exhibited in distinct articles, much to the convenience of the young student. It illus-
trates the words and idioms of the *New Testament* more fully than any other lexicon of the classic Greek now in use. In short, it accomplishes what it professes to; and to enumerate its excellencies were but to repeat, as real and splendid achievements, what are set forth as modest claims in the editor's Preface."

"Of all Greek lexicons which have hitherto appeared," says another competent judge (through the *Connecticut Weekly Review*), "we think Pickering's will be most useful to all classes of students. It will be the lexicon for the school-desk, and for the collegian's study; and it will be especially prized by the teacher who wishes thoroughly to capacitate himself to communicate to others a critical knowledge of this ancient language by the simplest method. It is sufficiently copious, and has evidently been prepared with great care. We give it our unqualified recommendation."

A long list of similar testimonials might be given, but it is sufficient to add one more, taken from a recent number of the *Christian Examiner*, and evidently proceeding from a high source.

"The lexicon, in its present form, is in every respect an excellent one. It does great honor to the ability, unwearied industry, and vast attainments of its author. It is particularly adapted to the range of Greek works studied in the schools and colleges of the United States; and American editions of the classics have been specially referred to. It is well suited to the younger scholars, inasmuch as it contains, in alphabetical order, the oblique cases and the principal dialectical or unusual forms of anomalous nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, and the principal tenses of anomalous verbs. But Mr. Pickering did not limit his task to this special object. He used all the aids which the recent works in philology and lexicography published in Europe, particularly in Germany, furnished him. Besides the contributions of Dunbar, and Liddell and Scott, Mr. Pickering diligently consulted the work of Passow, both in the original German edition, and in the new one edited by Rost and Palm, the lexicon of Jacobitz and Seidler, the excellent
one of Pape, those of Schneider and Riemer, besides numerous lexicons and verbal indexes to particular authors, and the new Paris edition, not yet completed, of Stephens's *Thesaurus*. Besides these lexicographical works, Mr. Pickering availed himself of special treatises on the various branches of Hellenic antiquities. It is sufficient to mention Boeckh on the *Public Economy of Athens*, and Platner on the *Attic Process*, both of which, while explaining the financial, political, judicial, and other problems growing out of the history of the Athenian commonwealth, have at the same time supplied important materials for the lexicographer. Mr. Pickering's professional learning has been of great assistance to him in that portion of the lexicon which contains the technical terms of Athenian law and the administration of justice. We have found his lexicon excellent for the Attic orators. Indeed, we have sometimes found words in it which are wanting in the larger work of Liddell and Scott. Mr. Pickering's definitions are concise and exact; and though his plan did not admit of a full historical development of every word, upon the principles partially carried into effect by Passow, yet the reader of Greek literature will rarely turn away unsatisfied.

"The work is very handsomely and accurately printed. It extends to 1456 pages, with three columns on a page, containing thus a vast amount of matter, with a remarkable economy of space. It is in every respect a very convenient and desirable book. F."

**Note H. Page 65.**

The following passage from the learned article in the *North American Review*, on Mr. Pickering's memoir of the Greek language (referred to in a preceding note), contains an allusion to his *Vocabulary*, with its title given at length. We therefore adopt it here.
The author of this memoir is not a mere scholar. Like others of his countrymen who have deserved well of letters, he has been obliged to prosecute his studies, 'not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers,' but amidst the inconveniences and distractions of public life, and the fatigues of his honorable profession. He is already well known to our readers as the author of a Vocabulary of Words and Phrases which have been supposed to be Peculiar to the United States of America. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Present State of the English Language in the United States. And having thus done no little service to American literature, he is the first to call the attention of scholars in this country to the proper pronunciation of the Greek."

Note I. Page 67.

"If, indeed," says Mr. Pickering, in his review of Dr. Jarvis's Discourse, "our only motive in the study of languages were to repay ourselves by the stores of learning locked up in them, we should be poorly rewarded for the labor of investigating the Indian dialects; but if we wish to study human speech as a science, just as we do other sciences, by ascertaining all the facts or phenomena, and proceeding to generalize and class those facts for the purpose of advancing human knowledge; in short, if what is called philosophical grammar is of any use whatever, then it is indispensable to the philologist of comprehensive views to possess a knowledge of as many facts or phenomena of language as possible; and these neglected dialects of our own continent certainly do offer to the philosophical inquirer some of the most curious and interesting facts of any languages with which we are acquainted."

"Until within a few years past," he observes, in his memoir on a uniform orthography for the Indian languages of North America, "these neglected dialects, like the devoted race of men who
have spoken them for so many ages, and who have been stripped of almost every fragment of their paternal inheritance except their language, have incurred only the contempt of the people of Europe and their descendants on this continent; all of whom, with less justice than is commonly supposed, have proudly boasted of their own more cultivated languages as well as more civilized manners.”

“Mr. Du Ponceau,” says Mr. Pickering, in his review of the Dissertation on the Nature and Character of the Chinese System of Writing, “was the first writer who took a comprehensive view of the languages of the whole continent, and established the general conclusion, that the American dialects, from one extremity of the continent to the other (with perhaps some exceptions), form a distinct class or family; which, from their highly compounded character, he has happily designated by the term polysynthetic. Now these complex American dialects are at one extremity of the series or chain of human languages; while at the other we find the very simple and inartificial language of China; these two extremes, when contrasted with each other, presenting this extraordinary phenomenon, that the savage tribes of the New World, though destitute of all literature and even of written languages, are found to be in possession of highly complex and artificial forms of speech, — which would seem to be the result of cultivation, — while in the Old World, the ingenious Chinese who were civilized and had a national literature even before the glorious days of Greece and Rome, have for four thousand years had an extremely simple, not to say rude and inartificial, language, that, according to the common theories, seems to be the infancy of human speech. This phenomenon well deserves the consideration of the philosophical inquirer, and especially of those speculatists who have assumed a certain necessary connection between what is considered the refined or artificial state of a language and the cultivation of the human race.”

In reference to “the able and philosophical investigations of
Mr. Du Ponceau, and the interesting work of his experienced and worthy fellow-laborer, the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder," Mr. Pickering, in his memoir just now mentioned, says: — "For my own part, I acknowledge that they have occasioned my taking a deeper interest in this apparently dry and barren subject, than I would have believed to be possible in any one, however devoted he might be to philological pursuits; and I have in consequence been for a time allured from old and favorite studies, to which I had intended to allot the whole of that little leisure which I could spare from the duties of my profession."

The original manuscript of the dictionary of Father Rasies or Râle (for his name is spelt both ways) was found among his papers after his death in 1724, and came into the possession of Harvard College. "Of all the memorials of the aboriginal languages in the Northern Atlantic portion of America," observes Mr. Pickering, in his introductory memoir, "the following Dictionary of the Abnaki language (or Abenaqui, as it is often called, after the French writers) is now among the most important." Mr. Pickering spared no labor in its publication. It may be found in the first volume, new series, of the Memoirs of the American Academy, extending over more than two hundred quarto pages.

Of "the printed books relating to these languages," adds Mr. Pickering, "the wonderful work of Eliot, 'the apostle,' I mean his entire translation of the Old and New Testaments, and his Grammar of the Massachusetts Indian language, are in every respect the most remarkable." Mr. Pickering's admirable republication of this grammar was entitled, — "A New Edition with Notes and Observations, by Peter S. Du Ponceau, LL. D., and an Introduction and Supplementary Observations by John Pickering." It first appeared in the Massachusetts Historical Collections. So also did the "New Edition, with Notes by John Pickering," of Dr. Edwards's Observations on the Mohegan Language.
Those who feel an interest in the subject will not fail to recur to Mr. Pickering’s beautiful philosophical essay *On the Adoption of a Uniform Orthography for the Indian Languages of North America*, contained in the fourth volume of the *Memoirs of the American Academy*. Its perusal, indeed, would in most minds create an interest, if one is not already felt.

Professor Robinson, in his *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, &c. (Vol. I., p. x.), upon stating that the Syrian mission at Jerusalem had adopted “the system proposed by Mr. Pickering for the Indian languages,” observes: — “Two motives led to a preference of this system; first, its own intrinsic merits, and facility of adaptation; and secondly, the fact, that it was already extensively in use throughout Europe and the United States, in writing the aboriginal names in North America and the South Sea islands; so that, by thus adopting it for the Oriental languages, a uniformity of orthography would be secured among the missions, and also in the publications of the American Board.”

After referring to the “Essay, &c., by John Pickering,” Professor Robinson adds: — “The Indian languages of North America and of the islands of the Pacific have mostly been reduced to writing according to this simple system.”

The following is a list of the principal languages which have been reduced to writing, on the principles of Mr. Pickering’s system, by missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and in which books have actually been printed: — the Greybo and Gaboon, in *Africa*; the Hawaiian, *Sandwich Islands*; the Choctaw, Creek, Osage, Pawnee, Seneca, Abenaquis, Ojibwa, Ottawa, Sioux, and Nez Perces, *North America*. 
Mr. Pickering, in his biographical notice of Mr. Du Ponceau, thus describes the new views presented in his *Dissertation on the Nature and Character of the Chinese System of Writing*. "He published a few years ago a work unfolding new views of the remarkable language of China, which has been long enveloped in almost as much mystery as the hieroglyphic system of ancient Egypt. Not agreeing with those who held the opinion, that the Chinese language is *ideographic*, that is, that the *written* characters denote *ideas* of things, and do not represent *spoken* words,—so that different nations of the East could understand each other by the *writing*, when they could not by speaking,—just as the Arabic numerals are understood alike, for example, by a Frenchman and Englishman, when written, though not when spoken,—contesting this opinion, we say, Mr. Du Ponceau boldly assumes the position, that the Chinese must be like other languages, and that the written characters, or words, represent *spoken* words or sounds, as in all the languages of Europe. The sinologists of the Old World are acquainted with his book, but are not prepared to adopt his views, though some of them are silently making use of his terminology, and so far give countenance to his results. Yet, if he is wrong, and if the language of the Chinese is not like other languages of the *human race* in the particular in question, the fact will present a more extraordinary phenomenon than any of the extraordinary characteristics hitherto known of that singular people."

Having reviewed this important work immediately after its publication, with the profoundest attention to the subject, Mr. Pickering naturally felt much curiosity to observe in what manner Mr. Du Ponceau's new and striking views of the Chinese language would be received by European scholars. "Knowing the force of the opinions which have been maintained by them for more
than two centuries, respecting the language of the singular people of the 'Celestial empire,' we were prepared," say the North American Reviewers, in their article on the Cochin-Chinese language, "for a total dissent from the doctrines of our learned author, if not a positive and direct attempt to refute them." "When we saw announced in the contents of that long-established and able journal, the London Monthly Review, for December, 1840, an article expressly upon this work, we felt no little impatience to see the article itself, which we had understood to be highly commendatory of Mr. Du Ponceau's work, and in perfect coincidence with his views. Upon opening the London journal, what was our astonishment to find, at the first glance, that the review was taken from our own article; and, upon a closer comparison, to discover, that, with the exception of a few paragraphs (which in their original form had American badges attached to them), the entire London article was a reprint, without any acknowledgment, from our own pages!"

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**Note M. Page 74.**

**PETER S. DU PONCEAU, LL. D.**

A few passages from Mr. Pickering's interesting notice of the life and character of his most distinguished literary and personal friend cannot be out of place here.* They were doubtless first attracted to each other by their rare erudition, but their friendship was cemented by that purity of heart and delicacy of taste and of feeling in which they so entirely sympathized. Their correspondence, which was commenced in 1818, and terminated only by death, was as intimate and delightful as it was learned.

Mr. Du Ponceau died in April, 1843. "To the writer of this

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* First published in the Boston Courier, April 8, 1843.
notice," says Mr. Pickering, "for whom he had long cherished an affection almost parental, his death is an irreparable loss; a long-tried friend and counsellor is no more!"

"Mr. Du Ponceau was born on the third day of June, 1760, in the Isle of Ré, which lies a few miles from the coast of La Vendée, in France." His philological genius, like Mr. Pickering's, discovered itself very early, and in his case appears to have determined his lot in life. "As the smallest circumstances in the history of such minds as his," continues Mr. Pickering, "cannot but be interesting, we will here add,—we have heard him state, that, while a child of only six years of age, his curiosity to know something of the English language was intensely excited by his accidentally meeting with a single torn leaf of an English book, in which he discovered the strange letters k and w,—for such they were to a child who had never seen them in any book in his own language; and this circumstance, trifling as it may appear, first directed his attention to our language. At that time, General Conway, who was afterwards somewhat conspicuous, during the American Revolution, as a member of the British House of Commons, had the command of a regiment stationed in the Isle of Ré, and, being struck with the remarkable points of character in a child of so tender an age, and with his aptitude for the study of languages, obligingly took pains to instruct him in English; and such was his progress, that in a very short time he was able to read Milton, Shakspeare, and other English classics, whose works are far beyond the grasp of ordinary youthful minds. As he proceeded, he became so delighted with the great English masters, that he never afterwards acquired a truly national fondness for the poetry of France."

When the well-known Baron Steuben was in Paris, on his way to the United States to join the American army, and, "being unacquainted with the English language, was making inquiries for some young man, who could speak English, to accompany him as his secretary, he was informed of young Du Ponceau, who hap-
pened then to be in Paris, and an arrangement was made with him accordingly. We recollect," adds Mr. Pickering, "to have heard Mr. Du Ponceau say, that, at that time, though he had never been out of France, he understood and could speak English as perfectly as he ever could afterwards."

"Mr. Du Ponceau left Paris in the suite of Baron Steuben for the United States, fired with the ardor of youth, and full of zeal in the cause of American liberty, which he ever fondly cherished. He landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the first day of December, 1777, an event in his life which he often alluded to with lively interest."

"At the close of the war, he had fixed his mind on the profession of the law,—and many years did not elapse before he attained the first rank."—"His purity of purpose, incorruptible integrity, and independence, never suffered him, during periods of the highest political excitement, to deviate from the sacred duty of a faithful legal adviser, even when pressed by the almost irresistible influence of national feeling or partisan principles, or,—what in our own time is a still stronger stimulant—the corrupting lure of political advancement."

"During the latter part of his life, after he had acquired a competent fortune by his profession, he devoted most of his time to his favorite study of general philology, a science which has employed the first intellects of the Old World, from the time of the great Leibnitz to that of the late illustrious Baron William Humboldt in our own time; and there can be little, if any doubt, that the labors of Mr. Du Ponceau in that noble, but boundless field, have, among the profound scholars of Europe, contributed more to establish our reputation for solid erudition than those of any other individual in this country."

Mr. Du Ponceau most heartily reciprocated the admiration entertained of him by Mr. Pickering, whom he regarded as an honor and an ornament to his country, and often alluded to the high estimation in which he was held by the first philologists and eth-
nographers of the Old World, — the Humboldts and the Prichards, who sought and appreciated his correspondence.

Note N. Page 79.

"In contemplating the variety, the universality, of his attainments, the mind involuntarily exclaims, 'The admirable Pickering!' He seems, indeed, to have run the whole round of knowledge."

"The death of one thus variously connected is no common sorrow. Beyond the immediate circle of family and friends, he will be mourned by the bar, amongst whom his daily life was passed; by the municipality of Boston, whose legal adviser he was; by clients who depended upon his counsels; by all good citizens, who were charmed by the abounding virtues of his private life; by his country, who will cherish his name more than gold or silver; by the distant islands of the Pacific, who will bless his labors in every written word that they read; finally, by the company of jurists and scholars throughout the world." — 9 Law Reporter, pp. 61, 66.
A DISCOURSE,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE

LIFE AND MINISTRY

OF

REV. ZEPHANIAH WILLIS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN KINGSTON,

MARCH 14, 1847.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

By AUGUSTUS R. POPE,
MINISTER OF THE SOCIETY.

Published by request of the Society.

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Kingston, March 20, 1847.

Rev. Augustus R. Pope: —

Dear Sir, — In order to preserve for our own and others' future reference, the Discourse recently delivered at the request of the Parish, upon the life and ministry of the late Rev. Zephaniah Willis, the undersigned, in behalf of the Parish, respectfully request you to furnish them with a copy thereof for publication.

Truly yours,

James N. Sever,
Joseph Stetson,
Joseph S. Beal,

Committee of the First Parish.
DISCOURSE.

MALACHI II. 6.

THE LAW OF TRUTH WAS IN HIS MOUTH, AND INIQUITY WAS NOT FOUND IN HIS LIPS: HE WALKED WITH ME IN PEACE AND EQUITY, AND DID TURN MANY FROM INIQUITY.

This, so singularly appropriate to our present service, was the language of approval for God's faithful servant. We do not wrest it to an unworthy use, as we contemplate the life and death, the conversation and the character, the worth and the work of a venerable man, whose earthly remains were so recently committed to the silent tomb! He has passed to the recompense of Divine approval! It is well for us to meditate upon his life and labor!

ZEPHANIAH WILLIS, the only child of Zephaniah and Bethiah (Hayward) Willis, was born in Titicut Parish,* Bridgewater, on the 24th of February, 1757. We could hardly expect to possess in this day reliable information of his childhood and earlier years of youth. But it is something to know that his long

*He was baptized, the first baptism in that Parish, April 24, 1757.
life bore testimony to correct training and judicious management.

At a suitable age, he was placed by his father under the supervision, first of Dr. Jonathan Crane, and then of his own pastor, Rev. Solomon Reed. His studies were prosecuted with Mr. Reed until he was offered for admission to college, in October, 1774. Mr. Reed sustained the reputation of being a good teacher; and his pupils certainly exhibited evident marks of careful attention and of thorough instruction. He was himself a graduate of Harvard College; but it scarcely impeaches the regard for his Alma Mater, that having in part educated Rev. Naphtali Daggett, President of Yale College, and still retaining a strong partiality for his former pupil, his own sons, and, through his influence, Mr. Willis were sent to Yale.

An event occurred during his college life, materially influencing Mr. Willis's future plans. His father died suddenly of pleurisy, in the spring of 1776; and he was summoned home in haste, to discharge at an early age the duty of aiding and comforting a widowed mother. It was desirable, as it was certainly agreeable to both mother and son, that his academical studies should be completed at some place nearer to his home; a point rendered of more importance by the fact that communication was greatly interrupted, and rendered very uncertain, by the military movements in New England, consequent upon the Revolutionary War. Without any disaffection towards Yale College, which was always remembered with great interest, he applied for admission to Harvard College; and was there received into the Junior Class on the 14th of August, 1776, upon the recommendation of President Daggett.
Nothing beyond the most general information can be gathered concerning his college life. In consequence of the disturbances of the times, no Commencement exercises were appointed, and the degrees were conferred by general diploma. Indeed, the studies of the students were constantly interrupted at that period, first, by the presence of the army of the United Colonies, and afterwards, by the quartering in Cambridge of the remnant of Burgoyne’s troops. These circumstances must greatly have abridged the advantages of a college life. Mr. Willis’s name appears from time to time on the college records; and always in a manner creditable to his application and attainments. He graduated in the class of 1778.

The class to which he belonged while at Yale, contained many, who subsequently attained to great eminence in legislative, judicial, and ecclesiastical stations. Among his classmates at Cambridge were, Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D. D., of Worcester, the successor, in part, of Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty, who also preceded Mr. Willis in this place, and Hon. Nathan Dane, LL. D., well known in New England for his many good qualities, and as one of the benefactors of the college. Mr. Willis survived his thirty-one companions; the latest survivor beside himself, Eleazer James, died in 1843; an event which deeply impressed his mind.*

* At the time of Mr. Willis’s death, he was the oldest clerical graduate of Harvard University; and but four graduates older than himself were living at the last accounts, viz., Dr. Ezra Green, Dover, N. H., of the class of 1765, *one hundred years of age* in June, 1846. Hon. T. Farrar, Hollis, N. H., of the class of 1767, *ninety-nine years of age* in July, 1846. Mr. John Poor, Philadelphia, Pa. (? ) of the class of 1775; and Mr. James Lovell, South Carolina, of the class of 1776, who attended Commence-
Soon after leaving Cambridge, he went to Braintree, now Quincy, where he instructed, as a private tutor, three children of the elder Adams, three children of the Hon. Richard Cranch, and one of James Apthorp, Esq. Hon. William Cranch, at present the United States Judge for the District of Columbia, was one of his pupils. Our friend seldom alluded, except in the family circle, to this happy period of his life. And yet it is no disparagement of the good and great of earth to say, that, guided by such a mind, breathed upon by such a spirit, and elevated by such an example as his pupils were in contact with, they thus learn to achieve results, to which, under other circumstances, they might scarcely have aspired. While in Quincy, I am informed by Judge Cranch, he had it in his heart to enter the ministry.

After leaving Quincy, Mr. Willis took charge of a school in Sherburne. He recurred with pleasure to the time which he passed in that town, where he resided with Rev. Elijah Brown, a man of distinguished piety and excellence, and of views remarkably liberal for the times. While an inmate of that family, he fully matured the plans of his subsequent life, although but few inducements were then held out for young men to engage in the duties of such a calling. He soon after returned to Bridgewater, and pursued his studies, so far as any preparation for his chosen work was undertaken, with some reliance upon Mr. Reed, his pastor and former preceptor, for guidance and encouragement. He was

ment at Cambridge in 1846, "walking with the aid of two canes, apparently vigorous, healthy, and active, except so far as he was afflicted with lameness."
admitted to the Titicut Church on the 7th of November, 1779.

It was, however, a continual lament of his life, often expressed within the last four years, that he enjoyed no privileges of a course of study peculiarly appropriate to his profession. The direction of Mr. Reed was rather nominal than real; he read and studied much as he pleased, and in obedience to his own high principles of duty. And he often regretted not only the incoherency of his pursuits, but also the short duration of his preparatory reading. It was all, however, that the times demanded. Ecclesiastical matters being in a very loose state, with no form of approbation but such as consisted in the approval of his pastor, without other license than that of his own heart, and with the certificate only of his own purposes, he commenced preaching in the autumn of 1779.

He came to Kingston on Saturday, the 11th of March, 1780, sixty-seven years ago last Thursday, and sixty-seven years ago on this Sabbath day preached his first sermon to this parish, in a house standing very nearly on the site of this. The result of his preaching is a testimony to his worth, and to his influence as a preacher in those days, as well as to the ability of his hearers to appreciate sound and discriminating views of truth and duty, presented in a simple, but manly and vigorous style, and with few of the graces of elocution. The church records contain the following entry: “Kingston, May 8, 1780. At a meeting of the church, voted, unanimously, to give Mr. Zephaniah Willis a call to the work of the ministry in this place.” This was the only parish whose pulpit he ever supplied; but he had preached by in-
vitation of some of the neighboring ministers, previ­
ously to coming to Kingston.

A long time intervened before any other mention is made of his labors here. It is not difficult to assign for this a motive, which is to be traced on every page of his long and eventful life. In a natural self-distrust always besetting him, he was anxious to allow the church additional time to become acquainted with himself, his views, and his abilities; and in his hu­mility was unwilling rashly to undertake so onerous a work in so large a parish.

On the 7th of August, which was probably but a very short time after the acceptance * of the call, it was voted by the church to appoint a committee, † "to confer with Mr. Willis, and conclude what neighbor­ing churches to apply to for assistance at the ordi­nation, and to write to those churches to request their assistance."

On the 18th of October, 1780, Mr. Willis was ordained "Pastor of the Church in Kingston," now the First Parish, to distinguish it from the other parishes since incorporated. ‡ Not an individual now lives among us, who was qualified to vote on the ques­tion of the call; and those who still remember the occasion of the ordination, "recur to it only as to a holiday of their childhood."

When ordained, he was but twenty-three years of age. If we bear in mind the trying circumstances of

* See Appendix, p. 41.
† The following persons constituted the committee: "Deacon Ebenezer Washburn, Capt. Robert Bradford, William Drew, Esq., Mr. Cornelius Sampson, and Mr. Kimball Prince."
‡ An account of the ordination was given in the sermon, but is omitted, as it will be found more in detail in the Appendix, p. 42.
his education, — that he left College in August, 1778, and was ordained in October, 1780, — that he passed one year at least of the interval as a teacher, and nearly another year in preaching here and elsewhere, we shall be fully prepared to see some cause for the regret, so universally present to his mind, that he entered upon his ministry at so early a period of life.

Indeed, while in other callings of life a man’s duty is usually measured by that ability to perform, which comes only from experience, the severest trials and heaviest burdens often overtake the young clergyman, even while the incense of his heart’s first service at the altar, where his consecration has just taken place, has scarcely ceased to ascend. Then the young man’s ministry may be stereotyped, if I may use the figure, with all its imperfections. He is compelled to act unadvisedly in extreme cases; — if he succeed in a first attempt, he is strengthened, — if he fail, alas! for him — his comfort and courage are the forfeit. And thus an early settlement may have had an influence with Mr. Willis to impair his self-confidence, the measure of which was naturally small, and so to impede and embarrass all his labors.

I must speak very briefly, and in general terms only, of his ministry, to you the most interesting portion of his life, for sufficient data are not preserved to authorize a very minute sketch. “He did turn many from iniquity;” — let these words constitute a blessed history of the period!

In troubled times, which are mentioned among the records of the church, his good sense and great magnanimity triumphed over all common difficulties. The severest trial of his whole life, perhaps, occurred
in 1802, previous to which time, to use his own words, “the town of Kingston had been remarkable for peace, unanimity, and concord: but then there originated a great contention and bitter quarrel, which destroyed the peace and harmony of the town, and resulted in the formation of a new religious society.” This strife was waged so fiercely, that rather than encounter its bitterness, which he had little hope to assuage, Mr. Willis seriously entertained the thought of withdrawing, with his family,* to a different kind of life; and actually purchased, after in vain seeking a more desirable location in another section of New England, a spot for his contemplated new home in a somewhat unsettled part of Maine.

And yet he was only indirectly connected with the origin of a movement, which was in a fair way to become discreditable to both parties when so contumaciously urged and resisted. I need not detail its history: it was altogether a pecuniary matter. The new religious society which it begat, at the time of secession, in no sense differed from the old parish in theological opinions. The separation involved no religious principle, and had little to do with the Christian profession, and less with Christian character. There was probably harsh speaking and positive adherence to opinions on both sides; and the question, as a matter of policy, may still be argued. But the secession which it occasioned was solely on the question of “funded property,” and had not a remote reference, whatever may have been its issue, to doctrinal dissent or to church polity. The subsequent

* He had been married, several years before, to Hannah, only daughter of Maj. Gen. John Thomas, of Kingston.
character of the creed, and the difference of the church-covenant came, as it were, by accident. The wandering flock was guided by some differing shepherd into a new fold. The clay was in a plastic state, and readily worked into the shape that it now holds.

In the years 1827-8, Mr. Willis passed through another trying scene. Circumstances seemed to some of his parishioners to require a change in the customary address of the Sabbath. Mr. Willis was then full seventy years of age, and had been settled upwards of forty-seven years! It is not needful for us to decide upon the propriety of a step, which was taken by men as upright and conscientious as ourselves, and in which he, who was most interested, heartily acquiesced.

The implied separation, — and it was hardly that, — was very painful to the pastor. It wrung his heart to the very centre, occasioning no little physical and mental suffering. It may have been pressed a little too suddenly, and somewhat prematurely. Yet he always, and from the first, acquiesced in its propriety, and said, that “one [himself] had better suffer for the parish than the parish for one;” but he also had quite a strong desire to complete his half century; — a desire, I am warranted in saying, never in any way communicated to the committee or the parish. In this his entire self-forgetfulness is the more striking, and shines the brighter; for had the desire been expressed aloud, it would undoubtedly have been decisive of delay.

It is proper to say, that there was no really growing dissatisfaction; and that he retained the esteem and the affection, with the respect and confidence of his people. But a whole generation had passed away
since he was ordained, and the third was then following closely upon the second. The spirit of the times had greatly changed: — modes of thought were different, — ways of address had greatly altered, — and the young, especially those who had not then learned to appreciate his worth, and to estimate his many good qualities, were not so interested as it was desirable they should be in the ministrations of the Sabbath. This appears not at all strange, if we consider the radical transformations which were consequent upon the American Revolution, during the first half century. When he was plainly informed of the state of the case, the words already quoted gave sufficient evidence of his complete consecration to truth and goodness.

In the same spirit he subsequently lived. While the preliminary arrangements were being made for the ordination of his immediate successor, he attended the meetings of the committee, himself prepared the programme of the services, and assisted to the utmost the labors of his coadjutors. The charge which he gave on the occasion to the candidate, is related to have been “very appropriate, impressive, and truthful.” All his intercourse with the three, who have successively stood by his side, was characterized by urbanity, and ever evinced the completest kindness of heart. No critic could be more lenient, no parishioner more ready to overlook and forgive, no counsellor more judicious, less officious, or more gentle. “Instead of that captious querulousness so often exhibited by the retired pastor toward his successor in office, it seemed to be Mr. Willis’s first wish to remove all difficulties from his path; instead of hindering, he was always ready to coöperate in the
plans devised for the benefit of the parish, and in place of fault-finding, he was ever disposed to bestow the praise, which was often illly deserved."* That chair, now vacant, beneath this desk, his cherished seat, was first occupied thus on the Sunday succeeding Mr. Cole's ordination; and he continued there to take his place, how regularly and punctually you well remember, contrary to the oft-repeated solicitations of each of his successors in the pulpit. His object was to withdraw from observation, not to seek it.

About this same time the second secession from the First Parish took place. It was really in point of time, though hardly in purpose, subsequent to his withdrawal, but before the settlement of another minister.† It was a trial to him; but involved, whether right or wrong in itself, well-grounded or utterly groundless, as it may be viewed by different individuals, no reflection upon his views or his ministry. Mr. Willis never substantially changed his views from those which were incorporated in the Confession of Faith written by himself, at the request of the church, in 1782. The parish was always inclined to liberal views. Its first and third ministers were somewhat remarkable in their day for liberality; and the second was dismissed in consequence of a different tendency, manifested in an obnoxious manner by his favoring Whitefield. Under such circumstances Mr. Willis was settled, and under such circumstances he lived and taught; and when the secession took place, in 1827,† the charge of change on his part, or on the part of the parish, could not be urged with truth.

* Letter from Rev. J. Cole, received soon after Mr. Willis's death.
† Mr. Willis was released from parochial duty, March 18, 1828; the new church was gathered, March 19. The certificates were filed in 1827.
I have spoken of Mr. Willis's separation from the parish, with qualification. The church and parish records contain no intimation of a desire to dismiss him from his office. It is therefore just to both parties to say, that his connection as Pastor was never impaired by any action, either of his own or of the parish. He relinquished the duties of his office, or some of them, but not the office, when another entered upon their performance. He died as he had lived for more than sixty-six years, the Minister of this Society. His successors were not settled as his colleagues, which in fact they were, because it was not desired they should bear the title.*

He preached but a few times after relinquishing the more active duties of his office, and preferred to be retired, — "to be omitted in all arrangements requiring a public appearance." Yet he was willing, at great sacrifice of inclination, to do occasionally a work of love for any one in need. He last preached about the time of reaching his seventy-seventh year of life, in 1833. His last meeting with the Association, of which he was an honored member, was at my house, on the 20th of November, 1844. His last public religious service, was the baptism of my child, on the 7th of July, of the same year.

During his sole ministry, there were one hundred and twenty admissions to the church, three hundred and twelve marriages, and three hundred and sixty-three baptisms; during the same period, there were seven hundred and eighty-six deaths. These statements are taken from his own records, in which he was proverbially accurate.

* See an Account of the Proceedings in the Appendix, pp. 43, 44.
In the years 1829 and 1830, he was selected to represent the town in the Legislature; a very gratifying mark of attention, as it indicated the respect and confidence not only of his own parish, but also of those who had seen fit to withdraw themselves for the formation of other societies. "And though he did not enter into the strife of debate, yet he was a watchful observer, and an intelligent and upright voter." Afterwards he lived in a loved retirement, but retained a hearty interest in all public affairs, and kept himself well acquainted with subjects of practical importance in town and state. He valued at a high rate the elective franchise, which he exercised with great eagerness until within a very few years. The last testimony of interest in the common weal of the country, was given by signing a remonstrance against any countenance of the war in Mexico.

For a year past, it was evident to himself and to others, that there was a gradual diminution of physical strength. He went abroad less often, and was contented to remain more inactive. It is nearly a year since he came, as he said, "to commune once more with the church." Quite recently he expressed a strong desire to go again to the meeting-house, and entertained some hope that he might do so. His mind latterly lost somewhat its power of concentration, although its faculties could not be said in other respects to be impaired. His illness, if his last days may be so termed, was very brief.

For a little more than a week previous to his death, he had been affected with a cold; — a form of indisposition of late years quite severe with him. He had just reached, on the 24th of February, his ninety-first year, the entrance upon which had been for some
time regarded with hopeful anxiety. On the succeeding Saturday he prepared a note, to be read on the following day from this desk. It indicated in its hand-writing the decrepitude of old age, and asked an interest in the petitions of this place, that the mercies of the Almighty might "still be manifest unto him, for his pardon and acceptance." On the Thursday following (the 4th inst.), he became much more unwell, and was compelled to yield to the wishes of his family, to consider himself an invalid, and to be treated accordingly. Throughout that day, and the succeeding night, no change was observed, except that he became a little more comfortable and less helpless. During Friday he failed gradually, and in the evening, when I last saw him in life, he had evidently but a few hours more to pass this side of heaven. Death was close at hand! He readily, nay, eagerly, embraced the opportunity to unite with the family once more in prayer. In the service, the hand that I clasped confirmed by its pressure the words of satisfaction subsequently expressed, and intimated thus his cordial responses to the petitions offered with him in his own and others' behalf. The night wore away without bringing much suffering, and was passed in perfect composure — "as comfortably as could be expected for a dying man," he said. He was scarcely sick then — the sands were well nigh run out! His senses undimmed, speaking to a daughter but a few minutes before his latest breath, and with his fears of the physical anguish of dissolution — fears so often apprehended — unrealized, at fifteen minutes past six o'clock, on the morning of the 6th of March, aged ninety years and ten days, he died, as he had lived, — in peace with God and man.
We have passed rapidly over nearly a century, filled with stirring incidents, rich in deeds of goodness, and in plans for human welfare. How significant is the death of an individual who has lived so long! How rudely it sundered our connection with the past! How various the influences, which must have gone forth from a life lengthened full twenty years beyond the prescribed age of man! Thoughts neither to be expressed nor utterly controlled, crowd here for utterance. I look at the two extremes of such a long life, birth—death: what a space between them! It is not for us to open the record! Who of men shall stand forth to pass judgment on such a career? Who can estimate the circumstances that commenced ninety years ago to fashion his character? Who therefore can measure the life, which, judging it by the duration of other men's lives, would seem to have been finished, and its work done, a score of years since?

This venerable man literally belonged to another age; if he be judged at all, he is to be judged by his relation to that age. There seems sometimes a disposition, with which I can have no sympathy, to measure men of other times, especially when they are permitted by Providence to live among us, by the demands of the present. That a lengthened life overlaps a little the life which in ordinary experience is intended to succeed it, gives no right to us to treat it, in all its characteristics, as if it belonged to this generation. Its discrepancies with our tastes may constitute the evidences of its faithfulness to its own times. Its peculiarities are not impossibly the manifestations of striking excellencies. Nor can we be too cautious how we treat the memory of men of
other times. "The changes of the last half century to a great extent disqualify the present generation for justly estimating the scholastic or other character of men educated more than seventy years ago.”

Mr. Willis’s education was commenced even longer ago than this. I do not say that it may not sometimes have seemed in its characteristics, like a proud specimen of the architecture of an earlier day. Any essential alterations, to make it correspond with the leading thoughts of to-day, would easily have been detected, if they had been attempted. And, after all, there is something worthy of great respect in the character of a man “come down to us from a former generation,” in all the strength of an unclouded intellect, gifted and wise — but yet a relic of the past; through whom we may commune, without the mediation of the antiquarian, with thoughts of other times, and observe how those thoughts wrought for the character, when the mind was strong enough to resist their tyranny, and to employ them as assistants to its growth.

These words are not uttered in the way of apology for one who requires nothing of the kind, but to show how much more may be due to the great life of other times, than we are disposed to render. Mr. Willis’s intellect was too active, even in extreme old age, ever to have assumed any grotesqueness of appearance to such as sought to appreciate him. He kept up remarkably with the progress of human inquiry; and lived not, as so many aged persons needlessly do, among the skeletons of past thoughts and schemes, long after the feelings which animated them

* Address of Rev. Morrill Allen at the funeral.
to reality, and the circumstances which demanded such forms of being, have passed away.

As an illustration of the manner in which he kept pace with the unwritten as well as with the written thought of the times, his great interest in all modern plans for human advancement may be mentioned. He conversed of these with readiness and discrimination, and perceived how needful the reforms had become, though they did not rightly appertain to his generation. He gave his name, his sympathy, and his influence, to every effort to elevate man, to purify him of his iniquity, and to reduce the social and political life to a harmony with the gospel of peace and love. It would not have been in keeping with the rest of his character to have been denunciatory, violent, or abusive. He was never this in youth; and in youth, if ever, zeal has a tendency to outstrip prudence, when good ends and aims have been set before it. Those who judge by such tokens will judge him wrongfully, if they think that he held no sympathy with every true effort for purity, justice and peace, as these Christian results are embodied in individual and social enterprises.

But little inducement was offered to the ministers of his day diligently to occupy themselves with hard study. Mr. Willis was a thorough classical scholar, well read in all history, and he loved study. But the inadequate compensation which he received, made it necessary for him to eke out a maintenance with pursuits somewhat at variance with his calling. In the season of out-door labor no man was more industrious. It is said by those who are best qualified to know, that when he commenced his agricultural and horticultural labors, his success in which was so justly
known, he went to them as to a necessity. Subsequently, they became a pastime; and latterly, it had become a great source of satisfaction, as he once said, "to watch the bud till it became food."—The time passed in his study, especially in the winter season, was much of it occupied in the work of instruction; an office for which he was eminently qualified. But, after all, he did not like "such frittering away of time" in somewhat incongruous ways; and not infrequently regretted his inability to apply himself more diligently to his own profession.

He was a great reader. History was his favorite kind of reading. But here again his means did not meet the demands of his mind. It was a sad thing for him, as it is for any one, to be so much deprived of the very materials of his calling, as these are to be found chiefly in constant communion with the best thoughts of other men. No parish can easily estimate its losses in this respect, or know how much it may cramp its own growth, when it fails to open the way of access for its minister to the printed thoughts of the times. Bread for his mouth is not his only want. His mind sustains a constant exhaustion of its powers; an exhaustion to be made up to it from the storehouse of literature. The salary of former days was based solely upon the price of provisions. This other need of which I have spoken, ought to have been acknowledged, and the price of books should have entered, with the price of corn, into the computation of the means of subsistence.*

Accuracy and soundness, rather than brilliancy,

* The salaries of the first four ministers of the parish were "bottomed" on the prices of corn, rye, beef and pork.
would correctly characterize Mr. Willis's mind. He was reared among the intellectual giants of the 18th century, and had their strength; in days of exact, but independent thought, and was, therefore, accurate. His memory was remarkably retentive; and his conversation, rich in choice and illustrative anecdotes. His manner and style of preaching were not popular, or best calculated to ensure attention and excite admiration. His sermons were adapted to impress the reader rather than the hearer, for he was a better writer than speaker, a clear thinker, and a vigorous composer. His style was usually argumentative, and, in the specimens I have seen, almost entirely devoid of illustration and ornament, and nearly as free from metaphor,—a singular contrast with his well remembered conversation,—and was addressed to the reason more than to the affections. It may be doubted whether a clear case of passionate appeal can be found among all his sermons. For this reason alone, the community, especially in passion-moved days, was not apt to appreciate him. But if we were allowed to read in clear type some of his writings, we should discern in them quite an uncommon force and vigor.

He was no author in the common sense of the term; he disliked publicity, especially for his writings. There are but a few productions of his pen in print: a Charge at the Ordination of Rev. Elijah Dexter, of Plympton, and an Account of Kingston in the Collections of the Historical Society, of which he was a member, are all that I have seen of his published papers.

The soundness and accuracy of his mind well qualified him as a teacher. Very many of the present generation bear testimony to the accuracy of their
instruction in the rudiments of knowledge. Those whom he prepared for college were well qualified for their future studies when they left his care. As a teacher, however, he bore the reputation of sternness. His manner may have seemed unnecessarily severe to the volatile mind of childhood. It was not the result of an unworthy impulse, but of his views of discipline, imbibed, it may have been, in early life. He required perfect order, and was exceedingly sensitive to needless and improper interruptions. But the sternness of his rules of discipline is another evidence of his inflexible adherence to duty. He always aimed at faithfulness in his relation to his pupils; and it was no more than true to his connection with them, to require their allegiance to the same standard of duty. It might not always have been pleasant to them at the time to render the obedience, which great principles of character required; and in such cases he demanded it sternly, and with no disposition to compromise.

Intimately connected with the strength and clearness of his mind, are to be considered his views of religious truth; these he never really changed, although he seemed to have found, as he said, newer and better expressions for them. The inquirer after truth always makes some progress. If his progress be consequential and just, he will himself be scarcely likely to perceive it. But even when his views have thus been expanded or modified, he has a right to protest against the charge of change, in an odious sense, brought against him by those who have voluntarily pledged themselves to the past.

When he was settled, he found a church without a creed. There was no form of doctrines embodied
for an individual's assent, as the condition of his reception to communion. In 1782, in compliance with the wish of some members of the church, Mr. Willis prepared a Confession of Faith, which leaves out of sight the doctrine of the Trinity, and repudiates Calvin's statements concerning Total Depravity, Unconditional Election, Justification by Faith alone, and Vicarious Atonement; but it asserts a belief in God, the Father, in Jesus Christ the Son, in Justification by Faith, with works as the only evidence of faith, in Human Depravity, and in the Mediation and Redemption of Christ.

This form was adopted; but it is entered with his Protest,* on the ground that no authority had been conferred upon man to make a Confession of Faith, as the test of Christian communion and fellowship. He has since expressed a regret that he ever wrote it, although it is saved from censure by the prudent clause appended to one of its articles, "as these doctrines are held forth in the Scriptures." His objection to a creed, be it observed, was, that it might infringe upon the right and sanctity of private judgment; — an objection that is unanswerable.

He was settled before the partition lines were drawn. But in his own convictions he was not a Trinitarian, in the strict meaning of the term. He never preached a distinctly doctrinal sermon, because he did not believe such preaching to be good for the souls of men. And in the whole course of his ministry, he said that he did not read, as such, a Trinitarian psalm or hymn. He belonged to no sect, not because he was unwilling to be identified with any, but because

* See Appendix, p. 42.
he was somewhat peculiar in his theological views. Standing where he stood at his ordination, in the 
Christian church, and an accredited minister of it, no 
especial occasion to define his position, or to defend 
his views ever arose. His sympathies were accus-
tomed to flow in the same channel with those of his 
successors, because on the fundamental doctrine of 
Scripture, that the Lord our God is one God, — one 
in essence, one in spirit, one in person, — and that 
Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and therefore not God, 
he perfectly coincided with them.

He was educated when the metaphysics of Edwards 
were in vogue. But if he liked the metaphysics, he 
was never a disciple of Edwards, or of any one save 
Christ in his theology, which he drew directly from 
the fountain. “If, as a scholar, he was to any extent 
enslaved by the particular laws of reasoning which 
had prevalence in his day, one thing is certain, his 
common sense was not enslaved. He could never 
believe that all light and all goodness were with those 
who embraced the same views with himself on points 
long disputed in the Christian world.” * Religion 
was to him altogether too practical a matter to be 
lost amid the excesses of sectarian zeal, or kept from 
the heart by the mists of “doubtful disputation” 
concerning barren dogmas. He looked at the life 
rather than at the profession, for Christian goodness 
more than for speculative agreement, and valued obe-
dience to God far higher than implicit regard for 
human authority. He preached the word as he 
received it, keeping back nothing that he thought 
should be taught, and never assailing anything but

* Address of Mr. Allen.
sin. He believed that he "spoke to the people all the words of this life," all the saving truth to be found in the Scriptures; and if it be objected, that he did not declare disputed doctrines in stereotyped forms of words, it was because he believed the words were false to truth, and the doctrines nowhere taught in the Bible.

The most striking characteristic of his life was exceeding diffidence. It existed to such a degree as to become a blemish, an absolute weakness, if not a real fault. It is true this spirit is far less disagreeable than its opposite, which so frequently thrusts ordinary men into extraordinary positions; but it is hardly more true to goodness. He often spoke of this trait, as something to be regretted, and probably made some attempts to overcome the evil; but he was too distrustful of himself to accomplish much by such efforts. He was always greatly embarrassed when in the pulpit,—indeed, the embarrassment, he said, increased with his experience; and an occasional service, although he never shrank from the necessary performance, and usually was very happy in it, always brought a severe and painful questioning of the ability to go through it. He did less than he might have done, because he felt he could do no more. For if a man, in too much humility, account his talents but as two, he will not be likely to strive to make them "other five talents."

He was too retiring. We should greatly prefer to remember him so, to having our recollections teeming with self-complacency and an indecent self-confidence; and yet it is to be regretted that he could not rise above this disposition. His humility took the form of self-abasement. He apologized for coming
to your door, and feared to intrude an old man's thoughts upon a young man's attention. No assurances ever overcame this feeling. And he literally "fell asleep," grateful for the visits of those whose pleasure it was to be in his good society, and to listen to his racy, self-forgetful, and instructive conversation, as if they had made a sacrifice to his wish to see them.

A constitutional tendency increased the sensitiveness to the infirmities of old age, and depreciated the estimate of himself, always too low at the best. He was subject to physical depression, which probably had some influence to impair the healthiest action of his strong mind. Sometimes, much more might be made of his remarks than he intended by them. Humility before God, and distrust of his own motives, induced bitter lamentations over his ministerial unfaithfulness, and impelled him to employ oftener the publican's than the pharisee's words. One thing is to be noted, that he always did more than he remembered, was better than he claimed to be, and less faithless than he thought. Blessed is he, who shall take too low a place in the kingdom; — to whom man, his brother, and God, his Father, shall unite in saying, "go up higher."

Few men are the best judges of their own performances, or of the success of their labors. But here is one whose life was disparaged in his own eyes, less by unworthiness than by earnest longings for greater performance. He was prone always to judge his performance by the demands of the present day for ministerial assiduity; a standard before which all fail, and by which, if the young must break down under it, and be cast away as worthless, surely the aged are not to be measured. Besides, his later estimate of
his ministry included only those reminiscences which came to him of his days and services, when he was threescore years and ten, and when, to say the least, a man is not in his palmiest days. There are not many who can remember his preaching in any other way than as that of an old man, for he was seventy-one years of age when he ceased regularly to minister here.

Conscientiousness was another striking characteristic of his life. This trait ought to be the more carefully remembered, because it will often serve to account for an apparently unyielding disposition, which was contrary to his nature. In some things he could not yield, he could not bend to any one. The convictions he entertained, his motives and purposes, were founded upon principle. And when he differed from others who were as conscientious as himself, the way to influence his determination, or to change his purposes, was by patient representation, and by bringing to his mind some considerations, which he had not entertained. He was justly sensitive to any encroachments upon his rights, as he deemed them, because he acknowledged the rule of right. In this he always intended to be conscientious, and was uniformly consistent.

There was a peculiar kindness and tenderness in his heart. His exterior would not always give you the idea of such careful consideration of others as his life constantly evinced. The individual cannot be found, to whom he intentionally did an injury, or for whom he purposed wrong. Multitudes of instances, found not here and there, but all along the path of his life, in which he wrought the contrary, are to be remembered. Personally wronged often, and indignant at evil towards himself or others, yet exercis-
ing forbearance, and extending forgiveness before it was asked; thoughtful and affected at the impurities and errors of his fellow-men, he walked among us, not as a judge, but as a father; and his reproofs and rebukes were intended, and it was the fault of their objects if the result did not come, to lead men away from sin to holiness.

In illustration of his kindness, I well remember asking a favor, the greatness of which I then knew not, and the working of his diffidence in its prompt refusal; then the eagerness of his self-condemnation when the natural kindness of his heart, and its disposition to oblige, had reassumed ascendancy; and finally his earnest insisting upon granting the request. And this was no solitary instance.*

The same spirit was noticeable, and in this day is worthy of especial mention, in his treatment of the brute creation. No dumb creature ever unnecessarily suffered with his consent. The remark has been made, that "he would at any time have sacrificed his own comfort and convenience, for the comfort and convenience of a horse." This, to some a small matter, is an evidence of a trait worthy of imitation, and distinguishing his whole life.

* The favor alluded to, was the baptism of my child. No harsher words could be employed than he applied to the refusal. "It was so selfish, so ungenerous, so unkind."—In 1833, Mr. Cole wished, but did not really ask him, to supply the pulpit, when he (Mr. C.) went to Sandwich after the death of Rev. E. S. Goodwin. Mr. W., in self-distrust and with a desire to remain retired, did not tender his aid. But, on the following morning, he was early with Mr. Cole, and his words were something like the following: "I have not slept any all night! You were in trouble, and I knew it, and did not offer to help you! I ought not to have treated you so unkindly! If you will let me, I will preach for you on Sunday." It happened to be his birthday, or not far from it, and he alluded in a touching manner to the occasion. He was seventy-six years old.
He was truly a "lover of hospitality;" no man was ever more so. His hospitality, which knew no bounds, but was dealt out like a true Christian love to all whom it could benefit, administered as much pleasure to himself, as comfort to its many recipients. I have spoken of his retirement; this served somewhat as the complement of that. If he remained at home, he did not on that account exclude himself from the world's sympathy and interest. His residence was formerly the home, for the time, of many travellers that passed that way, and of all clergymen. These did not intrude themselves upon him, for he always enjoyed their society, and gladly welcomed them to his board, although undoubtedly there must have been times when such visits were perplexing and onerous.

His voice was clear and its tones positive; it sometimes had an expression of severity, as if he could make no compromise with another's feelings; but it was only a manner of address, founded upon the firmness of his convictions, and borrowing its tone from the custom of a former generation. When it was used to grant favors and propose gratification, it often seemed a little harsh.

It is proper in this connection to allude to his habits, which were fashioned upon his idea of duty. It is impossible, so various are the data, to come to any precise conclusions upon the influence of habits towards prolonging life. But can there be a doubt, that to these may be ascribed the vigor which is sometimes retained, both in body and in mind, in the days when there is every reason to expect only "labor and sorrow"? When free indulgence in the use of stimulating beverages was the way of social life, he followed not the custom. And when any habit inter-
fered with the welfare, or with the comfort and convenience of others, no matter how long its sway had been acknowledged, or how seemingly essential to his bodily comfort it had become, he acknowledged no difficulty in surrendering the gratification. Fewer days of sickness in so many years were scarcely ever known by any individual. I think I have heard him say, that he had no recollection of serious illness until he was eighty years of age! And that he was never compelled to forego any kind of service during his whole ministry on that account!

But I must close this discourse, prepared, my friends, at your request, and long from the nature of the case, and from the little time allowed for its preparation, pleasant as it is to dwell upon the character of one, for whom I had learned to cherish the most sincere and hearty respect; whose virtues have raised in the heart and memory a more faithful monument, though less durable to the world, than one which it were well for you to rear under the shadow of the sanctuary, so often resonant with his praises and his prayers, to the memory of "a good man! your fathers' minister!"

I trust I have not violated the sacredness of his memory, by putting forth a claim for our departed pastor and friend, which his whole life, viewed without prejudice or favor, would not fully authorize. He was not perfect, for he was a man; but still a man to be loved for his kindly sympathies, to be honored for his intellectual worth, to be respected for his Christian integrity, and to be imitated in his conscientiousness. That he had no faults, is not pretended. Yet few men had fewer. There were some idiosyncracies of
taste and demeanor, including a sensitiveness of disposition, which we are not required to forget, or to keep from view. But while the incense of his good service is rising with acceptance unto God, I envy not the heart of him, who can bend in bitterness of regret, or in wickedness of exultation, over the ashes that remain!

He passed through trials unusually severe, in his ministerial connection with the parish, and in his intercourse with the world, with an equanimity commanding something like our fullest reverence. His hopeful composure, under the severe afflictions and dispensations of Providence, and these in so long a life were very numerous, attracted the notice of all who knew him. He lived in these respects all that he inculcated, and gave an example of his teachings worthy of respect and imitation. And if aught could occur to efface the other good influences of his life and labors here, the recollection of his many virtues may comfort and strengthen us, and be handed down as a rich inheritance to our children's children!

"The places that once knew him shall know him no more! He shall rest beneath the shadow of the sanctuary which he loved, and in the midst of the generations that he served. He was a merciful man, and he shall obtain mercy — a peace-maker, and he shall be called a child of God." * The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with us in peace and equity, and did turn many from iniquity.

* Mr. Cole's Letter.
[The following outline of the history of the Parish has been compiled from the parish and town records, with the aid to be derived from an article prepared for the Historical Society, by the Rev. Mr. Willis, in 1815. Without other reference, it will be sufficient here to say, that passages from Mr. Willis will be denoted by half-quotations marks, (''): to those taken from the records will be affixed, when necessary, a word to denote the fact.—A. R. F.]

In the year 1717, forty-one inhabitants of the north precinct of Plymouth, near Jones' River, with a part of Plympton and Pembroke, petitioned the General Court to be set off as a parish, "for their more convenient attending and carrying on the public worship of God, they all living at distances varying from four to six miles from the Plymouth meeting-house."—[Records.] So reasonable a request, after a view of the premises by a committee, was granted. The petitioners were,

Israel Bradford,  Jacob Cook, Jun.  Judah Hall,  Isaac Holmes,
Hezekiah Bradford,  Caleb Stetson,  Ebenezer Cushman,  Benjamin Eaton,
John Bryant,  Ebenezer Cushman,  Robert Cushman,  William Bradford,
Francis Cook,  Benjamin Bryant,  Peter Hunt,  Richard Everson,
Ebenezer Eaton,  William Cook,  Wrestling Brewster,  Elisha Stetson,
John Washburn,  John Gray,  Perez Bradford,  John Bradford,
John Everson,  John Cushman,  Joseph Sturtevant,  Jacob Cook,
David Bradford,  Robert Cushman,  Peter West,  John Bradford, Jun.
Jacob Mitchell,  Wrestling Brewster,  Joseph Sturtevant,  Isaac Holmes,
Robert Cook,  John Gray,  Elisha Bradford,  Elnathan Fish,
Jonathan Bryant,  Perez Bradford,  Elnathan Fish,  Gershom Bradford,
Charles Little,  John Cushman,  Gershom Bradford.
Samuel Fuller,  Ephraim Bradford,  Gershom Bradford.
Elisha West,  Joseph Holmes,  Gershom Bradford.

Immediately upon being set off as a parish, an effort was made to establish themselves in accordance with the grant, which pro-
vided that they should "suitably maintain a minister." In the year 1718, the first house for public worship was erected. It was erected on the same lot now occupied for the same purpose, given to the parish by Maj. John Bradford, who also gave to the first minister a house-lot of two acres, on which Mr. Stacey erected the house on the point, now known as the "Sampson house."

Thomas Paine, who graduated from Harvard College in 1717, father of the late Judge Paine, was the first candidate. Why he was not settled does not appear upon the records; but he subsequently went to Weymouth, where he died in 1737.

Joseph Stacey succeeded him. He was born in Cambridge in 1694, there learned the shoemaker's trade, subsequently entered Harvard College, whence he graduated in 1719, and was ordained in Kingston, Nov. 3, 1720.

'He was small of stature, remarkably abstemious, very sprightly and active, delighted in fishing and fowling, for which sport there was, in that day, abundant opportunity. This amusement he did not pursue to the neglect of his studies or ministerial duties, in which he was very diligent and faithful. He was a man of common talents, distinguished piety, and happy in the affections of his people, and died of a fever, August 25, 1741, aged 47.'—The parish, at a meeting on the next day, voted "to bear all the expenses attending his interment," and appointed a committee to attend to it.

The records of his ministry are very brief, and relate only to acts of discipline. He evidently enjoyed the respect and confidence of the parish, somewhat indicated by the gratuities voted to him in the meetings. In the early part of his ministry, the parish was separated from Plymouth, on account of a jealous feeling of the inhabitants in regard to the school, which they preferred to carry on, and to support for themselves. This matter seems to have interrupted the harmony of the parishes in 1724, and Kingston was incorporated as a town in 1726. "Ashburton" was first proposed as its name; but the petitioners did not fancy it. It is said, that Lieut. Gov. Dummer suggested the name which was adopted.

———Clap was the next candidate. The town chose a committee to proceed to Taunton, and inquire concerning him; but the report is not preserved.—April 12, 1742, the church gave a call to Jedediah Adams, who graduated at Harvard College in 1733. On the same day the parish concurred; but refused, May 17, to vote the
same salary which Rev. Mr. Stacey had received, and Mr. Adams declined the invitation.

This seems to have been a disagreeable affair; although no mention is made of it on the records, I find in the sermon and right hand of fellowship at the next ordination, allusions to the trials and troubles of the parish, and "to the cloud which so long hung over it," "to its divers fruitless attempts to obtain a settlement," — words not justly applicable to the mere statement of the facts.

Thaddeus Maccarty, the successor of Mr. Stacey, was born in Boston in 1721, graduated at Harvard College in 1739, received a call to settle from both church and society in Kingston, July 26, 1742, and was ordained the second pastor on the 3d of the following November, at the age of 21. Rev. Ellis Gray, of Boston, delivered the sermon, Rev. Mr. Eells, of Scituate, the charge, and Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Pembroke, the right hand of fellowship.

Rev. Mr. Maccarty was the son of Capt. Thaddeus Maccarty, of Boston. His father was an experienced and skilful navigator in the merchant service. He was early destined to a seafaring life, and accompanied his father in several voyages; but the delicateness of his constitution rendered him unable to endure the hardships and exposure of the ocean, and his attention was directed to the more quiet pursuits of a profession. His preparatory studies were pursued in Boston.*

Mr. M. was very unlike his predecessor. 'He was tall of stature, slender of habit, with a black, penetrating eye, loud, sonorous voice, solemn and rousing in manner of address, Calvinistic in opinion and doctrines. After his preaching a convention sermon, it was remarked at a dining table, by an elderly clergyman of Boston, that he never heard Father Maccarty preach either a very low or a very brilliant discourse.' Seven of his sermons have been printed.

Mr. M. was ill suited to the parish. He was very young, and, not unlikely, somewhat hasty. He was dismissed in accordance with the recommendation of a council, by both church and society, Nov. 7, 1745. He preached his farewell sermon on the Sunday preceding, (the anniversary of his ordination,) although his own proposition, for an adjustment of the difficulty, was not rejected by the parish till the 7th. His farewell sermon was subsequently published, in 1804, from a manuscript which he left behind him, with

a preface 'suggesting that the inhabitants of Kingston, in their conduct towards Mr. Maccarty, were influenced by a spirit of opposition and enmity to religion and truth.' But a review of the facts, with which the author was probably unacquainted, places the matter in a very different light. In September, 1770, George Whitefield appeared in New England as an itinerant preacher. He began his career in the vicinity of Boston; then went to other parts of New England; and eventually came to Plymouth Colony in the year 1744. In whatever direction he went, he was denunciatory and abusive; and discontent and trouble went with him everywhere. He was then but twenty-six years of age. Such a state of things prevailed, that in 1744, "the President, Professors, Tutors, and Instructors deemed themselves compelled to come forward, and to publish, in December of that year, their 'Testimony against the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield and his conduct;' denouncing him as 'an enthusiast, a censorious, uncharitable person, and a deluder of the people.'"* They declared some of his language to be, "a most wicked and libellous falsehood."

This "Testimony" was published in December, 1744. On the 29th of January, 1745, the town chose "a committee to take charge of all parish affairs, particularly relating to itinerant ministers, who have of late been found troublesome in many places, and, as Mr. Maccarty may be in danger of being overborne by their insolence, the said committee are desired to use their good offices to prevent the same, and to guard the meeting-house from them." But even at this time, several months before the trouble which immediately occasioned the separation, at the same meeting, the same committee "are desired to wait upon the Rev. Mr. Maccarty, and use their good offices with him for the healing and accommodating any difficulties, which of late may have arisen, and to prevent the like for the future."

It thus appears that there were "difficulties" as early as January, 1745. In the summer of the same year, Mr. Whitefield re-visited Plymouth, where, in 1744, he had caused a secession from the first parish; the rumor became prevalent in Kingston that Mr. Maccarty, in spite of the vote of the parish, proposed to invite him to deliver the Thursday lecture, which had been appointed. In consequence of the rumor, the committee "used their good offices to prevent the same, and to guard the meeting-house from him." Mr. Mac-

carty did not go, I believe, to the house at the time appointed for the lecture; but immediately requested his dismissal. The matter was referred to a council; the council conditionally recommended a separation; Mr. Maccarty, regretting his haste, desired to withdraw his request; but the parish accepted the recommendation of the council on the 7th of November, 1745, and decreed the separation. The settlement (£400) was subsequently paid to Mr. M.

It would seem, therefore, that in the favor which Mr. M. extended to Whitefield, he early knew that he acted against the wishes of the parish; and it was not well that a connection involving such discordant elements should be continued. Between his views and theirs there could be little harmony. The opposition to Whitefield was not an opposition to “religion and truth,” but to a man who was deemed by devout and judicious men, “rash,” “arrogant,” “uncharitable,” “censorious,” and “slanderous.”

Mr. M. went to Worcester, where he was soon after settled, and spent his days happily. There is something curious in connection with his going to Worcester. I have remarked upon his preaching his farewell sermon on the 3d of November, and that there was then a proposition to be acted upon, whereby, if accepted, he might remain here. The movement was strange, to say the least. But it may have had a connection with the fact, recorded in Lincoln’s History of Worcester, that he received an invitation to preach in Worcester, with a view to settling there, in the month of October. He annually visited Kingston for many years, preaching one Sabbath, and passing the week in calling upon his former parishioners. Kind feelings were reciprocated. He preached here in 1780, just after Mr. Willis’s ordination, but not since, I believe.

Rev. William Rand, the third minister, was born in Charlestown on the 24th of March, 1700, graduated at Harvard College in 1721, and was requested to supply the pulpit for one month after the 6th of January, 1746. On the 27th of January, the church gave him a call, in which the parish concurred on the 13th of February. His answer was given on the 14th of March, when a committee was appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the installation. Mr. Rand had been previously settled at Sunderland, on the Connecticut river, about twenty years. His ministry there was broken up because he would not favor Whitefield, and in consequence of the intolerant spirit which reigned in that neighborhood. It is not strange that he should have succeeded Mr. Maccarty; or
that Mr. M. should have gone westward, where Whitefield found much more sympathy than in Plymouth Colony.

Rev. Mr. Rand continued in the ministry here thirty-four years. He died of apoplexy on the 14th of March, 1779, aged seventy-nine years. He was much beloved at home and abroad. The town, on the 15th, appointed a committee to make all the arrangements for his funeral at the town's expense; and subsequently, chose a committee to procure grave-stones to be placed at his grave.

"He was of middling stature, very spare habit, dark complexion, and strong constitution; of few words, disciplined in the school of affliction by the death of children, and the consequent derangement of his wife's intellect. He was liberal in opinions and doctrines, plain and unornamented in his discourses, pleasing to judicious and discerning, rather than to warm and superficial hearers. He was a scholar highly esteemed and respected by the learned and informed in the province, with whom he had an extensive acquaintance. Several of his sermons are in print, which contribute to his honor."

Dr. Chauncy writes to Dr. Stiles: "I have been in long friendship and intimacy with Rev. Mr. Rand, of Kingston, and Rev. Mr. Gay, of Hingham, but I suppose you know neither of them; and shall only say that they are both as valuable and great men as almost any amongst us. I could mention more names, and of my acquaintance too, but those I have mentioned are the most worthy of notice. I know of none I have a higher opinion of."*

Isaiah Mann, who graduated at Harvard College in 1775, was invited by the church to settle on the 1st of July, 1779. On the 8th, the town concurred in the invitation "by a great majority." At the same time, Mr. Mann received a call from a parish in Falmouth, which he accepted, and there passed his days. He died in 1789.

Zephaniah Willis commenced to preach in Kingston on the 12th of March, 1780. On the 8th of May, the church voted unanimously to give him a call, and on the 22d, the town concurred in the invitation. His answer was given in July, and was in the following words: †

† This letter I have been permitted to copy from a rough draft, found among his manuscripts since his decease. It was not entered upon either the Town or the Church records.
To the Church and Congregation in Kingston: —

Brethren and Friends. It hath pleased the great King and Head of the Church, whose counsels all result from infinite wisdom, that his kingdom and interest should be promoted in the world by the public ministration of his word and ordinances. And inasmuch as it hath seemed good unto him to remove your late worthy Pastor from his office in this place by death; and inasmuch as my labors among you have so far met with your approbation, that you have seen fit to give me an invitation to continue with you in the work of the gospel ministry, and to this end have made generous proposals for my maintenance and support, I have endeavored to take this your invitation into serious and deliberate consideration; and I trust I can say, that I have endeavored to let duty to God and you be my guide and direction in this important matter. And such appears to have been the unanimity which hath attended your transactions in this matter, that my reverend fathers in the ministry, with whom I have conversed, suppose it proper to be considered as a call in Providence, which is not to be disobeyed.

From this consideration, I find in myself a consciousness that it is my duty to accept the invitation which you have given me, to the work of the Lord in this part of his vineyard. I think I am seriously impressed with a sense of my insufficiency for this important work. But as the grace of God, through a crucified Saviour, is sufficient to answer all the purposes and designs of building up his kingdom and interest in the world, I would place my trust upon him, for ability to discharge this office with fidelity and success. And it is my ardent desire, that he, who is able to raise that in strength which is sown in weakness, may succeed my labors among you to the building you up in the most holy faith, to the promoting your spiritual and everlasting good, and to the adornment of his kingdom and glory. I hope that while you constantly attend on the word preached, it will be with unprejudiced minds, and in the exercise of due candor. And while you look for a good example, may you charitably consider the frailties and imperfection of human nature. And may your regard for me, never lead you to be uncharitable and censorious towards those who express their dissatisfaction with my labors; but may they be treated with that charity and tenderness, which becomes the Christian character. May you live in peace and charity; and let our prayers for each other be mutual. May we be blessings to each other while here upon the earth, and hereafter be brought to rejoice together in God's kingdom above, through Jesus Christ.
The ordination took place on the 18th of October, 1780. The following ministers, with their delegates, composed the Council. Revs. Chandler Robbins of Plymouth, Gad Hitchcock of Pembroke, William Shaw of Marshfield, Ephraim Briggs of Halifax, Zedekiah Sanger of Duxbury, Ezra Sampson of Plympton, and Solomon Reed of Middleboro (Titicut parish). All of these attended but Mr. Reed. The order of services was as follows. Introductory Prayer, Rev. Mr. Shaw; Sermon, Rev. Mr. Sanger; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. Mr. Briggs; Charge, Rev. Mr. Hitchcock; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. Mr. Robbins. The sermon was subsequently preached at Attleboro, on the 21st of November, 1792, and then printed. The text was 1 Tim. iv. 16: "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee."

In the year 1782, it was "Voted to lay aside the practice of hearing a written relation of experiences from such persons as should desire admission to Communion." About the same time, the question of a written Confession of Faith was agitated by some brethren in the church. Previously, no such form of words had been admitted into the theory of its discipline.* Rev. Mr. Willis, William Drew, Esq., and Deacon E. Washburn, were appointed a committee to prepare a Confession of Faith. The following words precede its entry on the church book.

"The drawing a Confession of Faith was to satisfy some particular members, and not that the whole church considered themselves invested with authority to require a subscription to any human code in order to Christian communion. Whether any body of professing Christians has such authority, may be a question. Scripture nowhere invests the church with authority to require anything but a subscription to the Word of God, and such a life as the Gospel requires. 'T is true, the churches of Christ have long practised upon this plan, but with what authority may be difficult to determine. If any creed, or confession of faith, contain anything more than the Word of God, it ought to be rejected; if it do not contain so much as the Word of God, it is imperfect, and of no

* It is sometimes incorrectly urged, that modern liberal churches have departed, in the rejection of creeds, from the spirit and practice of the Pilgrims. But never was opinion more unfounded. The first church in Plymouth, in the spirit of Robinson, had a creed, which is contained in five or six lines,— almost as simple a form as can be made. Subsequently, other churches, themselves departing from puritan ground, have attached article after article, and not always in Bible language, to the first creed.
consequence as a test. The objector to this will plead, that some of the essential doctrines of Scripture are understood by different persons in different senses; and therefore they are to be explained, and then subscribed to by such as would be admitted to communion. But that person, or number of persons, who assumes a right of explaining Scripture, or any doctrine of Scripture, for another, and then requires a subscription to such an explanation in order to Christian communion, may with the greatest propriety be called upon to show his commission, and the foundation upon which his authority is grounded. Z. W.”

The Confession of Faith, as it was adopted, consists of eleven articles. If the right to institute such a test be acknowledged, there is nothing substantially in these articles that need be altered or changed. The three leading articles, relating to the nature of God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, are subjoined.

“Article 1. I believe in God the Father, Almighty Maker, Preserver and Governor of Heaven and Earth.

“Article 7. — That Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

“Article 8. — That the influences of the Divine Spirit are absolutely necessary to illuminate men, in order to their being prepared and disposed to receive the Truth as it is in Jesus Christ.”

In the same year, 1782, it is recorded that “this Confession is proposed to persons in private, for their assent or subscription, and is not recited in public.”

Rev. Mr. Willis continued in the ministry without assistance until 1827. On the 12th of March, 1827, it was “Voted, to choose a committee of nine persons, to confer with the Rev. Mr. Willis concerning his salary the past year, and also to take into consideration all the affairs of the parish, and report at the adjournment of this meeting.” On the 27th, the adjourned meeting was held. The report of the committee, as recorded, after a preamble, was as follows: “They appointed a committee to wait on the Rev. Mr. Willis, and state to him their views, and consult with him. And he authorizes the committee to report to the parish, that he requests that a colleague may be settled with him.” “A motion being put, whether the parish will settle a colleague with the Rev. Mr. Willis or not, it passed in the affirmative.” On the 7th of April, eleven days afterward, a committee was appointed to supply the pulpit, “in concert with Mr. Willis,” with an assistant preacher or preachers for the ensuing year.

On the 15th of October, 1827, Rev. W. H. White received a
call to settle "as colleague with the Rev. Mr. Willis;" and a committee was appointed "to make an equitable adjustment with the Rev. Mr. Willis, as to his salary, in case of his having a colleague settled with him." Mr. White declined the invitation, being under some other engagement at Littleton, where he was subsequently settled. The final result of the conferences with Mr. Willis, is seen in the following communication, in which he relinquished the pecuniary contract with the parish. It is dated March 11, 1828; or just one year after the appointment of the first committee:

"Gentlemen: — Wishing to do all that is possible to promote the peace and prosperity of the Society, and to meet their desires, I do hereby relinquish the pecuniary contract, which relates to me, as their minister, into their hands, to be disposed of as they see fit.

"I am induced to this step by many considerations, only one of which need be mentioned,—the propositions which have been made for my assistance and relief in distress.

"Yours with respect,

"Zeph. Willis."

On the same day (March 11), it was voted, "That as Mr. Willis has relinquished his pecuniary contract with the parish, he be released from the performance of pastoral duties amongst us, from and after the 18th of March, 1828, which have heretofore made a part of that contract." This vote, it will be readily perceived, did not touch his real relation to the church or parish.

At the time of the ordination of his successor, the question was raised, I am told by one who was present, whether Mr. Willis had been legally dismissed, nothing on the records appearing to that effect; whence it was argued, that no other minister could be ordained except as a colleague. But it was represented, that the parish did not wish to embarrass the proceedings, but desired to have Mr. Willis considered neither as superseded, nor as obligated to any farther performance of ministerial duty; — that while in fact his successor was a colleague, it was perfectly agreeable to the feelings of all parties that the title should be omitted. Informal as the proceeding may have been ecclesiastically, it was dictated by proper motives, and was acquiesced in by wise and prudent men.

Up to this time two secessions had taken place. The first company, 'about thirty-eight persons, with their families,' left the parish in 1802, because of the incorporation of the ministerial fund, and was incorporated some time after as a Baptist Society, I be-
lieve in 1806. The second company, a much smaller number, withdrew from the parish after voting against the invitation of Mr. White, in 1827, and was formed into a church, assuming the title of Evangelical, on the 19th of March, 1828.

The briefest outline must suffice from this time.

On the 15th of December, 1828, Jonathan Cole, of Salem, a graduate of Harvard University in 1825, received a call, which he accepted, and was ordained on the 21st of January, 1829. The order of services was as follows: Introductory Prayer and Selections from Scripture, Rev. C. Robinson, of Groton; Sermon, Rev. J. Brazer, of Salem; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. J. Kendall, D.D., of Plymouth; Charge, Rev. Z. Willis, of Kingston; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. F. A. Farley, of Providence, R.I.; Address to the Society, Rev. E. S. Gannett, of Boston; Concluding Prayer, Rev. R. M. Hodges, of Bridgewater.—Mr. Cole was dismissed on the 25th of April, 1835.

In September, 1835, Rev. John D. Sweet, of Norton, a graduate of Brown University in 1829, who was settled at Southboro', received a call to the ministry in this place. He was installed on the 21st of October, 1835. The order of services was as follows: Introductory Prayer, Rev. E. P. Crafts, of Sandwich; Selections from Scripture, Rev. M. Allen, of Pembroke; Sermon, Rev. A. Young, of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. J. Kendall, D.D., of Plymouth; Charge, Rev. A. Bigelow, of Taunton; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. J. Angier, of New Bedford; Address to the Society, Rev. J. Moore, of Duxbury; Concluding Prayer, Rev. T. P. Doggett, of Bridgewater.—Mr. Sweet's ministry terminated on the 21st of October, 1842.

On the 27th of February, 1843, Augustus R. Pope, of Boston, a graduate of Harvard University in 1839, received a call, and was ordained on the 19th of April. The order of services was as follows. Introductory Prayer, Rev. G. W. Briggs, of Plymouth; Selections from Scripture, Rev. J. Osgood, of Cohasset; Sermon, Rev. C. A. Bartol, of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. J. Kendall, D.D., of Plymouth; Charge, Rev. W. P. Lunt, of Quincy; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. W. O. Moseley, of South Scituate; Address to the Society, Rev. C. Robbins, of Boston; Concluding Prayer, Rev. J. Moore, of Duxbury.

The following items may be of interest, and are therefore subjoined:

1718. The first meeting-house was opened.
1742. When Mr. Maccarty was ordained, it was "Voted, to invite the ministers and delegates, with their wives, to the entertainment provided at the expense of the town." The same was also done when Messrs. Rand and Willis were settled. The present generation, it seems, did not first discover that woman may be a fit companion for man, even at the public festal board.

1743. March 14. "Choise Deacon Washburn, James Cobb, and Samuel Ring, to take care of the young people on the Sabbath days between meetings." This may have been the first Sunday School; but I presume its immediate object was not instruction.

1752. The meeting-house was enlarged. Previous to this time the larger part of the congregation sat upon benches, designated in the records as "men's benches" and "women's benches," a few pews only having been erected; pews were located, it would appear, without much regard to order or convenience, according to the caprice of the builders, at their own expense, and by consent of the town. In this year the pews were built by the town, and first sold at auction.

1764. Jan. 9. "A considerable sum having been subscribed by a number of the inhabitants," leave was granted to erect a steeple. And by another vote, permission was likewise given "to place a bell in said steeple." — May 21. One improvement had begotten another: and it was voted, that "Mr. Gershom Cobb have leave to build a porch on the opposite end of the meeting-house to where the steeple may be placed, of the following dimensions: . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . In consideration of which, he is to have the room where the stairs now are, with what other room may be made by the removal of them." The "consideration" would hardly be deemed sufficient at this day. The vote does not seem to have been complied with, if I am rightly informed; for while the steeple was at the east end, the porch was not opposite to it, but on the south side.

1769. Another proposition was made to enlarge the meeting-house, but it was rejected.

1780. The meeting-house was "thoroughly repaired."

1793. October. The church voted "to introduce the reading of the Scriptures, as a part of the public worship of the Lord's Day." Soon after, Hon. William Sever presented the society with a folio Bible, of the first folio edition printed in the United States; and the town appointed Mr. Willis to return its thanks.
1797. April 3. In consequence of its unsafe condition, it was voted to take the steeple down, though it had stood but thirty-three years.

1798. February 5. It was voted to build a new meeting-house. The present house was opened for public worship, September 16, 1798. The building was completed the next year. It stands a few feet farther back than the former one.

The funeral of Rev. Zephaniah Willis took place on Tuesday, the 9th of March. There was a religious service at his late residence. The remains were then borne to the meeting-house, where a large number of persons assembled in testimony of respect to his memory, and an able and just tribute to his life and character was given in an address by Rev. Morrill Allen, of Pembroke. Rev. James Kendall, D. D., of Plymouth, offered an exceedingly appropriate prayer. Two appropriate hymns, numbered 485 and 489, in the collection in use, and commencing, “Behold the western evening light!” and “Servant of God, well done!” were sung.

After we had gazed on the silent features of a beloved friend and a respected pastor, his bier was followed to the grave-yard; and there we committed “his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;” but “the spirit shall return to God who gave it.”

“Write, Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.”
A DISCOURSE

COMMENORATIVE OF THE

REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.,

DELIVERED IN THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ALBANY,

ON

SABBATH EVENING, JUNE 27, 1847.

BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.,

MINISTER OF SAID CHURCH.

WITH A LETTER FROM DR. CHALMERS TO AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

ALBANY:
PUBLISHED BY ERASTUS H. PEASE & CO.,
AND W. C. LITTLE & CO.
1847.
CORRESPONDENCE.

Albany, June 30th, 1847.

Rev'd Dear Sir.

Though as Scotchmen, we may be supposed to feel a peculiar interest in all that concern the land of our fathers, we are sure we express the cordial wish of all who happened to hear your eloquent discourse, last Sabbath evening, on the life and character of the late Rev'd Dr. Chalmers, and of multitudes who have only heard of it, in requesting you, as we now respectfully do, to give it to the public through the press, at your earliest convenience. By so doing,

You will greatly oblige,

Rev'd Dear sir,

Yours very respectfully.

A. McINTYRE,
D. KENNEDY,
PETER McNAUGHTON,
LUKE F. NEWLAND,
JAMES McNAUGHTON,
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,
P. BULLIONS,
ALEXANDER WATSON.

To the Rev. Drs. BULLIONS and KENNEDY, and A. McINTYRE, Peter McNAUGHTON, Luke F. NEWLAND, James McNAUGHTON, Archibald CAMPBELL, and Alexander WATSON, Esquires:

Gentlemen,

I feel gratified and honoured by the favourable notice which you have taken of my discourse on the life and character of your illustrious countryman, the Rev. Dr. Chalmers. The only ground on which I could hesitate in regard to giving it any additional publicity, is, that it is not more worthy of its exalted subject. Nevertheless, the profound veneration with which I have long been accustomed to regard Scotland and her institutions, the grateful and affectionate recollections which I have of this, her most distinguished son, and I scarcely need add, the very high respect which I bear towards yourselves as individuals, will not permit me to decline your flattering request.

I am, Gentlemen, with great regard,

Faithfully yours,

W. B. SPRAGUE.

Albany, July 1, 1847.
MATTHEW XXV, 15.

And unto one he gave five talents.

It is a beautiful feature of the creation that uniformity everywhere blends with itself variety. The stars that light up so brilliantly the evening sky, bear to a superficial gazer substantially the same appearance; and yet astronomy, not less than Christianity, has certified to us the fact that "one star differeth from another star in glory." The landscape which at first opens upon us merely as an extended field of verdure and brightness, reveals to a closer inspection a thousand variegated tints, each of which is a legitimate subject both of reflection and of admiration. The pebbles of the brook, the flowers of the field, the trees of the forest, each of the various forms both of mineral and of vegetable existence, possess common properties, while yet
each particular specimen is, in some respects, different from every other. The whole animal creation has something in common, and each of the several tribes has more; but here again, whether you compare the tribes, or the individuals composing the tribes, there is no end to the diversity which they exhibit. And what is true of the inferior orders of being, is true of man also: wherever you find him, you find him in all his essential characteristics the same; and yet need I say, that he ranges from a little above the brute to a little below the angel?

This inequality that pervades the human race, is one of the lessons conveyed by the parable in which we find the text;—I mean the parable of the talents. And in the text itself there is a reference to the highest number of talents ever bestowed;—in other words, to an individual most highly favoured in respect to both character and condition. What constitutes the distinction here referred to?

I answer, it is the possession, in an eminent degree, of whatever may be used for the benefit of ourselves and our fellow creatures, or for the glory of God. Let us glance at two or three of its leading elements.
I may mention, first, high intellectual endowments;—a mind originally constituted with extraordinary powers, and subjected to the most vigorous and efficient culture. I may mention also a highly favoured moral constitution;—that native energy that never tires,—that native frankness that knows not how to dissemble,—that native generosity and sympathy that respond instinctively to every tale of woe. And then there is the image of the heavenly deeply enstamped upon the soul by the Spirit of God; there are the Christian graces shining out with unwonted attraction; there are the fervent breathings of a spirit which lives in the atmosphere of Calvary or at the foot of the throne. And last of all, (for I will not include in the present estimate great riches, however legitimately they might be included,) there is the providential arrangement of circumstances favourable not only to the highest development, but to the most useful application, of the various faculties;—an arrangement at once creating facilities and supplying inducements to beneficent action. Wherever you find an individual in whom these various characteristics meet,—one who possesses a richly endowed mind, and a noble
spirit, and an exalted Christian character, and who withal occupies a station of dignity and influence, there you find one possessing the five talents. He stands upon an eminence which few ever reach. He is among the greater lights in the firmament of illustrious minds.

It may perhaps occur to you that I am scarcely warranted in speaking of eminent piety in this connection as a talent, inasmuch as the parable takes for granted that the several talents referred to, whatever they may be, are not only all to be accounted for, but are liable to be perverted, and thus to bring condemnation and ruin to their possessor. I do not use the text in so strict a sense as this objection would seem to imply. My object is to consider it, not chiefly as illustrating human responsibility, but as pointing to the highest style of human character; — to character considered as the production not of nature only, but of grace. Every good gift that we receive, — every thing that is fitted to advance either our happiness or our usefulness, comes from God: and surely that richest of all gifts,— the gift of an exalted piety, is not only to be referred to the same infinite Benefactor, but is to be referred to him in a far higher sense than any
other of his favours; for while these are to be regarded as the fruit of his common bounty, that involves more immediately the sacrifice of his Son and the agency of his Spirit.

But if all the talents that men receive come from God,—if every thing that enters into an exalted character is, in some sense, the production of his agency, it is manifest that wherever such a character is formed, He has his own purposes in reference to it. It were presumptuous to suppose that we should be able to comprehend all his purposes in respect to any thing; but some of the ends which He designs to accomplish,—actually does accomplish, by raising a few individuals to an extraordinary elevation, we may discover at a glance. I will specify two or three of them.

I say then, God designs by this part of the economy of his providence, to exalt our conceptions of the dignity of human nature.

Think not, from the announcement of this thought, that I am going to utter any thing that is inconsistent with evangelical humility. Far be it from me to attempt to throw a veil over the disorder, the degradation, the ruin, that hath overtaken man, in consequence of
his having become a sinner. All the scripture statements on this subject I would not only submissively receive but earnestly enforce as exhibiting the sad reality of our condition. But allow me to say there is danger that, from our being conversant with man in his fallen state only, and especially from our being familiarized to the grosser effects of human depravity, we may actually form too low an estimate of him as a piece of the divine workmanship,—may fail of exercising a due respect towards our own nature,—may undervalue that inward germ of strength and immortality, that susceptibility of being moulded into an angel, that still remains, notwithstanding all the darkness and the wreck that sin hath occasioned. I know not in what God hath supplied a more effectual antidote to this delusion, than in this very arrangement which we are contemplating;—in planting here and there in the intellectual and moral firmament a star of surpassing brightness, in which man may see as if reflected by a mirror, the dignity of his own spirit. You have been contemplating man in that creature of ignorance, whose dark and chaotic mind you may interrogate, but it answers nothing; or in that
creature of sensuality, whose whole life is a struggle to efface every divine lineament from his soul; or in that creature of vanity or worldliness, who envies the butterfly the beauty in which he is clothed, or the serpent the dust on which he subsists. Turn now and contemplate this same being in one of the brighter forms of human existence; in some intellect that has been richly endowed and nobly trained,—in some heart that beats in generous and hallowed pulsations. Mark the kindling of the celestial fire,—the working of the immortal energy. Now the faculty of reflection or of reasoning is put in requisition; and the remoter relations of things are reached perhaps by one searching glance, and not improbably new fields of thought are opened, in which the intellect of the world may labour for an age. Now the memory is set at work; and behold it is giving forth, as from an inexhaustible store-house, treasures of knowledge and wisdom which we marvel should have been accumulated within the compass of a life. And again, the imagination begins to glow; it soars into regions where the eagle's path is not known; it opens to our view worlds of its own creation; it paints with a divine
pencil, and in colours that were mingled and prepared in Heaven; it moves in a radiant course to perform a glorious work. And while the intellectual faculties act with such mighty power, the moral faculties are obedient to the dictates of truth and wisdom. There is a conscience full of light and strength, that would dictate the endurance of the heaviest calamity, rather than the commission of the lightest wrong. And there is that highest form of virtue, which indeed includes every other, magnanimity: you can prescribe no sacrifices too great for it to submit to, no enterprises too difficult for it to accomplish, in behalf of sinning, suffering man. I am not pointing you to a perfect character, because the individual who bears it is yet upon earth; and yet such a character as I have described,—great intellectually, great morally, great spiritually, sometimes actually does appear, shining out from amidst all the world's darkness; and I leave it to you to say whether every such character is not a substantial witness for man's inherent dignity.

And to what practical use, my friends, shall we turn this reflection? Oh, is not the world full of beings, who have not learned to respect
themselves as the creatures of God and the heirs of immortality? And even those of us who profess some higher appreciation of the greatness of man's nature, and who are accustomed to think of him in his relations to God and eternity,—do not even our views of this subject need to be corrected and elevated, that we may labour both for ourselves and for others as the magnitude of the case requires? Devotee of the world, idolater of fashion, creature of sensuality, bring before thee some illustrious model of human excellence, and human greatness, and remember that the same nature which thou art contemplating belongs to thyself also; and say whether its noble faculties are not worthy of being trained for a noble destiny;—whether thou art willing to remain in degradation, when intelligence and purity and the life everlasting may be thy portion. Christian, hold the same object to thy thoughts,—a fellow creature whom God hath made great both by a creating and a renovating power; and then look abroad upon the multitude who are meanly and madly pouring contempt on God's workmanship in their own persons, and say whether it is not worth a greater effort than thou hast yet put forth, to elevate them
to their legitimate dignity, and render them suitable companions for the angels. Nay, turn thine eye inward, and inquire whether thou art doing enough for the culture of thine own spirit;—whether it be not chargeable to thee as a fault, that thou art so inferior in knowledge and holiness and dignity to some who share the same nature, live in the same world, and have been trained substantially under the same influences with thyself.

Another reason why God raises a few members of the human family so much above the rest is, that they may take the lead in the great work of renovating the world.

That this world is hereafter to undergo a mighty moral change, corresponding to the change from darkness to light, is ascertained to us by the promise, and I may add by the providence, of God. The world even now is, to a great extent, a theatre of crime and suffering. Men deliberately invade each others' rights, make war upon each others' happiness, shed each others' blood. Multitudes cast out from their minds every thought of God: they abjure allegiance to him as a sovereign; they refuse to do homage to him as a benefactor; and if not formally, yet virtually and in their
hearts, they vote him out of his own world. But this state of things will not last forever: it is to be succeeded ere long by the universal reign of truth and virtue and happiness. The world from having been an Aceldama will become an Eden; its winter season will be past; its storms will be over and gone; the Heavens will bow themselves to smile upon it and commune with it, as a regenerate world; and myriads will shout forth their thanksgivings that God hath fulfilled his promise in creating a new earth.

But this change, vast as it will be, is to be accomplished by human instrumentality. If nothing more than the fact that it is to occur, had been revealed to us, we should have expected no doubt that God would come forth in the majesty of a miraculous agency for its accomplishment; but instead of that, he sets his own children at work, and he works in all their efforts, and one of the brightest honours which they will wear in Heaven, will be that they had been joined with him in this blessed coöperation. But while the whole sacramental host of God's elect are thus put in requisition, and while the labours of even the weakest and the humblest may be turned
to good account, each one labouring in his proper sphere, it is manifest that there are needed for the conduct of this enterprize, spirits endowed with unwonted discernment and energy and purity;—bright and heroic minds that can comprehend the whole world in their benevolent regards, and diffuse their influence everywhere, like the breath of the morning. And as we actually find some individuals of this exalted character, who can doubt that they are raised up for this very end; that they fulfil their mission chiefly by concentrating and directing the energies of the church for the redemption of the world?

Need I say that the position which I have here taken, is illustrated and confirmed by the whole history of the race. No great enterprize has ever been projected and brought to a successful issue, but that some master-spirit has been identified with it. Who but Abraham laid the foundation of the Jewish economy? Who but Moses carried the people of Israel through the wilderness, and became the permanent law-giver of the nation? Who but Joshua conducted the enterprize that secured their settlement in Canaan? Who but Solomon built the temple? Who but Paul gave
the decisive impulse to Christianity, which was so quickly felt to the ends of the earth? Who but Luther and a few illustrious associates, erected the standard of the Reformation, and carried terror and trembling to the very heart of the Papal power? Who but Washington delivered our country from political thraldom, and gave us a name among the free? Who but Wilberforce stopped the traffic of the British nation in immortality, and finally brought about the deliverance of the slave? In these several cases, there were indeed a multitude of hearts beating, and a multitude of hands employed, for the accomplishment of the respective objects; and yet there was not a pulsation nor a movement but the ruling spirit animated and directed it. Those great men were the primary agents; and can we doubt that He who made them great, made them so in reference to the work which He had designed for them?

Another reason why God thus distinguishes some of his creatures is, that mankind may have the benefit of a pure and lofty example. There is a power in example which we are all ready enough to acknowledge, but which perhaps none of us suitably appreciate; and it
may reasonably be questioned whether most men do not actually accomplish as much of good or evil by this insensible influence, as by any course of direct and positive effort. A good example produces an atmosphere in which virtue flourishes and vice decays; whereas a bad example represses the energies of virtue, and gives to vice a more deadly luxuriance. The world in its present state would seem to have a fearful preponderance of selfishness and iniquity; and there needs to be a strong counteracting influence to prevent the farther progress of evil, and especially to advance the great cause of human renovation. Whenever a man distinguished for his greatness and goodness appears, there are multitudes who take knowledge of him that he is good and great; and God means that what he does and what he is, shall be copied into the habits, the characters, of those who come within the range of his influence. One end for which the Son of God descended from Heaven was, that there might be in this dark world one perfect example; and can we doubt that his design in raising up those who share in human imperfection and depravity, and yet approach nearest to the perfect standard, is to bring true
greatness in contact with our very senses, so that we may always have before us specimens of what man may become, even before he reaches the fulness of the stature of a perfect person in Christ.

It is an evidence of divine wisdom that each successive generation has its own illustrious examples, besides having, to a great extent, the benefit of those which have gone before. History embalms a few of the noblest minds of every age; and though they may have passed off the stage centuries before we came upon it, yet in the record of what they were, we can sit at their feet and learn from them lessons of exalted wisdom. We cannot, however, gain such vivid impressions from the dead as from the living; and hence the living great and good are always among us;—if not the greatest and the best, yet those who far exceed the ordinary mark of human endowment and attainment. Let the silent teachers of the past then be duly reverenced; let every monument of what they were be sacredly cherished and diligently studied; let their very graves be resorted to as places where Wisdom's voice is heard:—but let us keep our eye upon the living as long as we can; and when the
grave claims them, let it be our privilege to reflect that they have done that for us which death cannot undo, and that we have a treasury of hallowed recollections and impressions derived from our observation of their example, which are already incorporated among the elements of our virtue and our bliss.

And yet another reason,—the last which I shall mention,—why some individuals are thus specially honoured of God, is, that by their departure from the world, they may render Heaven more attractive to us as the gathering place of illustrious minds.

Here where faith exists in so much imperfection, we need all the helps that we can command to enable us to gain even a feeble impression of the things that are not seen and are eternal. Revelation has indeed carried her light up to the gate of Heaven,—nay to the very throne of God; but even where her light is the strongest, she has left mysteries that will yield only to the experience of the glorious future. When I have gathered from God's word all those bright passages that are designed to tell me what Heaven is, and when I have reverently and earnestly inquired concerning the sublime import of each, I feel
that my conceptions of that glorious world are infantile and unworthy; and I anticipate with joy the day when this seeing through a glass darkly shall make way for the higher privilege of seeing face to face. But meanwhile I know not how to strengthen my impressions of the reality and glory of that world better, than by contemplating it as the resting place of those exalted minds, in whose light I have been privileged here to linger. Who does not look towards Heaven with more veneration and rapture, because Abraham and Moses and David and Paul are there; because all the great and good who have come out of the tribulations of the world are there; especially because the Son of God, part of whose history relates to a sorrowful sojourn and a mighty work on earth, is there? They have all lived and laboured and suffered here; and here the history of many of them remains; and here their influence is still felt; nay, if the Saviour himself and two of the old saints be excepted, each one of them is still represented on earth by a part of his own person; for their dust is here in the keeping of the Resurrection and the Life, waiting to be re-collected and fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. Oh,
brethren, does not this reflection make Heaven so real that every thing else seems shadowy? Does it not bring it so near that we seem to be refreshed by its gales, to be entranced by its melodies? Does it not give us such a sense of its glory, that we are sometimes ready to say in the spirit of a holy impatience,

"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day?"

Yes, ye illustrious minds, sharers with us of a common nature, ye were inhabitants of the earth once, but ye are inhabitants of Heaven now; and our hope of Heaven is the richer and the sweeter, because we know that ye are of the number of its glorified population.

One of earth's most gifted and venerable minds has just passed away to mingle in the scenes beyond the vail. Scotland was the country of his birth, and the immediate field of his labours; and to her will belong the honour of building his sepulchre, and of giving up his venerable dust into the Redeemer's hands at his second coming. But his name, his character, his influence, she cannot monopolize: they belong to the world; and they will descend as an inheritance through
all coming generations. And let me say that, as his life belonged to the world, so does his death also; — a fact most impressively demonstrated by the air of deep sadness which the tidings of his death produce, wherever they circulate. It is this feature in the dispensation, — the fact that a light has been extinguished that shone upon the whole world, — at least upon all Protestant Christendom, that renders it a fitting service for us to commemorate his exalted character; and though I cannot suppose that I am speaking to more than a very small number who have ever heard his voice or seen his face, I feel persuaded that I am not speaking to an individual who is indifferent to the greatness of my theme; not one who does not heartily respond to the sentiment that the world has lost a benefactor. It is only a hurried and exceedingly imperfect notice that I shall be able to take of him; but even though I should say nothing that is not familiar to all of you, I shall not regret having spoken; for I shall at least have given utterance to my own sense of his exalted worth, and shall have held up to your contemplation and imitation a character of superlative excellence.
Doctor Chalmers was born at Anstruther, a small village in Fifeshire, March 17, 1780. His parents were worthy, respectable people, in the middle walks of life. Having graduated at the University of St. Andrews, he determined to devote himself to theology as a profession, though it would seem without any adequate sense of the nature of true religion, or the claims and responsibilities of the Christian ministry. After being licensed as a preacher, he officiated, for some time, as assistant to a clergyman at Cavers, near Hawick; but after a brief sojourn there, he removed to Kilmany in 1803, where he laboured for several years, and where occurred at least one of the most memorable events of his life. It was nothing less, as he himself regarded it, than a radical change of character. Previous to that period he seems to have looked upon the duties of his profession as a mere matter of official drudgery; and not a small part of his time was devoted to science, particularly to the mathematics, to which his taste more especially inclined him. But having been requested to furnish an article for the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, on the evidences of divine revelation, in the course of the in-
vestigation to which he was led in the prosecution of this effort, he was brought into communion with Christianity in all its living and transforming power. He not only became fully satisfied of its truth, of which before he had had only some indefinite and inoperative impression, but he discerned clearly its high practical relations; he surrendered himself to its teachings with the spirit of a little child; he reposed in its gracious provisions with the confidence of a penitent sinner; and from that hour to his dying hour, he gloried in nothing save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. He stood forth before the world strangely unlike what he had ever been before. There was a sacred fervour, an unearthly majesty, in all his utterances and all his writings. Scotland, Britain, the world, soon came to look at him with wonder, as one of the brightest luminaries of his time; as destined to exert a controlling influence upon the age, if not to mark an epoch in the world's history.

It was of course impossible that such a mind as he had now shown himself to possess, should remain buried in a comparatively obscure country charge; and hence we find that in the year 1815, he was translated to the Tron
church in Glasgow. His appearance there awakened an intense interest through the whole city; and it was quickly found that there was a far higher effect produced by his ministrations than mere admiration;—that the sword of the Spirit, wielded with such unwonted energy, was doing its legitimate work: for worldliness could not bear his rebukes; skepticism could not stand erect in his presence; while a pure and living Christianity was constantly reproducing itself in the hearts of some or other of his enchained auditors. It was in the year 1816 that he was called to preach before the King's Commissioner, in the High Church in Edinburgh; an occasion that was signalized by one of the most magnificent efforts which even he ever put forth. The discourse occupied what was then a comparatively unexplored field,—the reciprocal relations of theology and astronomy; a subject upon which he afterwards poured still more exuberantly the riches of his genius, in that incomparable volume which has long since become, in its way, one of the wonders of the world.

In 1819 he was removed to a new church in the parish of St. Johns, where, for several years, he continued to exercise his ministry
with undiminished popularity and usefulness. In 1823 he accepted an appointment to the professorship of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews; and though this was a new sphere of labour, it was one for which his previous habits of thought had abundantly qualified him, and in which he acquitted himself with the highest honour. In 1828 he was called to the theological chair in the University of Edinburgh, which his genius and piety continued to adorn and elevate, till 1843, when he vacated it by reason of the disruption of the Church of Scotland. As he was the master spirit of that great movement in the beginning, so it continued to engross his energies to the last. He has since not only discharged the duties of a professor of theology in the Free Church, but has been charged directly or indirectly with almost every interest belonging to the new enterprize. Not a small portion of the Christian world will concur in the opinion that his last labours were the most important of his life; and that there is no point from which his character appears so glorious, as from amidst the sacrifices and struggles that attended the disruption.

Notwithstanding he had reached a good old
age, he had so much of vigor and elasticity still remaining, that those who felt most deeply the value of his life, ventured to hope that a few more years at least might be added to it. But the tidings of his death went forth, as if a thunder-bolt had burst from an unclouded sky. The week before, he had returned from a journey. The day before, he had attended public worship. The evening before he had passed with his family. And that very morning on which his spirit took its upward flight, his voice was to have been heard in the supreme judicatory of the church. But he came not from his chamber at the accustomed time, and the delay awakened anxiety; and when inquisition came to be made, lo! the earthly tabernacle was all that remained! We might have wished indeed that he could have been advertised beforehand that death was approaching. We would fain have known what were the last words which his lips would have uttered; what would have been the actings of such a mind as his, when the glories of Heaven were shining down upon it through the night-clouds of death. But who, after all, will say that an instantaneous transition may not have been the better for him; that it was not
the very highest privilege he could have enjoyed, to be awakened from his slumbers by a voice, saying, "Come up hither?" I can imagine there was something of the glory of a translation there. The bidding farewell to friends was dispensed with; the dying testimony to the value of the gospel was dispensed with; the protracted physical agony that often attends the last hour, the watching of the monster's progress towards the end of his work,—all, all was dispensed with; and that glorious mind had the passage of only one conscious moment from earth to Heaven. Venerable saint, we thank God for his goodness to thee in thy death, no less than in thy life!

The intellectual character of Dr. Chalmers was distinguished chiefly by its wonderful combination of the imaginative, the profound, and the practical. If there be on earth, or has ever been, a mind constituted with greater power of imagination than his, we know not where to look for it. It might be represented by the brilliancy of the sun, the beauty of the landscape, the terrific roar of the cataract, the soft grandeur of the evening sky; or rather by all of them in exquisite combination. And because he was so preëminent
in respect to this quality, I am inclined to think that some have underrated his more strictly intellectual powers;—his ability to comprehend the more distant bearings of things, or to grapple with the subtleties of abstract philosophy; and they have reached their false conclusion, on the ground that it were impossible that a mind so highly gifted in the one respect, should be alike distinguished in the other. But if his productions may be allowed to speak for him, I think it will be difficult to show that he was not equally at home in the depths as in the heights; and some of his works, particularly that on Natural Theology, exhibit the two qualities blended in beautiful proportions. I hesitate not to say, that any man who could reason like Chalmers and do nothing else, or any man who could soar like Chalmers and do nothing else, or any man who could contrive and execute like Chalmers, as is evinced by his connection with the whole Free Church movement, and do nothing else, would be a great man in any country or in any age; but the union of the several faculties in such proportion and in such degree, constitutes a character at once un paralleled and imperishable.
Nor were the moral qualities of Dr. Chalmers less striking than the intellectual. The first thing that would occur to you on meeting him, was his perfect simplicity and humility,—the absence of every thing that indicated even the consciousness of his own superiority; and this became more and more a matter of admiration, as it was seen in connection with the kindling of his faculties under the influence of some exciting topic. And then there was a frankness, an honesty, which impressed itself upon you from the moment that he opened his lips: you felt that you were in contact with a guileless spirit, that was incapable of taking an unworthy advantage. There was a melting tenderness that vibrated quickly to every note of sorrow; there was a winning condescension that seemed to annihilate the distance between himself and the humblest visitor; there was a noble generosity that cast a withering look upon every thing mean and selfish; and, above all, there was a lofty enthusiasm, which burned to his inmost soul, and which, perhaps more than any thing else, gave the complexion to his life. His countenance, while in a state of repose, might not have particularly arrested your attention;
but when lighted up by thought and feeling, it became quite another thing: it was a mirror that reflected all the graces of the mind, and all the graces of the heart; and sometimes it was pervaded by such a flood of illumination, that it would remind you of Stephen, whose face is said to have shone like that of an angel.

Such being the intellectual and moral constitution of Dr. Chalmers, it is not difficult to account for what he was in the various spheres of public action; especially when it is borne in mind that his faculties were thoroughly baptized with the spirit of Christianity.

It were to be expected that such a man should be, as he actually was, a prince among orators. For his mind was a soil in which great thoughts were produced spontaneously. It was a region of incomparable beauty, full of glorious images, that seemed like so many reflections from the upper paradise. It was a fountain of heavenly fire, that darted into other minds with an irradiating and electric power. It is generally conceded that the highest efforts of eloquence are the effect of sudden and strong impulses, and so far at least as the language is concerned, are unpremeditated; for in
a process of great mental elaboration, neither the imagination nor the sympathies are likely to be much enlisted. But with Dr. Chalmers it was quite otherwise. He wrote nearly everything that he uttered; but so well balanced were the intellectual and the moral in his constitution, and so harmonious was the action of one part of his nature with the other, that his most elaborate compositions were often those into which were infused the deepest feeling, and which in the delivery produced the highest effect. If you were to hear a preacher described as doggedly chained to his manuscript, with his head bowed towards it, with one hand keeping his place, and with the other sawing the air, you might not improbably ask where such a man was to be found, but it would be only that you might be sure to keep out of his way. And yet this was the manner of Chalmers; but in spite of this manner, he held his audience as by a spell: it was as if they were gazing upon a dark cloud, when the lightnings were playing upon its bosom; as if they were contemplating the waves of the ocean borne mountain high on the wings of the tempest; as if they saw the heavens spanned with rainbows, whose
varied hues had gathered an overpowering lustre; as if Hell had unbosomed herself, making her tortures visible and her wailings audible; as if Heaven had lifted her portals, and disclosed to mortal vision her crowns and thrones, and whatever else goes to constitute her glory. I remember to have heard one of the most intelligent men in Scotland, and yet not one who sympathized with Dr. Chalmers in his religious views and feelings, remark, that he had heard from him strains of eloquence, especially on one occasion on the floor of the General Assembly, which not only greatly exceeded any thing that he had ever heard from any other person, but he fully believed, equalled the highest efforts of Demosthenes himself.

What has been said of the mental and moral qualities of this great man, may farther explain to us the fact that he was so eminently a philanthropist. There was not a department of human want or wo that escaped his wakeful and discerning eye; nor one which his circumstances allowed him to reach, in which he was not an active and efficient labourer. He sympathized with the slave under the wrongs which he suffered, and lent his elo-
quent voice and eloquent pen for his redemption. He remembered the perishing heathen, and was the life of every project for sending them the gospel, that was started within his reach. He considered especially the cause of the poor, in relation not only to their own intellectual and moral education, but to the common benefit of the race; and to this the energies of his great mind were especially directed. I do not undertake to pronounce upon the soundness of all the views he may have held, or the expediency of all the measures he may have urged, in connection with this general subject; but that he laboured in this cause as if he were acting under the influence of a ruling passion,—that in general he laboured with great wisdom as well as great energy, and that his labours tell and will tell most benignly through many generations, both upon his country and upon his race, I may assert anywhere without the fear of contradiction. It required a heart full of love to God and man, like his, to dictate the high purpose of giving so much of his life to the improvement of the humbler classes; and it required the vast comprehension, the indomitable energy, the untiring perseverance, the
seraphic eloquence that he possessed, to con­
trive and put into operation that system of
Christian economics which has already im­
mortalized him as the benefactor of the poor.

It were to be expected, moreover, that a
mind like his should lend itself vigorously and
cordially to the cause of religious freedom;
and I bless God that he was not suffered to
die, till the honour of having achieved a
glorious triumph in this cause, was award­
ed to him. I say not this in the spirit of
party crimination, as if there were not in
that memorable conflict great and good men
who saw with other eyes and acted another
part, and yet were honest in doing so.
We are not to forget the power of education,
the power of habit, over the judgment and
even the conscience. Chalmers himself, dur­
ing the greater part of his life, was a very
champion in the cause of ecclesiastical estab­
ishments; and I believe he held to the theo­
ry, in some form or other, to the last; and we
scarcely marvel at it when we remember that
he was nursed in the bosom of an establish­
ment; that his earliest religious associations
were identified with it; that it opened to him
his field of labour, and supplied him, to a great
extent, with his means of usefulness. If you reproach him for his adherence to what you consider a false system, you forget that he was a man, or rather you virtually assume to be more than a man yourself. But though he had always defended the union of church and state up to a certain point, believing as he did that this was most conducive to the perpetuation and progress of true religion, yet when he became satisfied that the state was assuming spiritual dominion,—was interfering with the liberty wherewith Christ makes his disciples free, he instantly took the attitude of stern resistance. He reasoned, he expostulated, he predicted results, he poured his honest and glowing eloquence into the ear of those who stood nearest the throne; but when all proved unavailing, he bowed to the dictates of sovereign conscience, and went out, weeping and yet rejoicing, the captain of a great host of the Lord's freemen. Oh, that was a day memorable in the annals of religious liberty,—a day that will bear witness to all coming generations of the might and the majesty of Christian principle; and rely on it, it will be chronicled with the greater glory, because it will associate itself forever with his venerable name.
If there has been a man in modern times of whom it may be said emphatically that his field was the world, that man is Dr. Chalmers. He wrought with mighty power upon the destinies not merely of a nation, but of his race. Scotland was indeed his immediate theatre of action; but such is the relation that Scotland, as a fountain of intellectual and moral renovation, bears to the world, that every effort directed especially to her improvement, vibrates in a thousand nameless influences to the ends of the earth. But he acted not only indirectly but directly upon other countries than his own. Wherever his writings have circulated, (and they are like household words wherever the English language is spoken) they have a powerful though insensible agency in moulding and elevating human character.

If I were to attempt an estimate of the influence of this wonderful man, as it has been and is hereafter to be exerted upon the world, I should speak first, of what he has done for the cause of a pure Christianity. I should ask you to estimate, if you could, the privilege of being able in a conflict with the enemies of our holy religion, to point to one of such rare endowments and such superlative excellence, and
say that he accounted it his highest glory to be an humble learner in the school of Christ. I should next refer to that noble vindication of the claim of Christianity to a divine origin, in the prosecution of which he first attained to an experience of its life-giving energy, and in the study of which, misgiving and terror, and finally conviction, have not unfrequently overtaken the boldest skepticism. I should speak then of the wonderful charm with which his eloquence hath invested evangelical truth, without diminishing aught of its power; of the just proportions in which he has brought out the various parts of the Christian system, so that each part sustains its legitimate relation to every other, and the whole is rendered the most attractive and the most effective. I should undertake to show that to him more than any other man belongs the honour of having established a goodly fellowship between Science and Christianity; for it was his astronomical discourses that gave the first great impulse on this subject to the popular mind; and that was only the beginning of a bright series of efforts which he directed to the same object. I should dwell moreover upon the acknowledged fact that he has set forth
the Christian religion, not only as an eminently spiritual and practical, but an eminently intellectual thing; and that those who will have it that its doctrines are the appropriate food of weak minds, may find in every part of his writings a rebuke that should not only awe them into silence, but cover them with confusion.

But it would be an inadequate view of the extent of his influence which should include that only which he has done for the cause of evangelical truth: to do justice to such a theme, it would be necessary to trace out the practical workings of his great mind in the general progress of human society; more particularly to ascertain the results of the plans which he projected, of the agencies which he originated, with a view to the elevation of the lower classes. Especially would it be necessary to illustrate the importance of that last and greatest movement of his life, in its bearings on the universal reign of religious freedom, and the ultimate regeneration of the world. I look over the nations now, and the multitude are subjected to a debasing and withering thraldom. Even where liberty of conscience is in some sense recognized, there are still almost
every where trammels which the dignity of the rational man requires should be shaken off. I mark the heavings of human society, in some instances even the tottering of thrones, which proclaim in no equivocal manner that it shall not always be so. Wait till the history of what is now in progress shall be written, and you will find the banner of an unshackled religious freedom waving over all the nations; and I am no prophet if it does not then appear that Scotland had a mighty agency in this work, and that some of her noblest efforts were put forth in the person of the illustrious man whose virtues we commemorate.

If Chalmers had any contemporary with whom he might be fittingly compared, it was Robert Hall. But while in some respects they were strikingly alike, in others they were no less strikingly dissimilar. Both possessed transcendant intellectual gifts; both were fine examples of simplicity and humility; both were constituted with a glowing and generous enthusiasm; both were the idols of their country, and the admiration of the world. But admitting that they had the same degree of intellectual capacity, Chalmers had the more glowing imagination, Hall the more exquisite
taste. Chalmers kept you entranced by the endlessly diversified hues which his mind shed upon a single truth; Hall carried you forward from one field of thought to another, with a graceful facility joined to an irresistible energy, which perhaps scarcely any other man ever possessed. Hall's style may be studied as a model to the end of time; whereas Chalmers' style, radiant though it be with beauty and instinct with power, could never serve as a medium for any other thoughts than his own. Hall's life was a perpetual conflict with bodily pain; Chalmers was blessed with a fine constitution, and rarely suffered from disease. As a consequence of this, Hall lived chiefly in his study, and only occasionally looked out upon the world; while Chalmers was always on the arena of public action, and moved visibly in every great and good project that invoked his aid. They were not only mutual friends, but each was an admirer of the other's genius; each rejoiced in the other's light; and it is a delightful thought that they have now met again at the close of life's wearisome pilgrimage, in a communion of glorious thought and hallowed feeling, which shall be commensurate with their own immortality.
If the extinction of this great light hath caused an unusual gloom to pervade even this distant country, what think you, my friends, of the sorrow which has been diffused through the circles of his more immediate influence; over the country which is honoured to call him her son? What say you especially of the tide of grief that must have set in upon that branch of the church which owes not only its rapid growth but even its distinct existence, in a great measure, to his labours and sacrifices? Nor is this the first time that the Free church has had to go into mourning because one of her pillars has been stricken away. The accomplished Welsh, with whom the hopes of her prosperity were in no small degree associated, was cut off, almost whilst she was breathing her earliest thanksgivings to God for his gracious interpositions. And then there was the illustrious Abercrombie,—the Christian philosopher of the age,—distinguished alike for the greatness of his mind, the purity of his heart, the beneficent activity of his life, and that beautiful modesty that constitutes the finest finish of an exalted character,—he too was taken,—and taken so suddenly that his own children supposed he was
yet among them in his accustomed vigor, even after he was in Heaven. Christian brethren, though the ocean separates you from us, and ye hear not these expressions of our condolence, we share in the sorrows of your bereavement; we bespeak for you the presence of the heavenly Comforter. Venerable Scotland, mourning Scotland, we tender you our heartfelt sympathy; we honour your illustrious dead; but because we belong to the world, we claim that your Abercrombie and your Chalmers, like the light of the morning, or any other of Heaven's universal gifts, are ours also.
LETTER OF DR. CHALMERS.

The following letter was addressed by Dr. Chalmers to an American clergyman, who had visited him a few days previous to its date, at his residence on Burnt Island, near Edinburgh. It can hardly fail to be read with deep interest, as well for the sober and discreet reference which it makes to American slavery, as for the spirit of good will and confidence which it breathes towards the American people.

Burnt Island, May 12, 1836.

My Dear Sir:—

I grieve to understand that you should have received any annoyance in a country and among a people who owe you nothing but the utmost courtesy and respect. And I hold it to be particularly offensive that this should have been inflicted upon you by the illiberality or intolerance of any set of men on the ground that you cannot bring your mind into a state of precise adjustment with theirs, in all the details of a difficult and complicated question. It reminds me somewhat of an injustice I myself had to suffer, though in a greatly smaller degree, when, a good many years ago, I ventured, in opposition to the unconditional and immediate abolitionists, to argue, first, for a compen-
sation to the planters, and secondly, for a gradual emancipation, though for the immediate adoption of measures, that, if then entered on, would have completed the liberation of our slaves in a much shorter time, and at a greatly less expense to the public than we have actually been forced to undergo. I beg to present you with a little volume which I printed on that occasion. I feel myself greatly too ignorant of the state and statistics of slavery in America, to judge whether the process I then ventured to recommend for the British West Indies be applicable in any degree, or if so, in what degree, to the Southern States of your Union. There is one sentiment, in which I feel quite sure you must be cordially and decidedly at one with me, and that is, that, whatever the right path may be for arriving at it, the most desirable landing-place is a complete emancipation of slaves and the utter abolition of slavery; so that men of every colour and of all countries shall at length be admitted to equal rights and as much liberty as is consistent with good government and the order of society all the world over.

I cannot adequately express how much both Mrs. Chalmers and I have been interested by your visit to us. I am quite sure that nothing would more conduce to a good understanding between the two countries than more frequent personal intercourse on our part with American citizens; and I speak experimentally, when I say that nothing would serve more effectually to elevate the respect of Britain for the piety and intelligence of very many in your nation than a closer acquaintance with the authorship of your best theologians. I was too well aware of the influence of Jonathan
Edwards over the American mind not to feel assured that there must be a numerous generation of sound and powerful and correct thinkers in America; and I was strongly confirmed in this anticipation by the perusal of your own work on a subject which of all others is the best fitted to test both the Christian feeling and the Christian philosophy of those who write upon it.

Mrs. Chalmers and my daughter G. both join me in kindest wishes for your prosperous voyage; and with our united best regards to your family,

I ever am, my Dear sir,

Yours most cordially,

THOMAS CHALMERS.
NOTICES
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF
ROGER GERARD VAN POLANEN.
FROM THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER
OF OCTOBER 12, 1833.
PRINTED DECEMBER,
1847.
Although fourteen years have passed away since the death of Mr. Van Polanen, the interest which attaches to his memory, on the part of all who intimately knew him, seems scarcely to have diminished. It is in this belief that the few notices which follow have been reprinted, — not published, — from the papers in which they originally appeared; and in order also, that in this more convenient and permanent form, they might be offered to those who cherish his memory with affection, and would perhaps be gratified to possess some memorial, however imperfect, of so good a man and so true a friend.
NOTICES.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS: — May I ask you to insert the notices which follow of a late distinguished man and good Christian. Many of your readers, in different parts of the country, have enjoyed his friendship or acquaintance, and to them they may not prove uninteresting. They are very imperfect sketches of one whom, all that knew him, loved and respected, and whose life was full of variety and incident. Few men have seen more of the world than Mr. Van Polanen, and few have gathered more wisdom from a wide and discriminating observation of men and
manners. Although his prejudices were on the side of a high and exclusive aristocracy, yet they were borne down and effectually softened by Christian principle and a heart that loved every thing that bore the name and form of man. His family was among the oldest, if not the oldest, of the nobility of Holland. A tomb in the family burial-place, near Rotterdam, bears the date of A. D. 700. In himself perished, after a lapse of more than eleven centuries, in this remote spot, the last of his name; yet was there nothing in his manners or conversation that betrayed any of that pride of birth which the consciousness of so remote an antiquity is almost always found to generate. He was remarkable for the unostentatious simplicity of his manners, and for an almost republican spirit of adaptation to persons of every character and station. He was a monarchist in his principles,
but not a bigoted one. He saw every thing to admire and commend in the theory of our institutions, and was their sincere well-wisher; but he doubted if society, even here, was sufficiently enlightened and pure to bear them. It was his belief that no people ever enjoyed richer blessings, and more ample means of happiness, than the people of these States; but his apprehension was that party spirit, local jealousies, and strife for office would break up the existing harmony, and eventually overthrow a government too weak to withstand the passions and intrigues of selfish and aspiring politicians. Yet so interested did he become in watching the action of the machine, and so beautiful and true did he deem it in principle, that it is believed, if he had returned to Europe in his old age, as he sometimes thought of doing, his heart would have remained in America.
A monarchist here, he would have been a republican there.

He was long an able and faithful servant of his country; and so devoted and ardent was his patriotism, that life would at any time have been a cheap offering for her welfare. It was only after a severe struggle against inclination, that when, a few years ago, at the age of seventy-four, his king again called him to the head of his councils in the East, he was prevailed upon to decline the appointment. It was thought impossible that he could sustain the fatigues and long confinement of the voyage. In the earlier part of his life he resided during ten years at Batavia, as head of the judiciary department, and, virtually, governor of the colony. He obtained the distinguished approbation of his government for the manner in which he performed the duties of his office, and for the very important
changes which he introduced into the administration of the laws in their bearing upon the native population. Upon this subject he published, on his return to Europe, a volume elucidating and defending what he conceived to be the true principles of colonial government, and presenting ample details of his own practice while intrusted with power. It was once more to bring back the colony to the condition to which he had exalted it, and restore the order and principles of his former management, as described in the work referred to, that he was lately summoned, at so advanced a period of his life, to resume the office he had in the strength of his days filled with so much credit to himself and advantage to his country. This was a portion of his life to which he looked back with unmingled satisfaction. Although absolute power throughout the island was confided to
his hands, and there was no appeal from his decisions, he has declared that he could not accuse himself, after the strictest examination, of ever, in a single instance, having acted under the impulse of passion or of private interest, or from any other than motives of a public nature. With opportunities of accumulating wealth to almost any extent, he retired from office, though not poor, yet not rich, with what most would term a bare competency.

As a scholar, his learning was various; in the departments of civil law, politics, and general history, uncommonly exact and extensive. He seemed as familiar with the events, principles, intrigues, policies, of the reigns of the great monarchs of many centuries past, as with those of the principal cabinets of his own time. His recollection of what he had read and studied, in this wide branch of letters,
was not only general, but surprisingly minute and accurate. Of our own history, and of the history, character, and fortunes of our great political parties and their leaders, he had been a careful student, and possessed a knowledge on the subject not surpassed or equalled by many of our native scholars. In theology, especially in the departments of evidences, ecclesiastical history, and the history of opinions, he was particularly well read, and had made valuable communications to some of our religious periodicals.

In social intercourse, he was all that could be desired in a friend and companion. His temper was habitually cheerful. Acting from principle, he was always the same. He was frank and sincere. His own sensibility was nicely delicate, and he treated with scrupulous respect the feelings of others. His humanity was an admirable and beautiful trait. He loved
and protected every thing that had life, and was shocked and pained by nothing more than by cruelty, in any form, towards the meanest of God's creatures. It was his opinion that our national character, and the English also, compared very disadvantageously, in this respect, not only with that of the Dutch, but with that of any other people he had known. His conversation was in a high degree entertaining and instructive; for he was full of knowledge, and abounded in personal anecdotes and recollections of many of the most celebrated men of the last fifty years, with whom he had become acquainted, or intimate, in the various cities of Europe, or in the capitals of our own country. The easy hospitalities of his own house none can forget who have ever enjoyed them. None can remember them without the most delightful and pleasurable emotions, nor repress a feel-
ing of sorrow that he who was their cen-
tre and life has left for ever the scenes
which owed so much to his presence.
THE HON. R. G. VAN POLANEN, whose death was mentioned under our obituary head on Saturday, was a gentleman of distinguished worth and ability. He was a native of Holland, and has represented his country with credit and dignity in the four quarters of the world; — in his own country, as filling, at different times, various offices of trust and honor; in Asia, as the head of the judiciary of the Dutch colony of Batavia; in Africa, as the incumbent of a high civil station at the
Cape of Good Hope; and in America, as Minister Resident of the Batavian republic at Washington. This was the last public office which he held. He was ardently attached to the independence and ancient republican institutions of his native country; and when Holland was merged in the empire of France, he refused to accept office under the new order of things, and for the last thirty years resided in this country as a private citizen, in the enjoyment of an easy fortune and literary leisure. At a late period of his life, he received from the present Dutch government the offer of the first law office in the colony at Batavia, which he declined on account of his ill health and advanced age. He was educated at one of the Dutch universities, and was learned in the classic authors, in the civil law, in the literature of his own country, of Italy, Germany, France, and Eng-
land. With English literature, in particular, he had attained a minute acquaintance rare in a foreigner. He was acquainted in early life with Fox, Voltaire, and Gibbon; concerning the latter of whom he used to relate many agreeable reminiscences of conversations held at his weekly public dinners and soirées, while residing at Lausanne, where might be met, at one period or other, all the learned and accomplished men of Europe who could afford to travel. In this country, his public duties had not only brought him into official connection, but personal intimacy, with Washington, Hamilton, the elder Adams, Jefferson, and Madison. He was simple in his habits of life, and frugal in his ordinary expenditures, but highly liberal for all worthy objects. The mildness and gentleness of his manners made him beloved by all who had the good fortune of his acquaintance. He
was of the old school of Dutch scholars and statesmen, proud and fond of the ancient glories, manners, and institutions of his country, and an adequate representative of the principles, habits, and studies which produced De Witt, Barneveldt, and Grotius.
EXTRACT FROM A SERMON PREACHED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, IN CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK, ON THE SUNDAY FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF R. G. VAN POLANEN, FROM PROVERBS XVI. 31: — "THE HOARY HEAD IS A CROWN OF GLORY, IF IT BE FOUND IN THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

* * * * * * I HAVE been led into these remarks, my friends, as may have occurred to you, in consequence of the death of one of our number well known to most of you, and whom I need not name. You miss his venerable form from its accustomed place. You do not see him joining in these services, as it was his wont to do. He has left us. In a good old age, not suddenly, but by a
gradual decline, he has gone to his rest, and we shall behold his face no more.

It is not my custom, you well know, to indulge in celebrating the virtues or rehearsing the actions of those who have been of us, and have departed out from among us. And although it would be so gratifying to myself to do it in the present instance, I shall still refrain. It is a custom which I do not altogether approve, and will not observe. It is so open to abuse, even with the best intentions, that, for one, I dare not trust myself. I will only add, therefore, what, from its close connection with the objects of religious services, may not be inappropriate, that the faith of our departed friend in Christianity and its promises proved to him in his last moments, as it had done for years, the chief source of his happiness. He had laid the foun-
dations of his belief deep in a truly conscientious and profound research. There was scarce any thing he had not read, or rather studied, which promised to throw light upon truth, or impart new force to his convictions. Hence he was an unwa­vering and intelligent believer in Christianity as a Divine revelation, in Jesus as a sufficient guide and Saviour, and in the rational character of the religion which he taught. His faith, standing secure upon inquiry and thought, did not for­sake him at the time when he most needed it, but revealed itself to him in new and unaccustomed power. During the last weeks of his life, he derived the highest satisfaction from dwelling and conversing upon the character of God as Jesus Christ has unfolded it, and often spoke of the confidence with which, when the hour should arrive, he should surren­der into the hands of such a being his
spirit. The future and its glories, which "ear hath not heard, nor the eye seen, nor the heart conceived," engrossed all his thoughts; and it was almost with feelings of disappointment, that, after successive violent assaults of his disease, he found himself yet in the vale of tears. In all his comforts and joys, springing from these and other kindred sources, he acknowledged with warmest expressions of gratitude his obligations to God "in the Gospel of his Son." It was not upon natural arguments alone, but mainly upon the promises and the resurrection of Jesus Christ, that his hope rested, firm as a rock, of a future happy existence. If he had a joy at last, it was inspired by the religion of Jesus; if he had a hope, it grew out of the Gospel; if he sued for mercy, it was through the promises of Christ.

So deep was his need of religion, that,
he has said, he believed he should still have continued to the end a believer in Christianity, though an unhappy one, if he had never heard of that form of it, which, for the last twenty years* of his life, he had embraced and esteemed as his chief possession; but that he could not adequately describe the great accession that had been made to his happiness, after he became fully acquainted with the religion of the New Testament as he last received it. This supplied every want, cleared up every doubt, swept away every cloud.

This form of the religion of Jesus, which approved itself to his reason when

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* He frequently acknowledged himself under particular obligations to the writings of Professor Norton and the venerable Noah Worcester. Although he had in early life rejected the doctrines of the Trinity and Atonement as intrinsically incredible, yet "Bible News" was the first book which gave clearness and consistency to his views.
in its full strength, and was the guide of his life, was equally, was even more prized, and was more replete with consolation and joy and strength, and seemed to him more true and beautiful than ever, when he had done living and came to die. He had experienced it to be a good religion to live by; he found it to be a good one to die by. It had proved itself equal to all the emergencies of life, to the formation of character, to action and duty in all their varieties, and he found it equal to all the soul could ask for, or desire, on the bed of sickness, and in the immediate prospect of dissolution. It ever inspired joy; and made him willing, rather to be "absent from the body, that he might be present with the Lord."

I hope I have transgressed no good rule in what I have now said. I have had no thought of glorifying the dead, but simply of benefiting the living, by
speaking of one who loved religion to the end, and whose heart's desire and prayer it was, that all should believe it and love it, from the least to the greatest.

It is our duty to cultivate those affections which bind us to each other as members of the same community, of the same neighbourhood, of the same religious society. It is for this last reason, more especially, that I have taken a brief notice of one who has from the first foundation of this church been one of our number. These walls, which see us sitting together week after week, should see us united. "By this shall men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another." We sympathize with each other, on most of the other important occasions of life; it is good that we do so, when, successively in our order, God sends forth his word and withdraws us from these scenes. The more a religious society can
regard itself as but a larger family, the more nearly will it present a desirable model of what an association of Christian believers ought to be. Let us, then, feel an interest in one another, not only in health but in sickness, not only in joy but in sorrow, not only in life but in death, not only for time but for eternity. So shall we best fulfil the law of love.

* * *
EPI T A P H.

UPON A MARBLE MONUMENT, IN THE BURIAL-GROUND AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN., IS THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION.

This marble covers the remains of Roger Gerard Van Polanen, born in Rotterdam, Holland, May 3d, 1757; an accomplished scholar, a learned civilian, an honest man, and a sincere Christian. He served his country with fidelity and reputation in various important trusts, in each of the four quarters of the world. At Batavia in the island of Java during many years, in different parts of Europe, and in Africa at the Cape of Good Hope, he was high in the confidence and em-
ployed of his government; and, from the year 1795 to 1802, he filled the appointment of Minister Resident of the Batavian Republic at the court of the United States.

At the advanced age of seventy-four, he was again called by his country to preside over her councils in her East India possessions; but the burden of those years did not allow him to add to it the cares of office. He died in this place, on the 9th of September, 1833, after a residence in this country of thirty-four years.

If he is entitled to an honorable memory for the useful and distinguished course of his public life, they who knew him with the familiarity of friendship will always prefer to remember him for the amiable dispositions, the Christian virtues, and practical wisdom which won the love and respect of all who enjoyed the priv-
ilege of his society. He lived and died in the faith and hope of a disciple of Jesus Christ.

This monument is not erected so much to record the honors of the dead, or in the vain hope to rescue from oblivion that which must inevitably be forgotten, as to relieve and gratify the affections of one now solitary and disconsolate, the Widow Bernadina Adelaide Van Polanen.
"GATHERED TO HIS PEOPLE."

A

SERMON

PREACHED

IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

ON

JAMAICA PLAIN, ROXBURY,

SATURDAY, JUNE 5th, 1847.

AT THE FUNERAL OF

Rev. THOMAS GRAY, D. D.

By N. L. FROTHINGHAM,
Minister of the First Church in Boston.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOSEPH G. TORREY.
1847.
"Then gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, full of years; and was gathered to his people."—Genesis, 25:8.

About forty years ago, I came into this church on a Sunday morning, and heard a discourse from the words, "How old art thou?" It was preached by the friend who is now lying so silent before us, and it impressed strongly my boyish mind. And now that his days are ended and he will be no older, I have come, in obedience to a wish that he expressed long since, to speak in his funeral.

We are not assembled here, I think, to discharge a mere formal duty, or for propriety's sake. Not simply that we may not neglect the observance of that ancient custom, which brings the remains of the minister of God's word into the church where he had stood to preach it, as if to pay the respect to them, of which he is no longer conscious. We have come in the exercise of a Christian sensibility, to remember with some emotion the labors of a long life, and the affections of a most kindly nature, and the many offices of friendly intercourse and regard that cannot be renewed.

I have called his a long life, and it was. Not indeed that fulness of years of which the text speaks; for that was "a hundred three-score and fifteen," the age of Abraham; a patriarchal longevity that no one reaches or desires. He had attained only to the latter and smaller of those two sums of time. But that had been found enough to throw some obstructions over the senses, and hang some weights upon the frame, and to threaten closely still deeper encroachments. And we have not come here, therefore, to mourn that this process of decaying health was stopped when it was; and that nothing more was added to the infirmities that could not hope to be restored to the former strength. We should rather
be glad that he was not continued to see the days that could only be labor and sorrow, and that the spirit was released from its exhausted frame in God's merciful time, surrounded with such tranquil circumstances. We would not have had it otherwise. We would not call him back. He has passed on. We have neither the right nor the disposition to lament it. But yet it brings a peculiar tenderness with it, when they, who had grown old sooner than we, are taken away from among us. They connected us with the living, speaking past, which their departure makes in a new instance but a shade and a memory. We miss them the more for having had them with us so long; and we associate them with many of the scenes, incidents and feelings of our own lives. We are following after them, if not to the same age, why, then to a speedier end; and the destiny of man upon the earth seems to be represented to us in that poor epitome of their declining vigor and their departure from the world. We recollect their familiar looks and voices. We record their services and their love, and the very act of recording them stamps them. We are in some respects more impressed, though certainly less excited or grieved, than when the promise of early youth is cut off, or the full activity of endeavor is suddenly brought to a close. For our retrospection is more distinct than our hope. It offers more food to our thoughts. It draws our minds to it with the stronger attraction, as it lengthens itself among the events of our remote experience. A man becomes known, too, to a greater number of persons as his years increase; and the very number of these years, if they are sullied by no disgraces, establishes of itself a claim to respectful interest. But in the case of the late pastor of this church, "the shepherd of these plains," as one of my brothers happily named him, age was not only thus unstained. It crowned a course of duty, that was early commenced here, that was without any suspension kept up here, and that was always heedfully and affectionately performed. This too in a profession, that sets men much before the eyes and judgment of the world; of those who are pleased with them and those who are not; of those who have relations to them and those
who have none. A profession, that seems almost of too great a dignity to be committed to the hands that are no stronger, no wiser, no cleaner than ours.

The occasion on which we are met requires that I should confine myself to its subject, without pursuing any train of reflection of a more general kind. It is time, then, that I should present some account of an uneventful life; such as that of one of our "rural bishops," in our tranquil times, must of necessity be.

Thomas Gray was born in Boston, on the 16th of March, 1772, and was baptized, according to the general custom of that day, on the Sunday following, by Dr. Chauncy, the pastor of the First Church. Both his father and grandfather were members of that congregation; and when the latter of these died at a very advanced age, a funeral sermon was preached on the occasion by the same famous divine that I have just named, who passed the highest eulogy upon his Christian character and distinguished services. "We have lost," he said, "a true friend and liberal benefactor; and our poor, one who was a father to them. The Lord is hereby thinning our glory and weakening our strength." I ascribe to the circumstances now mentioned much of the regard that our departed friend always felt for the church to which I minister, and his preference that I should stand here in his bereft pulpit to-day, rather than others who might render to this solemn duty an ampler justice, though they could not bring to it a truer sympathy.

He seems to have been destined at a very tender age for a collegiate education, and to have been shaped betimes for the profession to which he devoted his life. He was sent to the South Latin School; for the little town had two seminaries of classical instruction in those days, showing so early its respect for ancient studies. He left it at the age of fourteen, and was then placed under the care of Dr. Shute of Hingham, whose praise remains yet in the churches. By him he was offered for Harvard College a few months afterwards, and was admitted into a class which gave to the University its president and historian, to the neighboring city its chief
magistrate, and to the councils of the nation a representative of its highest principles. After completing his academic course, and being graduated with the honors of the college, he remained for a year at Cambridge as a resident graduate and student in Divinity. He then returned to his mother's house, and spent another year in preparing for the ministry of the Gospel, under the direction of the celebrated Baptist preacher, Dr. Stillman. At the expiration of this term, he presented himself to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, that he might be furnished with their approval to preach as a candidate for the Christian ministry. The approval, or license, was voted. It was the first instance of any such vote in that body, and it indicated an increased attention to the qualifications required for the office of a Christian pastor. He preached his first sermon, when he was just twenty years old, at the church in Charlestown, then under the charge of Mr. Morse, and afterwards officiated in the pulpits of several of his clerical friends who had taken an interest in his success. He then gave himself fully to his work, with the view of obtaining a permanent settlement. Besides his services in this place, he addressed the congregations at Lancaster, Malden, Newbury Old Town, and Dorchester. "In either of which places," he says in his plain, frank way, "excepting Lancaster (where I was not popular) I might have settled, had I not prevented a call being given, by an assurance that I should not accept it; having from the first a strong preference for Jamaica Plain." We are almost surprised at this preference, when we consider the condition of the parish at that time. It was small; it was poor; it was disturbed with disputes. It was doubtful whether it would be able to maintain an independent existence. For seven years it had been without a minister, and even without the regular observance of ordinances. Its former pastor had gone back to Scotland, his native place; and the leading member of it, from some trifling cause, had withdrawn from it his support, that seemed all but necessary for its maintenance. Under these discouraging circumstances, he was willing to try what he could do. Here he was invited by
the unanimous voice of the people to set up his pastoral home, and here it was his choice and his happiness to come. He was ordained in this building on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 27th of March, 1793; having just attained to his majority, and before he had taken his second degree of Master of Arts, which he received the same year. Among those who assisted on that occasion, I find the names of Eckley and Morse, of Porter and Bradford; showing how far the churches were, at that time, from being divided by the controversies that afterwards shook them so violently. These controversies began even within my own remembrance, and they are already dying away, after having established juster relations than those that they disturbed, and leaving behind them, on all sides, much valuable gain for candor and for the truth.

Mr. Gray assumed at the same time the full responsibility, and called to his aid the highest endearments, of life. He was married a few months after his ordination to the youngest daughter of Dr. Stillman; whose fatherly mansion thus afforded to his youth professional counsel, and to his manhood the chosen companion of the longest and happiest portion of the threefold division of his days. Many of my hearers remember the soundness of her judgment, the firmness of her character, and the quiet fidelity with which she ruled and guided her house. Though the state of her health did not allow of her making herself seen much abroad during the last years of her life, she took every occasion to show her interest in those who attended upon her husband's ministry, and cultivated impartially the acquaintance of them all. His first heavy affliction was her loss. This event took place more than seventeen years ago. It was not long after that, as he felt the course of time wearing upon his strength, that he began to think of the advantage of having an associate with him in the charge of a parish, to which he had ministered without interruption and without assistance so long. The letter that he addressed to his people in the autumn of 1835, in which he tells them that he had long looked forward to such a relief, is marked with his characteristic simplicity. "I am nearly approaching," he
saying, "the period, when a preacher ceases to be interesting, at least to the younger portion of his audience." He desired that they might be kept bound together and be more largely benefitted by the services of a youthful hand, upon which his own might take hold in mutual affection and a common labor. His heart's wish was fulfilled, when a few months afterwards there stood at his side by their cordial invitation, with all the helpfulness of a colleague and all the love of a son, a man whom he would have preferred to any other, even if no such tender relation as that last name implies had existed between them.

I cannot but pause for a moment to look back upon the blessing of that alliance, both to those who were joined in it and to those who received the rich and growing fruits of it.

Mr. Whitney* brought to the new sphere of his ministerial duty a fervid spirit, an earnest purpose, a turn for active occupation, and just that degree of experience from a former position which makes labor more wise and influential without abating anything of the freshness of its zeal. He had a deep sense of the importance of the Word that he was set to proclaim, a confident utterance of it, and a loving soul. He strove to be useful, and was growing more and more so every day. But this bright prospect was suddenly overcast. Six years of service were all that he was permitted to accomplish. In the best exercise of his maturest powers he was taken away, beloved and bewailed.

This unlooked for trial struck sharply upon the aged survivor. As soon as the immediate pang of it was past, its first effect was to rouse in him a resolution that he would show himself equal to the sad emergency, and to the solitary task that had again devolved upon him. With a sorrowful promptness he girt himself anew to the work from which he thought himself withdrawing. Only three weeks after that bereavement he preached his half-century sermon, when fifty years had elapsed since the delivery of his first dis-

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*Rev. George Whitney was ordained over the upper or second Parish in Roxbury,—West Roxbury, as it is now called,—on Wednesday, June 15th, 1831; and was installed as Colleague Pastor at Jamaica Plain, on Wednesday, Feb. 10th, 1836.
course to the people here. It shows no marked abatement of vigor in intellect or resolution, and pours out the expression of reconciled and thankful feelings. He soon became conscious, however, that he was not able to assume the former care. His health was irrecoverably shattered, and those processes of mind and will and sensibility, that are dependent so mysteriously upon the nicer fibres of the frame, shared in the disorder. It was evident that some one else must come in; not now to aid his endeavors, but to take his place. He submitted to this also without repining. His principal anxiety was, that his successor might be a man of peace, conservative in his views, sound in the faith, untainted by the philosophies and not swept away by the excitements of the passing season, and preserving in this place, so wedded to his affections, the unity of brotherly regard.

When a new minister* was appointed, he laid down wholly his pastoral charge, of which he had become too weak to support any part of the burden. He took his seat among the listening congregation, which was less numerous than that of the departed who formerly sat in these pews, and to which he must ere long be "gathered." He spoke seldom afterwards from the pulpit that had ceased to be his; and only on particular occasions of bereavement. But he continued the less public exercises of his office; and never laid aside, till the last beating of his heart, his pastoral concern for those, among whom he had gone from his prime to his decay preaching Christ's Gospel. He resigned one by one his various trusts, and retired more and more into privacy. The last time that he appeared in public was at the recent celebration of the half-century that had passed since the ministry of one of his friends began in the adjoining town; the jubilee, as all agreed to call it;—how different from what his own had been, in weeds of mourning, and under clouds of grief and gathering illness, that were not likely ever to clear away! I am sure that I was not alone that day in being touched with the strain of his devotions. They

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* Rev. Joseph H. Allen, ordained at Jamaica Plain, October 18th, 1843.
were marked with all that careful preparation of thought and language, which usually distinguished his exercises of that kind. But the faint voice, though still clearly audible, gave sign not to be mistaken that its breath was almost spent. Infirmities increased fast upon him from thenceforth, till, after several days of extreme exhaustion, though with perfect serenity, and retaining still an interest in passing events, and enjoying the affectionate recognition of surrounding friends, nature was worn out, and sunk into its last mysterious repose.

And now, friends, we have come together to show regard to his memory and to the memories of the former days by meeting his relics in his church, where they remain an hour as they are carried from the house that was his constant dwelling to that which we enter but once. As you look about you, you perceive how short the distance is from one to the other. There is nothing but the church between them. How small a circle would compass the three! I cannot but reflect that such a circle would represent in some degree the course of his thought and action. Fifty-five years were lived within this scene. He expended his mind here. He died here. He dwelt among his people, as he is now "gathered to his people." He had no purpose or wish that wandered away from them. He did not seek a great sphere for himself. If the nearest of his kindred could draw delight from the travel or the residence in foreign lands, he followed with his love only, and not with a single "truant disposition." His eyes were contented with the view that lay around him, and which it cost nothing to enjoy. His best travels were those of goodwill from house to house. His chief joy was at home; and his whole parish was but a wider home. His church was at his door, and he never wished it further off. By the side of it lay the rural cemetery, in the adorning of which, fourteen years ago, he felt a concern such as belongs only to persons of sensibility. To its growing shades he loved often to repair. And beyond these narrow precincts of space and time, but under the same benignant sky of providential appointment, he contemplated the house that has many mansions; the church of the first-born with their names in
heaven; the gates of life and not of death; the country, the better one, that the saints are seeking; and the city of the Great King.

It might be thought time that I should now speak more particularly of Dr. Gray, as to his personal character and his ministrations of religious truth in this town. But I do not propose to add much on these points to what has already been said or implied. I would avoid the appearance of standing here as a panegyrist. I should be afraid to speak otherwise than humbly and soberly in a presence like this, where the wisest must feel his ignorance, and the ablest his imbecility, and the best his unworthiness; where they who have done the most service must be conscious how little it has been, and the praise of man must sound like one of the vainest things on earth. We do not profess to find in the friend who has left us any of those shining endowments, or profound attainments, or distinguished labors, that make men famous in society and in the church; although he was not untouched with that love of letters which suits so well with the clerical calling. He did not spread himself abroad in the fruits of study, or the charms of rhetoric and a winning tongue, nor did he aim to produce striking effects within the sphere of his own action. He was satisfied with less achievements, than they, on which he set a greater price. He did not envy them in others. He did not desire them for himself. If he had been called away in any earlier portion of his course, we should not have had to mourn the withdrawing of such rare gifts as have gone to fill a grave this very week in a distant part of our State. The poet; the scholar; the sainted minister; the accomplished writer; the devoted, sacrificing man!*

In the fulness of his faculties, and in the midst of their use! Alas for that column of intellectual strength and beauty thrown to the ground! Alas for that extinguished light! But I return from a loss, which I could not refrain from thus making mention of, to estimable qualities of a different order, and to services that belong to the recollections and sympathies of the present assembly.

The chief merit of Dr. Gray as a public man lay in the faithful and affectionate oversight that he took of the charge that was here committed to him. As a preacher he was agreeable and often effective. His voice was full and clear, and he was not unstudious of those graces of expression that suitably adorn a discourse. He brought to his pulpit the best fruit of his meditations. His discourses were always of a practical character. He did not love to run upon points of controversy. He entered into few disquisitions upon speculative truth. Towards those who differed from him in doctrine he was always inclined to be candid and liberal, but his attention was not turned much upon differences. His great object was to impress the minds of his hearers, in the kind way that was the only one he knew, with the sense of their daily obligations. He wished to keep them Christian believers, and to infuse into their belief more and more of its temper of love and mutual consideration. But it was as a pastor that his influence was the most conspicuous. He loved this place and all who belonged to it. He made himself closely acquainted with the members of his congregation, the youngest and the oldest. He was always ready with his friendly word, with his counsel and his consolation. He exerted himself to restore harmony if it had been anywhere interrupted, and wherever he went carried with him a cordial disposition and the wish to serve. He had the wisdom of counsel with him also, and his advice was always worth the considering. He was cautious of giving offence, both from prudence and charity. It was in this way, I think, that he succeeded in maintaining among his people a remarkable degree of unanimity. He held them together in a prosperous condition, with a good understanding towards each other, and a considerate attachment to him. He thus rendered a great blessing, my brothers and friends of this society, to your fathers and to you, and to the institution of the Gospel on this pleasant spot. It was the blessing of continued numbers and agreeing sentiments. A blessing quite as great, it appears to me, as is brought to pass by larger displays of talent, that sometimes make a religious society wholly dependent on the transient admiration that they
inspire; and sometimes break it up into parties and ruins by
the obstinacy of a heated opinion. He was affable and so-
cial and of a lively temper, and knew how to be sportive
without violating the proprieties of his years and station. He
loved so well to praise, that he might have been thought to
shape his speech too much towards the desire of pleasing.
But I could never find that this disposition of his was demeaned
by any insincerity. He could be as free in expressing his
disapprobation as he was in his applause. He spoke as he
felt. And if his tendency was to refrain when there was
occasion for reproof, and to make himself amends for that
silence where there was an opportunity to commend, that is
certainly to be numbered among the least unamiable of the
weaknesses into which good men may fall.

Thus has he been constantly walking before you and
among you these so many years, desiring nothing so much
as that you might be established together in faith and
righteousness and mutual love. "I do not recollect a single
instance, during that period," he says in the half-century
sermon to which I have already alluded, "that I did not
cheerfully sacrifice self-convenience and self-indulgence to
the faintest call of sorrow, or of parochial duty, affection or
service to the humblest of my people, as much as to the most
exalted; and my most earnest desires and efforts have been
to promote amongst them all a spirit of calm, unostentatious
piety to God, of love, kindness, and good will to the whole
family of man. And I hope," he adds "that all my imper-
fections may be viewed with Christian charity, and con-
signed to that oblivion, into which I myself must shortly
pass." Not oblivion, brother! You have done enough here
to be worthily thought of yet a great while to come. And
your memory will bear to stand up as it is, with whatever
may be its blemishes and all its honors upon it. The first, I
am persuaded, will look none the worse, as they are ex-
amined into the more closely; and the last will appear more
reverend as time sets them off further from our sight.
Who can forget a presence so familiar? The old parsonage
seems almost a portion of him who was its tenant so long.
And who can listen to the organ that is now sounding his dirge, without remembering the delight that he took in the music and the hymn? For he had cultivated a taste both for the poetry and the harmony, that knew how to discriminate as well as enjoy.

He has given up the ghost. He has died in a good old age. He was "full of years;" he had seen enough of them. He is "gathered to his people." Few have fulfilled the terms of that last expression so entirely as he. His name is among them. It is connected inseparably with the annals of their parish, with the public acts of their devotion, and many a tender incident of their domestic experience. His body is among them. It refused to rest in any remoter ground. A year or two ago he resisted the importunity of one whom he would have done almost anything to oblige, who begged that after his decease he might be carried to Mount Auburn as the most secure of our burial places. "Let me lie," he replied, "surrounded by the people I have loved." He was requested to think otherwise of it, or at least to give no absolute prohibition. The subject was not afterwards resumed. But a paper has been lately found, that speaks as if from his motionless lips, in these words: "It is my earnest desire, which I trust will be held sacred by all my children, that my remains may be deposited in my tomb at Jamaica Plain Cemetery, and that they may never after be removed or disturbed till my Creator shall call me thence." So much for his body, and his name. But again, "he is gathered to his people." His spirit is gathered to how great a company of those, who, after attending to his instructions, and receiving his kindness, and sharing his intercourse, went before him into the world which only the spirit inherits! May it meet them in peace!
NOTE.

The following is a list of the most considerable of Dr. Gray's publications:

A Sermon on the Anniversary of his Ordination. 1805.

A Discourse to the Massachusetts Humane Society. 1805.

Doctrines of Christianity. A Compilation principally, from Robert Fellowes' "Religion without Cant," and other authors; but with much original matter. 1809.

Catechisms for children and youth. 1814.

A Sermon to the Massachusetts African Society. 1818.

A Sermon to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. 1819.

Two Sermons on Religious Opinions. Two Editions. 1821 & 1822.


A Sermon. In the Liberal Preacher for Nov. 1830.

A Tribute to the memory of Benjamin Bussey. 1842.

Half-Century Sermon. 1842.
SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

FRANCIS WILLIAM GREENWOOD.

By George S. Emerson.

From the Monthly Religious Magazine.

BOSTON.

MDCCCLXXVII.
FRANCIS WILLIAM GREENWOOD.

A young man who dies before he has reached the full age of manhood, and while yet in the preparatory studies of life, can seldom hope to be known or remembered beyond the circle of his immediate friends. However well founded may have been the hopes entertained of him, they will have little weight when he is gone. He has as yet filled no place on the theatre of life. He has left no work unfinished, to remind men of his departure. His labors, thus far, have been upon himself; and the character he was forming, and the efforts which he made, have disappeared together.

We have felt all this while speaking of our late friend, Francis W. Greenwood. Perhaps upon no young man in our community, were more hopes resting, than upon him. The name which he had inherited from his father, the profession which he had chosen, and his own high character, all made him an object of general attention. Many who loved the memory of the father, hoped to see him coming back to them in the person of his son.

Still, these were but hopes, and, except with a very few, all was yet uncertain. He had done little which could make
them good. His life was passed in quiet studies and preparation for more active duties in the future. We do not expect that many will feel about him as we have done. Still, the beauty of his character and his early death may make him an object of some interest, even to those who cannot remember him as a friend.

The pieces of his own composition which are interwoven with the present sketch, were found in his desk after his death. They were written mostly in pencil, and, with one or two exceptions, had never been seen but by a single intimate friend.

Francis William Greenwood, eldest son of the late F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D., was born in Boston, on the 1st of July, 1826. His childhood was marked by few incidents which are now worthy of remembrance. With such a father and mother as God had given him, it could hardly fail of being innocent and happy. His brother Charles, nearly two years younger than himself, was his constant companion, and the two boys found, in each other's society, a substitute for the playfellows whom the chances of a large city might otherwise have thrown in their way. Notwithstanding their difference in age, it was the wish of their parents that the two boys should be always together, at school as well as at home; and the mind of Charles was developed too early to make it ever necessary to keep Frank back from the studies suitable to his years. They were both usually in advance of their schoolmates of Frank's age.

No boys could have been more exclusively under good influences than they. A large garden adjoined the house in
which they spent many of their early years, and here they passed their hours of play-time. On their half-holidays, they took long rambles with their father through the fields adjoining Boston, in search of different objects in Natural History. And, in the summer vacations, they lived in the country, joining in all the sports common to their years, but always under the same watchful eyes. Their after lives were the natural result of this early care.

At an early age, they entered the Public Latin School, where they passed nearly five years. The influences here exerted upon them agreed well with those of home. Although open to boys from all classes of society, the Latin School is pre-eminent for the high moral tone which exists among its scholars. The strictness and perfect regularity of its laws fill the boys' minds, insensibly, with a regard for order and justice, and the entire confidence reposed in their honor makes the love of truth almost universal among them. The intellectual character of the School is too well known to require comment.

Frank and Charles were not remarkably hard students, but they attended faithfully to their school duties, and found time beside, for several studies of a lighter character. Their moral habits were irreproachable, and were never, at home or at school, in a single instance, called into suspicion. They still kept together in their studies, always in the same division, and usually side by side. At the time of leaving school, the marks of the whole preceding year were added together, and, although amounting for each, to several thousands, the sums total of Frank and Charles differed but by a single unit.
At the Commencement of 1841, they entered Harvard College. Both were still very young, Frank being but fifteen and Charles thirteen years old; but they had the natural impatience of boys to get onward in life, and as they had already waited one year more at the Latin School than was necessary, their parents saw no good reason for detaining them longer. They enjoyed the freedom of college life, and entered with alacrity into its pursuits. Charles took the greatest interest in the college studies, and gave himself to them with a constancy which, with his talents, promised the most brilliant success. Frank, on the contrary, although holding a sufficiently high rank in his class, devoted many hours in every day to other pursuits, and especially to music, for which he had always a great fondness.

Previous to their entering college, many of the friends of the two boys had observed this difference of tastes, and foreseeing that Charles, although the younger, would probably gain the higher rank, had begged their parents not to expose them, as class-mates, to the ill-feelings which might arise from the comparison. But their parents knew too well the dispositions of the boys, and the strength of their mutual affection, to listen to such fears. A little incident, at the beginning of their second year in college, showed how groundless these fears were.

At the beginning of the Sophomore year, it is customary to distribute among those who have most distinguished themselves as Freshmen, a number of prizes, known as "Deturs," and purchased from the Hopkins Fund. On this occasion, Charles received a valuable book, while Frank was omitted. Charles evidently felt disappointed as he received his prize,
and placed the volume silently upon the shelf, while it was only through Frank and the pleasure which he showed in his brother's success, that their parents knew of the occurrence. No feeling of triumph or jealousy ever, through life, interrupted their affectionate intercourse. It seems strange, as we now look back upon their characters, that the existence of such a feeling could ever have been feared.

Their father died at the end of their second college year. His memory is yet too fresh with most who will read these pages, for us to dwell upon his loss; but the following lines, written by Frank, nearly three years after, show the depth of his affection for his father, and the influence it ever continued to exercise upon him. They were written upon his last birthday, and while he was busy in preparing the volume of his father's Miscellanies, which he published in the autumn.

**TO MY FATHER.**

In other days my spirit dwells,
Of other days my heart's tone tells,
When all of good I found in thee,
And thou an anxious hope in me.

When darkened round the evening gloom,
And shadows stole across the room;
I sat a child upon thy knee,
And thou and I were company.

Then in the silent evening gray,
What words of wonder thou did'st say;
Or filled my heart with words of love,
Or words that raised my thoughts above.
Alas, forgotten! save whene'er
Some dying memories, nurtured there,
Have come a faded, broken band,
To tell me of their native land.

And thou, too, art no longer here: —
Long since I stood beside thy bier —
And I must tread the world alone,
Without thy friendly look and tone.

Yet, in the solemn twilight, thou
Wilt come and sit beside me now;
And keep my tottering soul from stain,
And make me yet a child again.

July 1st, 1846.

A few weeks after their father's death, the two boys returned to college. Life seemed a graver thing to them than it had done before, and they engaged in their duties with a more determined spirit. They had never passed so studious a term. Although not so gay as before, they were soon cheerful, and took a renewed interest in all around them. To each other they were more than they had ever been. They left college for the winter vacation, hoping to return together with the coming term. But it was ordered otherwise. Charles was attacked by rapid consumption, and, when the term opened, was far too ill to return to college. On the 13th of March, he died. Who can describe the desolation which must have filled Frank's heart, when he felt that he was gone forever?

No young person could have been more generally lamented than Charles Greenwood. There was a charm about his first appearance which won every heart. Persons who saw
him but once, yet remember his high, clear forehead and dark eyes, and the strange union of deep thought and almost childlike beauty in his face. His more intimate classmates loved him as a younger brother, and in many of their memories he has left a place which no one else will fill.

In character, he was as nearly faultless as any person whom we have ever known; and, in intellect, he was inferior to no one of his fellows. Although only sixteen on the day he died, and the youngest of his classmates, he had already received a rank at the very first exhibition, and was distinguished in every study. In the classics he was among the first, and his original compositions received the highest marks of the department. No hope seemed too bright for his coming years.

And yet, bitter as his departure was to his friends, which of them could have stood by his early grave, and calmly wished him back again? He died with the dew of youth yet bright upon him; before the breath of the world had sullied his pure heart, or disappointment dimmed his hopes. The freshness of morning was yet upon the world as he closed his eyes upon it, to open them upon a brighter scene. Who would have detained him to labor with them in the hot noon, or watch through the dark night which might have followed?

Many persons might have shrunk from returning to a scene so full of sad associations as Cambridge must have now been to Frank; but he had a manliness of character which never hesitated before his duty. He went back to his now solitary room and resumed his former studies. During the remaining year and a half of his college life, he lived alone. No one, he said, could take the place which Charles had left vacant.
Still, he gave himself up to no feelings of despondency. He felt the increased responsibilities which the death of his father and brother had laid upon him, and, burying in his own heart the sorrow of their loss, he was soon as calm and cheerful as ever. To many he might have seemed even cold. But his more intimate friends knew the depth of the feelings which it required so stern an effort to repress. His ambition for college honors, never strong, had now wholly vanished, and he gave himself more than ever to the studies which were best suited to his peculiar tastes. Of these, metaphysics was, during his last year, most conspicuous. He graduated in the summer of 1845, with a respectable rank, sufficient to give him a place among the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society; but no one felt that the part assigned to him at Commencement, was any adequate measure of his true attainments.

The following extract from a letter written since his death, shows the feelings with which he was regarded by his more intimate college-friends.

"It is always pleasant to speak and to hear of what was good and noble in the dead; but very delightful is it, when we can tell all, all that we know of the dead, and still speak only what was good and noble. So is it now. At college, young men are so closely associated, that they may scan each other's every act, and may discern in each other if not thoughts, at least habits of thought. I look back at my college intimacy with Frank, and recall not one word or deed of his, which I cannot praise and admire. * * *

* * * When I first went to Cambridge, I had the good fortune to find among my companions some who
were not ashamed to resist temptation, to love virtue for virtue's sake, and to do right because it was right. Chief among these was Frank. And, though somewhat younger than myself, he has ever since been to me a moral teacher and a guide. I had many conversations with him on practical religion, and always on such occasions did I leave him with feelings of gratitude for having been made better by his words. And such gratitude thousands would have felt towards him as a public moral teacher, had he been spared to mankind. For his truly Christian manners aided the influence of his truly Christian goodness. None could charge him with illiberality; none could ever suspect him of assuming to be what he was not. And his intellect was such, that he could convince those whom his example did not persuade."

A few months before graduating, his classmates met to choose an Orator and Poet for their parting "Class Day;" and each office was repeatedly offered for his acceptance. They even went so far as to elect him Poet, contrary to his expressed wishes. But he steadily declined all such distinctions. In accordance with his friends' wishes, however, he wrote the following lines, which were sung as a parting song at the private meeting of his classmates in the evening.

**Air. — Auld Lang Syne.**

**Farewell!** — the time has come, at last,
To say our parting here,
And break the bonds of student life,
That we have held so dear.
Four happy years of life and work
Have to a moment shrunk;
And all the fire that in them burned
Has in its ashes sunk.
We are the same who came at eve,
When childhood's sports were done,
To muse away a pleasant night,
And wait the rising sun.
But the night has deepened soberly,
And the mighty stars have shone,
And graves have opened at our feet,
And we have hurried on.

We've hardly felt that we must part
So surely and so soon;
And we've lingered on, as if we'd ask
Of time a farther boon.
But the dew is fading from the flowers,
And bright is morning's gate;
We know this is the parting hour,
And we sadly feel its weight.

Join hands! it is a holy time,
And asks a holy thought;
And may there be one look, one grasp,
One friendly blessing sought.
For though right onward is our course,
And moving is our line,
We'll take one right guid willie-waught
For Auld Lang Syne.

For several years before leaving college, he had looked forward to the Christian ministry as the chosen field of his future labors. The example of his father, his own high character, and the strong interest which he took in studies peculiar to the profession, all seemed to mark this as his proper course. Still he felt the deep responsibilities which rested on such a choice, and as he was yet very young, he determined to take a year in which to review his thoughts, and decide calmly
upon the great question of his life. He passed a pleasant and useful year in Boston and its neighborhood, dividing his time between study and instruction. He reviewed many of his youthful studies, and perfected himself in some branches, especially the early mathematics, to which his taste had not before inclined him. He found also much time for his favorite pursuit of music. His taste and proficiency in this were very remarkable. Few persons of his age had more thoroughly studied the science of music, and none could enjoy more deeply its effects. A symphony of Beethoven or an air of Mozart seemed to open to him a new world of thought and feeling. This taste prevented a moment from ever hanging heavily upon his hands. As long as he had a piano or organ near him, he needed no other companion, and would sit for hours, listening to his old favorites, or finding an answer to his own feelings in the impromptu strains which he called forth.

He was still, as we have said, undecided upon his profession, but the feelings with which he looked forward upon life, may be gathered from the following description. It was written by him a few months after leaving college, and under the circumstances which he himself mentions. A few friends came in upon him as he sat musing before his fire, and asked him to tell them what he was thinking about so solemnly. Half an hour after, he joined them, with the paper from which the following is printed, in his hand.

"I had graduated from college. After many delays and disappointments, I found myself sitting in a pleasant room by
a quiet fire, as an afternoon which had been occupied in disposing my things drew to its close. It was late in autumn.

Having completed my elementary education, and thus in a manner set out upon the journey of life, I fell a thinking of the course I was about to pursue, and my cogitations took their tinge from the objects which were around me. I sat before my fire with my feet in a chair, and I pleased myself with thinking that the shadows or illustrations of the future might be found in the little arrangements I had made. To the right of the fireplace was my table, the uncertain light falling upon it from a window still farther to the right. Upon the table stood a small book-case with many of the standard English writers, both in prose and poetry, which together with the air of the table itself, with its portfolio and inkstand, seemed to denote that my life was to be a literary, or at least a professional one. That I did not mean to be a mere butterfly in the fields of learning, was shown by the Latin and Greek books, which, with a mixture of dictionaries and grammars, and a history or two, stood on the shelves or were strewn about the table. Among them lay a hammer that I had been using, and meant to my fancy that entire ease was not to be attained or sought, but that a work was to be done, which required a strong hand and a patient heart. And the position of the whole near the window signified that the student was not to rust over his books, but must look out and up.

Over the book-case, I had hung a small sketch in oil by Morland. It was very simple — just two little knolls with straggling bushes, and a road between. A rude covered cart with a horse tied behind, was just getting out of sight behind the rising ground. A few clouds that looked old, they were
so grey and lazy, hung idly in the sky. It was one of those bits that we see at every few steps on a country road, which have no value but to the poet, and no meaning except in the hands of the true artist.

Rather lower than this, between the book-case and the window, was another picture, of a very different character. Like the first it was simple and rough, but of a bolder touch. A great white cliff, jutting out against a sky which seemed from its thick blackness, to cover close over the scene, and the dim waves thundering below, filled up nearly all of the picture which was not occupied by the principal figure in the foreground. Seated on a rock, he gazed down among the boiling waters, apparently unconscious of the mighty conflict around him. His dress was rude, but picturesque, and his attitude full of careless and powerful grace. His long and coarse hair streamed wildly behind him. From his bronzed features and fiery eye breathed a determination which a cast of ferocity rendered more terrible. A wrecker’s hook rested against his shoulder and told his vocation; and the masts of a stranded vessel, hardly visible through the gloom, seemed to call for its use. I never knew the artist’s name. He appeared to be one whose power of conception exceeded his knowledge of detail, or had in the present instance outstripped it. So that when the eye wandered from the canvass, and the imagination grew hot with the dark splendor of the painter’s idea, it returned dissatisfied, as if the sketch were unable to feed that excitement which itself had awakened. Still there was much merit, even to the mere connoisseur, in the fire and force with which the man was drawn. As the first picture was Nature in all its simplicity and repose, so this was
man with his passions and energies, wasted and buffeted by
the elements, but conquering in return.

There was one thing more, still different. Against the win-
dow was a transparency in porcelain. Upon a cross, fixed on
a barren rock, hung the Saviour of the world. There was
no other figure. Far away behind stretched savage moun-
tains. The clouds gloomed around like the banners of death,
but athwart their rolling masses streamed the light from
heaven. Here were no thieves with their human malignity,
or soldiers with their unhallowed pageant, to break in upon
the awfulness of the scene; even the gentle women who
wept below, were away; — you stood at the foot of the cross
and looked up, and then away over the desert. The Redeem-
er seemed to die alone in the great wilderness!

Then thought I, around my table are the three only exist-
ences, God, Man, Nature. And thus may every man bring
home to his own soul, and ponder over, the great frame of
things in all its parts; and thus ought every man who toils
or studies for his race, to look not on one side of the eternal
structure, but to open all his ears to the trio which sounds
through the universe.

But, thought I, how shall I account for the position of the
pictures? Why is that of nature higher than that of man,
who is nobler? Because nature, though revered, loved, is at
a distance, cannot be handled. Man is the appointed work for
man. He is to be brought near, grasped, moulded, ruled,
inspired.

The room grew darker as I mused, and the moon rose
before my window. The table, the pictures, faded — only
the outlines of the Christ gleamed faintly in the twilight. Thus, thought I, may my life be.”

No one who reads the last sentences, can doubt what was their writer’s choice in life. In September, 1846, he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, and began the studies of his profession. He brought to them an undivided mind and a firm resolve to consecrate himself to the highest usefulness. His lighter studies were for the time thrown aside, and he even denied himself the luxury of a musical instrument in his room, lest it might take his time from more important pursuits. He still, however, made music his favorite recreation, and was in the habit of meeting every week a few friends whom he had collected, for the purpose of singing the masses and other music of the ancient Catholic Church. Like his father, although his intellect was fully satisfied with the simple truths of Unitarian Christianity, his religious sentiment craved more than can usually be found in the plain forms of Congregational worship; and these old chants, sacred with the associations of centuries and the dim traditions of the early Church, were far more to him than mere strains of solemn music, or the sources of innocent gratification for the passing hour.

His time was divided among the regular studies of the term;—the Hebrew language and Poetry; the principles of Biblical Interpretation; the Evidences of Natural Religion, and the Criticism of the New Testament. He also read several volumes in general literature, and devoted an especial attention to the modern English writers upon Logic, whose treatises, particularly that of Mill, he read with great care.
During the autumn months, he was in the habit of taking long walks, either alone, or with a single friend, in the woods about Mt. Auburn, both for the necessary exercise and the pleasure which he always took in natural objects. He had a true love of nature. His mind was indeed often too full of his former studies to pay much heed to the scene about him, and in the perplexed questions of Metaphysics, or the nice distinctions of Logic, he forgot to admire its external beauties; but when he once gave himself up to them, nothing of beauty—from the graceful curve of the branch above his head, to the glories of the autumn sunset—ever escaped his eye. Almost his first wish during his illness, was for flowers, and when some were brought, he begged that the curtain of the window opposite his bed might be rolled up, and the flowers placed there between him and the blue sky beyond. He must have a bit of Nature, he said, to cheer him as he lay there.

During one of the solitary walks of which I have spoken, he composed the following lines. Like most of his productions, they were written for himself alone, and were found as he probably first wrote them, with a pencil, in the twilight. He thought far too lightly of his own poetical powers, and could seldom be prevailed on to write for any eyes but his own. One can hardly read such lines as these without feeling that he lacked only the ambition, to make him a true poet.
The light is dead along the glimmering west,
His evening pomp the sun has left behind,
And all the attending clouds that ushered him to rest,
Not in their robed and cushioned gold,
As when they wrapped his sinking head,
But in garments dull and old,
As if they mourned their king as dead,
Creep slowly homeward on the moving wind.

All on the earth is still,
Watching the journey of the rolling clouds.
The elms that lift their feathery arms upon the hill,
Are watching — so are the humbler trees
That brood together in the dell.

The breeze
That sits within its leafy cell,
The spectre shadows dim
That haunt the river's brim,
The bats that sound not as they pass,
The cattle that lie all night on the dewy grass —
All have their silent vigilance; and keep
Watch while tired mortals sleep.

The following fragment was written on the same sheet.

Soul! ope thy casement to the gentle air
That flits without
As half in doubt
If it will enter there.
Let in the music breeze that flies
From many voiced flowers,
And weaves a tender tale of sighs
To make more sweet these twilight hours;
While every lingering note that dies
Scatters a stillness through thy dreamy bowers.

* * * * * * *

Alas! we walk this earth too stern and cold,
Forgetting we are brothers to its mould.

Although apparently very happy in his life at Cambridge, he never wholly recovered from the influence which his early losses had had upon his mind. The remembrance of his father and brother had ceased to give him pain, but it was apparently seldom absent. He seldom gave himself wholly to the feelings of the passing moment, but, in his gayest hours, had a reserve of manner, which showed the presence of other thoughts than those which were upon his lips. The great thoughts of eternity and of the future life had been interwoven in his every day meditations. He was fond, too, of musing upon the occurrences of his past years. His union of the pleasant memories of childhood with stern resolves for his future life, is finely shown in the following fragments.

"How stream on the days of youth and childhood like a silver brook! What a beautiful dream to look back upon! How strange that all should have passed in me who am sitting here — that I am the sole possessor of all this loveliness. How much of it is still hidden in my soul, to be called out by some trifle hereafter. How has all had its influence, its soothing or its excitement. Far away in the mist lies the land of my
childhood. Wondering, half unconscious, stood I amid its dimness, until my youth stepped bravely forth upon the hills. Yet among these shadows was I formed. Much of strange beauty have I lost, much of bold strength have I gained, or developed rather; for may not all have been in me at first? When I was a child with waving hair, was I not a man in all but power and practice? How fortunate for me that I may look back! How glorious a gift memory!

O let me not a useless being live,
Nor grovel in the filth of time and words,
When work of faith and strong resolve is near;
But in this dim and flickering light of time,
May some high purpose well accomplished show
That I have passed along the eternal shore."

Dimly and sweetly an old memory
Comes trailing o'er the heart's repose,
Sweeping along the arches of the soul,
And softly sighing as it goes.

Whence do its strange, mysterious moanings rise?
Or is its home some far-off sphere?—
Such shadowy spirits from the voiceful past
Could never have their birth-place here.

For years I've heard the self-same strain,
Perhaps at twilight's solemn hour,
In lonely woods or in the closing year;—
But ever with the self-same power.
Visions of old and gray autumnal trees
Mourning above their leafy dead,
And troops of sunny, smiling children there,
Flitting beneath with happy tread.

'T is now for years that I remember these,
Or rather to remember seem;
I know not if it be a thing of truth,
Or if a shadow and a dream,

'T is vain to ask, 't were vain, perhaps, to know,
'T is one of things without a name,
That glimmer faintly in the silent past,
But give the very soul its frame.

Nothing was more remarkable in Francis Greenwood than his exquisite taste. Many young men who enjoy as high advantages of society and education as he, gain a certain conventional elegance in expression, and even in thought; but with him there was far more than this. His mind seemed cast originally in a finer mould, and everything that passed through it, bore its peculiar stamp. This was evident not only in what he wrote, but in all he did and said, in the hanging of a picture, or the arrangements of a bunch of flowers, as well as in the notes of his piano, or the choice of his sentences. Closely allied with this was the love of the beautiful, which in him amounted almost to a passion.

His intellectual powers were various, and admirably adapted to the profession which he had chosen. Of his imagination
and talent for description, we have already had glimpses. His logical faculties were good, and bore a larger proportion, perhaps, to the other parts of his mind, than those of his father, whom, in many respects, he so closely resembled. His ambition was to lead a useful, hard-working life, and he had therefore devoted more time to the cultivation of these faculties, than his tastes might otherwise have prompted.

His independence of character was very remarkable. He seemed to care nothing for the opinion of the world, but followed his own convictions of duty, regardless of the remarks of those around him. In forming his opinions, he showed great fearlessness, approaching the difficult points of his professional studies as open questions, and fighting his own way to a satisfactory solution. At the same time, his excellent taste and strong love for existing institutions, prevented him from running into extremes.

One who knew him well, says: "Frank's independence of character was singularly combined with a childlike simplicity of obedience for those who were wiser and older than himself. His gentleness at home made him a blessing in the family circle. His uniform affection and consideration for his mother and the younger children, were very striking. For the aged among his relations, his deference and kindness were remarkable, and his constant attention to those little observances which none but a kind heart ever remembers, but which are so grateful to the old, won for him their fervent affection."

His humility and the want which he felt of the continual presence of a Power mightier than his own, are shown in the following prayer written upon entering the Divinity School.
No one who saw him before his death, can doubt but it had been answered.

Am I in truth to be thy servant, Lord,
With this dull heart and all these vain desires,
Standing unmoved before the mighty fires
That flow from out the bosom of thy Word?
Thy Spirit to my sluggard soul afford,
That lacks not will, yet is not all awake
Her watchful count of that great Love to take,
Which thou of old through all thy works hast poured.
Alone, O God, she cannot keep the bright
And steadfast colors of a noble life,
But pales her fading plumes and drooping might
Before the toys of time and passion's strife;
And needs to be relumed and warmed by thee,
Ere she is winged for immortality.

Sept. 13, 1846.

There was one trait in his character, to which we have before alluded, which often prevented him from being fully known by those around him. He had a natural reserve of manner, increased doubtless by his early trials, which did little justice to the true warmth of his feelings. To many he may have seemed cold and indifferent. Perhaps only one intimate friend knew the deep enthusiasm with which he often regarded subjects in which to the world he seemed little interested.

During his last illness, this reserve passed away. He could speak but few words; but as the veil which wraps our spirits
in this world grew thinner and thinner, the deep affections of his heart shone through with an unwonted brightness. He was never happy but with one of those he loved, sitting by him and holding his hand, and his only care seemed to be lest others should suffer from seeing the pain, which he himself bore without a murmur.

After the winter vacation, passed at home and in a visit to some friends in New York, he had returned to enter upon a new term at Cambridge. But he was suddenly seized with a disorder, which for twelve days baffled all human skill. He died on the 13th of March, four months before he had completed his twenty-first year.

For several days before his death, he was often too much exhausted with the terrible pain which he had suffered, to be conscious of what was around him. But, on that morning, his mind came back to him with all its wonted vigor. He remembered that it was the day on which his brother Charles had died, three years before, and said he should soon go to join him. He wished to bid his younger brother and sisters good-bye. Then he was ready. They gathered round his bed, and to each he spoke a few words of affectionate counsel. They had been five, he said. They were now but three. And they must live to fill in their mother's heart, the places which he and Charles had left vacant.

His last audible words were—"Our Father who art in Heaven"—uttered in a faint voice, and with his hands clasped in prayer. A few moments more passed of pain and forgetfulness, and then a smile came upon his face, his eyes opened as if looking into some far-off, beautiful country, and his spirit passed without a murmur unto Him who gave it.

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God in his infinite mercy be with those whom he has left behind! If his departure has made this life seem to them desolate, may they find consolation in the thought of that happier life, in which he now is, with those whom they loved with him on earth. And may the memory of their virtues animate us in our career of duty here, "that, by the grace of God, we may join them in another world, where friendship will be uninterrupted, and virtue eternal."

G. S. E.
THE PUBLIC MAN.

A DISCOURSE

ON OCCASION OF THE

DEATH OF HON. JOHN FAIRFIELD,

DELIVERED IN WASHINGTON, DEC. 26, 1847,

BY JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN,

PASTOR OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

WASHINGTON:
T. BARNARD, PRINTER.
1848.
WASHINGTON, December 27, 1847.

Dear Sir:—The undersigned were present yesterday, and listened, with those feelings which it was adapted to excite, to your chaste, appropriate and eloquent Discourse upon the death of Governor Fairfield.

Although it must necessarily have been the result of a few hours of study and application on your part, it was conceived in such good taste, and its tone and sentiment are calculated to do so much good, that we respectfully request you to furnish a copy for publication.

JOHN P. HALE,  
JOHN G. PALFREY,  
B. B. FRENCH,  
CHARLES HUDSON,  
DANIEL P. KING,  
LEVI WOODBURY,

We concur in the above request.

J. W. BRADBURY,  
W. CRANCH,  
ALBION K. PARRIS.


WASHINGTON, December 28, 1847.

Gentlemen:—I have received your note of yesterday, asking a copy of my Discourse for publication. To a request coming in such a form there is no room for refusal; and the manuscript is accordingly at your service.

Thanking you for the unexpected honor you have done me by this proposal, and with sentiments of the highest esteem,

I am, your obedient servant,

J. H. ALLEN.

Hon. John P. Hale, and others.
NOTE.

I have employed the interval of time since the delivery of the following Discourse, in carefully substantiating the accuracy of the facts and allusions contained in it, and have not found cause to vary at all from any statements I have made.

The gentlemen to whose friendly interest I am indebted for my materials, will accept my grateful acknowledgment. To those who have kindly offered to furnish additional data to be embodied in the Discourse, I return my sincere thanks; but as its nature and design, no less than the short time of preparation allowed, prevent its being a full and authentic record of events, I have preferred to retain it in its original form, only adding a few lines where required by the connexion.

By the courtesy of the gentlemen whose duty it became to announce the death of Governor Fairfield in the Houses of Congress, I am permitted to insert their remarks in the form of an Appendix.

J. H. A.

WASHINGTON, December 29, 1847.
DISCOURSE.

JOB xxiv. 24.

They are exalted;—in a little while they are gone!
They are brought low and die, like all others;
And like the ripest ears of corn are they cut off.*

The sudden and painful announcement, made to us yesterday morning, as we entered this house for our Christmas service, has left one thought foremost and prominent in every mind. It would be doing injustice to the occasion which Providence has offered us, to refuse to take the notice of it, which its grave and melancholy importance demands. The thoughts suggested by an event so striking, gathered up in the brief interval that has since elapsed, it is my duty and my mournful privilege to offer to you now.

I need not stand here, my friends, to moralize upon the uncertainty of life, and the unlooked-for coming of death. God has spoken to us, in the events of his Providence, louder and better than the voice of any man can speak in his behalf. Within these last few months the Senate of our country has been nearly decimated by the

* Noyes's Version.
impartial and unsparing hand of death. And now, for yet further warning that our counsellors act in the direct presence, as it were, of futurity, and before the judgment of the spiritual world, one more is taken from our very side;—one in the midst of days and the full maturity of judgment; one in the active and busy discharge of the duties of his station; one singularly trusted, and honored by the forward and repeated testimonials of his fellow-citizens' esteem; one blending the strict principle and clear conviction of Christian faith, with the cheerful spirit and domestic affection which bring a man most near to the friendly regard of others; one diligently fulfilling the unostentatious duties of humble life, worthily bearing the unsought honors of office, patiently submitting to the long pressure of disease and pain, and with a steady and quiet faith preparing through his life's course for its inevitable and at last strangely sudden close.

It is not wise, as a general rule, to speak of the personal character of those lately deceased, at least from this sacred and public place. A friend's partiality, the unavoidable uncertainty of human judgment, and the altered and softened feeling which one's death brings about in us, are so many perils to that perfect truthfulness, without which praise is but impertinent, and eulogy a poor and impotent pretence. Yet some circumstances may justify me in departing for the first time from that rule.
We meet, many of us, as strangers; and a stranger's death impresses us far less than that of a neighbor and friend. We lose here, in some degree, that sense of the close interweaving of life and life, of the intimate interdependence whereby each man is united with all others, which in a differently constituted community makes one of the strongest incentives to virtue, and the most powerful restraint upon wrong. The more seriously, then, should an instance of this sort be reflected on, so as to restore a portion of that impressiveness, which is in danger of being lost.

And besides, the voluntary assumption of a high and public responsibility excludes a man from the possibility of escaping the world's judgment, that cannot be bribed to withhold its condemnation or applause. His acts are done in the world's eye. His conduct is seen and judged from far. His influence, for good or harm, is widely felt. For example or for warning, it must and ought to be widely used. And in view of all these reasons, I will use the privilege of this day, to speak a few words of him who is lately gone. Rendered more pleasant and valuable to me by the slight acquaintance which I can only regret now was not longer, the unanimous and singularly concurring testimony of his personal friends, borne out by what I can gather of the public acts of his life, is urging me to improve this occasion, to speak the word, frankly and sincerely, which is now his last earthly due.
John Fairfield was born on the thirtieth day of January, 1797, and died on the evening of the twenty-fourth of the present month; having served his State four years each, as Representative, Governor, and Senator. He has therefore lived something more than half a century; and of this period about one-fourth has been passed in the highest councils of his State or country. It belongs to another time and place, to consider more in detail both the incidents of his life, and the traits of character which have made him so widely honored and beloved. Here and now, we may think of him as one we have been accustomed to meet in friendly and religious fellowship; as a constant friend and supporter of our little Church; as a man and a Christian, whose private worth we have known somewhat, and esteemed. And the illustration which his life has given us of a few sterling qualities of mind and heart, must needs be welcome, and cannot fail to be impressive now. It may serve as a fit introduction and enforcement to some few words touching the standard of personal character, by which one in his high and responsible position should be measured.

I would first mention, as an honorable thing for him, that in all the expressions I have heard of warm esteem and approbation, no allusion whatever has been made to anything of a party character. Whatever honor he has gained has been from the integrity of his position as a man, and from the discharge of what he held to be his
personal and private obligation. His name is most nearly associated with no sectional or party triumph; but with acts involving what he held to be Christian duty, and the claim either of private humanity and justice, or of a broad and generous nationality. Of the numerous public measures in which he doubtless had a share, and in which it is but common candor to presume that he followed his own conviction of right, it does not become me to pass any judgment in this place. His own private conception of duty is that by which each must abide the perfect witness of the all-judging God. That is a private matter between a man and his Maker. A sacred and impenetrable veil is drawn over it, which the eye of man cannot pierce — beyond which his verdict may not dare to go. Of one's opinions and modes of judging, so far as they involve his personal character, presuming his sincerity, we have no right to speak. And it is the more grateful therefore to me, to remind you of the public acts and passages of his life, where he has planted himself on Christian principle, and independently pleaded in behalf of the simply right. It is honorable alike to him and to his fellow-citizens, that the strong regard and interest manifested towards him, by which he was almost by acclamation lifted to the highest offices of trust in his native State, was due, not to the advocacy of any one interest, or fidelity in party allegiance, but to the ground he nobly took and vindicated at first alone, when a
friend's life had just been made the bloody sacrifice to a false code of honor. It was the integrity and firm principle of the man, not the adroit advocate's skill, or the blind fealty of an adherent to any association or league, that gained him men's confidence, and raised him to the highest dignities they had to give.

As a consequence of this, we observe a simplicity and truthfulness, gracing equally his private as his public life. So far as man can judge, he acted on precisely the same principles, with equal contentment integrity and self-respect, in both. As in his eyes the man was more than the station, we find that office sought him, and not he it. It was urged upon him, as a testimonial to his private worth. Not because he had been busy and forward in promoting the schemes of one side or another, but precisely because he had done no such thing, because he had been a quiet, unambitious, useful citizen, and held himself aloof from the fervid contention of more forward men, he was selected as the one most likely to succeed, and worthiest to bear the honors of the unsought station. It was because, in his esteem, the man was more than the place he fills, that his modesty shrank not from the post of difficult and hazardous responsibility, or from doing, when the time came, what he thought that post demanded of him. Simple honesty, good sense and steady principle, as they are among the main virtues of private life, so they kept him from being hurt by the glare or
seduced by the tempting ambitions and deceits of public office. In the good old Latin meaning of that word, it was synonymous to him with duty. And so he served conscience and God and man, it mattered little what the place or apparent dignity of that duty might be. As one active in promoting the interests or recording the old traditions of his native town, or as zealously seeking the welfare of his Church, or as the leader of their Sunday School, he was as cheerfully and busily engaged, and as honorably doubtless in his own eyes, as when taking the hazardous decision that might involve the tremendous issue of peace or war. At home or abroad, in the lowest or the highest place before men's eyes, one would still find him acting in the same diligent cheerful and unobtrusive way; still discharging, as well as he knew how, the equally sacred obligations of his private or his public life.

And still further, as the crown and consummation of the character, I may mention the evidence he has given of religious faith and principle, as unequivocally as we often find; so that we have as good right as in any case, to appeal to it and take advantage of it now. It was this which made him—a plain sailor in the beginning, a humble tradesman, a self-taught scholar and an industrious citizen—through all his life a faithful, upright and honorable man, fit to be honored with higher trusts. It was this which made him equally single-mind-
ed, honest and true, in each different sphere of action. It was this which made him — domestic as he was in his tastes and affections, and rather seeking privacy than notoriety — yet clear decided and unalterably firm, when called to assume a difficult responsibility; and which made him acknowledge one and the same obligation, wherever he chanced to be. It was a fine illustration of this, that once, in answer to the direct and searching question of his youthful pastor at home, he answered, without any sign of impatience or resentment, "Yes, I do, when I take my seat as legislator, remember then my responsibility as a Christian, for the word I speak or the vote I give." How beautiful a testimony to the truthfulness of their Christian intercourse,— to the fidelity of the pastor, and the simple frankness and integrity of the man. The same religious faith and principle sustained him, not in patience so much as gladness and alacrity of spirits, through the many years' course of the painful complaint which has now taken him away. "Cheerfulness is half the victory," said he to one who was suffering under a like severe disease; giving then the counsel, we may be sure, wrung painfully enough out of the well disguised and uncomplaining experience of long years of distress. With the willing sympathy of friends and fellow-Christians, we remind each other now of his example, in life, in duty, in suffering and death: and in submissive trust commend his family, so afflictively bereaved, to the
love of the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless.

Before the solemn portal of the grave, all human passion is at peace. The envy and care, the jealous animosity, the party strife, have no more a voice in the still and silent courts of Death. Difference of opinion is forgotten now in the common thought of mortality; or swallowed up in those broader principles, of sentiment and duty and faith, which make the best portion of the life of every man. We forget the partial, in which we were at variance, and remember the universal, wherein we are all alike. We bow in reverence before the dictate of the Almighty; and, subdued by that, we cherish the memory of the departed, as of a fellow in our humanity — as of a brother in our Lord.

I do not, brethren and friends, I dare not, hold up any one man's character as a standard or a model for our own. It is for the sake of the personal interest which attaches to a few special traits, when illustrated in the life of one we have known and lately lost, that I bring together, in this passing record, what I have been able to gather of the character and acts of our departed friend. Quietly, unobtrusively, as a good man would choose to be spoken of,— without vague declamation and empty praise, which are but dishonor to the memory of the deceased,— I have
sought now to bring before you, as grouped in my own mind, the facts and principles that made the ground-work of his life. They help, by a living example, to make more clear a few points in the ideal standard of personal character, which should be held by every man, and especially by every public man.

I make no apology, then, for going on to say in a few words something of what that character should be. I shall not insult your understanding, or trespass on the liberty of your own moral judgment, by any attempt to define and prescribe the requirements of duty for you; but the sacred motive and the universal principles from which all duty must proceed, it is always in place to urge. The dignity of the topic, the solemnity of the occasion which brings it before us now, the imperishable majesty and grandeur of the scheme of Christian truth, of which it is but a part — all combine to abate the imposingness of personal distinctions, and to place us on the even level of our humanity. We stand together all alike as men. Far towering above us is the majestic form of our Christian faith. Around us lies the great plain or battle-field of life; and at our side solemnly sound the hushed and awful voices of the dead. But one thought seems to belong to this hour. One lesson seems impressed by the dread event. One question presses heavily on the conscience. One solemn mandate comes to us in the tones of mourning that pay a sad respect to the memory of
the yet unburied dead. The honored and trusted man that is among you, what is it for him to be in all respects as he should be—an upright and true man, a whole man, a Christian man in his appointed place?

Taking up the principles suggested, in the order in which they have already been ranged and illustrated, I shall go on to state in a few short words the corresponding points of Christian character. None is so mean, and none so proud, but he must confess the authority of that law.

The very first feature of such a character, is that it proceeds by broad principles, and personal fidelity to the highest right; not by allegiance to any set of measures or set of men. This is the absolute and indispensable condition of all public virtue. However much the man may act with and for a party, and to favor its interests, it must be because he believes that in that particular thing he does, he is doing best service, not to his side, but to truth, to his country and to God. He must be utterly forgetful and unconscious that any other obligation can possibly for an instant interfere with his sense of what is right. By whatsoever name any such other obligation may be called, when he rises in behalf of principle, it ought to fall from him, "as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire,"—as the green withs fell from the hands of the stout Jewish champion. The
language in which any such factitious obligation is spoken of, should be to him as a lost and unknown tongue. The ideal of absolute right should so penetrate and take possession of his soul, as to render utterly impossible any minor sense of imperfect obligation,— consuming it as fire burns dry stubble, or as the rod of a more potent enchanter devoured all the magicians' rods, that tried their rival arts.

It is only by some such image as these, of perfect authority, of absolute supremacy, that we have a right to represent the majesty of the command of truth and justice. No doubtful jurisdiction, no divided or disputed sovereignty, can there be brooked or endured. Right and policy — principle and expediency — fair allies enough if the former is supreme, cannot stand for an instant on an equal footing. No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

If section or party is the rival to a true patriotism, nothing less broad than the whole country,— if the whole country in its length and breadth is the rival to humanity and right, nothing less broad than the universe, should be comprehended in the circle of your vision. Are you a man the humblest in the land, having yet the right and duty of opinion with respect to the public welfare; or are you the highest in place and authority in the land,
so that her weal or wo may perchance depend on your single voice,—that only must be the principle to guide you—that and no lower. Bate not a jot or tittle of that requirement; else your footing is a quicksand, while you breast helplessly the wild and surging storm.

Next, let the principle be one and the same, that guides your public and your private life. "As Bishop I may not shed man's blood," said one of the ecclesiastical nobles of France, "but as Prince I will lead my men to battle." "But," said his servant, too simple to comprehend the casuistry, "when Satan comes for the Prince, what shall become of the Bishop?" In the sight of God, of man, of your own conscience, armed with the terrors of both, the man in his public or his private capacity is absolutely one and inseparable. If he does not bring the honor to the station, the honor it brings him will be but the empty prefix to a name. Nothing is worthy of any man's respect, but that genuine self-respect, which regards all stations as alike in dignity, if alike in the worth that fills them; which is above the paltry vanity or the miserable conceit that perpetually seeks to plant its footsteps still above another grade; which scorns the base compliance and the unworthy arts, whereby some have sought the fictitious and imaginary consequence of some special department of service. O reform it altogether! Keep to that whole-
ness, simplicity and truthfulness of that character, which sees in the variety of places only varying opportunities of doing right. Seek in all alike the integrity, purity and high-mindedness, which are every man's best treasure in the sight of God.

What a privilege it is, beyond almost every other, that the high principle and honorable conduct of a man of the world, is such a sincere and unsuspected tribute to the power and reality of virtue! What a rebuke to the mean and cowardly betrayal some men make, in distant places, of the personal purity and the moral obligation they would have been afraid and ashamed to betray at home! Men cannot say, such an one does so of course, and because he must. They cannot enfeeble the force of his words, by saying or hinting that he says them professionally, and because just that is expected of him. Nothing of that ungenerous and pitiful surmise which so utterly stops the preacher's mouth and shackles his hand, that he has not nerve enough to put his own doctrine in practice,—no slur upon his inexperience in real life, can be in the way, when a man of business, dealing daily in the affairs of the world, lives out simply, strongly, unostentatiously, the law of right as it lies in his own conscience and heart. He is the true teacher. He is the prevailing preacher of righteousness. He declares, unembarrassed and free, the principles he has tested, and lived out, and abided by. Here virtue is not a sounding
name, but an outstanding fact; not an exhortation, but a fulfilment; not an assertion or an anticipation, but a life. There is not a single one of you, my hearers, whom I may not envy the opportunity you have, of being a far more effectual preacher of righteousness, than ever I could be.

And lastly, religious principle as the foundation and vital element of such a character—faith in God and Christ, as the support of virtue, the inspiration of manly endeavor, the consoler of grief, the assuager of pain, the preparation for life and death,—of this too must one word be said. That one word is, you are men. In the heavy pressure of duty, in the whirl and perplexity of care, in the burdensome and weary responsibility, in the dread anticipation of possible calamity and certain death, you have the wants, the trials, the spiritual need of the universal human heart. "One may live," (I use the solemn language of a tribute paid but two years since to one of our most wise and distinguished jurists,) "One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every one to his pure individuality—to the intense contemplation of that deepest of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator."

Here is something which comes close home to the experience and secret thought of us all. This gradual dissolution; this conflict, day by day and week after week,
with pain; this yielding before the slow approaches of disease; this parting one by one with the thoughts and plans and prospects that had made life pleasant to us; this familiarizing ourselves, through suffering, with the form and features of death;—all this—yes, all, in its slow inevitable progress, in its varied processes of agony and feebleness and the gradual loss of hope—we must submit to it all, in such measure and in such shape as we shall be called to meet it. Whether with us the struggle be one of moments, or hours, or days, or weeks, or months, or years, it is yet the same; in its brief agony or lengthened tediousness, it is all the same. It is the one continually repeated struggle of Life with Death, of Nature with Dissolution. We can hold parleyings with the Destroyer. We can make a truce with him for a time. We can deal with symptoms by science, and prolong our days by care. But the process is still the same, and the result the same. Life grapples with Death; and the strife may hold out long: but Death always comes off victorious. One after another is encountered and overthrown, and still Death unwearied seeks his man. The furrows on the brow, and the paleness of the cheek, the features becoming more thin and the step more unsteady,—all these are the signs and tokens Death puts upon his victims, when he marks them for his own. The time is coming with us all. The change we see in one another's faces, after the interval of no more than a single year, is too plain a symptom to be
mistaken. The tokens of Death we read in one another. We know that we are wearing them ourselves. Gradually but surely we are walking together towards the silent valley; and it will not be long before we are all gathered there.

Look back upon that interval of a single year. Its last Sabbath has summoned us to this solemn service. Besides those who have fallen in blood upon the bloody battle-field, count the number of those high in place and honorable, whom God has called away.

"They are exalted;—in a little while they are gone! They are brought low and die, like all others; And like the ripest ears of corn are they cut off."

One thing only is safe and sure—that stainless virtue, reposing on religious faith and principle, which is as far from bravado as from fear, in the face of life and death,—which is perfect trust in God, and perfect reliance on the word of Him, who brought life and immortality to light.

And once again:—Is it too tedious a repetition, to say that the time for your Christian virtue to act is now. It is no one single burst of generous sentiment that is wanted, no enthusiasm of the moment, no loud and boastful talk, no noisy measures of sudden sectarian or private action. All these are easy and cheap. What we want, what you want, is something higher, broader,
deeper far than they. It demands nothing less than the serious and earnest purpose of a full-grown man. It exacts the whole homage of the heart, and the steady allegiance of the life. The price will be no less than that; and what is purchased is fairly worth the price. It is that great joy, which "fills the soul as God fills the universe, silently and without noise." It is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.

Now is the trial of your principle. Now is the test of your integrity. Now is the time for your virtue to be at work. As I look upon you, one by one, I cannot but feel that in the natural course of things I shall record, one by one, in my own memory, the deaths of all or most of the strong active and influential men, whom I see before me; and that, in all probability, you will be severally taken out of the very press of care, in the fulness of days and strength, still surrounded with the occupations, and bound in the habits of thought, that belong to your present way of life. Any plan for virtue hereafter, that does not include the practice of virtue now, is thoroughly deceitful, false and wrong. To God and your own conscience I then commend you; that you may follow the footsteps of all the honorable wise and good; that your life may be perfect and upright, and the end thereof be peace.
APPENDIX.

IN SENATE.

MONDAY, December 27.

THE LATE SENATOR JOHN FAIRFIELD.

Mr. BRADBURY rose and addressed the Senate as follows:

Mr. President: I rise for the performance of a duty too painful for language to describe.

One who was with us in this Chamber, at the last meeting of the Senate, attending to his official duties, assisting in our deliberations, and as confidently looking forward to the future as those who are now present, has suddenly fallen in our midst. He is now numbered with the dead.

Four times has the Senate already been called during the few days of its Session, to manifest the last tokens of respect for the honored dead, who have been prevented from entering upon the field of their labors in the present Congress. Now, the destroyer has entered these Halls, and struck down his victim before our eyes.

The Hon. John Fairfield is no more. He died at his lodgings in this city on Friday last.

The sudden and startling announcement of his death preceded the intelligence of danger.

On the morning of that day he was in his usual health, and met his friends with his accustomed cheerfulness and cordiality. At noon, he submitted to a surgical operation, to which, with undoubting confidence, he had looked for relief from an infirmity under which he had labored. His physical energies were not equal to his fortitude and
courage. His system sank under the unabated anguish which fol-
lowed; and at twenty minutes before eight o'clock in the evening, in
the full possession of his mind, he breathed his last. Scarcely had
the friends that were with him anticipated danger, when his pure
spirit took its flight.

From an affliction so appalling, it is difficult to divert attention,
even to contemplate for a moment the life and character of the
deceased. Gov. Fairfield was born at Saco, in the county of York,
Maine, January 30, 1797. In that place he has ever resided. Dis-
tinguished by an ardent love of knowledge, an active mind, and great
strength of purpose, on arriving at manhood he devoted himself to the
law, and entered a profession which has contributed its full share in
the establishment and defence of constitutional liberty. At the bar he
soon acquired such reputation, that he received from the Executive of
the State, the appointment of Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme
Judicial Court.

While in the successful performance of the duties of this office, he
was called by the electors of the First Congressional District, without
solicitation or desire on his part, to take his place in the councils of
the nation as a Representative in Congress. He received a re-elec-
tion; and it is well known, that he discharged the responsible duties
devolved upon him on trying occasions in a manner alike honorable
to himself and to his constituents.

His services were now demanded in a different sphere. He was
elected Governor of his native State; and so strong was his hold upon
the confidence and regard of the people, that he was thrice re-elected
to the same exalted station. It was during this period of his public
life, when great and unusual responsibilities were thrown upon him as
the Chief Executive of the State, growing out of collisions with a For-
eign Power, that he displayed a decision and firmness of character
which commanded the respect, and fixed upon him the attention of the
whole country. He became, emphatically, the favorite of his State;
and he was now transferred from its Executive chair to a seat upon
this floor, to fill a vacancy created by the resignation of his predeces-
sor. In 1845, he received a re-election to the Senate, for the term of
six years. It may be remarked, as a singular fact, that in all the offi-
he has held, he has never served out the regular term, but has been transferred, by promotion, to a higher place.

To you, Mr. President, who knew him well, and to the Senators long associated with him, and united by the ties of respect and friendship, I need not speak of his honorable career in this body.

You will bear witness to the sound judgment and ready zeal which he brought to the discharge of his varied duties — to that honesty of purpose which knows no guile — to that frankness and sincerity incapable of concealment — to that firmness of resolution which no difficulties could shake nor dangers overcome — and to that purity of life, and conscientious regard to his convictions of right, which distinguished him as a man and a Christian.

How happily these qualities were blended in his character, is known to you; how justly they were appreciated by the people of his native State, is seen in the confidence they yielded, and the honors they bestowed.

As a friend, he was devoted and sincere; and few there are who have secured the attachment of a wider circle, or bound them by stronger ties of affection. His loss to the public, to his friends, and above all to his deeply afflicted family, what words can express! I cannot attempt it.

He has left behind his example, his character, the influence of his actions, and, in his sudden death, the admonition that "public honors and exalted station add no strength to the tenure by which life is held."

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HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. HAMMONS rose and spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker: In raising my voice for the first time in this Hall, it devolves upon me to perform the most painful and melancholy duty of my life.

The Hon. JOHN FAIRFIELD, Senator from Maine, on Friday last, at twelve meridian, was in the enjoyment of good health, with an unusual flow of spirits, surrounded with honors, and possessed of all the enjoyments that earth can afford; at a quarter before eight on the evening
of the same day, he had bid adieu to time, and his pure and manly spirit had returned to Him who gave it.

Most of the morning of that day I spent with him in friendly and social converse; of the evening, in witnessing his poignant sufferings, his struggles with the King of Terrors, and in watching over his lifeless remains.

How sad, how sudden, how awful the change!— a change which even now I can hardly realize.

In the meridian of life, in the midst of his career of usefulness, and while in the full vigor of his intellect, he has fallen.

Governor Fairfield was emphatically a self-made man. By his own industry and exertions, he acquired an education, studied law, and at an early day took rank among the first of his profession.

His fine talents and affable deportment soon attracted public attention; and he was called at an early age from the enjoyments of private life and domestic happiness, to the performance of arduous and responsible public duties.

His public career, though not long, was brilliant. The office of Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of Maine, two elections as a Member of this House, four elections as the Chief Executive of his native State, and two elections to the Senate of the United States— all within the short period of twelve years— were the rewards of his worthy and generous aspirations.

The complicated and arduous duties of all these high and honorable stations he discharged with faithfulness and distinguished ability, and to the entire satisfaction of those who had elevated him to power.

He possessed in an eminent degree all the elements of popularity, and had doubtless a stronger hold upon the affections of the people of Maine than any other man living. His popularity kept pace with his advancement, and, at the moment of his decease, I have not a doubt he possessed more numerous and devoted friends than at any former period of his life. Unshaken firmness, indomitable perseverance, and a sincerity that knew no guile, were the distinguished traits of his character.

His whole life evinced an unwavering devotion to justice and to the great principles of popular rights.
In his death, Maine has lost one of her most worthy and noble sons—a man whom she delighted to honor; society has been bereft of one of its best and brightest ornaments; and the Senate of the United States of one of its ablest, most upright, and most useful members.

Of the loss to the partner of his bosom, and to the numerous pledges of their affection, it is vain to speak. The blow has fallen upon them with a crushing weight, which no language can express, and which none but those who have been called to drink of the same bitter cup can conceive.

May He “who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb” give them that support and consolation which no earthly power can bestow.

I will close this hasty and very imperfect sketch of my late friend’s life and character by moving the adoption of the customary resolutions.
THE CHRISTIAN IN HIS VILLAGE HOME.

A DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

HON. JOSEPH LYMAN,

Delivered on the 19th of December, 1847.

BY RUFUS ELLIS,
Pastor of the Second Congregational Church, Northampton.

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1848.
DISCOURSE.

“When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.”—Job 29: 11.

Job spoke thus, not as a vain boaster, but in self-defence. His comforters, in their “wicked piety,” had attempted to justify God, by vilifying his character as a man, and as a man should, he indignantly repels their charges, and over against their imaginations, places the fact of his integrity. Under other circumstances, his friends would have said this for him, whilst he remained silent.

The words are taken from one of the most beautiful passages of a most exquisite Poem. Most touchingly, in language that will last as long as Human Society, does the Patriarch describe the glad time, ‘when his root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon his branch, when his glory was fresh in him, and his bow was renewed in his hand.’ The words were written ages ago, of one who dwelt in far-off Arabia, but they have lost none of their freshness, they still fall upon the ears with a sweet chime, and call up a scene which we all love to gaze upon. Life includes countless diversities and changes, but the quiet beauty of the good man’s course, the peaceful tenor of his way whose steps are ordered by the Lord, remains essentially the same. In all ages there is the same human heart. In all ages, more or less artificially, man is bound unto man, for service and for sympathy, for the sanctities and the joys of
neighborhood, for the duties and the pleasures of hospitality, for the exact fulfillment of obligations, and the free gifts of a boundless Love. Moreover to dwellers in a Village Home, living its simple life, encompassed more by Divine Creations than by human arrangements, dwelling much in each other's society, partaking all, now in a common joy, now in a common grief, a scene from patriarchal days must be full of meaning. The individual is not lost in the crowd, pilgrims and sojourners can be distinguished from dwellers in the land, if a brother or sister be naked, destitute of daily food, in need of counsel, we cannot choose but know it, and when God takes one of the Village Family to himself, it is a friend that has gone, it is not one from a strange multitude, but one from a familiar group, yes almost from each man's fireside.

I am readily brought back then, from that far-off country of the Patient Saint to our dear native land, to our fertile valleys and green hill-sides, and here, Christianity, adding a diviner beauty to the whole, I shall speak of the Christian in his Village Home;—a noble Theme, but I may not hope to do it justice.

The Wise Providence that bestows our talents and shapes our destinies, appoints spheres and services the most varied, leading His children along different paths, and stationing them at different posts. As no face precisely answers to any other face, so no mind precisely corresponds to any other mind. The Good Disposer introduces endless varieties into the constitution of our nature, modifying in numberless ways our faculties, tastes, and desires, and He so places us ordinarily, that we are called to an appropriate task in life, to a work suited, proportioned, adjusted to our powers. Some are born with minds fitted to apprehend wide relations, with a love of conflict and a desire to command. They must
dwell as Rulers, as Legislators, under the Public Eye, laboring for Public Right, and the Prosperity that is added unto it. Others are directed by a quieter nature to more retired walks. They may dwell at Home, and confine themselves to a circuit, which shall at no point be very distant from the attractive centre. Now it is common to regard that only as important public service, which is performed in the Halls of Legislation, in the Council Chamber, or on the Battle Field. Yet the deeds of those who are known as the great, are often any thing but services, and power is often purchased at the sacrifice of every object, for the sake of which it is desirable to possess it. The number of those who can be truly profitable to others in the highest relations of life is small, and unscrupulous cunning frequently opens the way to the highest places of the earth. But without disparaging true heroes and leaders, we may say that there is a place for a high Christian manliness, for noble and disinterested services, in scenes more retired, at posts less conspicuous. There also a great warm heart may throb for others, and many a needful task may the hands find, to be wrought out with their might. There too Religion welcomes most noble opportunities, and utters great, everlasting Truths, for pressing necessities, and points to crosses and crowns. Our craving for a wider sphere of action, for Power, Fame, and unlimited influence, often indicates a failure to apprehend the capabilities of our actual position. The smallest spot on the surface of the earth hath an immeasurable height above it, a Heaven where the stars, those symbols of duties, go forth calm and beautiful, when the blinding light of day shines no longer. Every condition in Life has its ideal—from the lowest to the highest, through all the intermediate grades, there is no exception. A manly,
earnest Christian soul, living not for appetite, not for applause, but for God, and for the Right, and for the brethren, without going far or remaining long from Home, or gaining a place in History, may be almost great. Through such our Father's world knows more of the blessing of order, better and happier hearts dwell in the land, acknowledging the presence of a wise friend and lover of his race. There must be those who will abide by the stuff, as well as those who will go forth to Battle. There must be those who will accept the less conspicuous posts of duty, and make it their care to keep the common current of events in their right channel. Prosperity cannot be secured by a few grand strokes of Policy, the happy efforts of a few leading minds, there must be a healthy well directed activity in each section of the State, each division of the great body must be animated by a public spirit, earnest, devoted, disinterested, self-sacrificing, Christian,—living above the world to bless the world. Justice and Charity must be maintained, always what is due, sometimes more than what is due must be rendered. Worship, Instruction, Public Works of Necessity and of Ornament, the Relief of the Poor, Peacemaking, Hospitality, with a thousand nameless social tasks, call for noble souls that will dwell at home, quietly seeking to do the duty that is nearest. And we need not fear that a truly generous soul will be narrowed by such a sphere, on the contrary large minds are needed in every sphere, to illustrate the truth, that principles the widest, sentiments the most elevated, aspirations the loftiest, are everywhere appropriate. Each is connected with all. There is one bread of life for the world. Everywhere there must be those who will maintain a genuine Religious Faith, guarding alike against Superstition and Indifference; everywhere there must be
those who will insist upon Truth in our political relations, who will guard every sanctity of social life, and keep the mind open for the reception of light from every quarter. There will always be men in the Community who do less than their part of the Common Task, there must always then be others who will do more than their part, and make sacrifices which are enjoined by no Law. There is work enough all about us, my friends, even in this region of comparative retirement, and of comparative virtue, to tax the energies of many a strong soul from the rising to the setting of every sun, through the three score years and ten. Here is a field ever ripe unto the harvest, and calling for Christian laborers.

I need hardly say that these thoughts upon the employment of Christian gifts, in the more retired yet public walks of life, have been suggested by the removal from the homes of the living, of one to whom this Community is largely indebted for the earnest, wise, and disinterested activity of many long years. I refer to the Hon. Joseph Lyman. It would be a grievous injustice to the best feelings of our natures, to suffer one whom we may all call Father, to go down to his grave without an attempt on our part, to pay such tribute as we can, to his singular worth.

Our honored Friend, as I need hardly tell you, was a Native of this Town, and with a few exceptions a constant resident. He was a son of Capt. Joseph Lyman, and was born Oct. 22, 1767. In childhood he narrowly escaped death from a fall by which his skull was fractured. Good came of it in the end however, for the delicate health caused by the accident, determined his parents to give him an education. This is but one of many escapes that occurred to Judge Lyman during his long life-time. On one occasion, a falling tree killed his
companion, and left him unharmed. In the olden time, when men had more Superstition or more Faith than now, they would have said that the gentle Spirits of Nature guarded our Friend with jealous care, and would not suffer their lovely Valley to be robbed of its fairest ornament. Less material than this has furnished the basis of many a fable. Judge Lyman pursued his classical studies under the guidance of the Rev. Solomon Williams, so long the esteemed Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Northampton. A Tutor from Yale College examined him before he had reached the age of twelve, and the little barefooted boy being found prepared, was despatched on horseback, under the charge of an elder brother, to the scene of his literary labors. The miniature Collegian, whose head as he sat upon his horse hardly appeared above the portmanteau, was kindly received, and went through the prescribed course under the especial care of one of the Tutors, Joel Barlow, it is believed. He graduated at the early age of fifteen, and devoted himself to the instruction of youth, and to the study of Law. The late Gov. Strong directed his legal reading. He practised as a Lawyer with steadily increasing success, first in Worthington and then in Westfield, but in 1798 he removed to this Town, never again to leave it. From that time until 1844, Judge Lyman held office, first in the old and then in the present County of Hampshire, as Clerk of the Courts, as Judge of Probate, as Sheriff of the County. He served also in our State Legislature, in the Hartford Convention, and in the Massachusetts Convention for revising the Constitution, and for a year previous to the abolition of the then existing Court of Common Pleas, filled the place of Judge upon its Bench. It may be observed in passing, that only
two members of the Hartford Convention now survive; they are Mr. Justice Wilde of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis of Boston. In many other ways, did our honored Friend render important services to his fellow-citizens. His duties for the most part lay near him; his work was performed amongst those who had known him from his childhood, and in whom familiarity seems not to have diminished in the least, their regard for this Home-laborer. I have enumerated offices and honors,—but such a catalogue can give you no idea of one who was the servant and friend of all, the leader in charitable enterprises, a strong Pillar in the Church, and one beyond whose actual Hospitality, the Ideal of the most imaginative never yet passed. I might give you more facts and dates, but I am rather concerned to dwell upon the character of our honored Friend, to record his acts as manifestations of his character, and to note the influence which such a life must needs exert upon the Life of the Community. If I shall seem extravagant or one-sided, I can only say in excuse, that I have never been able to find an enemy of the departed who would tell me that, to which his friends might perhaps be blind.

Judge Lyman was a gifted man. Without being highly intellectual or learned, he was clear-sighted, and wise, and judicious, especially with that judgment which is theirs, who do not their own will. This lovely world about us poured its sweet influences into his apt mind, such culture as his day afforded he was permitted to enjoy, and in a circle of singular refinement, he found all the intellectual stimulus that was needful. His moral nature was deep and tender, strong enough not only for action, but for repose, quick to feel, untiring in love, much enduring in patience. Those who knew him well, call-
ed him gentle; those who knew him best, understood that his feelings were naturally strong, but habitually restrained. It would be easy to name men who knew infinitely more than he, or men who in some department of action were much more eminent, but it would not be easy to point to one more truly and nobly a man, in the complete, high sense of this word. There was a sweet harmony in his being, as it took form under the Hand of God, acting through his obedient will. Men associated him, most naturally, with this fair grouping of River and Vale and Mountain, as the crowning Beauty of the favored spot. His heart was the home of the humanities, and benignity dwelt upon his countenance. His speech dropped like rain. *Unto him men gave ear and waited, and kept silence: after his words they spake not again.* So truly was he a man, that nothing human could be strange to him. He trusted human nature, and after much abuse of his confidence, trusted on. *‘I have made more mistakes,’ was his final testimony, ‘by trusting property, than by trusting men.’ He loved man, for the most part, and those whom he did not love, he treated with all consideration for the sake of their brethren, and for the good which might be hidden, and for the great Law of kindness. His house was a home for all who saw fit to enter it, especially for Clergymen, the weakest of whom was honored for the Gospel’s sake. Time and substance were freely, lavishly devoted to Hospitality, according to the old feeling of reverent regard towards the stranger in the gate. And as we find what we bring with us to the search, I doubt not that our honored Friend found many angels amongst his numberless guests. In any case, whether angels or the contrary, all received a most hearty welcome. He was ever ready to make those continual sacrifices which good
breeding demands, but from which in our haste or our selfishness, we are too ready to excuse ourselves. One may devote himself to disinterested effort in the small offices of daily life. Kind smiles, ready speech, and courteous services are not always easy. Many pass for saints whose goodness extends not unto these. A large warm heart sent its life-currents through his being, whose memory we so prize. Such is the uniform testimony concerning him. For myself, it was my misfortune to have known him little, before that period, when his work was done, and his strength was weakened in the way, and he sat down to wait patiently for the time, when it would please his heavenly Father to change his failing body for that celestial frame, whose beauty doth not fade, whose strength doth not decay. Yet even in these days of decline and of comparative darkness, the heart beat warm and high. He felt and manifested a deep interest in family and friends, in the Community at large and in the various Institutions of Society. Public Service of any kind was always received as an adequate excuse, for an unusually long interval between the visits of friendship. I shall never forget one occasion, when the old tenderness came again at an advanced stage of his decline, in its beautiful fullness. It was when, with glistening eye and earnest voice, he faltered thanks to one, who in sweet tones had sung to him one of those touching songs, in which old Scotland's loving yet sad heart has spoken to the heart of the world. 'Never,' said he to me, 'never send a man from your door, without giving him something to get away with.' Such a man, we may well suppose, would feel a deep interest in Public Institutions, in Education and in Worship, and it should be mentioned that our High School for Boys
stands upon land that was his, and that this Congregation is largely indebted to him for most liberal gifts. Indeed, he erred in this respect, and frequently gave beyond his means, sometimes, really, though unintentionally, at the sacrifice of justice.

But our honored Father sought to do good unto others, not only by consistent kindness and unfailing urbanity, and hospitality that carries us back to early days in the East, but by a regular course of well-directed industry. In the days of his vigor, he was a hard-working man, and in the days of his weakness, the fancy that he was only a cumberer of the ground, of no service, as he said, to any one, was his heaviest burden. Inaction was indeed a sore trial to one, who had been intimately blended for so many years with the public and private life of this Community, and to whom so many had been accustomed to resort for entertainment or for profit. It was hard to be known to the young, only as an idle spectator, only as one that had labored in the day of their fathers. Yet, under the Providence of God, we are often called to manifest a spirit of obedience, by cheerfully resigning ourselves to repose, when such is his appointment. This will generally try our hearts quite as severely as the imposition of heavy tasks. The fruits of his labor were the materials of a genial life,—they enabled him to exercise an unstinted hospitality, to give to him that needed, and what was quite as important to one that loved Peace, to waive his unquestionable rights rather than make an enemy, or perpetuate strife, or cause great inconvenience to a brother man. It is a remarkable fact, that in his individual capacity he was never plaintiff in a suit at Law. I need hardly say that his integrity was never impeached. His sense of justice was clear and strong.
It would not have been difficult to predict, what the Religion of such a man would be. It must needs contain a large element of Humanity, and give decided preference to the pure and undefiled Ceremonial, appointed, not for the First Day alone, but for every day of a Christian Life, the Ceremonial which is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world. He was not a man who would indulge in glowing, enthusiastic expressions of Faith, and of Holy Joy,—any thing of this sort would have been in him weak imitation, and hateful cant, but his acts of Piety and Beneficence, his interest in Religious Institutions, commencing in early life and continuing without interruption to the end, the fruits of the spirit which appeared in his conduct, and the chance words that will sometimes fall from the most unpretending, proved that God and Goodness and Christianity were to him the great realities of existence. Save in his deeds, he had his Faith, as being his most precious possession, to himself, before God.—The Gospel was preached to him in his earliest childhood, by one whom he loved to call a saint, and when he came of full age, he needed not to be converted. The Word did not find him a Jew, or an Idolater of Ephesus or a Sensualist of Corinth, but a Christian, reared in a Christian Household, the tendencies of his nature directed to good by the Christian Spirit.

We may well suppose, that such a system of Religion as that which prevailed some thirty years ago in New England, would not recommend itself to such a man. In his dissent from the current orthodoxy of his day, we, as a Religious Congregation, are especially interested. He could not accept the Calvinistic views of our Heav-
enly Father, of man made in the Divine Image, of Christ at once our Master and our Brother. He craved a better, a larger interpretation of Christianity. He felt that the doctrine which then prevailed, could not reach and renovate the human heart. He felt about the matter, in a word, just as many who are now styled orthodox, feel about it. Accordingly, in obedience to his conscience and to his Master, he protested against the ruling dogmas, and appealed to the Word of God. Is there any Protestant in this Community, who can find it in his heart to blame our departed Friend, for this course? I think not. I will believe that without impeaching characters, or denying each to the other the Christian Name, we can leave the Bible, without creed or comment in the hands of the individual for individual interpretation. I believe that this is the unspoken, if not the spoken thought of our Community.—In this faith, I shall take no notice whatever of the Church Controversy, which led to the formation of this Society, and in which our honored Friend took so prominent a part. Let the dead past bury its dead. Be it our care to preach the living Gospel.

Judge Lyman, from the beginning to the very last, was a devoted friend of this Society, by word and deed, its unwearied supporter. On many a Lord's Day, when most men would have claimed exemption, his venerable presence made our sanctuary beautiful. He felt to the last that he had a place to fill, and in his humility, he believed that he had a word to hear, 'which,' said he, 'I hope that I may apply.' He thought, as is doubtless the fact, that a freer spirit, a kindlier feeling, a larger charity had been gained for the Community about us, and in these he found an ample reward for his exertions.
in the cause of liberal Christianity. Let us who remain, only do our part, and the work which he so well begun shall go forward with success. From the Fountains of the Gospel, his beautiful life was fed, to these Fountains then, let us unceasingly repair.

You know the end, the burden of his declining years, and his peaceful departure from this world. On Saturday evening, the 11th day of December, his spirit left us. We could wish that such men might dwell here forever, for we greatly need them. Yet, by the mortality of such men, we are most clearly taught the Lesson of Immortality.—Sometimes we must ask concerning a human being—not, will he live again—but was he ever alive—did his heart ever know the pulsations of spiritual existence? But when a man truly lives, the continuance of his existence seems of all things the most natural, and we cannot so much as talk of Death. Moreover, a change of worlds is but a necessary result of that beautiful Divine appointment which places one Spiritual Being, one Child of Heaven in this material Universe, clothed about with this material frame. Such a Being must needs depart, when the effacing finger of decay has fallen upon its once strong and beautiful Tabernacle: then we cannot oppose our desires to the manifest advantage of another. Then we must be content to have our Treasure transferred from earth to Heaven, to be placed under the keeping of that Saviour who rose, and who leadeth unto His Father all that come unto Him.—It is Faith in the Spirit-world that we need, and our friends must go and dwell there to make it a Reality.

And how much remains to us in a blessed memory, and a quickening example. How should the young especially be inspired, when their fathers tell them of him
who dwelt so wisely, so peaceably, so laboriously, so charitably, so piously in the land.—Would that upon one of us the mantle of the departed might fall! Natures so richly endowed are not often sent forth from the Heavenly Fullness: yet watchfulness and effort, Meditation and Prayer, a dwelling near to God and to Christ, will fill the heart with all blessed affections, and strengthen unto us every kind and beautiful work.

Just such men as the departed do we need in this evil day, this day of luxury and expediency, when the body is indulged and the spirit is sacrificed, when principles are set aside for the sake of a worldly prosperity. Let us devote ourselves in his dear and honored name, whose absence makes our Sanctuary desolate, to the God whom he served, to the Christ whom he loved in all the relations of this varied life. In public and in private, let us be scrupulously true, and religiously peaceful, cherishing a high ideal of Christian manhood, calling nothing our own, resolved to consecrate this great opportunity of a Human Life to the highest uses.—Unto you who are still young, I speak, because ye are strong. Take up the burden which your honored Father laid down, only when he could bear it no longer. Follow him in his following of Christ. Let the Image of his feeble frame bending in worship, chide our inactivity, and let us so faithfully and kindly toil, that when we shall meet him in the Spirit-land, we may bear good tidings of his loved Village Home.
A GOOD OLD AGE.

A

SERMON

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH

OF

HON. JOHN DAVIS, LL.D.,

AND PREACHED IN THE

FEDERAL STREET MEETINGHOUSE IN BOSTON,

JANUARY 24, 1847.

BY EZRA S. GANNETT,

MINISTER OF THE FEDERAL STREET SOCIETY.

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SERMON.

GENESIS xv. 15.

Thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

Each age in the life of man has a beauty of its own. Infancy is beautiful, in its unstained innocence,—the breathing work of a divine statuary. Childhood is beautiful, with its open brow, its bright eye, its glad spirit, and its trusting affection. Youth is beautiful, through its elastic motions, its hopeful confidence and its free energy. Manhood is beautiful, with its firm step, its strong heart, its earnest industry and its various power of accomplishment. The ripeness of declining life is beautiful, when the passions are held under a wise control, and the character has collected within itself the influences of reflection and the fruits of experience. And old age is beautiful, in its calm wisdom, its gentle repose, its venerable appearance, and its conscious preparation for the change which awaits it. We need not be anxious to determine which of these periods is most attractive, since they all present irresistible claims on
our admiration. For some observers the loveliness of early life has a charm which cannot be surpassed, while others receive from the dignity of mature years an impression that is more grateful to their feelings, and yet others find in the serene aspect of age an influence in which they especially delight.

Our thoughts are drawn this morning towards the old man. We are led to think and speak of “a good old age.” What enters into such a description? A most weighty epithet is this, suggesting and comprehending more than any other which we could use. Who is there that, if he could look forward to a period extending beyond the threescore years and ten which ancient observation assigned as the limit of human life, would not desire for himself a good old age; and in that desire include all that he need ask, or friends need ask for him? A good old age, — this is our theme. What constitutes such an old age?

The first thing which occurs to every one as indicated by this description is intelligence. Old age must retain the clearness and vigor of the intellectual faculties. This is not always permitted by that Providence which has bound the physical and the spiritual natures in mysterious dependence upon each other. With the progress of years, infirmity encompasses the mind, obstructs the avenues of its communication with the outward world, impedes its exercises, dims its perceptions, beclouds the memory, impairs the judgment, embarrasses the conscience, and reduces
the thinking, reasoning, reflecting man to a condition of mental weakness, or even imbecility, which it is painful to contrast with the firmness and acuteness of former days. The old age of which we speak presents a different spectacle. The mind still distinguishes, compares, enjoys, as in the meridian of life. Memory can still use its past, and accumulate new, treasures. The decisions of the judgment are accepted by others with an increasing rather than diminishing confidence. Books are still a source of delight; conversation a means of instruction; and thought, less discursive or less intense than at earlier seasons, becomes more fruitful in solid wisdom. Such is one characteristic of a good old age.

But if the mind be clear and active, the heart must also preserve its freshness of feeling; the sympathies must maintain their free and generous exercise. The selfishness of old age is sometimes made a subject of remark. We cannot wonder, if the aged, retiring into the midst of recollections in which those around them may feel comparatively little interest, and oppressed by growing infirmities, acquire a habit of self-regard which may be a source of even greater annoyance to themselves than to others. This, however, is not a necessary condition of advanced life. The old man may show as warm affections, as quick sensibilities, as cordial a concern for those about him, as true an interest in the progress of human affairs, as if he were in the midst of the world’s activity.
Though the companions of his youth may have been removed, they who have grown up beneath his eye fill their places in his regard. He leans gracefully and willingly on the children whom he once supported, he takes his grandchildren to his bosom with a father's love, he makes home the scene of endearments not less fond because they are touched by the sentiment of reverence, and, through the larger or narrower circle of social relations which he may fill, he becomes the object of a tender respect to those in whose feelings he participates with an ease as agreeable to himself as it is delightful to them. Beautiful is the sympathy with all that is true and good, which age tempers, but does not abate. Beautiful to see how it will win confidence, and find its own satisfaction in making others happy.

The consequence of such an exercise of the mental powers, and such an indulgence of the affections, is a serenity peculiar to this period of life. That gentle wisdom, that quiet play of the sensibilities, that inward repose as far removed from torpor as from violence, that silent growth of the soul, which we observe in the man who enjoys "a good old age," write their signatures on the countenance, and give it an

"Expression holy, deep, resigned,
The calm sublimity of mind."

We involuntarily compare this clear-sighted tranquility with the mild aspects of nature, as the softness
of a summer's evening sky, or the majestic stillness of the ocean when no storms ruffle its surface, or with the progress of the bird that floats with outstretched and almost unmoved wing through the air; but all such comparisons poorly represent the beauty of a serene old age. Its mere presence subdues our impatience, and raises us above the fretful cares of life. We are ashamed to show irritation of feeling, or a morbid sensibility, before such an example of moral healthfulness. We are made stronger by the quiet strength which reveals itself through the very absence of effort, and learn that this anxious, struggling life of ours may yet acquire a character of repose that shall reach from its surface to its deepest foundations.

To the qualities which we have described, a good old age adds the yet higher excellence of a religious faith, which fills the breast with trust and devotion. The sympathies of earth, pleasant as they are felt to be, do not occupy all the thoughts nor detain all the affections. The mind has accepted truths which reveal a God, the object of its noblest contemplations and the inspirer of its best exercises. The heart has taken in a love that far exceeds all human love. The blessed instructions of Christ expand and animate the soul. Piety is the appropriate habit of old age, giving it an outward dignity, as well as an inward satisfaction. Who may feel the Divine presence and wait upon the Divine will in a meek but rejoicing faith, if
not he who has had large experience of the Divine goodness, who has cherished habits of prayer through the changes of many years, and has made his progress along the duties of an earthly life a continual approach towards heaven? The devoutness of a Christian old age is its crown and glory. As we look on him whom it invests with a celestial charm,

"He seems a being . . . .
. . . to sublimer worlds allied,
One from all passions purified,
E'en now half mingled with the sky,
And all prepared, oh, not to die,
But, like the prophet, to aspire,
In heaven's triumphal car of fire."

This preparation it is which adds the last grace to a good old age. The Christian's trust melts into the Christian's hope, as the sense of connection with this world gives place to a sense of more intimate connection with the world of spirits. He who has walked in his integrity and his piety here anticipates his departure for other scenes of service and enjoyment. Leaning on the word of the Lord, he treads the declining path of life with an equal step, neither dismayed nor elated at the thought that he is near its close. That thought becomes familiar, and it gives a depth to the serenity of which I have spoken, which it could derive from no other source. Prospects of eternity open themselves to the inward vision as the horizon of time is contracted, and the believer who has tasted many a cup of joy and of sorrow which
the Divine love has put to his lips, and has learned to confess that God is always good, waits for his last change without the disquietude of apprehension or impatience. Since the hope of the righteous is his, he cannot but enjoy the peace of the righteous.

We have confined our observation to those characteristics of a good old age which are within the control of the individual, and result from his personal qualities. They are enough to justify the application of the term which we have borrowed from the history of the ancient patriarch. But in the providence of the Heavenly Father we are sometimes permitted to see how circumstances may enable us to use this language with yet more emphasis. The usual condition of age, at least of extreme age, is one, so far as the body is concerned, of debility and suffering. It seems as if it were the penalty of living long, that life shall become tedious, through the decay of the organization with which it is connected. But there are exceptions; and when we see one who retains not the mental only, but also the physical vigor, whose senses still serve him as in younger days, and who is not made to feel that second period of helplessness which is so much more hard to bear than the first, we cannot but congratulate him as one especially favored of the Divine Providence.

There yet remains for us to notice that which may make the close of a long life a season of peculiar satisfaction. The old man need not be solitary, even
though the associates of his riper as well as his earlier years have been taken away. Another generation may rise up to call him blessed. Those genial affections of which we have spoken may still find exercise and reward. He may be the bond of a household, the centre of plans, the object of anxious but admiring love. And when the last years of life are spent amidst the comforts and attachments of home, with children prompt to discharge every office of filial duty, and friends who esteem it a privilege to sit within the sound of a voice from which they have always drawn instruction, when society looks up with veneration, and no one presumes to look down with pity, old age reminds us of the setting sun as we see it when the clouds gather around its full orb, not to obscure its lustre, but to glow with its beams and signalize its disappearance from our view.

By such a departure from the world which has been benefited and graced by its presence is the seal put upon a good old age. As its days run on their tranquil course to the last, so at the last do they quietly lose themselves in the unfathomable current of eternity. He who has outlived his contemporaries, and been beloved by their children, is gathered to his "fathers in peace." Death comes as a messenger from above, charged to lay no rude hand on the servant of God, but to conduct him with gentle guidance to the joys of the faithful. He is "buried in a good old age," and they who grieve for the loss which they
sustain return from his grave to speak of his virtues, and give thanks for the number of his years.

I need not say to you, my hearers, that in this delineation of "a good old age" I have only recalled the spectacle which was set before us in the life of that venerated friend, whose remains were the last week borne from this house to their final resting-place. Not to speak of him here would be a greater injustice to ourselves than to him. For he had every claim on our remembrance. If personal excellence, if constant attendance on our religious services and interest in our ecclesiastical affairs, if the enjoyment of universal respect and the exercise of a wide usefulness, if a long life of faithful labor amidst public and private trusts, if a love of intellectual pursuits joined with the sweetest social qualities, if the steadiest faith with the most equal piety, if guilelessness of character and warmth of sympathy, if a ripe and meek wisdom, if a Christian and philosophic old age, could entitle any one to be named in this sanctuary, he to whom I refer should not pass without honorable and grateful mention. I shall not attempt to frame his eulogy, nor to draw his portrait; but from a full heart let me say a few words concerning his long life and his rare worth.

That life extended over a period much beyond the usual limit of mortal being. Had he lived to see to-morrow's sun, he would have entered his eighty-
seventh year. Born in Plymouth, where with his first breath he drew in the inspiration of the Pilgrims' home, he not only retained to his last days a filial reverence for their memory, but in many of the traits of his character showed himself to be their lin­eal descendant and rightful representative. Gradu­ ated at the College which Puritan devotion to the interests of learning and piety had founded, he never ceased to regard that institution with fondness, and long rendered it faithful service. Educated for the legal profession, he established himself in his na­tive town, and soon gave proof of the capacity and disposition which through subsequent years secured for him the public confidence, as well as the unalter­able attachment of his friends. From this field of increasing usefulness and emolument he was called to the service of his country, having already taken a part in public affairs, and drawn to himself the notice of those who were anxious to intrust the care of the young republic to able and honest hands. At an early age he was appointed Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, an office of dignity and responsi­bleness. It was during the presidency of Washington, and Mr. Davis enjoyed opportunities of intercourse with that illustrious man, of which he spoke fifty years afterwards with a distinctness of recollection that showed how much they were valued at the time. The inadequacy of the salary obliged him to resign this office after holding it one year, and he returned to
New England; removing his family, however, from Plymouth to Boston, where he spent the remainder of his life.

Soon after his return he received, at the age of thirty-five, in the last year of Washington’s administration, the appointment of United States Attorney for this district; and four years afterwards, just before the close of Mr. Adams’s presidency, the appointment of United States District Judge, which, after some hesitation, and only at the urgent entreaty of friends, he accepted. Having entered upon the office, however, he gave himself to its duties with characteristic singleness of purpose and fidelity of performance, and remained in it for the long period of forty years. It was an office which in many respects was suited to his tastes. The necessity of careful study which it imposed was agreeable to his intellectual habits, its demand for impartial justice was congenial with his own rectitude of character, and the prohibition which it laid on any indulgence of the passions was favorable to that tranquillity of mind which he so highly prized. “Truth,” said he, quoting the words of another, “truth loves gentleness and peace.” They were words which he may be said to have taken as the motto of his life. For the legal profession he entertained a profound and enlightened respect. In the remarks which he made on retiring from the bench, he pronounced the “able, upright, well-instructed lawyer” worthy of high consideration.
"The studies in which he is accomplished, his knowledge of men in all their relations, his habits of research, reflection, and discrimination, the frank and independent tone of his character, inspired by the very genius of his profession, his unshaken fidelity to his trust, his varied intellectual acquisitions, his power of clear, forcible, and impressive communication, all inspire confidence, respect, and esteem." With singular felicity did he here describe the traits which marked his own professional course, both before and after his elevation to the judicial office. Concerning his discharge of the duties of that office, it would be preposterous for me to speak as from my own observation; but I may quote the language of another, whose admirable delineation of his character, if it were proper, I would here repeat in place of my own poor words. "There was no essential quality of a good judge wanting in him. He was just, learned, patient, courteous, and firm. His decisions were sound, wise, and scholarlike. His judicial deportment was beautiful. The passionless wisdom, the gentleness, the purity, the elevation, of the man shone through the judge, and made the court where he sat venerable." More than this could scarcely be said of any one; and less than this, I verily believe, could not have been said of Judge Davis without falling below the terms of just description.

He resigned his commission as judge in the summer of 1841, not because he was less able than at any
former period to discharge the judicial functions, but because he felt that at eighty years of age it was time for him to retire from active life, and find employment in the offices of friendship and meditation. As the burden of years increased, he freed himself from all public occupation, and before his death had laid aside every office or trust that had been placed in his hands. While he held a seat on the bench, he avoided political office, although he made no concealment of his opinions, and exercised all the rights of citizenship. His literary tastes and studies brought him, however, into connection with all the eminent minds in this neighbourhood, and with many at a distance. Those studies harmonized with the simplicity which marked his life, and were pursued with an interest that made him for many years prefer the seclusion of his library to the pleasures of the social circle. He loved natural science; he delighted more in the writings of the past than in the productions of the present; he was fond of poetry, and amused himself often with putting his thoughts into the easy flow of verse; but especially was he devoted to the study of our ancestral records. The early history of New England was a subject of lively interest to his mind. The characters of the forefathers, and the events which attended the settlement, of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Colonies, he traced with the accuracy of a biographer and the affection of a son. There was that in the Pilgrims' character with which he could fully sympathize.
He honored their virtues while he cherished their institutions.

With all this attention to his professional duties, and this love of science and letters, he found time for yet more sacred studies. He was well read in theology, and was by no means a stranger to the criticism of the Bible. Of his religious character we were able to judge more by his daily life than by professions or confessions. A firm believer in the Divine origin of Christianity, and a steadfast recipient of those opinions which have been stigmatized on the one hand, and commended on the other, by the title of Liberal, he refused to wear the trammels or the badges of any party. In a conversation which I held with him some months since, he expressed his dislike of extreme views, and showed a preference for that theory which represents the nature of Christ as a subject that eludes our investigation. The doctrines of Calvinism were as repugnant to his mild temper as they were inconsistent with the conclusions of his unbiased judgment. His faith in God was a calm and patient trust, spreading its influence over his whole being, and penetrating his inmost consciousness. If I should say that he was deeply religious, I should perhaps use the most appropriate word to describe the character of his religious exercises. They were neither superficial nor ostentatious. Many persons are in the habit of talking more freely on religious subjects, but none ever thought more seriously, or could
give more habitual proof of being governed by the revelations of Christian truth. Of this congregation he had been a member for half a century, and had taken an active part in the settlement of three ministers. It was not till after the settlement of Dr. Channing that he connected himself with the church, and it was in compliance with his request that he acceded to the choice which constituted him one of its officers. This relation he held till the last summer. He had in more than one instance before expressed a desire to offer his resignation, but was withheld by my urgent request that he would retain his official connection with us, even if his growing infirmities should not permit his fellow-worshippers to receive the elements of the Supper from his hands. A few months ago, however, he told me he could no longer hold a place, the duties of which he felt himself unable to perform, and was anxious to retire from every official situation. His resignation was therefore reluctantly accepted. His interest in our congregational affairs did not, however, abate. On the contrary, it seemed rather to increase with advancing years. No one in the society felt a more sincere concern for its welfare, or rejoiced more in its stability. To its present pastor he had been more than a friend from the moment of his coming among you. The first home which I had in Boston was at his house, and there did I ever find welcome, and sympathy, and counsel. Many associations bound his heart to this
altar, and his last words related to this place of our solemnities.

The great charm of Judge Davis's character lay in its simplicity, the simplicity of an affluent but incorrupt mind. A man more free from sinister purpose or selfish desire never lived. Hence he retained through life a singular capacity of enjoyment. He received pleasure while he gave it. He loved his friends while they loved him. There was an amenity about him such as we scarce ever see. Gentle as a child, yet with a mellow wisdom and a patriarchal courtesy, he drew us so near to him, that we almost forgot how far beyond us he had gone on the journey of life. His presence was never felt as a restraint upon the gladness of childhood, or the hopefulness of youth. As a friend has said of him since his death, he was one whom you could not help loving. In all this city there was not one, who had ever exchanged a word with him, who did not regard him with kind and respectful feelings. He inspired universal esteem. Hence it was that his usefulness did not cease with his retirement from public duties. His death is felt as a loss through our whole community, for his influence extended far beyond the circle of his kindred.

It was in his old age that the graces of his character shone forth in their full, though mild, lustre. His was "a good old age" in all those respects to which I alluded in the commencement of this discourse. The clearness of his mind was not abated, nor its freedom
of thought impeded. His affections were as warm, and his sympathies as fresh, as in the days of his youth. His serenity was like the deep blue of the sky, through which the stars shine without disturbing the impression which it makes on the beholder. His religious trust and devotion were the same as they had been through many a trial of anxiety and bereavement. His hope was as bright as it was tranquil. And then in the circumstances of life he was singularly favored. Though she who had walked by his side through the hours of a long and happy connection was no more with him, and the son on whom he had hoped to lean in his last days, and grandsons who were to him as own children, had been taken, others remained who made home pleasant and dear to him. The most watchful affection anticipated his wants, while "troops of friends" delighted to contribute in any way to the satisfactions of his declining age. The usual infirmities of advanced life were felt but lightly by him. His habits of temperance, his equanimity of mind, and his ready enjoyment of the influences about him, had concurred to keep off those weaknesses which press upon the aged. One calamity fell upon him as his days approached their close. The faculty of vision was impaired. To him who had spent hours of every day among his books, this was one of the severest privations that he could have been called to endure. Yet I am sure that we had a compensation for our grief on his account, in the example which he
gave us of a patient and cheerful spirit. For months
did he know of the loss which was gradually coming
upon him before he spoke of it even to his own house­
hold. And never, from that moment to his death, did
a word of complaint pass his lips.

I cannot withdraw my thoughts from the spectacle
of that old age. It was more than beautiful; it was
sacred. And yet it awakened no feeling of awe.
We always left his presence more cheerful than we
entered it. His mind stood in such pleasant rela­
tions to all about it that it communicated its tone, in
some measure, to ours. He saw things through the
medium of his own serenity, and they wore agreeable
aspects to his view. We might apply to him with
perfect justice those lines of Wordsworth, concerning
the "eloquent old man" whom he introduces in the
"Excursion":

"How pure his spirit! In what vivid hues
His mind gave back the various forms of things,
Caught in their fairest, happiest attitude."

This spirit of mild and ripe goodness pervaded all
his social relations. It gave a sweetness to his humor,
and a benignity to his rebuke,—if, indeed, he could
be said to have ever uttered a word of rebuke. The
play of his fancy was beautifully chaste,—luminous,
but not brilliant. Nothing could be more character­
istic than the sentiment drawn from him on a late
celebration of the forefathers’ landing: — "The new
Pilgrim’s Progress, in which there is no slough of
despond, and no giant Despair." Such was his idea of the Christian life, as he stood near its close. And according to the faith which he here expressed had he walked through a long course of years. Many sorrows had met him in his way, and many anxieties had gathered around his heart. But despair or despondency he never admitted to his breast. He regarded life with a wise composure, and extracted balm from the very thorn which had pierced his flesh. Well did he merit the title of a Christian philosopher. Over his old age philosophy and religion shed their mingled light, and poured their soft glories around his head.

Of such a life, and such an old age, there could be but one fit close. It was granted to our friend. He was gathered to his fathers "in peace." For one day only did disease hold him in its power, and even then it dealt gently with him, imposing no acute pain or wearisome suffering, but severing the bond which time had worn to its last thread, so that it might be broken without a feeling of distress. "I am very weak," said he, the night before he died; — that was all; and that was the natural prelude of his departure. The morning broke and found him sinking into the arms of the last angel whom God would send to him in this world. He was not surprised by his arrival. He knew the nature of his errand, and had long anticipated his coming. Children and grandchildren drew around his bed. The physicians, whose skill
had reached its bound, stood there also. His consciousness interpreted the meaning of that assemblage of kindred and friends in the chamber of sickness. "Shall I probably revive?" he asked. The answer caused not a shade to pass over his countenance. He waited yet a little longer, and then he ceased to breathe. And that meek and pure spirit, noble in its gentleness, wise in its trust, beautiful in its sanctity, had dissolved its earthly connections, that it might rise to the scenes of a higher existence. How suitable a conclusion of a long and tranquil experience! A peaceful death, the end of a peaceful life. The old man putting on the immortality of heaven with the same placid temper with which he had moved through the changes of his mortal course.

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
   The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
   Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
   Serenely to his final rest has passed;
   While the soft memory of his virtues yet
   Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
   Marked with some act of goodness every day;
   And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage
   Faded his late declining years away.
   Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
   To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
   And glad that he has gone to his reward;
   Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
   Softly to disengage the vital cord;
   For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
   Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."
Yes, venerated friend, it was thy time to die,—when thy strength was failing, but before the shadow of infirmity had come over thy spirit,—time for what was mortal to be "buried," since it had reached "a good old age," while that which the grave could not claim should ascend to its inheritance among the disenthralled and glorified ones. Thou hadst been as a father to me in the years of my manhood. Soon art thou called to follow one who was yet nearer to my heart. Counsellor and companion both gone! Let me not complain. Ye are rejoicing; let me be patient. May I but walk in the light of your blessed examples, and I too will hope to depart in peace, and join "the spirits of the just made perfect" in the world into which you have entered.

My friends, let us bear away from our commemoration of the honored dead some lessons for our own guidance and support in life. We have seen that old age may be full of grace and beauty, of comfort and enjoyment, of wisdom and usefulness. And we have seen that it derives these qualities from the character of the individual. Let us then dispossess our minds of the notion, that extreme age must be a period of painful or profitless existence. And let us keep in mind the instruction so strongly presented to us in the example on which we have been looking,—that by a faithful use of our powers, a tranquil self-control, and the culture of our religious and social affections in the
years of mature life, we may prepare for ourselves, if our days should be multiplied, an old age of peace and honor.

We learn, too, that death need not be a subject of dread, nor be regarded as a messenger of vengeance. He comes to every believer and disciple of the Lord Jesus, with a summons to the mansions which Christ has gone before to prepare, — to carry him thither in the arms of love, and place him within the spiritual household whose members dwell amidst the glorious presence of God. He is sometimes preceded by heralds who give painful warning of his approach, but at other times he comes with all the gentleness of a friend. To the children of God he brings a Father's invitation to enter upon a more blissful experience than they can enjoy here. “Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!”

We observe what consolation God provides for them on whom he lays the grief of bereavement. Ye mourners, there is comfort for you in the recollections which throng about your hearts from the years of the past. There is comfort for you in the thought, that your privation has brought deliverance from all that had, or that might have, become a burden to him whom you loved. There is comfort for you in considering how brief and easy was the passage from an earthly to a celestial home. There is comfort for you in Christ, and in God. Take this various comfort
to your hearts, and it will soothe your griefs, and enable you to go on your way without the arm on which you have rested, though not without the influence by which you have been guided.

For, finally, we are reminded how permanent is the influence of the good. It is not withdrawn with their bodily presence. Their lives of piety and usefulness still counsel, entreat, strengthen us. A new power is given to their once familiar example, as it is contemplated among the precious things of memory. How distinct are now its traits; how deep the impression they make on our hearts! He whose mild countenance will no more be seen in our religious assembly may still instruct us. As we recall his manifold excellence, our souls are kindled with a desire to copy it in our own characters. As we mark his course, we are led to observe the deviations from rectitude and simplicity in our own. As we think how much more we might have profited by his communion with us in the scenes of a mortal life, we are taught to follow more diligently the light that rests on the path by which he has ascended to heaven.
APPENDIX.

Note I. Page 11.

John Davis was born January 25, 1761. His father, Thomas Davis, was a native of Albany, New York, but in his childhood went to North Carolina, whence he came when a young man to New England, and established himself as a merchant in Plymouth; where he married Mercy Hedge, a lineal descendant of Governor Bradford and Elder Brewster. It was through his maternal ancestors, therefore, that Judge Davis traced his descent from the Pilgrims.

Note II. Page 12.

John Davis was married on the 7th of June, 1786, to Ellen Watson of Plymouth; who died, after a few hours' illness, at the house of her son-in-law, Rev. Ezra S. Goodwin of Sandwich, September 7, 1832.

Note III. Page 12.

Judge Davis was graduated at Cambridge in the class of 1781, of which four members only were living at the date of the last
triennial catalogue. He was one of the Fellows of the University from 1803 to 1810, when he accepted the office of Treasurer, which still gave him a seat in the Corporation. In 1827, he resigned the office of Treasurer, and was elected a member of the Board of Overseers, in which he retained a seat till his resignation in 1837. He received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Harvard in 1842; the same honor having been conferred on him by Dartmouth College just forty years before.

Note IV. Page 12.

In the Convention which was held in this Commonwealth to consider the question of adopting the Constitution of the United States Mr. Davis appeared as a delegate from Plymouth, and was at the time the youngest member, as he lived to be the last survivor, of that body. The Convention held its sessions in the meetinghouse in which he became a worshipper on his removal to Boston.* He subsequently represented his native town for some years in the legislature of the Commonwealth, and was chosen a member of the Senate from Plymouth county. He received the appointment of Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States in June, 1795. Oliver Wolcott was at that time Secretary of the Treasury; for whom Judge Davis entertained a high regard. On retiring from

*The following memorandum from the records of the Federal Street Church, made (as the handwriting shows) by Rev. Dr. Belknap, and introduced by the official copy of the vote of thanks of the Convention, will not be without interest, and may, not improperly, be copied here.

"February 6, 1788. The Convention of this Commonwealth, having by the Consent of the Proprietors held their Session three weeks in the Meeting house belonging to our Society, did on this day assent to and ratify the new Constitution of Government for the United States of America. On which occasion it was judged proper by the Citizens of this Metropolis that the name of the Street in which the said House stands be changed from Long Lane to Federal Street, and this Name was afterwards confirmed by the Selectmen in the Name and by the authority of the Town."
this office he was appointed by President Washington United States Attorney for the District of Massachusetts, succeeding the late Hon. Christopher Gore.

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Note V. Page 13.

In February, 1800, Mr. Davis succeeded Hon. John Lowell as Judge of the Massachusetts District. This place he held till July, 1841. The members of the Suffolk Bar, upon being informed of his intended resignation, unanimously passed the following resolution, which was presented to him, in the name and presence of the Bar, by Franklin Dexter, Esq., with appropriate remarks of his own, assuring the venerable man whom he addressed, that the resolution did not contain "words of mere form required by the occasion; but the sincere and spontaneous expression of the feelings and opinions of every member of the Bar, and of this commercial community."

"Resolved, That the Attorney of the United States be requested, in the name of this Bar, to make known to Judge Davis the high sense we all entertain of the importance of his judicial labors, which for so many years have exhibited varied and accurate learning, sound and discriminating judgment, unwearied patience, gentleness of manners, and perfect purity; and that Mr. Attorney be requested to express our heartfelt wishes, that he may find in retirement that dignified repose which forms the appropriate close of a long and useful life, and to bid him an affectionate farewell."

Judge Davis's reply, from which an extract is given in the preceding discourse, is characteristic of the mind and heart whence it proceeded. The scene which the court-room presented during its delivery will not be forgotten by those who were in attendance. The whole Bar crowding with the affectionate curiosity of children
around the place on which the aged judge sat, and listening in profound silence to the low tones of his voice, was in itself a proof of what Mr. Dexter had just declared,—that "their filial respect and affection had constantly increased with his increasing years."

Judge Davis was for nearly thirty years associated in the discharge of his duties in the Circuit Court with the late Hon. Joseph Story. In 1839 Judge Story, on publishing the first edition of his "Commentaries on the Law of Agency," took occasion, by dedicating the work to him, to "pay a public homage to his character, and to inscribe on its pages a memorial of their long and uninterrupted friendship." "The patience," he remarks, "the candor, the urbanity, the sound discretion, and the eminent ability, with which you performed all your judicial functions during this period, are known to no one better than to myself; for I have been the constant witness of them, and have sometimes partaken of them, and have always been instructed by them. In the earlier part of your judicial career, you led the way in exploring the then almost untrodden paths of Admiralty and Maritime Jurisprudence, and laid the profession under lasting obligations by unfolding its various learning and its comprehensive principles. Your judgments have stood the test of time, and are destined to be laid up among the Responsive Prudentium for professional instruction in future ages."

Note VI. Page 14.

I refer to a notice of Judge Davis which appeared in the "Boston Daily Advertiser" a few days after his death; and which was so marked by just discrimination of character and beauty of expression, that I felt, with others, a wish that it might be reprinted in some more durable form. There can be no impropriety in saying that it is from the pen of George S. Hillard, Esq., whose consent I have obtained for inserting it here.
Judge Davis had long passed that bourne of threescore and ten years, which is the appointed duration of human life, and most of those who are now living can remember him only as an old man. Had he lived eleven days longer, he would have entered upon his eighty-seventh year. He had long and worthily discharged honorable and responsible trusts, from all of which he had retired, when such retirement was dignified and graceful; when it was suggested not by disqualifying infirmities, but by the fear of them. His work was finished. His active life was brought to a close. His public duties and trusts had passed into other hands. He had only to wait the final summons and ‘adjust his mantle ere he fell.’

Of course the death of such a man awakens no other feeling than the natural regret caused by the removal of one so long honored and loved. It is only a loss for us that we are to see no more that venerable form, nor hear again the mild wisdom of that voice, which addressed every old man as if he were a brother, and every young man as if he were a son.

Judge Davis was long in the service of the public. He was a member of the Convention of Massachusetts which adopted the Constitution of the United States. He was the youngest member of that body and the last survivor. He was appointed Comptroller of the Treasury, and afterwards District Attorney, by Washington, and District Judge by the elder Adams. This last office he filled more than forty years. To say that he discharged its duties to the entire satisfaction of the bar and the public, would be giving but faint praise to his judicial life. There was no essential quality of a good judge wanting in him. He was just, learned, patient, courteous, and firm. His decisions were sound, wise, and scholar-like. His judicial deportment was beautiful. The motto of a noble English family — *Magistratus indicat virum* — recurs to the mind, in remembering Judge Davis. His personal qualities were so admirable that they could gain nothing from the place which he
occupied, but they rather added to it. The passionless wisdom, the gentleness, the purity, the elevation, of the man shone through the judge, and made the court where he sat venerable. The quiet tones in which he gave his judgment were like the voice of justice itself. His judicial deportment would have made more impression upon vulgar minds had he been a man of more alloy; had he been ambitious, impatient, vehement, ostentatious, and overbearing. But every thing was done so noiselessly and gently, that there seemed to superficial apprehension a want of strength. As most men see more power in the eclipse than in the sunrise, in the storm than in the sunshine, in the earthquake than in the world's soft spinning upon its daily axle, so we carry the same mistake into our moral judgments. We associate power with a loud voice, an overbearing manner, an impetuous will.

"But Judge Davis had none of these. His modesty shrunk with peculiar sensitiveness from any thing like display. He sought to do his duty, with no thought as to the impression it might make upon others. Only those members of the bar who practised before him could know the soundness of his legal judgment, his accurate learning, his conscientious fidelity to every case that came before him, and the unerring instinct that led him always to the right conclusion and by the right path. He gave a memorable instance of his judicial firmness, by his judgment in favor of the constitutionality of the Embargo, when the current of opinion around him was so strongly set the other way. Had he been one of the judges in the case of the ship-money, he would have given judgment against the king with his usual calmness, and would have been surprised had any one given him to understand that it was an act deserving to be praised and remembered.

"But it is by no means for his public life alone that Judge Davis is to be honored and held in remembrance. It is possible for a man to be selfish, avaricious, ill-tempered, and heartless, and yet be a good judge and faithful public servant. But in the case of Judge Davis we had no need to borrow the mantle of his office to
throw over his personal defects. His virtues were so bounteous, so large, and so unalloyed, that they made the man John Davis greater than any possible office. He was higher than the bench, and purer than the ermine. No one ever left his presence without carrying away a peculiar impression of gentleness, sweetness, simplicity, goodness, and natural dignity. He never said any thing bitter, unkind, or uncharitable. He had no acerbities of temperament to subdue. There was no gall in his heart. He carried a judicial conscience into his daily life. Never by word or deed did he do injustice to any human being. Never did he seek his own advancement at the expense of the smallest rightful claim of others. He had read much, and seen much, and thought much, and thus his mind was stored with knowledge and sagacity, and was full of a certain ripe and mellow wisdom. But these gifts were never obtruded. He never said any thing for effect. The thought never troubled him that another person might not know that he had this knowledge or that faculty. Whatever came from his mind flowed naturally and unconsciously. He had no wish not to appear what he was, and none to appear what he was not. His common words carried with them the truthfulness of affidavits.

"He had an uncommon share of calmness and quietness in his manners and temperament; which qualities are not common in our community. Our organization is so active, and there are so many things to be done here, that there is hardly ever the natural proportion between the doer and his work. Those who have any thing to do have generally too much. Consequently we are hurried, anxious, nervous and restless. But there was always an atmosphere of repose about Judge Davis. He was ever happily and healthily occupied, but never hurried or uneasy. His manner fell, with a soothing influence, upon the restless spirits who had occasion to approach him. There was nothing fitful in his activity; nothing apathetic in his repose.

"Judge Davis was already an old man when the writer of this notice first knew him; but nothing of him ever grew old but his
body. The qualities that make age unlovely never gathered around him. Time neither narrowed, nor sharpened, nor embittered him; it did not contract the circle of his sympathies; it did not chill his affections nor render his judgments harsh; it did not make him a severe censor of the pleasures he had outlived. Neither selfishness, nor moroseness, nor intolerance, nor love of money, ever crossed the threshold of his breast. It was beautiful to see an old man with feelings so fresh and tastes so young. It was the 'odorous chaplet of sweet buds' set, but not 'in mockery,' upon winter's brow. To the last moment of his life he retained unimpaired his taste for simple and natural pleasures; for beautiful scenery, for music, for the sports of children, for conversation, and, especially, for knowledge in all its forms. One of the last times he appeared in public was to hear one of those admirable lectures with which Professor Agassiz has lately been delighting our community. Thus, when he had laid aside all his usual employments, the cheerful, happy, wise old man felt no aching void. His days were not without object and interest. His books, his friends, his tastes, the daily air and sunshine of life, filled up the measure of his time with quiet satisfactions.

"Judge Davis was, in no respect, behind his time; but he had less sympathy than many other men with the restless progress of the age. Not that he was averse to this, or that he had any anxious fears for the future, but he loved rather to dwell with 'backward-looking thoughts.' Born in the Old Colony, he early became wedded to the associations which are indigenous to that soil. The Pilgrim fathers, their motives, their principles, their lives, were to him a theme for constant meditation, and a subject of constant inquiry. By study and reflection he had so saturated his mind with knowledge of those times and those men, that when he spoke of them, it was with such distinctness, accuracy, and precision, that it seemed as if he must have known them and lived among them, and not merely read about them. He seemed to have drawn his information from open vision, and not the written word. Carver, and
Winslow, and Bradford, and Standish were not seen by him in the cold distance of history as abstractions, but as in the warm and living present, like men whom he had met with face to face. He delighted to wander over the spots which the footprints of the Pilgrims had hallowed, along the shores where they had landed, and by the hill where they were gathered to their last repose. Upon these themes he never spoke without a certain placid enthusiasm, which suffused his eyes and gave a glow of animation to his countenance. He was himself a model of all that was good in the character of the Pilgrims, without their alloy. He had their purity, elevation, ardent piety, and devotion to duty, without their sternness, their austerity, or their intolerance. These harsh elements had no place in his genial and kindly nature. The rigor of the old law governed their conduct and speech; but in him was seen the grace, as well as the truth which were brought by a new and milder dispensation. His very reproofs were gentler than some men’s praises.

“He was a man of warm domestic affections, and in his family his nature found the best satisfactions. Here there were seen the same sweetness, gentleness, kindness, and consideration for others, which marked his intercourse with the world. Nor had he escaped those sufferings to which affectionate natures are exposed. He had mourned over those who, in the course of nature, should have mourned over him. An only son, grandsons who were dear as sons, the wife of his youth, were taken away from him. But these bereavements only served to give a gentler seriousness to his manner, and a more affectionate expression to the countenance which he turned to the friends and kindred that were left behind. His religious trust was a part of his very being. To have been made gloomy, or querulous, or harsh, by affliction, would have implied a doubt of God’s moral providence. That was to him a fact, not a speculation. Was he happy in the society of those whom he loved? it was well. Were they taken away from him? it was also well. And the same spirit of submission reigned over his
whole life. One of his last conversations with his family turned upon a playful inquiry as to how he should amuse himself, in the blindness which he felt was impending over him from his rapidly decaying sight,—a cheerful and wise conversation, which left none but pleasant thoughts behind, in the memory of those who heard it. But as to complaining that he was about to be blind,—it no more occurred to him than to complain that he was more than eighty years old.

"The long, honorable, and useful life of this venerable man was crowned with an appropriate and fitting close. Without pain, or lingering illness, or any thing more than natural decay, by a touch as gentle as that which loosens the ripe apple from the bough, he has been called away from the life that is to the life that is to be. His illness was very brief, and attended with little or no apparent suffering. Had his friends been permitted to choose the time and manner of his dissolution, they would hardly have asked any other. It was a peaceful euthanasia, and not a struggling death. In the hearts of those who survive him there can be no feeling but gratitude, alike for the prolonged enjoyments of life and for its merciful close."

Note VII. Page 15.

Judge Davis held the office of President of the Massachusetts Historical Society for many years. He was also a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the American Philosophical Society (of Philadelphia), and of other literary and scientific associations. At the time of his death he was the oldest member of an association of gentlemen, to which he had belonged for a great number of years, and which met weekly, under the name of the Wednesday Evening Club, for social and literary improvement. After his decease the surviving members addressed a letter of sympathy to his family, which I avail myself of the permission given me to introduce here, as it not only expresses the
feelings which were entertained towards him by those who had
long known him in the freedom of friendly intercourse, but con­tains a happy portraiture of character.

"The members of the Wednesday evening club,—in which Judge Davis was the familiar companion of three generations, hav­ing joined it in the last century while some of the venerable men by whom it was founded, in the year 1778, were still living, and continued to attend its meetings to a late period,—ask leave to express their sympathy with his family.

"Entertaining, with this whole community, the highest respect for his character as a citizen, as a judge, and in the various other public relations which he sustained, as well as for his sincere and unbigated study, from early youth to extreme age, of all truth in nature, letters, and morals, it has been our peculiar happiness to know, and therefore to love him, as our venerated associate; and to witness, in their most attractive forms, the gentle virtues which shed so much beauty on his life, and which rendered him inexpressibly dear to all who knew him intimately, and most so to those who knew him best.

"We recall, with a grateful satisfaction, the pleasure he was willing to receive, as well as to impart, in our hours of social inter­course; and the lively interest which he always took in the pur­suits and in the feelings of men so much younger than himself.

"We number it with our privileges, that he admitted us to a place in his friendship. We were gladdened by the unvarying kindness of his greeting. We were instructed by his meek and unobtrusive wisdom. We were certain, when we needed it, of the lenity of his judgments. And among our choicest recollections will be the image of one, who, with a quick apprehension and sound judgment, with the appropriate learning of his profession, with extensive and accurate knowledge in several of the natural sciences, in history, and in literature, and with a refined and simple
taste, united unwavering integrity, freshness of heart, and a blameless life. Such a life, inspired and made fruitful of good deeds by a pure Christian faith, and crowned by a late and placid death, affords no subject for lamentation; but will always be held by us in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

(Signed)

James Savage, Jacob Bigelow, Francis Parkman, Charles P. Curtis, F. C. Gray, Thomas G. Cary, John Homans, Alexander Young, George B. Emerson, Thomas B. Curtis,

J. A. Lowell, Josiah Quincy, Jr., Samuel K. Lothrop, J. Thomas Stevenson, Oliver W. Holmes, George Hayward, Francis B. Crowninshield, Ephraim Peabody, Benjamin D. Greene, Robert C. Winthrop.

"Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1847."

Note VIII. Page 15.

In 1826, Judge Davis published an edition of Morton's "New England's Memorial," with "large Additions in marginal Notes, and an Appendix" of more than a hundred pages. The work bears in every part proof of his industry and impartiality, and must always be regarded as a principal authority on questions relating to our early colonial history.

With the exception of this volume Judge Davis published very little. "The modesty which adorned so many talents and so many virtues" prevented his claiming the reputation which his various learning and his agreeable style of expression would have secured for him as an author. The only publications which, as I can learn,
appeared under his name, were an Eulogy delivered in Boston after the death of General Washington, an Address before the Charitable Fire Society in Boston, and an Address delivered before the Massachusetts Historical Society on the 22d of December, 1813. In 1811 he republished, in a small volume, "Two Lectures on Comets, by Professor Winthrop, also an Essay on Comets, by A. Oliver, Jr., Esq.," to which he prefixed "Sketches of the Lives of Professor Winthrop and Mr. Oliver," and added a "Supplement relative to the present Comet of 1811." Valuable articles from his pen may be found in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was also an occasional contributor to the periodical journals of his time.

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Note IX. Page 17.

Mr. Davis's connection with the Federal Street congregation began with his removal to Boston in 1797. His name appears among those who voted upon the question of giving Rev. John S. Popkin "a call to settle in the ministry," in 1799, and afterwards as one of the Committee "to prepare and present the call." He was chosen one of the Deacons of the Federal Street Church, November 2, 1817. Upon his resignation of this office, June 7, 1846, the following resolution was passed by the church.

"Voted, that this church with just sensibility receive the resignation of the office of Deacon by John Davis; and though we should rejoice in his continuance, however unable to serve, as heretofore, we cannot, without unreasonable disregard of his suggestions, refuse our assent to his request of discharge; — that, while we express our thanks for his fulfilment of the duties, during almost forty [thirty] years, with Christian faithfulness and courtesy, we
earnestly desire that the consolations and enjoyments, derivable more from his own reflections than even from the unbounded esteem of all the present members of our Society, may long continue to brighten the residue of his days on earth with anticipations of the life beyond the grave."

Note X. Page 19.

In the course of the last summer, Judge Davis wrote a letter to his friend, Hon. John Quincy Adams, in which he alluded to his blindness, and enclosed some lines which were probably the last that he ever wrote, at least with his own hand. As evidence of an undimmed intellect, and of the religious cheerfulness which he maintained at the age of eighty-five, they cannot but be read with interest.

"On fleet shadows I've gazed, skimming over the plain, Fair prospects by me to be seen not again, Mists darklingly mingle, obscuring the sight, Dim shades of the evening, preceding the night."

"Yet not without measure approaches the doom, A halo of hope all encircling the gloom, Things not seen suggesting, in purest array, The garments of praise and perennial day."

I am indebted to Rev. Dr. Frothingham of this city for another illustration (as I am happy to agree with him in regarding it) of the tone of mind to which I have referred, and which enabled our honored friend to fill the airy spaces around him with agreeable images. I give the passage in Dr. Frothingham's words.

"'I know you by your voice, though I do not see you,' said the Judge to me one day last summer, when I met him at the house of
a friend. He added, after a pause,—‘But yet I have some compensation made me for the loss of my sight, by seeing sometimes very distinctly what has no actual object corresponding to it. For instance, when I turn towards the window or the bright side of the room, there will appear a tree, at first imperfect, but gradually acquiring shape. By degrees a country scene will spread round it. Hills will rise in the background; and perhaps a stream will flow through the picture, that at length takes all the form and color of reality. At another time the mast of a ship will rise before me. Spars and sails will grow upon it. The sea will begin to heave, and bear up the full-rigged vessel. A marine view will be as bright before me as the landscape had been before.’ I asked him if these scenes were always agreeable, and he replied that they were. I asked again, if he applied any effort, or was conscious of using any will of his own, in the formation of these pleasant phantoms; and he assured me that he was wholly passive. They were involuntary. He looked, and they came.

“This can doubtless all be explained on physiological principles. And yet I feel sure that a moral as well as physical effect is here to be acknowledged. A mind less serene than his would not have reflected these tranquil images. I cannot help regarding them as a part of the reward of his faithful and undisturbed spirit.”

To another friend, who has furnished some interesting reminiscences to the “Christian World,” Judge Davis also spoke of this “singular compensation.” “At times, he said, he was surrounded with the forms and most distinct appearance of many persons, all of them very agreeable, in no sense disagreeable, moving about in all directions, and sometimes so numerous as to form quite a crowd. ‘I sit on Sunday in my pew next to the pulpit,’ said he, ‘and the space between me and that is at times occupied by these forms, so as quite to fill the place around the Communion table. I am of course aware of the cause and nature of these illusions,
but at times they are so strikingly distinct that it seems almost im-
possible that they are not real.'"

It is at least a pleasant thought, that the character of these vision-
ary scenes was derived from the serenity and purity of his own
mind. "He had ever valued the society of the most worthy and
 estimable about him, and cherished their memory. They came
back to him now, shadows indeed, when external objects were
fading away, bright and cheerful reproductions of what had been
most welcome realities."
A

DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF THE

HON. SILAS WRIGHT,

LATE GOVERNOR

OF THE

STATE OF NEW-YORK;

AND DELIVERED IN THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ALBANY,

SEPT. 5, 1847.

BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

MINISTER OF SAID CHURCH.

ALBANY:

PRINTED BY C. VAN BENTHUYSEN.

1847
CORRESPONDENCE.

Albany, Sept. 7, 1847.

To Wm. B. Sprague, D. D.:

Rev. and Dear Sir,

The undersigned, impressed with the value, eloquence and appropriateness of your Sermon on Sunday last on the death of our late distinguished fellow-citizen, Silas Wright, respectfully solicit a copy of it for publication.

Uniting with you in deploving an event, which deprives his friends and his country of one so eminent in statesmanship, and in the moral qualities which adorn and elevate public distinction, we remain,

With the highest regard,

Your friends and parishioners,

ERASTUS CORNING,
GREGNE C. BRONSON,
THOMAS W. OLCCOTT,
WILLIAM SMITH, JR.,
B. R. WOOD,
JAMES D. WASSON,
A. McINTYRE,
JOEL RATHBONE,
ANDREW WHITE,
JOHN TOWNSEND,
E. P. PRENTICE.

Gentlemen,

In complying with the request so kindly conveyed to me by your note of the 7th inst. it is due to myself to say that the Discourse referred to was written while I was labouring under bodily indisposition, and partly while suffering severe pain. Such as it is, I cheerfully put it at your disposal, and am glad to join you in any suitable expression of regard for the memory of our departed friend.

I am, Gentlemen, with great regard,

Very truly yours,

W. B. SPRAGUE,

Messrs. E. CORNING, and others.

Albany, 9th Sept., 1847.
DISCOURSE.

PSALM CXLVI. 3, 4.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

It is interesting to observe how constantly the statements of scripture are verified before our eyes; how doctrines are illustrated by facts; how predictions pass into history; how the voice of God in his providence is but an echo to the voice of God in his word. Nor is it in the general course of things alone that this analogy is to be recognised: not an event occurs, however grand, however strange, however appalling, but that if we search the scriptures, we shall either find that it is shadowed forth among the things that are to be, or else shall discover its actual prototype in some recorded reality. It is a profitable exercise thus to compare what we see of God’s doings in the world, with what we read of his doings and purposes in the Bible. It is fitted to exalt our
conceptions both of his providence and his word, and to render his utterances in each more distinct and impressive. And if I mistake not, we shall find ourselves thus employed, in meditating on the passage of scripture which I have just read to you, in connection with the dispensation of providence which hath suggested its selection as a subject for the present exercise.

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." We have here a caution, or if you please, a prohibition, enforced by an argument.

The prohibition is conveyed by the words,—

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man."

The object which we are here forbidden to trust,—what is it?

In the most general sense it is "the son of man,"—the race of man,—all the dwellers upon the earth who possess the same faculties with ourselves. Not that I would derogate aught from the dignity which man can reasonably claim; for whatever be his degradation, there is greatness, there is nobility,
pertaining to him. He was the last of the creations of God. He was constituted by his Maker the lord of this world; and hence we find that all the inferior orders of being render him either a voluntary or an involuntary tribute. Time was when, though a creature, he was a sort of miniature divinity. God Himself acknowledged that his own image was shining out upon him; and even now, amidst his present ruin, there is that about him that marks him clearly enough as a child of the skies. Let man then receive all the homage to which he is justly entitled. I may reasonably admire him as a glorious piece of the divine workmanship. I may venerate him, savage though he be, outcast though he be, for the traces of the divine image which I can still recognise in his intellectual and immortal nature. I may love him for the excellence which he exemplifies or the benefits which he confers. But there is a sense in which I may not yield him my confidence; for he is a "son of man;" and of such an one God hath said, "Put not your trust in him."

But suppose it be conceded that mankind as a race are not to be trusted,—yet is it not at least possible that this general rule may have
its exceptions? There are some great spirits in the world;—great, I mean, when compared with the mass. There are men who stand out from the race for the vastness of their intellects, the loftiness of their purposes, the intensity of their efforts in the great cause of the world’s regeneration. And these men, not unfrequently, are exalted to high places, and have a large dominion meted out to them by the providence of God, and their influence presses upon you, like an all pervading element, from every direction. Be it so that you may not trust the vulgar herd; be it so that you may not trust even men of ordinary intellectual and moral stature,—yet are not these nobles among the race fairly entitled to your confidence? Not so long as God says, “Put not your trust in princes.” He allows you to reverence them; as the case may be, he even requires you to obey them; and it is at your peril that you withhold from them suitable regards; but after all, you may not, you can not, trust them, unless you will incur the divine displeasure.

Nevertheless, this statement needs to be qualified: it is qualified by the general tenor and spirit of the Bible. If we will understand God’s word aright, we must view it in its con-
nections, comparing spiritual things with spiritual; and by the aid of this principle of interpretation, we quickly arrive at the conclusion that the prohibition in our text is to be taken in that restricted sense, which renders it quite consistent with the cultivation of that mutual confidence among men which is enjoined as a virtue, and which is essential to the well-being,—I may say, to the existence, of society. If the child were not to trust the parent nor the parent the child, the magistrate the subject nor the subject the magistrate, the master the servant nor the servant the master;—if a universal distrust were to be diffused through all the marts of commerce, and all the halls of legislation, and all the walks of social and domestic life, the very elements of society would part; and the same winds that would unfurl the standard of universal anarchy would be Heaven's own requiem to human peace and joy. What the text forbids, therefore, is an ultimate reliance on an arm of flesh, even the most powerful;—a trust that goes beyond man's ability, virtually attributing to him qualities which he does not possess;—a trust that brings dishonour upon the Highest, overlooking his supreme control. The amount
of the prohibition then is this: — you may put your trust in man within certain limits defined by his character and his condition; but you may not trust him in respect to the ultimate disposal of any thing; you may not trust him in any way that is inconsistent with rendering due honour to the supreme agent; and in trusting him at all, you are to regard him only as an instrument in God's hand for carrying into effect the great ends of his administration.

But why is it that we may not put our ultimate trust in men,—even in princes? Let man stand forth and show himself, and in every feature of his character I can find a reason, why he should not be the object of my highest confidence. Prince though thou art, yet inasmuch as thou art a son of man, thou art a short sighted creature, liable to mistake even in thy most confident calculations, and therefore not to be trusted. Thou art a mutable creature, often vacillating where thou wast expected to stand firm, showing thyself alternately the advocate and the opposer of the same cause; and who can assure me that to-morrow will not find thee a different man from what thou art to-day; and therefore how can I put my trust in thee as if I knew that
thou wouldst never change? Thou art a selfish being; thou carest for thyself too much and for others too little; and how am I to know that my interests may not suffer, even perish, if they are committed to thy keeping? And thine arm is very feebleness; when nerved to the utmost, it is scarcely a match for an insect; and even though thine heart may be good for some great and worthy achievement, conscious weakness may lead thee to turn thy face the other way. Each of these were a sufficient reason for not giving to man our ultimate confidence. But I shall content myself with having barely alluded to them, and dwell only on the reason which is suggested by the text; — viz: the fact that man is mortal. There is "no help" in him, because "his breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth, in that very day his thoughts perish." Let him possess whatever other qualities he may, so long as he has the sentence of death in himself, it were madness to trust him as if he were to live forever.

"His breath goeth forth."

Man's life came with his breath, and with his breath it departs. The operation of breathing is performed by the lungs, — an organ of
extreme delicacy, and liable to derangement from a thousand causes; some of which are, while others are not, within the range of human discovery. No matter in what part of the system disease may be seated, or how many of the animal functions it may derange or destroy in its progress, it never becomes fatal, till, either directly or indirectly, it reaches the lungs and stops the breath. See you that strong man bowed under a burden that is too heavy for him;—panting, writhing, convulsed with an agony that pervades every nerve, distorts every feature, vents itself in every breath? Oh, he is undergoing the mysterious process of dying! The ultimate fact that comes within your observation is, that his breath is going forth; but the visible here is only the representative of the invisible;—there is an assemblage of great and awful facts of which the senses take no cognizance, that cluster around this one, and that go to make up the whole idea of dying. You cannot judge of the office of death by what you see: the monster himself must become your teacher, and you must become at once his subject and his victim, before you can suitably estimate the work that he performs.
But this expression is significant not merely of death, but of sudden death. "His breath goeth forth," as in the twinkling of an eye. Perhaps he sat by your side conversing with you; a brief pause ensued, and while you were waiting for his answer, you saw that he was dead. Perhaps he retired to his chamber in vigorous health; and as he appeared not in the morning at the accustomed hour, you knocked at the door of his apartment, and received no answer, as it turned out, because he was dead. Perhaps he was in the pulpit proclaiming God's message, or at the bar vindicating the rights of the injured, or in the senate house speaking to the extremities of the nation;—he uttered his last sentence with all his wonted earnestness and manliness, and there were no signs of faltering even upon the very last word; and yet it was the last word he was destined to utter: the preacher, the advocate, the statesman was dead. And it is not merely in the more mysterious forms of disease that sudden death lurks, but in the innumerable casualties, as we call them,—unlooked for and appalling occurrences, which enter so largely into the experience of men. How suddenly did that man die, who was awakened at the dead of night
by the fury of the flames or the crashing of the timbers, in the ship that was bearing him across the ocean; and yet he was only one of a host who sunk that night in the great waters. How suddenly did he die, who went forth from the midst of his friends, a little while since, to encounter the perils of the battle field: amidst the confusion and terror of the scene, an event occurred little heeded by those around him, but of mighty import to himself;—he fell; his breath went forth, and his armour seemed to be left in the keeping of a corpse; and this instead of being a solitary case, differed in nothing material from hundreds of others. Oh there is not an hour of your life, however free from care, however full of joy, but death may come. There is no pleasure so innocent, no duty so sacred, no condition so safe, no relation so tender, but that it may become identified with death’s terrible ministration.

"He returneth to his earth."

The going forth of his breath is the preparation for this. When the vital principle hath once fled, none but the creating power is adequate to restore it; and it is not too much to say that that power is pledged not to restore it till the day of the final restitution of the dead.
And with the extinction of life begins the process of decay. At first it may not be perceptible. The lips, though sealed, look as if they might still perform their office. The features, though fixed and motionless, have settled down into a smile. The limbs, though cold and rigid, seem to the eye just as when they were nerved with life. And the mourner sometimes will have it that his friend is there; nay, will even embrace that lifeless body, as if it were expected to give back some wonted token of endearment. But soon, in obedience to a law of his nature, he begins to return to his earth. Not only is he deposited in the earth as his final resting place, but he gradually becomes assimilated to the clods that press about him, until, after a few generations, he may himself constitute the clods in which other bodies shall lie embosomed. I would never speak or think of this humiliating feature of our condition, without giving God thanks that Jesus is the Resurrection and the Life. Let me have this blessed truth as a lamp to my feet, and I will not fear to traverse death's darkest dominion; —for what matters it though I find my own dearest friend there, where the worm revels; what matters it though all my friends and kind-
red are there, an assemblage of corpses passing ages of unbroken silence together; — what matters it, so long as I am permitted to know that the Lord of the sepulchre is there too; that they are only undergoing the Heaven-ordained process in preparation for their putting on immortality; and that because they have died in Jesus, they sleep in him, and he will bring them with him at his second coming?

“In that very day his thoughts perish.”

Every man has his thoughts, his purposes concerning the future. This results alike from the constitution which God has given him, and the condition in which He has placed him. These purposes, as they exist in different individuals, exhibit an almost endless variety; but they all have respect to the body or the spirit; to the life that now is or that which is to come. But be they what they may in their character and tendency, when the breath goeth forth and man returneth to his earth, in that very day they perish. Suppose it be one of the princes of the earth that hath died, — what a perishing of purposes is there in him!

If he had ambitious purposes, they perish. The love of influence is an essential element of our nature; and it is only where it becomes
perverted through excessive self-regard, or where it sinks into the ignoble desire of mere personal ascendancy for the sake of mere personal gratification, that the indulgence of it is to be condemned. But the world abounds with examples of such perversion;—cases in which this desire, instead of being kept within its legitimate limits, mounts up into the ruling passion, and arms itself with mighty power, and defies every opposing influence. And besides these extreme cases, there are many others in which this passion is steadily at work, where its operations are, in a great measure, unperceived. It nerves many a hand that you would say was moved only by generous or patriotic impulses. It breathes in many a speech that you would suppose was dictated by unmingled good will to man. It is the soul of many a purpose that would seem to have been originated by some influence from above. But wherever this spirit exists, and whatever may be the purposes which it dictates, they all perish in the day of death. There may be plans formed for enlarging the sphere of one's influence or one's dominion, that appear entirely practicable; but what nothing else seemed likely to defeat, death defeats in a moment.
The individual may have felt himself so great and strong, that he thought there was no cause to fear from any thing; but in his estimate of adverse agencies, he forgot the irresistible power of the king of terrors. No matter what wreaths or diadems might have been within his reach, if he had lived, they all fade upon his dying eye, and the experience of his last hour stamps vanity as well upon what he had aspired to as upon what he had attained.

If he have had patriotic purposes, these perish also. He may be a man of comprehensive and lofty aims; he may have cherished during his whole life an earnest devotion to his country's welfare; he may have been placed in circumstances especially fitted to keep the fire of patriotism alive and glowing in his bosom; dark clouds may be lowering in the national horizon, and the time of need for the action of great and heroic spirits may have come; and his own prolific mind may be teeming with purposes of safety and honour to his country; but here again, with the going forth of his breath all his noble purposes perish. His mind is still active indeed, but it is employed upon other objects and amidst other scenes. God may take care of his country;
but other instruments than himself must be used for its preservation.

Or if he have had humane and benevolent purposes, they too must, with equal certainty, perish. He may have had a naturally philanthropic spirit, — an ear that was quick to catch the notes of sorrow, — a heart that beat instinctively to every tale of wo: though he may have occupied a lofty station, he may have descended with the utmost grace into the hut of poverty or the chamber of sickness to soothe and to comfort; he may have been the centre of intellectual or social improvement to the community in which he lived; and his liberal mind may have been intensely occupied in opening new channels of public or private blessing; but stern, inexorable death arrests him; and all his purposes of good, — where are they? Oh he can labour no longer for their accomplishment; for already he has returned to his earth. Public spirit and philanthropy that put in requisition his services once, are now weeping around his grave.

I have spoken of the perishing of the thoughts or purposes of the individual who is himself the subject of death; but it must occur to you at once that in his death, other
purposes than his own perish. If he have been an exalted patriot, his country has had her eye upon him as a helper in great and pressing exigencies: she has expected to take counsel of his wisdom, to repose in his firmness and integrity, and perhaps to outlive some fierce storm for which the political elements may seem to be combining themselves, because she looks to him to ride in it and direct it. Or it may be, it almost certainly will be, that his country is divided in respect to important principles of national policy; and the party to which he belongs may have identified him, if not with its continued existence, at least with its highest prosperity. Or if he have been largely endowed with generous and humane sensibilities, if he have been signalized as the friend of the sick and the destitute, if he have been ever ready to enlarge the circle of philanthropic effort within his sphere, then, rely on it, there are multitudes who have been looking to him as a benefactor; there are hearts which expected to have been soothed by his charities, and other hearts which expected to have been improved and guided by his wisdom; and the whole community have identified him in some way or other with their
hopes of general progress. But all these various purposes, no matter to what they relate, and no matter by whom they are cherished, perish in the very moment of the going forth of his breath. The political party in connection with which he had laboured receives a shock, as if the balance wheel in her machinery were gone. The country at large which had reverenced him for his great and patriotic qualities, acknowledges that an armour-bearer hath failed her. Those who had been blessed with his kindness in the hour of need, and those who had relied upon his counsel in times of difficulty, and those who had felt their labours lightened by his generous smile or his voluntary co-operation, — all realize that they had had purposes associated with him, of which perhaps they had not before been conscious; — purposes, the perishing of which, it may be, hath arrayed the future in respect to them, in deep darkness. That great man, that prince, died like any other of the sons of men; but in the going forth of his spirit there was a blow struck that vibrated to unnumbered hearts: in the perishing of his thoughts, the thoughts of millions perished also.

Pause now and see whether we have not
gathered the materials for a most convincing argument against trusting in the son of man,—against trusting even in the princes of the earth. Yonder is a man of undisputed greatness. The God of nature made him great; and the God of providence has added largely to his stature by the influences with which He has surrounded him. And he is amiable and generous and public spirited, as well as sagacious and far seeing; his integrity not less than his intelligence renders him an object of public respect. His country, as might have been expected, has found him out, and lifted him into one of her loftiest stations, and almost told him that she had nothing to give but what she was willing should be his. He has no sickly constitution to embarrass him in his efforts for the public weal; and if the physician visits him, it is in a social and not in a professional way. You see there the full vigour of a gigantic mind, and the strong pulsations of a patriotic heart. You see laurels that have been already placed upon the brow, and these perhaps only a pledge of yet brighter laurels which are to come hereafter. You behold a frame so erect and robust as not even to suggest to your mind a thought about mortality.
And yet while you are looking at that prince, what is it that forces itself upon you but the appalling fact that his breath is going forth? You may call for medical aid; but when the physician comes, he has to do only with a corpse. You may anxiously enquire if it be not faintness instead of death; but they who are the wisest in such matters, answer ‘No.’ You may raise up the great man from the spot where death hath laid him, in the hope of gaining some evidence that the vital spark is not clean gone; but you cannot resist the conviction that you are putting yourself in contact with a clod. All his purposes, and all your purposes in connection with him, have perished. And now I ask whether the son of man, whether even a prince, is to be ultimately trusted. Is it not rather madness than folly to put our trust in any amount of human wisdom, or human firmness or human integrity, so long as it must always be associated with human mortality?

It cannot, I think, have escaped you, as we have passed along, that each division of our subject has a most striking practical illustration in the life and death of that eminent individual whom this state and this nation have
just been so suddenly called to lament. I am aware of the supposed delicacy of introducing into the pulpit notices of individuals who have been identified prominently with either of the great political parties of the country; but my own past experience has furnished me with evidence that here at least it is safe to do it; that whatever may be your political preferences or prejudices or even asperities, they do not render you insensible to whatever is praiseworthy and of good report in the character of the illustrious dead. Besides, in the present case, I rejoice to observe that the clamour of party is hushed, and even the newspapers which sometimes show fiery tongues, and are used to hard and bitter words,—nay the very newspapers that dissented most earnestly from his political creed, seem, under the subduing, healing influence of the grave, to have forgotten that he was their opponent, and are doing honour to themselves in their efforts to do honour to him. But the circumstance which has seemed to me to render it imperative that I should speak of him thus publicly, is that he was a member of this congregation up to the time of his recently leaving the city; so that it must seem to you almost as if I were speak-
ing of one of your own number. Many of
his most intimate friends are here; and this
whole congregation, I may say this whole
community, have been afflicted by the tidings
of his death.

I am sure that I shall not put myself even
upon doubtful ground in the estimation of any
of you, in saying that the citizen, the states-
man, the friend whom we lament, may justly
be reckoned among the princes of the land.
Endowed with a commanding, well balanced
and versatile intellect, vast in its comprehen-
sion, clear in its perceptions, calm and safe
in its judgments; possessing a heart made of
frankness and tenderness and generosity; fa-
voured with the advantages of a correct moral
training under the parental roof, and subse-
quently with the advantages of an excellent
liberal education; he gave early promise of
the distinction which he ultimately reached.
Shortly after he was settled in the legal pro-
fession, he was introduced on the arena of
political life. His services were first put in
requisition as a member of the Senate of this
state; and in the progress of his public ca-
reer, he became successively a member of the
House of Representatives in Congress, Comp-
troller of the state of New-York, member of the Senate of the United States, and finally Governor of this state, whose servant in some capacity or other he had been for more than twenty years. In each of these several stations, he was distinguished for his prudence, dignity and earnest devotion to the duties of his office. It was probably in the United States' Senate, where he was brought not only in contact but in conflict with the greatest minds of the nation, that he attained his highest distinction. I believe it will not be questioned by any competent or impartial judge, that he stood in the foremost rank in that venerable body, and that when he rose to speak, the ablest of his opponents felt that there was work about to be made ready for them. I have been credibly informed that the man who has been for some time the acknowledged leader of the adverse party in Congress and in the nation,—a man whom the whole civilized world has recognised as belonging to the very highest rank of intellectual aristocracy, has more than once borne a testimony to the exalted powers and qualities of our departed friend, such as might reasonably satisfy the most ardent of his political admirers.
Having spoken of the offices which he actually held, it is proper to advert to the fact that there were other offices of equal or even greater importance, proffered to his acceptance, which he thought proper to decline: I refer to the offices of Secretary of the treasury, and Judge in the supreme court of the nation, including also a nomination to the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Whatever may be the speculations of politicians upon his conduct in this respect, the obvious construction of it would warrant the conclusion,—a conclusion fully justified, I think, by his general character,—that disinterestedness was a leading element in his patriotism, and that his heart was set, far less than that of most political men, on personal exaltation.

What Mr. Wright was in private, most of us know from actual observation; for he passed several years in the midst of us, and he was always perfectly accessible to the humblest man in the community. He was gifted with an uncommon perception of the fitting and graceful in all the relations of life. While he had a high respect for plebeian honesty, and could, as occasion required, put on the plebeian himself, there was no circle of society so
polished or elevated, but that he was as much at home in it, as if it were the only sphere in which he had ever moved. In his intercourse with his friends he was open and confiding; always happy in their society and always on the alert to gratify and oblige them; and even the stranger who saw him but for a moment, was not likely to forget the dignity of his manner and the kindliness of his smile. To the neighbourhood in which he had his home and in which he finally died, he sustained the most grateful relations; mingling with them freely as a judicious counsellor, a sympathizing friend, and even an active labourer. He was specially gifted with those qualities which render one’s presence welcome at the bedside of the sick; and his services in this department of social duty, were not unfrequently proffered and rendered with the most cordial and winning alacrity. He hesitated not to address himself to manual labour in aid of any object that was likely to benefit the neighbourhood or the community; and it has even been intimated that excessive effort of this kind, within the last few weeks, was the proximate cause of his death. In a word, I may say with confidence, he was
respected, honoured, beloved, in every relation.

There is a fact or two in his history, to which I cannot forbear to advert, illustrative of at least a highly respectful regard to the institutions of religion. One is, that during his residence in Canton, while the church at which he statedly attended, was without a pastor, he was accustomed to aid in the maintenance of public worship, by reading a printed discourse, the devotional service being conducted by the officers of the church. And during the time that he has been at the head of our state government, we are all witnesses with what regularity he attended here, and with what apparent earnestness he listened to the preaching of the word. I mention these things only for what they are worth; but they certainly reflect honour upon his character as a public man, while they come with the force of a rebuke to many other public men, who find an apology for habitually turning their backs upon the sanctuary, on the ground that they are burdened with the cares of the state or the nation.

But if the language of the text fairly represents the character and the rank of our
departed friend,—if, by common consent, he has taken his place among the princes of his country, we have only to look a little farther to find language equally expressive of his sudden, and to his friends at least, awful, exit. At a moment when he seems full of life and gladness, when his vigorous and elastic step speaks of health to all his neighbours, and no suspicion of approaching evil lurks even in the innermost sanctuary of domestic affection;—at a moment when he has just completed his preparation for an important public service, and is making his arrangements to come among us again as a friendly visitor;—Oh at this most unexpected moment "his breath goeth forth!" It seemed to those who looked on as if it must be some fearful illusion that had overtaken them; or else as if the breath had gone only to come again; but it was no illusion;—it was no temporary suspension of the vital energy. Death, as if to show how he could sport with the strongest, had held that prince in his grasp but a few moments, before he bid the agonized lookers on take notice how thoroughly he had done his work. And before the vital warmth has fled, the lightning is put in requisition to bear
the heavy tidings over the land; and the sun in whose morning beams our friend rejoiced, has not sunk beneath the horizon, before the state, I had almost said the nation, is putting on her habiliments of mourning, because she shall see his face no more. He is said to have spoken, a day or two before, to one of his friends, of sudden death, as not in itself undesirable; but whatever his own thoughts may have been in respect to himself, the event certainly took all others by surprise.

And the consequence of his death,—how well the text describes *that*:—"in that very day his thoughts perish." What his own expectations or purposes in respect to the future were, I know not; but who does not know that there were in many minds expectations and purposes in respect to him of the highest moment;—that a large portion of the party to which he belonged, as well as many of the party to which he did not belong, were anticipating the time when he would be crowned with the highest honours of the nation? But see, ye men of calculation and of foresight, see how your thoughts have perished. Before you had time to invest him with the robe of supreme authority, or even to present him to
the nation as a candidate for it, his race was run,—his days were numbered. When the humblest individual dies, the thoughts of some perish in his death; but such a withering of human expectations as the monster here accomplished, occurs but rarely in an age.

But does not the passage on which we have been meditating suggest, still further, the legitimate use to be made of this afflictive event? Does it not rebuke with awful emphasis that excessive confidence in the wisdom or the power of man, in which consists so much of our national guilt, and from which arises so much of our national danger? "Put not your trust in princes." It has become, I fear, one of the most distinctive features of our character as a nation, that, in rendering homage to party, we overlook the homage that is due to God. You select an individual from the mass as a candidate for office, who possibly has little personal ability or personal worth, to distinguish him from thousands from amidst whom he is taken. But the fact that you have thus designated him as your candidate, seems to you to have separated from his nature every element of mediocrity, and to have given him an undisputed claim to extraordinary intel-
lectual and moral qualities. You stand com-
mitted now to his exaltation; and you go about
testifying to the world that the safety of the
state or the nation is bound up in him. And
when your object is gained, and you have ac-
tually succeeded in lifting him to the desired
elevation,—if you will notice the progress of
your own mind in respect to him, you will find
that indifference was exchanged for preference,
that preference was matured into admiration,
and that admiration has finally become idola-
try. You are suffering that poor mortal to
supplant the great God in your regards as the
controller of events; and though you would
shudder at being called an atheist, yet in this
matter of national prosperity at least, God is
not in all your thoughts. Yes, I repeat, party
spirit has made idols of our rulers; and God
is now chastising us for our idolatry. He is
showing us the arm of flesh palsied, broken,
that we may lean upon it no longer. Men of
every class and every party, open your ears, I
pray you, to the teachings of the tomb. See
how much your idols are worth, when they are
thus broken in a moment before your eyes.
Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s;
but forget not to render also to God the things
that are God's. Let your rulers receive the homage which is due to them; but remember that if your country is preserved and blessed, God must be its preserver and benefactor; and you need not marvel if your own efforts for its exaltation, provided they are put forth in any other spirit than that of ultimate dependence on God, should be found to have in them the elements of a curse rather than a blessing.

Is not this dispensation in connection with the subject we have been contemplating, strikingly illustrative also of the awful mystery that pervades the counsels of Heaven? Man has his purposes; and he imagines perhaps that they are in full accordance with the purposes of God; and possibly finds in this reflection the most powerful motive to labour for their accomplishment. And yet God has higher purposes, which can be best answered by his causing the thoughts, the designs of men to perish. In the individual who has just died, multitudes had centred their hopes of the nation's growth and glory; they had prospec-tively identified with him measures of supposed utility and perhaps reform; and it seemed to them as if the continuance of his life were
almost certain, because it was so necessary; but He who sees the end from the beginning, saw that the great ends of his government would be best accomplished by his removal; and therefore he hath returned to his earth. Oh how the wisdom of the Unsearchable mocks at all the force of human calculation! When it seems to short sighted man as if God were defeating his own designs, He is actually moving forward, in all the majesty of omnipotence, to their accomplishment. He may trample on human hopes, in his progress; He may overturn magnificent structures that the heart of charity hath originated and the hand of skill hath reared; He may seem to leave behind Him naught but desolation and dismay; and still when the day of final revelation comes, wisdom, perfect wisdom, will be found inscribed upon every part of his procedure. Let this reflection hush the rising spirit of complaint in the hour of public or private calamity. When God raises up eminently useful men and continues them, and when He changes their countenances and sends them away, He is working in the one case as well as the other, for the ultimate triumph of good. He may not only send princes, as it
would seem to us prematurely, to the grave, but He may dash kingdoms to pieces as a potter's vessel, and yet nothing will have occurred but will help to form the mighty mirror that will reflect his glory upon an admiring universe to all eternity.

I must not close the discourse without suggesting a caution. Let no one imagine from any thing in the preceding train of remark, that there is any just ground of glorying save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have spoken of the graces of nature and commended them; and so I have a right to do, for they are the gift of God. I have spoken of the dignity that pertains to rank, and the homage that is due to rank; and here again, I am sure that I offend not against the spirit of the Bible. But I should be chargeable with treason to Him whose servant I am, and with criminal unfaithfulness to you whose servant I also am, though in a far lower sense, if I were not most distinctly to proclaim that in the great matter of the final meeting with God, nothing can avail but a conscience sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and a heart purified by his Spirit. The badges of earthly distinction become worthless, if not burdensome, amidst the shadows of
death. The plaudits of the multitude pall upon the spirit that is just rushing forth to meet its God. The prince may have scorned the beggar's poverty and the beggar may have coveted the splendour of the prince; but both must enter Heaven by the same strait and narrow way, or else incur the reprobate's doom. Whether ye are men of high degree or of low degree, I would that it might fall like thunder upon your ear and upon your heart, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."
A MEMORIAL

OF

REV. JASON WHITMAN,

LATE PASTOR

OF THE

FIRST CHURCH IN LEXINGTON, MASS.

WITH AN

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT HIS FUNERAL,

JANUARY 29, 1848.

BY REV. A. B. MUZZEY,

MINISTER OF THE LEE STREET CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES.
1848.
MEMORIAL OF REV. JASON WHITMAN.

The recent departure of a prominent clergyman of our denomination, and one who by his character and services filled a large place in our community, calls us to record, imperfectly though it must be, our sense of his labors and merits. The life of Mr. Whitman was not long, as most men estimate this life. He was born April 30, 1799, and departed therefore in the forty-ninth year of his age. In his early days his health was feeble, and it continued so until a few years before his death. On this account it was thought he could not devote himself to study, and he did not enter college until twenty-two years of age. After completing his studies at Cambridge, August, 1825, he spent some years in an academy at Billerica. From that place he returned to Cambridge and spent the usual term in the Theological School. He was soon after this settled in the ministry at Saco, Maine, where he remained between three and four years, until invited to the office of Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which place he occupied for one year. In 1835 he was installed over the Second Unitarian Society in Portland, Maine; he continued there un-
til 1845. Those ten years constituted perhaps the most im-
portant period of his life. They were filled up with devoted-
ness to his people and to the interests of the town where he
resided. The deep impression he left there was manifested
by the kindness shown to him in his last sickness by his nu-
merous friends in Portland. As if to set the seal to his minis-
try in that place, Providence called him to close there his
mortal existence. Whatever might have been the feelings of
any sect or individual towards him while in health, it is be-
lieved that when the hand of disease and death was laid upon
him, all would have rejoiced to minister at his sick bed. The
expression of sympathy was universal; every one, when he
had breathed his last, seemed touched by the event, and it
must have been the secret prayer of many a heart, "Let my
last end be like his."

Mr. Whitman was installed as Pastor of the First Congre-
gational Society in Lexington, July 30, 1845, and continued
there until his death, which took place January 25, 1848.
When we see a life of such excellence brought to a close in its
meridian, we feel the full value of many qualities we had
hitherto failed to appreciate. Now that our friend is gone from
us, we find we need not be generous to his memory; simple
justice requires us to think and speak of him as a devout and
self-denying Christian, as an earnest and effective preacher,
and a devoted pastor. We already miss on many occasions
his suggestive mind and his wise and ingenuous counsels, and
we shall more and more regret that a good man has fallen and
a strong arm is taken from our side. He led a life of no
ordinary vicissitudes and of numerous trials; to say that he
never felt or spoke of them would be untrue. His sensibility
was too great for this; but the starting tear was sure to be
followed by an expression of trust in his God and Father. In
the hope of inciting others to his zeal in duty and his sub-
mission under crosses and trials, I have ventured, at the sugges-
tion of a few friends, to give to the public the following
address made at his funeral, though prepared at short notice
and inadequate in its terms.

"The melancholy occasion that has brought us together, my
friends, is more eloquent in its silence than any words we can ut-
ter. Our brother being dead yet speaketh; called away from this
earthly scene, he is bending, we may believe, from his home
in the heavens, and ministering to our spirits. There would
need no uttered language, could we but hear the voice that
breaks to us from above.

His life has been suddenly terminated and his remains are
before us to teach us—oh, how affectionately—that in the midst
of life we are in death. That heart is stilled which but just
now beat so warmly in the cause of God and humanity; the
fond hopes he had cherished of addressing you once more
from this desk, are blighted, and you are called by the event
to sustain an irreparable loss.

But amid the gloom that has gathered round this spot, and
surrounded as his dear relatives are by the shades of sorrow,
we cannot fail to hear him whom we mourn saying to us,
"Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, look unto
Jesus, and you will find light and peace."

Our brother occupied a position in this place and in the
community at large too prominent to allow this occasion to
pass without a brief notice of his qualities as a Christian and
as a public servant of God.

In the private relations of life he was marked by his truth-
fulness and sincerity; he had a crystal transparency in motive,
speech and action. This rendered him a generous and faithful friend, manly and frank in the utterance of his opinions; and if he ever wounded for a moment by his fidelity, "he wounded but to heal." No one could become thoroughly acquainted with his purposes and feelings without deep respect for him and confidence in his character. The law of kindness was ever in his heart and on his lips. Those who enjoyed his intimacy feel that his place in their esteem and affection cannot easily be supplied. You will testify, my friends, that the spirit I have described accompanied your Pastor as he moved among you in the discharge of his daily duties. He was free in manner, acceptable to you all, ready to minister to you in your doubts and perplexities, and to console you in affliction. His connection with you had not been of long duration, and yet it has witnessed many severe trials on your part. How deep has been his sympathy, how devoted his interest, how unceasing his labors for you through them all.

Our brother can no longer minister to you in the body. You, in common with all our churches, must mourn that his lips are forever closed. He was an earnest preacher; he spoke from the depths of his soul and in tones of peculiar sincerity. His sermons were clear, direct and practical. He did not shun the treatment of doctrines, but his fondest work was preaching to the daily wants, the ordinary experience, the spiritual calls of those he addressed. His style was simple, and his manner unaffected; love breathed through all he said; he seemed to forget himself, and hence to those who heard him his word was with power. His name will not soon be forgotten in any of our churches, and to you, while in the sanctuary, he will long appear in your thoughts and your hearts, an angel of light, a glorified minister.
But you, his parishioners, are not alone in your sorrow; a gloom is thrown over this whole place by the removal of one who has been emphatically a public benefactor. Other societies lament with you his loss; as they call to mind his catholic temper, his freedom from sectarianism, his piety unquestioned by any denomination his cordial intercourse with them all, they join in one heartfelt tribute to his memory. He was a useful citizen, no less than a devoted minister; his large soul refused to wear the trammels of sect or party. He went about everywhere doing good. His active temperament united with habits of industry, enabled him to accomplish much beyond the sphere of his own parish. Although his health was never firm, yet by an earnest, cheerful and persevering spirit, he has performed in various relations the labors of a long life.

He was a steadfast friend to the cause of Education. His interest in the young led him to foster early and late the Sunday School. He labored not only for the moral and spiritual culture of those in his immediate charge, but in the associations of this county and of the denomination at large. He was constant at our meetings, full of wise suggestions and fervent exhortations. We are called this day to the grave of our children's friend. He was active in promoting the welfare of our Common Schools, doing his part zealously on Committees, giving instruction to parents, breathing life and energy into teachers, and imparting wisdom by public lectures, and by his untiring pen; always commending the good and inciting to the still higher and better.

He was a ready writer, and hence the amount of his productions in the cause of religion, learning and good morals was large. He was a contributor to nearly all the journals of our denomination; he wrote several of our larger and smaller
tracts; he published many lectures upon Education; and added to all this, no less than seven volumes of Biographical Sketches, works for the young, and on personal religion. The tone of these writings was uniformly pure, and they were all practical. He wrote just as he spoke, right onward, not for rhetorical display, but in the plain terms of a working man. So is it that though his sun has set at noon day, he has left behind him a high moral twilight to illuminate us who remain and to compensate in part for his sad removal from our sight.

Philanthropy mourns in him the loss of a warm, unfaltering friend. Wherever he was found, North or South, in the city or the country, he gave his whole influence to the cause of humanity. You always found him, amid storm or calm, the firm supporter of the right, the defender of the oppressed, the advocate of Peace, Temperance, and Freedom; his sympathies were quick and always given to the poor, the unfortunate, and the fallen. He never turned away from the sufferer; he had a tear for others' woes, and a hand prompt to relieve them. The blessing of many who were ready to perish will rest upon him; and since, in the last day, they who have done good, ministered to the needy, comforted the stranger, visited the sick, and cared for the prisoner, are to be honored by our Saviour, to him we cannot doubt is given a high place in the kingdom of the Father.

To benevolence he joined a spiritual mind. Heaven was to him a reality; he seemed not only to believe in, but to feel the presence of God. This rendered him fervent in his devotions and consistent in his piety. The strongest desire and prayer of his heart evidently was to make men holy and good. He cultivated in himself a uniform faith and a steady reference of his affairs to God. Follow him wherever you might,
you saw that the fountain of devotion was kept full, and this made the streams rich and various. During his last sickness he said repeatedly, as hope and fear alternated through his case, "All will be right." His eye seemed fixed on the Father, and his heart was therefore tranquil.

The circumstances under which he was taken from us were striking and impressive. He left his home to attend the funeral obsequies of a brother; but before that mournful hour he was himself assailed by a mortal disease, and prevented from uniting in that tribute. As he was confined in his sick chamber he meditated a discourse adapted to taking leave of this house.* But that discourse was never to be uttered by his lips; it must be preached from his home in Heaven. Another sermon also, suited to the approaching dedication of the new church, was passing through his mind; "It will be," said he to a friend, "if I live to preach it, such a sermon, prepared here and now, as I never before preached." The text was, "Rejoice with trembling." Ah, how full of the past, and how prophetic of the future, were those few words. He had seen one temple at the very hour, as it were, appointed for its consecration, laid in ashes. And now, as he contemplates the new one, he is touched by the uncertain destiny of itself and of the pastor and his people, and he fitly takes as his theme, "Rejoice with trembling."

Not only his people, but his brethren in the ministry are called to deep grief by this event. They have lost one with whom they "took sweet counsel," whose judgment they respected and whose love crowned the wisdom of his words. Little did I imagine, when giving him the right hand of fra-

* His congregation, by the kindness of the Baptist Society, had worshipped many months with them.
ternal welcome to this place, that the present sad office would devolve upon me. May the Father help me to catch his spirit and so tread in his steps, that his angel hand shall at last reciprocate that fellowship in the unchanging world. Oh that his example may incite us all, brethren, to fulfil our ministry and to heed that solemn admonition, "The time is short."

His departure has left a dreary void in the circle of his kindred and fireside. The devoted and beloved companion, the wise and kind father, the ever constant brother, the cheerful inmate, is gone. To whom can we direct these stricken spirits but to that ever merciful One to whom he, while yet in their midst, always pointed them for guidance and comfort? May they remember his counsels while living, and like him commune with the Father. Then shall they still see his face

"whose heart was glad
Even to the latest pulse with that fond love,
Home-nurtured and reciprocal, which girds
And garners up in sorrow and in joy."

We commend her who is deprived of her dearest earthly friend, and those who have lost the guide of their youth, to Him who is pledged to be the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless. In her loneliness may she be sustained by the thought that his memory is a precious legacy, and that she and her desolate little ones, if they walk in his steps, may hope soon to meet him in their eternal home.

Brethren of this Society, be not disheartened, we pray you, but have faith that the God of your fathers will be your God. Imprint on your minds all the good lessons of your departed pastor. Let his counsels be with you still; in death as in life, listen, I pray you, to his voice: follow him as your sainted shepherd. You will then receive power according to your
needs, for he shall dwell in you and you in him. Imitate his example by casting your care, as he did, upon Him who will care for you. Preserve your unanimity, sacrifice every thing, as he did and still would, for the cause of Christ and his Church; and then out of darkness there shall spring up light, the waste places shall be repaired, and your Zion shall evermore prosper.

And now, brother, we bid you farewell; preach to us a last earthly discourse through these mute remains, and with that power which death alone can impart; if it be permitted you on high, visit us still with counsel and comfort; and stir us up to new diligence and to a fidelity to God and man that shall never fail.

"Go to thy grave in all thy glorious prime:
In full activity of zeal and power;

Go to thy grave;—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord.
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word."
A DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

REV. JASON WHITMAN:

DELIVERED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN LEXINGTON, FEB. 27, 1848,

BY THEODORE H. DORR,

MINISTER OF THE SECOND CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN LEXINGTON.

BOSTON:

BENJAMIN H. GREENE, 124 WASHINGTON STREET.

1848.
COOLIDGE AND WILBY,
PRINTERS,
CORNER OF WATER AND DEVONSHIRE STS.
THIS DISCOURSE IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO HER WHO MOURNS
THE DEPARTURE OF A DEVOTED HUSBAND, AND TO WHOM
THE WRITER IS HAPPY TO OFFER EVEN THE
HUMBLEST TRIBUTE OF HIS
SYMPATHY.
It is the privilege of all men, when the flame of life is fast dying away, and at last goes out in this world, to be rekindled again from the inspiration of the Almighty in the realm of everlasting light; and alike the consolation of the world, when its friends and benefactors are taken from its immediate service on earth, that their voice, though hushed in the sleep of death, "yet speaketh," and will not cease to be heard by every generous soul. It is a privilege, and a consolation, that belong to no peculiar walk in life, and no single sphere of action, however humble or exalted! The fond parent at the lowliest domestic altar, however humble the child that is called from earth's communion, finds this comfort a rich resource, that "he being dead, yet speaketh;" speaketh by that filial love, that is almost as indestructible as life itself; by those world-unknown, but dearly treasured home virtues, that marked his life, and which death could not efface! The meekest soul, when
the messenger of death places its seal upon the brow, and stamps it for its own, hath this privilege to reward it for its virtuous strivings, that in the circle of friends to which it is known, when the silver cord is loosed, it will "yet speak," be remembered and honored, until "their clod shall also mingle in the vale," and "the spirit spring to the arms of God, to life and liberty." The privilege and the consolation are the same, when the great, the chosen, and the exalted lie down in the dust! As both the rich and the poor, the high and the low, alike meet in the grave, and in heaven before the judgment seat of God, so have they in their dying hours a common privilege to assuage their pains, and their friends a common consolation to support them in the hour of bereavement! How blessed a truth this is! The good men do lives after them! The sincere, trusting soul lies down on the death-bed with no less sweet a privilege than Jesus had, that his example and his words would speak in touching tones to our humanity, after he had passed to his heavenly kingdom. There is no death of the true and holy without its privileged hopes, no bereavement without its heavenly consolation! Is it not, also, a delightful thought, that we are hence led to cherish, that all pure and heavenly spirits are thus united in their lives, and in their death are not divided! That all who labor for the highest ends of living, however great and good they may be, are connected indissolubly to all who bend their energies
in the same direction, however humble or obscure! We have a tender sympathy with them whilst they live, an important interest in all their labors, and when they die, we feel that we ourselves are bereaved, that their departure from earth is a wound to our affections, and a blow to our hopes. We are one with them in life, we are one with them in death.

My friends, what a power such truths as these must have, when earnest, faithful souls are summoned to meet their last hours on earth; when a generous philanthropy, that has burned with celestial ardor, hears the messenger of God uttering that call from which there is no discharge. At that season, the highest joy and dearest hope of true Christian hearts are, indeed, soon to be united in closer communion with God and the Saviour of the world! Yet, as the glories and the blessed service of the future life burst upon their vision, the kindred brightness and beauty of the present become dearer and holier than ever! Those things, for which they have so long and so faithfully labored here, those hopes they have cherished, those truths they have spoken, those causes they have endeavored to promote, assume a higher significance. Imagine for a moment the closing hours in the life of a Howard, a Fenelon, a Wilberforce, a Follen, tossed, alas! as that death-bed was by the heaving surge, and surrounded by the glowing midnight flames,—of a Channing, and, must I add it, of a Whitman; imagine their souls in that hour
of emancipation from the flesh, and can you for an instant suppose, that the love they treasured for man, and the good they had longed to confer upon him, faded before the heavenly prospect, ceased to claim their ardent prayers, or failed to excite in their minds a desire to stay upon earth, and pursue the work given them to do! To my own mind, it appears, that in the dying hour, deeper even than the pangs of separation from the beloved and dear, to whom they shall hereafter be reunited in a world where there is no more separation, and over whom they know that the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless will ever extend his watchful providence,—deeper than any pangs of disease, must be the sorrow of those who have been laboring ardently for others, that they must now quit their favored walks of duty, and leave undone much that they had designed to do on earth! Perceiving with an increased intensity of vision the errors of the world, the dangers and wants of the community in the midst of which they have worked, and of the country for which they have prayed, what a field yet remained for their exertions, and that the laborers were but too few, must they not have experienced a regret that they were to be cut off from the scenes of their earthly service? Our departed brother, of whom it is my melancholy privilege to speak to-day, said, when upon the bed of his last sickness, that he often prayed to God that he might be restored, though always resigned, enough to say, "Thy will be
done!" Such feelings evince no love of earth before heaven; only a wish to remain here for a further season to help onward the Redeemer’s kingdom, and add to the triumphs of God’s truth! If it is indeed so, what a comfort must such ones find at the last in the reflection, that though dead in the body, they shall ever live in the spirit to the world; that though they may no longer utter their devout convictions, and urge their earnest persuasions upon their fellow-creatures, yet the words they have spoken shall be remembered, and whatever was true and noble in their lives shall still mingle with other influences for the salvation of the world!

And as I come now to speak of that beloved and sainted spirit in this house which you had built that he might have some suitable altar from which to breathe forth his devout, faithful, and earnest word, I know of no richer consolation to support me in this sad duty! “He being dead, yet speaketh!” Yes! he is with me still! Wherever I go, whithersoever I turn, he is at my side! By day, at night, I hear his voice! He bears me on his prayers! He counsels, he sympathizes with me, he cheers me on. I trust that I am resigned to what, you all know, is my severe bereavement, as well as your own! But I pray to be still more resigned; that my faith may be confirmed. I ask from God consolation and comfort; and wherein shall I find them, how shall I offer them to you and those dearest bereaved ones, whom he hath left behind, but in the persuasion, that cannot be taken from us, that “he, being
dead, yet speaketh." Let us listen, reverently, to what the spirit saith in our hearts.

Rev. Jason Whitman was born in Bridgewater, April 30, 1799, and was the youngest member of his father's family. To the kindness of one who loved him tenderly, and deeply bewails his early departure from earth, I am indebted for valuable reminiscences of his early life.* He was quite a feeble child. The family physician thought that there was such a disarrangement of the organs of respiration, and such slight hopes could be indulged of his ever becoming healthy and strong, it would seem the greater mercy if his life was not spared. For the first month it was with great difficulty, with even the most assiduous care, that the spark of life could be kept alive. After that time, however, the vital energies prevailed, but as he grew up he was feebleer than most boys of his age, and required to be carefully guarded from exposure to taking cold. At the age of about five years he had the whooping cough, which left him with a cough and a difficulty in the bronchial tubes, from which he never afterwards was free. He was not equal to many things that were comparatively easy to other children, and was more frequently found in the house than engaging in their usual sports and amusements. It is a pleasant thing, however, to know, that in his youth he

* His sister, Miss Bathsheba Whitman.
exhibited that same cheerfulness of character, which in maturer life, under the sacred guidance of a firm religious faith, supported him through many vicissitudes and trials. He had also a remarkably retentive memory, having, when quite young, committed to memory the whole of Mason's Essay on Self-Knowledge. But the most extraordinary trait that was early manifested, was his "truthfulness; no shrinking or backwardness, whatever the consequence. That he never seemed to fear at all, being always ready to acknowledge his faults and suffer the penalty." Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, he alternately worked on his father's farm, and attended the academy in Bridgewater, then under the care of Mr. David Reed. His progress in his studies was so great as to induce the desire on the part of some of his nearest friends, that he should enter upon the work of gaining a complete education. In the opinion of his father, his liability to frequent severe illness, and a lack of sufficient pecuniary means, rendered such a thing impracticable, and seemed obstacles too great to be overcome. The necessity of such a course, however, as the only resort, as he was unable to undergo the labor of any manual employment, was strongly urged, and assistance offered by one then and always a constant friend to him; and after much deliberation his father consented, saying, "that he could not rationally expect him to live long; but if he could get so much education as to enable him to keep school, he should
be glad." Little did that father think, not only how efficient and successful a teacher he would be, but how valuable a friend also to the cause of education! In the spring of 1818, he went to study with his older brother, Rev. Nathaniel Whitman, then pastor of the First Congregational society in Billerica. In the month of August following, he went to Exeter, N. H., and continued at the Academy there three years, when, at the age of 22 years, he began his collegiate studies at Harvard University. Whilst there, he gained the regard and honor of all, was remarkable for his fidelity to principle, for his truthfulness, for his great respect to the government of the University, and for his ripe scholarship. He graduated with high honors in 1825. I have often heard him remark, that although he entered college at a much later period than is usual, he believed that he derived a higher benefit from his collegiate life, than he could have done otherwise. Whilst in college he had frequently taught school in the vacations at Billerica, and other places. At the conclusion of his course, in 1825, he engaged for three years in teaching the Academy in Billerica, and then, after much deliberation, determined upon studying Divinity. It was the entreaty of the distinguished physician of that town to the beloved sister of our departed friend, that she should dissuade her brother from engaging in preparation for the ministry, because, on account of the difficulty in the bronchial tubes, he could not become
a public speaker.* But he was not willing then, any more than in his youth, to listen to any fears, and therefore at once began his studies at Cambridge. Having passed about two years there, he was approbated by an association of ministers in Norfolk County, and preached for a few Sabbaths in the town of Canton, where he was invited to settle. But subsequently receiving a call from the Unitarian Parish in Saco, he was ordained in the year 1830. He continued in that place in the discharge of a happy and successful ministry, three or four years, when he was appointed General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association in Boston. His labors in its behalf were arduous and faithful, and will long be remembered and honored. In the year 1835, on account of the crowded state of Rev. Dr. Nichols' society in Portland, a desire was expressed to secure his services in building up a new society of our denomination. To this proposal, after much deliberation, he was still unwilling to listen, until he received a very pressing and cordial letter from Rev. Dr. Nichols, urging him to engage in the work. He was kindly welcomed as a fellow-laborer, and throughout his ministry in Portland enjoyed his countenance and sympathy. To that people, "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Many a heart found a blessing under his ministry, and many a soul was trained for the mansions of bliss above. It was during his labors

*Dr. Zadoc Howe.
there, that he suffered from two severe attacks of pleurisy, and that he was obliged, during one period, to seek confirmation of his wasted energies by absence from our severe northern climate. The season that he spent at this time in the city of Savannah, Georgia, in ministering to the religious society of our faith there, was fruitful in good works, and the impression that he made was so deep and so salutary, that the society anxiously sought the removal of his ministry from his own parish in Maine to their own more genial clime. To this proposal, however, he could not listen. It was not turned roughly or unceremoniously aside, but only after deliberate and careful examination. To labor in a sphere where human freedom was so dreadfully abridged, could never suit his philanthropic temperament; and it was there that he acquired that knowledge of the system of slavery, that inspired him ever after to contend manfully, and yet in the spirit of Christian love, against this foe to God, and curse to man. His first engagement with the society in Portland, was for the period of five years. At the end of that time, a similar engagement was entered into for five years more; at the conclusion of which, the engagement not being renewed, he accepted, in June, 1845, the unanimous invitation of this religious society to become its pastor. Upon leaving Portland, he received the most honorable testimonials of love and regard from the First Parish in that city, in which he was greatly beloved, and to which, equally as to his own peo-
ple, he preached that beautiful and most touching discourse, on the text, "Farewell." His installation as your pastor, on the 30th of July, 1845, opened a bright page in the annals of the ministry to this society, which, though destined to bear the inscriptions of only two years and six months' service, will ever shine with undimmed lustre, until that time when in the light of eternity all their records shall be unfolded. During the larger part of his labors among you, his health was firm as usual, though I think that he ever felt the necessity of guarding himself from unnecessary exposure to taking cold, by which a turn of the pleurisy might be brought on, and to which he was peculiarly susceptible. The attack of that disease which he experienced on the night of the 30th of January, 1847, more than a year since, served to remind him more strongly than ever of his liability to severe sickness; and ever since that time, those who were most in his society, and especially his own dearest friends, felt much anxiety for him. His health seemed, after his recovery from that attack, less firm than before. He was less capable of sustaining fatigue. This was not evident to all. When to those whom he met in the course of his daily duties, he appeared as well as usual, in the retirement of home his weakness was but too apparent. Days of active labor, of hearty exertions for the good of others, were frequently followed by sleepless, restless nights, to be followed again by other labors of intense mental
energy, and of ready sympathy for all. His spirit was buoyed up, doubtless, not only by that love for doing good, and that sense of duty, which were at all times sufficient motives, but likewise by the fond hopes that he cherished of being permitted to worship with and minister to you, Christian friends, in this sanctuary. When he reflected upon the various untoward circumstances that had fallen in your path, when he felt his own infirmities, the prospect of dedicating this house to the worship of God, and of reuniting you all in holy sympathy, and holy labors, strengthened and comforted him. That time and season it was not given him to know. Suddenly called from home on Thursday, December 27th, of the last year, to accompany his beloved partner in life to the place of his early ministry, where she was summoned to mourn that heavy dispensation in the loss of a dearly loved and much honored brother, you were never to see him in life again. After arriving at Saco and spending one night there, finding that the funeral obsequies of the late lamented Senator Fairfield would not take place until the last part of that week, he determined upon a visit to his many friends in Portland. It was after visiting the cemetery in Saco, that during his ride thence to the railroad depot in an open sleigh, after having become quite warm in walking about among the graves of the dead, not realizing how soon his relics, too, should also slumber in the dust, that he experienced that chill striking to his chest, which was the immediate
cause of his last sickness. Whilst visiting his friends in Portland, on the evening of that day, he delighted them all by his remarkable cheerfulness and vivacity of spirits. In the night, however, he was very severely attacked once more by the pleurisy. This resulted in lung fever, and an increased difficulty in the bronchial tubes, which, at the end of less than a week, seemed to all about to terminate his existence. On Monday, January 3d, though suffering intense agony, he was entirely calm and self-possessed; and made those arrangements of his earthly affairs, and gave those directions as to his family, that were necessary, and to which he never afterwards recurred. It was on this day, whilst in the endurance of much pain, that he uttered those words of most valued import, that "His mind was entirely clear and self-possessed, and his faith was perfectly strong and delightful." A temporary relief, however, was experienced by the application of powerful medical remedies, and from day to day hopes were indulged by the many friends by whom he was surrounded in the place of his ten years' ministry, and prayers were unceasingly offered by all who knew him, that his precious life might be spared. It was observed, at the same time, that he himself indulged no such hopes. In previous seasons of sickness he had never desponded; but now he was seen to be in an entirely different frame of mind, believing it impossible that he could be raised up. To his beloved partner in life he often said, "Do not be de-
ceived; do not flatter yourself too much.” Still, upon a representation being made to him, that it was necessary, in order to his restoration, that he should be cheerful and keep up a good heart, he said, “that he would make an effort,” and he did, a very great one. Much of his time was spent in devout thought. He was observed to be frequently making motions, whilst on his bed, as if he was preaching, and he explained this, saying that he had several times preached over his sermon for the dedication of this Church, from the text, “Rejoice, with trembling;” and declared that if he did recover, he should preach as he never had been able to do before, the hours of sickness had been of such value to him. Upon the receipt of letters from home, he was, for a time, able to hear them read through, but afterwards he desired that they might be read privately, and he would then ask questions himself in regard to them. On Monday, the day before he died, having received a visit from one of your parish committee, he expressed a doubt of his being able to preach the sermon of Dedication, but he hoped to make the prayer on that occasion. On Tuesday, at noon, however, his strength having greatly failed, he said to one who was his constant attendant, that “he was aware that his case was a very critical one.” During the evening he sat up as usual for a short time, and upon retiring to bed, fell into a gentle sleep. From this he aroused only to ask for something to drink, and again went to sleep, when, a slight change only being per-
ceptible, at precisely twelve o'clock his soul was gently released from its earthly tenement, and from its earthly labors, to enter upon the glorious service of a higher world.

“No were life's labors ended. Not till then, So full of chance and change the lives of men, Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure From pain, from grief, and all that we endure, He slept in peace, say rather, soared to Heaven, Upborne from earth by Him to whom 't is given In his right hand to hold the golden key That opes the portals of eternity.”

And what an irreparable loss has been sustained by a beloved and dependent family and a large circle of friends; by his people here; by those to whom he had ministered elsewhere; by this whole town and community; by our own denomination, and by the spirit of enlarged Christian charity among other bodies of Christians, by whom he was held in high regard; by the cause of Education, of which he was an early, constant, and efficient friend; by every cause of Philanthropy, for which, when his mind saw clearly the path of duty, he was ready to labor by his hand, by his voice, by his pen, and by his prayers; and to which he rendered most cheerfully every sacrifice within his power. Overwhelmed as all are by this heavy affliction, what a consolation is it to know that “He, being dead, yet speaketh.”

As a minister of the Gospel, it has been given to very few to fulfil the work that was performed by
our departed friend. With a very clear intellectual discernment and a profound study of the Scriptures, he united a degree of practical wisdom amidst the arduous duties of the profession, which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed, and which, as we look about us, we find none to supply. It is probable that we have had no one in our denomination who has been a more zealous advocate of our views, or has given them a greater practical efficacy. Whatever truth he attained he esteemed of value as a moral agent in the restitution of human souls; and every conviction of his mind burned within so ardently, that his faith poured itself forth, as it were, spontaneously and irresistibly into other minds. His natural disposition was frank, candid, and free. He was ever ready to communicate. There was no mixture of selfishness or reserve in his natural bent of mind to keep him aloof from others. It was his peculiar temperament to unbosom himself to those about him, and he was remarkably social in all his feelings. When, therefore, a lively interest in divine truth and a keen-sighted perception of the importance of Christianity to the welfare of man, were joined to such a natural frame of mind, it is easy to perceive that he would be led to engage in their service with all his heart, and with an indefatigable ardor. Liberal Christianity is indebted to him for some of its most affecting and powerful appeals. His labors in its behalf, both by his word and by his published writings, were unwearied, and seem
wonderful, indeed, when we remember the very infirm state of his health from time to time, and especially the early fears entertained by those who knew him best, lest his physical strength should be unequal to the labors of the ministry. How many souls did he lead to the feet of Jesus, and send on rejoicing, though with trembling, to their heavenly home, where they are now rejoined to his communion, and where so many yet hope to rejoin him hereafter. It was a marked excellence of the manner of his preaching, that he presented the Gospel as an active, practical, living principle. His power for abstract argumentation was very great. He had a faculty for philosophical analysis, which enabled him at once to master any subject upon which he turned his thoughts. But he was too well aware of the wants of our humanity, too fond of the beautiful simplicity of the Gospel, to indulge, either in his public efforts in the pulpit, or through the press, in merely argumentative discourse. He patiently studied out by himself the great truths of religion and of life, and offered to others not the course of his meditations and study so much as their results. Consequently, every thing which he wrote had a strictly practical tendency to awaken a fear, to solve a doubt, to arouse from indifference, to excite Christian watchfulness, and build up heavenly faith. Those who were blessed with his ministry will readily recognize this as a leading characteristic in all that he did and said. He had no respect, of course, for a
mock Christianity, as withering in its influence as infidelity itself. Those who were under the influence of his ministerial labors must live the true, the divine life; and if they did not, he was a faithful shepherd, that would put forth his hand at any moment, without fear or favor, but always with Christian meekness, to pluck the brand from the burning. You have reason, my friends, to remember with gratitude his fidelity to you in this regard. The inconsistency of Christian professors he was grieved to behold, and he told them so; and told them where and how they were unfaithful to Jesus. Throughout our Churches he was known and felt as an uncompromising, faithful, zealous friend of true Christianity. It is not difficult for you to realize, hence, how great a loss has fallen upon all our churches, and especially upon his brethren in the ministry, who regarded him with the utmost confidence for his practical wisdom and his readiness to labor; yes, and may I not say more especially upon myself, who looked to him as a near, constant, sympathizing friend and brother, privileged indeed to have him call me affectionately on the day of his installation, his colleague in the ministry. Alas! that he is not here to speak to you himself with the living voice!

But, my friends, with his hearty zeal in behalf of our own form of faith was united nothing of a sectarian or bigoted spirit. You knew him too well to fear that; and our Christian friends,* by whose

* The Baptist Society, who had no services in their own church on the occasion when this discourse was delivered.
kindness you were furnished with a place of worship for nearly the last two years, testify by their presence at this time, how high a regard they entertained for that servant of God; and their pastor can also testify to his universal and catholic spirit of charity. Among all denominations, wherever he was known, he was respected and beloved, as a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the common Master.

I have alluded to our brother's keen comprehension of divine truth, his practical wisdom, his generous frankness, and ministerial fidelity. These qualities of mind and heart were adorned by an indomitable energy, a resolute perseverance, and a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, and all combined together made him what he was in the highest sense of that term, "a working man." In him was exemplified that "divine marriage," so eloquently spoken of in the sermon at the dedication of this church on Wednesday last, between "work and worship," "action and prayer"; in respect to which it would be well did all remember the command to which reference was then made: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Valuable illustration of this remark is found in the facts that have been related of his early life, and of his preparation for the ministry, through all which period he contended manfully in the midst of many difficulties, that would have seemed insuperable to others. His theory, carried out into every department of life, was, "Work whilst it is day,
for the night cometh, in which no man can work." Such a spirit as this brooked no discouragement. I cannot omit to mention that beautiful instance of this spirit of fortitude and perseverance, which must ever be dear to your recollection, when, after the destruction of your house of worship by fire, more than a year since, he was seen on the next day going about from house to house, cheering your hearts, almost leading you to feel that a blessing rather than an affliction had fallen upon you. Do you not remember well the purport of the discourse which he delivered on the following Sabbath, from the text, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God"? Do you not remember how warmly he expressed his sympathy, but yet urged that the misfortune, as it seemed to you, was a blessing in disguise? "May there not have been danger," said he, "that our house of worship was becoming our idol, taking the place in our hearts of that supreme regard for the high spiritual objects of the Gospel which we ought ever to cherish?" He, being dead, yet speaketh! He reminded you that this trial was an admonition to reflect upon any neglect which your religious interests had suffered during the time that you were waiting for your new church; and with generous frankness acknowledged a willingness that he had felt to postpone various works and efforts until you could enjoy your own place of wor-
ship. How faithfully did he deal with your hearts, reminding you of the duty of forgetting all causes of alienation; presenting both sides of the picture, the loss you had experienced, and how many blessings you had left. How naturally and persuasively did he come to the conviction that there was no reason to be disquieted. "If your feelings are only right," he said, "there will be no difficulty; your disappointment will be borne without a murmur, and your loss sustained without flinching or holding back." You have reason, my friends, this day to remember with gratitude the entreaties that he presented then to you all to go onward without fear or anxiety, and the encouragement that he offered you all in undertaking to erect a new structure to the worship of God. And this was but one instance among many of the happy fortitude with which he bore up under difficulties in his work, and made them conduce to the good of others. Oftentimes, when the futility or impracticability of some favorite purpose was urged upon him, he would humbly admit that it might be so, but the question with him was, "What is my duty, what is to be done; how can it be done?" And the faithful effort waited so quickly upon the inquiry as to leave no doubt that he saw his duty plainly, and was resolved to pursue it. His enthusiasm seldom ran away with his judgment, but bid him in Heaven's name do something, and do it at once. We have seldom been privileged to see such intense mental activity with such entire kindness of
heart, and such ready wisdom. No occasion found him unprepared. So long as the purpose was a good one, every opportunity for labor, labor of the mind, and heart, and voice, was acceptable. No one could labor with him, or come within the sphere of his influence, without observing the facility with which he turned every thing to some good account. In imitation of God's gracious providence, he made all things work together for good unto them that were exercised thereby. An almost intuitive sense of moral distinctions, and of the essential elements of all subjects, armed him with a word for every occasion, and enabled him to bring in all facts, incidents, or thoughts, however insignificant to other minds, as tributaries to his work of benefiting the world. He had, too, a most happy faculty of presenting delicate and difficult subjects in a manner to please all parties, but at the same time to perform the highest service to the truth. Wherever he was, he became the life of society. Nothing could long remain stagnant and dead where he labored. Most happily did my brother* say of him on that day when his sacred remains were committed to the dust, "that a spirit of improvement marked his path everywhere." You will all remember, I doubt not, that discourse delivered before you last November, upon the text, "For their sakes I sanctify myself; that they also may be sanctified through the truth," wherein he spoke of the influence of a holy man upon the

* Rev. Mr. Muzzey, in his funeral address.
human heart. "Has it not been," he said, "that you felt yourselves surrounded by a pure and holy atmosphere, which, as you breathed it, wrought a change in all your feelings, and desires, and aspirations; an atmosphere impregnated with the silent influences which have been constantly flowing forth from the holy and devout man into whose presence you have been brought?" Of no one was it more true than of himself, that this influence, besides his direct labor, was going forth to mould other hearts. Does not the whole tenor of that powerful and invaluable discourse now return vividly to your minds, and by its important truth bring up this part of his character in bold and beautiful relief? Indeed, he had a resolute determination, entirely free from pride of opinion, but upborne by a devout confidence in himself, that wherever he was, he would make himself felt; that whatever he could do, should be done; and very many hearts can testify that it was even so. That holy privilege belonged indisputably to him, which was the province of such a high resolve, that he usually swayed the minds of others at will, and placed those who offered obstructions to the truth that he advocated in no enviable position. Not that he was arbitrary, or dictatorial; but there the truth lay in his own mind, and burned in his heart of hearts, and if he could induce others to feel it as he felt it, or even to know how he felt it, that was enough. He had sufficient faith in the power of a pure and holy enthusiasm to know that spiritual influences would
work far and wide, and were all pervasive. This accounts clearly enough for the deference that was felt for his opinion. In any trying case, in any peculiar combination of circumstances, he could be relied upon. He led you, my Christian friends, through difficulties which might have caused others to tremble; and which, but for his aid in helping you to surmount them, might have prevented the fulfilment of those hopes in which you now rejoice. In more public matters, here and elsewhere, he often turned the scales the right way when all seemed in peril, and indulged many fears. If he was enlisted in behalf of any purpose, doubt and fear were dispelled. This was not the tame tribute paid to the ministerial office, of hypocritical deference, which says to one's face yes and no, but, when the back is turned, says no and yes, but the tribute of convinced, confiding minds, that felt his power, and named him at the fireside and in the public walks of life with honor and affection. That he knew it was inevitable in one who saw so clearly; but it induced no pride of opinion. He was humble as a child, willing to admit that he might be wrong, but until some reasonable doubts were shown to him, until from any cause he felt doubts himself, there he was, as a pillar of adamant, inflexible and faithful!

It would have been a wonderful anomaly in all philosophy of character, if a true independence had not been found in close communion with those traits, and giving them their real exaltation. He
lived with God! He felt that He knew his heart, and so he feared not man, whatsoever he could do unto him. With the devout Psalmist he felt, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, forever more." When others, dearest to him, expressed any anxiety for the future, he would say with heavenly trust, "Fear not; I am trying to do my duty! Will not God take care of us all?" Yes! duty was his simple, holy watchword, his blessed assurance. He knew that "the work of righteousness shall be peace for ever." He did not ask what others would think of his course, before he determined what he should do. If some felt that he had better have done differently, he would reply, "All I ask, is, that they will take my position, and do it. But if I am to act, it must be according to my judgment and my sense of duty! What a blessed spirit of self-dependence, united with complete charity and humility. No one could be more willing to risk popularity. Not that he disregarded it. Kind regard, deference, popularity in its true sense, a nature so generous, so frank, so social, so affectionate, could not but value. But he did not seek popularity; it sought him, and, do you not know it, from the very fact of his independence of it. He might be called a disciple of the doctrine of expediency; not of a false and timid expediency, but of that divine and heavenly temper, that availed of the most fit times and seasons; that, when he perceived a valuable opportunity, sent home to oth-
er hearts the lesson that he had himself received; but an expediency still nobler and more divine, that when duty demanded, and occasion called, bid him speak right on, whether men would hear, or whether they would forbear. And no one knew or felt more than he, that there were such times, and had more resolution and faith than he, yes, and love to God and to man, to meet and be equal to them. With Paul he could say to any misgivings that waited upon such a course, "Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?" Seldom has it been in the power of man, in the spirit of such an enthusiasm, and so fearless, and free to fulfil so unexceptionable a ministry!

But whilst we thus commemorate, my Christian friends, those manly virtues, that made him, whom we mourn to-day, so efficient a servant of Christ, and rendered him so widely known, let us not forget that which was, to my humble apprehension, the crowning grace in his character. At first view, a life of so much activity, of such earnest labors in every good work, may seem inconsistent with the more retired communings of the soul with God, with that devout meditation and secret prayer, that form so important a part of the spiritual life, and comprehend its highest perfection. But with more careful thought, we shall perceive that as there can be no vigorous action of the physical energies, without the regular and healthy pulsations of the heart, so there can be
no true outward service in the kingdom of God, unless a fountain of holy confidence in our Heavenly Father, and of fervent communion with his spirit, is cherished in the soul, and never without a copious supply of “the water of life.” Our departed brother understood this truth in all its extent and applications, and labored for himself as faithfully as he labored for others. I consider his example in this regard as one of the richest remembrances that he has bequeathed to us all. With intense mental activity, he possessed great devoutness of soul. We read that our Saviour went apart oftentimes for prayer and secret communion with God. Here, as elsewhere, he, of whom we now speak, was faithful to imitate his Lord and Master. In the arrangement of his time, he was in the daily habit of using the earliest hours of the morning for study of the Bible, and holy meditation, and prayer. Here he gained his strength, his resolution, his faith, and his cheerful trust, and fortified himself with power to address other souls, and to comfort the wearied, sorrowing heart. His favorite authors were those who treated most profoundly of the inner life; and the most marked peculiarity of his discourses was found in the developments of a soul ever in intimate communion with divine truth, and with Him, who is the source of all truth. His sermons on the subject of prayer are striking exemplifications of this view of his character. His relations to many under his various ministries were of such
a tender nature, that they sought communion with him, that they might understand the ways of the true inner life, and imbibe a portion of it from him. Influences have gone out from him of this nature, that will not cease their blessed ministry, now that he is removed from the earth.

I have spoken of our lamented friend, chiefly in his ministerial character. But you all know, that he fostered with diligent care all things for which Christianity taught him to plead. He did not hope to serve the world by laboring only for those who received his faith, but for all whom he could in any way influence. His earnest exertions out of the peculiar enclosure of the Church deserve more than the passing notice which I must hasten here to give to them. He was the firm, long tried friend of education. Wherever he lived he was the pillar of schools, and the life of teachers. His writings on this subject will always be valued as monuments of his wisdom, his enthusiasm, and his love for the young; and it is earnestly to be hoped that his services in behalf of our schools in this town will be so appreciated, that all in our midst will delight to honor his memory by rendering them efficient and ample support.* How earnestly he plead for Peace, on the 19th of April, 1846, you will all

* These hopes have been happily fulfilled, the town having voted at the annual March meeting the sum of $2500 for the support of their schools the ensuing year, being an increase of $900 over the appropriation of the last year.
remember, and how devoted a friend he was to the cause. One of his last acts of a public nature was the signing of the protest by our denomination against the enormities of the Mexican War, which he regarded as a foul blot upon our national character. His voice was often raised also in opposition to slavery, and in behalf of human freedom. His whole heart was in the cause of liberty, and his published letter upon the subject will now be doubly dear to all our hearts. By it, "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Of his faithful labors in support of the Temperance Reform, I need not remind you. For its interests he labored everywhere, early and late, not indeed always with the rich success he deserved, but with great effect. His last public lecture was upon this subject, in the home of his birth, the week only before he was called so suddenly from his home here, never again to enter it alive. At the close of that lecture, in the midst of a touching appeal to the young men present, he uttered these remarkable words: "You may never hear my voice again." O will not "he, being dead, yet speak," and with increased power, to those young hearts? Will not all here and elsewhere, who heard his living voice, and his earnest exhortations, now listen, as he speaks from his heavenly home, and heed what once they dismissed for the false pleasures and the indulgences of the world? And finally, for what good thing, my friends, was he not willing to labor ac-
cording to, yes, and beyond his strength; and does he not call upon us to make similar conser-

vation of ourselves to these glorious works of God!

And now, Christian friends, I will not allow my own any longer to indulge in the melancholy pleasure of portraying the character of one, whom all loved and honored. I could not have uttered less! Much more might I have said of him. It affords me consolation to think and speak thus of that sainted spirit. From his heavenly abode may he be able to witness, that I have spoken sober truth, and have rendered though feeble yet sincere testimony to a life, whose labors were exceed only by its aims and aspirations!

But there is one, most deeply bereaved, who needs our sympathy, and whom we bear on our hearts to the throne of grace. Beloved friend! upon whom the hand of a chastening Providence has now been twice heavily laid, what a blessed consolation is yours in the memory of one, who loved you and yours so earnestly, and struggled so constantly with public engagements to devote time and thought to his family. He trusted not in man alone! Let me commend you and your beloved children to that Being, whose word gives the gracious promise, that He will be the widow’s God, and the Father of the fatherless. Trust in his mercy! He will care for you! Remember the devout acknowledgment of our Saviour, “I am not alone, for the Father is with me.” You
have indeed an arduous work to perform in guiding the education, and watching for the welfare of those, who now look to you alone for parental oversight. Rejoice, I beseech you, that you have the memory and the example of such a father to impress upon their tender hearts; and in the hope that as one holy family you shall all be united hereafter, with the departed spirit, to that loved one, * who went before you all to the eternal world. And to each of you, children of a loving and departed father, let me say in the language of the inspired penman, "Keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee; for the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life."

To that tenderly loved sister, left in advanced years to mourn the departure of such a brother from her earthly communion, I would say, "Thy brother hath risen again;" and reiterate his own affectionate message sent to you from the bed of his last sickness, and now repeated from his heavenly home, "You will soon be with me again." Oh! what a precious comfort, to reflect upon the life of one whose earliest as his latest days you

* Her daughter Sarah, who died Feb. 21, 1846. at the age of 12 years and 11 months.
shielded by your care, whose youth you led on to those high pursuits of knowledge and truth, through which he became such a benefactor to the world! May our Heavenly Father gently support and guide you on through the dimness and shadows of this existence to the enduring communion of a brighter abode!

To his nearest relatives, let me say, he has left you a precious inheritance, having honored the Christian nurture in which he was trained, by fidelity to his Master, and love to mankind, and has only now “passed on” in God’s own time, to the company of the sainted Christian Patriarch,* and of that brother spirit, † who was also early snatched from an efficient ministry on earth, and to the society of those in communion with whom your early days were blessed with the influences of a Christian home!

To this bereaved flock, whose shepherd is “torn from their embrace,” and

“O’er whose dust
With bleeding hearts, this people mourn,”

let me interpret what the spirit saith in our hearts. Your loss is indeed a heavy affliction. Fond hopes, long treasured expectations are blighted! In the last two years, you have been sorely tried. But God’s providence is always wise, and if man is

* His father, Deacon John Whitman, who died July 19, 1842, at the age of 107 years.
† Rev. Bernard Whitman, who died Nov. 5, 1834.
humble, he shall discern his almighty purposes. In the spirit of my beloved brother, let me exhort you to remember not only the affliction you have suffered, but the privileges you have yet left to you. When your first temple was suddenly consumed by fire, you were blest still with his counsel, to interpret to you the ways of Providence and encourage your hearts; and now that this more beautiful structure is preserved to your prayers, but he is removed to his high reward, "being dead, he yet speaketh." He bids you go on in abundant Christian faith, and allow not yourselves to make an idol of this house of prayer, but dedicate your own hearts as living temples to the everlasting service of God, and of his Son! In the name of my brethren in the Christian ministry, who deeply sympathize with you all, I commend to your pious, reverent care, and the supplies of your abundance, this bereaved, dependent family! Shall not his memory be honored by your generous solicitude, and your ample provision for their wants? Shall not that be, indeed, still a sublime reality, uttered by the Psalmist, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread"? Precious relics slumber in yonder home of the dead! The remains of a beloved and holy daughter, of an honored husband and father, your faithful shepherd and pastor once, there repose! Those whom they loved would still make their home near them, and in your midst. Brethren, all thanks for what you have done already in their behalf! Let the
future also prove that you are grateful stewards of the bounty of God, and value aright the ministry which he, though dead in the body, yet \textit{continues to fulfil}; and in due time may God in his kindness grant you another spiritual guide,

"As free, as faithful to his trust."

To your kind friends, the members of the Baptist Society, in whose church you have been privileged to worship for nearly two years, I would in your name offer the heartiest thanks for their Christian courtesy. We tender to them our sympathy in the early removal of one, on whose ministrations, though differing from him in religious opinions, they ever attended with profit and pleasure, and for whom they cherished a high and holy regard. May the communion which my brother, their pastor, was permitted to enjoy with him, be often remembered, to encourage him in the labors of his ministry, and this act of Christian union be long valued here and elsewhere as an example to be followed implicitly, and as a bright foreglimmering of the blissful union of a higher state of existence.

I would affectionately remind our brethren of the society of our faith in Bedford, to whom he so often ministered, when his services were not required for his own people, of his esteemed labors in their behalf; that he was indeed faithful to them, and as a wise counsellor, and father in the gospel of Christ. May they listen now in the
hour of their bereavement to that voice, in which he yet speaketh, “Be watchful; and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die.”

He is gone! Farewell! my brother, beloved counsellor, friend, and fellow-laborer! Thou hast passed to thy bright abode! We would not detain thee! No; we would not recall thee! Thou canst serve thy Saviour still! Thy purposes of benevolence shall still go on to their fulfilment! Thou art gone home in peace, to joys eternal! Farewell! Oh no! we will still commune with thine exalted spirit here amid the dim vision of earth, and pray to be admitted to thy fellowship hereafter!
THE STATESMAN AND THE MAN.

A DISCOURSE

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF

HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

DELIVERED IN WASHINGTON, FEB. 27, 1848,

BY JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN,

PASTOR OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

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DISCOURSE.

PSALM xxxvii, 37.

MARK THE PERFECT MAN, AND BEHOLD THE UPRIGHT; FOR THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE.

The week that has passed since we were last assembled here has been one so marked with signal memories and events, that it would be impossible to leave it without notice. It is seldom that religion connects itself so distinctly both with our own thought and experience, and with the striking incidents of our nation's life. It is seldom that the associations of a single day, or a single week, have in them so much that presses solemnly upon the mind, and exalts it with a serious yet composed and joyful faith. The season, always greeted with the glad and loyal welcome of every patriotic heart, as the commemoration of the birth of our country's greatest man, has been rendered doubly memorable now, by the announcement which has made the nation's heart return in part from its fever-dream of war to the purer hope and glad anticipation of peace, and by the quiet and gentle departure from life of the most venerable and distinguished of our public men. These three, brought together in
point of time by the good appointment of Providence, are closely connected, too, by a chain of moral association, which compels us to feel how fitly they belong together.

With devout, subdued, and serious thought, we meet to take counsel in the house of God, as may be fit, on an occasion like this, of mingled gratitude and solemnity. The final seal is set, by the hand of God, to the record which bears the name of him whose obsequies we have just observed, as the last survivor of that company whose counsels gave form and strength to the young Republic. Under the auspices and by commission of Washington, the young man began, more than half a century ago, his career of honorable public service. Within the week he has laid that commission down; and without a spot on his fair fame, leaving no one line recorded which, dying, he could wish to blot, the venerable patriot has passed away, and full of years and honors has been gathered to his fathers. Lovely and pleasant is the memory of their lives, and in death they are not divided.

I do not come here this day to flatter the dead. He needs no feeble words of praise from me. His praise is most fitly spoken in the hearts of a mighty nation that mourn for him; in the record of public and private acts, that shall last as long as the history of our land; in the remembrance of every true word he has spoken, and every noble deed he has done; in the substantial justice of the
world's approval, which gathers up each trait of integrity, public spirit, high-mindedness, and Christian fidelity, to adorn his memory now. Let these speak of him, now that he is gone. Let the unbought and willing testimony of those who have known him best be the memorial of the esteem so laboriously and honorably won. This is not the fit time or place, either for the recital of the great events in which he bore a part, or for passing judgment upon those qualities and acts which have been before the world's great tribunal for more or less of almost the whole period of our nation's life. In silent modesty we would stand before the awful presence of the dead. The marble scroll of history contains his best and only fitting eulogy.

Yet it cannot be that the spirit of such a man should pass away without the distinct and solemn record, for which this is the fit time and place, of the great and impressive lessons which his life is teaching us. We have followed him, with the watchful eye of personal interest and friendship, during the last years of his mortal pilgrimage. We have seen his venerable form, as he stood among us, reverent before God, upright and firm before men; and have joined with him as he shared the devotions of our Church. We fondly remember how, but a few weeks since, (till he felt his duty to be to worship in the spot which was his, as it were, by prescriptive right,) neither age and feebleness, nor storm and darkness, detained him from his accus-
tomed place on the Lord's day. And now that that spot is left vacant, and his long career is closed, we call to mind, with fresh interest, the touching circumstances of his departure. Like a soldier, he has fallen at his post. In the midst of duties active and laborious, even to a younger man, in the very moment of discharging his high legislative function, the hand of death was laid upon him. And as not a day of his life, for more than half a century, but was given in some way to the service of the Republic, so a merciful Providence permitted that on no spot but one bearing the name of the Father of his Country, and in no other apartment but in the Capitol of the American people, he should finally yield his breath. Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so watching.

In the solemn memories of the occasion there is not room for one sad or gloomy thought. The life of a good man is a precious legacy, which he leaves to his country and mankind. In the appointment of death as the bound and visible termination of life, mercifully ordered as it is, how rarely is it ordered with such exceeding gentleness—so fitted every way to raise our thought above the necessarily mournful aspect of its outward presence, to that world of eternal reality of which it is but the prelude and the veil. How rare it is, that every one's spontaneous feeling declares, that just so and no otherwise, to the smallest circumstance, was it fitting that the good man should be called away.
While he was here, we cherished and revered his presence, as a precious memorial of the past. Now that he is gone, and that the irresistible hand of God has been laid visibly upon him, as it were, before our very eyes, we feel that it was not a destroying, but only a sanctifying touch. We bow, as before the passing shadow of the Almighty; and, filled with a solemn yet grateful faith, we say, The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!

John Quincy Adams was born on the eleventh of July, 1767, eight years before the commencement of the American Revolution; and, while still a child, accompanied his father on a diplomatic mission to Europe. Returning so thoroughly instructed in the language and learning of other nations, that for a long time, as he said, he had to translate his thoughts from a foreign tongue before uttering them in his own, he passed through the customary grades of literary honor in his native Commonwealth; and, attracting the favorable notice of Washington, was already the Representative of the Nation at a foreign Court, before the age of twenty-seven. From that time to this, a period of fifty-four years, or two-thirds of his extended life, he passed through almost every grade of public honor. Through them all he carried the plain simplicity of a republican citizen, the stainless honor of a patriot, the incorruptible integrity of a Christian and a man. Having filled the high station of
Chief Magistrate of the Union, he returned, after a short respite, to public life, the watchful and jealous Guardian of what he held to be Right and Justice, as a Representative of the People. And here Death found him—a sentinel never off guard; a servant always ready for his Lord's coming; a man too severely true to desert a single point of duty; a Christian of too clear and lofty faith to be startled or dismayed at any thing Life or Death could bring. Such, in the fewest words, was the man whose recent departure we commemorate this day.

In looking back upon a public course so long, that he is already advanced in years who can remember its beginning, we are forced to feel how very imperfect justice, at best, can be done in the slight sketch which the present time allows. It is not the outward facts, of which history is but too profuse, and respecting which men's judgments vary, that we would notice now, but the inward meaning, the moral and spiritual reality, which lies behind, and forms the bond of connexion among them all. It is with the personality of the man that we have to deal; and with those secret principles of faith, truth, nobleness, justice, love, which the moral sense of mankind recognises. Respecting these there can be no diversity and no dispute.

Those who have known Mr. Adams, however slightly, must have felt how strongly he was imbued with all the moral characteristics of the New England Puritanic faith. A solid and impregnable for-
tress of religious principle was built, grounded on the very rock-foundation, the primitive formation (so to speak) of his soul, as a defence forever to the moral virtues which Christianity loves. Not more tenaciously did the Greek soldier cling to his country's liberty—not more obstinately did the early martyrs of Christianity keep in their heart the truth for which they gave their body to torture and flame—not more resolutely do men of Science at the present day, with unfaltering reliance on truths already disclosed, push their researches into regions of stupendous vastness and baffling perplexity, than did this true New England man hold fast the faith he had received. So strong and enduring is the influence of the method or the example the Pilgrims left. The form of opinion might change. Speculations and heresies might invade the intellect and find harbor there. Wide experience and mature reflection might overthrow the close wall of separation which fenced them round, and made them aliens from almost all the world. But that indomitable faith survived, none the feebler for its change of form. It held fast its own moral characteristics, of unshaken independence, of unwavering devotion to truth, of untainted loyalty to justice and right. I shall not stop to consider now what errors may have mingled with the assertion of that faith, whether in the Pilgrim founders of the Old Colony, or in their perhaps less intrepid sons. Still less is it my purpose here to undertake its eulogy or de-
fence. But such as it was, with its dogged persistency, with its quickly-kindled devotion to a great Idea, with its staunch loyalty on the whole to liberty and truth, that primitive faith in Christian Righteousness still remains. It runs in the blood, and shapes the discourse, and in some way controls the action of the best New England men. And of such was he. His slight frame and trembling hand—it seemed as if a child might turn him. But in the cold quiet eye, in the lip and voice, there were signs that assured you of a spirit that all the terrors of earth could not quail, nor all the ordinary seductions of earth move the smallest hair. Whatever else might pass away, you felt that the intrepid determination of his mind, like an Egyptian pyramid, would stand the same. As he moved among us, the moral of his life was like the wonderful battle-cry of Napoleon,—"From that pyramid forty centuries are looking down upon you!"

It was a part of the same obstinate and unyielding faith, that in all the duties of life, in every station, he maintained an exact, almost military precision, even to the smallest details of conduct. Even the habits of his domestic life were marked by strict and unvarying punctuality. At sunrise and sunset, while at home, he was ready on the watchtower of his favorite hill. On Sunday he was never absent from his wonted place, and never failed to be the preacher's courteous host. Of the innumerable persons he must have known in his extended inter-
of the immense correspondence he must have carried on, not an individual or a line seems to have been forgotten. Each was duly registered on the written tables of the brain, or in its own place in the well-ordered file. In its almost mechanic precision, his memory reminds one of those miracles of man's science and skill,—of the wonderful engine which presents, free from any possible error, complex columns of calculated mathematical tables, without stop or limit; or of the cathedral clock of Strasburg, which registers the close of every day, and year, and century, and has a wheel waiting to introduce a new series of figures, when the second millennium of the Christian era has elapsed. The amazing extent of his historical research, and accuracy of his knowledge, have become proverbial. I allude to them here, as another illustration of this fundamental quality of his mind; the same tenacity and determination being displayed in these, so closely associated with, and so distinctly characterizing his moral and religious principle.

It was in strict accordance with this, that his life contains one of the strongest admonitions and rebukes, any where recorded, of the indolent habit of mind, which makes the great multitude of men, in the stress of business, excuse themselves from any effort at the improvement of their intellect. Probably Mr. Adams never in his life uttered a direct sarcasm or rebuke upon the indolence of those whom he must constantly have met, and whose thrift-
less intellectual habits and utter neglect of culture he would have so thoroughly condemned and despised in himself. The only admonition he gave was his example. It is hardly necessary to allude to the many ways in which he vindicated the power of the mind to achieve its triumphs by toil, and successfully placed his name among those eminent in "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." Hardly any external difficulty is so great as the constant home-pressure of affairs; and in the face of it he accomplished prodigies of literary attainment, winning the reputation of having perhaps the largest range of thorough information of all men living. Owing to his imperfect knowledge of English, when, at the age of eighteen, he returned from the Continent, he did not secure the highest honors of the University, which he most richly merited; yet, a few years later, he was the brilliant and successful Lecturer, at that very University, upon the powers and delicate graces of the English tongue. Constantly urged by the press of a multiplicity of occupations, which might have wholly absorbed another man, he yet never discourteously neglected the duties of one in the midst of social life; while, in addition to all the rest, he preserved an accomplished scholarship in the learned tongues. And, while weighed down by the onerous duties of the highest public station, he was well known to be a constant student of the Scriptures, critically, for two hours of every day. The used key is always bright. The never-flagging,
always faithful and assiduous exercise of his intellectual power, kept it always in trim and fit for service, to his extreme old age. By a testimony as generally bestowed as it was honorably merited and received, the unanimous consent of our generation has accorded to him the title (which Milton, with the privilege of genius, has forever associated with the Attic Isocrates) of "the old man eloquent;"—a wreath of civic laurel, that to all future time shall make memorable our late friend and fellow-citizen, side by side with the statesman of ancient Greece.

But it would be an unworthy commemoration of this son of New England, in this Capital of the American Nation, not to add the far higher glory which his later years achieved. He has chosen to be remembered here, not as the President of the United States, but as the uncompromising Defender of human Liberty and human Right. This too was part of his stern, inflexible principle. It was no boyish enthusiasm with him. That, if it ever existed in him with great warmth and force, had been subdued, at least to a common observer's eye, by the long experience of life. Neither was it the contemplative and religious meditation on abstract principles, or sentiments of humanity, philanthropy, and the like, which make so many sincerely zealous in behalf of a great idea. It being my fortune, near six years ago, to form some personal acquaintance with the lamented Channing, about the time that I first knew Mr. Adams, I was very strongly im-
pressed with the contrast between the mild, contemplative, placid, hopeful faith of the retired Thinker, and the sombre and sorrowful, almost despairing view taken by the Statesman, who for half a century had constantly mingled in the busy affairs of men. In the words of the record made at the time, "He has taken the world on its blackest and roughest side, and for him there is no sentiment, no enthusiasm, almost no hope; but stern, grand, moral censorship." This is but the impression of an hour, by no means a true account of the spirit of the man; yet it sufficiently indicates a trait more apparent perhaps to a stranger, than to a familiar friend. His devotion to the cause of liberty and right, amounting sometimes almost to enthusiasm in its earnestness, had nothing in it of the mystic's dream, or the secluded man's unpracticality. It was downright, severe, uncompromising principle,—less fair and captivating, perhaps, to the imagination than a sentimental and refined philanthropy, but involving the very fibre of the sinewy texture of his mind.

When, seven years ago, he stood after an interval of two and thirty years before the Supreme Judicial Tribunal of the United States, to plead "on the behalf of thirty-six individuals, the life and liberty of every one of whom depended on the decision of the Court," he spoke in the name, not of the pleasing sentiment of an ideal humanity, but of justice, "the constant and perpetual Will to secure to every one his own right." His plea matches what he con-
siders a false "sympathy" against a real "right." He has "avoided a recurrence to those first principles of liberty which might well have been invoked," and entreats "that this Court would not decide, but on a due consideration of all the rights, both natural and social, of every one of those individuals." I have cited these expressions, less for the sake of the special instance,—though that was a noble illustration of his adherence to the inflexible principle of Justice, utterly irrespective of all distinctions of race, class, or condition,—than because they indicate a very prominent and distinguishing feature of his character. With the urbanity of the gentleman, the liberality of the scholar and man of science, the cordiality of a friend, the charity of a Christian, there was combined in him a truly Spartan firmness of resolve and inflexibility of will. His virtues were of the hard antique mould, though penetrated and suffused with delicacy of sentiment, and the spirit of a genuine Christian love. Let it never be omitted, as a fundamental element of his character, and a distinguishing feature of his position, that he was (within the legal and constitutional limits which he always held sacred) the steady invariable champion of man's liberty and right; and that, in vindicating these, he was often called to display as high order of moral courage, as can ever find play in the field of civilized polity.

A glance upon the positions now asserted and illustrated, as to the personal and public character
of Mr. Adams, will show that they were all branches from the same stock — offshoots from the same root—that root planted in the very earliest years of his life, and with all its fibres and ramifications interlacing the entire fabric of his intellectual and moral being. The germ of it all was the primitive puritanic New England faith,—divested in his case of many of the theological forms and opinions with which, in past ages, it was associated, yet at heart the same through all its outward change. With him, as it must always be, it was essentially a religious faith. Men's dispute about the forms, dogmas, technicalities of theology, is one of names. He, like every good man, was more solicitous about the thing. It was the alliance of the soul with God; it was the dependence of the spiritual faculty of the man on the infinite source of absolute truth, love, and right. So religion always is at heart, whatever be the bitterness of men's controversy, or the diversity of their creed.

Mr. Adams was emphatically, and in the best sense, a religious man. His religion was one of trust, and hope, and principle. Nothing else would have made him so true to himself; so faithful in the manifold relations of life he sustained; so constant, cheerful, and unwavering in his anticipation of a future world; so touchingly composed and resigned at the moment his mind was trembling on the verge of unconsciousness. His patient, self-collected spirit, his moral resolution, his habitual devotion to
truth, to goodness, to Almighty God, all marked him as a religious man. And surely, in the example of a life so long, so consistent, so honorable and useful throughout, and in a death so placid, as it were sinking away in the sweet unconscious slumber of a child, there is all a good man can wish for encouragement—all a Christian can ask as a confirmation to the faith of his fellow-men.

And now a few words in conclusion. It is but tracing the appropriate moral of the occasion which commemorates the life and the death of two such men, to ask, What is the great want of our American people, at this day and hour? It is, examples like theirs, of Christian Manhood. It is, a generation of men like them, unswerving in principle, unflinching in trial, unbent by idle relaxation, unflinching to meet the responsibility which the issues of the time are forcing upon them. We cannot, especially in view of such a life and death as theirs, separate the religion of the Man from the religion of the State. It is needed by both alike. It is one and the same thing to both alike. The Man cannot dwell in honor, security, and peace, without it. The State cannot so much as be kept in being—cannot be saved from disaster, wreck, and dissolution, by any thing short of it. Politicians cannot save the State. Sentimentalists cannot save it. Impracticable Theorists cannot save it. Each, under Providence, may do some little share; but
no one is enough, not all together are enough, without the lofty, earnest, religious spirit which should animate the Statesman and the Man. The work is to be done in real life, in a nation's life; and it can only be done by a thoroughly true-hearted man. God grant us the gift of more such men! Such is the appeal which comes irresistibly from every earnest mind, echoed back from the moral consciousness of all who are alive to the peril and the responsibility of the time. It is not arrogance or bigotry that dictates words like these. They are the utterance of the fervent hope, long deferred, which good men cherish, of the true glory and destiny of our land. They are the too sorrowful confession, going up now from almost every heart, responded to, in various tone, of sorrow or rebuke, from almost every public press. What does all this sad confession mean? Does it mean that one or another business interest of the country will suffer harm? Does it mean that any party or section of our citizens is in league with foes, and in disguised hostility to our own land? Does it mean that one or another section or party would draw the sword and kindle the torch of civil strife, and would look on, cold-blooded, to see the domestic misery of the rest? Is it any such partial, such unnatural form of evil that lies at the bottom of the general complaint and fear? Oh no! It is the confession, wrung from the conscience of our people, of its own moral want—deeply felt, though ill understood. It
is the confession of our need of Christian Manhood,—of a truer nationality,—of a public character, moulded by and resting on the broad, universal ideas of truth, of justice, of humanity, of God. That is what we want. Not any partial, half-way, superficial reform in politics or in society will save us; but the creating of a spirit so wide, so deep, so vast, so high, that it shall take in every measure of healthy, earnest Reform, as its natural and inevitable result. Differences of opinion there will be; but let there be unity of faith at heart. Diversities of operations there will be; but it should be the same God that worketh all in all. To use the noble expression of the Apostle Paul, what we want is nothing more nor less than the measure of the statute of a perfect man.

This is the one fundamental want of our country and our age. And how shall this want be met? A moral want is never supplied but from a religious source. Religion must be restored to its rightful place in the empire of the heart and the life. Religion must exercise its sway over our people. The nationality we want, the only one of any true glory or advantage, is a religious nationality. Great Christian Ideas lie at the foundation of our Commonwealth. Let these be held sincerely, and embodied in our public faith. A nation, to thrive and grow and be strong, must be bound together by religious ties, and founded in some way on religious ideas. Religion, true or false, has been found in
every age and in every shape. Among the Pagan tribes of Palestine, it was the grim superstition which worshipped brazen idols, and made sacrifice of children in fire and blood to Moloch, god of War. With the Greek, it was the religion of a sectional and narrow Patriotism, fierce, jealous, and vindictive; or else of Art, speedily enervating and corrupt. In Rome, it was the worship of the impersonated State, united with boundless lust of conquest. In Carthage, it was the worship of a god of Gain. Bloody, profitless, and horrible have been the superstitions that have usurped Religion's place. But the religion of this people must be different from any or all of those. Our faith, so far as we have a faith, is in a God who is perfect Wisdom and perfect Love. The glorious ideas that lie at the foundation of our State, the American ideas, declared in our Declaration, established in our Constitution, are the Christian ideas of Liberty and Human Right. I will not affront your understanding by any defence of these. They are your own profession, the corner-stone of your political and religious fabric. The State will stand or fall with them.

I do not claim, like a sectarian or bigot, that any one source or edict must give outward shape to our opinions, or our mode of worship. I do not say that the Puritan Church, or the New England idea, must be at the foundation of our national fabric. But, whatever our faith be, it must be a
faith, and it must be one including those great American ideas. Whatever else it may include or exclude, it must comprise those. They are our creed. They are the embodiment of our political faith, where it harmonizes and coincides with our religious faith. Here, at least, these are and should be, one and the same. Bound together, uplifted, strengthened by faith in God, in Liberty, and Right, there is no such thing as failure or defeat for us. Without it, we are what our Republic may perhaps seem to the eyes of the envious world,—torn, distracted, anarchical, weak.

As Christians and as men, let us reflect sometimes on the coincidence between our political and our religious faith. Especially let us consider this momentous question: How is such a faith, in any practical, vital, efficient form, to take root and grow? This can only be from the sincere, earnest, absolute devotion to it of us, individually, as men. Think by it: speak by it: act by it. The harmony we need, in our counsels and in our action, will come of itself, so only the faith has a being first. Here, again, is our great need of earnest, resolute, Christian Manhood,—which can dare to stand alone,—which can say, as a noble man said, who took refuge among us from tyranny abroad: "Sir, I cannot stay to argue the reasons now, but I have such faith in it that I am willing, now, or at any time, to lay down my life for it." Why should it be that the battle-fields of Mexico are displaying instan-
ces of heroic self-devotion to wounds and death, in defence of other men, or in vindication of the country's supposed honor, and that the more glorious triumphs of peace and Christian polity should not have power also to call out the same unwavering and self-sacrificing devotion to Justice, Humanity, and Truth?

For every example of integrity, of moral fidelity, of religious trust, let us thank God, and take courage. Our chief cause of gratitude to Him this day is, that he has so long permitted a Man to dwell among us. Another cause of thankfulness, in the memory of the week that has removed him from us, is, that a century and more ago He raised up another Man, on the shore of this broad river, to be the herald and the champion of our country's emancipation. For these two Men let us render to-day our devout acknowledgment. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.

How honorable is the willing and spontaneous testimony which has just gone up from the heart of this people, as it did near half a century ago, to the reality and the power of such public virtue. "Thank God," (is the warm and honest expression of one of our public papers a day or two since,) "Thank God, we are not all stocks and stones." No; we are living men, with hearts formed to love and revere the right—men who must honor true nobleness in every form—men who cannot help but pay
homage to the high and resolute spirit of a Christian Statesman. The virtue of such a man is not a name, or an empty dream, but a recorded fact. "The end of that man is peace!" Peace to the memory of the illustrious dead! Peace, the newborn hope of which was the old man's last salutation upon earth! Peace, the joy of the nations, the prayer of humanity, the benediction of angels, the promise of God, the herald of Christ's kingdom among men! Happy the man whose last conscious thought was occupied with the country's return to peace and amity—whose last broken words told the serene composure of his soul! Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them!
DISCOURSE

ON

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS;

DELIVERED THE SABBATH AFTER HIS DEATH, FEB. 27, 1843,

AT THE

Church of the Saviour.

BY

R. C. WATERSTON.

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DISCOURSE.

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THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

One of the most remarkable men of our country has passed away; — one whose name has become interwoven with our national history, who was a connecting link between the present and former generations, who was known and revered not only in this hemisphere, but through all portions of the civilized world; — who has served his country in public labors for more than half a century, has held the highest offices of trust in the gift of the people, and when the angel of Death at length came, it found him still in the full possession of his powers, and in the prompt and vigorous discharge of his official duties; — ready to labor unto the last for the public good, yet cheerfully willing to bow before the wise decrees of an overruling Providence. An event so impressive and solemn, ought not to pass unnoticed here.

Nothing is so calculated to strengthen the mind with new vigor, and inspire it with new hope, as the con-
templation of a pure and noble life. Wisely has the Church cherished the memory of its martyrs and saints. Naturally has the human heart turned with fond delight to the struggle of those who have made sacrifice for the benefit of mankind. Even the lives of the humble, who have been guided by Christian principle, have often proved singularly instructive. Who, then, can estimate the influence of those whose superior gifts and commanding intellect have enabled them to be widely useful, and whose career through a long life has been one luminous track of light?

Character, interesting as it is in life, is made more solemn by death. That puts the last seal upon it; sets it apart; sanctifies it. Who could stand, at the hour of death, even by one utterly unknown, and not feel awed by the realities of eternity which gather around? As we gaze upon the marble features and silent form, the gates of the unseen kingdom open before us; our thoughts are hurried upward to the great tribunal, and mysterious desires are awakened to draw aside the thin, yet impenetrable veil which conceals from us so much of which we would fain know, yet cannot. And when, at such a time, we consider the character of the departed, an ethereal hue seems thrown over it, for it catches a reflection from that world into which it has entered.

Thus may we, amid the solemnities of this place, appropriately consider some of the distinguishing peculiarities of one who engaged perhaps a larger share of public attention than any man now living, and whose name will continue to be cherished as long as
the history of this country shall hold any place in the memory of mankind.

It would be interesting to trace the public career of one, who, as long ago as 1778, left this country for France, where he resided in the same house with Benjamin Franklin, and listened to the conversation of the most celebrated men of that period; who, in 1781, went as private secretary with the Embassy to Russia; who, sixty-six years ago, passed through Sweden and Denmark, and Hamburgh, and Holland; who was present when the treaty was signed, which separated the mother country from her American colonies; who was afterwards successively sent on diplomatic missions to the Netherlands, the Court of St. Petersburgh, and the court of St. James; who was, through many years, an honored representative and senator from this commonwealth to the national Congress; who has presided at the head of the republic, and, at length, in advanced age, during the past week has yielded up his spirit within the very walls of the capitol.

Yet it is not the honored stations he has filled, of which I would here speak, but of the integrity he displayed, the virtue unshaken, and the life untarnished.

In regard to particular measures advocated through the long life of a public man, there will naturally be diversities of opinion. Some will approve what others condemn. To political views we shall here make no reference, except so far as they may be connected with the rights of humanity and the principles of the Gospel. And it is in this very aspect that the character of that great man who has just departed
will bear the severest scrutiny. It is exactly here that his life shines out with an almost unrivalled brightness. He was in the highest sense a Christian Patriot. Firm and resolute in his purpose, he was ever a lover of his country, and with his enlightened faith and penetrating mind he well knew that a people could only prosper as their laws were made to conform to the laws of God.

Nourished by the fathers of his country,—familiar with their spirit from his childhood,—with the earliest dawning of his thought, he imbibed their principles. He was with them and of them. The soil he first trod was that hallowed by the Pilgrims; and their reverence, their devotion, were rekindled within him. While he honored their memory, he emulated their virtues. He was the child of New England. Taught by her institutions and surrounded by her influences, he ripened into manhood. With a mind clear and bracing as her atmosphere, and with virtues deep-rooted and immovable as her rocks, he became wherever he was known her living type and representative.

But let us go back to the scenes of his infancy and youth, and inquire more particularly into the influences which tended to give a bias to his mind, and make him what he was.

Mr. Adams was born July 11th, 1767. He received the name of his great-grandfather, John Quincy. In a private letter to a friend, he thus expresses himself in relation to this fact:

"The incident which gave rise to this circumstance is not without its moral to my heart. He was dying
when I was baptized, and his daughter, my grandmother, present at my birth, requested that I might receive his name. The fact, recorded by my father at the time, has connected with that portion of my name a charm of mingled sensibility and devotion. It was filial tenderness that gave the name. It was the name of one passing from earth to immortality. These have been among the strongest links of my attachment to the name of Quincy, and have been to me through life a perpetual admonition to do nothing unworthy of it.”

One great source of influence in the formation of his character was Nature. With a mind naturally susceptible, keenly alive to the beauty and grandeur of creation, he drank in delight from the manifold works of God. This was true to his latest hour. It was also visible in the feelings of his youth. Born within sight of the Blue Hills and the open sea, his mind was stirred and invigorated by their loveliness, and became stored with images which, in the highest intellectual efforts of his after years, came forth to illustrate his conceptions and enforce his eloquence.

In an unpublished letter addressed to his mother, while he was in Europe, he thus writes: “Penn’s Hill* and Braintree North Common Rocks never looked and never felt to me like any other hill or any other rocks. Why? Because every shrub and every pebble upon them associates itself with the first consciousness of my existence that remains upon my memory. Every visit

* During the last summer Mr. Adams stated to the writer of this discourse, that he remembered distinctly hearing the report of the cannon during the 17th of June, 1775, and, ascending Penn’s Hill, he saw clearly the smoke rising from the battle of Bunker Hill.
to them brings with it a resurrection of departed time, and seems to connect me with the ages of my fore-fathers."

As another source of influence which tended to form his character, we might speak of his mental discipline; the strict and severe study which, even in his earlier years, gave exactness and power to his mind. But that which, more than aught else, according to his own testimony, went to form his character, was the superior excellence and tender affection of his mother. More than once have I heard him speak of her with deep emotion, in terms of unqualified gratitude and veneration. Never, I believe, was there a day in which he did not fondly cherish her memory.

I have in my possession a manuscript letter, written by Mrs. Adams in 1778, on the very day when her husband and son embarked for France,—Mr. Adams having been appointed by Congress, as joint Commissioner with Franklin to the court of Versailles. At that time John Quincy Adams was ten years of age. The following passage will show Mrs. Adams's high principles, and her feelings, not only in regard to her country, but in relation to her son:

"Indeed," she writes, "my hands and my heart have both been full; my whole time has been taken up in preparing my dearest friend and master John for their voyage, and yesterday they embarked from this town. I think the wind has been fair for them, to-day, but they have not yet sailed. I hope, before I close this letter, to acquaint you that they are gone. 'Tis a mortification to me, to have them one day inactive. Since they are sepa-
rated from me, I long to know that they are making the best of their way to their desired haven. And now cannot you imagine me seated by my fire-side bereft of my better half, and added to that, a limb lopt off to heighten the anguish? In vain have I summoned philosophy. Come, then, religion, thy force can alone support the mind under the severest trials and hardest conflicts human nature is subject to.

"Religion noble comfort brings, Disarms our griefs and blunts their stings."

"You were not ignorant of the agitation of my mind upon this occasion. The world may talk of honor and the ignorant multitude of profit, but sure I am no consideration weighed with me, but the belief that the abilities and integrity of your friend might be more extensively useful to his country in this department, at this particular time, than in any other. I resign my own personal felicity, and look for my satisfaction in the consciousness of having discharged my duty to the public. My desire was, you know, to have run all hazards and accompanied him, but I could not prevail upon him to consent. The danger from enemies was so great and their treatment of prisoners so inhuman and brutal, that in case of a capture my sufferings would enhance his misery, and perhaps I might be subjected to worse treatment on account of my connection with him. These arguments prevailed upon me to give up the favorite wish of my heart. Master John was very happy in his father's consent to accompany him. But, young as he is, a mother's heart will feel a thousand fears and anxieties upon the occasion.
There are many snares and temptations, I hope some of the worst of which (on account of his age) he will be likely to escape. Yet there are many, very many, which may stain his morals even at this early period of life. But to exclude him from temptation, would be to exclude him from the world in which he is to live.” *

Such was the mother’s thoughtful anxiety respecting her son. Since these words were written, seventy years have rolled by, — and that innocent boy, then going forth for the first time from a mother’s care, has passed through one of the most eventful lives which falls to the lot of man — filled with public duties, crowned with public honors. And through that whole life, the mother’s influence was still felt and acknowledged. Mrs. Adams was in every respect a remarkable woman. Endowed as she was with more than Roman virtue, blended with the mildness of Christian love. She was, indeed, most worthy of honor, even in an age of renowned minds. A few years since, in an address during his western tour, the son, then the venerated patriarch and sage, thus commemorated the excellence

* This letter is dated Braintree, February 15, 1778. It contains some very noble sentiments upon the subject of the true education of woman, and, at the close, thus again refers to her husband and son:

“February 18th.

“This moment a letter is delivered me from on board the ‘Boston.’ I will note the contents and tell you.

“They are these; that they got on board safe, though the sea ran very high, and that they sailed on Sunday; but a snowstorm obliged them to put into Marblehead, from whence they sailed on Wednesday. Since which they have had fair weather and a fine wind. I don’t know whether you know it, but I am governed by impulse a little, and cruel as the separation is, I receive some comfort from a secret impulse that they will have a short and favorable passage. God grant it, — is my fervent prayer.”
of one whom he still looked upon as his guardian spirit.

"It is due," he says, "to gratitude and nature, that I should acknowledge and avow, that such as I have been, whatever it was — that such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother."

After an absence of eighteen months Mr. Adams and his son returned. Soon after which, the father having been again despatched by the Continental Congress on a mission to Europe, the son went with his father a second time, at which period he studied for a time in France, and afterwards in Amsterdam, and finally entered the University at Leyden. In 1781, Mr. Adams, then but a lad of fourteen, went as private secretary to Russia, and after having visited various countries, he at length returned home; and in his eighteenth year entered Harvard University; at which place he was graduated with distinguished honors in 1787. He subsequently studied law with the celebrated Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief Justice of Massachusetts. In May, 1794, he was, unexpectedly to himself, appointed by Washington, as Minister to the United Netherlands. And until 1801, he remained as public Minister, in Holland, England and Prussia. In 1803, he became a Senator in the Congress of the United States. In 1806 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, and while he held this Professorship his Lectures attracted great attention.
For several years after this he was abroad at foreign courts upon important public missions. In 1817, he was appointed Secretary of State, and in 1825, he was elected President of the United States. After the close of his administration, he remained for a time in private life, but in 1831 he was chosen as a Representative, which office he continued to hold until the day of his death on the 23d of the present month. But it is not so much of his public career, as his character, of which we would speak.

He was through life an indefatigable student. With great natural gifts, he made the most meritorious use of every talent he possessed, and with a love of knowledge, that was never satiated, he became in almost every branch of learning a profound and accomplished scholar. Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of his mind, was the universality of his acquirements. There was hardly a subject upon which he had not thought, and few upon which he was not wise. The amount of his information was immense. He was well versed in political economy and all matters pertaining to civil government. As a philologist, he passed much time in critical research. He was deeply interested in Science and Art. Philosophy had not been neglected, and Religion was a subject not simply of contemplation, but of laborious study. He was thoroughly versed in general Literature; — was passionately fond of poetry, and the words of our great dramatic and epic poets were familiar to him as household words. The wide sweep of History seemed to lay clearly open to his mind;
while he was intimate also with its minutest details, and could repeat names and dates, as if they had been the sole subject of his thought. He was intensely interested in Astronomy. The aspect of the heavens and the laws of the heavenly bodies, were through the successive years of his life a perpetual study and delight. Such a statement respecting the variety and extent of his knowledge, exaggerated as it would be if made of most others, is with regard to him the simple truth. And it is interesting not only as showing his vast information, but his fidelity to the powers which God had given him; his unwearied industry; his conscientious and earnest improvement of every moment, in observation, in reflection, in research, and in the vigorous exercise of his whole nature.

And this leads us to consider his memory, which was one of his most marvellous gifts. Many who have a ready and retentive memory, have no judgment, no discrimination. But he understood the real and relative worth of all the knowledge he possessed. He knew how to use and how to reject. He could systematize and analyze and philosophize. Before his penetrating eye every fact became transparent and revealed the principles it covered. He could illumine all with the light of imagination, and kindle it with the fire of genius; melting down the fragmentary facts of knowledge, and pouring them forth in new forms of life and beauty.

By the wonderful power of his memory he seemed able to recall all he ever read, or saw, or heard. He repeated without limit passages from books in
various languages. To him the events and characters of past history were like the occurrences of to-day. And the circumstances of his own life, back to his early childhood, seemed clothed in transparent light. Conversations he had enjoyed with persons forty, fifty, and sixty years back he could recall at pleasure, and the varied scenes he had witnessed, stood out like pictures before his thought.

His conversation in this respect, at times, filled one with awe. It became almost oppressive. It made one realize the tremendous nature of memory, when it spreads itself around the soul like one interminable mirror in which every past event is reflected, so that wherever we turn, all the circumstances of our existence are flashed back at once upon us. Happy, indeed, is that mind, where all these recollections awaken no regret but calm serenity and joy.

Is any one ready to ask, where, after its earthly life, such a mind is? Is it not just as difficult to know where it was? Where, while on earth, was this knowledge and power? How could that slender frame contain it? Who, even in this world, can measure the orbit of a human soul? Who can know all the modes of its intellectual and spiritual existence? If such a mind, with its treasures of wisdom, can inhabit a frail earthly form, how much more easily can we conceive of its existing in a higher state of being, where, disconnected from the infirmities of the flesh, there shall be nothing to impede or confine its spiritual energies?

It would be in vain within the brief limits of a discourse, to speak of the varied characteristics of a
mind like that which we are considering. But this may be said—that its combined powers, its accumulated knowledge was devoted with unwearied assiduity to high objects. He would have been more than human if, through a long public career, he had in all his opinions been right; but how seldom can we behold a life so exempt from error, so devoted to noble pursuits, so filled with honorable deeds.

Quick in feeling, indignant at injustice and wrong, there was at times perhaps impetuosity; but look at his acts together, bring before the thought the whole life, and where shall we find such dignified simplicity, such unpretending worth?

When occasion called for it, his words were like consuming lightning, and shattered what they struck. No man could be more searchingly severe;—withering with terrific truth. But then, he was also simple as a child, and naturally overflowing with genial affection. Of few could it be more appropriately said,

"He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."*

He spent not his life in luxurious gratification or unreasonable indulgence, but was simple in his habits, pure and elevated in his tastes, always looking to the highest principles and pursuits as the sources of his joy.

There is but one part of his public life to which I will here refer, the fearless stand which he took and

* Henry VIII. iv. 2.
maintained through all the storm and tempest of opposition, on the Right of Petition. This alone were enough to give him immortality. He looked upon slavery as the unmitigated curse of his country. He loathed it with an utter detestation, and when the slave power refused to hear the cry that was coming more and more loudly from distant sections of the land, and trampled beneath its feet the holiest privileges of the Constitution, the fire in his soul kindled. He arose in the majesty of his strength as the advocate of human rights, while the defenders of slavery throughout the Union dreaded his irresistible power. They would have hurled obloquy upon him. They would have branded him with public indignation and scorn. Yet he stood unmoved. The waves boiled in wild fury around him, but the rock was firm, and the beacon-fire still burned. His efforts and his triumphs at that time can never be forgotten.

And what, we may now ask, was the chief source of power, in the character we have been considering? Not simply or chiefly knowledge; — not intellectual vigor; — not eloquent speech. These aided. But the origin of his influence was yet higher. It was the purity of his private life, and the religious basis upon which it was built.

The most malicious foe could never detect in him a vice. The most searching ordeal only more clearly revealed the real worth and absolute goodness of the private man. This gained him reverence; it extorted, even from the abandoned, unwilling praise; it winged with incalculable force the shafts that flew from his
bow; it gave him peace of conscience, and a mind fearless of danger; it won to him the love of the good, and bound them to him forever.

His virtues were established upon a solid foundation. He had a mind habituated to devotion and filled with spiritual life. He loved Religion. It was his daily thought. It was with him an indwelling principle.

Few had made religion a subject of more close and thorough investigation. He was familiar with religious books, and with no volume was he more familiar than his Bible. He studied the Scriptures critically, and enjoyed the study. Few could converse upon the sacred volume more understandingly or with warmer emotion. He made, many years since, for his own pleasure, a paraphrase of all the Psalms; and while in St. Petersburg, he wrote a series of letters to his son, on the proper study of the Scriptures. By the following extracts, we may become acquainted with some of his feelings and views:

“So great is my veneration for the Bible,” he writes, “and so strong my belief that when duly read and meditated upon, it is of all books in the world that which contributes the most to make men good, wise and happy, that the earlier my children begin to read it, and the more steadily they pursue the practice of reading it throughout their lives, the more confident will be my hope that they will prove useful citizens to their country, respectable members of society, and real blessings to their parents. I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once
every year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning after rising. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day."

"It is essential," he adds, "in order that you may go through this life with comfort to yourself and usefulness to your fellow-creatures, that you should form and adopt certain rules and principles for the government of your conduct and temper. It is in the Bible you must learn them, and from that strive to practise them. The Bible contains a revelation of the will of God, and the history of a peculiar nation, the most extraordinary that has ever appeared on earth. It contains a system of religion and morality which we may examine on its own merits, independent of the sanction it receives from being the Word of God. In whatever light we regard it, whether as literary composition, revelation, or morality, it is an inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

In an after letter he dwells upon the Bible as containing a revelation from God; and having spoken of the Creator as there represented, he adds, "To such a God piety is but a reasonable service. To such a God the heart of man must yield with cheerfulness that tribute of homage which belongs to him."

He maintains that the natural powers of the mind are not sufficient for the discovery of the truths revealed in Scripture; that they are disclosed by special revelation from God, in a manner altogether different from the ordinary course of nature. In one letter he
shows the difference of human and the divine laws; the one governing the actions, the other going to the hearts of men. Human legislators are unable to direct the sentiments of the heart. The law is connected with civil conduct, not internal principle; and there is no crime in the power of man to perpetrate, which an individual may not project, design, and fully intend, without incurring guilt in the eye of human law. But God gives rules not only of action, but for the government of the heart.

In another letter he dwells most powerfully upon the life and mission of Jesus. He says, it is indeed true, that many of the precepts of Christ may be found scattered through the teachings of the sages who had previously lived; but he adds, “the Authority with which they were taught, and the Miracles by which they were enforced, belong exclusively to the mission of Christ.”

And in the closing letter he says: “For copiousness, grandeur, and sublimity of imagery; for unanswerable cogency of reasoning, and for irresistible force of persuasion, no book in the world deserves to be so unceasingly studied and so profoundly meditated upon, as the Bible.

“My great object was to show you the importance of devoting your faculties to this pursuit. I now recommend to you to set apart a portion of every day to read one or two chapters in the Bible, and read it with reference to some particular train of reflection or observation.
“Be careful, above all, not to let your reading make you either a pedant or a bigot. Let it never puff you up with a conceited opinion of your own knowledge, or make you intolerant of the opinions which others draw from the same source, however different from your own. And may the merciful Creator who gave the Scriptures for our instruction, bless your study of them, and make them to you fruitful in good works.”*

Such were the views of that man whose departure the nation now mourns, and such was the source to which he looked for guidance and strength.

Is there not something sublime in the life of one devoted to the public good — going onward through a career of more than eighty years — and looking ever to that source with constantly increasing pleasure, and never going thither without finding an adequate supply of light and strength to impart new vigor to the soul. Now standing at the helm of state, but ever turning to this volume as the true charter of its safety; — now pondering the learning of Greece and Rome, but finding here far grander treasures; — now gazing into the starry heavens and musing upon the

* These letters bear date from September 8th, 1811, to September 14, 1813. The following incident, in this connection, may be interesting. In 1842, Mr. Adams passed a portion of commencement week in Cambridge, at the residence of President Quincy, attending the public services of Harvard University, to which through life he was ardently attached. On the morning after commencement day, Mr. Quincy being aware his friend always rose at early dawn, went to his apartment, and found Mr. Adams, notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous day, earnestly engaged in the perusal of the Bible. Thus, whether at St. Petersburg or St. James', presiding over the Union or in the retirement of private life, the study of the Scripture had a peculiar charm to his mind, and ever proved to him an unfailing source of advantage and delight.
theories of Laplace and the discoveries of Herschel, and then turning from them to study, in this sacred volume, the will of Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain.

To that volume he looked as the guide of his life and the former of his character. Before God he bowed in humble adoration, and at the feet of Jesus he was willing to sit like a little child.

He has gone. Never more will that voice be heard, or that tremulous hand be extended, or that sweet smile awaken pleasure. Never more will he be seen at his accustomed place in the house of God. Never more in our national councils will his wisdom enlighten or his experience lend its aid. He has gone. You have read of his last moments. You have heard the tolling bell. He has entered upon a more glorious state of being,—an existence where every power will find boundless scope and opportunity for limitless expansion. He has gone. But his memory remains, and the memory of the just is blessed. Their efforts animate us; their fidelity strengthens, their virtue inspires.

There are but few of those who link us with the past days of our country's history, who yet remain; a few, and but a few, are left, who were the early friends and honored companions of the patriot and sage who has now been taken. May they long, long be spared to us, that we may hear from their lips of the former times, and that we may be guided by their wisdom.

And may we all, as we contemplate the exalted
character of the departed Scholar, Patriot and Christian, desire to go to the same source for guidance, and possess within ourselves the purity and virtue which adorned his life. The preëminent gifts with which he was endowed fall to the lot of few, but we may all exhibit as fervent piety, and cherish the same devotion to duty and to God.
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

25th President of the United States.

J. Q. Adams

Born July 11th, 1767. Died Feb. 23rd, 1848.
TOKEN OF A NATION'S SORROW.

ADDRESSES

IN THE

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND

FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES

ON THE

DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

WHO

DIED IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON,

ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1848.

WASHINGTON:
PRINTED BY J. AND G. S. GIDEON.
1848.
Mr. Ashmun moved the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Committee of Arrangements be directed to cause to be published, in pamphlet form, and in such manner as may seem to them appropriate, for the use of the House, twenty thousand copies of the Addresses made by the Speaker and the Members of this House, and of the Addresses made to the Senate, together with the discourse of the Rev. Mr. Gurley, upon the occasion of the death of the Hon. John Quincy Adams.
INTRODUCTION.

The circumstances connected with the death of the venerable Representative from Massachusetts were so peculiar, that we deem it proper to register them in this "Token of a nation's sorrow"—this frail tribute of respect to the memory of departed worth.

Though he had been quite feeble for the last year, Mr. ADAMS entered the Hall of the House of Representatives on Monday, the 21st of February, in his usual health and spirits. When the House had been in session about an hour, the yeas and nays being ordered on a question, he responded in a voice unusually clear, and with more than ordinary emphasis. The painful scene that followed is thus described with accuracy and feeling in the National Intelligencer of the next morning:

"Just after the yeas and nays were taken on a question, and the Speaker had risen to put another question to the House, a sudden cry was heard on the left of the chair, "Mr. ADAMS is dying!" Turning our eyes to the spot, we beheld the venerable man in the act of falling over the left arm of his chair, while his right arm was extended, grasping his desk for support. He would have dropped upon the floor had he not been caught in the arms of the member sitting next to him. A great sensation was created in the House; members from all quarters rushing from their seats and gathering round the fallen statesman, who was immediately lifted into the area in front of the Clerk's table. The Speaker instantly suggested that some gentleman move an adjournment, which being promptly done, the House adjourned. A sofa was brought, and Mr. ADAMS, in a state of perfect helplessness, though not of entire insensibility, was gently laid upon it. The sofa was then taken up and borne out of the Hall into the Rotundo, where it was set down, and
the members of both Houses and strangers, who were fast crowding around, were with some difficulty repressed, and an open space cleared in its immediate vicinity; but a medical gentleman, a member of the House, (who was prompt, active, and self-possessed throughout the whole painful scene,) advised that he be removed to the door of the Rotundo opening on the east portico, where a fresh wind was blowing. This was done; but the air being chilly and loaded with vapor, the sofa was, at the suggestion of Mr. Winthrop, once more taken up and removed to the Speaker's apartment, the doors of which were forthwith closed to all but professional gentlemen and particular friends. While lying in this apartment, Mr. Adams partially recovered the use of his speech, and observed, in faltering accents, "This is the end of earth;" but quickly added, "I am composed." Members had by this time reached Mr. A.'s abode with the melancholy intelligence, and, soon after, Mrs. Adams and his nephew and niece arrived, and made their way to the appalling scene. Mrs. A. was deeply affected, and for some moments quite prostrated by the sight of her husband, now insensible, the pallor of death upon his countenance, and those sad premonitors fast making their appearance which fall with such a chill upon the heart."

Soon after being taken to the Speaker's room, Mr. Adams sank into a state of apparent insensibility, gradually growing weaker and weaker, till on Wednesday evening, February 23d, at a quarter past 7 o'clock, he expired without a struggle.

While he was lying in the Speaker's room, all business was suspended in the Capitol. On Tuesday morning, the House came together at the usual hour. The Speaker on taking the chair announced, in a feeling manner, that his venerable colleague was still lingering in a state of insensibility in the adjoining apartment; whereupon, the House in solemn stillness immediately adjourned. The same thing occurred on the following morning. The Senate also, and the Supreme Court, testified their grief by suspending all business.

Though the health of Mrs. Adams did not allow her remaining constantly with her husband, she has the consolation of knowing that every
attention was paid to him, and every service, professional and otherwise, was performed, which could avert the calamity, or render his last hours comfortable and happy.

It is but justice to say, that all the members of Congress seemed desirous of testifying their respect, and doing all in their power to relieve the distress of the venerable sufferer. Among the physicians of the House, Dr. Fries, Dr. Edwards, Dr. Newell, Dr. Nes, Dr. Eckert and Dr. Jones deserve special notice. These gentlemen were among the first to rush to Mr. Adams' aid, and did all that professional skill could do to arrest the disease in its first stages. Dr. Thomas, Dr. Lindsly, and Dr. Fry of the city, were immediately sent for, and soon appearing in the room, were unremitting in their endeavors to afford relief to their distinguished patient. The Chaplains of Congress and Rev. Mr. Pyne of the city, were frequently in attendance, imparting the consolations of religion. The Speaker and other members of the Massachusetts delegation paid every attention to their venerable colleague, some of them being with him nearly every moment after the fatal attack, and most of them at the time of his death. The officers of the House, and even the little pages, seemed desirous of performing every act of kindness, in token of their regard for their afflicted friend. But neither the skill of his physicians, nor the kindness of his friends, nor the prayers and tears of his afflicted family, could avert the stroke of death. The decree had gone forth, and the spirit left its tenement of clay, to dwell, as we humbly trust, in that "house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."
ADDRESSES IN CONGRESS

ON THE

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF MR. ADAMS.

At the usual hour of meeting of the two Houses of Congress, on Thursday, Feb. 24, a full attendance of Members and crowded audiences attested the deep interest of the occasion which called the two Houses to offer public testimonials of their profound respect for the memory of the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who breathed his last on the preceding evening, and whose mortal remains yet lay within the walls of the Capitol.

In the House of Representatives, as soon as the House was called to order—

The Speaker (the Hon. ROBERT C. WINthrop) rose, and in a feeling and affecting manner addressed the House as follows:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the United States:

It has been thought fit that the Chair should announce officially to the House, an event already known to the members individually, and which has filled all our hearts with sadness.

A seat on this floor has been vacated, towards which all eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.

A voice has been hushed forever in this Hall, to which all ears have been wont to listen with profound reverence.

A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affectionate regard.

A name has been stricken from the roll of the living statesmen of our land, which has been associated, for more than half a century, with the highest civil service, and the loftiest civil renown.
On Monday, the 21st instant, John Quincy Adams sunk in his seat, in presence of us all, by a sudden illness, from which he never recovered; and he died, in the Speaker's room, at a quarter past seven o'clock last evening, with the officers of the House and the delegation of his own Massachusetts around him.

Whatever advanced age, long experience, great ability, vast learning, accumulated public honors, a spotless private character, and a firm religious faith, could do, to render any one an object of interest, respect, and admiration, they had done for this distinguished person; and interest, respect, and admiration are but feeble terms to express the feelings, with which the members of this House and the people of the country have long regarded him.

After a life of eighty years, devoted from its earliest maturity to the public service, he has at length gone to his rest. He has been privileged to die at his post; to fall while in the discharge of his duties; to expire beneath the roof of the Capitol; and to have his last scene associated forever, in history, with the birthday of that illustrious Patriot, whose just discernment brought him first into the service of his country.

The close of such a life, under such circumstances, is not an event for unmingled emotions. We cannot find it in our hearts to regret, that he has died as he has died. He himself could have desired no other end. "This is the end of earth," were his last words, uttered on the day on which he fell. But we might almost hear him exclaiming, as he left us—in a language hardly less familiar to him than his native tongue—"Hoc est, nimirum, magis feliciter de vita migrare, quam mori."

It is for others to suggest what honors shall be paid to his memory. No acts of ours are necessary to his fame. But it may be due to ourselves and to the country, that the national sense of his character and services should be fitly commemorated.

When the Speaker concluded—
Mr. Hudson, of Massachusetts, rose and addressed the House as follows:

Mr. Speaker: I rise with no ordinary emotion to perform a painful duty, which has been assigned me by my colleagues, growing out of an event which has recently occurred in the midst of us—the announcement of which has just been made by the Chair. My late venerable colleague is no more! A great and good man has fallen! He has been stricken down in the midst of us, while in the discharge of his public duties. One whose public services are coeval with the establishment of our Government; one who has come down to us from past generations, and of whom it might almost be said that he was living in the midst of posterity, an example to us and to those who come after us, has ceased from his labors, and gone to his reward. The peculiar circumstances of his death are known to every member of this House, and are calculated to make a deep and lasting impression. They weigh so heavily upon my own mind and feelings, that I am almost inclined to believe that silence is the most appropriate token of our grief, and the most suitable tribute to his memory.

John Quincy Adams was born on the 11th day of July, 1767, in that part of Braintree, Massachusetts, which was subsequently incorporated into a town by the name of Quincy, and hence was in the eighty-first year of his age. In 1778, when he was but eleven years of age, he accompanied his father, John Adams, to France, who was sent with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, as Commissioners to the Court of Versailles. After remaining in France about eighteen months, during which time he applied himself closely to the study of the French and Latin languages, he returned to his own country in August, 1779. In November of the same year his father was again despatched to Europe for the discharge of diplomatic services, and took his son John Quincy with him. At Paris he was put to school, and when in 1780 John Adams removed to Holland, his son enjoyed the advantages of the public school at Amsterdam, and afterwards of the University at Leyden. Francis Dana, who accompanied John Adams as Secretary to the Embassy, received in
1781 the appointment of minister plenipotentiary to Russia, and took John Quincy Adams, then fourteen years of age, with him as his private secretary. Here he remained till October, 1782, when he left Mr. Dana at St. Petersburg, and returned through Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg, and Bremen, to Holland, where he remained some months, till his father took him to Paris at the time of the signing of the treaty of peace in 1783. From that time till 1785 he was with his father in England, Holland, and France; during the whole of which period he was a close student.

At the age of eighteen, at his own request, made from a fear that by remaining longer in Europe he might imbibe monarchical sentiments, his father permitted him to return to Massachusetts, where he entered Harvard University, and was graduated in 1787 with distinguished honors. Soon after leaving college he entered the office of the celebrated Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief Justice of Massachusetts, where he remained the usual period of three years in the study of the law, when he entered the profession, and established himself at Boston.

In 1794 Gen. Washington appointed him resident minister to the United Netherlands. From that period till 1801 he was in Europe, employed in diplomatic business, and as a public minister in Holland, England, and Prussia. Just as Gen. Washington was retiring from office, he appointed Mr. Adams minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Portugal. While on his way to Lisbon he received a new commission, changing his destination to Berlin. During his residence of about three years and a half at Berlin, he concluded an important commercial treaty with Prussia—thus accomplishing the object of his mission. He was recalled near the close of his father's administration, and arrived in his native country in September, 1801.

In 1802 he was chosen by the Boston district to the Senate of Massachusetts, and soon after was elected by the Legislature a Senator in Congress for six years from March 3, 1803. He remained in the Senate of the United States until 1808, when he resigned. While in the Senate he received the appointment of Professor of
Rhetoric in Harvard University, an office which he filled with distinguished ability.

In 1809 he was appointed by President Madison envoy extraordinary and minister pleni potentiary to the Court of Russia, where he rendered the most important services to his country. By his influence with that court, he induced Russia to offer her mediation between Great Britain and the United States in the war of 1812; and, when the proper time had arrived, he was placed by President Madison at the head of five distinguished commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace, which was concluded at Ghent in 1814. Mr. Adams was then associated with Mr. Clay and Mr. Gallatin to negotiate a commercial convention with great Britain, and was forthwith appointed minister pleni potentiary to the Court of St. James. While in Europe, in 1811, he received the appointment of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which he declined.

After remaining in England till the close of President Madison's administration, he was called home, and placed by President Monroe at the head of the Department of State, where he remained eight years.

In 1825 he was chosen by the House of Representatives President of the United States for the term of four years. On leaving the Presidency, in 1829, he returned to his native place in Massachusetts, and in 1831 he was elected a member of this House, and by the free suffrages of the people has been continued in that office to the day of his death.

This is but a hasty and imperfect enumeration of the public stations which have been filled by my late lamented colleague. Of the manner in which he has discharged these public trusts it is not necessary for me to speak. Suffice it to say, that his long eventful life has been devoted to the public service, and the ability and fidelity with which he has discharged every duty are known and acknowledged throughout the nation. His fame is so blended with his country's history that it will live when all the frail monuments of art shall have crumbled into dust. By his death the country has lost a pure patriot, science an ardent votary, and the cause of human freedom a devoted friend.

But it is not as a public man merely that we are to contemplate Mr.
In the private walks of life, "where tired dissimulation drops the mask," and man appears as he really is, we find in him all those silent and social virtues which adorn the character. His ardent love of justice, his inflexible regard for truth, his stern devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty, were blended with meekness, sobriety, and charity.

But the crowning glory of his character was his devotion to the cause of his Redeemer. To that cause he was publicly dedicated on the second day of his earthly existence, and throughout a long life he manifested a firm belief in Divine revelation, and a calm trust in that Being who rules among the nations, and spreads the mantle of his love over his dependent children. But he is gone. The places that have known him, will now know him no more forever. This instance of mortality, at once so peculiar and so painful, admonishes us of the uncertainty of life, and teaches us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

We tender to his afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy, and assure them that a nation's tears will be mingled with theirs. And while we look for consolation to the wisdom and goodness of an overruling Providence, we would affectionately commend them to that gracious Being, who has revealed himself as the father of the fatherless and the widow's God and friend.

Mr. Hudson concluded by offering the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this House has heard with the deepest sensibility of the death in this Capitol of John Quincy Adams, a member of the House from the State of Massachusetts.

Resolved, That, as a testimony of respect for the memory of this distinguished statesman, the officers and members of the House will wear the usual badge of mourning, and attend the funeral in this Hall on Saturday next, at 12 o'clock.

Resolved, That a committee of thirty be appointed to superintend the funeral solemnities.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this House in relation to the death of John Quincy Adams be communicated to the family of the deceased by the Clerk.

Resolved, That this House, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, do adjourn to Saturday next, the day appointed for the funeral.

Before the question was stated on these resolutions—
Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, rose and said: Mr. Speaker: The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister State—Massachusetts weeping for her honored son. The State I have the honor in part to represent once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet that in this, the day of your affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

When a great man falls, the nation mourns; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been rudely snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered are closed in death! Yes, my friends, death has been among us! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation! His footstep has been heard in the Hall of State! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people! He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head! Ah! he has taken him as a trophy who was once chief over many States, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth; he has borne at his chariot-wheels a renowned one of the earth.

There was no incident in the birth, the life, the death of Mr. Adams, not intimately woven with the history of the land. Born in the night of his country's tribulation, he heard the first murmurs of discontent; he saw the first efforts for deliverance. Whilst yet a little child, he listened with eagerness to the whispers of freedom as they breathed from the lips of her almost inspired apostles: he caught the fire that was then kindled; his eye beamed with the first ray; he watched the day spring from on high, and long before he departed from earth, it was graciously vouchsafed unto him to behold the effulgence of her noontide glory.

His father saw the promise of the son, and early led him by the hand to drink of the very fountains of light and liberty itself. His youthful thoughts were kindled with the idealism of a republic, whose living
form and features he was destined to behold visibly. Removed at an early age to a distant country, he there, under the eye of his father, was instructed in the rigid lore of a Franklin, as I have heard him say. His intellect was expanded by the conversations, and invigorated by the acute disquisitions of the Academicians, whose fiery zeal, even at that early period, was waking up the mind of France to deeper thoughts, bolder inquiries, and more matured reflection—to result ultimately, as we all know, in terrific action. Returning to this country, he entered into the cool cloisters of the college; passed through the various stages to acquire that discipline of mind which intense study can alone impart; and thence, as he was about to emerge, appeared those buds of promise which soon blossomed into those blushing honors he afterwards wore so thick around him. His was not the dreamy life of the schools; but he leapt into the arena of activity, to run a career of glorious emulation with the gifted spirits of the earth. He saw the efforts to place his country on a deep and stable foundation, where it now rests. He had seen the colonies emerge into States, and the States cemented into Union, and realized, in the formation of this confederated Republic, all that his ardent hopes had pictured out in the recesses of schools. Young as he then was, he contributed, by the energy of his mind and the vigor of his pen, to support the administration of Washington, who, we have just been told, transferred him at an early age to a foreign court; scarcely initiated into its diplomacy before his services were required for another and a more extended sphere. Passing from that, he returned to his own country, and was placed by the suffrages of his State in the chamber of the other end of this Capitol; and there, the activity of his mind, the freedom of his thought, the independence of his action, rendered him to his constituents, for the time being, unacceptable, by uniting him to the policy of Mr. Jefferson. He retired from the halls of Congress; but he went to no ignoble ease. Wearied with the toils, heated with the contests, covered with the dust of politics, he withdrew to the classic groves of Cambridge, and there he bathed his weary mind in the pure stream of intellectual rest. Purified, refreshed, invigorated, he came forth, after severe study and devout prayer, to do his country ser-
vice. He was sent immediately to Russia, as has been stated, not to repose amidst the luxuries of courts, or in rich saloons, amidst the glitter of lights and the swell of voluptuous music, but to watch the swell and play of those shadowy billows with which all Europe heaved beneath the throes of the great heart of France.

Mr. Adams saw and felt that the pulse of freedom day by day beat feebler and feebler throughout the continent. He counselled the ministers of Russia. He was one of those that stimulated them to wake from their torpor, and he had the satisfaction to behold, from the frozen regions of the north, those mighty hordes pour out upon the sunny nations of the south to give deliverance to People, States, and Powers. His own country demanded his services, and he became, with Gallatin and Clay, a mediator of that peace between two nations which we trust shall exist forever, while the only contests shall be those of good will on earth and mutual brotherhood.

He went—as his father had gone after the first war of the Revolution—upon the termination of the second war, to the Court of St. James. He remained not long before another sphere was opened to him. As Secretary of State for eight years he fulfilled the arduous duties incident to that high post in a country just emerging from conflict. To the highest office of the people he was quickly raised; and how in that sphere he moved, with what ease, ability, and grace, we all know; and history will record—he crushed no heart beneath the rude grasp of proscription; he left no heritage of widows' cries or orphans' tears.

He disrobed himself with dignity of the vestures of office, not to retire to the shades of Quincy, but, in the maturity of his intellect, in the vigor of his thought, to leap into this arena, and to continue, as he had begun, a disciple, an ardent devotee at the temple of his country's freedom. How, in this department, he ministered to his country's wants, we all know, and have witnessed. How often we have crowded into that isle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom, as they fell from the lips of the venerable Sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change!
How wondrous! how sudden! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since, is now cold in death!

But the last Sabbath, and in this Hall, he worshipped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone—and forever! The sun that ushers in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the Capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf forever lies the Patriot Father and the Patriot Sage!

Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, then rose and addressed the House.

Mr. Speaker: When the messenger of death enters this Hall, and bids one of us "come away," it is our custom to commit exclusively to some colleague of the departed member, the solemn ceremony of its announcement. This is all that usage and a respectful tribute to the memory of the deceased require. But the venerable man, whom the destroying angel smote down in our very presence—the book of whose great life is now written and finished—stood out far beyond the rest of us, upon a broader and higher elevation. It is true he was the son of Massachusetts, and to her belongs the proud honor of having given him birth. But he was more than the son of Massachusetts; he did not belong to her alone; he offered himself to his country, and she made him her property. His fame, his wisdom, and his works, were all his country's. These are his rich and common legacy to us all. It is therefore that we of the great national brotherhood, claim the precious privilege to cluster close around the children of Massachusetts—to take part with them in this sad solemnity—to sympathize with them, and with them to give utterance to our sorrow, to our reverence, to our veneration for the departed dead, and to our deep affliction in this great national bereavement. I did not rise—I dare not attempt one word of eulogy upon the illustrious dead—nor dare I venture to portray his exalted character as a statesman, or the bright virtues of his private life. I know how incompetent I am to the performance of such a task. I trust that in due
time, and on some fitting occasion, this will be done by some one of the
great and gifted intellects of Massachusetts. But still I hope I may
venture to say, that no man has heretofore died, when a member of
this body, who will fill so large a space in his country's history, or who
has stamped so deeply his impress on her institutions. The solemnity of
the occasion forbids, perhaps the period has not yet arrived for the expres­sion of an unbiased opinion respecting the effect of his character and ser­vices on his country's welfare. But when time shall have numbered with
the dead us who were actors with him upon this great drama of life; when
the partialities of his friends and the prejudices of his enemies, if any he
have left behind, shall have been buried in one common grave, he and
the work of his great life may be safely trusted to the truthful historian,
and to the judgment of an impartial posterity. To this great and just
ordeal, he, with all the renowned and mighty of the earth who have
gone before him, must come at last. And to its verdict those of us who
knew him best, and were most devoted to him, are most willing to com­mit him, and all that he achieved. The time, the place, and the man­ner of his death, all conspire to excite the profoundest sensation every
where, as they have done in this Hall; and especially to teach us "what
shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue;" to teach us how vain
and valueless are all our struggles and contests here for distinction
or for power; and, above all, that no human greatness, no fame, no
honor, no high attainment, no divine exaltation of intellect, can aught
avail us to avert the dread sentence of God upon poor mortal man: "Dust
thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

Mr. McDowell, of Virginia, then rose and said: Such for a half a
century, Mr. Speaker, has been the eminent position of Mr. Adams
in the eyes of his countrymen; his participation in the highest honors
which it was theirs to give; his intimate association with controlling
events in their national annals and with the formation of that public
opinion which brought them about; such the veneration and almost uni­
iversal homage entertained for his intellect and virtues, and such in all
respects his great relations to this entire Union, and to the daily thought
of its growing millions, that on this sad occasion the language of all its parts will be the language of lamentation and of tribute. It is not for Massachusetts to mourn alone over a solitary and exclusive bereavement. It is not for her to feel alone a solitary and exclusive sorrow. No, sir; no! Her sister Commonwealths gather to her side in this hour of her affliction, and, intertwining their arms with hers, they bend together over the bier of her illustrious son—feeling as she feels, and weeping as she weeps over a sage, a patriot, and a statesman gone! It was in these great characteristics of individual and of public man that his country reverenced that son when living; and such, with painful sense of her common loss, will she deplore him now that he is dead.

Born in our Revolutionary day, and brought up in early and cherished intimacy with the fathers and founders of the Republic, he was a living bond of connexion between the present and the past—the venerable representative of the memories of another age; and the zealous, watchful, and powerful one of the expectations, interests, and progressive knowledge of his own.

There he sat, with his intense eye upon every thing that passed, the picturesque and rare old man; unapproachable by all others in the unity of his character and in the thousand-fold anxieties which centred upon him. No human being ever entered this Hall without turning habitually and with heartfelt deference first to him, and few ever left it without pausing as they went to pour out their blessings upon that spirit of consecration to the country which brought and which kept him here.

Standing upon the extreme boundary of human life, and disclaiming all the relaxations and exemptions of age, his outer framework only was crumbling away. The glorious engine within still worked on unimpeded and unhurt, amid all the dilapidations around it, and worked on with its wonted and its iron power, until the blow was sent from above which crushed it into fragments before us. And however appalling that blow, and however profoundly it smote upon our own feelings as we beheld its extinguishing effect upon his, where else could it have fallen so fitly upon him? Where else could he have been relieved from the yoke of his labors so well as in the field where he bore it? Where else
would he himself have been so willing to have yielded up his life, as upon the post of duty and by the side of that very altar to which he had devoted it? Where, but in the Capitol of his country, to which all the throbings and hopes of his heart had been given, would the dying patriot be so willing that those hopes and throbings should cease? And where, but from this mansion-house of liberty on earth, could this dying Christian more fitly go to his mansion-house of eternal liberty on high?

But kindling to the imagination and soothing even to the feelings as is the death of Mr. Adams, with all the accessories and associations of this spot around him, how infinitely deeper is the interest which is given to it by the conviction that he was willing and ready to meet it! He was happily spared by the preservation of his rich faculties to the last from becoming a melancholy spectacle of dotard and drivelling old age. He was still more happily spared, by the just and wise and truthful use of those faculties, from becoming the melancholy and revolting spectacle of irreverent and wicked old age. None knew better or felt more deeply than he, that

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
"Nor all of death to die;"
and hence for long years, his life has been a continuous and beautiful illustration of the great truth that, whilst the fear of man is the consummation of all folly, the fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom. To such an one, "composure" amid the perils of death, and when "the last of earth has come," is a supporting power frequently and divinely given; and, if it has not been permitted to him, as to a prophet of old, to be spared the bitterness of death, and to go to the heaven that he looked for and that he loved in a chariot of fire, yet to the eye of human faith his access to the same abode has been as speedy and as safe. Instead of wearing away under the waste of disease, and passing through all the woes and weaknesses which dissolving nature generally undergoes, a blow of brief but mortal agony strikes him at once into the tomb, and thus his spirit, instantly freed, goes right up to the parent fountain from which it came. The messenger calls, the soul is in Heaven.
At this moment of fresh affliction, whilst standing in the very presence of death, it is not meet to go into any special review of the labors or opinions of the departed. Whatever may be thought of those politically, he will never be denied the possession of great talents, actuated by great virtues, and directed with boldness, honesty, and earnest purpose, for an unequalled length of time, to whatever, in his judgment, was best for the interests, honor, and perpetuity of his country. This is the lesson taught by his life. That which is taught by his death calls upon us all, with solemn and appealing cry, "Be ye, oh, be ready, for you know not the hour when the Son of man cometh!"

Mr. Newell, of New Jersey, rose and moved the following as an additional resolution:

Resolved, That the seat in this Hall just vacated by the death of the late John Quincy Adams be unoccupied for thirty days, and that it, together with the Hall, remain clothed with the symbol of mourning during that time.

Mr. Tallmadge, of New York, rose and said:

Mr. Speaker: I do not rise to present an eulogium upon the character of the deceased, but I am confident that every manifestation of respect for the memory of the illustrious dead will meet with a cordial response from every member of this House. In compliance with the suggestions of several members, and in accordance with my own feelings, I ask leave to introduce the following additional resolution:

Resolved, That the Speaker appoint one member of this House from each State and Territory, as a committee to escort the remains of our venerable friend, the Honorable John Quincy Adams, to the place designated by his friends for his interment.

All the above resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Vinton then moved that the Speaker's announcement of the death of the Hon. John Quincy Adams be entered on the journal. This also was agreed to unanimously, and then the House adjournd to Saturday.
In the Senate, after the formal annunciation of the death of Mr. Adams had been made—

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, rose and thus addressed that body:

Mr. President: By the recent affliction of my colleague, a painful duty devolves upon me. The message just delivered from the House proves that the hand of God has been again among us. A great and good man has gone from our midst. If, in speaking of John Quincy Adams, I can give utterance to the language of my own heart, I am confident I shall meet with a response from the Senate.

He was born in the then Province of Massachusetts, while she was girding herself for the great Revolutionary struggle which was then before her. His parentage is too well known to need even an allusion; yet I may be pardoned if I say, that his father seemed born to aid in the establishment of our free Government, and his mother was a suitable companion and co-laborer of such a patriot. The cradle hymns of the child were the songs of liberty. The power and competence of man for self-government were the topics which he most frequently heard discussed by the wise men of the day, and the inspiration thus caught, gave form and pressure to his after life. Thus early imbued with the love of free institutions, educated by his father for the service of his country, and early led by Washington to its altar, he has stood before the world as one of its eminent statesmen. He has occupied, in turn, almost every place of honor which the country could give him, and for more than half a century has been thus identified with its history. Under any circumstances, I should feel myself unequal to the task of rendering justice to his memory; but, with the debilitating effect of bad health still upon me, I can only with extreme brevity touch upon some of the most prominent features of his life.

While yet a young man he was, in May, 1794, appointed Minister Resident to the States General of the United Netherlands. In May, 1796, two years after, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Lisbon, in Portugal. These honors were conferred on him by George Washington, with the advice and consent of the Senate.

In May, 1797, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Prussia. In March, 1798, and probably while at Berlin, he was ap-
pointed a Commissioner, with full powers to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce with Sweden.

After his return to the United States he was elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts a Senator, and discharged the duties of that station in this chamber from the 4th of March, 1803, until June, 1808, when, differing from his colleague and from the State upon a great political question, he resigned his seat. In June, 1809, he was nominated and appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburgh.

While at that Court, in February, 1811, he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Cushing, but never took his seat upon the Bench.

In May, 1813, he, with Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, was nominated Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, under the mediation of Russia, and a treaty of commerce with Russia. From causes which it is unnecessary to notice, nothing was accomplished under this appointment. But afterwards, in January, 1814, he, with Messrs. Gallatin, Bayard, Clay, and Russell, were appointed Ministers Plenipotentiary and Extraordinary to negotiate a treaty of peace, and a treaty of commerce with Great Britain. This mission succeeded in effecting a pacification, and the name of Mr. Adams is subscribed to the treaty of Ghent.

After this eventful crisis in our public affairs, he was, in February, 1815, selected by Mr. Madison to represent the country, and protect its interests at the Court of St. James, and he remained there as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary until Mr. Monroe became President of the United States.

On the 5th of March, 1817, at the commencement of the new administration, he was appointed Secretary of State, and continued in the office while that gentleman was at the head of the administration.

In 1825, he was elected his successor, and discharged the duties of President for one term, ending on the third of March, 1829.

Here followed a brief period of repose from public service, and Mr. Adams retired to the family mansion at Quincy; but was elected a
member of the House of Representatives, from the district in which he lived, at the next election which occurred after his return to it, and took his seat in December, 1831; he retained it, by successive elections, to the day of his death.

I have not ventured, on this occasion, beyond a bare enumeration of the high places of trust and confidence which have been conferred upon the deceased. The service covers a period of more than half a century; and what language can I employ which will portray more forcibly the great merits of the deceased, the confidence reposed in him by the public, or the ability with which he discharged the duties devolved upon him, than by this simple narration of recorded facts? An ambitious man could not desire a more emphatic eulogy.

Mr. Adams, however, was not merely a statesman, but a ripe, accomplished scholar, who, during a life of remarkably well directed industry, made those great acquirements which adorned his character and gave to it the manly strength of wisdom and intelligence.

As a statesman and patriot, he will rank among the illustrious men of an age prolific in great names, and greatly distinguished for its progress in civilization. The productions of his pen are proofs of a vigorous mind, imbued with a profound knowledge of what it investigates, and of a memory which was singularly retentive and capacious.

But his character is not made up of those conspicuous qualities alone. He will be remembered for the virtues of private life, for his elevated moral example, for his integrity, for his devotion to his duties as a Christian, as a neighbor, and as the head of a family. In all these relations few persons have set a more steadfast or brighter example, and few have descended to the grave where the broken ties of social and domestic affection, have been more sincerely lamented. Great as may be the loss to the public of one so gifted and wise, it is by the family that his death will be most deeply felt. His aged and beloved partner, who has so long shared the honors of his career, and to whom all who know her are bound by the ties of friendship, will believe that we share her grief, mourn her bereavement, and sympathize with her in her affliction.
It is believed to have been the earnest wish of his heart to die, like Chatham, in the midst of his labors. It was a sublime thought, that where he had toiled in the house of the nation, in hours of the day devoted to its service, the stroke of death should reach him, and there sever the ties of love and patriotism which bound him to earth. He fell in his seat, attacked by paralysis, of which he had before been a subject. To describe the scene which ensued would be impossible. It was more than the spontaneous gush of feeling which all such events call forth, so much to the honor of our nature. It was the expression of reverence for his moral worth, of admiration for his great intellectual endowments, and of veneration for his age and public services. All gathered round the sufferer, and the strong sympathy and deep feeling which were manifested, showed that the business of the House (which was instantly adjourned) was forgotten amid the distressing anxieties of the moment. He was soon removed to the apartment of the Speaker, where he remained surrounded by afflicted friends till the weary clay resigned its immortal spirit. "This is the end of earth!" Brief but emphatic words. They were among the last uttered by the dying Christian.

Thus has closed the life of one whose purity, patriotism, talents, and learning have seldom been seriously questioned. To say that he had faults, would only be declaring that he was human. Let him who is exempt from error venture to point them out. In this long career of public life it would be strange if the venerable man had not met with many who have differed from him in sentiment, or who have condemned his acts. If there be such, let the mantle of oblivion be thrown over each unkind thought. Let not the grave of the "old man eloquent" be desecrated by unfriendly remembrances, but let us yield our homage to his many virtues, and let it be our prayer that we may so perform our duties here that, if summoned in a like sudden and appalling manner, we may not be found unprepared or unable to utter his words, "I am composed."

Mr. President, with this imperfect sketch of the character and services of a great man, I leave the subject in the hands of the Senate by moving the resolutions which I send to the Chair:
Resolved, That the Senate has received with deep sensibility the message from the House of Representatives announcing the death of the Hon. John Quincy Adams, a Representative from the State of Massachusetts.

Resolved, That in token of respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate will attend his funeral at the hour appointed by the House of Representatives, and will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn until Saturday next, the time appointed for the funeral.

The resolutions having been read—

Mr. Benton, of Missouri, addressed the Senate as follows:

Mr. President: The voice of his native State has been heard, through one of the Senators of Massachusetts, announcing the death of her aged and most distinguished son. The voice of the other Senator from Massachusetts is not heard, nor is his presence seen. A domestic calamity, known to us all, and felt by us all, confines him to the chamber of private grief, while the Senate is occupied with the public manifestations of a respect and sorrow which a national loss inspires. In the absence of that Senator, and as the member of this body longest here, it is not unfitness or unbecoming in me to second the motion which has been made for extending the last honors of the Senate to him who, forty-five years ago, was a member of this body, who, at the time of his death, was among the oldest members of the House of Representatives, and who, putting the years of his service together, was the oldest of all the members of the American Government.

The eulogium of Mr. Adams is made in the facts of his life, which the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Davis) has so strikingly stated, that, from early manhood to octogenarian age, he has been constantly and most honorably employed in the public service. For a period of more than fifty years, from the time of his first appointment as minister abroad under Washington, to his last election to the House of Representatives by the people of his native district, he has been constantly retained in the public service, and that, not by the favor of a Sovereign, or by hereditary title, but by the elections and appointments of republican government. This fact makes the eulogy of the illustrious deceased. For
what, except a union of all the qualities which command the esteem and confidence of man, could have ensured a public service so long, by appointments free and popular, and from sources so various and exalted? Minister many times abroad; member of this body; member of the House of Representatives; Cabinet minister; President of the United States; such has been the galaxy of his splendid appointments. And what but moral excellence the most perfect; intellectual ability the most eminent; fidelity the most unwavering; service the most useful, could have commanded such a succession of appointments so exalted, and from sources so various and so eminent? Nothing less could have commanded such a series of appointments; and accordingly we see the union of all these great qualities in him who has received them.

In this long career of public service Mr. Adams was distinguished not only by faithful attention to all the great duties of his stations, but to all their less and minor duties. He was not the Salaminian galley, to be launched only on extraordinary occasions, but he was the ready vessel, always launched when the duties of his station required it, be the occasion great or small. As President, as cabinet minister, as minister abroad, he examined all questions that came before him, and examined all, in all their parts, in all the minutiae of their detail, as well as in all the vastness of their comprehension. As Senator, and as a Member of the House of Representatives, the obscure committee room was as much the witness of his laborious application to the drudgery of legislation, as the halls of the two Houses were to the ever ready speech, replete with knowledge, which instructed all hearers, enlightened all subjects, and gave dignity and ornament to debate.

In the observance of all the proprieties of life, Mr. Adams was a most noble and impressive example. He cultivated the minor as well as the greater virtues. Wherever his presence could give aid and countenance to what was useful and honorable to man, there he was. In the exercises of the school and of the college—in the meritorious meetings of the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial societies—in attendance upon Divine worship—he gave the punctual attendance rarely seen but in those who are free from the weight of public cares.
Punctual to every duty, death found him at the post of duty; and where else could it have found him, at any stage of his career, for the fifty years of his illustrious public life? From the time of his first appointment by Washington to his last election by the people of his native town, where could death have found him but at the post of duty? At that post, in the fullness of age, in the ripeness of renown, crowned with honors, surrounded by his family, his friends, and admirers, and in the very presence of the national representation, he has been gathered to his fathers, leaving behind him the memory of public services which are the history of his country for half a century, and the example of a life, public and private, which should be the study and the model of the generations of his countrymen.

When Mr. B. concluded, the resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Senate adjourned to Saturday.

House of Representatives, March 1, 1848.—The Speaker laid before the House the following communication:

"Washington, February 29, 1848.

"Sir: The resolutions in honor of my dear deceased husband, passed by the illustrious assembly over which you preside, and of which he at the moment of his death was a member, have been duly communicated to me.

"Penetrated with grief at this distressing event of my life; mourning the loss of one who has been at once my example and my support through the trials of half a century, permit me nevertheless to express through you my deepest gratitude for the signal manner in which the public regard has been voluntarily manifested by your honorable body, and the consolation derived to me and mine from the reflection that the unwearied efforts of an old public servant have not even in this world proved without their reward in the generous appreciation of them by his country.

"With great respect, I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"LOUISA CATHARINE ADAMS.

"To the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop,

"Speaker of the House of Representatives of the U. S."
The following members compose the Committee of Arrangements, appointed in compliance with Mr. Hobson's resolutions:

Mr. Hudson, of Mass., Chairman,
Mr. Williams, of Maine,
Mr. Wilson, of New Hampshire,
Mr. Marsh, of Vermont,
Mr. Thurston, of Rhode Island,
Mr. Smith, of Connecticut,
Mr. White, of New York,
Mr. Eadsall, of New Jersey,
Mr. Dickey, of Pennsylvania,
Mr. Houston, of Delaware,
Mr. Roman, of Maryland,
Mr. McDowell, of Virginia,
Mr. Barringer, of North Carolina,
Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina,
Mr. Corb, of Georgia,
Mr. Gayle, of Alabama,
Mr. Brown, of Mississippi,
Mr. Morse, of Louisiana,
Mr. Vinton, of Ohio,
Mr. Duncan, of Kentucky,
Mr. Cocke, of Tennessee,
Mr. Wick, of Indiana,
Mr. Lincoln, of Illinois,
Mr. Bowlin, of Missouri,
Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas,
Mr. McClelland, of Michigan,
Mr. Cabell, of Florida,
Mr. Kaufman, of Texas,
Mr. Leffler, of Iowa,
Mr. Tweedy, of Wisconsin Territory.

The following gentlemen compose the Committee of One from each State and Territory, under Mr. Tallmadge's resolution, to escort the remains to the place designated by his friends for interment:

Mr. Tallmadge, of New York,
Mr. Wilson, of New Hampshire,
Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts,
Mr. J. A. Rockwell, of Connecticut,
Mr. McIlvaine, of Pennsylvania,
Mr. Ligon, of Maryland,
Mr. Barringer, of North Carolina,
Mr. Lumpkin, of Georgia,
Mr. A. G. Brown, of Mississippi,
Mr. Edwards, of Ohio,
Mr. Gentry, of Tennessee,
Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois,
Mr. R. W. Johnson, of Arkansas,
Mr. Cabell, of Florida,
Mr. W. Thompson, of Iowa,
Mr. Hammons, of Maine,
Mr. Collamer, of Vermont,
Mr. Thurston, of Rhode Island,
Mr. Newell, of New Jersey,
Mr. J. W. Houston, of Delaware,
Mr. Meade, of Virginia,
Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina,
Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama,
Mr. Morse, of Louisiana,
Mr. French, of Kentucky,
Mr. C. B. Smith, of Indiana,
Mr. Phelps, of Missouri,
Mr. Bingham, of Michigan,
Mr. Kaufman, of Texas,
Mr. Tweedy, of Wisconsin Territory.
DISCOURSE

OF

REV. R. R. GURLEY,

Chaplain to the House of Representatives,

AT

THE FUNERAL OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

JOB xi, 17, 18.

And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth; thou shalt be as the morning; and thou shalt be secure, because there is hope.

In some circumstances, on some occasions, we most naturally express our emotions in silence and in tears. What voice of man can add to the impressiveness and solemnity of this scene? The presence and aspect of this vast assembly, the Chief Magistrate, Counsellors, Judges, Senators, and Representatives of the nation, distinguished officers of the Army and the Navy, and the honored Ambassadors from foreign Powers—these symbols and badges of a universal mourning, darkening this Hall into sympathy with our sorrow, leave no place for the question, "Know ye not that a prince and a great man is fallen in Israel?" Near to us, indeed, has come the invisible hand of the Almighty—that hand in which is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind; in this very Hall, from yonder seat, which he so long occupied, in the midst of the Representatives of the people, has it taken one full of years and honors, eminent, for more than half a century, in various departments of the public service; who adorned every station, even the highest, by his abilities and virtues; and whose influence, powerful in its beneficence, is felt in many, if not in all, the States of the civilized world.

Yet, at the hazard of weakening, rather than strengthening, the impression which this scene must make upon every mind, I must not shrink from the duty to which I have been summoned; I dare not
hesitate to enforce the great moral lesson which this scene should teach, lest the delinquency should be rebuked even by the spirit of the illustrious man around whose bier the Representatives of a whole nation gather; lest the very domes, and arches, and pillars, and walls, of this Capitol, from which his great soul has just ascended, and which seem still informed by his vital influence, should become vocal with remonstrance.

The words of the friend of Job, in the text, instruct us in regard to the effect of a practical sense of religious duty on character in old age.

Incomparably great and sublime are the revelations of Christianity, not only in that they assure us of a future and eternal state, of which nature speaks but problematically and conjecturally, but in that they disclose our relations to our Maker—the realities of His providence and grace—the laws which He has established for the renovation, progressive development, and final perfection of our rational and moral nature, and the consequences, infinitely momentous, of good or evil, respectively, which are to follow obedience or disobedience to these laws, in worlds beyond death, and inaccessible to essential change.

Even nature herself would condemn us, if here, in the shadow, and as it were, in the presence, of death, we should cherish the vain imagination that we are merely creatures of sense and time—governed by no laws except those of our physical being—under no higher and more fearful responsibilities than to our fellow men—related to no greater and more precious interests than those of this world; and that the mighty intellect which holds such large discourse, in which the whole universe seems mirrored in all the variety of its objects, harmonies, relations, and proportions, perishes in the transition from life to death; for, in the language of the Apostle, "the invisible things of Him (God) are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead;" and thus nature herself, by a law written by her own hand upon the heart, binds us in responsibility to her great Author, whose glory these heavens declare, making their voice heard among all the nations and tribes of man, while of his universal and omnipotent Providence day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.
But while nature instructs us in some great religious truths, she shadows forth, by fit and impressive emblems, the possibility, and more, the probability, of those high moral and Divine laws, for a clear knowledge of which we are indebted to Revelation; to the existence of which, emanating as they do from the spiritual world, we are so insensible, because, at present excluded from its mysteries, showing how, as by one universal and invisible law of attraction, the Heavens and the earth are held in communion, and all the systems of Astronomy, guided in their ever relatively varying, mighty, and harmonious revolutions, giving to man all the beneficence of the seasons, and supplying, by their constant and benignant influences, all the necessities of his physical nature and condition; so may it be, as Christianity declares that it is, a Divine law, that only by a knowledge of his Creator, reverence for his authority, submission to his will, obedience to his commandments, acquiescence in the methods of his grace, and a true dedication of himself to the high service of his kingdom, as founded by our Saviour, Christ, man can attain to the chief good of his nature, and be exalted to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, unfading, and eternal. Not unfamiliar were ideas, kindred to these, to the venerable statesman who has just fallen like a father in the midst of his children, and to render the tribute of our respect to whose character and memory we are all mourners here. "Man (allow me to borrow his own words) is a curious and inquisitive being, and the exercise of his reason, the immortal part of his nature, consists of inquiries into the relations between the effects which fall within the sphere of his observation, and their causes which are unseen. The earth beneath his feet, and the vault of Heaven over his head, are the first objects which force themselves upon his observation, and invite him to contemplation. The earth and the sky, elements so different in their nature, yet indissolubly united by the mysterious mandate of Almighty Power, indicate to his perception, and foreshow to his reason, the condition of his own existence, compounded of body and soul, of matter and of mind. The earth ministers to each and all of his senses the knowledge of its physical properties. He sees, hears, feels, inhales, and tastes of earth and its productions, adapted to
his subsistence and to the necessities of his life on earth. The sky is accessible only to his sight; and, although peopled with splendors, dazzling in brightness, and infinite in numbers, still presents to his bewildered imagination only the lights of the firmament, like a halo of glory surrounding the universe, but glowing at distances too remote to come within the reach of any other of his senses. He soon discovers, that distant as the great Luminary may be from earth, yet the earth could not exist without his generative beams, and that the Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handy work."

His conviction of the necessity for a Divine Revelation was as unequivocal as of the fact of its existence. "But (I adopt his words) the worship of idols is the first great error of man in the state of nature. His unassisted mind has not energy to conceive the foundation of all Truth that there is one, and only one God, the Creator and Governor of the Universe. Bereft of that Divine Instructor, man sees in every thing around him the necessity of a Creator, but sees not that there is and can be but one."

And can it be doubted, that a firm faith in the great truths to which nature in all her works testifies—of the eternal power and Godhead of our Creator—and in the truths still more impressive to us of the Christian Revelation—that a practical sense, not only of the doctrine of immortality, but of individual and constant responsibility to the infinite Father and Judge of the Universe—of his laws as extending over all the conditions and circumstances, and throughout the whole duration of our rational being—of our fallen condition, and the means of recovery through the mission and death of his Son and the grace of his Spirit, and of the certain connexion between our character and conduct in this life, and our character and condition in that life which is to come, can it be doubted,

*In the truly learned and eloquent Discourse of Mr. Adams at the laying of the corner-stone of the Observatory in Cincinnati, from which we have borrowed this passage, is one in which, having alluded to the motives which stimulated different individuals to observe the stars, to the idea of Pythagoras in regard to the music of the spheres, and the sweet lines of the great Dramatist in which that idea is expressed, he adds:

"Oh! who is the one with a heart but almost wishes to cast off this muddy vesture of decay, to be admitted to the joy of listening to the celestial harmony."
that a firm faith in these truths will so correct the disorders of the affections, so restrain and repress evil passions, so guard the imagination, fortify the conscience, enlighten and exalt the reason, as to form a character clearer even in age than the noonday, and which to all beholders shall shine forth, even to the close of life, with the serene and cheerful light of the morning.

Not more certainly is the body invigorated and preserved by suitable food, by manly exercises, by the vital air, than are the intellectual and moral faculties by the investigation and reception of divine truths, by habits of obedience to the divine will, by cheerful submission to the order and discipline of Divine Providence. Nor let us ever distrust the Father of our spirits, who knows perfectly all the wants of our nature, but rest assured that his commandments in the sacred Scriptures are entirely in harmony with the decrees of his providence; and that as to fear Him and keep His commandments is the whole duty (because the highest duty, and comprehending all others,) so will it prove the whole and eternal happiness of man. If the indissoluble and harmonious connexion between the laws of nature, of Providence and the moral law, be not always obvious, it is always certain. Over all the darkness, disturbances, and evils of the world shines revealed more or less clearly, like the serene and cheerful heavens, this immutable law, binding Virtue, however obscure, persecuted, or forsaken, to reward; Duty, however humble or arduous, to happiness. Hence, the declaration, that all things shall work together for good to them who love God, and that all things are theirs—the past and future—things temporal and spiritual, prosperity and adversity, angels, and principalities, and powers, and God himself, in all the resources of his wisdom and all the eternity of his reign.

How shone out, clear as the noonday, yet mild and gentle as the morning, even in age, in the life and character of that great and venerable man, around whose precious, but, alas! inanimte form we all press in gratitude, admiration, and love, those high virtues derived from faith in God and nurtured by his revealed truth, this bereaved Congress, and, I may add, this nation witnesses.
History will transmit to future generations a just portrait of his extraordinary character, blending the expression of Roman fortitude, inflexibility, and patriotism, with the purer and holier sentiments of universal philanthropy; the rarest simplicity of manners with the learning of the scholar, the dignity of the statesman, and the profound wisdom of the sage.

But what avails it for our consolation, what to him, independently of his sense of religious obligation, did it avail in the great hour of his extremity, that he had stood among the eminent in knowledge and station, shared the highest honors his country could bestow, and won renown even from distant nations?

It is not improbable that the mind of our venerated friend and father received lessons in moral and religious duty from his illustrious parents even in his early years, which were never effaced. His excellent mother, in 1778, wrote to him in these words: "Great learning and superior abilities, should you ever possess them, will be of little value and small estimation, unless virtue, honor, truth, and integrity are added to them. Adhere to those religious sentiments and principles which were early instilled into your mind, and remember that you are accountable to your Maker for all words and actions." She adds, in the same letter, "dear as you are to me, I would much rather you should have found your grave in the Ocean you have just crossed, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child." Possibly, (for in the kingdom of Providence there is a close and certain connexion between minute moral causes and beneficent and great final results,) in these words was that instruction which, falling like the rain and distilling as the dew, first awoke into activity that sense of religious duty, and those principles of virtue, which so animated and governed his subsequent life.*

*Those who would duly appreciate the talent and virtues of this eminent lady, will find much of interest in the memoir of her life and in her correspondence, published by her grandson, Charles Francis Adams, Esq. The following passage from a letter, dated London, September 6, 1798, addressed to her son, John Quincy Adams, is seen to have been prophetic: "I think America is taking steps towards a reform, and I know her capable of whatever she undertakes. I hope you will never lose sight of her interests, but make her welfare your study, and spend those hours which others devote to cards
Truly emblematic of his moral integrity and strength of character, would be the granite column from his native hills, one and entire, just in its proportions, towering in its height, immovable in its foundations, and pointing to Heaven as the Temple and Throne of everlasting authority, the final refuge, the imperishable home of all regenerated and faithful souls.

Independence of mere human authority in the use of his reason, on all subjects, was united with veneration most sincere and profound for and folly to investigating the great principles by which nations have risen to glory and eminence; for your country will one day call for your services, either in the cabinet or field. Qualify yourself to do honor to her."

In another letter she observes: "The strict and inviolable regard you have ever paid to truth gives me pleasing hopes that you will not swerve from her dictates, but add justice, fortitude, and every manly virtue which can adorn a good citizen, do honor to your country, and render your parents supremely happy, particularly your affectionate mother."

In another she remarks: "The only sure and permanent foundation of virtue is religion. Let this important truth be engraved upon your heart; and, also, that the foundation of religion is the belief of the one only God, and a just sense of his attributes as a being infinitely wise, just, and good, to whom you owe the highest reverence, gratitude, and adoration; who superintends and governs all nature, even to clothing the lilies of the field, and hearing the young ravens when they cry; but more particularly regards man, whom he created after his own image, and breathed into him an immortal spirit, capable of happiness beyond the grave; for the attainment of which he is bound to the performance of certain duties, which all tend to the happiness and welfare of society, and are comprised in one short sentence, expressive of universal benevolence, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

In another she writes: "My anxieties have been and still are great, lest the numerous temptations and snares of vice should vitiate your early habits of virtue, and destroy those principles which you are now capable of reasoning upon, and discerning the beauty and utility of, as the only rational source of happiness here, or foundation of felicity hereafter. Placed as we are in a transitory scene of probation, drawing nigher and still nigher, day after day, to that important crisis which must introduce us into a new system of things, it ought certainly to be our principal concern to become qualified for our expected dignity. You will doubtless have heard of the death of your worthy grand-papa before this reaches you. He left you a legacy more valuable than gold or silver; he left you his blessing, and his prayers that you might return to your country and friends, improved in knowledge and matured in virtue; that you might become a useful citizen, a guardian of the laws, liberty, and religion of your country, as your father (he was pleased to say) had already been. Lay this bequest in your memory, and practise upon it; believe me, you will find it a treasure that neither moth nor rust can devour."
the sacred Scriptures, as a supernatural revelation from God, "whose prerogative extends not less to the reason than the will of man," and from a daily perusal of the divine word, and a constant and devout attendance upon the public worship of the Sabbath, although differing on some points from common opinions, he cherished enlarged views of Christian communion, and recognised in most, if not all the religious denominations of this country, members of one and the same family and kingdom of Jesus Christ.

It is unnecessary to add, that in all the relations of private and domestic life he was eminently exemplary, discharging with strict fidelity every social obligation, ever disposed to co-operate in works of public and general utility, and to extend a prompt and bountiful hand for the relief of indigence or distress.

In November, 1843, he addressed his fellow-citizens in Dedham, and said: "With the dawn of to-morrow's day I propose, if it be the will of God, to leave my home, in your service, to repair to the city of Cincinnati, there, at the invitation of a learned Society, to give them my humble aid in laying the corner stone of an Astronomical Observatory." Behold this venerable patriarch performing, at an inclement season of the year, a journey of a thousand miles, under a sense of obligation which he deemed imposed on his constituents by a declaration in the constitution of Massachusetts, "that the encouragement of the arts and sciences and all good literature tends to the honor of God, the advantage of the Christian religion, and the benefit of this and the other United States of America." He declared that this clause in the constitution of Massachusetts, taken in connexion with the recommendation of the Revolutionary Congress under which that constitution was adopted, made the encouragement of the arts and sciences, and all good literature, "one of the most sacred duties of the people of Massachusetts in all ages."

"It is (to adopt his own words on this occasion) enjoined upon them as a part of their duty to God; it is urged upon their posterity as always adapted to promote their own happiness and the general welfare of their

*Lord Bacon.
country. The voices of your forefathers,* founders of the social compact, calling from their graves in harmony louder and sweeter than the music of the spheres, command you, in piety to God, and in patriotism to your country, to patronize and encourage the arts and sciences, and all good literature; and I deem it, as your representative, a tacit and standing instruction from you to perform, as far as may be my ability, that part of your constitutional duty for you." Most nobly was this duty performed; its beneficial consequences to the cause of science, though already extensive, have but begun to be developed; and this act will ever be viewed as illustrating, not only his attachment to the cause of science, but that also (for which it is here introduced) of his unhesitating and uncompromising obedience to the sense of duty.

How can I proceed, (considering the brief moments to which I am necessarily limited,) and when volumes will not contain the record of those labors and great actions of his life which have exalted his own character, and shed unfading glory on his country.

Let us bless God, to whom he was indebted for all his abilities and all his success, who endued him for the high services he performed, who enabled him to put on righteousness as a garment, and judgment as a robe and a diadem.

Let our united sympathies be expressed to his bereaved family, overwhelmed by this sudden and mighty affliction, by which the voice of the husband, the father, the guide, is silenced, the light of his venerable countenance withdrawn, and the places which knew his revered and beloved form made to know it no more. He, whose mercy is great above the heavens, is Himself the light and strength of his people in the most dark and dreary hour of affliction; nor can mourners be desolate who look to the eternal God as a refuge, and feel the support and protection of His almighty arm. If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Comfort one another with these words.

*To realize the full force and touching eloquence of this passage, it must be recollected that the illustrious father of the speaker was the author of the very clause in the constitution of Massachusetts to which he had just referred.
Alas, the sad and appalling ruins of death! "This is the end of earth." Approach! lovers of pleasure, seekers after wisdom, aspirants, by pre-eminence in station, and power, and influence among men, to Fame, see the end of human distinctions and earthly greatness! Surely man walketh in a vain show; surely man in his best estate is altogether vanity. How pertinent to this scene the words of Job: "He leadeth princes away spoiled, and overthroweth the mighty. He removeth away the speech of the trusty, and taketh away the understanding of the aged. He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of Death!" How, indeed, is the mighty fallen, and the head of the wise laid low! All flesh is grass—all the glory of man as the flower of the field. And shall this vast congregation soon be brought to the grave—that house appointed for all the living? Hear, then, the great announcement of the Son of God: "I am the resurrection and the life, and whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Is it strange that he who communed so much with the future as the great statesman to whose virtues and memory we now pay this sad, final, solemn tribute of honor and affection, should, in the last conversation I ever had with him, have expressed both regret and astonishment at the indifference among too many of our public men to the truths and ordinances of our holy Religion? Is it to affect our hearts that he has been permitted to fall in the midst of us, to arouse us from this insensibility, and cause us to press towards the gates of the eternal city of God? Let us bless God for another great example to shine upon us, that another star (we humbly trust) is planted amid the heavenly constellations to guide us to eternity! Amen.
THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The procession which attended the mortal remains of the honorable John Quincy Adams to the Congressional Burying Ground, formed at the Capitol immediately after the religious ceremonies in the Hall of the House of Representatives were performed, and moved from the east front of the Capitol, through the north gate, round the western portion of the public grounds, and proceeded to the cemetery in the following order:

Military Companies.

Band.

The Chaplains of both Houses of Congress, and Clergy of the District.

Physicians who attended the deceased.

Committee of Arrangements.

Pall-Bearers.

Hon. J. J. McKay, N. Carolina, | Hon. Truman Smith, Conn.,
Hon. Linn Boyd, Kentucky, | Hon. J. R. Ingersoll, Penn.,
Hon. Justice J. M. Wayne, | Hon. Justice J. McLean,
General George Gibson, | Com. Charles Morris,

Mr. J. F. Harvey, Conductor of the Car.

The family and friends of the deceased.

The Senators and Representatives from the State of Massachusetts, as mourners.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives.

The House of Representatives of the United States, preceded by their Speaker and Clerk.

The other Officers of the House of Representatives.
The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.  
The Senate, preceded by their President and Secretary.  
The other Officers of the Senate.  
The President of the United States.  
The Heads of Departments.  
The Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and its Officers.  
The Diplomatic Corps.  
The Comptrollers, Auditors, and other Heads of Bureaus of the several Departments of the Government, with their Officers.  
Officers of the Army and Navy at the seat of Government.  
Members of State Legislatures.  
The Corporation of Washington.  
The Columbian Typographical Society.  
Officers and Students of Georgetown College.  
Officers and Students of Columbian College.  
Literary Institutions.  
Fire Companies, and other Associations and Societies of the District.
Boston, August 10, 1843.

Dear Sir,

The Vestry of King's Chapel, grateful to you for your faithful delineation of the character of the friend and pastor whose recent death they deplore, passed the following vote at a meeting held yesterday: —

"Voted, That the thanks of the Vestry be presented to Rev. Dr. Frothingham for the interesting discourse he delivered on Sunday morning last, in which he commemorated with such fidelity, justice, and discrimination, the character and the virtues of the pastor whose death we lament, and whose memory we affectionately cherish, and that the wardens be instructed to ask of him a copy for the press."

Permit us to express the hope that you will comply with the wish of the Vestry for the publication of your sermon, and thus add to the many and important favors you have conferred upon our society.

With great respect and esteem, your friends,

Samuel A. Eliot,
George B. Emerson, Wardens.

Rev. Dr. Frothingham.