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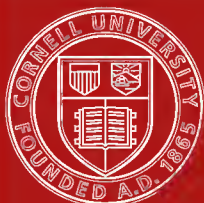
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# ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BY APPOINTMENT,

IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

AT THE OPENING OF THE

## APPRENTICES' LIBRARY,

IN THE CITY OF ALBANY,

JANUARY 1, 1821.

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BY SOLOMON SOUTHWICK.

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*ALBANY:*

PRINTED BY JOHN O. GOFF.

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1821.



SOLOMON SOUTHWICK, Esq.

SIR,

THE committee of the Albany Apprentices' Library avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by their first meeting, since the opening of the library, to unite in a tender of thanks to you, for the very appropriate, interesting, and eloquent address delivered by you on that occasion.

In the pleasure which they experienced, they were gratified to find that all their fellow citizens, including those most distinguished by station, learning, and virtue, most fully participated. If the satisfaction to be derived from successful efforts in the cause of public morals and mental improvement, is a sufficient reward for the virtuous and patriotic, you will indeed be richly compensated.

The committee are confident that they are not less governed by regard to the expectations of the public and the interests of the institution which they have laboured with you to establish, than by their own feelings, when they earnestly request a copy of your address for publication.

Albany, Jan. 2, 1821.

CHARLES R. WEBSTER,  
EBENEZER BALDWIN,  
ASA H. CENTER,  
JOHN MEADS,  
C. A. TEN EYCK,  
WM. MAYELL,  
DANIEL CARMICHAEL,  
HATHORN M'CULLOCH,  
J. FRY,  
GIDEON HAWLEY,  
N. H. CARTER,  
O. R. V. BENTHUYSEN,  
B. KNOWER,  
G. Y. LANSING,  
ISAAC Q. LEAKE,  
SPENCER STAFFORD,  
PHILIP HOOKER.

JOHN COOK, Sec'y. and Librarian.

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ALBANY, JAN. 2, 1821.

GENTLEMEN,

CAST upon the world in early life, with no compass to guide, no friendly hand to direct my way; and the best portion of my youth spent in the most laborious pursuits by land and by sea, I have often been made to feel deeply the want of intelligence, and the necessity of application to acquire it. When called upon, therefore, to address such a youthful band as I had before me on the new year's day, at the opening of the Apprentices' Library, I should have been lost to every benevolent feeling, and to every liberal sentiment, if I had not exerted myself to guard them against idleness, vice and folly, to excite their love of learning, and their devotion to the principles of virtue and piety. That my exertions have been so successful as to call forth your approbation in terms so liberal and polite,

as those contained in your letter of this day, is a source of pleasure and satisfaction which will remain with me through life: And if as an additional source of gratification, my Address be instrumental in saving from the snares of destruction, or redeeming from a career of ruin, even one precious youth—one genius like FRANKLIN—then I shall not have lived in vain, and can never be grateful enough to God that he spared me for the exercises of that day.

Agreeably to your request, I do not hesitate to furnish a copy of my address for publication.

I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of the highest respect, esteem and gratitude,

Your very obedient servant,

S. SOUTHWICK,

Charles R. Wehster and Ebenezer Baldwin, Esqrs.  
and the gentlemen associated with them in  
the Committee of the Albany Apprentices'  
Library.



## ADDRESS.

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MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

THE committee for instituting an Apprentices' Library in Albany, having determined that one of their body should address you on this occasion, and having assigned to me the performance of that task, I need not apologize for any defect that may appear in the matter or manner of what I shall advance in the hope of promoting your temporal and eternal welfare: For you will readily perceive, that I could not shrink from the exercise of this duty, at so respectable a call; and consequently that I am not bound to perform it in the best way in which it might be performed, but only in as perfect a manner as my humble capacity and limited experience will permit. I must, however, indulge the pleasing hope, that what I shall say may not prove altogether in vain: That if I do not succeed in this attempt to enlighten your understandings, I shall at least leave upon your hearts, a favourable impression of my ardent desire to contribute to your happiness, in pointing out to you some of the means by which you may extend the circle of your rational enjoyments; prepare the way for your future settlement and prosperity in business; and procure, through every stage of your temporal existence, that peace of mind which flows from conscious rectitude;

which will sustain you in the trials of life; which will soothe the pangs of disease, and calm the tumults of the soul in the hour of death, by unfolding beyond the grave the bright prospect of another and a better world.

I trust in God, that this day, and the days which have preceded it in devotion to the same purpose in other parts of the United States, will form a new epoch in our history; will long be remembered as the harbingers of a great social improvement; an improvement that shall not only be felt in its benign effects upon this country to the latest ages: but shall spread from clime to clime, and diffuse the blessings of instruction among the children of industry; wherever the progress of civilization shall have established the empire of the arts.

If we cast our eyes backward through a few revolving moons only, we shall find, my young friends, that to you, and to such as you, there was scarcely any other avenue to learning open, of which you could readily avail yourselves, but that which disclosed the limited knowledge of your respective mechanical professions. You were doomed to walk in one dull round of labour; and while your bodies were exhausting by toil, your precious and immortal minds were left to rust in ignorance, if not to waste in dissipation. A few individual exceptions might exist; but such was the general, the ungenial aspect of your condition.

But behold! in the East, a choice spirit, a missionary of light, a messenger of benevolence, ap-

pears. He commiserates the fate of youth like you. On the wings of charity and of love, he flies from house to house. In moving accents, he unfolds his purpose, and inspires each domestic auditory with the same sacred flame of philanthropy that glows in his own bosom. The sons and daughters of humanity are fired with emulation in the glorious strife to do good. They pour forth contributions from their cabinets of learning and literature; and suddenly a temple arises, a fountain of intelligence is opened, where the virtuous apprentice may resort at pleasure, and catch from the page of the philosopher and the poet, the light of science and the love of virtue.

But this apostle of philanthropy, this godlike benefactor of youthful mechanics, did not linger at the first step of his benevolent career. Like the apostles of christianity, wherever he heard the voice of the benighted, crying, "Come over and help us," he did not hesitate to obey the call. The Presbyterian of New-York and the Quaker of Philadelphia—all parties in politics, and all sects in religion—received him alike with open arms, as the angel of humanity who was to stir the waters of reform, and prepare them for cleansing the souls of the ignorant, and opening the eyes of the blind.

Some very few indeed may have feared that political or personal views were concealed under his garb of humanity; while others, equally few, may have felt alarm, lest the progress of knowledge should prove unfriendly to subordination, and

weaken the arm of authority! Vain and delusive fears! the offspring of squinting envy, of selfish spleen, of factious bigotry, or aristocratic predilection! But these comparatively low and solitary murmurs died away amid the more cheering hallelujahs of enlightened freemen, and the Boston philanthropist and reformer pushed on, rejoicing in the success of his labours.

Like another CADMUS, he alighted on the shores of Albany. We have seen and felt his presence: For it is to this enthusiastic lover of letters, this liberal patron of the arts, the "quality" of whose benevolence "is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven"—it is to him alone, my young friends, that we owe the origin of that institution, to open which, for your benefit, we have here assembled, and for which I trust, that you and your successors will never cease to remember the name of WOOD, your generous and exalted benefactor, in your prayers to the Author of all perfection.

Having paid the tribute which I could not in justice withhold from the philanthropist, whose name will go down to posterity, as being the first to propose, if not the most active to establish Apprentices' Libraries; I shall now call your attention to those paramount duties which devolve upon you as rational beings, and heirs of immortality; duties, the performance of which is indispensable to your happiness, and which you cannot neglect without being made to feel the pangs of remorse and misery in this life, if not the horrors of despair in the next.

I do not come here to depress, but to elevate you

in the scale of society. I was once like you, bound to servitude, and knew what it was to feel the force of power, without always enjoying the benefit of right. I can enter, therefore, into all your feelings, and sympathize in all your wants.

I shall first touch upon your duty to yourselves. A just estimate of your real importance to society, will enable you to determine the degree of self-respect which you ought to possess, and which ought to deter you at all times from the commission of acts which would forfeit your own rights, or infringe those of others; which would degrade you in your own estimation, or expose you to the contempt of the wise and virtuous. It is your just pride, recollect, and not your vanity, or self conceit, that I aim to keep alive, to blow into a flame that shall burn without ceasing, pure and undiminished, till it glimmer on the verge of the grave. Your importance to society may be perceived at once, by adverting to the vast utility of those mechanical powers which it is your destiny to wield.

But for the operation of mechanical powers, the earth would remain uncultivated, and the seas which surround it unexplored: and man would every where still be doomed to roam a savage in the wilds of nature. And if to the application of these powers, in a very limited degree, we owe the first rude and imperfect cultivation of the earth; to their improvement, and the extension of their empire, we owe not only the great advancement to which the art of cultivation has arrived; but the various useful, convenient, profitable and luxurious forms into

which the numerous fruits and products of the earth are moulded or manufactured for the subsistence, benefit and pleasure of mankind.

The savage, for example, pounds or grinds his corn between two stones. The operation is tedious and painful—the flour coarse, if not unpalatable—and the quantity obtained bears a very inadequate proportion to the time and labor employed in this rude and simple operation. But how vastly different the effect of mechanical powers, in the same operation, when improved and elaborated in the wind and the water mill, and that mighty machine the steam engine, which are the works of civilized man, and which the untutored savage beholds with wonder and admiration. Well might the poet exclaim—

“ What high, capacious powers  
“ Lie folded up in man !”

But with all these high and capacious powers, and all the self respect with which their successful cultivation may justly inspire you, never forget that diffidence and modesty are the attributes and the ornaments of science. We often, indeed, hear of the pride of science. But it is false science, the offspring of imposture, that shields herself in pride, and vaunts of her acquisitions. The wise man, on the contrary, perceives, that every advance he makes in knowledge opens to him some new and unexpected prospect. He feels his limited capacity, and if the love of science has taken full possession of his soul, he almost sinks into despondency under the humiliating conviction that life is too short to compass even the boundaries of the

fields of intelligence and speculation that expand before him. He explores the surface of the earth. He descends far beneath it, and analyzes the various substances which he finds in his way. He measures the trackless ocean in search of discoveries that may benefit his species; and he ascends to the heavens to study the laws which impel and govern the movements of other planets than his own: And though he pursue this sublime career with the sagacity of a BACON, and the success of a NEWTON, winning the brightest laurels that ever adorned the brow of genius or of learning, he is still made to feel and to confess that the works of Deity are too vast and complicated for his limited powers to comprehend. So far, therefore, from being lifted up by vanity or pride, he stands confounded by the mysteries of Eternal Wisdom, while the glow of charity kindles in his breast for all the weaknesses and misconceptions of frail humanity. This, my young friends, is the condition of the wisest of men; and it was the force with which the best, the greatest, and the wisest king of Israel felt this condition, that extorted from his lips the memorable exclamation, *All is vanity!* He did not exult in his own powers. He did not betray to those around him, any supercilious airs of self-importance, nor attempt to humble them by exposing their inferiority in any branch of knowledge in which he was proficient. But he freely acknowledged the imperfection of his understanding, and the fallacy of human wisdom. Would to God, that some modern princes and philosophers had

possessed the modesty of this eastern monarch; then the inquisition and the stake, the axe and the guillotine, would have spared their victims; and the blood of martyrs would not have stained the earth, nor cried to heaven for vengeance.

You perceive, by this time, that I do not treat you as children, who are pleased with a rattle, or tickled with a straw. But I address you as youth, who, though you are not your own masters, have dignity of character to maintain, and capacity of mind to improve. And here let me press upon you the absolute necessity of improving every hour, nay, every minute, you can justly claim as your own, in the cultivation of your intellectual and moral powers. Seize the precious moments as they fly, and trust not to a deceitful futurity to do that for which the time present is the fittest. To assist you in the pursuit of that knowledge, which is essential to your happiness, permit me to point out to you a course of study, which, if properly pursued, cannot fail to check the exuberance of your imagination, to temper the ardour of your feelings, to enlighten your understanding, and to fortify your judgment.

To excel and to shine in your respective callings, ought to be the ruling passion of you all; indeed, if it be not so, your masters had better tear up your indentures, and send you forth to become hewers of wood and drawers of water, or to swell the list of those wretched vagabonds, who are the pests of society, and who possess neither a local habitation nor a name.



In the first place, then, let me conjure you to study in earnest, with a full determination to succeed, one or more of the best writers upon the general laws and principles of *Mechanics*. You will thus lay a foundation for improvement, of which neither time nor accident can deprive you. For this purpose Emerson's *MECHANICS* is a book of great and acknowledged merit; and the study of this as a *Text Book*, aided by constant references to Gregory's *Dictionary of Arts*, I should recommend as indispensable. When you have stored your minds with first principles, your next obvious duty will be, to procure the best practical treatises on the particular branches which you are individually bound to understand; and to study these till you can say that you have mastered their contents, if you have not outstripped their conceptions.

The science of *Morality* ought next, or rather in connection, if convenient, to claim your strict attention. This science, as laid down in books, seems to be divided into the common sense, or plain practical lessons; and the refined sense, or metaphysics of morality. The refined or metaphysical morality, and which is more properly a branch of natural philosophy, or at least a mixture of moral and physical science, is to be found in the disputes concerning the origin of our ideas, and the nature of the mind or soul, which have been carried on with so much zeal and ability by LOCKE, HARTLEY, HELVETIUS, REID, STEWART, and other philosophers. These may well enough occupy the time and attention of men who can conveniently devote their

**lives** to such nice investigations. But to those whose duty it is to be mostly active in the pursuit of mechanical labour, such speculative refinements can serve only to waste their time, if not to bewilder and mislead: For whether our ideas be derived from external impressions, through the medium of the senses, or be *innate*, springing from the recesses of the soul; or whether they be the result of an indefinable, indescribable, mysterious combination of sensation and reflection, of external impressions and internal operations; it is morally certain, and this is sufficient for us to understand, that our actions are and must be controuled by the well known, established laws of God and society, those plain and practical standards of right and wrong, which all civilized nations have adopted.

*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.* I quote this as a specimen of the simplicity of the moral law of Sinai; and of that plain and unequivocal prescription of morality which it is your duty to seek for on all occasions: And I will here give you one more example from the same divine and imperishable source. *These six things doth the Lord hate; yea seven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, hands that shed innocent blood: An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief: A false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren."*

Take, then, for a course of study in moral philosophy, which means nothing more than a rational

system of conduct to be observed through life, those portions of the Bible which most forcibly inculcate the cardinal virtues of Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude: Such as the Book of Job—the Psalms of David—the Proverbs of Solomon—Ecclesiastes—the Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, and the beautiful story of Tobit, in the Apocrypha—the Sermon of Christ upon the Mountain—the Book of James—and the writings of Paul in general. In connection with these scriptural studies, which, as you value eternal life, let me conjure you not to overlook, make it a point, by all means, to recur as often as you possibly can, to the sermons of Dr. BLAIR. These sermons are so replete with instruction, in a style so captivating, upon all the leading duties of life, that I do not hesitate to assert, without regard to their religious character, that no course of study in moral philosophy can be complete, if they make not a part of it. The more I peruse them, and over many indeed of my solitary hours, in sickness or in sorrow, have they shed the beams of peace and consolation, the more I am satisfied that their amiable and enlightened author intended them to form a complete circle of moral science. They are all invaluable. But some of them are more peculiarly adapted than others to your present and probable future condition in life. Such are the following: On the Union of Piety and Morality—On the Disorders of the Passions—On the Duties of the Young—On the Duties belonging to Middle age—On the Importance of Order in conduct—On the Progress

of Vice—On Fortitude—On Patience—On Envy—  
 On Idleness—On the Misfortunes of Men being  
 chargeable to themselves—On Friendship—On In-  
 tegrity as the guide of Life. Next to these precious  
 relics of a great and venerable name, the Essay on  
 Moral Philosophy, in the British Preceptor, sup-  
 posed to have been written by Dr. JOHNSON—the  
 systematic and very sensible work of Archdeacon  
 PALEY, and the Moral Essays of our own fellow-  
 citizen, the Rev. EZRA SAMPSON, must not escape  
 your attention. The Essays of Sampson being a  
 small book, and in my estimation peculiarly adapt-  
 ed to impress morality on the mind, I hope you  
 may not only make it your constant compan-  
 ion; but enrich yourselves by a due conver-  
 sion and appropriation of the mental treasures it  
 affords.

Though I address you as minors, under the legal  
 controuling influence of your masters; yet it would  
 be unpardonable on this occasion to forget that you  
 are destined to become the members of a novel and  
 grand social compact, founded on such broad and  
 liberal principles of freedom, as from time immemo-  
 rial have never fully entered into civil and political  
 constitutions and laws. Next, therefore, to the ac-  
 quisition of moral science, as it exhibits your duties  
 to individuals of your species, you are bound to look  
 well to the solemn and indissoluble ties which bind  
 you to your country. These are the ties of patriot-  
 ism, and the duties which flow from them cannot be  
 safely performed without a knowledge of the funda-  
 mental constitutions and laws which will demand

your support and protection; and also of the resources upon which your country must depend for the due maintenance of her foreign and internal relations, her national independence and domestic prosperity. Happily this knowledge is within your reach, if you will but diligently seek for it. But here again you must adopt a course of reading; and I know of no better course that you can pursue, than to take up in regular succession,

The Declaration of Independence :

ADAMS'S Defence of the American Constitutions ; together with his Discourses upon Davilla, which he considers as forming a part of that defence. In this work the venerable author, viewing man as all experience has proved him to be, liable to corruption and error; has sought to discover in the political what NEWTON did in the physical world—a sort of moral law of gravitation, that shall so nicely balance the virtue and vice, the weakness and wisdom of mankind, as to preserve the grand orb of society from flying out of its proper orbit, which is liberty, into the regions of anarchy on the one hand, and tyranny and despotism on the other. How far Mr. ADAMS has succeeded in establishing his principle; I am not here to decide. The purity of his motives are no longer doubted : And the work contains such a variety of information on the structure and fate, the good and evil, of ancient and modern republics, that to have overlooked it on this occasion would have been unpardonable. That venerable man was one of the great patrons and founders of that revolution, which has given you the liberty of being here-

this day to receive my humble admonitions. When he dies the tears of his country will bedew his ashes, and may all the happiness of Heaven be his portion forever.

Let me next recommend the Essays of HAMILTON, MADISON, and JAY, which are published in a volume, entitled THE FEDERALIST, and which were designed by this illustrious trio of writers, to prove the necessity of the federal compact of these states, and to explain the principles upon which it ought to be founded, and upon which, indeed, with some few limitations, it is founded. I need not speak of the merits of this work. Time has tested them. The learned of Europe and America have stamped it by their approbation. One of the great luminaries, the rays of whose genius were poured, in their meridian splendour, upon its pages, has sought the regions of immortality. The other two, having finished with glory, their course in the political horizon of their country, are cultivating, like ADAMS and JEFFERSON, in philosophic retirement, those intellectual powers, those refined pleasures, which constitute the most exalted gifts of God to man; they are trimming their lamps to follow their great fellow-labourer; but whether re-united sooner or later beyond the grave, they will have left, in The Federalist, a legacy to their country, more precious than the gold of Ophir: May its immortal authors be welcomed alike at the footstool of their Creator, and be permitted to mingle eternally with *the spirits of just men made perfect*.

In connection with the Essays just mentioned,

study the federal constitution itself, and compare it carefully with the commentaries which they afford, and likewise with the respective state constitutions. In this branch of your studies, you will find an invaluable auxiliary in the charts of the federal and state constitutions, by ISAAC H. TIPPIN, in which that gentleman has brought into a concise and striking comparative view, all the important features of those different constitutions.

Here it may not be amiss to remark, that the debates of the several state conventions, on the adoption of the federal constitution, throw great light upon the subject, so far as they have been published. Those of the Virginia convention are the most elaborate, and certainly not the least able and interesting.

I ought not here to forget a work of great ability, by JOHN TAYLOR, of Caroline, Virginia, on the good and evil moral principles of the federal constitution.

But it would be little less than criminal, were I to overlook that last great effort of our common political father for the good of his children. I mean the Farewell Address of WASHINGTON.—My feeble powers are not adequate to speak the praise of that man. But to recommend to you, as an indispensable acquisition, the treasures of his experience in that government to which you owe allegiance, the allegiance of freemen, who know “no master, save creating Heaven,” is a duty, for the neglect of which, a life of penitence would scarcely prove an atonement: For whenever posterity shall be so lost as to forget the virtues of these times, and degenerate into slaves, the legacy of

WASHINGTON will prove the torch that shall light them to the tombs of their fathers and the temple of liberty.

For a knowledge of the resources of your country, read in particular, PITKIN'S and SEYBERT'S statistical views, and such other works of a similar nature, as time and opportunity may enable you to have access to. Your country is but of yesterday, and the giant strides she is making, and will continue to make, for centuries to come, will constantly give rise to new and enlarged views of her resources. But the works of Pitkin and Seybert will suffice for the present day, and to these I must claim your indispensable attention.

You would do well, however, on the subject of national resources, to read on the one hand the volume of addresses which a society of gentlemen in Philadelphia have written and published, in behalf of encouraging domestic manufactures, as distinct from family or household fabrics, by countervailing duties on foreign manufactures: And on the other hand, the memorials or addresses of several agricultural societies in Virginia, and commercial bodies in the eastern states, who take the opposite ground. Both sides have maintained their opinions with that zeal and ability which ever distinguish ardent and vigorous minds when brought into collision. Both parties are unquestionably actuated by pure national and honorable views. And the discussion having elicited all that can be said on either side of this important question, the study of it will save you the trouble at more advanced life, and when you may



be called upon to act upon it, of recurring to the voluminous works of Dr. Adam Smith, and Sir James Stuart, on Political Economy, or the Wealth of Nations.

As your country is the only one on the face of the earth, where youth of your condition can with full confidence exult in the reflection, that public honours are as likely to be the reward of your merit, as that of any other description of persons; it is important that you not only learn to act with propriety in a moral point of view; but that you should study to speak and to write correctly your vernacular tongue. At this moment you have before you numerous instances of that equal distribution of public honours, which is perhaps one of the best proofs of the existence of public liberty. The venerable President of your Senate and Lieutenant Governor of the state, has emerged by his talents and industry from the humbler walks of life to his present exalted stations. The Speaker of your House of Assembly is a mechanic; and I have seen him ridiculed on account of his occupation in a public paper. But this is a bad sign in a republic; and the least that can be said of the authors is, that their wit is equal to their manners, and conveys but an *ill* compliment to the genius of liberty and the constitution. I for one, thank God, that I have not only been bred a mechanic; but that I have seen and deeply felt those vicissitudes of life which are intended by Heaven to repress vanity and pride; to dispel from the heart the sordid, envious and malignant passions; to expand our benevolent, social

and charitable feelings; to teach us our own insignificance in the great scale of creation, and lead us not merely to love man, but to adore the providence of God, and bow to it with submission. But apart from this slight digression, let me entreat you, in the critical department of instruction, to study attentively MURRAY'S English Grammar; the Philosophy of Rhetoric, by CAMPBELL; the Lectures upon Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, by DR. BLAIR; the Essay of EDMUND BURKE, upon the Sublime and Beautiful; and the work of ALISON upon Taste.—The Lectures of DR. BLAIR, alone, after the study of any approved and simple system of Grammar, will inspire you with a correct taste, and enable you to communicate your ideas either orally or in writing, by “proper words in proper places,” which is the best definition of a pure and unaffected style.

History has been styled Philosophy, teaching by example. But this is true only when the spirit of philosophy, which fearlessly and faithfully traces events to their causes, enters into the composition of history, and presents a page beaming with the light and majesty of truth and reason.

Of ancient history too much is fable; and of modern, the spirit of faction, the demons of political and religious bigotry, have too often usurped the page where truth ought to have shone in vestal purity, and undiminished lustre. The best history for a man of genius, penetration and judgment, who mingles deeply in the great concerns of the public, is, perhaps, the field of observation, filled with men and the affairs of men, as it lies immediate-

ly before him, and presents itself in all the various hues, the lights and shades, of virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, vanity and pride, avarice and ambition. History, if ever so faithfully recorded, is but a picture of the bustle and business of human life upon a great scale, a national instead of an individual point of view. The man, therefore, who mingles in the bustle, and surveys with an eye of discrimination the variegated crowd of objects as they revolve around or pass in succession before him, will find his present experience to supply the place of past history. Instead of reasoning from what has been to what is, he will, concluding justly human nature to be essentially the same in all times, infer what has been from what he sees, and will pretty clearly comprehend the causes which have led to the rise, decline and fall of states and empires. But it may be the lot of but few, if any of you, to possess this commanding view of the present; for although you may all act your parts in sustaining, you may not all take a part in directing the political machine. You will do well, therefore, to study the history of past times, in the works of the most approved historians. But this study, said once a learned correspondent of mine, "is a difficult and laborious undertaking. Ever since I began to read, I have been inquiring after the best plans. I have heard many proposed, and all of them liable to serious objections. The range is extensive, the variety of subjects it comprehends numerous, and the writers differ so widely in their object and execution, that the student is bewildered and discouraged. The pursuits of the reader have a pow-

erful influence upon his taste and exertions; and this makes subjects and writers that are extremely agreeable to some, highly disgusting to others."

So far, however, as I know of history, and of the situation in which you will probably find yourselves as you advance in life, the plan that I would pursue is this: I would begin at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, which gave rise to the revival of learning in Europe, and led to the Reformation. ROBERTSON'S Charles V.—WATSON'S Philips—ROBERTSON'S America—HUMÉ'S England, with SMOLLET'S Continuation, and his successors, should be my constant text books. With these I would read as many of the writers on particular branches, which they recommend or refer to, as time and opportunity might permit; especially MACHIAVEL'S History of Florence, and VOLTAIRE'S Historical Sketches: these are among the fathers of modern historical composition. To young men who are born and destined to live under a republican government, the History of Florence affords an inexhaustible fund of instruction; and that great master-spirit MACHIAVEL, has infused into it all the fire of his genius, and all the force of his understanding.

Before I commenced with the histories of Rome and Greece, I would read with great care, so as to imbibe every important fact, and to comprehend clearly every sentiment of the author, the lectures of VOLNEY, delivered before the Normal School of Paris. The perusal of this little work, the offspring of a mighty mind, will prepare you to enter

upon your task, with minds fortified against that *mania* of enthusiasm, which has transformed the vices of antiquity into virtues, in the eyes of too many modern philosophers. VOLNEY has touched with the spear of Ithuriel, the monster of imposition, who has so long presided over the page of history, and brought her to light in all her deformity.

For the history of Rome, I would read, in all events, FERGUSON'S Rise and Progress, and GIBBON'S Decline. If perfectly convenient, I would read HOOKE, before I commenced with these. GIBBON, if not the most profound, is certainly one of the most elegant historians. He composed his work evidently with that great care and labour, which Horace, the best of ancient critics, recommends as indispensable to a finished production; and certain it is, that a more finished production than that of GIBBON, is not within the circle of modern literature. I will venture to say, though with much deference to the legal profession, that he delivers the best sketch of the civil law, of which the republic of learning can boast.

GILLIES, MITFORD, or the author of Anacharsis, furnish all that you need to know of Grecian history.

The Bible, together with PRIDEAUX'S Connections of Sacred and Profane History, will give you the shortest and clearest views of nations of the east. With all the difficulties that attend the chronology of the Bible, which have arisen from the total loss of some parts of the work, and from the errors of

translators and transcribers before, and of the press since, the discovery of the art of printing, you will still find it a history whose place cannot be supplied. Setting aside religious principles, I deem it a book essentially necessary to be well understood by an English or American scholar. And let me tell you, that so far as you master the subjects which I have prest upon your attention, so far you will be entitled to the appellation of scholars, though you may understand nothing of the dead languages, and very little of any branch of natural philosophy. Moreover, as I have been attentive to excite your love of country, I may, with strict propriety, add, in this place, that no book contains more sublime lessons of patriotism than the Bible. Demosthenes and Cicero, Homer and Virgil, so far as I can understand them in translations, for I know nothing of the originals, and all the orators and poets who have succeeded them, I believe may be safely challenged to exhibit the sentiment of patriotism, or love of country, in strains so true to nature, by which all eloquence must be tested, and so deeply pathetic, as the lamentation of the Israelites in their Babylonish captivity. *“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down: yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof: For there they that carried us away captive, required of us a song; and they that wasted us, required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion: How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning: If I do not remember*

*thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."*

I have not yet alluded to the history of our own country; for Dr. Robertson's *America* refers almost exclusively to the southern continent, and the European monarchy which first conquered it, and trampled upon the rights, and barbarously sacrificed the lives of its ancient, brave, and comparatively civilized population. Besides; until lately, we have possessed no general history of the United States, nor of North America, coming down to the present time. The recent work of Dr. RAMSAY I have not read; but do not doubt, from his known ability, it deserves to be made one of your text books in pursuing your inquiries into the rise and progress of the United States. HOLMES's *American Annals* is a work of great brevity, but of no less merit. In two volumes, the author has comprised an historical and chronological view of this country from the voyage of Columbus to the year 1805. But the brevity of these *Annals* has excluded many details of the revolutionary period, which can never fail to prove interesting. Whilst, therefore, for general information, I would read Holmes, and such of the authorities upon which he relies, as I could find time to attend to; I would resort to GORDON's *Revolution*, and MARSHALL's *Life of Washington*, for a series of details, with which every citizen of the United States ought to make himself acquainted. Gordon's, it is true, is a clumsy and prolix performance; but with all his clumsiness and prolixity, without elegance, with-

out philosophy, and without arrangement, he furnishes more information of the revolution, than is to be found even in the work of the correct and scientific Ramsay upon that period. The work of Judge Marshall is later than either of these; and in the opinion of some, will supply the place of both. But my avocations have not permitted me to examine this work, nor the history of Mrs. WARREN, a lady of great merit, and superior talents. Nor have I read the two volumes, for the two first volumes only have appeared, of the translation of the work of BOTTA, an Italian of genius and learning, who has employed himself in presenting his countrymen with a history of our revolution, which Mr. JEFFERSON has pronounced superior to any other history of that great and memorable event. With me, I frankly confess, Mr. JEFFERSON's opinion, in such a case, is conclusive.

Thus far I have chiefly alluded to the general histories of the United States, and the revolution which established our independence. But there are local histories, I believe, of all the old revolutionary states, which are valuable, inasmuch as they contain many interesting views, which are either slightly noticed, or past over entirely in our general histories; such for example as the pathetic story of LOGAN, an Indian warrior, in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. This work of Mr. JEFFERSON is more valuable than the modesty of its title indicates; especially as he has, with patriotic zeal, and with a force of argument peculiar to himself, refuted the erroneous opinions, if not studied calumnies, of



Buffon and De Pauw, who would fain have made the world believe, that not only the men and other animals of America were of inferior races; but that the men and other animals of Europe degenerated in physical and mental vigour under the influence of our climate! Of the local histories to which I allude, I have read with great pleasure, Belknap's New-Hampshire, Hutchinson's and Minot's Massachusetts, Williams's Vermont, and the Notes of Mr. Jefferson. I do not insist upon these local histories as a part of your regular course of study; but think it my duty to remind you of their existence, that you may profit by them if convenient; though I confess I should pay but a poor compliment to your patriotism, if I did not think you would take delight in perusing the work of the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence.

Before I close this part of my subject, permit me to assure you, that you cannot pursue any study more deeply interwoven with the genuine feelings of your hearts, than the early history of your country. There is no mixture, in her origin, of superstition, fable, or fancy; and you need not, therefore, like the Greeks, the Romans, or the Britons, go into those dark and romantic regions to seek in vain for the date and the circumstances of her birth. On the contrary, through a path of many perils, but unclouded by fiction, you follow her from the first period of her existence, to the present day; from the time that the gloomy savage was awakened in amazement to hear the first morning hallelujahs of the Pil-

grims ascend to heaven from the rock of Plymouth, till the shores of Erie and the Mississippi resounded with the strains of gratitude to the same Eternal Source, from the gallant and victorious bands of PERRY and of JACKSON: And as you accompany your immortal ancestors through all their struggles for freedom with savage and civilized foes, you will find the ties which bind you to their memory strengthened, your love of country increased, and all your generous and exalted feelings expanded in the highest degree. Not only will your bosoms swell with manly pride in the fame of your ancestors; but they will expand with different feelings for the aborigines, than those which have been excited by the contemplation of tomahawks and scalping knives as the only symbols of savage virtue. The mighty genius, the exalted magnanimity, the heroic fortitude, and daring enterprize of Philip of Mount Hope; the fidelity in friendship, the constancy, tenderness, and generosity in love, which distinguished the daughter of Powhatan, will satisfy you, that it is not the complexion of the skin, that determines the virtues or the vices of nations or individuals; and that the savage is not always cruel and relentless, any more than the civilized man is uniformly compassionate and forbearing.

I have not touched upon that tremendous revolution which has just gone by, and which involved France and all Europe in so long and so dreary a night of horrors, confusion and blood. That history, I do not hesitate to say, cannot be written in

my time, nor in yours. No simple annalist—no dull compiler—no cloistered monk—no bigot in politics or religion, can penetrate the mazes of that unparalleled event. The man that could have done it is no more. To VOLNEY, and to VOLNEY alone, the task belonged. But since that sublime and disinterested spirit has fled to other regions, time must be given for his equal to arise, who can sit in judgment upon it, unbiassed by passion or prejudice, and guided by that pure and independent spirit of philosophy, that, soaring above the weakness and the wickedness of party, takes her stand on the pinnacle of the temple of truth; from whence she surveys the movements of men and nations, with an eye keen and vivid as the lightning, but calm and serene as the bow of heaven.

Next to History, BIOGRAPHY has strong claims upon your attention. It cannot be expected, however, that you can compass a very wide range in this course of reading. But you may, nevertheless, find opportunity to converse with the pages of PLUTARCH, and to read the lives of some few at least of the illustrious characters of modern times. "I love," said the philosophic ZIMMERMAN, the youth who is fond of climbing the rocks and seeking solitary places with the pages of Plutarch in his hand." And why did this enlightened and humane philosopher love such a youth? Because he found in him the love of learning and virtue, more than that of ignorance and vice; and derived from the dignity of his pursuit the evidence of his future usefulness.

The lives of the British Poets by Dr. JOHNSON, you

may read with profit and pleasure, especially that of SAVAGE, and others of a similar cast. All of you who possess genius and strength of feeling, ought to read the life of Savage, for the same reason that mariners are watchful of beacons which warn them against the rocks and shoals that threaten their destruction. In the career of that greatly gifted but miserable man, you will recognize in vivid colours the deformity of vice, the horrid effects of yielding to an ardent imagination, uncontroled by judgment; and to licentious passions, which spurn at the dictates of reason and religion. The great importance of early habits of virtue will strike you forcibly in contemplating the progress of this brilliant but prodigal son of the muses from step to step in the road to ruin. Like most prodigals he felt their importance himself when too late, as we gather from that pathetic palliation of his conduct which he left upon record among other fruits of his genius:

“ No mother’s care

“ Shielded my infant innocence with prayer,

“ No father’s guardian hand my youth maintain’d,

“ Call’d forth my virtues, or from vice restrain’d.”

But in all events, neglect not to study the life of your own illustrious countryman and mechanic, the immortal FRANKLIN. Imitate his virtues; his industry, his economy, his prudence, his temperance, his perseverance, which, together with his genius, exalted him from the humble station of a journeyman printer to the pinnacle of distinction as a patriot, a statesman, and a philosopher. And not only the life, but the works of FRANKLIN, must

not, cannot escape your attention, if you do justice to yourselves; and especially that invaluable legacy, his advice to young tradesmen. But as even the glorious orb of day is not without his dark specks, who can be surprised if the best and greatest of human characters are not uniformly and invariably unspotted. There is one page in the Life of FRANKLIN, as written by himself, upon which I conjure you to ponder well; for you will derive from it a lesson to refresh the soul, and to fortify it in the hour of temptation. It is that in which, with the ingenuousness of true philosophy, he confesses that he once attempted to take advantage of the distress of a female, to rob her of her honour; but she rose superior to his arts; and the man who was destined to make princes tremble in his presence; nay, to shake the thrones of kingdoms, and grasp the lightning of heaven, shrunk back, abashed and confounded, from the glance of a female eye; kindled into wrath by the dignity of insulted virtue! I am well aware of that principle of Biography which demands the concealment, as far as possible, of the defects of the great and good. It is a principle which has my full consent. It prescribes that the virtues only of illustrious men, the benefactors of mankind, should be held up for emulation, while their frailties lie buried with their bones. But FRANKLIN, in this case, is his own accuser. He not only confesses the fact; but he tells you, that ever after, the recollection of it poisoned his peace of mind. Treasure up the fact and the confession; press them home to your

souls, and never forget, that in cherishing and protecting female purity, you preserve your own peace and dignity of mind; you save the innocent from ruin; you reverence the tombs of your mothers; and you warn the ruthless villain who may meditate the destruction of a sister's happiness and fame, that you have a soul to feel, and an arm to avenge her wrongs.

I have almost led myself to believe, that the love of poetry is the love of virtue. But be this as it may, there is a pleasure in poetry which taste and genius only can enjoy. To those of you who are capable of this enjoyment, and I hope this may be the case with you all, I would say, adhere to the old school of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, YOUNG, POPE, THOMSON, GOLDSMITH, GRAY, COLLINS, and that class of writers, whose flights of imagination were restrained by the presence of a moral sense, and the principles of religion; and who, with but few exceptions, felt the force of this beautiful malediction:

- “Curst be the verse, how smooth so e'er it flow,
- “That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
- “Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
- “Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear.”

The poetry of this school, excepting a few of Shakspeare's flights, did not consist of such extravagant fictions, such gloomy and desperate sentiments, such vices drest in virtue's garb, as a modern school, of which Lord BYRON is the chief, has sent forth, to deprave the taste, and blast the morals of mankind. That BYRON is a great, a tran-

scendant genius, no one who knows what genius is, will deny. But with the exception of a few delicate and beautiful effusions of feeling and fancy, his poetry has no claim to utility: For his muse delights to soar into regions so far beyond the common sense, the common pursuits, and the common fate of mankind, that though you may behold with wonder and admiration, her lofty and sublime attitude, as a school-boy beholds that of his kite; yet she does no more than the kite, amuse you with her wild daring, her eccentric dartings amid the clouds and sunbeams that play around her.

I would not be understood as arraying all the contemporaries of Lord BYRON under his banners: For in that case I should exclude CAMPBELL, whose Pleasures of Hope will cheer the hour of despondency, and light the path of affliction, so long as man shall love the muses, and be born to misery.

“ Unfading Hope, when life’s last embers burn,

“ When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !

“ Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !

“ Oh ! then thy kingdom comes ! immortal Power !

“ What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly

“ The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !

“ Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey

“ The morning dream of life’s eternal day !”

I do not mean, however, that you shall make Poetry so much an object of serious study. It will be best to take it up occasionally as a relaxation after those severer studies which I deem it my duty more earnestly to enjoin upon you. In the same manner you will also find profit and pleasure in perusing

at least once or twice a week, some one or more of those essays, which being written in an excursive manner, and by men of genius, present in the literary world, what the IRIS or rainbow does, as the sign of promise, in the nether heavens, a combination of all the beauties of style, all the varieties of expression, all the elegance of allusion, and all the richness of imagery. In this species of reading, the lighter efforts of LORD BACON, that immortal father of all modern philosophy, and the essays of CLAREN- DON and ADDISON, to say nothing of later ones, afford an inexhaustible fund of instruction and entertainment.

To the reading of Novels, the same remarks nearly may be applied, that I have made upon poetry. I am not an enemy of novels; but I am more particularly attached to those which have probability, rather than glaring and distorted fiction, for their basis. It is not by pictures of vice or virtue, such as are rarely if ever realised in human life, that we are to be disgusted by the one, or delighted by the other; but by such delineations of the heart, and its passions, as sensible minds perceive at once to be rational and agreeable to the history of mankind. In this point of view, though some may think it a bold assertion, I would not exchange THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, of Goldsmith; the LOUISA MILD- MAY, of Kelly; THE MAN OF FEELING, and THE MAN OF THE WORLD, of Mackenzie; with several others that might be mentioned of that old school; for all the novels and romances which have issued from the British press during the last thirty years.



I have scarcely alluded to Natural Philosophy; for my destiny in life has permitted me to pay very little, indeed, if any attention to that wide and deep domain of intelligence and speculation. I pretend to give you only the results of my own experience. But were I ever so proficient in the various branches of knowledge which natural philosophy embraces, I should not introduce it here: For my aim would still be to make you, in the first place, good boys, good mechanics, good men, good citizens; and leave you, as to more intricate or profound pursuits, to be guided by your own impulse, and the guardian care of Providence. In studying as I have recommended to you, the best practical treatises on the mechanic arts you are individually bound to learn, you will find in them all the natural philosophy connected with your business. There are, however, two ordinary and useful branches of knowledge, which you ought, by all means to acquire; and as I have inadvertently overlooked them thus far, I will now introduce them; although this may not be the proper place. I mean Geography and Arithmetic, the last of which is indispensable to all who are engaged in the ordinary affairs of life. As a scientific geographer, PINKERTON stands at the head of his profession. But his work may not be at all times accessible, and if it were so you would still have to look elsewhere for that diffusive light which you would naturally wish to have thrown upon your own country. I must, therefore, recommend the works of MORSE, and the Gazetteer of WORCESTER. To these, if convenient, add the works of

BROWN, DARBY, SCHOOLCRAFT, and THOMAS; all of which contain many interesting views of various parts of our union, and its territorial dependencies, which are yet in an infant state of settlement, or waiting in the wildness of nature for the redeeming blow of the axe, and the life-giving furrow of the plough-share. The study of geography is not only important as it opens to you the boundaries, the population, the manners and customs, the principal cities, towns, villages, streams of water, and natural curiosities of states and empires: But inasmuch as when you come to settle in life, you may learn from the pages of an impartial and sagacious author, where to find the most suitable spot on which to commence your career. Most young men, in their pursuit of a place to settle in, are guided by no land-marks, but march off at random, and sit down in the same way, without calculating the present or prospective advantages of trade, commerce, and the arts, which the location they have hit upon, for I cannot say chosen or selected, may or may not enjoy. In this respect, nothing is more important than a candid and correct geographical view of the world: the want of such a view in the outset of life, how many disappointed hopes, how many wasted fortunes, and broken hearts, might be called up to attest.\*

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\* There is an abridged system of Geography, by Willett, lately issued from a press in Poughkeepsie, which forcibly recommends itself as being adapted to your present condition, to begin with. I examined this little work with the intention of saying something about it in a different place from this; but not having fulfilled that intention, I take the liberty of recommending it here. Independent of my own opinion, it is recommended by the worthy professor Davis, of Middlebury college, in Vermont.

In Arithmetic, our own countrymen, PIKE, ROOT, WILLET, and the PICKETTS, have given as good systems as any of the English. Let me beg of you not to neglect this study, if you do not wish to appear awkward when you come into business. I have known a man of capacity and extensive acquirements to be sneered at by a boorish blockhead, who happened, however, to be superior to him in the calculation of simple interest. Do not, then, expose yourselves to such a dilemma, for the want of a little industry: For certain it is—

“ Fate never wounds more deep the gen’rous heart,

“ Than when a blockhead’s insult points the dart.”

And now let me press upon you the necessity of a very diligent pursuit of the course of study I have prescribed; unless indeed some more experienced hand shall direct you to a better one: For believe me, if your friends and your country have much to fear from your ignorance and your vices, which may prove their ruin in the hour of danger; they have as much at least to hope from your intelligence and your virtues, upon which they may safely rely, when assailed by foreign foes, or domestic traitors.

Think not, in the spirit of the sluggard, that I ask too much of you; that you will want time to accomplish all that I demand. If you have souls of heavenly mould, you will find time, and that too without infringing your duty elsewhere. You will trim the midnight lamp, when the worthless, idle youth is slumbering in his insignificance. And here let me tell you plainly, that without incessant

application, no man ever did or ever will become truly great, in science or in art. It is the law of nature, that whatever is worth possessing, is to be conquered by exertion. If, therefore, you would win the prize, you must push forward, and linger not in the race.

The studies I have pointed out to you, the whole course of them, can be accomplished, by the regular and unremitted devotion of two hours daily, during an apprenticeship of from four to seven years; but suppose they should demand every minute you can justly claim as your own? What then? Is it a hardship to devote your youth to the acquisition of knowledge, that your grey hairs may be crowned with honour! Spurn all base calculations that would compromise reputation with pleasure; and say not that you will attend to this important concern when you become your own masters; for, well am I aware, that nothing you may promise now, can be performed then. Youth is the season of study. This has been demonstrated by the experience of thousands who have attempted the pursuit of studies to which they had been strangers in youth, after arriving at manhood, and assuming the practical duties of life. The perplexities of business, the calls of friendship and humanity, the rites of hospitality, the duties of a citizen, which break in, in spite of every effort to avoid them, and suspend a favourite study, or destroy the order of a mental contemplation, all forbid the visionary attempt to pursue science, when we ought to begin to taste its fruit. It is true, that

Now and then a transcendent genius rises in the mental world, like a comet in the physical, to astonish and confound the schools, by overleaping the ordinary rugged paths to science and to fame. In the horizon of our infant country, we have beheld such eccentric orbs, whose rays have not only dazzled our own eyes, but reflected their splendor upon the ægis of distant nations. Those orbs have descended from our horizon; they have gone to remingle their beams with the eternal fountain from whence they sprung: But even through the dark shade of the vale of death their light shall still arise: And ages to come shall hallow the flame of genius which will ever ascend in pure and unmingled lustre from the tombs of RITTENHOUSE, FRANKLIN, and FULTON!\*

Away then, my young friends, with the dastard-spirit of the sluggard, that creeps with the mole, when it ought to be soaring with the eagle; that lies grovelling in the dust, when it ought to be winging its way to immortality! This was not the spirit by which FRANKLIN made his way from the workshop of a printer to the cabinets of philosophers, and the councils of princes! But if the examples of RITTENHOUSE, FRANKLIN and FULTON, will not move you to resolve on a career of glory, I will give you one at least worthy of eternal remembrance and universal emulation. Look, then, to the great apostle of Christianity: "*Of the Jews, says Paul, five times, received I forty stripes, save one. Thrice was I beaten with*

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\* See an Essay, written by the author of this Address, in the *Christian Register*, of Nov. 14th, 1815.

*rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep: In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.* Now, then, if for the sake of the cause alone in which he was engaged, and for no selfish ends, this immortal spirit could endure patiently, nay, glory in such unparalleled sufferings; will you, whose lines have been cast by your beneficent Creator in pleasant places; will you refuse, in the morning of your days, the small, the almost nameless sacrifice of your idle and insignificant amusements, your ridiculous frippery of dress, your disgusting foppishness of manners; your unhallowed walks to the race-ground, to the gambling table, to the grog shop; to those temples of infamy and pollution, the steps of whose inmates lead down to the gates of hell: will you, I repeat it, refuse to relinquish these unhallowed and detestable walks, these pleasures, so vile, so worthless, that you may in the meridian of your days enjoy wealth and happiness, ease and dignity, honor and reputation!

Permit me here to recite an anecdote, of which you cannot but feel the force. But a few days since, a young black man entered my office, and enquired after my son. What, said I, do you want of my son? Why, sir, said he, I have got into a dispute with a young man who asserts that Mark Anthony was the

enemy of Cæsar, and one of the conspirators; but I maintain that he was Cæsar's friend; and we have agreed, sir, to leave it to your son to settle the dispute. The fire of intelligence beamed in his dark eye; his whole countenance and deportment seemed to say—"am I not a man and a brother," and I felt for him a sudden, involuntary emotion of respect. Is not this simple anecdote a proof that the day-spring from on high is descending upon the long-benighted negro race? But whether this be so or not, shall it ever, to your shame, be said, that there is in Albany even a solitary, sable son of Africa, in all probability born a slave, and still a slave, who is ambitious to burst the fetters of his mind, and emerge from ignorance and degradation; while you, whose birth-right is freedom, and who have been taught to boast a fairer skin and purer blood, shall suffer your immortal spirits to rust in indolence, or revel in the paths that lead to ruin! God forbid that even one of you should be so lost to virtue! For if there be one such among you, and that one divinely gifted with the creative powers of genius, he is so much worse than the petty criminal who steals the filthy lucre of our purses, that he robs himself—he robs his friends and his country—he robs posterity and mankind—he robs high heaven of that bounty which was bestowed for nobler ends; for the benefit of men and the contemplation of angels:—And if eternal perdition be not the fate of his soul, scorn and contempt shall pursue him through life; in death no pious hand shall close his eyes; no tear of reverence or fond regret shall

flow to his memory ; and his grave shall be lonely and unmarked for ever, save by the erosions of the venomous reptile, and the ravages of the devouring Jackal !

Though I have pointed out to you the sources whence you may derive instruction in all the duties of life ; I shall not conclude without a few remarks upon the particular relationship which exists between you and your masters ; and likewise upon your duty to your parents.

The duty which you owe to your master is not an absolute, but a conditional duty. If your master perform his obligations to you, then you are bound by the letter and spirit of your Indentures, and by every tie of honour and gratitude, to be zealously faithful to him, to labour for him with the utmost diligence ; to take all possible care of his interest, to watch over it as you would your own with all the mental vigour and discernment you possess : to keep faithfully his secrets, and those of his family ; for in every family there are circumstances, so frail is humanity, from which the domestic veil ought never to be removed ; and viler than the sneaking fox, meaner than the meanest reptile that creeps in the dust, is he who, from any consideration, however specious or plausible, would rudely tear aside this sacred veil of domestic distraction, disquietude or affliction. The character, indeed, of a tale-bearer, a mischief-maker, is the most despicable of all characters ; and ever has been, and ever will be, an object of contempt, in every circle where good sense and correct feelings prevail.



Your master stands in the room of your parent, and you owe him, therefore, filial as well as covenant or conventional duty ; and while on the one hand you ought not to be wronged by him with impunity ; you ought not on the other hand, to be over-nice in exacting all that you may conceive due to you at his hands. Remember that while he learns nothing of you, you learn of him that art which is to support you through life ; that he is bound to sustain you, whilst learning it, in sickness as well as in health ; remember too, that while he shares your labour, you share none of his risk or responsibility. While you sleep in peace, he is frequently kept awake by care and anxiety to provide for your wants as well as his own. While you go on smoothly at home, he is frequently called abroad to travel through stormy seasons on troublesome and perplexing business. If then at some times he do not prove to you as kind as at others, or do not fulfill at all times all that your too ardent feelings, perhaps, may lead you to expect ; so long as his conduct towards you cannot be construed into wilful neglect of the care and protection which he is bound to extend to you, it would ill become you to break out into disobedience, and disgrace yourselves by unruly behaviour. In no case, indeed, ought you thus to disgrace yourselves. But in all unhappy differences which arise between you, resolve, that if he forget his duty you will not forget yours ; that you will, by the calm dignity of your deportment, your patience under suffering, convince him, that you merit better treatment than cold neglect or

tyrannical abuse ; and if this magnanimity on your part do not awaken him to a sense of justice, let your last appeal be to that law which is the common protector of the high and the low, the bond and the free ; that law which contains within its ample provisions a shield for every right, a remedy for every wrong ; that law which is the pride and glory of your country, to purchase which your tender mothers have full often gone weeping to the lonely pillow, while your gallant fathers went forth to conquer or to perish in the field.

To your masters it might be deemed impertinent to address myself on this occasion, as my business here seems to be exclusively with you. But I may be permitted to say, that so long as you shall perform your duty to them, I have too much confidence in their virtue and good sense, to suspect them of bad faith towards you : For callous indeed must be the man to every just and noble sentiment, who will not cherish by kindness and affection the virtuous youth who studies to excel in his professional pursuits, and to discharge with fidelity all his obligations.

Let me warn you against an error, which too many apprentices fall into, who conceive, that from the moment they are indented, their parents have no further claims upon them. It is true, indeed, that the parent cannot claim any thing which is due to the master. But filial piety and affection are ties of nature, which no artificial or adventitious ties can sever. Continue, therefore, not only to love, but to cherish, if requisite, so far as you can

do so, your tender and affectionate parents; and the more especially if they be labouring under age and infirmity, and cast into the vale of poverty. Give all the succour in your power to their wants, soothe their declining years, and their infirmities, by acts of gratitude and kindness: And beware, if you would not kindle against you the wrath of your Eternal Judge, in the great day of account, how you adopt any course of conduct that shall wring their aged hearts with anguish, and precipitate their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. O! never, never let it be said of you, that you have with par-ricidal insensibility dissolved the ties of filial af-fec-tion; that you have barbarously and wickedly

“Steep’d a mother’s couch in tears,  
“And ting’d a father’s glowing cheek with shame.”

But rather let me anticipate, as I do with emotions inexpressible, indescribable, that you will not only never disturb the peace of a father’s mind; but that your mothers shall realise the bright, the con-soling picture of the sweet Poet of Hope:

“Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
“Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps,  
“She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
“Smiles on her slumb’ring child with pensive eyes,  
“And weaves a song of melancholy joy—  
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:  
“No ling’ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;  
“No sigh that rends thy father’s heart and mine:  
“Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be  
“In form and soul: but, ah! more blest than he!  
“Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,  
“Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—

"With many a smile my solitude repay,  
 "And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.  
 "And say, when summoned from the world and thee,  
 "I lay my head beneath the willow tree ;  
 "Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner, at my stone appear,  
 "And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?  
 "Oh ! wilt thou come ! at evening hour, to shed  
 "The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ;  
 "With aching temples on thy hand reclined,  
 "Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
 "Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,  
 "And think on all my love, and all my woe !"

Before I part with you, I feel bound to touch upon two tender points, points which I should not touch upon if I had not your happiness at heart. On the subject of your political and religious opinions, freedom is your charter and your birth-right. But there is, says Solomon, a time and a season for all things. Suffer me then to advise you, as I would my own children, not to be decisive in politics, till experience shall have ripened your judgment. As you advance in life, you will perceive that party spirit is not always the spirit of patriotism. A great man, indeed, has said, that party spirit is the madness of many for the gain of a few. Be this as it may, the modesty of youth, that modesty which I inculcated in the commencement of this Address, may well preserve you from plunging into the vortex of party-strife, and bearding grey-headed men with your crude and ill-digested notions. Believe me, if your country is not safe in the wisdom and virtue of your fathers and guardians, that your ignorance and inexperience cannot save her. Wait,

then, in politics, till you become your own masters, and know how to beware of demagogues who will attempt to make tools of you to subserve their own sinister views. On this ground your danger is great; and the more so in proportion as you possess genius, generosity and magnanimity: For the demagogue, who is climbing to power with patriotism for his watch word and selfishness for his end, will take advantage of your generous credulity. He will flatter you with such small attentions as will tickle your vanity or pride and excite your gratitude. You will thus insensibly be caught in his toils, and led into the support of his views. He will use you for all his purposes in advancing to power; and when he has reached the summit of his ambition, he will leave you where he found you, in the shade of obscurity, to mourn over the waste of your talents and your time at the shrine of ingratitude. What a deplorable, what a melancholy waste is that, when the youthful prime of genius is exhausted in subserving the views of unprincipled ambition. Beware, then, of unequal connections. We have, it is true, one rare instance on record, of real friendship, notwithstanding great disparity of condition—a Prince of Israel and a Shepherd's Boy united in the sweetest bonds of amity. "*The soul of Jonathan was bound up in the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.*" But this is a moral phenomenon; 'tis as the comet of a thousand years, to the countless stars of a cloudless night. Wait, therefore, I repeat it, before you enter the mazes of political discord, till you know something of the public cha-

raeters, the history, the constitution, the laws and the true policy of your country; till you can comprehend, when entering upon the service of a party, whether it be cemented by a sordid love of power, or a generous love of principle; whether it be enlisted under the banners of the Constitution, that sacred ark of the covenant of liberty, or led by demagogues to an inglorious conflict for the loaves and fishes. Mr. Jefferson has happily said, if the people are not capable of self-government, neither have angels been sent in the shape of kings to govern them: And I may safely add, that if angels have never assumed the shape of kings to bless our fallen race, in free governments demagogues have too often assumed the shape of angels, to the ruin of liberty and the commonwealth.

In religion, I will, on this occasion, adopt the words of the prophet Isaiah. In addressing himself to God, he exclaims—“*Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not.*” I will not, therefore, ask you to light the torch of your faith at the tombs of the Roman or the Protestant Fathers. I will not tell you of the rack of Muntzer, or the stake of Servetus; of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; of the flames that consumed the martyrs of Smithfield, or the blood that flowed upon the hills and in the vales of Scotland, that the Cameronians might construe and enjoy the mysteries and the blessings of the covenant in their own way. But I must and will give you my parting advice, and leave you to ruminate in solitude and with freedom upon the value

of what I shall briefly remark. While my humble frame shall be mouldering in its native dust, and the lips which now greet you with the accents of unaffected good will, shall be silenced in the night of the grave; you will, perhaps, all of you, be moving on in the meridian of your days, and most ardently do I hope, in a career of felicity, honour and usefulness. But whatever may be your destiny in life, whether gliding on the placid stream of prosperity, or tost upon the boisterous billows of adversity, let me advise you to study the Evidences of Christianity by ADDISON, PALEY and PORTEUS; let me conjure you to believe, and never for a moment to forget, that without piety to God, MAN, with all the endearing ties that bind him to earth, is but a desolate and miserable being.—Love, Friendship, Consanguinity and Affection, those grand ties of social existence, serve but to embitter our minds in the hour of calamity, if we cannot look to God, the Eternal One, to soothe our agonies, and to calm our fears. While therefore the impious man has no resting place to sustain him against the shocks of misfortune, and the floods of woe, with what confidence and consolation can he who cherishes Piety, as the sheet-anchor of the soul, appeal to his Everlasting Father, when smarting under the rod of affliction. “*Though,*” says the Psalmist, “*I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me; thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of my enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.*”

As you value then, all the pure and precious joys of man, all the gracious and glorious gifts of God;

cherish, O cherish, I beseech you, that high and holy spirit, which will lead you safely through the stormy ocean of life; light you serenely through the dark and tremendous vale of death; usher you triumphant and rejoicing, into the society of angels, and sustain you for ever in the presence of the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings.









