

## UNPUBLISHED WORKS OF EDWARD HITCHCOCK

**1809 – 1850**

Transcriptions of the original hand-written  
manuscripts in the collections of the  
Amherst College Archives and Special Collections,  
Amherst, Massachusetts

Transcribed by

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2017-2020, updated 2025

### Introduction

Edward Hitchcock published nearly fifty books in his lifetime totaling some five million words. But his unpublished writings may well have exceeded those published works. They include sermons, letters, travel diaries, teaching notes, field notes, private notes, essays, and poems. Most are held in the Amherst College Archives and Special Collections. A few are in the collections of the Henry N. Flynt Library at Historic Deerfield and Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in Deerfield.

In the course of my research I transcribed many of Edward Hitchcock's unpublished works. Using voice-to-text software, I dictated each manuscript into a word processing document, then reread and proofed it. Format varies among the documents transcribed. Images in most cases show two facing pages. If page numbers are present in the original, they are indicated in the transcript. If no page numbers appear, the numbers provided are image numbers. Many variations in spelling have been preserved in the transcription. Some of these may have been Hitchcock's own, others were customary for his time. In some instances I have added commas or replaced colons with semicolons or periods to make the meaning clearer. My comments are shown in brackets.

These transcription do not include all of Hitchcock's unpublished works. I will continue to add new works when they become available. Readers are encouraged to contact me at robertmcmaster24@gmail.com with information on unpublished works not yet included.

I am indebted to Amherst College and particularly to Margaret Dakin and Michael Kelly of the Archives for preserving the unpublished writings of Edward Hitchcock and making them accessible to all. If you make use of these transcriptions, please cite your source including, of course, the Amherst College Archives and Special Collections.

Readers wanting to learn more about Edward Hitchcock may wish to read my biography, *All the Light Here Comes from Above: the Life and Legacy of Edward Hitchcock* (Unquomunk Press, 2021).

Robert T. McMaster

October 3, 2020

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## A POETICAL SKETCH 1809

["A poetical sketch of democracy in the county of Hampshire 1809," 1809, Edward and Orra White Hitchcock Collection (EOH), Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, Box 22, Folder 41]

[On Cover, probably written by Edward Hitchcock, Jr.:]

Probably the first intellectual effort of President Edward Hitchcock which was made public.

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### A Poetical Sketch of Democracy in the County of Hampshire 1809

He undertakes a tedious task  
Who would democracy unmask  
To dark designs find out a clue  
And turn them inside out to view  
Yet as the world is growing older  
Their Demagogues grow somewhat bolder  
Their Conduct which we've seen of late  
Affords a rule to calculate  
Then let us sketch in humble rhyme  
Some of the evils of the time  
None need to fear our doggerel Ditty  
Will much provoke their rage or pity.

What pity 'tis that Hampshire County  
Richly enjoying heavens bounty  
Should entertain the Endor witch     *[Hebrew bible reference]*  
And be infested with the Itch  
Yes so it is: no man can keep  
Free from the plague his flock of sheep  
Some will be Scabby some have ticks  
Known by some and some have tricks.

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So much infected in their blood  
That Medicines can do no good  
Until t'effect a Thorough inn  
A dose of Brimstone we pronounce.

Digression cease – we'll next resort

To view our new made Sessions Court  
High on the seat and first indeed  
Is the Chief Justice Deacon Smead  
Some years ago he turn'd his coat  
The reason why we don't find out  
T'is likely tho, the real cause  
Was thirst for popular applause  
He long'd and hoped to join the senate  
But never saw the lucky minute  
More pious zeal few could pretend  
The Christian system to defend  
To prove it was no empty boast  
Presides and joins when Pained the toast <sup>a</sup>  
If Miracles had not now ceased  
And power of utterance given the beast

[Note: Solomon Smead, Gideon Burt, and Edward Upham all ran for the State Senate from Hampshire County in 1803; Smead, Jonathan and Benjamin Smith, Gideon Burt, Martin Phelps and Medad Alexander were all appointed Sessions Judges in 1807. (See *Greenfield Gazette*)

<sup>a</sup> At the Democratic meeting at Hatfield March 4, 1806

His horse would make a piteous moan  
Hard used and worn quite to the bone  
Like Balaams of his master Chiding  
Worn out in 'lectioneering riding.

Of Alexander next we speak  
Whose very looks would make one quake  
Whose learning is so very great  
Enough to crack a numbskull pate  
Yet after all quite sure I am  
He's stubborn as a haltered Ram. <sup>b</sup>

Of Col. Burt not much is said  
That's very good or very bad  
He after all appears so slender  
As to remain of doubtful gender  
Yet theres no cause to doubt but that  
He's a full-blooded Democrat.

West Springfield Smith comes next in view  
Talents he has tis very true  
But much perverted much abused  
And growing worse the more they're used.

<sup>b</sup> Borrowed from Dexter Pindar

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Tis never said he turnd his coat  
Gives on the wrong side still his vote

True Jacobin in hair & grain  
He always was & will remain.

Theres Hatfield Smith deserves some knocks  
Knows less of counts than of an ox  
More fit to lie & roll & wallow  
Heels over head in tripe and Gallow  
Than ever mount a Judgment seat  
And sentence gives through party heat.

Amongst them all there's none that yelps  
So saucy as that Cat-ham Phelps  
Who studied mischief all his days  
Judging from what he does & says  
If like his will his power was great  
Thered be no peace in Church or State  
If he's more learnd than ordinary  
And justly stiled incendiary  
We must expect to see vagaries  
For by the rule of contraries.  
Such cross-graind stuff ne'er fails but that  
It constitutes a democrat.

The Court review'd we here would state  
We wish not to extenuate  
Nor do we likewise care to own  
That ought in Malice is sit down <sup>c</sup>  
Oh yes tis time now to adjourn  
Next with the Bar we'll take a turn  
Yet since they miss the great bellwether <sup>d</sup>  
We cannot class them well together  
Must catch them as at large they rove  
As Nelson once did Villeneuve  
We'll try to hit a spike a nail or  
Another head attorney Taylor  
This son of Bacchus rich as King  
The joys of Women and wine doth sing  
No wonder he's a democrat  
Having just miss'd an office fat  
No man by principle is banned  
If there's no money in the sound.

<sup>c</sup> Shakespeare

<sup>d</sup> Upham

T'was right to wheel & whirl around  
And try his luck on different ground.

As well might Ethiopian skin  
Be made by washing white & clean  
Or change the spots upon the Leopard  
As to reclaim abandoned Shepherd  
This Cataline once read some Law  
Could fill a write a warrant draw  
Was like a hedgehog fond of war  
Till hoisted up thrown o'er the bar  
Since which we find his prowess lyes  
In forging and relaiting lies  
Trys ev'ry way & ev'ry shape for  
Collecting filth for scruffy paper  
A pestilence his very breath  
Scattering firebrands arrows death.

Lyman as sleek as tape on bobbin  
Has lately gone to plague poor Quabbin  
The sound of Jeffries <sup>e</sup> hand & heart  
Well coincides with Bonaparte.

<sup>e</sup> A sanguinary Judge in the reign of James 2<sup>d</sup>

He entertains the wild Chimera  
A Despotism Military  
Is the best kind of Government  
To establish which is the intent  
Our Administration have in view  
In all the measures they pursue  
Therefore he cannot see an error  
In all this blundering reign of terror.

A man stops short and almost quivers  
To view that stiff unsocial Nevers  
True Democrat because he would be  
Which with his climate <sup>f</sup> does agree.

Of Dickinson we need not speak  
Because we have not heard him squeak.

News from New Salem late they bring  
There sometimes staid a strutting thing  
A pert Coxermic biped Crony  
A petit Maitre Maccaroni  
Whose name in english we may render  
And make it sound like kettle mender.

<sup>f</sup> Northfield where democracy is predominant

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To teach him something lost are pains  
Nothing from nought & nought remains\*

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See note at bottom  
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Our Compliments are given thus far  
To all our Democratic bar  
If ought are skipped t'was a mishap  
We meant to give them all a slap.

Next comes the sharks and alligators  
Or Democratic Legislators  
West Springfield first upon the row  
A full proportion does bestow  
Smith Stebbins Ball and McIntyre  
Each hot enough to vomit fire.

Westfield sends lager to (Mis)represent  
Their interest in the Government  
And honest Taylor too - but rather  
Too much unlike his Patriot Father  
Nor thought he acted like Dog Jowler  
And fawning around the ewe Sam Fowler

<sup>g</sup> For the year 1806

Southwick still to the party sticks  
Send out one foot & give a kick  
Democracy we here expect  
If causes like cause like effect.

Midst all the herd our wit can try on  
No one so coarse as Ludlow Lyon  
Unless we try him at fair pull  
In even goals with Leyden Bull. <sup>h</sup>

Pelham that virtuous society  
So full of Democratic Piety  
Have sent we did not say a Monkey  
No that were rong his name is Conkey.

Warwick and Orange half distracted  
Upon the Crazy plan have acted  
Send out a Williams and a Cobb  
Who join our Treasury to rob; <sup>i</sup>

<sup>h</sup> Mr. N. C. has been called by some a bull. Whether a likely bull would not be hurt by the comparison is a question

<sup>i</sup> not that they individually were chargeable with it - but we must consider every voter that upholds their party in some degree accessory

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Northfield likewise produces one  
True Democratic Vulcan's son  
Knows better how to make a snipe bill  
Than forge out laws upon the Anvil.

Fall-town to give the cause support  
Send on a simple thing to court  
If told – votes right as he supposes  
Is reckon'd one in counting noses.

*[The next stanza is crossed out, but repeated below]*

This goodly group against their wills  
Have had to swallow bitter pills  
Which tho' it gripes 'em may do good  
And purge bad humour from the blood.

The legislators which we knew  
We've tried to paint in colors true  
If there is some not mentioned here  
When known - we'll Touch they need not fear.

Having bestowed on squires right hearty  
On those most noted of the party  
Well next attempt a picture true  
Promiscuous as they spring to view  
The Clergy first we must Discharge  
Unless we notice one McGeorge  
Who by a brother Demo swindled  
Quite down to poverty is dwindled  
Amongst them all we find no Negro  
We listen next to Doctor Segro  
"You rascals you give me dat letter  
"You keep it! - no I tell you better

"Poor tevils could not write von vord  
"You think to cheat me from my word  
"John Adams sall be made to see  
"Dat letter was say all wrote by me."

High living & bad luck in trade  
Many warm democrats has made  
Who turn like threadbare coat or waistcoat  
For proof of this behold Ben Prescott  
Were we to note each strutting Rooster  
We think should speak of stageman Brewster

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That snaky Phiz does much portend he  
With Dirks and jackknives would he handy  
T'is difficult to know him from  
A Felton or an Amherstrone  
If we look over all the flock  
None struts more like a Turkey Cock  
More vain defend on't theres no one  
Than self-important Buffington  
Lombard and Byers to keep their places  
Which wear good Democratic faces.

Lyman and Wright just like two boys  
Pleas'd with a letter make a noise  
Which swells their vanity and pride  
But helps not in the least that side  
We would not want to be directed  
Chusing mistakes should be corrected  
In those remarks we made before  
Upon the Legislative Core  
And tho' twas though we named the whole  
One was omitted - Blandford Bull  
Whose Democratic voices heard  
Like others of the bellowing heard  
Others may equal notice claim  
But we shall call no more by name .

T'is Justly matter of surprise  
The fate of France before our eyes  
Democracy there like a flood  
Deluged the land with their best blood  
A mirror true where men of sense  
View and deplore the consequence  
That here we feel its baleful rage  
In this enlightened land and age



What's due to men t'is just to render  
And of their characters be tender  
Then view the Democrats around  
How few good characters are found  
There's some who once we did esteem  
Are fond of this fantastic dream  
The reason why we cannot tell  
But know they do not reason well

Some think their talents are so great  
They should be rulers of the State  
And thus if they are not elected  
Grow sour & think themselves neglected  
Others with jealousy are chilled  
To see their neighbors stores well filled  
They think themselves as good as they  
Grow sons embrace Democracy  
Some did right well till plain they saw  
A man could get his due by law  
Collecting of an honest debt  
Has often made a Democrat

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Midst many a cause we mention some  
But none have equal force with rum  
Unless what equally makes frisky  
As Cyder Brandy gin and Whiskey  
If other things their tens have slain  
By these ten thousand dead remain  
These are possessed of magic power  
A spell to cheer and likewise sower  
And when they find the head is dizzy  
T'is then the Demagogues get busy  
Persuading by insinuation  
No men so fit to rule the nation  
Those would our interests most advance  
Who fight Great Britain bow to France  
Many upon their catalogue  
An office seeking Demagogue  
Whoe ride & talk & print & write  
Striving to make a proselyte  
Who soon becomes by them beguiled  
Of wrath one tenfold more the Child  
Again we say we would be tender  
Of Characters and Justice render  
Yet think it clearly and dispute  
Many of morals Dissolute

Adhering to this selfish train  
Their only object hope of again  
Unprincipled ambitious tools  
Well-meaning but uneasy fools  
Some swindling sharpers in the news  
Intemperate gamblers not a few  
And if there is some honest man  
Such wrong heads should be turned again  
Their persons we've no cause to hate  
Their politicks we reprobate.

Ten years ago this happy land  
By Adams ruled with steady hand  
These virtuous men thought all must heed 'em  
Bawling incessantly for freedom  
That Liberty was almost dead  
And Monarchy would raise its head  
This administration to oppose  
Aloud their noisy clamorous nose  
By arts and lies too much believed  
Our yeomanry were soon deceived.

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Yet now like any tame spectator  
We see them view the great Dictator  
Whom heaven and wrath on earth has sent  
To inflict its heavy punishment  
Who strangely to such power has crept  
And from the Earth all freedom swept  
And when the nation is distressed  
By arbitrary laws oppress'd  
Their fears receive a full dismissal  
Are passive now and all submission.

We then conclude if some time hence  
We should be ruled by men of sense  
There'll be a clamor noise and fog  
Rais'd by each restless Demagogue  
The height of their mad zeal to crown  
The world once more turned upside down.

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## ADDRESS TO THE ADELPHI, AUGUST 8, 1814

[“An introductory address, delivered before the Society of literary Adelphi, at their seventh anniversary, August 8, 1814,” Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, EOH, Series 7-B, Commonplace book (no. 1), Box 18, Folder 3]

### Address to the Adelphi

No. 4

An introductory address, delivered before the “Society of literary Adelphi,”  
at their seventh anniversary, August 8, 1814.

Page 1 (numbered 17)

To form an adequate conception of the condition of man in a state of nature, unassisted by the benign aids of the arts and sciences, or any of those conveniences which in a state of society he enjoys, is to conceive a state of misery and wretchedness; a state, from which the mind of the civilized man will turn with disgust, and his feelings revolt with horror. Placed in such a situation man is an object of compassion; and though in a state of civilized society he appears to be eminently superior to the brutes; yet here, there are but few characteristics which elevate him above their contracted sphere. Necessity and the calls of the passions are his only stimulants...

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...to exertion. These being gratified, he like the surrounding brutes, retires to pass the remainder of his time in dormant inaction. His mind oppressed with an immovable mass of ignorance, and a thousand other obstructions which necessarily result from such a state, can never advanced but a few steps in intellectual progression: and his mental powers, like the unpolished diamond covered with rust, must remain in the depths of obscurity, unable to expand, and rise into the sublimities of science, or investigate even the theory of those arts which are necessary to his comfort and convenience.

Man in such a state appears evidently but little superior to the brutes: and in many respects he is certainly their inferior. They are provided by the beneficent hand of nature, with strength sufficient for their security; with an instinct which conducts them with unerring precision, and teaches them to provide for future wants and necessities; and with a natural clothing, which secures them in all seasons, and under all circumstances. But man, unhappy man! comparatively feeble and defenceless, is exposed to a thousand mortal accidents; to the ferocity of beasts of prey; the horror of famine; and the inclemencies of the seasons. In winter the rude blasts of the north penetrate his wretched habitation, and pierce his shivering frame. In summer the rays of a scorching sun parch up his exposed body, and bring to life a thousand venomous insects, which feed on his flesh...

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...and thus his life is rendered miserable, and he is a prey to almost insupportable calamities.

Such is the condition of man in the state of nature, unaided by the hand of civilization. From a view so disgusting, so mortifying, let us turn and contemplate him in an opposite condition; in the state of civilized society; in a state, where he appears elevated far above the brutes; where the faculties of his mind expand, and approach maturity; penetrate the depths of science and art, and investigate the vast chain of nature, from deity, to the most minute insect which microscopic powers can discover; and from worlds unnumbered in the heavens, to the minutest particle in the earth. In the state we behold man by the aids of the arts and sciences, extending his views beyond the present scene; recalling past ages to his view; and penetrating even into futurity. By the science of calculation, he foretells phenomena which are to happen 10,000 ages beyond present; and by the act of printing, he has presented to his view in a few volumes, transactions of past ages, and the discoveries of the geniuses of all times. If now the mind wishes to investigate any art or science, it has the assistance of the discoveries of almost every genius who has lived since the foundation of society. If a knowledge of Astronomy be desired, a Newton stands ready to satisfy our inquiries, and conduct us by a vast and sublime chain of reasoning almost to the pinnacle of science.

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If we wish to acquire a knowledge of the Mathematics, an Euclid, a Newton, an Emerson, a McLaurin, a D'Alembert, a Mansfield, an Ellicott, and thousands besides, direct our steps and conduct us to an acquisition of those incontrovertible truths which were constituted by deity himself and defy contradiction, and whose subtlety would forever have eluded the research of an individual, without such assistance. In philosophy we have the aid of Newton, Ferguson, Bacon, Cavallo, Brewster, Patterson, and innumerable others. In Electricity a Franklin; in Magnetism Cavallo; in chemistry a Lavoisier, and a Priestley: in Mineralogy a Cronstedt; in fortification a Vauban: in natural history a Linnaeus, and Boil: in Metaphysics a Locke: and in Agriculture a Washington, and Young.

By investigating the arts and sciences, we divest the mind of prejudice and superstition, and give it that amplitude, which is so necessary in order to brightly distinguish between truth and error, and to fit us for the various stations in society. In short, they are the primum mobile of social life, the pillars on which society stands, and the mainspring which causes all its motions. They unite man to man by the ties of friendship unite, and though they are understood but by few, yet their influence extends to all.

Man in a civilized state has always present to his view a thousand incitements to action. There merit commonly meets its...

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...due reward, and he will apply himself with assiduity to some useful subject, generally has immortality instamped on his memory; and he has the consolation of having rendered, or done all in his power to render, an important service to his fellow men. On the contrary, he who sits dormant and inactive, and will not employ those talents which nature has bestowed on him, to endeavour to ameliorate the condition of man, is sure to meet with the contempt of enlightened, and virtuous in society, and in a few years to sink into irretrievable oblivion.

In a natural state man is governed by the influence of his passions. Fettered by a thousand obstructions,

he can never investigate those principles which are necessary to be understood, in order to govern his own conduct by the precepts of reason, and teach him how to conduct towards his fellow man. But in society his mind expands, and he becomes capable of exploring those laws of justice and right, which result from the nature of man, and various circumstances of society; which ought to be the governing principles of action between man and man and which once understood, let the unprincipled villain do all in his power to conceal his enormities, will detect his nefarious plans, and expose him to contempt. Principles for the direction of our own private conduct, are also investigated in society; and a system of morality, drawn from the nature of things, has been advanced by the wisest of men, and established by incontro-...

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...vertible argument on an immutable foundation. Nor are these our only incitements to the practice of virtue. That hope of a future existence which seems to be natural to the mind of man, and appears in every state, from the hut of the rudest savage, to the most refined court: this principle so far from being proved untrue, by the most acute enquiries of metaphysicians, has on the contrary received additional support, and it is now placed by the inquisitive researchers of a Drew, among those truths whose correctness will scarcely admit of controversy or denial.

Such are some of the preeminent advantages, conveniences, and enjoyments, which result from a state of society uncorrupted by the unrestrained ferocity of the passions; and which evidently elevates man to the exalted sphere for which he was intended by the all wise author of nature. Notwithstanding all these excellences which appear evident on comparison of the condition of man in society, with that of a natural state; still man, impelled by the momentum of his passions, rejects the voice of reason, and blind to his true interest suffer society to degenerate, and counteracts in some degree the good effects of such institutions, by the introduction of vices, aggravated by the refinements of art, which render them more captivating, and at the same time more destructive, and which elevate the savage state far above the civilized.

To prevent these wanderings from the paths of reason, and to preserve and improve a state of civilization have ever been important objects. To effect these different...

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...means have been used. Among these the establishment of select societies for various purposes, by the voluntary acts of individuals has conduced most to the promotion of these desirable objects. The greatest and wisest of men in most civilized countries have therefore formed themselves into societies. Some for purposes of charity; some for extending the bounds of history; some for disseminating correct political principles among the inferior classes in society: some for extending morality and religion: others, and by far the greater part, for enlarging the bounds of human knowledge and happiness, by making improvements in the arts and sciences. Among the societies of a scientific nature, which stand foremost in the book of fame, the Royal Society of England ranks first. By their unwearied assiduity, they have prevented the world with near 100 quarto volumes of their transactions. Numerous other societies in England, and on the continent of Europe, have rendered themselves eminent in usefulness and fame. The societies of this country, as the American Philosophical Society, Massachusetts Philosophical Society, etc., evidently prove that the genius of our countrymen is not inferior to that of Europe and many of their communications would honour even a Newton. The establishment of societies is not however confined to men of the first eminence in science. Wherever the importance of preserving and

improving a state of civilization is perceived, they may be upheld. Upon this principle was the "Society of Literary Adelphi," which...

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...is now convened, established. And though its name may not have sounded through the world, or extended even beyond the walls where it convenes; still its objects are the same with those of a more extended nature: viz. the preservation and improvement of civilized society: and though the influence of larger societies extends to a vastly more enlarged sphere, yet this arises not from a difference in motives but in means.

Mankind in general however either from nature or habit are so selfish, that whatever does not subserve their own immediate temporal interest, be it urged by ever so cogent reasons, soon loses its force, and the impressions which were first made will quickly wear off. A man may be convinced of the importance of preserving and improving a state of civilization, and may find essential assistance to form a select society, for the promotion of these important objects; but a little time will weaken his ardor; and in a few years it will become a matter of indifference to him, unless something new is advanced which may excite by its novelty, or the same reasoning be reiterated, which convinced him before. From these truths, the importance of an annual celebration of the day in which a society was first instituted, will be obvious. A few moments devoted to this purpose will naturally recall to the mind the objects for which a society was first instituted: and by thus reflecting on the sentiments which have before produced a conviction of the necessity of such institutions, a termination will naturally be formed, not to relax in endeavours for its continuation.

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Such are the objects which have induced men to form societies, and uphold annual celebrations of the day which first gave them birth. Nor are these objects too mean to merit the attention of men. On the contrary, their importance is urged by the united voices of reason and experience, and demands the consideration and support of every reflecting mind. Convinced of the correctness of these principles, and knowing that the fate of society depends on the conduct of the those who are its subjects, the ordinary members of this society have for several years contributed their mite to preserve and improve a state of civilization, by endeavouring to fit themselves to fill with dignity and honour, the various stations to which they may be called. We however who are at present members, enjoy advantages much superior to those formally possessed. Men of high respectability in society and in science having last year joined us as honorary members: and by this act of condescension, we can now appeal to superior minds for occasional direction and assistance. May these greater advantages excite us to proportionately greater exertions. And while the wisest of men, perceive in our country the rapid progress of French principles, which like the poison Upas of the island of Java, destroy everything within their reach worth preserving: while from analogy we may justly conclude, that but a short time will elapse before we shall be engaged in a war either foreign or domestic; and while we are certain that our country will demand all our exertions; let us improve to the utmost in our power, the advantages we at present enjoy; and thus...

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...prepare ourselves to render a more effectual service to the cause of liberty, in that day, when the dark cloud of war which now hangs over us, shall burst its infuriated contents "on these peaceful and happy

shores," and our country again require the vigorous exertions of every true principle of the immortal Washington.

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## ON THE PRESENT STATE OF LIBERTY 1809 or 1810

[On the present state of liberty," 1809 or 1810, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, EOH, Series 7-B, Commonplace book (no. 1), Box 18, Folder 3]

### On the present state of Liberty

No. 5

Liberty is the natural property of man. It is congenial to, and coeval with his nature. Next to health it is of all blessings the most to be valued; for without it, the powers and faculties of man sink and decay, as there can be nothing to give a stimulus to their exertions, or reward their endeavours. Of consequence virtue sinks, the sciences droop, the various employments of man go on at a slow rate, and every thing except vice and misery wears the appearance of approaching ruin. But on the contrary, where rational liberty exists, every thing appears the reverse; there there is always a stimulus to excite application; there the powers and faculties of the mind expand, and attain to the acme of human greatness: there the arts and sciences flourish; contentment and cheerfulness appear in every countenance, and activity and energy pervade every exertion of man.

However enchanting liberty appears, and in reality is, yet by far the greater part of mankind have never felt its enliv...

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...ening effects; but partly by events which no human foresight could have foreseen or prevented, and principally by their own imprudence, have been involved in the most abhorred tyranny. Never perhaps before has the historian been obliged to record a period, when the civilized world felt less the benign effects of freedom, and the tenfold horrors of despotism more than the present. If you take a survey of the various governments of the world this truth however gloomy and mortifying will appear incontestably true. The inhabitants of Europe which is an extensive portion of the civilized world, are by far the greater part now groaning under the most intolerable tyranny. France, which now acts a principal part in the theatre of the world, and by the nod of whose tyrant, empires and states formerly supposed immovable, are almost instantly hurled into annihilation, presents a gloomy perspective of all the horrors of despotism. While the ears of her inhabitants are saluted with the specious name of liberty, they feel the corroding lash of tyranny; and as has been observed, "decrees are signed by her tyrant with the signet of heaven, which hell would blush to own." Spain and Portugal have for centuries

groaned beneath the power of absolute monarchs: and in spite of all their present exertions for the attainment of liberty, it is to be feared that they are falling under the domination of a government a thousand times more inexorable than their former ones, the government of France. The pleasing idea was once indulged that in Switzerland, defended by the frozen summits of her mountains and by her hearty and independent inhabitants, liberty had at last...

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...found a secure and permanent asylum, where she may might bid defiance to the attempts of tyrants to extirpate her from the earth and oblige her to seek refuge in the skies. But alas! the baneful influence of the French revolution penetrated those secure domains, and thus paved the way for a frost a thousand times more severe than the frost on their Glaciers, French tyranny.

Holland, Venice, the numerous republics of Italy, and others in different parts of Europe, which but a few years since were in a flourishing condition, now exist only as departments of France. Germany and Russia too, feel the corroding effects of French principles and power so that of consequence liberty cannot exist in either of these countries. In the northern parts of Europe where formally the inhabitants retired to their inaccessible retreats, and they resisted the whole power of the vast Roman Empire and finally overturned its immense fabric, here might we expect to see the inhabitants following the example of their forefathers, by presenting an impenetrable bulwark to the assaults of tyranny, and a sure defense to liberty. But these expectations are not realized. And although Poland has of late been agitated by an attempt to establish independence in that country, yet all the northern as Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, may be considered as being under the nod of tyrants and those exertions in Poland in favor of liberty have been frustrated by the jealousy and superior power of its neighbouring nations. In the north of Europe also, to the sure annihilation of everything that is good have the poisonous effects of the French Revolution extended, and are now spreading misery and desolation through those extensive regions.

England situated in the midst of the ocean in the midst of the ocean...

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...defined on every side by a bold projecting shore, with rocks and promontories, and impreguably fortified by her irresistible navy, tastes the sweets of national liberty in as great a degree perhaps as any nation in the civilized world, and although at present she is involved in a war with most of Europe, yet her inhabitants are by far more happy than any with whom she has engaged. ~~Though it is the sacred inviolable duty of those who are under the protection of a government and attempt to support it, never to say any thing to its discredit,~~ yet in the present case, it is not contended that the constitution or form of government of England is superior to that under which we live; but that the people of this government have been grossly deceived, and on this account have not felt those happy effects which might have been expected from so excellent a form of government. Nor can it be said with truth that liberty does not exist in this country at present. But it is a dismal truth, that the rights of her inhabitants have been abused, and that the period is not...

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...far distant when instead of the balmy sweats[?] of liberty, the blasts of tyranny will prostrate the fair fabrick of our Constitution, and spread devastation and misery through these peaceful and happy



realms.

If we again cross the atlantick, and traverse those extensive regions that remain in a midway state between barbarism and civilization we shall find little else, but the blackest despotism. China may perhaps be considered an exception: but when we consider the restraint to which their emperors are subject is nothing but custom, it is probable she does not enjoy much pure liberty. The provinces of India, Persia, Turkey in Asia, Arabia, Turkey in Europe, Egypt, Abyssinia, and the states of Barbary, all lie involved in ignorance and despotism. Thus we see that liberty for which the greatest and the wisest of mankind have shed their blood, and nobly offered up their lives, is at the present day almost wholly excluded from the civilized world; in vain do we seek for it in society, amongst those who pretend to be wiser than their fellow man and under the influence of reason. Where then shall we find it.? Not in the country and pal...

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...palaces of the great, not in civilized society; but far removed from courts and the broils of the civilized world, among the inhabitants of nature; amongst those whose souls

*"Proud science never taught to stray,  
Far as the solar blaze or Milky Way."*

*[Source: Alexander Pope, An Essay on Man, 1733]*

amongst those who are styled the savages of the wilderness, incapable of the tasting the sweets of social life, and the charms of society. In the extensive wilds of Asia and America, *"where the hand of civilization has never yet been thought of;"* where creation appears as it first emanated from the hands of Deity; there liberty, freed from the corruptions and vices of society, finds a secure retreat; their merit alone meets reward; and he, and none besides, who deserve well of his country receives his approbation and protection. How mortifying this picture to the pride of society! What more cogent to induce the savage of the wilderness to continue his aversion to civilization. What says he shall I become civilized, when by thus doing I lose my freedom? Is not liberty infinitely preferable to all the civilization in the world; and shall I give up that (without which I pine and die) merely to become more refined, while I am suf...

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...fering all the horrors of despotism? No: I detest the thought. Such reasoning is but too conclusive, for judging from the present condition of society, the chance is ten to one, he will lose his liberty if he becomes civilized. How then shall we prove the superiority of social life over that of savages? There is but one way, which is by imputing the disorders and consequent misery of society, not to any defect in its form, but to the vices of man, which always have been, and always will be a source of endless misery, so long as they are indulged.

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*[Start of next section, No. 6: Astronomical observations on the comet of 1811 1812.]*

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## ADDRESS TO THE ADELPHI, AUGUST 1813

[Address to the Adelphi, August 1813, Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, Hitchcock Family Papers, Box 2, Folder 9]

Delivered before the Society of Literary Adelphi, August 9<sup>th</sup> 1813

From the rumours and horrid details of wars, battles, and the convulsions of nations—from the dissensions of political parties, and from the vanities and vexations of the world, let us my Friends, for a moment turn, and tread in the peaceful, flowery paths of science. In every civilized age the great and the good, disgusted with the confusions and contentions of the world, have sought these paths, and there found the sources of pure and rational happiness, sources whence flow the genuine streams of truth. In these paths the Newtons, the Fergusons, the Euclids, the Franklins, the Cavallos, the Lavoisiers, the Linnaeae and the Lockes of the world have spent their whole time. They have plucked up the thorns, leveled the hills, and strewed the way with flowers. In either hand they have adorned the spacious landscape with views pleasant and delightful to the mental vision. To explore the arcane of nature — to ameliorate the condition of man—to expand and ennoble every faculty of the soul—to lift the mind from the vanities of...

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...the world — to calm the turbulence of the passions — to give an energy to virtue — to dispel the thick mists of ignorance, superstition and error, which in a state of nature enshroud the soul of man, and to direct the understanding through the works of nature up to nature's God; these, these are the objects of science. As the natural sun is to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, so is science to the soul. Without it, all is darkness, weakness and decay. With it, all is light, strength and energy. The soul which is unenlightened by science is, like the wilderness, where the rays of the sun never penetrate, where noxious poisonous weeds infest the soil, where serpents lie concealed, and where the wild beasts roam without restraint. But science lays open the wilderness of the mind to the genial influences of the sun of truth, sweeps away the weeds of superstition and error, and represses the ferocity of the brutish passions. What theme then can afford more enjoyment, what more interesting than the excellency of science!

In examining the conditions of nations, we find them divided into two distinct and opposite classes, the civilized and the uncivilized. On the one hand man appears like a noble edifice in ruins. Amid the wide spread desolation we sometimes behold remains of...

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...splendour and magnificence: but in general all is hidden or obscured by the massive piles of rubbish. He wanders gloomy and unsocial through the wild uncultivated forest. There feebly is he sheltered from the wintry blasts and the raging storms. There few harvests wave on the plains, no flocks wander on a thousand hills, no breezes waft to his feet the luxuries of all nations, few arts there flourish to contribute to his comfort, convenience and happiness. How precarious then are his means of subsistence! How few the sources whence they are delivered! How liable to be destroyed by the slightest changes of the

fleeting elements! Nor is the condition of the mind of man in such a state superior to that of his body. There no sciences enlarge and refine his faculties.

*[This quote is crossed out; source: a poem by Alexander Pope, ca. 1796]*

*Proved science never taught to stray,  
Far as the solar walk or milky way.*

No rational religion there softens the ferocity of his mind, curbs the fierceness of his passions, nor spreads sunshine over the last moments of his life. But sunk in the darkest clouds of ignorance, he is a continued prey to all the horrors of superstition, prejudice and error. Every uncommon phi—...

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...nomenon of nature fills him with alarms; and impelled by fear he deifies the sun, moon and stars, or worships some imaginary beings more unworthy of homage than even the heavenly bodies.

On the other hand view man in a civilized state. There a thousand arts rise to contribute to the comfort of his body. There numerous sciences appear to enlighten, invigorate and delight his faculties. Aided by the arts, he unbosoms the surface of the earth hid by the wilderness to the influence of the sun, and the landscape is decorated with all those vegetables which contribute to his comfort and convenience. By the arts he is defended from the storms and severities of the seasons. By these he subjects the very elements to his use, and every wind that blows lays at his feet the products of the remotest climes, and the luxuries of all nations are at his command. By the sciences he dissipates the thick film of error from the mind, he bursts the narrow gloomy bounds of superstition prejudice and bigotry, ranges the broad bounds of creation, and

*"Looks through nature up to nature's God."*

*[Source: An Essay on Man, Alexander Pope, 1733]*

And from whence does this difference in the condition of man proceed? Why are beings of the same species on the one hand compelled to wander with...

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...the beasts of the forests, exposed to the inclemencies of the seasons and the horrors of famine, and subjected to the still greater calamities of ignorance and superstition, while on the other hand they enjoy all the conveniences and luxuries of body and mind, which flow from civilized society? Accustomed to the charms of civilized life from our earliest years, we are too apt to consider them as our natural inheritance. Being familiar with the effects we slight the cause, and consider not wherefore it is that we are elevated above the barbarian and the savage. But it is to the sciences we are principally indebted for this proud distinction. On their broad bases rest the pillars of civilized society. Without these as foundations the lofty fabric must tumble into ruin. In proportion as these flourish and decay, so must society rise or fall. But how few are those who consider science as of little value. They suppose it to be a collection of wild and extravagant theories, calculated only to bewilder and perplex. They laugh

at the supposed folly of those who spend their time in the acquisition of it, and believe its pursuit to be an employment no more worthy, no more commendable, than the continual devotions of ones time and faculties to the acquisition of wealth. Nor is the prevalence of this opinion to be wondered at. The pleasures which are...

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...derived from the acquisition of science few of them are visible to the world. They are felt almost exclusively in solitude. They are known only to him who prefers the silence of the soul to the noise of tumultuous assemblies. But though the sciences are not understood by all, yet like the sun they shed their influence on every surrounding object, and cheer the lowest walk of life. Indeed the ignorant often appear to enjoy the pleasures of society equally with the learned; and hence some have inferred that science is not the foundation of society. But as well might it be denied that a particular person was the author of an invention because all mankind partook of its benefits. As well might it be said that the sun is not the source of light, because every object within its sphere is illuminated.

Neither can it be maintained that religion and the arts, abstracted from the sciences, could have raised man to a civilized state. For what is religion where there is no learning? and how few are the arts which man could discover without the assistance of theory? Go to those parts of the world where Mahometanism yet prevails. Go to the uncultivated wilds of Asia, Africa and America, and there you may see religion without science. But from such religion the civilized man will turn with ~~disgust~~ horror. It is such religion as exhibits a melancholy picture of the wretched condition of man...

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...unenlightened by science.

It may however be said, that although Mahometanism and Idolatry derive their chief support from ignorance, yet they are false religions, and were the christian religion to be introduced into any country however unenlightened by science, it would flourish in its purity & raise the people to a high state of civilization. But it is conceived, without intending to detract in the smallest degree from the merits of the christian faith, that in a state of ignorance, even christianity itself would be obscured by clouds and darkness; that its beauties would be hidden by superstition and error, and that in the hands of the unenlightened it would often become instead of the balmy comforter of the woes of humanity, one of the greatest scourges of human nature. To be convinced of the correctness of this, let the history only be read of that huge system of error, bigotry and persecution the Romish Church. For centuries did that system hang like a black cloud over unhappy Europe. Long did it check the progress of free enquiry and every noble effort of the mind. Long did the red flag of persecution remain unfurled, and many were the victims of religious intolerance. But the sciences rising in spite of every obstacle, at length burst the narrow bounds which then encircled the human mind: they finally triumphed over error: they crushed...

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...this mighty fabric of religious despotism, and pave the way for the restoration of Christianity in a purity.

If the arts can flourish without the help of theory, why is not the aboriginal of the Western Forest

possessed of them? Even now, after the lapse of so many ages, he scarcely understands those few arts which necessity demands. Indeed the history of all mankind proves that there must first be a theory that is the result of science before an art can flourish; and we may as well expect that in nature an effect will precede a cause, as that an art will thrive without science.

Who then can doubt that science is the foundation on which civilized society stands; that it is this which divests religion of superstition and error that without this the arts would never flourish, and that it separates man from his primitive alliances with the brutes, and raises him to an exalted rank on the scale of being, to that rank for which he was intended by the author of nature. But that this extensive influence may be rendered evident, and that we may perceive the necessity and importance of preserving them, let us examine in a more particular manner the merits and the excellences of the sciences

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Mathematics being the most perfect, and the foundation on which most of the physical sciences rest, he deservedly first draw our attention. And wherever we turn our eyes, wherever we roam, a thousand objects strike the sight to prove the importance of mathematics to the very existence of society. By these even our habitations are constructed, and those immense edifices which in various parts of the world astonish and delight the beholder with the grandeur and harmony of their parts, and which have for ages defied the rude assaults of time, proudly shew forth the rigid rules of mathematics on their whole structure. By the laws of Mathematics the artist constructs those numerous machines which supply the necessities, and contribute to the convenience of man, and the various ornaments with which he adorns his works would cease to decorate and to please, were they not formed by the rules of a harmonious science. By mathematics are erected those mighty engines which plough with precision through the trackless ocean, and bear within them the products of all climes. Without the riches of this science the traffic and commerce between man and man could not be carried on; neither could the distinction between property can be...

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...marked with that precision which is so necessary to the harmony of society.

To penetrate the recesses of future times and to foretell with certainty phenomena which will hereafter happen, and to determine the height and distance of an inaccessible object, have always been considered by the unlearned as problems placed beyond the reach of human investigation. But the mathematician bursting the narrow bounds would circumscribe his mind in a state of ignorance, unlocks the works of futurity. He predicts with unerring precision the phenomena of nature in future ages. He determines the distance and magnitude of the sun, moon and planets. He traces the true path of a wandering comet, and corrects the fallacies of the senses by the rigid rules of science.

The cogitations of the mind which is not enlightened by science are vague, uncertain and inconclusive. A thick fog intercepts the mental vision and the deductions of the understanding are in general pregnant with error. But the mathematics dispel the fogs of error from the mind. They give an energy to the faculties, and enable them to judge with accuracy and precision. They let in upon the soul the clear...

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...beams of truth, like the sun shining from a cloudless sky. They enable the mind to direct all its energies to a simple point, and they give it an amplitude by which it can embrace the whole creation, and wander through the universe guided by the polar star of reason. Directed by the imagination man is often borne beyond the province of truth and reason. He increases the sunshine of prosperity by the brilliant colorings of fancy, and darkens the darkness of adversity. But guided by the mathematics, he is neither too much elevated by the one, nor depressed by the other; but with reason as his guide, he holds on his course unfalteringly, like a ship in the ocean.

By an application of mathematics the chief directs the complicated operations of an army on the field of battle. By these alone could he acquire that energy and precision of mind, and that calmness and intrepidity of soul in the midst of danger, which is so necessary to conduct with promptitude and success the movements of his bands. Indeed, mathematics at home are the firm foundation on which the distinguished in almost every science have built their renown. Whoever attempts to erect the superstructure on any other foundation builds on the sand. When the day of trial arrives, and the storms beat, his boasted fabrick will tumble into...

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...ruin. But he who takes mathematics for the foundation of his knowledge will remain unmoved on the day of trial, for he is built on a rock, even on the rock of truth.

How delightful to the inquisitive mind to retire from the noise and confusion of the world, from the wrangling of political disputants in the jarrings of religious sectaries, where truth is observed by the glossings of sophistry, and in the silence and solitude to explore the pages of mathematics! There no gloomy doubts arise. There the mind may drink at the untainted fountain of immaculate truth. The waters are deep below the surface yet they are pure and sweet, so powerful, yet they are innocent. There the grossness of corporeity obstructs not the full exercise of the faculties, and the mind investigates with clearness pure forms unmingled with matter. There truths are unfolded to the view which no one can doubt, which the sophist dare not attack, for they are the laws of God himself and defy contradiction. They are the laws by which the universe was constructed, and will remain immutable and unchangeable long as the rivers shall flow or the sun hold on his course. As a thirsty weary traveler, having...

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...long wandered on the barren hearts, when little met his eyes save here and there a thorn to tear his flesh, at length sits down by the side of a pure fountain within a delightful grove, quenches his thirst reanimate his spirit, so the man of science, having wandered through the world, wounded by the thorns of adversity, and unable amid its vanities to find a stream where he may quench his intellectual thirst, sits down at last in the shades of retirement and drinks to the full of the uncorrupted fountain of mathematics. No bustle and confusion of the world here rise to disturb his calm, sublime enjoyment. No angry passions here ruffle his soul, but like *"The summer's sea, when not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface,"* his mind is settled and serene.

When the mathematician looks abroad into the world and examines the history of nature, nations and of individuals, he finds almost everything in a state of fluctuation or decay. The principles of almost every science which were supposed at any time to be established, are liable to change. The sources on which most men rely for happiness are uncertain as the fleeting wind. Like the tender plants in spring, if

one blast sweeps over them they are gone. The...

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...habitations of man the various products of the vegetable kingdom and even man himself, soon die and decay.

*"The tower, that long had stood  
The crashing thunder and the warring winds  
Shook by the sure but slow destroyer, time  
Now hangs in doubtful ruin o'er its base;  
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass  
Descend. Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down;  
And tottering empires sink with their own weight."*

*[Source: Poem by John Armstrong]*

But amidst this almost general tendency to change and decay, the laws of mathematics remain inevitably the same. No change of seasons, of time, or of circumstances can in the least affect them. How gratifying then to the soul to find some tempestuous billows of life, a rock unshaken and unmovable, on which the mind may rest with confidence in the sunshine of prosperity, and in the storms of adversity.

Closely connected with, and dependant on mathematics for many of its most notable principles is astronomy: than which, a science so interesting and sublime never occupied the mind of man. Other sciences are mostly confined to...

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...this constructed earth, but the province of astronomy is the heavens, its bounds the universe. Here every faculty of the soul is called into full exercise, and the mind acquires that expansion which enables it to embrace at a single grasp the vast creation. Here the most fertile imagination finds full scope to indulge the romantic wanderings of fancy. Here the mind, confined not by the circle of the moon, the sun, the planets or the stars, is directed up to the greater cause, even to the Deity.

By the science of astronomy it is that commerce and navigation are carried on through every part of the habitable globe. In ancient times if the sailor ventured beyond the sight of land destruction awaited him; but now he launches boldly forth into the widest seas, and steers with certainty to the remotest ports. Every ocean is now whitened by the swelling canvas. The improvements in the arts and sciences made in one country are quickly imparted to every part of the world, and the superfluities in one portion of the globe are made to contribute to the convenience and happiness of others.

But need I lay open the advantages resulting from commerce? Every civilized state on earth bears testimony to its vast importance. The advances of almost every science and art had proceeded from its extension...

...It infuses a spirit of industry, activity and energy through every class of society. When this flourishes a nation rises. When this decays a nation falls. It is this which gives it prosperity, wealth and importance, and the want of this subjects it to insult, to poverty, and ruin. The man who is oppressed with disease feels most sensibly the value of health, so we, from the loss of commerce have learnt its importance. Poverty, insult, war, pestilence, and disgrace have covered our land, and we now look backward with a sigh to that period, when the canvas of America was unfurled on every sea, and looking forward, we shudder at the precipice we are approaching.

A desire to penetrate into the occurrence of futurity is one of the strongest passions of human nature. In most cases, however, the Creator has wisely drawn an impenetrable veil over futurity, but Astronomy gratifies this strong propensity of the heart. After many laborious observations of men of science, the astronomer is now enabled to predict the precise moment of the eclipse, occultation, transit or conjunction of the heavenly bodies. Formerly, these phenomena were regarded with utmost horror and superstition. They were supposed to be the harbingers of war, pestilence and...

~~...famine to the inhabitants of the world~~ destruction to the world. But these errors and follies are now done away. The eclipse is now viewed with composure and pleasure, and the wandering comet, and the glaring meteor now receive a cheerful welcome whenever they visit our system.

By the senses alone man is incapable of ascertaining the magnitude and distance of the sun, moon, and planets. But aided by astronomy he determines the boundaries of the solar system, and even fixes a distance beyond which the stars are placed. He numbers the thick stars of heaven, and calls them all by their names. He lifts the telescope, discovers the mountains of the moon, the satellites of the planets, the length of their day seasons and years, and millions of suns are brought to view, far in the recesses of the universe, far from the reach of the unaided vision, where the beams of our sun perhaps reaching not, where the imagination never before had wandered. Here he finds a field where he can move unrestrained and feast on all the beauties of the universe — a field whose bounds he cannot determine; for "*who can say how far the universe extends or where are the limits thereof...*

*...where the creator stayed his rapid wheels, or where he fixed the golden compass."*

*[Source: George Adams, On Astronomy, 1794]*

Before the age of Newton astronomy was involved in clouds and darkness. But his genius like the sun bursting from behind the clouds dissipated the mist and fog of ignorance. By the simple principle of gravitation and the application of mathematics he established the science on a foundation which cannot be shaken, which are firm as the laws of nature. Visionary hypotheses gave way to the incontrovertible principles of mathematics, and his successors have reared on the foundation he laid, a mighty fabric whose top reaches to heaven. The discoveries of Newton and his successors are such as excite within us the most excellent opinions of the many energies of the human mind when applied to a favorite subject,



and of the wisdom, power and beneficence of the Lord of Nature. The true motion of the heavenly bodies, the vast extent of the solar system, the amazing velocity of light, the addition of thirteen planets and satellites to the system, the most laborious observations and theories on the motions of the moon and planets, and above all, a demonstration of the harmony of the system, are some of the splendid acquisitions they have made. Often has the philosopher from the mutual disturbances of the planets, confidently predicted the ruin...

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...of the universe; and often has the poet raised his melancholy song to portray the destruction of nature and the crush of worlds. *"But he shall raise it"* no more; for by a rigid demonstration LaGrange has ascertained that the irregularities of the heavenly bodies are in their nature periodical, and these minute variations of the planets, which have long perplexed astronomers, and seemed to portend the destruction of the universe, now afforded ample proof of its permanency. What a striking instance of the order and harmony of creation, and of the wisdom and beneficence of the God of Nature!

The science of astronomy seems particularly well calculated to delight, invigorate, enlarge and refine the mind, to calm the fierceness of inordinate passions, and to afford a sweet relief from the anxieties and cares of life.

*"The soul of man was made to walk the skies;  
Delightful outlet of her prison here!  
There, dismembered from her chains, the ties  
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;  
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,  
In full proportion let loose all her powers;  
And, undiluted, grasp at something great."*

[Source: *"The Complaint,"* poem by Edward Young, ca. 1741]

To the man of science the ordinary pleasures and pursuits of the world soon become tasteless and insipid. He quits them...

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...in disgust and finds in the calm pleasures of astronomical science a sweet relief from the dullness of the ordinary routines of the world. To him how mean and poor appear the gratifications of the appetites and passions, when compared to the feast of reason and elevation of soul which springs from a contemplation of the heavens. The sun sinks below the horizon. A clear evening succeeds. All is silent and calm. The full moon rises in majesty from the east and dissipates the gloom of night. The planets roll on in their harmonious classes. A thousand suns light up their fires proclaiming the magnificence of the heavens. At the view the passions are calmed and the soul delighted and astonished. It expands its views to the moon and planets. On these it sees millions of beings in various conditions enjoying the beneficence of their creator. It pursues the wandering comet through its long recesses, and at length reaches other suns, where other planets rest, where other beings inhabit. Then it stops and looks back to discover this system. But the planets have disappeared, and the sun is confounded with other stars

which there illuminate the heavens. Still pressing forward, it passes millions of suns, giving life and happiness to millions of beings, but still finds itself to have just entered the threshold of creation, and astonished at the immensity of the universe, and the vast power of the Deity, it is lost in awe and wonder at the majesty...

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of the scene. Nor does the mind thus rove guided merely by the imagination. The calm voice of reason leads it through these noble scenes. Where then is the man whose soul will not be expanded with the most noble sentiments, whose heart will not rise in gratitude at the chanting views astronomy presents? Where is the man who does not feel a thrill of joy pass through his soul when he lifts his eyes to behold the stars of heaven? Cold is that man's heart whose breast will not be warmed by devotion when he beholds the rays of bright Arcturus, Sirius, and the Lyre. Indeed,

*"An undevout astronomer is mad."*

[Source: "The Complaint," poem by Edward Young, ca. 1741]

At a view of nature so vast is that which astronomy presents, how contracted appear all terrestrial objects. What is man, the boasted Lord of this lower creation! What the earth! What the sun! What the whole system! All is like a grain of sand on the seashore, or a drop of water in the ocean. Here pride must be silent there. Here ambition must confess its folly. Here man must acknowledge his comparative insignificance.

Ye then, who are sacrificing your peace, your happiness and your lives to gain the riches and honors of the world, go study astronomy. Ye who disturb the peace of society beyond by unnecessary contentions, and ye who desolate nations to gratify ambition, go view the stars of heaven. Go and...

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...learn harmony from the motions of the planets, for

*"Who can descend from converse with the skies,  
And seize his brother's throat? For what? A clod,  
An inch of earth,? The planets cry, forbear."*

[Source: "The Complaint," poem by Edward Young, ca. 1741]

Ye who seek pleasure in the fleeting gratifications of sense, who benumb every noble faculty by the profusion of luxury, and who debase yourselves below the brutes, leave for once the banquet prepared for your senses and go task the splendid feast of nature spread in the heavens. This is indeed the feast of reason. A feast, where you may riot on all the luxuries of nature and drink without fear at the fountains of pure happiness. It is a banquet worthy to be partaken by men and even by angels. It is worthy of its author — worthy a being of infinite power, wisdom and goodness.

A science which has contributed in an imminent degree to the foundation of the arts, to ameliorate the condition of man, to convert the known wilderness into a fruitful garden, and to unfold the most

difficult and interesting problems in Mechanics. Who can recount the vast number of uses to which the mechanic powers are applied? Unaided by these the efforts of man feeble and inefficient. But by their assistance he overcomes the...

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...greatest obstacles. He levels the mountains and fills the valleys. He raises with ease the massive load in tears in sunder the strongest combinations of nature. The numerous machines which have been invented depending upon these powers have greatly lessened the labour of the arts and manufacturers and manufacture and this contributed to increase the means of happiness to mankind. By an investigation of the laws of nature those sublime discoveries have been made in astronomy which induce us to regard the powers of the human mind with astonishment. The true motion of comets has been explored, the places of the sun and the planets have been fixed with the utmost precision, and even the irregular motion of the moon has been brought to an accuracy truly admirable.

By the science of Optics man seems as it were to have triumphed over many of the infirmities of age, and to have passed those limits in nature which were apparently the bounds prescribed to his mental progression. When age with its attendant infirmities comes on, and the sight that noblest of the senses goes dim, this science steps in to rescue man from the horrors of darkness. By the use of glasses constructed upon optical principles he again sees objects with the distinctness of youth, he forgets his infirmities, and cheers the evening of his life with the pleasures of reading. Who a few centuries since could...

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...have supposed that the surface of the moon would ever be described with topographical accuracy, that the height of her mountains and the depth of her valleys would be measured, that new planets and satellites would be discovered which are invisible to the naked eye, and that millions of suns would be brought to view in the far distant regions of unbounded space? And yet by an application of the principles of reflection and refraction, the optician has constructed instruments by which all these things and many more have been done. With the assistance of the telescope, astronomers have described with minuteness the surface of the moon, ascertained the form of the sun and planets, the times of their rotation, and the lengths of their days, discovered their satellites and unfolded to their view seventy millions of suns scattered through the immensity of the universe!

Nor is the science of optics confined to the discovery and contemplation of suns and worlds. By the microscope a delightful field is open in the minute parts of creation. By this every plant, every liquid, every animal, are found filled the living beings enjoying the beneficence of the creator. As the magnifying power of...

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...the microscope is increased so does the number of these minute beings increase to the eye, and no one can say how far the vast chain of being extends; but the mind confounded in the contemplation of the unknown extent of animate being admires in silence and awe the infinite wisdom, power and goodness of the Deity.

The important uses of the sciences of Hydrostatics, Pneumatics and Hydraulics, to the arts, must be

evident to the most indifferent observer. On these depend the construction of many of those machines which are absolutely necessary to the existence of society, and by them the many curious and interesting laws are unfolding which display the harmony and perfect order of nature.

Within a few years past Chemistry has arisen from a contracted art to that commanding eminence among the sciences which its importance demanded. Perhaps there is no other science whose principles may be so frequently applied, and which so much corrects the fallacies of the senses as this. The man who understands not this science sees objects through a glass darkly. He discovers not the cause, and frequently not the existence of these curious changes which are continually exhibiting in...

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...the natural world. But the chemist views every thing with a different eye. Scarce a phenomenon or change occurs on this globe the nature and causes of which he cannot satisfactorily explain. He views with peculiar pleasure the various effects of light and heat. He takes the vegetable through its various stages from its first fruiting forth in the spring to its dissolution in the autumn, and scarce a substance occurs to his view with whose component principles he is not well acquainted. The application of this science to the arts is almost as extensive as the arts themselves. From this have been derived many important improvements in agriculture: an art, than which none is more useful, none so extensive. It is absolutely necessary to the existence of society. It is this which adorns the landscape with the beauties of nature cultivated by art. It is this which strengthens the body, promotes virtue, and when combined with commerce, gives strength and energy character and importance to a nation.

The most important advantage to society from the science of Magnetism is the magnetic needle. The very existence of extensive commerce depends on its properties. Were it not for this the mariner would never sail beyond the sight of land without imminent danger of...

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...destruction; but now though darkness covers the ocean, the storms of obscure the face of heaven, he rides secure, and docks his vessel to her destined port.

The discovery of the magnetic needle opened a new and auspicious era upon the world. Science then began to expand with the rapid increase. No longer was commerce dependant on the stars for its extension.

*"Then man no longer applied with timid oar,  
And failing heart along the windward shore;  
Broad to the sky he turned his fearless sail,  
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favoring gale,  
Bared to the storm his adamant breast,  
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest;  
While free as clouds the liquid ether sweep,  
The white winged vessels course the unbounded deep;  
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,  
The waves his heritage, the world his home."*

[Source: *"the West Indies," poem by J. Montgomery, 1809*]

Had the properties of the magnetic needle never been discovered still would the arts and sciences have been confined to the eastern continent, and even then would they have been struggling in a midway state. Commerce would have been confined to a few voyages within sight of land, this globe would never have been circumnavigated, nor...

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...its true dimensions and the existence of many extensive countries upon it ever been ascertained by civilized man. But now there is scarce an island or a rock in the ocean which has not been examined, and the arts and sciences have received that support from commerce, which has enabled them to advance with accelerated steps. By the use of the needle it was that Columbus was enabled to discover this continent. Had it not been for this, still would America have remained an uncultivated wilderness. Still would the savage have roamed wild and intractable as the beasts of prey. Still would the rivers here have murmured *"to the wild and silent immensity of the forest."* No cities would have arisen on our shores. No arts and sciences would have flourished, nor would the cheerful sounds of commerce and industry have a re-echoed through these realms. But now civilization, science and the arts have here spread with rapid strides, cities and populous towns have arisen and the sound of commerce is heard on every stream. These forests where often the yell of the savage has reechoed, where for centuries the wild beasts fixed their retreats have now disappeared and given place to fertile fields in the abodes of civilized man.

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A short time only has elapsed since the persevering mind of Franklin discovered a correct theory for the foundation of the science of Electricity: but such has been its rapid expansion that it already occupies a conspicuous place in the circle of the sciences. By this science a Franklin has taught us how to guide the rapid lightning of heaven to draw it from the clouds and conduct it harmless through the midst of our habitations. No longer is this mighty instrument of nature the terror of man, but now though he is deafened by the peals of thunder, though the lightning prostrates the sturdy oak which has stood the storms of ages, yet he, guarded by the electric conductor, can sit secure and unmoved. What a striking instance of the power which man acquires by a cultivation of the sciences! Often has the electric fluid descending from the cloud struck in a moment the unsuspecting victim from existence, and with a force that seemed irresistible, often has it prostrated the proudest monument of art and the loftiest trees of the forest. But by the power of science man can command this mighty engine of heaven, and he now views the lightning in the clouds with composure and...

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...even with pleasure the existence of the electric fluid in almost every part of nature, and the conspicuous part it acts in many of the most interesting and sublime phenomena seem to indicate, that when a few more Franklins shall have lived this science will rank high on the scale of human knowledge and cast a light upon many of those rare appearances whose correct explanations yet remain among the arcana of nature.

Without the sciences of Anatomy and Medicine man would indeed be a miserable being. Subject to a thousand diseases, infirmities and accidents, he would have no means of repelling their effects and must

fall a victim to their ferocity. But aided by the sciences he alleviates the pains of disease and infirmity, and often says to the angel of death thus far thou mayest go but no farther. View the man oppressed with disease. His soul sinks within him; his spirit droops; the energies of his body and mind are gone, and he beholds himself fast sinking into the tomb. But the physician appears. Often he raises the desponding hopes of him whom disease had assaulted. He reani...

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...imates his drooping spirits. He triumphs over the grave. He rescues mankind from the jaws of death and he raises him to the enjoyment of health and the benefices of heaven.

Who can behold unawed the exquisite and delicate construction of the bodies of animals which anatomy unfolds? Compared to their forms the most delicate artifices of human invention appear coarse, imperfect and unsightly. Here there is no clashing of parts no [????] made in vain, but all is perfect order and harmony. The same beneficent designs, the same infinite power, wisdom and goodness which appear in the formation of worlds, shine forth eminently, conspicuous throughout the vast system of animated nature. Here the construction of every animal, from the biggest mammoth to the minutest insect which microscopic power can discover, loudly proclaims the existence of a Deity, and the mind that can resist the evidence such anatomy presents of this interesting truth, is indeed lost to every noble impression, and unworthy of a place in that exalted rank which man holds in the scale of being.

Ethics or moral philosophy, although not...

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...mentioned before in order to avoid confusion, may perhaps rank foremost among the sciences and its tendency to preserve and maintain society and to contribute to the happiness of man. From this extensive science those principles of morality have been deduced which are a main pillar in the fabric of society; without which the physical sciences would never flourish; without which faith and honor would be driven from the earth, and without which society would be converted into a ~~savage state~~ den of thieves and robbers, and every generous and noble principle overwhelmed by the deluge of vice and corruption. What condition can be more wretched than that of society where morality exists not, and where virtue is not known! In such a condition man is left to follow the dictates of natural inclination, unrestrained by the voice of reason; and like a ship without a rudder, he is driven by the tempests of the passions through the ocean of iniquity, till at length he is hurled among the rocks and quicksand of destruction. There man would be guided alone by selfish views. He would sacrifice to these the dearest rights and privileges of his fellow man, and even cause their blood to flow that...

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...he might riot on their possessions and build on their ruins his own personal greatness. There the sacred obligations of faith and honor which connect society together, and protect the weak, would be sundered like the flax which is burned. The charms of friendship would there be known not, and the tender ties of parental attachment would soon be severed. But on the contrary, how excellent is the condition of that society where morality is maintained, where virtue exists in its primitive purity! There the principles of faith and honor are rigidly maintained; there the offender receives the severest

punishment in the contempt of the wise and good; there the passions are subjected to the government of reason; there knowledge is increased and extended; there friendship is maintained in its purity, and there man is induced to direct his views beyond the fleeting gratifications of this world, and to seek repose in the consolations of pure religion and the hopes of immortality.

From the science of Politicks men of superior minds have been enabled to deduce those general principles by which governments are established and administered. Although government may be considered an evil, yet in the present state of the world it is certainly one which is absolutely necessary. For without...

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...this there would be no defense to the weak and defenseless, nor any restraint to the strong and unprincipled. The man who had the disposition and the power (and experience convinces us that too many of this description are to be found) will trample on the rights of his fellow man and the innocent and the virtuous would in many cases suffer all the horrors of oppression. But by the institution of governments, the feeble and defenseless are protected in the unprincipled curbed within the bounds of reason. The lawless offender on the rights of society and individuals is punished with severity, and such crimes are now comparatively few. Since it is by an usurpation or maladministration of government may prove a greater curse than a blessing. Numerous instances of these descriptions are on record, and alas too many of the same kind are now in operation. Such instances we may indeed lament, and weep over the weakness and corruption of the human heart; but still governments must and will exist, notwithstanding all the calamities with which they are frequently attended, so long as man retains his present nature, and vice receives so powerful a support in the midst of society.

In a free government it is absolutely necessary...

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...for its very existence that the science of politicks be understood by the people at large. A want of this knowledge has overturned every republic which has hitherto existed on earth. And will not be the republic America following the same course, and by its destruction demonstrate that a free government cannot survive? It must be confessed that her prospects are gloomy and dark. It must be confessed that her feet have not deviated from that downward path which every free government has pursued, and that she stands on the brink of the precipice down which every republic has gone, but from whose brow no one has ever returned. Yes — we stand like the traveler on the edge of the crater of Etna. We know not but the next moment may bury us in the flames of the mountain. But heaven grant that we may yet be rescued from the fate we dread. May the examples of the numerous republics which have gone before us whose spectres now rise around us like a cloud of witnesses, turn us from our course before it is too late — before we are numbered with the dead.

To dispel the mists of error from the mind and to conduct and assist the reason in the investigation of truths, to unfold the nature of the nobler powers of man and to reduce the operations of the mind to fixed principles, these are the objects of the sciences of logic and metaphysics. A thousand obstacles present themselves to him who is in search of...

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...truth. Often subjects are obscured by sophistry, and mingled so closely with error that the mind judges concerning them but with difficulty, and often custom and prejudice are on the side of error. But logic directs us how to overcome these difficulties and to seize upon the truth though it be overshadowed by sophistry, bigotry, prejudice and error.

Man when he looks around him rationally inquires wherefore he is placed here, and whither he is going! Whether his noble powers sink with his body into ruin or rise and live hereafter! Whether the mind of a Newton with all its powers and faculties, with all its immense acquisitions of knowledge, sunk in a moment into nonexistence, or whether it is now investigating the unbounded fields of knowledge! To determine these inquiries is one of the grand objects of metaphysics; and although without the evidence of the scriptures, at present, clouds and darkness hang upon it, yet from the light which is already thrown upon the subject it is to be hoped that at some future date these clouds will be removed and the darkness be scattered by the clear rays of truth.

These are some of the excellencies which result from the most interesting and conspicuous of the sciences.

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But should I attempt to point out all these excellencies, all the advantages, consequences, comforts and happiness which have been derived from them, tomorrow's sun would rise upon us and still the history would be half untold. But enough has been said to prove true their vast influence in building up and improving society, in maintaining religion uncorrupted, in progressing the arts, in scattering the fogs of prejudice and error, in correcting the fallacies of the errors, and eulogizing, refining and building the moral, in lifting it from the necessities of the world, and directing it to contemplation of the works of nature, in inspiring correct ideas of the Author of the universe, and in fortifying the mind against the calamities of life.

If then such is the importance of science, may the members of this society be induced to cast themselves with unremitting diligence and perseverance to procure and to progress in knowledge by mutual assistance. May the spirit of science rest upon us. May the flowing paths of knowledge and virtue allure us to exertion and activity. We have every inducement to action. Already have we received the approbation and support of the scientific part of society. They have given us the assistance without the hope of any other reward for the consciousness of living...

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...performed their duty. Neither are the sciences as formally locked up in the abstrusities of Algebra and Fluxions, merely to render them more difficult and mysterious, but now they are explained in the simplest and clearest manner possible. Nor do we now fear the assaults of superstition and bigotry while investigating the truth. We dread not the inquisition, the rack or a prison for exploring the laws of nature. The days of persecution are past. The huge pile of superstition has been crushed, and on its ruins has risen the fair and lofty temple of science.

But gentlemen, and I would gladly address every man of science in the country, if the false and corrupt opinions in science emanating from France, which have within a few years past spread such rapid strides to the civilized world, which have caused the blood of millions to flow, and which are now



desolating the whole of Christendom with the miseries of war, if these opinions finally triumph in our country and overturn every barrier in the civilized world which now opposes them, there will be the end of science. Yes, the lofty temple of science, reared by the united efforts of the great and good through a series...

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...of centuries, this noble fabric would be tumbled into ruin. For the tendency of these opinions is to extirpate everything that is good, to overturn every institution worth preserving and to convert society into a savage state. Let it not be said because the physical sciences exist in those countries where these false opinions prevail, but they are not opposed to the existence of science in general. The preservation of science in those countries subject to France is merely a matter of policy; a device to conceal real objects and bring mankind more easily within the grasp of despotism. But soon as the civilized world is subjected the mask will be thrown aside and science will be swept from the earth. For these French opinions and the true principles of science are as opposite as light and darkness, and the cultivation of the latter will certainly show to every man the fallacy of the former.

Who then can suppose that the despot of France could allow science to be cultivated, when he saw that it would correct the views of mankind, and finally be the means of hurling him from his seat? Who can suppose that free inquiry, without which science cannot exist, would be permitted under a government who supports is falsehood, whose destruction is truth?

No my friends; if French opinions finally...

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...prevail over the world we may bid farewell to the armor of reason. If this happens not only in our posterity, have we future suspended these possessions. Their happiness and their lives to see the tearful effects of our interdependence, not rely in vain as a Washington did for fortune, as a Newton explained the laws of nature in vain, has Euclid integrated the truth of mathematics in vain, has a division labored in the battlefields of chemistry in vain; has a Franklin quieted the lightning of Newton, and in vain have the philosophers, whose names would fill a volcano, spend to allow the happiness of reason. For this city of fans which they have found would no longer exist. No more would the power form and with deductions from the delight and invigorate the understanding nor would the rays of bright fortune stream forth, and lift to heaven the soul. No more would the investigations of Euclid corrupt the mind. No more would the charms of chemistry delight the faint heart that a gloomy night of barbarism would overshadow the world and ignorance prevail. The light of mathematics would be known no more and forgotten. Such [????] of Newton would be unfolded in the heavens with partitioning and error would again evidence the end of society and...

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...no vestige of science would remain.

Already have French opinions gone forth into the world with unexampled and alarming progress. Already have they prostrated in a larger portion of the civilized world all that can render life desirable,

all that can cheer man in this veil of sorrow, and all that can incite him to deeds worthy of his nature, worthy a being formed with an immortal mind capable of progression in knowledge and happiness when the sun, the moon and the stars shall be no more. Under the mark of reason the system has been formed which gives full license to the ferocious passions to riot on society, which controverts the principles of correct science and leads mankind blindfolded to destruction. This system has converted the civilized world into a scene of war, bloodshed, vice and misery. It has blasted the fairest hopes of civilized man. It has increased the poignancy of his afflictions and reduced him to a condition little superior to that of the savage.

Oh murderess France! When will you cease to be a scourge to man? When will the blood of unoffending innocence cease to call down vengeance on your head? When will you make expiations for the enormous crimes...

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...of which you are guilty? When will you wash from your polluted hands the blood of the millions you have slain? When will the history of your crimes be forgotten, and your name cease to be execrated ~~on the pages of history~~? The present generation will pass away. Your existence as a nation may soon be no more. Every nation on earth may change its government, its religion and its customs. Cities may be converted into deserts and deserts transformed into cities; the civilized may become savage and the savage civilized; but the history of your crimes and vices will be known long as man shall exist on earth, long as the rivers shall flow or the trees blossom in the spring. The blood of murdered innocence will ever arise around the throne of eternal justice like a mighty ocean, and demand a tenfold vengeance on your head. The latest posterity will rise up and curse your memory; and if hereafter the descendants of a Frenchman shall exist, he will be driven like Nebuchadnezzar from the society of man. Though the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, though the cow and the bear shall feed in the same field, and though the child shall play with...

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...the serpent yet a Frenchman will never be trusted. On the last page of history that ever shall be written by man will the name of France be execrated and her vices held up as a memento to the world.

If the invasion of the political rights of man will arouse him to vigorous exertions in their defense; if the danger of their destruction will call forth all the energies of his body and mind, and he will pour out his life for their preservation, with what emotions will the breast of the enlightened man be fired when science is attacked. If the unprincipled are directing all their artillery against the ramparts of science, against that on which the soul relies for her noblest pleasures; against that which he believes is the foundation of society; and against that, the destruction of which would reduce them into a state of nature — to an equality with the brutes, what greater inducements can be placed before him for vigorous exertion? Surely in the defense of science he will awaken every energy of his body and mind. On the very brink of his ramparts he will stand, “and breast him to the shock.” Though the night be dark and dreary, yet he will remain a faithful centinel to guard her temple...

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and when assaulted, instead of yielding like [illegible] tender plant to the first breeze, he will remain,

*"Rather like the mountain oak,  
Tempest shaken, rooted fast,  
Grasping strength from every stroke,  
While it wrestles with the blast."*

[Source: *"The Wanderer of Switzerland," poem by J. Montgomery, 1811*]

Let therefore every man of science stand around her temple to guard it from invasion at the present alarming period of the world. For the enemies of society have reared all the batteries of sophistry, vice and deception against its walls. Already have they made a breach wide and ruinous, which must soon be closed or the fair fabric will fall like the tower of Babel, never more to rise. And within the walls which guard science stand the citadels of religion, morality and the arts. When once science has fallen, these must soon surrender. And then for what is existence desirable? Who is there that would not then weep that ever he was born? If however the enlightened will arise with united strength and persevering efforts, still may science be preserved; still may she delight, invigorate and enlarge the mind; still may vice be punished and virtue remanded, and yet may civilized man be snatched from the horrors of deception, barbarism, superstition and ignorance.

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## FAREWELL ADDRESS AT DEERFIELD ACADEMY, OCTOBER 1817

[Edward Hitchcock address to the community at Deerfield Academy, 1817 October, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, EOH, Box 22, Folder 25]

[Note: The pages as shown in the on-line images may be out of order.]

[A faint hand-drawn sketch appears opposite page 1 that appears to be a geological map, possibly of the Connecticut Valley, including the labels "primitive," "alluvial," and "secondary."]

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I am unwilling this term should be closed without making a few observations. Duty might impell me to this but my feelings also prompt to it. We are so constituted thank heaven that we insensibly become attached to those with whom we have lived a considerable time, particularly if their conduct has been mild and interesting. These attachments frequently produce much pain at separation. The cords of friendship and habit are not to be broken without an effort. We cannot avoid feeling a peculiar interest for those with whom we have been connected as it were in the same family even for a few months; and this feeling urges me to lay before you a few hints suggested by experience which I hope may not be useless.

Formed as we are with passions and inclinations that drive us from the paths of rectitude before experience and reason have assumed the reins of dominion, we too often in the morning of our days need the admonishing and warning voice of ~~experience~~ friendship to point out the shoals and quicksands on which we are urged. Who is there that reaches the years of discretion and does not remember with a sigh many valuable precepts that he has neglected? The ardour of youthful blood and liveliness of imagination...frequently incline us to regard...wisdom as the sober sug...

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...gestions of age as the splenetic effusions of a distempered mind: and we too often are forced to learn from experience that what we regarded as foolishness is in fact the only true wisdom. In youth our ardent fancies paint the future scenes of life as a succession of delightful fields where our senses will be more and more gratified. All is novelty — all is health — all is gaiety around us — and we know not that it is all a dream.

*"We sleep a while in pleasures flowery beams  
Fanned by the breezes fancy's wing awakens  
But soon the thundering tempest breaks our house  
The lightning flashes on the stalked eye  
And makes the midnight darkness visible."*

I do not paint the picture of life thus dark and cheerless to create gloomy forebodings in your minds and to break down the spirit of ambition and hope in your bosoms — but only to direct your efforts your ambition and hopes into a proper channel. I would only show you what you may expect that you may know how to remedy and avoid it. You are merging on the ocean of life. You like all others who have gone before you must meet with its storms and its waves — you must take ere long the places of your fathers who have directed your course with an experienced hand and [????] of supreme importance [????] ...

...that you are not to stand idle spectators in the theater of life; but must act your proper parts nor shrink from the performance of duty. Every person in almost every sphere may find enough to perform. How much ignorance is there to enlighten? How many plans of wickedness are to be unmasked? How many feeble knees are to be supported and how many fainting hearts to be cheered? Turn not away with indifference from the view of distress. Open your hands and your hearts for their relief and if with the former you are unable to afford assistance at least pour the balm of sympathy into the wound of the unfortunate. The tear of compassion that falls from the youthful eye is purer than the dewdrops of morning and a more grateful offering to heaven than all the incense of Arabia. Have you learning? Let not the ignorant depart unimproved. Have you wealth? Let not the wind and storm of heaven penetrate the dwelling of poverty. In a word let it be your ambition to possess all the graces and ornaments of a real christian. This is the first, the last and the best course I can give you. I would place it before all glory — before all knowledge. With this exhortation I would begin — with this I would end. The monuments of human greatness at once noble must be obliterated — the [????] that is constrained in much of the earth must...

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...with the dust and even the earth itself will pass away but if you are christians, your names will remain

inscribed forever on the colossus of eternity.

Do not imagine that by these observations I am deprecating the value of science. Next to a pure conscience its position is to be estimated. Indeed so pure are its principles so charming and interesting its results and the whole so purely intellectual that his heart must indeed be depraved who is not insensibly led by the improvement of his mind to the love of virtue. He will become worse by his information and uses it for deceiving his fellow man is indeed given over to the buffetings of iniquity. But he who uses it for the good and not for his personal aggrandizement alone, forms one of the most benevolent characters among men. It is wise therefore to spend the morning of our days in collecting that information which may be serviceable to ourselves and fellow men in manhood. If habits of application and perseverance are not acquired in youth they will alas remain unpossessed through life.

It is now a proper time for us all to pause and turn an eye back to [???]...

*[Here there may be several pages inserted; looking closely at the paper it appears that the next pages is the one numbered 4 right side beginning with "the manner in which"]*

...beforehand with what perils and difficulties you will meet, that you may be prosperous and its termination happy. Do not fancy that life can be passed through without toil and discouragement. Even the most fortunate and good are often weary with the load and ask for super human support. Your plans and fondest anticipations must often be frustrated because they are human. That thing from which you expected the most pleasure will frequently turn into a source of pain. Do not be discouraged if those very objects on which you now place your chief support and from which you derive your chief enjoyment should become the objects of your aversion. Think it not strange if those things you now hold in aversion should hereafter become your only sources of happiness. In your conversations and dealing with men you will often find that mere external professions and appearances do not determine the real character. When you are flattered to your face you maybe stabbed in your back — and often too that he who scarcely seems to notice your interessions will be most active in your defense in the day of adversity. Be not discouraged if your confidence is often abused if your friendship is deceived — if your benevolence is misplaced — if your character is unjustifiably attacked in secret and in public — if your motives are misconstrued — if your feelings are...

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It is gratifying to me to be able to believe that many of you have already learnt how to duly appreciate the principles of virtue and religion — who have already named the name of your Redeemer before men and who find it the prime joy of your lives to do the will of heaven. Maintain the course you have begun for it is the course that leads to happiness.

As I have said before you all are soon to enter into active life. Do not entertain too exalted hopes of pleasure in the world neither depress them too low. If you have health and virtue you will find much in the world to please and render you happy. The path of life will be found always dreamy. There are many flowers to be plucked by the way and many delightful prospects to cheer the eye. The ordinary gifts of heaven to man are neither small nor few and it is not so much from the deficiency of the means of enjoyment in the world as the misuse of them that there is so little happiness among men. View all events with the eye of a christian and even the most adverse will be found productive of the highest benefits. In your intercourse with the world never be tempted to return evil for evil. If you are betrayed

do not betray — if you are treated with insincerity do not be insincere — if you are slandered do not slander. If others are vengeful to you be not vengeful toward them. Review...

*[This might be a continuation from "turn an eye back to" above]*

...the manner in which we have spent the time now at a close. Undoubtedly we shall find many things to lament and much that demand repentance: but with your conduct and advancement generally gentlemen and ladies without flattery I must confess myself more than usually rightly pleased. Many of you have not been satisfied with the ordinary period of study but have heard the matin song of the lark by your books and bent over the midnight taper. This is the method that will carry you forward — this is the course that will lead you by the surest path to the temple of science.

A relaxed and feeble state of health has in some instances prevented my affording you so much assistance the past quarter as I wished but you have manifested such a disposition to accommodation and peaceableness that duties which would otherwise have been too great have been much alleviated.

In these sentiments and feelings Miss White desires to join with me: and we beg you to accept our hearty thanks for the gratification we received in instructing those who have had disposition and ability to advance in knowledge. So brittle is the thread of human life that many of you we may never meet again on earth. But be assured our best wishes attend you wherever you go and our solicitude for you goes forth from our hearts an ardent [????] for your welfare.

We have done. We bid you farewell! Go on as you have...

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...the pursuit of science and we fondly anticipate that you will hereafter rise to respectability and eminence and become the pillars and ornaments of society: and may the spirit of science preside over your efforts till at length you shall be enrolled among the first of her sons.

Again we have done. Again farewell. Advance we entreat you in the path of virtue and religion and let them be your cloud by day and your pillar of fire by night that you may at last be ranked among the benefactors of mankind: and may the spirit of the Most High take you by the right hand, lead you through all the vicissitudes of this world and at last bear you to the regions of immortality.

Deerfield October 1817

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Perhaps too I may from the same cause have sometimes appeared unsocial and reserved. This has proceeded not from an unwillingness to engage in the pleasures of social intercourse nor from a disposition unfriendly to affording you all the assistance in my power but from a relaxation of the powers of body and mind. If ever the time come when day after day month after month and year after year you shall feel the slow gnawings of disease — the nerveless arm, the feeble pulse, and the trembling knee you will then and not till then know how to judge of my feelings. I sincerely hope such a time may never arrive.

Like many of you I now must bid adieu to these walls and this I cannot do without emotion. For here

three years of my life have passed like a winged dream. That these years have been profitable to myself I am ready to say — whether they have been so to others it does not belong to me to judge. I commenced instruction in this place under peculiar difficulties being unassisted by a public education and laboring under a weakness of constitution and of right that...

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...made me almost despair of success. I feel grateful for all the favours I have received and thankful to that Providence which has been so gracious to me to this time. I must now again launch forth over the ocean of the world. Whither I shall steer or what will the issue of my voyage I know not. Perhaps the time may come when I shall look back with a sigh to these walls where so many pleasant hours of my life have been spent. Be this as it may by increasing infirmities will no longer permit me in justice to myself or others to continue here and resigning myself to that same merciful Being who has hitherto spread over me the shield of his protection I cheerfully though with one tear at separation resign this place to one abler than myself.

\*But at the longest my friends, our separation will be short. Yes we shall soon meet again soon as this momentary life is ended and we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ. May we then meet in joy and not in despair and may our meeting be eternal.

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[This page may not be related to the rest of this document]

The Genius of our Society — She has survived the revolutions of Empire and the downfall of Bonaparte. May she still rise above the mists of ignorance with a wing that never tires, gaze on the sun of Science with an eye that never winks, hold in her left hand the engines of Archimedes for the destination of her enemies and in her right the lever of perseverance for prying into the arcana of nature!

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## ESSAY ON GENIUS

[Edward Hitchcock essay on genius and application, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, EOH, Box 22, folder 26]

[The essay on genius ends on page 7. Beginning on page 7 is a discussion of Napoleon, Switzerland, and parallels to America of that time. The latter part was probably written between 1812 and 1815.]

That in many instances there is a great difference in the natural powers of different individuals or that from some cause one person can with great facility penetrate the depths of science than another cannot be doubted. On the other hand we frequently see instances of those unfortunate beings called idiots who with every advantage society can bestow cannot even acquire a competency of knowledge to save them from the impositions of the designing and unprincipled. Though they should apply themselves with the utmost assiduity yet still they cannot advance. Nature seems to have set them a barrier which they cannot pass: and they go through life without ever rising above the beasts of the forest unknowing and unknown but by their folly. They taste not the pleasures that flow from pure and uncorrupted knowledge. They drink not at the sacred fountain of science, but wander wretched through the world and when they sink into the tomb no tears of regret moisten their graves. On the other hand we sometimes behold an individual who seems to possess an interesting an intuitive knowledge of things; who before he has had an opportunity to obtain information by application seems qualified to embrace at a single thought the whole circle of the sciences. Such geniuses sometimes have flashed upon the world like the meteor [?] of night and after attracting the attention of mankind for a short time they like the meteor have disappeared almost in a moment and left the world only to admire and wonder. These seem like wandering stars to move in an orbit which cannot be traced. They are aberrations from the ordinary course of nature. They seem sent only to confront the metaphysicians and are an exception to all rules.

But instances of idiots and extraordinary geniuses are few. They are extremes in the human character which are seldom displayed. There is a mean between them where the greater part of mankind are included; in this class may be ranked most of the philosophers, statesmen and literati of the world; and perhaps there never was an error more generally received than the almost universal opinion which prevails that whenever a person rises to eminence in science he rises by genius by an intuitive power which he possesses of penetrating with ease the depths of knowledge without scarcely any application. It is high time that this error should be exploded. It is the duty of every one who sees the fallacy of the doctrine to expose it in its true colors. Long enough has it checked the progress of science. Long enough has it afforded a shelter to defend the indolent and inactive from the storms of conscience and the merited contempt of the world. A person who is not possessed of patience and application although perhaps he is devoting his time the professed object of obtaining information takes a book of science into his hand just skims over a few pages and casts it aside contenting himself by observing that he cannot penetrate the depths of that study because he has no genius for it and that he will leave it for others who have. By this stale acquittance he eases his conscience and justifies himself to the world. At the same time perhaps another person who is possessed of no better natural abilities than the former takes a book in the hand on the same subject but pursues a different course. He says, "*have I so mean an opinion of my own abilities and shall the world be confined in the same opinion that I am not able to understand...*

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*...this which thousands before me have explored? No at least I will make a fair trial. I will see what can be done by application and will not be discouraged by every obstruction."* This person begins at the foundation of the science. He explores it thoroughly step-by-step and is not turned aside by every slight discouragement but with patience and an unwavering resolution he at length acquires a complete knowledge of the science. And then he is called a genius. This information is supposed to proceed from the superiority of his natural powers not from intense and labourious application.

We see a man eminent in science and are astonished at the facility with which he discusses the most



difficult subjects and at the ease with which he penetrates the depths of knowledge. We immediately pronounce him a genius and despair of ever equaling him. We consider not the many years he has spent in private intense application, the many hours he has *"hung over the midnight taper pale,"* nor the many rigid restraints he has laid on his passions. But the human mind is like a river. Hear its source where it murmurs a scanty brook the least mound will stop its progress and it can scarcely bear on its surface a contracted bark. But in its course it is continually augmented by every inferior stream with which it mingles and soon it acquires that expansion and strength which enables it to overcome the greatest obstacles and sustain on its bosom the massive ships laden with the products of every clime. So it is with the mind. In the commencement of its creation it is feeble and liable to be stopped. But every new science which it explores gives it strength and energy. It soon becomes like a mighty river bearing down every thing in its course; and obstructions which in the beginning it could not have surmounted now sink into comparative insignificance. It can now contain within itself the most extensive science and embraces with ease the most difficult branches of knowledge. As we behold a river where it has become a mighty stream without reflecting that at its source it is an insignificant brook so when we view a man of exalted attainment we consider not that his mind was once weak and tender. We think not of the patient application, the intense and continual thought and the unwavering resolution to pursue the paths of knowledge which have given expansion and energy to his faculties. Let it not however be understood that I mean to contend that there is no difference between the natural powers of the greater part of mankind. It is probable that there is some difference in the powers of different individuals for exploring particular subjects. But I contend that application will supply in a great measure almost every defect; that it will raise a person in spite of almost any obstacle; and that without it the noblest genius cannot hope to rise above mediocrity.

What should we say if a man of exalted acquirements as the immortal Newton, he whom we must consider a genius if ever there was one, he who by his pound and sublime discoveries has astonished the world, he who has penetrated the laws which guide with...

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...unerring harmony the stars of heaven he

*"Whose comprehensive energy of mind  
Obscur'd the meaner talents of mankind  
As the ris'n sun in radiant glory bright  
Extinguishes the stars diminished light."*

*[Source: Samuel Clarke?]*

What I say if this man had declared that all his discoveries and immense acquisitions of knowledge were the result of industry and application alone? Should we not be induced to believe that natural genius was a phantom conjured up to frighten mankind and to afford an excuse for the idle and indolent? And that whoever rose to eminence in science must have risen by application? Certainly such a declaration ought to induce us to believe that the effects of natural genius have been greatly exaggerated; and that it is possible to rise without it. And what did Newton in fact declare? Speaking of the system of gravity, that most sublime of all his discoveries the explanation and application of which contained in his immortal *Principia* induce us to regard the powers of his mind with astonishment he thus expresses himself. *"When I wrote my treatise about our system I had an eye upon such principles as might work with considering men for the belief of a Deity; and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it useful for*

*that purpose; but if I have done the public any service this way it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought.*" If then Newton declared that all his learning was the result of application shall any idiots excepted consider themselves incapable of acquiring an elementary knowledge of science of understanding at least the first principles of those things which he discovered? Let shame and confusion cover his face who makes a pretended want of genius a reason for not progressing in science and an excuse for indolence and want of application.

*"Genius,"* says Bufford, *"is the repeated effort of thinking; it comes not by inspiration but is the working of a powerful mind applied to a particular subject."* But if this be the case it maybe asked why there are so few geniuses seeing that it is in the power of almost every individual without considering private obstructions to rise to eminence? I answer that this proceeds from there being so few who are willing to submit to the patient labouring of application. Men naturally are averse to hard study. In the beginning it affords little happiness and is dull and uninteresting. It is like perforating rocks for water. The labour is hard and for a time the reward nothing. Many grow faint and weary and shrink from the undertaking giving it over as vain and fruitless. Besides it imposes many restraints on the passions which in the summer of life are too frequently the mainspring of action and triumph over reason. Whoever wishes to obtain an accurate knowledge of science must relinquish many of the pleasures and amusements of the world. He must retire from its noise and confusions and seek in solitude those paths which at first are gloomy and rough but which he soon finds strewn with...

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...with flowers and delightsome to the eye of the mind. He too must feel the shafts of envy: and the scorn and insult of the unthinking world even while he is devoting himself to advance its happiness. Few are there who will triumph over all these inconveniences. Few are there who will look beyond the present moment. Few are there who will sacrifice the momentary gratifications of the present to secure the prominent enjoyments which flow from science or devote their time to the noble cause of advancing the happiness and ameliorating the condition of their fellow men.

The intense and continual application of many of those who have distinguished themselves in literature and science is truly astonishing. They have considered the loss of a day and even of an hour with the most painful emotions. They have clung to their favorite pursuits even amidst the storms of adversity as the sturdy on the mountain clings to the soils when the whirlwind strips it of its foliage. In vain have the allurements of the world been presented to their view. In vain have the assaults of envy and the frowns of the world assailed them. They have held on their course unfaltering. They have triumphed over every obstacle and arisen on the ruins of all that opposed them. Sir Isaac Newton declared that he spent 30 years at intervals in reading over authors to obtain materials for his chronology of ancient kingdoms: that he had written over that work with his own hand 15 times. A man being at the house of the celebrated Campbell and observing a large number of books asked Campbell whether he had ever read so many treatises. Read them, replied Campbell, I wrote them.

But even allowing that a person may attain general knowledge of science and literature without the assistance of a great genius still there is an objection which we almost continually hear brought forward by the greater part of mankind. It is that they have not time to attend to these things. True there may be instances where this is the case. Some unfortunate beings are so tossed on the boisterous ocean of the world and driven by the tempest of adversity that they cannot possibly attend to the acquisition of science. But this number are few; fewer than is generally supposed. I believe that almost every individual in society may find time to acquire a degree of information which will render them

respectable and prove a source of unfailing pleasure. There is a time for all things; but the great difficulty is we do not improve that time. How many hours do we spend in attending to nothing; and how many more in the most trifling of pursuits; pursuits which do not advance either our own happiness the good of society or even our temporal interests. Where is the person to be found who ever complained that he could not find time to attend to his pleasures or those amusements which are congenial to his feelings? In such cases there is generally no complaint made of a want of time but when a book of science is presented we profess to have a thousand necessary engagements. We convert a mole hill into a mountain; we strain at a knot and swallow a curnel. But if we were careful to use the time we spend in doing...

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...investigated the truths of mathematics: in vain has a Lavoisier laboured in the field of chemistry; in vain has a Franklin guided the lightning of heaven; and in vain have philosophers whose names would fill a volcano spend their whole lives labouring to advance the happiness of man. For a lofty fabric which they have raised would no longer excite. No more would the pure forms and noble deductions of science no more would the rays of bright sun shine and the lyre *"life to heaven the soul."* No more would the enchanting investigations of Euclid enrapture the mind. No more would the charms of chemistry delight the faculties: but a gloomy night of barbarism despotism and ignorance would overshadow the world the truths of Euclid would be known no more, the laws which Newton unfolded in the heavens would be forgotten and superstition and error would enshroud society and no vestiges science would remain.

It becomes therefore an imperious duty for every man of science to exert himself to the utmost to prevent such tremendous calamities to the world; and to free science uncorrupted from the gangrene of French principles that still society may remain that still science may delight invigorate and enlarge the mind; that still vice may be punished and virtue rewarded; and that yet civilized man may be preserved from the horrors of despotism, barbarism, ignorance, and superstition.

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Omissions

1st

It may however be said that although Mahometanism and idolatry derive their chief support from ignorance yet they are false religions and were the christian religion to be introduced into any country however unenlightened by science, it would flourish in its purity and raise the people to a high state of civilization. But it is conceived without intending to detract in the smallest degree from the merits of the christian faith and in a state of ignorance even christianity itself would be obscured by clouds and darkness, that its beauties would be hidden by the fogs of superstition and error and that it would in the hands of the unenlightened often become instead of the balmy comforter of the woes of humanity one of the greatest scourges of human nature. To be convinced of the correctness of this let the history only be read of that huge system of error bigotry and persecution the Romish church. For centuries did that system hang like a black cloud over unhappy Europe. Long did it check the progress of free inquiry and every noble effort of the mind. Long had the red flag of persecution remain unfurled and many were the vultures of religious intolerance. But the sciences are rising in spite of...

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...every obstacle at length burst the narrow bounds which then encircled the human mind; they finally triumphed over error; they crushed this mighty fabric of religious despotism: and paved the way for the restoration of Christianity in its purity.

2nd

Had the properties of the magnetic needle never been discovered still would the arts and sciences have been confined to the eastern continent and even there would they have not been struggling in a midway state. Commerce would have been confined to a few voyages within sight of the land; this globe never would have been circumnavigated; nor its true dimensions and the existence of many extreme countries upon it ascertained. But now there is science an island on a rock in the ocean which have not been examined and the arts and sciences have received that support from commerce which has enabled them to advance with accelerated strides. By the use of the needle it was that Columbus was enabled to discover this continent. Had it not been for this still wood America have remained an uncivilized wilderness. Still would the savage have roamed wild and untractable as the beasts of prey. Still would the rivers here "have murmured to the wild and silent immensity of the forest" no city would have arisen on their shores. No arts and sciences would we have flourished nor would the cheerful sound of the mariner as he unfurls a canvas to the winds have reached along their shores. But now civilization science and the arts have spread through these shores cities and populous towns have arisen and the sound of commerce is heard on every stream. Those forests where often the yell of the savages reechoed where for centuries the wild beasts fixed their abodes have now disappeared and given place to fertile fields and the abodes of civilized man.

3rd

But need I lay open the advantages resulting from commerce? Every civilized state on earth bears testimony to its vast importance. The advances of almost every science and art have proceeded from its extensions. It infuses a spirit of industry activity and energy through every class of society. When this first nation rises. When this decays a nation falls. It is this which gives it prosperity wealth and importance; and the want of this subjects it to poverty to insult and to ruin. As the man who is oppressed with disease feels most sensibly the importance and value of health, so we from the loss of ignorance have learned its importance. Poverty insult war pestilence and disgrace have covered our land, and we now look backward with a sigh to that period when the canvass of America whitened every sea and looking forward we shudder at the precipice we are approaching.

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He it appears to me that there is one subject which is an important criterion in deciding upon men and measures that is not generally attended to and understood by a great majority of the citizens at large. I have reference to a comparison of the proceedings of the various republics of Europe for some time previous to their final downfall annexation to the French Empire and the measures that have been pursued in this country ever since the commencement of that party Spirit which is cankering the vitals of our republic.

Among the numerous Republics of Europe that have been swept into oblivion by the besom of French despotism there is no one perhaps whose downfall is so full of instruction and admonition as that of Switzerland. This country composed of several distinct independant states united together for common

preservation had stood for several centuries amid the storms of the other parts of Europe firm and immovable as the deep based Alps on who summits her hardy and independant inhabitants earned their daily bread. The wisdom of their laws, the purity of their morals, and their unrestrained liberty had become powerful throughout Europe. But the direful influence of the French Revolution which seemed like a hell bursting forth on earth penetrated these secure domains and destroyed in a few years this fair fabric the result of the wisdom of ages and the happiness of millions. But how was this affected? Not by the point of the bayonet, not by open force, but by a system of intrigue never before equaled except in the infernal regions. French emissaries were spread like locusts in Egypt throughout the whole of Switzerland. These by their insidious exertions excited party spirit and jealousies among the people and king like dead weights in the operation of government.

At length the influence of the unfounded insinuations of their emissaries extended so far that the party in favor of France acquired the ascendancy in the national councils. Alliances with France were then formed and the grossest insults from her were received with impunity. The constitution was in many instances violated...

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...and alterations in that instrument were made to suit the views of France. In such a condition Switzerland could not long remain and though the spirit of her inhabitants was not subdued though were ready to expose their lives in the cause of their country yet there was no union always treachery and deception no one knew whom to trust nor what to believe till a length a military force was sent from France to complete the work of destruction begun by their emissaries. Thus was Switzerland subdued; and that too under the specious name of liberty; for from the beginning of their intrigues the French always pretended their only object was to give freedom and public virtue to the country. Yes sir the murderers of Paris men who will ever be quoted by the future historian as a proof how far the wickedness of man can be carried *"even to the liberty of the mountaineers of the Alps and put his morals to tribes whom even the virtues of Paris would strike hail with horror."*

Now sir what has been transacted in this country for several years past. We have seen a party stimulated by emissaries from France arise in opposition to the government even when administered by Washington and which was avowedly in favor of France. We have seen the same party by intrigue and deception acquire a majority in the government. When have seen the most wanton insult received from France without retaliation and our rights and property put in jeopardy. But worst of all we have seen our Constitution violated again and again. So often has this been done that even now we have heard that we now view of it with the most perfect indifference.

Yes, Mr. P., an act which but a few years since would have soured the indignant feelings of every true American and sunk its authors into eternal oblivion is now suffered to pass off without scarcely a remark. Let the comparison now be made between these transactions in our country and those which preceded the downfall of Switzerland by any man in his senses and the conclusion will inevitably follow that we are pursuing precisely the same fatal course of Switzerland and are near the brink of that precipice down which all the republics of Europe have been precipitated and which will soon be our lot if our course be not different. With such an ???? as this before him must not every man not entirely devoid of principle who has proceeded without due examination pause and diligently enquire which of the two great parties in our country it is that are thus leading us in the sure path to misery and despotism? Certainly he will if he has any regard to the strong voice of unhappy Switzerland how lift the finger of whose history points out to us in the clearest manner the fatal spot where she lost her liberty

her happiness and all that renders existence supportable and warns us to change our course and beware the fatal spot. Would not an exposition of these indisputable facts have a powerful tendency (if anything on earth can do it) to dissipate the thick film that seems to overspread the eyes of many of our citizens and enable them for once to view the subject with unjaundiced eyes? If it is even probable that such would be the effect would it not be a laudable attempt for the \_\_\_\_\_ of this \_\_\_\_\_ to endeavor to disseminate these irrefragable truths to those of our fellow citizens who are unacquainted with them before the ensuing election and thus conduce to the promotion of such men as would do all in their power to save this country from the gulf of ruin that threatens its existence, thus preventing the deprecations of posterity on the memories of their fathers when groaning beneath the rod of despotism they curse the day of their existence.

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...of the fact; that experience whereby we have had our common commerce interdicted with the belligerents for the purpose of coercing injustice in the same manner as a tribe of Indians would punish two individual offenders. Is this the condition to which the framers of America are reduced: many of whom shrunk not from the battles keenest rays when wresting out independence from haughty Britons: are these men to be governed by visionary theorists in contradiction to the pure maxims of Washington and common sense? If this be the case; if that invincible ardor which but a few years since spread through our extended country as the lightning of heaven and nerved every arm with more than moral strength; if this is so soon departed from us now O unhappy America that when a few more annual suns have passed over the deadly besom of French despotism with one infuriated sweep it will take away everything dear everything worth preserving and your sons and sons' sons to ages yet unborn in the bitterness of their souls will deprecate [?] the memories of their fathers and curse the day of their existence.

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Forsake then ye men of science for a time your Virgils and your Euclids and cleave to Vauban; for your country now claims your assistance. The horizon is darkened with clouds. Society is threatened with dissolution and no mortal eye can at present discover the result of these convulsions. "*Be ye therefore ready;*" ready when duty shall demand to rally round the constitution of your country to defend the liberty of opinion from the assaults of Baltimore mobs! and to prevent at all hazards an alliance with the despotism of continental Europe. Let Hoyt's *Military Instructions*, Toussard's *Elements of Artillery*, and Muller's *Fortifications* now claim the first place in your libraries. Before another annual sun passes over may every professional man in New England whether he be a divine lawyer or physician become in theory an engineer or a military officer capable of conducting the *Petite Guerre*.

[*Petite Guerre* may be translated roughly as guerilla warfare; "Baltimore mobs" refers to pro-war violence that occurred in Baltimore upon the declaration of war against Britain in 1812. ]

Do you hesitate? Do you delay a compliance with these precautions? Wait not till exertion is in vain. Wait not till your country is in chains; till the bonds of society are sundered perhaps forever and the world again reduced to a state of barbarism oppression and misery. Think of the disgraceful acts committed by the bloody mobs of disgraced Baltimore. View the fathers of our revolution mangled and murdered in the defence of that first principle of liberty the freedom of the press. Reflect that there are men in New England who attempt to justify these proceedings and have actually threatened the preparation of similar enormities among us as men of learning and virtue are proscribed by the present

French party in our country...

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...many of you stand foremost on the fatal list. Deliberate upon these things and no longer will you remain inactive: no longer will the torpor of indifference retard your exertions: but you will awaken to a vigorous preparation for the defence of those rights and privileges transmitted from your fathers.

Farmers and Mechanics. It is you who constitute this main strength of our country. It is you who must support the present war or it cannot be continued. If soldiers are required you it is who must leave your families and friends to go forth to fight the cause of whom - of Bonaparte - yes to and that monster - that being whom hell blush to own in sweeping with the besom of destruction the last some distraction the last refuge of liberty on this globe. If taxes are laid you it is who must pay a great portion of them. The earnings of your industry will be devoted to the infernal purpose of entombing the last few remains of the liberties and rights of man.

And in this the condition to which the freemen of America, that boasted land of liberty and independence where but a few years since our spirit of freedom animated her sons en masse to resist the oppressions of Britain and conferred immortal honor on their memories, is such the condition to which they are reduced? This, even this (and it will soon be worse) is no more than what has long been perceived and predicted by every man of discernment in the United States as necessarily resulting from that French policy which has so long governed this nation; and a worse than which could not be found even in the annals of the infernal regions. It becomes therefore your imperious duty ye inheritors of the soil that contains the tombs of your fathers no longer to sit as spectators on the progress of these convulsions. It is your duty to prepare to defend your rights and lives. Let every man without exception be provided with a good musket and sufficient ammunition and not only be provided with these but learn how to use them to the best advantage. Let those capable of bearing arms assemble frequently in their respective towns and societies and towns and discipline themselves to the use of arms. For *"without discipline soldiers are but an armed mob."* Without discipline in the day of battle will be as sheep devoted to the slaughter and bravery alone will be more likely to prove your ruin than your salvation. This commendable practice of assembling for the purpose of military instructions and discipline has already commenced in several towns in New England. May it become universal and yet be the means of saving our country.

My countrymen if you sleep now it is the sleep of death. You never more will awake till the downfall of your country shall arouse you like a peal of thunder. If you now remain dormant and inactive soon will the sun of your independence go down. Soon will its cheering rays cease to enliven this western world and a night of despotism will commence whose horrors no one can now conceive whose duration no mortal can foretell. Then no more shall sacred liberty dwell in our mountains and guard our valleys. No more shall contentment dwell in our breasts, the smile of joy on our countenances or confidence in our bosoms.

No more will the plenteous harvest gladden the heart of the husbandman. His sons will be dragged by conscription to distant conquest. His resources...

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...will be exhausted by the taxgatherer and where now each autumn the golden harvest pours forth in

profusion nought then will be seen but a dreary war. The briar will usurp the place of the corn and the tares of the wheat.

Think not however that an open resistance at present to the rulers of our country is here recommended. No; before that time shall arrive let the cup of submission be exhausted to the last drop consistent with the existence of our rights and independence. But it is your duty to be prepared for the worst; for every hour is big with the fate of your country; and there is a plague of submission to which we cannot bow as freeman there is a point of degradation which we cannot pass and acquire ourselves to our consciences to our country and to our God. If our rulers obstinately persevere in their ruinous course if they continue to trample on our rights and are determined to annihilate the commerce of New England there is no difficulty in predicting the result for there is not a pure spirit in New England who would wish for a moment to preserve the union of the states at the price of liberty and commerce.

Arouse then my countrymen arouse from your lethargy; for *"now is the accepted time now is the day of salvation."* Will you submit to be governed by a Baltimore mob? Will you behold with indifference the heroes of our independence murdered and mangled by infuriated rabble in the land which their valor saved? Either prepare yourself to resist the encroachments of tyranny under whatever specious garb it may come and to transmit your liberties and rights to posterity or tear down the monuments to your fathers and consign the history of their exploits to eternal oblivion. Let the United States stand high on the list of future nations or else deprive the historian of the knowledge of their existence.

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When a nation which enjoys peace with all parts of the world rapidly increases in wealth civilization and happiness it may be fairly inferred that the government of such a country is well and impartially administered and its rulers men of extensive information and honest hearts. When on the contrary the same nation under similar circumstances, yet governed by different men as rapidly decreases in wealth and respectability; when every source of prosperity is closed; when insults upon insults are received from other nations without an attempt at retaliation when the national vigor is palsied; when its business and want of honor are become proverbial throughout the world; it may be as fairly inferred that the rulers of such a nation are either enemies of their country or incapable of conducting the operations of government. Both these cases we have seen transacted in our country. While under the administration of Washington our prosperity was without a parallel. From the feeble and distressed condition consequent upon a long and tedious war we rose in a few years to an eminent station among the nations of the world and to wealth and happiness at home. When Jefferson was elevated to the presidency, from that moment we ceased to advance in the order of improvement and happiness; every avenue to public and individual prosperity was stopped and we began and still continue to retrograde from that proud preeminence to which we had been elevated by Washington. The nations of Europe saw that the gangrene of republics the direful influence of the French Revolution had attacked our vitals and we have been treated with contempt as a *"nation without just political views without honor and without energy."* To investigate the causes of this decline, to ascertain whether Mr. Jefferson was in reality incapable of guiding the vessel of state or whether he was an enemy to his country became duties that...

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...imperiously demand the attention of every friend of this country. That Mr. Jefferson was possessed of abilities amply sufficient for governing the nation was proved by his various publications. That he was an



enemy to his country to the Constitution to Washington and in short to every thing that is good was abundantly and irrefragably proved by various documents brought to light by the perseverance of the friends of this country. Though more proof than what is generally advanced necessary to convince any rational man of Jefferson's sworn hostility to the interests of this country yet the following abstract from the fourth Vol. of the American Transactions No. \_\_\_\_ exhibited in his own words the outlines of that system which has plunged the country down the "dark descent" of misery and is not generally known I would beg leave to read it. After Mr. Jefferson has filled 's field 7 quarto pages with the description and construction of a new mould board in a letter to Sir J. Sinclair, president of the Board of Agriculture in London dated March 23, 1798, he thus closes.

*I am sensible that this description may be thought too lengthy and elaborate for a subject which has hardly been deemed worthy the application of science. But if the plough be in truth the most useful of the instruments known to man its perfection cannot be an idle speculation. And in any case whatever the combination of a theory which may satisfy the learned with a practice intelligible to the most unlettered labourer will be acceptable to the two most useful classes of society. Be this as it may from the widow hermit only was expected. I have contributed according to my poverty: others will from their abundance. Now so much as yourself who have been the animating principle of the institution from its first germ. When I contemplate the extensive good which the preceding under your direction are calculated to produce I cannot but deplore every possibility of their interruption. I am fixed in awe at the mighty conflict to which two great nations are advancing and recoil with horror at the ferociousness of man. Will nations never desire to devise a more rational umpire of differences than force? Are there no means of coercing injustice more gratifying to our nature than a waste of the blood of thousands and of the labour of millions of our fellow creatures? We see numerous societies of men (the aborigines of this country) living together without the acknowledgment of either laws or magistracy. Yet they live in peace among themselves and acts of violence and injury are rare in their societies as in nations which keep the sword of the law in perpetual activity. Public reproach a refusal of common offices interdiction of the commerce and comforts of society are found as effectual as the coarser instruments of force. Nations like these individuals stand towards each other only in the relations of natural right. Might they not like them be peaceably punished for violence and wrong? Wonderful has been the progress of human improvement in other lines. Let us thus hope that the law of nature which make a virtuous conduct produce benefit and vice loss to the agent in the long run which has sanctioned the common principle that honesty is the best policy will in time influence the proceedings of nations as well as of individuals: and that we shall at length be sensible that war is an instrument entirely inefficient towards redressing wrong, that it multiplies instead of diminishing losses. Had the money which has been spent on the present war been employed in making roads and conducting canals of navigation and in irrigation through the country not a hovel in the remotest corner of the Highlands of Scotland or mountains of Auvergne would have been without a boat at its door a well of water in every field and the road to its market town had the money we...*

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*...have lost by the lawless depredations of all the belligerent powers been employed in the same way what communications would have been opened of roads and waters. Yet were we to go to war for redress instead of redress we should plunge deeper into loss and disable ourselves for half a century more from attaining this same end. A war would cost us more than would cut through the Isthmus of Darien; and that of Suez might have been open with what a single year has been thrown away on the Rock of Gibraltar. These truths are palpable and must in the progress of time have their influence on the minds and conduct of nations. An evidence that we are advancing towards a better state of things may*

*be gathered from the public patronage of your labours which tend imminently to emulate the condition of man. That they may meet the success they must I sincerely pray and that yourself may receive the patriots best reward the applauding voice of present and future times. Accept I beseech you mine with assurances of the sentiments of great and sincere respect and esteem with which I have the honor to be drawn sir, your affectionate friend and humble servant T. Jef--*

*[Source: Letter from Thomas Jefferson to John Sinclair, 23 March 1798.]*

Such sentiments as these from such a man as Jefferson need no comment. We must carry conviction to every mind not be clouded by the film of prejudice and error; that we have been governed by a man who in direct contradiction to the experience of mankind for more than a thousand years has taken for his guide a more visionary theory. The phantom of French philosophy or in other words French deviltry. Nor does the belief that he has been activated by such principles in the administration of the government rest solely on the fact that he believed them in 98. No: fatal experience carries absolute conviction confirmation.

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## MAN 1813

["Man," Commonplace book (no. 3), pages 4-66, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, EOH, Box 18, Folder 6.]

Manuscript No. 3

Common Place Book

E Hitchcock

October 1813.

Science is the "physic of the soul."

Επίγραφή επι παλαιωτατης της βιβλιοβηγησ εν τον ηοσμον

*[Translation: An inscription on the earliest book in the world]*

"Hail sacred science! Gift of heaven!"

Page 3

"Knowledge is pure intelligence — the link which connects men and angels." Sir R. Boyle

"Get knowledge — get understanding"

Verba sapientissimi hominum

*[The words of wise men]*

## MAN

How poor! How rich! How abject! How august!  
How complicate! How wonderful is man!

Amidst the various methods of illustrating enforcing truths, perhaps there is no one better calculated to engage the attention, captivate the feelings and convince the understanding, than the employment of correct and pleasing figures, drawn from the works and operations of nature. By these the dullness of sober reasoning is in some measure avoided, and at the same time an almost involuntary conviction is impressed on the mind. I shall therefore endeavour to set forth some of the most prominent virtues and vices in the character of man, and to exhibit its astonishing diversity, meanness and exaltation by the use of opposing similes.

Often we see the eagle, the sovereign of birds, quitting the earth and soaring high in the air. He rises above the beasts of the field, the inferior birds, the fogs and impurities which hang around the surface of the earth, and sails in a serene sky, where he can freely respire and look down with scorn on the reptile...

...that creeps on the ground and is covered with the filth of the valley.

Like the eagle is the man who quits the fogs and impurities of sense and the mists of ignorance and rises high in virtue and in science. He breathes a pure and untainted air, beholds a serene and delightful sky and looks down with contempt on those who wallow in the mire of corruption, vice and ignorance.

In science Newton arose almost beyond the view of mortals. He viewed with in eagle eye the motions of the stars and planets and wandered on swift pinions through the immensity of space. He breathed the pure air of mathematics unmingled with the impure mists of hypothesis. How many besides him in science, religion and virtue have expanded their wings and risen high above the vices, the follies and the errors of the world!

The serpent creeps on the soil nor scarce lifts his head above the ground. He feeds on dust and is covered with the filth of the ground. His charm is often exerted over the unhappy bird, and often he lodges his venom in the veins of the unsuspecting victim.

How many are these who are sunk by vice, ignorance and corruption low as the soil they tread.

Their thoughts never quit the earth, no generous sentiments ever expanded their minds, their souls are the receptacles of everything mean and base, they are covered with the filth of low pleasures and pursuits, and their delight is to wallow in the mire of corruption. But yet often their fateful charm allures to certain destruction many of the innocent and unsuspecting. They come within the fatal circle and insensibly draw nearer and nearer the jaws of destruction, till there is no escape—no return. Often also the abandoned man lodges within the bosom of the virtuous person in an unguarded hour, the venom

of vice, and thus poisons every noble quality of his heart.

Delightful is the morning when the sun rises on a cloudless sky. Every object is beautiful to behold. The trees glitter with dew; the mountains lift their green heads afar, the fields rejoice in the beams of the sun, and the morning is welcomed by the music of the songsters of nature.

Some men in the morning of their lives are surrounded by all that is calculated to give them comfort, pleasure and happiness. Fortunes, health, illustrious parents, amiable friends and preeminent abilities are theirs, and no dark clouds obscure the...

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...horizon of their hopes.

Dark and gloomy is the morning when the sun rises obscured by clouds and storms. The fierce winds of the north whistle over the plains. The traveller is lonely on his way. The plants drop their heads and are withered. The beasts come not forth from their retreats. The sun looks dim and pale in the clouds and all things portend an approaching storm.

Hast thou not seen the child of affliction? Hast thou not seen many in the morning of their days cast weak and defenseless on an unfeeling world, surrounded by poverty and sickness, without a friend to direct their steps to cheer them in their sorrows and to pour the balm of consolation into their wounded spirits, and without one feeble ray of hope to light them on their darksome course?

Often the sun rises on a clear and delightful sky, yet before he attains the meridian is totally obscured with clouds. Pleasant is the morning. The husbandman goes forth to his labours with joy and anticipates a clear day. But in a few hours the clouds rush forth from the chambers of the south and a furious storm drives over the plains.

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Thus it is with man. The morning of his life is bright and serene and no clouds obscure his prospects, yet often before the noon of his day darkness gathers around him, calamity hides his face in clouds, his hopes are destroyed, his joys depart, and he becomes fainter and fainter like the sun in the clouds, and at length sink into the darkness of the grave.

Often the sun fell obscured at his rising bursts forth in splendour from the clouds. In the morning everything portends a stormy day. No sun gilds the trees, no birds are abroad from their coverts. The traveller looks forth from the inn but does not venture on his journey. The husbandman goes not forth into the field and the flocks rove not on the mountains. But in a few hours the threatening clouds disappear, the sun comes forth with all his splendour in nature rejoices at the unexpected change.

Thus the clouds which hang over man in the early part of life often disappear and leave the remainder of his days bright and serene. The calamities pass away, his sorrows disappear. The obstructions in his course vanish. The sun of hope bursts from the clouds and cheers his soul. Incited by the unexpected change in his condition he...

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...he presses forward, rises to eminence in society and is blessing to his friends, his country, and the world.

Within the pure transparent fountain there is nothing concealed. No poisonous insect works unseen beneath the surface. No impure liquid is mixed with the waters. He can without fear drink to the full and discern through the clear stream the source from whence it flows.

Such is the man with a sincere and open soul, "whose heart is without a covering," whose feet have never trod in the devious ways of deception and falsehood. He is clear as crystal. One may look through his whole soul and discover the source whence his transparent virtues proceed, even from a pure conscience and correct principles. Such a man we may safely trust. We may freely partake of his virtues nor fear that the poison of deception lies concealed to rise and blast our confidence. As transparent fountains whose waters are unmingled with impurities are few, so in society if you are the man with sincere and open hearts. From the courts of kings sincerity is banished forever. In the palaces of the great we search for it almost in vain. But as the purest spring often rises unseen in the wilderness, so we often find the man of an open heart unknown to...

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...the world, in the retreats of solitude, far from the noise of the populous city.

On the other hand behold the stagnant muddy pool. On its shores arise the grossest of plants. Its waters are mingled with all the impurities of the earth. Venomous insects lie concealed within its bosom ready to prey on him who ventures within their reach, and the surrounding air is filled with the pestilential vapours of death. True at a distance the waters may seem smooth and beautiful and the images of the surrounding mountains and trees be reflected from the surface, and yet whoever ventures within the pool is attacked by poisonous insects, or if he drinks it is his last draught.

Like the stagnant pool is the man whose soul is dark, whose heart is a labyrinth of deception, falsehood and deceit. At a distance he may seem pure and without corruption. Many of the virtues may appear in his conduct; but they are mere images. They are borrowed—they are reflected from the surface and have no real existence within his soul. Once come within the circle of this friendship, once commit yourself to his arms and there is the end of your happiness. Either the sting of ingratitude will operate as a slow poison on your mind, or you will drink the bitter deadly cup of disappointment and sorrow.

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Often on the stream of the river we see a feather or a straw borne along by the currents. They meet with no obstruction, save that sometimes a breeze may retard their progress. They move without any efforts of their own and glide smoothly over the river bottom. Though the waters may roar among the rocks around them yet they are continually kept in the middle of the stream and thus pass securely by every obstacle, till at length they reach the ocean where they are invisible amidst the vast expanse of waters.

Thus many are borne along the currents of life with scarcely an effort of their own. A few slight breezes of calamity may sometimes retard their advancement yet they are never driven by the rough blast of adversity on the rocks of poverty and misery. They are borne along by fortune, health and prosperity

secure amid the rocks of the world, and after a long and pleasant life they pass the bounds of time and launch forth into the boundless ocean of eternity.

If a boat is made to ascend a stream it is by labour and continued exertion. It is not only the natural force of the current to overcome but frequently the adverse winds check its progress.

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Often the river swells and the stream becomes more more violent. If the oarman wearied by constant exertion grows languid and falls asleep, the boat is borne along by the current, and he is awakened by the roar of whirlpools or the waters dashing over breakers, and often he finds himself within the fateful whirl, or just dashing on a ridge of rocks.

The progress of some men through life is like that of a boat struggling against the stream. They seem destined to encounter continued troubles. The currents of poverty and disease can change continually and check their advancement; the tempests of adversity blow hard against them, and often the rains of misfortune descend and swelling the torrent of their calamities render it doubly furious. Overcome by continual efforts their fortitude gives way, they resign themselves to the sleep of indifference, and awake not till they tumble down within the whirlpool of despair, or inevitably plunging on the sharp rocks of an unfeeling world.

In the spring when the sun rises on a clear sky and the whole day is without a cloud how pleasant is the prospect. All nature is gay and beautiful. On every side is the music of the birds. The flocks wander delighted on the mountains. The cattle rove through the fields and...

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...all that in nature can charm the eye, delight the fancy or engage the understandings, now appears most pleasing and attractive.

The lives of many men are calm and unclouded as the clear day of spring, where not a vapor obscures the face of heaven, nor scarce a breeze moves over the plain. Everything around them is pleasant and delightful. They are in the midst of flowers and beneath a calm sky. Misfortune assails them not nor does the rough blast of adversity ever whistle around their dwellings. If ever calamities come, they are mild as the breeze of May when it just moves the tender grass of the valley. All their plans for wealth are or honour succeed and in the horizon of fancy the green fields of hope appear delightful, and extend so far that they mingle with heaven.

In November when the cold rain descends and the rough winds drive along the ground dreary, dark and dismal is the night. No moon looks from the clouds; no stars show their red forms. The trees are stripped of their foliage and the wind sighs in the naked branches. The traveller overtaken by darkness in the midst of this course loses his way, wanders for a time almost in despair through the unknown...

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...wilderness and at length sinks down to rest, in the hope that he shall survive the darkness and awaken in the morning when the "*fierce storm is overpast*" and the sun rises in splendour.

Behold the man whose whole life is a scene of misery and woe—who has struggled with calamity ever since he came into the world—never felt the charms of health, and whose every hope has been blasted in its very bud. Such an one presses forward for a time in the midst of his sorrows without knowing whither he goes, and at length worn down and distracted with cares, he resigns himself to the sleep of death, in the fond hope that he shall survive the darkness of the grave, and rise with joy when the clouds which hang over the tomb shall be scattered and a glorious sunrise—even the sun of a immortal life.

When we place a feather on the water it floats on the surface. If we for a moment force it to the bottom yet it will immediately and whether the water be deep or shallow it always endeavours to remain on the top.

How many are there who just skim the surface of things—who never descend to the bottom...

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...unless compelled. In every subject which they attend whether it be deep and difficult, or shallow and easy, they obtain but a superficial knowledge. Their natural specific levity prevents them from going to the bottom of science, and they content themselves with the light trash of novels and romances. Like a feather on the stream, such men show forth everything which they possess to the world; and indeed upon a slight inspection they seem to have considerable weight, but upon weighing them in the balance they "*are found wanting.*"

But on the contrary when gold is placed in water it quickly descends to the bottom. Its weight will not permit it to remain at the surface to be tossed like the feather by every wave and driven about by every wind; but it rests on the firm bottom secure from every convection of wind and waves.

The man of a vigorous and exalted mind will never rest satisfied on the surface of knowledge. He penetrates to the bottom. He traces every subject through all its dark and deep windings. He remains not on the surface to be driven about by every wind of fancying and every wave of feeling, which change, and...

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...rise, and fall every moment, but rather by the strength of his mind he penetrates the waters of error, and seeks a firm foundation even the rock of truth.

When the moon is seen through the mists of the horizon she appears unusually large. We see her indistinctly through the fog, and referring her to a greater distance than her true, we hence form an erroneous idea of her magnitude.

How many men are seen through the fog! How many appear greater than they really are. When one is elevated to a high office we view him not in a true light. We see him obscurely through mists. Less often does a pigmy in talents appear like a colossus.

When any thing is seen through an object glass reversed it seems less than it really is. By the refraction of the rays of light passing through the lenses, the picture formed in the retina is smaller than one which would be formed by rays proceeding in straight lines; and from this cause we form a false estimate of



the magnitude of the object.

When we see a man of merit in retirement, divested of the trappings of office, how often do we form...

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...too mean an opinion of his talents. We see him stripped of every false coloring, surrounded by poverty and misfortune, and without an opportunity to render himself distinguished, and by refraction of the rays of truth, caused by the attraction of the erroneous opinions of the world, the image of his merits formed on the retina of our understanding is less than it should be. Often the man of preeminent abilities, conscious of his own worth, refuses to act unless it be in the exalted sphere for which he was intended; and when this is usurped by unworthy men his noble spirit seeks retirement and forgetfulness; for

*"When vice prevails and impious hands bear sway,  
The post of honour is a private station."*

*[Source: Joseph Addison, Cato: A Tragedy, 1713]*

Like the angel of death some men seem commissioned only to destroy. Wherever they appear the happiness of man vanishes, and all the angry passions of human nature are let loose upon their fellow man.

Go read the dark disgusting history of man. Thousands are there recorded who have carried fire and sword, destruction and death among mankind, and whose steps have never left behind them one mark...

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...of goodness, one instance of a feeling heart.

Other men like the angel of peace seem commissioned only to save. Their radiance is mild as the beams of the evening star or the queen of night. Wherever they appear peace and contentment smile around, activity and industry pervade every exertion of man and they are welcome with delight and joy.

How delightful is the condition of nations when virtuous rulers direct their concerns. The national character is high and respectable abroad. The national honour is untarnished. The national spirit is unbroken. National pride is unsubdued. The national vigor is unfalsified. Justice is rigorously and impartially maintained. Prosperity smiles in their borders and plenty reigns through every habitation of industry. The people dread not the encroach of unprincipled ambition, nor are they dragged forth from their friends to foreign conquest; and if war comes it is not a war of infamy and useless waste of blood and treasure, but a war of honour, necessity and preservation. Such rulers merit and receive the highest applause of their fellow men. They are blessings to the world. They are angels of peace. Their names are near and dear to the meanest peasant that treads the soil, and when they...

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...quit this life universal sorrow, like the universal deluge, encircles the earth.

How changeful and inconstant is the moon! She comes forth from her darkness and increases in magnitude for a few days till she attains her full orb'd splendour. Then the stars are almost lost in her brightness and she dispels the darkness from the earth. But she quickly decreases, darkness covers her again and she is lost in heaven. Thus she is continually changing—continually waxing or waning.

Like the moon many men are continually changing. For a time they shine brighter and brighter in virtue and knowledge till they obscure by their superior splendour the rest of mankind, and then they as quickly sink back into the darkness of vice and dishonour. For a time their virtues are half seen struggling with the darkness of vice, but yielding at length to the overwhelming voice of the passions, they are totally invisible. But repentance again gradually dissipates the veil of vice, and they once more cheer their fellow men with their virtues and talents till the fury of their passions again leads them astray; and thus they pass their lives,

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*"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."*

*[Source: Alexander Pope, An Essay on Man, 1734]*

But on the contrary how glorious, bright and unchanging is the sun. It has rolled on for ages in the same path, yet its splendor is the same, its magnitude is undiminished. No change of seasons can in the least affect him; for though in winter we are placed oblique to his rays and thus they are rendered less sensible, yet his magnitude is not lessened. In autumn by moving from his direct influence we lose more and more of his rays till we are involved in the inclemencies and severities of winter. But when returning in the spring within his more direct influence, his rays continually thicken, they drive away the doom of winter and once more clothe the fields with beauty and the heart of man with joy. Though clouds may sometimes obscure or totally hide the face of the sun yet he moves secure above the storm and bursts from behind the clouds with apparently increased splendor.

Such is the man of unchanging virtue, whose soul breathes forth the purest truths and whose passions never triumph over his reason. In youth, in manhood and in age he is unalterably the same. The circumstances may change and temptations may assail him, but they cannot diminish his splendor. He is a lamp to his fellow men, a light...

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...to their paths. He illuminates society and rears by his warm and cheering influence the precious plants of goodness and virtue. Though the man of unchanging and exalted virtue may illuminate in a degree every part of society, yet if any are departing from rectitude he shines on them continually more feeble till they reach their greatest aberration from virtue. But when anyone sick of his vices, begins to return to the paths of rectitude, he continually cheers him more and more by his approbation and encouragement, till he dissipates the cold winter of vice and the fair spring of virtue once more succeeds with all its beauties and charms. The clouds of misfortune may sometimes pass before such a man, and the storms of calamity thicken around him, yet he lifts his head above the clouds, rides over the storm and again shines on mankind with increased lustre.

How beautiful to the view in the season of flowers is the rose! Every eye is charmed by its appearance.

Its leaves are fair and blushing as the twilight of the morning when not a cloud...

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...obscures the heavens. All are eager to place the fair flower in their bosoms. How often does the thorn concealed beneath its leaves pierce the flesh of him who plucks it, convert his pleasure into pain and induce him to cast it on the ground in anguish to be stripped of its leaves and trodden underfoot. Were we satisfied with only beholding it at a distance all would be well. But we are never content until we have taken it in our hands and then we perceive our folly. Then instead of feasting our smell with its fragrance we are wounded with a thorn, and the smart is seemingly more severe by our disappointment.

How many are there who are fair to the view but conceal a thorn beneath their beauty! They are adorned with all the graces of nature. They appear delightful as the bow of the morning. Their forms are harmonious and beautiful to behold; every motion is graceful, and every word is sweet as nectar. But if anyone commits himself to their power and endeavours to form a real friendship with them, like him who places a rose within his bosom...

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...or like the unfortunate victim who embraced the statue of the tyrant Mezentius where a dagger pierced him to the heart, he will feel the thorns of disappointment and regret, or the hidden dagger of deception. He will in anguish from his wounds cast away him who appeared so fair to the view and leave him to be despised and trodden underfoot by his fellow men and to be stripped of his fair form by the merited contempt of the world.

But how rough and unengaging appears that thistle! On every side it is surrounded by thorns. He who grasps it with a rude hand escapes not with impunity. Yet when with cautious hand we have removed the prickly thorns and penetrated within it, we find the softest down—soft as the silken couch on which kings and emperors recline.

Have you not seen the man who appeared harsh and lonely on the outside, whose form nature never fashioned to please, whose ordinary conversation was uninteresting, whose manners were rude and whose whole external appearance was...

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...unengaging, but whose soul was delicate and mild as the down of the thistle? Such a man the greater part of the world pass by without contempt, or assailing him roughly meet a just chastisement. But someone who approached him with caution would find the way into his soul and then all his external deformities would vanish; his riches would appear and he would prove an undeceptive friend in whom confidence might be placed and amid whose mild virtues a man might rest his head, whether in the clear day of prosperity, or in the stormy night of adversity. Such a man like the thistle shows forth all his deformities to the world, nor conceals within his bosom a thorn or a dagger. He endeavours not like the hypocrite to blazon forth his virtues to the world and conceal his vices, nor professes to possess qualities which he does not; but chooses rather to meet the contempt of the world than to rise by unworthy means.

But how few are the man of this description! How few are there who do not endeavour to conceal all their vices and to proclaim all their virtues! How few are the breasts where thorns are not concealed! They are like comets visible...

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...only after long intervals. They are like total eclipses of the sun seldom seen more than once in the century.

Short is the time of many of the faintest of flowers. They put forth in the mild season of May and excite the attention of every eye. The variegated colors and the beauty of their forms give a brilliancy to every field and the less splendid plants are unnoticed. But soon as one blast from the north comes over the plains where are the flowers? Their leaves are scattered by the winds of heaven, or weathered and shrunk they are mixed with the rubbish of the ground. Their stocks alone remain stripped of all their beauty and exposing perhaps to view a thorn or a briar.

Like the flowers of May is beauty unaccompanied by internal worth. In the spring of life when every thing around us is pleasant, when hope is bright as the moon in full orb'd splendor, when the sun of fortune smiles upon us with its most cheering rays and the pleasant showers of prosperity descend, then indeed beauty may afford an imaginary momentary pleasure. Then indeed we are too apt to gaze upon it with rapture. We are too often...

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...dazzled with its charms and frequently disregard those who are indeed less brilliant, but possessed of the noblest acquirements in the purest hearts. But if one light blast of adversity overtakes us all a single frost of misfortune attacks us where then is beauty? Like the flowers it vanishes almost in a moment. Its charms are scattered by the winds of adversity and its leaves are weathered by the frosts of misfortune. Nothing is left to the possessor but a dreary stalk, without one charm, and frequently with many thorns.

In the spring when every field is adorned with brilliant flowers and every forest covered with rich foliage, we regard not the evergreen of the mountains because its color is less bright. But in December when the cold frost and the keen blast have desolated the fields and stripped the forests of their verdure, we look with pleasure on the pine retaining its beauty amid the general destruction. Though every vegetable around it is barren, yet this smiles in all the beauty of spring. No change of seasons can affect it, no frost can nip its shoots, no wind can strip it of its foliage.

Thus often it is in society. The man of inferior appearance although possessed of a pure...

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...soul and unshaken virtue, in the days of prosperity is frequently unnoticed amid more splendid friends. But when prosperity is no more, when the amusements of the world and the gratification of the passions have ceased to afford enjoyment, then it is often found, while the gay and splendid depart the man of inferior appearance remains like the evergreen of the mountains. His virtues shine not forth till adversity has stripped us of our beauty. Then he cheers the soul by his unfading virtues. When all around us is desolate, when our professed friends have forsaken us, he appears in all his beauty. No change of circumstances can affect him; no wind of adversity can shake his constancy; no frost of

misfortune can freeze the virtues of his heart.

Does this require proof? Go view the condition of mankind. How many men of exalted internal worth, of elevated talents and preeminent virtues are now sunk in obscurity, unnoticed by the world, and neglected because they possess not an engaging appearance and are devoid of that external splendor which dazzles the eyes of the weak and ignorant! And on the contrary how many are noticed, harassed and elevated to distinction who have...

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...nothing to recommend them but appearance; who are devoid of information, talents and principles, and who have neither purity of heart nor purity of life. But those who patronize men of this description soon repent of their folly and weakness. Yet often their repentance is in vain because it is too late; and by on foolish act they are punished in misery through life.

Let not him then who wishes for an unshaken friend select that person who appears beautiful alone on the outside. For such an one will pass away like the gay flower of the field when the wind comes from the mountains of the north. In the first storm of calamity he will disappear, all his duties will vanish and he will leave his friend alone to buffet the winds. But let him choose that person who under a modest deportment conceals the noblest of virtues. Though such an one may appear unengaging at first yet his qualities will soon shine forth, not indeed with a dazzling light which soon tires the eye, but with a mild and steady flame. He will soon add a charm to prosperity, dissipate the gloom of sorrow, smooth the brow of misfortune, divide the cares, and double the joys of life.

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Painful to the view is the unfruitful barren heath. No fruits rise upon it in majesty—no green and vigorous herbage covers its surface. A few stunted and weathered shrubs are scattered here and there upon it, but they rather disfigure than beautify it. It affords neither sustenance nor safety to man or beast. The quadrupeds shun the dreary waste and the hawk or the eagle as they fly overhead add speed to their wings.

Many are the minds that are barren and unfruitful as the unproductive heath. No vigorous plants of science and literature adorn them. No flowers of learning delight and charm the eye. Like the barren heath they produce nothing which can build up society or contribute to its support. If sometimes a few ideas appear in their minds they are contracted, bigoted and superstitious, and rather add to the deformity of the picture than adorn it. Such men are disregarded and even avoided by persons of inferior abilities, and when the man of science meets them, with an eagle eye discerns the dreary waste of their minds and hastens from them be...

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...cause he there finds nothing to gratify his imagination, engage his understanding, or nourish the qualities of his heart.

Men of this description are such as have neglected every opportunity for improvement, who have passed away the morning of their days in vain amusements, who have lived like the inferior creation with scarce one mental exertion and who have perverted the design of their existence. When maturer

years come on and the follies of the world lose their relish, then they feel they are falling. But it is too late: for the days of improvement are gone and nothing is left but an ignominious old age, barren of every interesting event, devoid of every pleasure which flows from science and literature and full of painful regrets for neglecting opportunities which will never return.

In the spring when the earth is just relieved from snow the rich meadows and the sandy heath appeared equally barren. But by the labours of man the interval soon assumes a different aspect. Soon the seeds which are cast into the ground burst from the surface. Fostered by the vigilant hand of the husbandman many of them attain to ma—...

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...turity before midsummer, and others are continually ripening even to the commencement of winter. The traveller beholds with pleasure the beauty and regularity of the plants and bestows merited applause on the cultivation. The husbandmen themselves are supported in the spring, in their labours, by the bright visions of hope which he light before them, in summer they already begin to receive the fruit of their exertions and in autumn a plenteous harvest gladdens their hearts, supports themselves, their friends, their flocks and their herds through the winter, and often a surplus is left to add to the conveniences of mankind.

Like the fertile meadows is the mind of that man who has cultivated it with industry. In the early part of life he often appears on a level with that person who never cultivated his talents. But soon by unwearied exertion his mind shows forth the fairest plants of virtue and knowledge. His soul is full of the noblest ideas. No one of his faculties is left uncultivated. He plucks away every weed of vice and error and fastens no sentiments which are not correct and virtuous. In his youth the fair prospects which are...

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...before him give support and energy to his mind and render his labours easy and pleasant. The hope of hereafter rising to virtuous distinction in society, of receiving the applause of the intelligent, of exploring some hidden recess of science and of ameliorating the condition of his fellow men are his powerful incitements to action. When arrived at manhood he begins to receive the fruits of his exertions. He is possessed of a vast fund of rational entertainment and pleasure. He delights in the sublime truths of science and in tracing the finger of the Deity in the works of nature. To him the weak and ignorant look for direction and assistance. He is a light to their feet, a lamp to their paths. In the decline of life the fruits of knowledge thicken around him. When all the splendour of the world has passed away and when the infirmities of age creep on, then the fruits of his labours cheer him in his sorrows, like the tear of melancholy from his eye and spread a bright sunshine around him. And when he is arrived at the bounds which he cannot pass he gently quits life amid the tears of mankind and is cheered by the consolation of having performed his duty in life and by the consideration that he shall leave an inheritance to posterity by his virtues, his inventions and his example.

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Let us then seize with ardour every means which lies in our power to improve the moments as they pass. Let us be constantly vigilant while the morning of our days continues and the ardour of youth gives energy to every action. For in youth we must lay the foundation of our knowledge or a superstructure can never rise. If our youth passes away without improvement, in manhood we shall be barren and

useless as the sandy heath. We shall be neglected and unhonored by our fellow men. The tear of regret will embitter the evening of our days; and when we terminate this mortal existence, like stars of the seventh magnitude we shall set unnoticed, unlamented. But if in the morning of our days we sow the seeds of knowledge within our minds, the summer of our days will be pleasant and full of hope, our autumn rich with the fruits of learning, and when at length after the winter of old age, death overtakes us, we shall leave behind us a rich inheritance to be enjoyed by a grateful posterity.

Feeble and unyielding is the flower. The slightest frost will wither its leaves, the smallest wind will often destroy its beauty, and it bends before every blast.

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Weak and tender as a flower are many men. Their constitutions are delicate, their minds feeble and their feelings most tender. When the least calamity comes they yield in a moment. They bend before the blast and resign themselves to despair nevermore lift their heads. If misfortune is their lot they are quickly withered and shrunk. They have no fortitude to breast adversity nor strength of mind to overcome calamity.

Firm, hearty and unyielding is the oak on yonder mountain. Amid every storm it stands unmoved. So elevated and exposed to every wind yet it yields not to the shock but remains like the rock beneath its roots. So the frost and the hurricanes may strip it of its foliage, yet the trunk remains unhurt and soon puts forth new leaves.

View the man of firm fortitude, of unshaken mind. Though he is exposed to the severest calamities, though misery like a tempest beats upon him, though he is stripped of his wealth and though his friends are torn from him, yet he collected within himself stands like the trunk of the oak. Misery may divest him of his external splendour, yet it can never bend his soul; and after the frosts of misfortune have ceased he undiscouraged, again puts forth the...

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...blossoms of hope, and endeavours as far as possible to repair the losses he has sustained.

The splendid ruins of the Tower of Babel excite the attention of every passing traveller. Their history is known in almost every cottage in the civilized world. And wherefore? Not because of the utility of the building, but because it was splendid and rose almost to the heavens. Its ruins excite our attention because we are dazzled with the appearance rather than with works of utility.

Thus the names of many have become famous because they are buried in splendid tombs. We are dazzled with the appearance of the sepulchres and without reflecting suppose they contain the remains of men who have distinguished themselves either in science, literature, the arts or by their services in the cause of human nature. But it is generally the case that they were men who became imminent for nothing but their vices and crimes.

Consider for a moment the mighty pyramids of Egypt, which were erected merely that the names of the unworthy princes might become immortal. They were constructed with so much expense; on them was bestowed the labour of half a kingdom for many years...

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...and the whole nation was several times reduced to poverty, solely to gratify the pride of three or four insignificant kings, whose names would otherwise have lain in eternal obscurity.

Often the hunter when he pursues the wild beast through the wilderness, beholds the mighty oak prostrate and mouldering away in obscurity. Yes—the oak which once had stood the pride of the forest, whose towering top had risen above every other tree, on whose branches a thousand birds sat in safety and gathered substance from its acorns, and beneath whose top a thousand beasts rested secure, this oak lies half covered in the soil. The meanest plants have taken its place and rise above its decaying trunk. The birds as they fly over it remember not but it was once their resting place, their support and protection. They raise no song of sorrow, no notes of grief over its remains: but forgotten and undaunted it decays, unlamented it decays, and the hunter can scarce discern it amid the shrubs that grow around its trunk.

Often the man of exalted worth—the man who perhaps has been the savior of his country—who has snatched his native land from impending despotism and ruin, or who has raised it to an exalted rank on the scale of nations, often such an one...

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...when he dies is soon forgotten. No splendid monument is raised over his remains to celebrate his virtues or proclaim to the world the gratitude of his fellow men. The voice of sorrow soon ceases to be heard and he is left to moulder away undistinguished from the mass of mankind.

Go to the banks of the Potomack; and there amid the shrubs and trees search for the remains of Washington: for there they are cast with scarce an humble stone to point out to the future traveller where rests the savior of his country. Yes—the father of America—the establisher of her independence—the founder of her government—the pride of our country—he, beneath whose fostering care millions have been protected, supported and rendered happy—he, whose name all Europe delights to honour—he, who is not only a glory to America but to the world, this man now moulders away in an obscure spot on the bank of the Potomack forgotten and unhonoured. No splendid monument of brass or marble lifts its fair head to proclaim the virtues of Washington to the world and to future gen—...

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...—erations, or to show our gratitude for his services. Soon will his humble grave be lost amid the wild grass of the wilderness, and even the hunter will not behold where sleeps the spotless Washington, the mighty chief of the Western world! O my country! Amid the foul stains which pollute your character this is the blackest, the most unpardonable. This casts a dark blot on every noble action of your sons. When hereafter the traveller charmed with the character of Washington in history, shall seek for his tomb and shall return weary and unsuccessful, will he not with apparent justice pronounce this age an age of



barbarism and ingratitude, more base than any that ever disfigured the annals of man? Our posterity will certainly blush to confess their descent from men so infamous and curse the memory of their fathers.

How mild and beautiful appears the sun when he sets in a clear horizon. He retains his splendour and magnitude undiminished to the last. No clouds obscure his beauties, no storms hide his face. His last rays seem peculiarly pleasant and bright; though at the same time a melancholy is cast over the soul. The lengthened shadows...

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...of the trees and mountains proclaim the near approach of darkness, while the glittering tops of the hills and lofty cliffs seem afar, and the hope of returning morning inspire us with pleasure; and thus the setting of the sun is *"pleasant but mournful to the soul."*

Would you behold the man who appears like the sun setting in a clear horizon? Go view the Christian or the philosopher in his last moments. His setting sun of life shines unobscured by a single cloud. His last rays seem peculiarly bright. Supported by a pure conscience and the hope of immortal life he smiles in the very moment of dissolution. To all around the death of such a man appears gloomy and at the same time pleasant. They foresee the approaching darkness which his exit will produce in society, and this awakens their grief. But at the same time the reflection that a glorious morning will arise upon their friend fills them with pleasing consolation.

With what calamities, splendour and glory have a Washington and an Addison died! With his own hand Washington closed his eyes and yielded up his...

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...spirit with calm composure:

*"Indifferent in his choice to sleep, or die."*

[Source: Joseph Addison, *Cato: A Tragedy*, 1713]

Addison when his last moment arrived, when every hope of life had fled and when if ever there is terror in death that is the time, called to his bedside a dissipated youth, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, *"see with what peace a christian can die."*

When the sun sets obscured by clouds and storms gloomy is the prospect. Dim and feeble he is half seen struggling in the clouds. No mountains glitter from afar, no trees are bright and with his departing rays. We anticipate not that he will arise on the succeeding morning bright and unobscured, but that the whole day will be shrouded in storms.

Thus do the vicious and the profane quit the world. Thus do the vicious and the profane quit the world surrounded by the clouds of fear and the storms of despair they appear dim and dark in their exit. No bright rays of hope dart through the gloom,

*"And light up a smile in the aspect of woe."*

*[Source: Columbia, by Timothy Dwight, 1794]*

Their crimes and their vices cast a melancholy over every object and forbid the expectation that they will hereafter arise bright in immortal life. On the contrary there is every probability that a stormy day will be their lot in...

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...which the rains of misery will do send without respite and without end.

Let therefore the vicious man flee from his corruptions. Let him forsake the slippery path of vice and choose the road that leads to the Elysian fields of virtue. For by this alone can he hope to make his last moments bright and serene, and in spite of the allurements of the world,

*"Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead."*

*[Source: Nathaniel Cotton, The Fireside, 17\_\_?]*

Often the mariner as he coasts along the dreary icy shores of Norway, beholds as the tide rises the swift whirlpool of the maelstrom. The waves rush against the rocks on either hand with horrid collision and the white foam dashes on high. The mountains around echo the the loud roar and the earth trembles with the mighty convulsion of the waves.

*"imo barathri ter gurgite vastos  
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursumque sub auras  
Erigit alternos, et fidera verberat unda."*

*[Translation: ...The chasm swallows the vast flood three times into the downward gulf and alternately lifts it to the air, and lashes the heavens with her waves — Virgil, The Aeneid]*

The affrighted sailor turns his prow from the fatal spot and unlooses all his canvas to the winds. But...

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...if by the carelessness or adverse currents he is carried within the fatal whirl he is inevitably plunged into the jaws of destruction and his ship is either overwhelmed in the waves or scattered in fragments on the rocky shore.

Have you not seen a man when the rising tide of his passion lifts the waves of anger, dashing the foam of wrath and forms a whirlpool of rage? Such an one like the whirlpool of the maelstrom threatens destruction to everyone within his reach. He will destroy alike his friend and his foe. The sound of his fury is heard afar and most men look on him with fear, and turning from him by the rudder of reason, spread the white sails of prudence to the breezes of duty. But if any one through inadvertence or false notion of his duty ventures within the reach of such a man, instead of checking his wrath he adds to the roar of the torrent, and escapes not its fury.

In the deep valley we often see the mild and peaceful lake with its waters bright and blue. It is sheltered from the winds by the surrounding hills...

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...and scarce a breeze ever ruffles its surface. No tides raise its waters into fierce commotion, and man fears not to launch forth into its centre with a feeble bark. The duck the goose with the various fowls that delight in the water sports on its surface and their discordant voices echo along its shores. The busy sounds of industry in the peaceful villages on its margin and the shrill voice of the sailor as he spreads his sails to catch the mild breeze are heard afar, while the music of various birds is mingled at intervals in the roar, and all together forms a scene of pleasure and delight.

Mild and calm as the peaceful lake is the man whose passions are subject to his reason, who never permits his rage to rise into a storm nor his resentment to transgress the bounds of prudence. If ever he gives licence to his anger, it is only when necessity requires, when honor and duty forbid him to be silent, and even then the swellings of his rage are small as the waves of the lake when whispering Auster, or the mild Zephyr of May just touches its surface. He is sheltered from the winds of passion by the high...

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...hills of virtue and no queen of pleasure can attract his feelings sufficiently to raise a tide in his breast. Though like other men he is possessed of various passions different in their effects, yet each moves in its proper course and does not interfere with the rest, because all are under the direction of reason and thus are made to form an harmonious whole.

When the declining sun sinks into the horizon he leaves all nature in darkness. The flocks can no longer wander for their food, the beasts and birds retire to their coverts, the husbandman quits the field.

The landscape is dark and lovely no more, and silence reigns through all creation. The moon and stars may give a feeble light, but they are insufficient to direct man in his labors, the beasts in their roving through the forest, the birds in their flight through the air, and oftentimes the traveller with no other

guides than these, wanders from its path and spends the whole night in fruitless windings through the woods and fields.

As the settings of the sun is to the natural, so is the exit from life of the great and good to the moral world. When a great and exalted statesman who has long been a glory to his country, who...

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...has saved her from the encroachment of tyranny, who has caused her to lift her head high among the nations and to smile in the height of prosperity and plenty, when such an one dies darkness covers the political and moral world. Though some inferior politicians may remain, yet they shine with a light too feeble to discover where they may direct the vessel of state, and often in the midst of the darkness it plunges on unseen rocks and is dashed in pieces. No longer does the political landscape appear bright and lovely, but now darkness and gloom hang over every object — man knows not whither to direct his step and like the traveller in the night he wanders through the gloomy wilderness and fields of error, without a chart, without a polestar, without a compass. As the natural sun enlightens, enlivens and cherishes all his lower creation, so such a man is the light, the strength, and the support of the political world; and when he dies a black gloom overspreads the nation, a melancholy is cast over every scene, and often amid the darkness confusion arises in the...

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...land, the fierce demagogues rush forth to riot on its hearts blood, the people are scattered and divided like sheep in the night when the wolf enters the fold, the prosperity, the honor, the glory and the energy of the nation are lost amid the confusion, and finally freedom itself, tossed for a time on the waves of popular commotion, is forced to give place to the iron grasp of despotism.

O my country! The land that contains all that is dear to my heart! The land of my fathers! The land which was once "*of every land the pride!*" How thick was the darkness which covered your face when your Washington died! And how black is the Egyptian night which still mantles you with its shade! When he died the angel of night descended and covered you with the mists of sorrow, yet still the sound of your independence shown from its zenith through the gloom. But soon the destroying angel was commissioned to accelerate the approach of this also to the horizon. Every day since it has become fainter and fainter, till at length it is just sinking in the horizon covered with clouds. And now the...

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...blackness of darkness overspreads this land once smiling with the charms of freedom. Where now is the golden age of our country? Where are the days of Washington? Where is our honor, our glory, our national spirit, our prosperity and happiness? Alas, they are lost amid the night which envelops us! They are fled to their fathers in his narrow house! And when will they return? When will one ray of comfort dart through the gloom that overshadows us, and raise are downcast souls? When will the sun of another Washington gild the eastern horizon with its first dawning rays? Yet, O yet the darkness increases upon us. Yet the midnight has not arrived. Yet the ominous bird of night increases his song. Yet

the ravenous wolves come near our dwellings, their yells grow louder and louder, and we hear their jaws gnashing for their prey.

May he who directs the destinies of man, who holds in his right hand the scales of eternal justice, and who rules the political as well as the moral world, may he yet check the overwhelming torrents of corruption...

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...iniquity and misery which now bear us down to the dust. May he curb the strides of unhallowed ambition, once more wave over our land the olive branch of peace, and restore our prosperity, our glory, our freedom, our happiness.

When the moon has reached her thin crescent and is fast yielding to the darkness, she moves through the heavens in the day time almost unobserved. The superior light of the sun obscures her pale beams, and she gently approaches the horizon.

*"Yet lingering o'er her grave,  
And sink unnoticed in the western wave."*

*[Source: Ossian's Apostrophe to the Sun, 1793?]*

Her destiny excites no regret to man or beast, save that some mariner who has just lifted his sextant to ascertain his longitude on which perhaps his life and the safety of his ship depend, mourns her exit before he can finish his observation.

As sets the moon in the day time unnoticed, unlamented, so do the greater part of mankind sink into the grave without the notice or the tears of society. They shine with a light so feeble that their departure is unobserved. No political or moral darkness succeeds, nor...

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...do the tears of regret drop on the turf which covers their remains; save those of the few friends who relied on the deceased for support and direction, and who are now left alone on the tempestuous sea of the world, with no means of ascertaining their real situation, and in continual danger of plunging on the rocks of poverty, or amid the quicksands of vice.

Often in the night our attention is excited by a sudden flash of light illuminating all around us. We turn to behold from whence it proceeds and just catch a glimpse of a resplendent meteor gliding with rapid motion through the heavens and already fast sinking into the darkness. Before we can observe its true course or form it disappears and leaves us only to wonder and admire.

Rapid, bright, short-lived and unexpected as the meteor of night, many geniuses flash upon the world.

For a moment they send forth a splendour that is unequaled. We quickly turned to view them but their brightness is fast decreasing. Already have fierce diseases drawn over their minds their gloomy mantles—melancholy broods upon their spirits and the fierceness of their flame is destroyed by its own...

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...impetuosity. They soon are mingled in the darkness of the grave, and we stand confounded and astonished that such bright talents should so soon be snatched from the world.

Calm, regular and harmonious moves the sun in his daily course. He flashes not unexpected upon the world but a long twilight foretells his approach. When he comes forth darkness is scattered from the lands, the mists are rolled up the mountainside and vanish into thin air, the beasts of prey retire to their caves in the rocks, the thief skulks to his obscure retreat, and the peaceful beasts and birds go forth unmolested to seek their food, and man to his lawful pursuits. At the sun rising, however, his rays strike obliquely and are obstructed by the mist of the horizon. But as he approaches the meridian his heat and splendour continually increase, he is elevated above the mist, his rays continually fall more direct, and the lands are more and more heated by his rays. As he declines from the meridian his effect is continually less sensible, until he hides his head in the west.

As moves the sun in his daily course, so many geniuses pass through the world. No sudden flash of light astonishes and confounds, but in their infant minds the twilight of future greatness forewarns the...

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...world of of their bright approach. The night of ignorance and barbarities soon disappears before them. The oppressors of mankind, who have long feasted on the blood of their fellow men now sink back into the lonely caves of oblivion. The marauders of the virtue and principles of man are no longer permitted to rove. Again the virtuous man goes forth fearless in the path of his duty, and is no longer bewildered in darkness. Every part of society is cheered by his virtues and talents and reared by his vivifying power. The mists of ignorance are rolled away by the rays of truth emanating from his mind, the sciences flourish and the bands of superstition and prejudice, civilization advances in the world assumes a new aspect. Though in the beginning of life such a genius may be obscured by the mists of ignorance, and by his oblique position with respect to the world, he may shine more feeble, yet as he advances he becomes brighter and brighter, until he has passed his meridian and then he again gradually declines; and though his splendor is less, his magnitude is the same.

Often when a furious storm drives over...

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...the ocean and lifts the waves into mountains the ship having her rudder broken, is committed to the rage of the winds and billows. Now it is tossed on high, now lost in the frightful gulf. At length the roaring breakers are seen ahead and the wind drives on the ship in spite of every effort of the crew,

until she rushes with a crash among the rocks.

When the storms of the passions break the rudder of reason, then man is tossed on every wave of feeling and driven by every wind of vice. Now he is raised to the very summit of imaginary pleasure, now sunk into the depths of melancholy and despair. He knows not whither he is going nor where he shall stop; till at length he sees before him the rocks of poverty and disease, whitened with the bones of thousands. Thither his passions are driving him with irresistible fury. Startled with the prospect he springs once more to the broken rudder of reason and tries to change his course—but in vain are his efforts. For his reason is subjected to his passions, the course of his habits is fixed, and headlong he rushes among on the rocks and is lost forever.

Amid the waves of the deep how firm, direct and unwavering moves the ship whose rudder is unim—...

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...paired! Though storms hide the heavens, the winds pile up the deep in vast ridges, yet the vessel holds on its course to its destined port. The man at the helm in his right hand grasps the rudder,

*"With his eye  
Forever on the faithful compass fixed."*

And from the chart of the ocean he knows what course to take.

View the man of firm virtue whose reason sits on its rightful throne and directs him secure through every storm of passion and every wind of vice. The ship is his body, his rudder reason, his compass hope, his chart duty, and his port heaven. Guided by these he can look with indifference on all the attacks of vice, and though thick darkness gathers around him, and the clouds of adversity shower down the hail of misery, yet hope, like a guardian angel enables him to direct his course to that safe harbor where clouds never come, where winds never arise, but where the sun of happiness is forever in its zenith—even to an immortal state.

Perhaps beneath the surface of many a rough and ragged mountain, far retired from public view, where yet the lofty groves have never...

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...been assailed by the acts, these buried deep lie many mines of pure and precious gold. But it remains useless, and the hunter as he passes over it knows not that beneath his feet is wealth equal that of half a kingdom, and the traveller as he views the mountain at a distance turns his eye from so dreary and uninteresting a prospect.

Far from the tumult of cities and the world, in the retreats of solitude often dwell man of preeminent talents and exalted virtue. There unknown to the world they pass their time in obscurity. There often

talents lie useless which might have directed the concerns of the nation, guided with wisdom the complicated operations of an army, or perhaps have been the political salvation of mankind. These virtues lie dormant which might have adorned the highest stations in society. The traveller as he passes the humble habitation of such a man, casts upon it a scornful look and pities contracted soul of its possessor.

Ah ye great man of the earth! Ye kings and rulers of the people! Regard not thou contemptibly as you pass the humble cottage that stands lonely in the wilderness. Perhaps there...

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...dwells a man who will one day be the saviour of his country. Perhaps there is another Washington. Perhaps then another Newton is unfolding the laws of nature, or a second Locke penetrating the recesses of the human mind.

What is that on the spires of yonder city that attracts my attention and dazzles my sight? Millions of rays are reflected and a thousand colors fill the air. It is like the night when a thousand meteors rush through the sky, or the Northern Lights sparkle in the heavens. Sure it is something very precious and costly. But behold! It is but a thin covering of tin or brass encircling the spires to conceal the deformity of the wood. Within these is nothing but indifferent boards or empty space.

Who is that advancing from yonder house seemingly covered with all the riches of the East? He moves with all the dignity of a king. The glittering of gold, silver, lace and tinsel almost destroys my vision. His boots are black as the Stygian Shades, and the dust fears to touch them. Two huge tassels hanging from their tops, and almost tread under his feet. A watched chain hangs before him...

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... of sufficient length to hang a man. On the end of this is suspended a conical glass large enough to seal Satan in the bottomless pit. In his hand is a cane so slender that by a blow on a spiders web, it would break like the steel of Terrors assaulting the sword of Aeneas. Sure he is a prince or a counselor. How delicate are his hands, and how soft does his face appear between two black brushes. What kind of shiny ornaments be on his finger or his arms, and his bosom, on his hair, on his hat? But hold! He approaches. I will venture to address him.

Question.] With the utmost deference to your Excellency may I presume to inquire the state of your Excellency's health this afternoon?

Answer.] O I do assure you sir I am very much fatigued: fatigued indeed! My business has been very urgent. But I have had a very pleasant time.

Question.] Attending I suppose to business of state: or has your Excellency received dispatches from the Army?



Answer.] Neither, neither, sir, I assure you. I never trouble my head about the government or the army.

Question.] [I am mistaken I presume he is a judge or a lawyer]. Aside. Your honour then I suppose has had an im—...

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...important case before you today?

Answer.] O I assure you sir I hate crabbed law about all things.

Question.] [What! Can it be that he is a priest?] Aside. Have you Revd. Sir been preparing a lecture to deliver this week in addition to your ordinary discourses?

Answer.] To tell you the truth sir I never trouble my head with politics, law or divinity. I have other business.

Question.] [What can he be? But I'll try one more] Aside. Ask your pardon Mr. Professor. I suppose you have been preparing a lecture for your class on some of the difficult parts of Philosophy or Mathematics, as Central Forces, or the higher order of Fluxions.

Answer.] Sir I assure you that oil and water will sooner mix than Mathematics and my mind. I had rather attempt to handle a rattlesnake than a problem of Euclid. I hate those dull musty politicians, and lawyers, and ministers, and mathematicians. They are stupid races of beings, nor have they any politeness at all. They would not even leave their gloomy studies if they saw a fair lady walking...

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...in the street without a Gallant. They have no more life than Alligators in the winter, and are almost wholly insensible to the sublime pleasures of dancing cardplaying attending the theater parties etc. etc. My fatigue proceeds from business of quite a different kind from out of such men. Last evening we had a most exquisitely charming ball at Lincoln's Inn. I wished to be polite and therefore danced with every lady there, which kept us quite late; or I suppose that was the reason which induced the ladies to stay, for they all told me they intended to dance with me once. This morning I rose at 9 o'clock and went to walk as I had previously engaged to do, with Miss Jones and Miss Stevens. They are charming girls, and have the most beautiful eyes I ever saw. They are never so unpolite as to introduce anything into conversation which borders upon literature. Indeed they never were such dancers as to learn anything except dancing in a graceful appearance. I hate these literary ladies. A woman has no business with learning. It never was made for her. I consider a graceful step in dancing to be of more service to a girl than all the literature and science under heaven. I had rather encounter a cold northwest wind than...

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...a girl who has been reading books while she should have been at the assemblies and card tables. I must bid you good afternoon; for Miss Stearns invited me to take tea at her father's with an agreeable party of ladies, after which we shall spend the evening in dancing at Dr. Goodman's. Tomorrow I am engaged to ride out with Miss Lackington. Indeed I have engagements that will employ my whole time for two months to come; and with three assemblies each week I hope to spend the season very agreeably. Good day sir.

(Solo) Well, you are gone. Happy riddance. O heavens! Of all the fools in this foolish world, deliver me from that most silly of all fools – a fop. A wretched being! Lump of clay cemented together without a mind! O shining nothing! Glittering spire bright on the outside but within not but a vacuum or empty air! Alas! Thou knowest not that thy vain pleasures will soon lose their relish. Thou knowest not that though thou now sleepest in the mild beams of the sun, yet soon thou shalt awake in a storm. Thou thinkest not of the tears of regret that will hereafter roll down your cheeks for the follies of your youth.

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But alas your repentance will then be in vain; for the days of improvement will then be passed away and (numbered with the years beyond the flood.

There are various birds and beasts, as the duck, the goose, the elephant, the buffalo, and the crane, and the deer, which delight to dwell continually in flocks. They are seldom seen separated, and if anyone is taken away by force, he pines with continual fears and anxieties. His voice is no raised with joy; he sends forth a feeble plaintive sound, and discontent appears in his looks.

To the greater part of mankind solitude is the severest of calamities. They regard it with horror, and believe it to be the grave of all their happiness. Their favorite pleasure is to rise in the confusion and noise of public assemblies, and the busy hum of the populous city, in the mirth of the theater and in the idol talk of public parties and public balls. They are strangers to the charms of solitude. They are ignorant of the pure pleasures which flow from contemplation. Once snatch them from their favorite pursuits, from the hustle of the world, from its noise and vanities and place them in some calm retreat, and they soon pine away with sorrow. To them an hour of sober thought is more dreadful than all the other calamities of life. Discontent wastes...

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...away their constitutions, the tear of melancholy moistens the cheeks, and peevishness appears in every word they utter.

In the dark and silent grove where the rays of the sun scarce drive away the darkness of night, where universal silence reigns, far retired from the confusion of the feathered tribes and the noise of society, there amid the thickest foliage dwells the pensive bird of night. He shuns the society of all animal creation, say that sometimes he resorts to the retreat of his mate. He is delighted alone with the silent pensive groves, where civilization never reaches, and where the hunter can scarce pursue his game. His

voice is heard only in the darkness of night and then it is loud and impressive and echoes far and wide.

The man of science and virtue when for a time he has mixed with the noise, the confusion and the follies of the world, at length grows weary of its tasteless vanities and seeks in the calm of solitude that pleasure which nowhere else he can find. There he knows not the bustle and the convulsions of society. There

*"Heavenly pensive contemplation dwells."*

*[Source: Pope, Eloisa to Abelard, 1717]*

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There he enjoys the calm silence of the soul. There he can curb his passions, regulate his desires, enlarge his mind with the truths of science, open to his view the vast volume of nature and hold sweet converse with his creator. There

*"His life a silent stream  
Glides along yet seems at rest,  
Lovely as an infant's dream  
On the waking mother's breast."*

*[Source: James Montgomery, Wanderer of Switzerland, 1812]*

There he can occasionally mix in the society of his nearest and dearest friends on earth, and assuage the mysteries of life by the mutual tear of sympathy and the sweet converse of congenial souls. There he can acquire that vigor and energy of mind which will enable him to come forth with a commanding voice when darkness overspreads society and the privileges, the institutions and the rights of man are threatened with overwhelming destruction.

But how few are there to whom solitude is not a burden too great to endure. From her the sensualist flies as from a fury. The man of vice can never bear her piercing eye; for in her looks his crimes and vices appear in full view. The vain, the ???...

*\*[This line is unreadable]*

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...simple and the idle shun her retreats and fly to the vanities of the world. But how little do they know of true enjoyment! How ignorant of intellectual pleasure!

Let it not be said that solitude sours the mind and unfits it for the active duties of life. For it is there that the most useful geniuses are formed, the noblest undertakings planned and the most sublime discoveries made. It is there alone that we can explore the paths of literature, penetrate the hidden depths of science and trace the perfections of the Deity in his works. It is there alone that we can guard

our virtue from temptation practice those rigid rules of morality which philosophy teaches and bid defiance to the corruptions and vices of the world. In solitude Newton who tore the veil from nature and unfolded to the view her noblest works. There Locke analyze the human mind. There Archimedes and Euclid traced the dark labyrinths of mathematics. There Linnaeus invented his admirable plan of Natural History and Botany. There Franklin discovered the means by which he could guide the lightning of heaven. There Lavoisier, overturning the faults opinions of his predecessors, established the beau...

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...tiful theories of chemistry. Indeed, all the philosophers of ancient and modern times have laid the foundations of their greatness in solitude, and there most of the improvements in the arts and sciences have been made. To her retreats the exalted statesmen of the earth as well as the good and the virtuous and the inferior stations of society have finally come. There they have spent the evening of their days in peace. There they have fled from the storms of public life and closed their days, bright and calm, like the sun when near the western horizon he burst from the clouds.

To the undisturbed retreats of solitude let us then look for most of our happiness. Not that we should be continually immersed in retirement and never mix in the society of man, but that we should learn that the friendships, amusements and trappings of the world are uncertain, fleeting and deceptive. Whoever therefore places his chief happiness in these will meet a thousand disappointments, vexations and miseries. True for a time his life may seem to glide along gentle as a stream through an interval, but as the current soon reaches the mountains where the waters continually roar and foam on the rocks, so the current of his life will soon meet the...

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...mountains of misery – and dash and foam on the rough rocks of regret and despair. But if we learn to relish the pleasures of solitude we can bid defiance to all the disappointments and troubles of life. Our happiness will then rest on a basis which the world can never move. Our means of enjoyment will then be placed beyond the reach of men. Let us not like many look on solitude as a gloomy retreat where no flowers grow, with nothing but rocks and craggy cliffs around us, and where we must pass our lives in a gloomy moroseness. For there we shall find a flowery field—a thousand pleasures springing from a thousand sources. True we shall not there mingle in the society of the world, but we shall find a society much more interesting, much more useful.

*"Communion sweet! Communion large and high!  
Our reason; guardian angel; and our God!  
Then nearest these, when others most remote."*

*[Source: Edward Young, Night, 1793]*

Oh sacred solitude! Thou joy of my heart! Thou delight of my soul! *"Thou art to me the beam of the east rising in a land unknown."* How many delightful hours have I spent with thee! In my retreat how often have I beguiled the miseries of life! How...

...often have I turned with disgust from the world and sought thy presence! Still O still permit me to share thy sweet embrace. When the storms of life shall hereafter beat on my brow and I shall be bruised by an unfeeling world, still may I find in thee a friend, and in thy delightful retreats forget the follies, devices and the insults of the world, and make my years as pleasant as the clear day of spring.

*"When every breeze wafts rosy health."*

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## IMMORTALITY 1813

["Immortality," Commonplace book (no. 3), pages 67-86, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, EOH, Box 18, Folder 6.]

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### IMMORTALITY

Delivered November 25<sup>th</sup> 1813 at an Exhibition of the Society of Literary Adelpi

When sorrow and calamity press heavy on the soul, when the glittering visions of hope and fancy vanish, and when all that on earth can charm, delight or sustain is fast fading away, then man with an ardent wish directs his eye through the gold which hangs around him, and cheered by the silver rays of hope, he fondly supposes that he beholds another state of existence, where the miseries of this world shall be known no more, and where "*the wicked cease from the troubling and the weary are at rest.*" When the illustrious statesman and patriot, who has devoted the best of his days to the service of his country, is at length driven from her protection into disgrace and retirement, by the intrigues of unworthy men, when he views his dear native land plunged from the height of prosperity and happiness into the depths of degradation and misery, when her most sacred institutions are overturned and even the pillars of society are shaken, intelligence, integrity and virtue are proscribed and driven into obscurity, advice and corruption bear sway, and when all the savage passions of man...

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...are let loose to riot on the vitals of his country, then such a man, in the anguish of his soul, looks forward with a firm persuasion to a state of being where the upright patriot shall receive the reward of all his sufferings, and where the destroyer of the liberties of his country shall be oppressed with a load of misery. And are all these expectations illusive? Are they the phantoms of imagination unsupported by the voice of reason? Is there no hope no refuge for the miserable beyond this life? Let us for a moment direct our attention to this interesting inquiry. Let us examine whether the hope of immortality is confirmed by unassisted reason. Convinced of the certainty of an hereafter by scripture mankind have forgotten the natural arguments by which many have arrived at the same conclusion. It may not therefore be useless to investigate the subject by the unaided voice of reason. For if in this manner we can prove the immortality of man, it will at the same time that it gratifies our feelings, afford no contemptible proof of the authenticity of scripture.

That the soul of man is immaterial seems now to be but little doubted. The operations of the mind can be explained in no other way. For if thinking proceeds from matter, and is an essential property of matter, then no matter can exist...

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...without it. But this is contrary to the plainest dictates of our senses. Neither can consciousness proceed from any modification of matter. For matter under every modification is but matter still, and

cannot change its properties be it ever so much modified. Does not every particle of the most delicate and complicated machine still retain all the properties of matter, without any increase or diminution? Can all the art of the chemist refine away, or add a single property to matter?

Nor can it be maintained that consciousness is a quality superadded to matter. For in this case it is evident that consciousness must have existed previous to its combination, and therefore matter is not necessary to its existence; and if not necessary, then consciousness may exist independent of it, and thus the existence of the immaterial substance is ascertained.

The soul of man being then immaterial, is of consequence a simple uncompounded substance, incapable of mutation or decay. It must therefore remain perpetually the same, unless the Deity by an exertion of power of which we can form no conception should destroy it. And to say that the Deity can destroy it is no proof that it will be destroyed: for this is passing beyond our sphere of knowledge, and is taking the possibility of an event equal to the certainty of its consummation.

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But even allowing that annihilation can apply to an immaterial substance as well as to a material one, still the argument for the soul's mortality will be equally strong. For if we search through all the operations of nature, we shall not find a single instance of annihilation. Every particle of matter which was created at the beginning, for all that we can say, still remains in existence. The fuel when it is consumed in the fire is not annihilated but assumes new forms and combinations. No process in nature with which we are acquainted can produce any other effect than an alteration in figure and quality. It is impossible therefore to say whether any such thing as annihilation ever did or ever will take place. We cannot even form any conception of it, or the manner in which it is produced: as we must judge of things from what we do know, it is but rational to conclude that the soul of man is immortal.

Amid the whole race of mortals there has never been an instance of any nation however rude and barbarous, where the belief of a future state did not exist. For a single instance to the contrary, in vain shall we search through the whole history of nations. Though the accounts of many of them are in other particulars veiled in obscurity and fable, yet the fond hope of immortality beams forth on almost every page of their history, and amid all their traditions and customs. If we look around us—

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...If we go to civilized Europe—to the witch of Tartary—to the frosts of Ghamschatka—to the fierce Arab amid his burning sands—to the dark African where scarce the foot of civilized man ever tried—to the rude Hottentot sunk almost beneath man—to Hindustan with its funeral piles—to the surly Chinese—through the vast forests of America, where yet perhaps the mammoth “*crashes the pines beneath his feet*”—even to the distant scattered islands of the southern Sea, which scarce the mariner has ever beheld—in every clime, in every land, in every nation, and every tribe, we shall find that man, unchanging man, in every condition, with fond anticipation looks beyond the dark and gloomy scenes of this life to a future state of happiness and joy.

*“Lo, the poor Indian! Whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind.  
His soul proud science never taught to stray,  
As far as the solar walk or Milky Way.*

*Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,  
Behind the cloud-topped hill an humbler heav'n.  
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd;  
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste;  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
To be, contents his natural desire;*

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*He asks no Angel's wings, no Seraph's fire:  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company."*

*[Source: Pope, An Essay on Man, 1733]*

And do not these facts prove that the hope of immortality is impressed on the soul of man by nature herself? If so, is it a hope never to be gratified—never to be realized? Where is the man who can believe that the deity is unjust: that he would thus sport with the feelings of his creatures, and that he would implant within the breast of man the hopes of future existence which calm reason would forbid him to indulge?

On the contrary, the dread of annihilation is found in almost every breast. Few are there so abandoned so lost to the noble feelings of the soul as to desire its extinction. That is the last refuge of vice—the ravings of despair. The virtuous man regards annihilation as the severest of calamities— as the grave of his happiness. And wherefore is this?

*"Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man."*

*[Source: Addison, Cato: A Tragedy, 1713]*

As the fields and spring put forth their flowers, so man during his whole life is continually putting forth the blossoms of hope. And as the flower is soon withered and passes...

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...away, so do the earthly hopes of man depart. So soon as we have attained the object of our wishes we find ourselves unhappy. We find the possession of fancied goods inadequate to satisfy the mind. We pursue with eagerness another object only to meet another disappointment. But when from the uncertainties and perplexities of life, we turn our thoughts to futurity, there we find an object capacious as our hopes. On this the restless and ever active spirit of man can rest. As the eagle is never satisfied till he quits the earth and fixes his eyes on the glories of the sun, so man is discontented till his hopes fix on immortal life. That is the goal of all his desires: that the only permanent rock of his soul.



And wherefore is this? Why is man never satisfied with things beneath the stars? Why is he continually forming new hopes from the cradle to the grave and yet is continually restless till he directs his view to a future state?

*"His immortality alone can solve  
That darkest of enigmas, human hope;  
Of all the darkest, if at death we die."*

*[Source: Edward Young, Night Thoughts, 1741]*

If man is not immortal why was he not left in ignorance as to his future state? Why was he cursed with the foresight of his own destruction? Why is he possessed of hopes which can never be gratified; with hopes, that could have no other tendency but to increase the miseries of life?

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*"His immortality alone can tell;  
Full ample fund to balance all amiss,  
And turn the scale in favour of the just."*

*[Source: Edward Young, Night Thoughts, 1741]*

In the breast of every man we perceive a spirit of ambition inciting it to deeds which will lift him high among his fellow men. The desire of immortalizing his name is implanted in the soul of perhaps every person on earth. Nothing can satisfy the craving of ambition which is not immortal. The mighty conquerors of nations, who have overrun almost the whole world, and who have raised themselves to the very summit of human power, in the midst of all their possessions sigh for something more, and weep that they have no other world to conquer. And why? Because nothing mortal can satisfy an immortal mind. The soul conscious of its excellence will never rest short of its destined goal. It will never stop beneath the stars, nor circumscribe its vast desires by the narrow limits of earth.

When the vegetable is cut off by an untimely frost or prostrated by an hurricane, it is not utterly lost and swept into annihilation. Though its remains be scattered by the winds to of the four quarters of the globe, yet at some future time they will enter into new combinations and then assume new forms, perhaps more beautiful than the first. But if man is not immortal how different is his fate? Often in the full vigor of his days, when all his faculties are rapidly expanding; when not a single power has begun to decay he is...

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...swept from existence; all his abilities are annihilated, and he seems to have been made almost in vain. Often the brightest most promising geniuses, who by their vast powers astonish the world, often such are arrested by death in the very morning of their day, when every breast beat high with the anticipation of their future usefulness, and at the moment they had begun to be serviceable to the world. And are such abilities created for no use? Are they destined to flash for a moment like the

meteor, and then expire forever? Is not such a belief an impeachment of the wisdom of the Deity? Has he made anything in vain?

Consider for a moment the vast and capacious mind of a Newton at his exit from life. He had penetrated almost every science. He had unfolded the laws which govern the heavens. He had astonished the world by his researches and the depth of his knowledge. All his faculties remained unimpaired to the last. And did all his powers, all his immense acquisitions of knowledge, sink in the moment into annihilation? Did that mind become extinct, which but a few hours before contained within its grasp a universe? At a thought so irrational the soul conscious of her native dignity revolts.

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Within the mind of man we find powers the most capacious and propend. With critical accuracy he distinguishes the difference between matter and spirit. With deep research he unfolds those profound truths of mathematics which have little or no connection with the common concerns of life. He quits this earth and with a rapid piercing glance looks through the vast system of suns and worlds. And why are these powers given him if they are to perish at death? Few are the faculties necessary to be exerted to obtain subsistence. It is not necessary for this that we explain but a few of the phenomena of nature, or rise into the sublimities of science. It is not necessary that we penetrate the depths of philosophy. These exalted powers then proclaim the soul immortal. They evince that it was not created to be confined to the short span of threescore years and ten, but to survive the darkness of the tomb, and to flourish with unfading vigor when this earth shall have passed away, and beyond the period when

*"Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,  
Suns sink on sun systems systems crush;  
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre, fall,  
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all."*

*[Source: Erasmus Darwin, Roll on Ye Stars, 1791]*

The vegetable in a short time attains to its full size, beauty and strength. Were it to remain for ages it could never advance. So also the greater part of the brute creation soon reach those limits which they can...

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...never pass. A few years at most is sufficient for them to attain to the perfection of their nature. But view the powers of man. With every returning day, with every accession of knowledge, they are expanded, strengthened, and improved and rendered capable of more vigorous exertion, and it is impossible to say how far they might thus progress. From the cradle to the tomb man is continually improving, and at his death he seems to have just commenced his advancement. He has scarce had time to curb his passions, to regulate his affections and just to catch a glimpse at the works of his creator. His mind seems still in embryo. A vast field is before him which he has scarce entered. He seems to have just begun the work of his existence when death overtakes him.

*"For man to live coequal with the sun,  
The patriarch people would be learning still;  
Yet dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd."*

[Source: Edward Young, *Night Thoughts*, 1741]

And is it probable he is thus cast off forever in the very commencement of his career? Has he faculties given him which were never intended to be of any use, and which must prove to him a source of misery, by presenting to his view a source of happiness, a delightful flowery field which he can never enjoy,? If so, where is the wisdom or the goodness of a Deity? Through every other part of creation these shine eminently conspicuous.

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Every star of heaven, every bird, beast and insect of the earth, every fish of the sea, every plant, every tree, every rock, every particle of earth loudly proclaims the wisdom, beneficence, and goodness of the Lord of Nature. But if man is not immortal there is a dark blank, an unfathomable mystery, and manifest defect of that goodness which formed the other parts of creation. Grant man immortal and all is harmony and order. The wisdom of the Deity is then apparent, and his goodness shines bright as the sun in the heavens. But if man is not immortal disorder and confusion appear in nature, and the wisdom of its author is obscured like the moon moving among broken clouds.

When the moralist surveys the various conditions of mankind, the frequent triumphs of vice over virtue and the inequality of happiness which exists among men, he is almost involuntarily compelled to anticipate another state of existence, where all of these disorders will be rectified, and the goodness of Deity shine forth in all its purity. Often in this life we see man oppressed with perpetual misery, continually struggling with disease, misfortune and calamity from the first to the last moment of their existence. Though they conduct with the utmost uprightness and apparent wisdom, yet the current bears continually against them. Every plan which...

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...they lay is defeated, and all their hopes are dissipated like the silver dew of the morning, or like the foliage of autumn in the northern blast. On the other hand many pass through life with scarce an obstacle to retard their progress! Fortune smiles upon their every undertaking, their hopes are *"bright as the moon when she rises from the clouds of the east,"* and they pass through life with as much apparent ease as the eagle sails along the sky.

How often do we see the unprincipled and ambitious violating the laws of society, trampling on the rights of their fellow men, swaying the iron sceptre of despotism over perhaps half the globe and passing their whole lives in the desolation of the world and the ruin of their species.

Cast but for a moment your eyes to the unhappy bloody shores of Europe. There for years has a single individual carried fire, sword and death through the fairest regions of civilized man. To gratify his ambition, cities have been wrapped in flames, every part of Christendom has rushed forth to mutual slaughter, oceans of tears have been forced from the eyes of widows and orphans and millions of human beings have been slaughtered by the sword.

And will all these dark clouds which hang over mankind ever be dissipated? Surely if the deity is just...

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...the man of sorrow will hereafter receive a rich recompense for all his toils - all his miseries. Then too shall the man of vice, the destroyer of the liberties of his country and the tyrant of the earth receive a just punishment for all their oppressions and corruptions, and the ways of God to man be fully explained and justified. In that state vice shall no longer triumph over virtue, nor the illustrious statesman weep over the ruins of his country; but

*"The firm patriot there,  
Who made the welfare of mankind his care;  
Though still by faction, vice and fortune crost,  
Shall find the generous labour was not lost."*

*[Source: Addison, Cato: A Tragedy, 1713]*

For a few days the moon increases in splendour and magnitude, but quickly she is on the wane and disappears. Soon however she comes forth from her darkness, and again shines with full orb'd undiminished splendour.

When the cold frosts of autumn come on, and the trees are stripped of their leaves, and the vegetables of the field wither and die, we fear not that they are lost forever. For when spring shall scatter the snows, their seeds, though they are conveyed over a thousand lands by the winds of heaven, yet they will again rise from the earth and appear beautiful as the plants from whence they sprang. Again will the fields be covered with the waving grass, and the forests smile...

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...with the verdure of May.

If the tree is cut down the stump sends forth new sprouts which soon supply the place of the original, and often exceed it in strength, size and majesty.

The wandering comet, after having traveled for a time through the immense regions of space, at length returns and visits the sphere of our senses.

The sun sinks in the horizon and leaves the world in darkness. But in the morning he rises with undiminished splendor, and cheers the lands by his rays.

And is man an exception to all nature? That he who is endowed with vast faculties, who employs the laws of nature with a piercing eye and traces the finger of the Deity in his works, and who is the lord of this lower world, must he forever asleep in his manor house? Shall he never come forth from the darkness of the tomb? Shall no spring smile on the winter of the grave and burst the frozen bands of death? Shall no vigorous sprout arise from his remains? Shall he no more come within the sphere of life? Shall no morning ever arise on his soul? If not, he is a dark blot on creation—a being who sullies his creator's name.

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If man is not immortal, he is of all beings most miserable. The brutes so far as we can determine, enjoy the present moment unconscious of the pleasures or the pains of the next. No dread of future misery mars their enjoyments. No anticipation of death disturbs their unvarying joys. But miserable man is continually tormented with the fear of approaching dissolution. He views that as the closing scene of his existence—as the end of all his happiness. Annihilation is present to his imagination with all its horrors. He views himself cast in a moment from the full possession of all his faculties into nonexistence, and the Deity appears divested of the smiles of goodness and armed with vengeance and cruelty.

If man is not immortal we look in vain for an inducement to virtuous actions and a restraint upon vice. For in such case, the first law of nature would be for man to protect himself; and to take the most effectual means for attaining his ends, whether they be virtuous or vicious; whether they contribute to the good of mankind or to their harm, and even if they require the sacrifice of half the inhabitants of the globe. If man is annihilated at death it is but right that he should enjoy all the happiness in this world...

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...to which he can attain; and if anyone supposes that his own happiness consists in rising on the necks of his fellow men and tyrannizing over the world, he can never be blamed for taking any means in his power for the attainment of these objects.

The belief then of annihilation plunges a dagger in the very vitals of society and tears from the breast every generous and noble feeling of the heart. It gives full license to every vice and leads man no other rudder, no other pilot, no other compass, no other polestar but self. For if this is our only state of existence, wherefore should we commiserate the miseries of our fellow men? Wherefore should the tear of sympathy flow, or the heart revolt at an act of cruelty? Why should we sacrifice one hair of our heads to contribute to the good of mankind? Why spend one moment in endeavoring to uphold society? Why should we restrain a single passion or curb a single desire? Why should we cherish one virtue or feel compunction at an act of injustice?

*"Why beats the bosom with illustrious dreams  
Of self exposure, laudable and great?  
Of gallant enterprises, and glorious death?"*

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*Die for thy country? Thou romantic fool!  
Seize, seize the plank thyself and let her sink!  
Thy country, what to thee?"*

*[Source: Edward Young, Night Thoughts, 1741]*

Wherefore then can anyone wish to disprove the immortality of the soul? For without this hope mankind would wander through the world like the traveler who had lost his way in the wilderness. They

would be continually torn by the thorns of adversity, but find no healing balm for their wounds. But the hope of immortality, like the moon rising in full orb'd splendour, lights man on his darksome course; like healing balm it closes the wounds of affliction; like the instrument of the husbandman it moves the rugged paths of life; like an habitation shelters him from the storms of misfortune; like the influence of the sun in spring it adorns his mind with the fair plants of virtue and truth, and enables him to stand in the midst of misfortunes.

*"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm.  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on his head."*

*[Source: Oliver Goldsmith, Deserted Village, 1770]*

To you who are bowed with misery and sorrow, over whom the waves of misfortune have rolled high as the waves of the ocean in the tempest, whose hopes have...

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...been scattered like chaff before the wind and whose earthly prospects are faint as the expiring twilight of the evening—to you I appeal—Say is there any other refuge—any other support in your afflictions but the hopes of immortality? Is there anything besides that can smooth the brow of misfortune, wipe the tear of misery from your eyes, scatter the thick darkness that hangs around you, pour the balm of consolation into your wounded spirits, or save you from the raving of despair?

Let then the sceptic doubt the immortality of the soul, but he can never drive the fond hope from the human breast: for it is interwoven with the very ligaments of the heart, In barest the sacred stamp of nature herself. As the mariner, having long wandered on the pathless ocean in search of fancied good, at length approaches his country, and beholds from the top of the mast the mountains of his dear native land, the fields where rest the bones of his fathers, and the blue curling smoke from the house in which he was born, where dwell the friends of his heart—the delights of his soul—such is the joy of man, when he returns from the dreary pursuits of this world, and directs his views to a future state.

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It is the hope of him that can give consolation and support under the severest calamities. This can spread a sunshine over the darkest fields of life. This can strew man's way with flowers, beautiful as those on the plains of May. Supported by this he can look on the pleasures and pains of life with an equal eye. He can smile in the midst of misery, breast him to every shock of calamity, and

*"Should the whole frame of nature around him break,  
In ruins and confusion hurled,  
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,*

*And stand secure amid the falling world."*

*[Source: Pope, Epilogue to the Satires, 1738]*

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## ON A SEPARATION OF THE UNITED STATES

["On a Separation of the United States," Commonplace book (no. 3), pages 87-142, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, EOH, Box 18, Folder 6.]

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### ON A SEPARATION OF THE UNITED STATES

While a republican government advances in prosperity and glory; while it is administered with wisdom impartiality and virtue; while the first, the wisest and the best of the nation are at its head; while it looks with a jealous though equal eye on the encroachments of foreign nations, and while its character and honor are unimpaired, it is the duty of every citizen of such a government to avoid all those investigations and reflections which will have a tendency to weaken the bonds of national union and prejudice one portion of the country against another. But there is a time when such inquiries become not only lawful, but a sacred duty. If the most wicked, the most abandoned and the most corrupt of men have seized reins of the government; if they are hurrying the country with irresistible sweep to the vortex of ruin; if they have violated the precepts and institutions of their fathers and of their God; if no petitions, no remonstrances, no entreaties, no miseries, no prayers, no tears can check them for a moment in their mad career; if the horror, the virtue and the talents of the country are driven from the public council; if the voice of wisdom and right is overwhelmed by the loud clamors of ambition, folly and iniquity, and when there is no hope of repentance...

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...and reformation, then to be silent would be to betray the sacred trust which heaven has committed to our care, which our fathers transmitted sealed with their blood, and which never should be violated, never rested from us while our souls rest on earth. Unfortunately this time has arrived in our country, a time, when we can no longer remain unmoved by the storms that threaten our existence; when we are called upon by every motive which can influence the mind of man to arouse and snatch our liberties, our rights, our firesides, our altars and our lives from that threatening distraction. Long and black is the

history of our calamities—unprecedented the extent of our forbearance. Thirteen long years have witnessed our submission to insult heaped on insult, to oppression followed by oppression, to violations repeated again and again on our liberties, our rights, our Constitution, our commerce, our religion, morals and our happiness. As the snowball increases in it in size and weight as it advances, so the oppressions of our rulers increase in magnitude, in severity and in cruelty with every returning day. As the horse at first fierce and unyielding at length submits with patience to the whip and spur, so we now sit down in silent acquiescence, in humble submission, in unresisting patience, to the grossest violations, the blackest enormities and the most outrageous oppressions. Nor has the progress of corruption been less slow than that of usurpation. All...

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...the vices of populous Europe conveyed through that sink of filth, that Golgotha of corruption, polluted France, seem to have flowed in upon our land and to be fast driving away the simplicity, the purity and the virtue of our fathers. What vice, what species of iniquity, deception, intrigue and crime, what false opinion, wild theory, what idle dream has ever existed on earth which is not now to be found in our land? And not only to be found but which does not meet us at midday in our very streets and public places?

And is there no hope that our freedom, our prosperity, and our glory will return? That our rulers will cover themselves in sackcloth and ashes for their past oppressions and hereafter return to the principles of our fathers; that the deluge of vice and iniquity which has risen higher than our mountains will yet be checked and dissipated by the sun of virtue; and that the song of gratitude, joy and praise will again resound along our shores? No: there is not one ray of hope that our present rulers will ever change their course; not one solitary gleam of returning prosperity to sustain us under all our oppressions. When the prince of darkness shall repent of his iniquities and in infinite sorrow bury himself in the lowest depths of the infernal regions, then and not till then will our rulers cease to pursue their mad career and to sport with our dearest rights. When this...

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...some prince shall be satisfied with crime, with iniquity and the miseries of man, then will our rulers be glutted with our tears, our blood and our treasure. For so long as the source is unimpaired the fountain will continue to flow—so long as the root nourishes, the branches will spread and flourish.

Where then is our refuge and I hope? Whither shall we turn to find a rescue from our oppressions? Where is the arm that shall snatch us for all our calamities? There is as I can see but one course left which will save us from despotism. There is but one path which we can take. Our only hope of emancipation lies in the division of these United States—in separating southern aristocracy from northern republicanism, southern vice from northern virtue, southern error from northern correctness, southern irreligion from northern piety, southern imbecility from northern energy, southern fancy from northern reason, and southern despotism from northern freedom. To have advanced this opinion in the days of our fathers would have been considered almost treason: and indeed it would have been. But the times have changed; other men now bear sway, and their conduct has been such as to force on the



mind an almost involuntary conviction of the truth of the position. Besides, it is not a time when all that is dear to us is at stake to stop and deliberate whether it may be called treason to rescue...

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...ourselves from destruction; but only to consider whether it be possible. Let us therefore examine the necessity, expediency and possibility of the division of the United States; and first its necessity and expediency.

Within a few years deep-rooted and immovable prejudices have rapidly gained strength between the northern and southern sections of the union. For thirteen years have the southern states completely predominated in the public counsels and endeavoured by every means in their power to destroy the commerce, the prosperity, and the consequence of N. England, and to reduce her to a state of vassalage and colonial submission. This the spirit of N. England could not endure in peace. First in the revolution, the cradle of our independence, the nursery of the warriors who achieved our liberties, the source of our revenue and ever foremost in resisting oppression, N. England has ever been considered by her inhabitants not only as equal but even superior to the southern states in most of those things which render a people truly great, truly noble and worthy the proud name of freemen. And to be thus treated with contempt by those whom they consider as inferiors has excited within the bosom of almost every man inveterate animosities, resentments and prejudice against the people of the south. On the other hand, the rapid increase of N. England in wealth and power, the difference in the habits and customs of her inhabitants and particularly...

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...their refusal to cooperate in the present war with Great Britain, have filled the minds of the southern people with bitter enmity and prejudice against N. England. By the firmness, wisdom and intelligence of our governors we have remained aloof from most of the immediate miseries of war. The storm has roared around us, yet like the tower on a rock in the ocean we have remained unmoved. The southern and western states have felt most of the calamities of war. Thanks to heaven Great Britain knew where to strike. She knew that N. England was yet the seat of correct principles, and that the rage of war never passed east of the Hudson. The inability of the southern states to force N. England into a compliance with their murderous designs has riveted in the minds of the people who have borne the pressure of the war, an unconquerable prejudice and a most ardent savage like wish to persecute us to the last extremity. And can such hatred and prejudice be removed without the lapse of ages? Will the southern people soon forget our resistance to their encroachments? Will they soon forget how we sat under our vines and fig...

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...trees while they were perpetually harassed with war and the fears of invasion? When the robber assaults the traveler on the highway and his himself overcome, will he soon forget his defeat? And on the other hand, will the wounds which have been inflicted on N. England by the southern states soon be closed? Shall we soon forget that our commerce is swept from the ocean; that our prosperity is cut off; that poverty and misery have visited our habitations; that a flood of iniquity corruption and vice have

overwhelmed with irresistible – with desolating fury the fair fabricks of religion, virtue and honor; that we have become a disgrace among the human race, and that our liberties have been violated, our rights despised and our lives made the sport of unhallowed ambition? No: unless they hereafter repent of their enormities—unless they hereafter repent of their enormities – unless they clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and unless they restore our lost commerce, prosperity and importance, never can their crimes be forgotten, never can they be forgiven by the blood of our fathers flows in the veins of a living being.

Your then these prejudices and jealousies whether just or unjust, will hereafter exist, though some of the causes that produced them may cease, how can we expect that the northern and southern states will ever live in union? The history of mankind proves that prejudices once riveted...

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...in the mines not only of the people of different nations, but also between opposite sections of the same country, can never be eradicated until one of the parties is defeated by force and rendered incapable of further efforts. Witness the religious prejudices and resentments in Europe for several centuries past, which have caused the most cruel civil and foreign wars that ever scourged man. The rivalry and animosities which existed between the ancient states of Greece, particularly between Lacedaemon and Athens, are also a conclusive proof of the correctness of this position. Though it was apparently the interest of the Grecian states to live on terms of friendship, though they were in fact but one great republic, the different sections of which possessed extensive powers, though their manners, their customs, their habits, their language, their institutions, and their religion were similar, and though in the early stages of their existence they several times combined their strength and resources in repelling the most powerful invaders, soon their jealousies destroyed their harmony, and wars founded alone on prejudice and envy succeeded which generally ended not till one of the parties was subdued. Let us suppose that hereafter in this country the N. England states should be in favor of a war...

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...with a foreign nation; would the southern state unite with them in the same opinion? Would they exert themselves to the utmost and pour forth all their resources to aid in the persecution of such war? No: though it was perfectly just and necessary, though it would involve the dearest interest of the country, yet if N. England was particularly interested and in fits favor, they never would lift a finger to carry it on. They would recollect the war in which we are engaged, and this would awaken in their bosoms the spirit of revenge. On the other hand if the southern states should be strenuous in favor of a war it is not probable that the public of N. England would engage in it with ardor. From a consideration of the past they would almost invariably draw the conclusion that such war could not be judged as necessary. Nor would this opinion be so unreasonable as we may at first suppose; for when they had once engaged in an unjust and wicked war there is no reason why we should not always distrust them of the same designs. When we have detected a man in one piece of villainy it is difficult to eradicate the idea from our minds. It is difficult ever after to repose in him unlimited confidence, unless we have conclusive evidence of his repentance. Even if the N. England states should be hereafter invaded, does anyone suppose that our southern brethren would be...

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...very ardent to repel the invaders? It is probable they would recollect that Governors Strong and Griswold refused to march their militias to Canada in 1812. And if the southern states should be invaded is it not probable that we should be rather tardy in affording them assistance? Should we not inquire wherefore we were going to sacrifice our lives in their defense? Should we not ask, is it because they oppressed us in every possible manner, because they destroyed our commerce, our prosperity, our morality, our peace and our liberty; because they reduced us to the very depths of degradation and misery, and because they withdrew from us all their assistance in the war of 1812, thereby inviting the aggressions of Britain upon us at every point, is it for these things that we are now called upon to go forth to repel their invaders, to keep their slaves in subjection, and not only to expose our lives to the arms of the enemy, but to the secret daggers of the slave and the pestilential vapors of a climate to us pregnant with death? It is probable that we should say, let them suffer till they know how to respect our rights in future; till they repent of their past offenses and crave on their knees our assistance.

If then these things would hereafter take place, I ask again how can we live in union? How can we exist together as a nation? Can heat and...

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...cold unite? Can light and darkness combine? Can oil and water mix? Can men actuated by different feelings, full of jealousies and enmities towards each other, and each willing to see the other oppressed and butchered, can such men live in harmony and be mutual defenders of one anothers' rights?

Allowing for a moment that the prejudices and enmities above printed out would at some future time cease, yet it is certain that they will remain while the present generation exists, and be possessed in no small degree by the next. It follows then that they will continue not less than half a century unless something extraordinary should happen. And shall we remain all this time even if it were possible in a state of continual contention enmity and oppression? Shall we consent to be ground to the dust for fifty years because there is a possibility that after that time our oppressors will graciously condescend to forget their resentments? Before that time would no ambitious foreign power take advantage of our divided state and visit the chains of despotism upon us? Yes, ten years will not elapse before the state will either be divided or conquered by foreign or domestic tyrants.

But some of the causes of prejudices which exist between the different sections of our country...

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...can never be eradicated while man retains a wish to domineer over his fellow beings, or virtue is opposed to vice. In the first place, there is scarcely a possibility that the importance, dignity and weight of N. England can ever be recovered in the national counsels. The southern states by their slaves and corruptions, by their violations of the constitution and their intrigues outweigh the northern. The scale has preponderated, the southern half has gone down, and new weights are continually thrown in, while

the northern half becomes comparatively lighter. N. England has no territory on the north and east from which she can form new states; the population does not rapidly advance, nor will it increase much while such extensive territory lies to the south and west favorable for emigration. On the contrary what limits shall be set to the formation of new states in the wilds of the south and west? Will the southern people ever consent to an alteration of the conditions of the Constitution in such a manner that the commercial states will again have a majority in Congress? Will they ever give up the power of sporting with our rights? Will they ever give up the power of supporting the rights? Will they voluntarily surrender the government into the hands of those whom they rank with their slaves; whom they despise; hate and abhor, and whom they consider as their inveterate...

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...enemies? This would be contrary to every principle of human nature. It would be no less than a miracle. It would contradict the experience of six thousand years.

Neither would the southern people while their prejudices remain, ever yield to the management of the government to men of N. England, or to those who were favorable to her interests. Such men would of course allow her to again advance in prosperity, commerce and importance, and would also curb the licentiousness and iniquity of the southern states, and repress that spirit of hostility towards us which seems to be interwoven with the very ligaments of the hearts of the majority of the people of the South.

Where that show we look for one ray of hope? In what is our condition better than that of colonies? Of what service is it to send men to Congress? Is it better to send none at all. They cannot obtain a single measure for our relief. The southern states are bent on our destruction—are resolved on our ruin, and it will soon be effected, unless we snatch N. England from their jaws by the strong arm of power, unless we rear the standard of independence on the graves of our fathers.

The difference in the manners, habits...

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...customs and principles of the northern and southern states are other causes which render an union and harmony between them next to impossible. The people of the south relied for the performance of their labours on slaves—on their fellow beings subjected to the lowest depths of degradation wretchedness and misery. Over these unfortunate beings they exercise the blackest tyranny, the most unhallowed unbounded and unrighteous authority, and the most outrageous, heartrending cruelties. Yes, beings like themselves, endowed with reason and understanding, with hopes and fears, with sensibility and feeling, and with the love of country and the love of liberty, such means the southern planters treat no better than the brutes. And can such men be the maintainers and defenders of liberty? Can men who exercise the most unbounded oppression on their plantations come forth into the senate house and labour for the rights and freedoms of their fellow men? It is a contradiction to suppose it. It is a position which may delight a visionary French theorist, but one which a man of common sense would despise. For what other tendency can the slave trade have than to produce the greatest possible difference of ranks in the most cruel aristocracy, to exterminate the very idea of liberty, and to tear from

the breast every generous and noble feeling of the heart?

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On the other hand view the conduct of the people of N. England. Here we think it no disgrace to follow the plow. Here with cheerfulness we wield the axe and scythe, level the forests, convert the wilderness into a garden and gather strength and length of years from our industry. Scarce here is a son of sloth and inactivity. Idleness, that parent of corruption, debauchery and iniquity, here hides her head from public view. Here a slave treads not the soil. Here the chains of oppression never clank. Here proud aristocracy tramples not on the rights of man. Here the people would loath the food gained by the extorted labours of the wretched slave. Their principles would never permit them merely for their own private convenience to see their fellow man of whatever color or description forced to spend a life of perpetual misery, moistening the turf on which they draw with their tears and imploring the vengeance of heaven on their oppressors.

Such are the men who may come forward in the cause of liberty without a contradiction. Surely if any nation on earth can support a republican government such is the people. And yet this is the people which is accused by the slaveholders of the south of desiring monarchy, of wishing to overturn republicanism, because it is not sufficiently rigid! Gracious Heaven! What? Do the aristocrats of the south, men who neither in theory nor practice...

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...are acquainted with a single principle of freedom, whose eyes are accustomed from their childhood to behold their fellow beings, smarting under the lash, whose ears are deaf to the cries and groans of oppressed men, whose hearts are insensible to the touch of pity and in whose very veins aristocracy flows, do such men accuse us of a wish to subvert republicanism, who never saw a slave nor any other human being but a free man? Do such men attempt to teach the inhabitants of N. England the principles of liberty, when their own oppressions would turn us pale with horror? When will arrogance and presumptions cease to bear sway on earth! When will the rain of common sense return!

The concomitant and almost inevitable attendants of slavery are idleness, debauchery, corruption, immorality and religion. These flow almost as naturally from slavery as the stream from its source. For where slavery is there is necessarily a want of those correct principles and feelings of the heart which are necessary to the rigid exercise of virtue. Slavery is contrary not only to religion, but to common sense and common feeling. Where it exists therefore these must necessarily be absent. And when they are gone what is left to restrain and direct man? He floats on the ocean of iniquity without a chart, without a compass. He is driven wherever his passions would impel, society is converted into a scene of corruption and confusion,...

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...and the ornaments of human nature are forced to give way to its deformities. We accordingly find in the southern states where slavery exists, a general depravity of morals and an overflow of vice and irreligion. It is true that our accounts of their corruptions maybe exaggerated; but after making all

reasonable allowance for prejudice there yet remains enough to shock the mind and chill the blood of a religious virtuous man. What shall we think of the religion of the people when a man who has been twice elevated by them to the highest office in the union, and who is considered almost as a demigod declares on seeing a decaying church, "*it is good enough for a God who is born in a manger.*"? [Attributed to Thomas Jefferson] And what idea shall we have of the morality of the southern people when this same man thought it no disgrace to cohabit with a dirty wench? Do we wish for any more proof that vice and irreligion are winked at in the southern states? Let us only turn to the history of that most horrid murderous and hellish tragedy the Baltimore massacre. At a mere mention of such a savage act the blood of a N. England man boils in his veins, the spirit of his soul rises within him, he half unsheathes his sword and starts from his seat to rush to the defense of innocence and to bury his steel in the vitals of the murderers. And yet this act was not only disregarded by the civil authority of Baltimore but even encouraged by them; nor was there virtue enough in the surrounding country...

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...to check this daring outrage upon one of the dearest rights of civilized man. Even to this day the murders remain a living monument of the want of patriotism and virtue in the people of the southern states, and as an indelible eternal disgrace on human nature (see page 200). It is not, however, contended that there are no good men in the southern states: on the contrary it is known that there are many in that section of the country who are just as Aristotle, virtuous as Socrates—men who would do honor to any age or country—who had they lived in the days of Greece and Rome might have rivaled their Ciceros, their Scipios, their Brutii, a Demosthenes, an Ephaminondas, and a Phocion. But what can a few good men do against a corrupt and overwhelming majority? Like rocks in the ocean they may remain unmoved, but they can never prevent the waves of vice from rolling. These men we respect and revere, but consider them as in the midst of Sodom and incapable of saving it from destruction.

And can a people support a republican government who have neither religion nor virtue? Can order, harmony and justice be maintained where men have no other principle to direct them but self? Where there is nothing to restrain the...

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...most unlawful sallies of the passions, and where iniquity fears no other punishment but human law? Perhaps there is no principle of politics more certain than that a republican government cannot exist without public virtue, and that public virtue cannot exist without some kind of religion. It is true that the philosopher by examining into the nature and connection of things and considering the dependence of the general happiness of mankind on virtue, may be induced to live a life of rigid temperance. But to endeavor to impress these principles upon the minds of the people at large would be as idle and useless as to preach them to the rocks and trees: for mankind never yet were, and it is to be feared never will be governed by the principles of reason. Their mainsprings of action are their passions. Whoever wishes to direct them must address himself to these and he will be followed through the land through blood and slaughter. From hence it results that something more is necessary than the cold reasonings of philosophy to preserve mankind in a course of virtue. It is necessary to place before them the miseries of the vicious, and the joys of the virtuous in another state of existence. By these their fears and hopes, those powerful causes of human action, are excited. Distance and uncertainty render the picture on the

one side more black and dreadful, and on the other more mild and delightful.

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If there are neither religion nor morality among the people by what are they bound to respect the rights of their fellow man and to preserve the bond of union? Feeble would be the effect of the principle that government is necessary for mutual happiness. It would never restrain a man for a moment when it interfered with interest. There might be a few who would be influenced by correct reasoning; but they would be as truly phenomena as comets or total eclipses of the sun. They would be choked like plants in a neglected garden. They would struggle in vain against the torrents of iniquity and false reasoning which opposed them. In a nation where the people were devoid of morals they would be equally or more inclined to elect vicious than virtuous rulers, or at least ambitious demagogues would find less difficulty in getting into office. Hence the government would soon degenerate into an absolute despotism; but there is no other government which can exist among a vicious people. But it is idle to reason on the subject, and endeavor to prove by argument what is manifest common sense and common experience.

As a contrast to the moral and religious state of the southern states view the conduct of the people of N. England. It is true that the corrosive, contagious and deadly influence of the vices of the southern states has...

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...within a few years burst over our mountains and penetrated our habitations with alarming progress. But yet it is believed that the great body of the people is uncontaminated. The study habits of industry which here exist present yet a strong rampart against the softness, lasciviousness and debauchery of the idle slaveholders of Virginia. Here yet virtue is maintained - she is yet respected and vice abhorred. Here yet the spires of thousands of churches rise on the horizon of the traveler as he advances. Here yet thousands of prayers daily rise in silence to implore the assistance of heaven; and here too they are weekly offered up in public. Here yet the song of gratitude and praise to the author of nature is heard from almost every mouth. Here yet rigid justice maintains her seat, uncontaminated by venal corruption. Innocence is yet secure or though devoid of riches, and merit is the criterion of excellence instead of money.

For an example of the correctness of many parts of N. England and the influencing of religion and morality on government, view the state of Connecticut. Though her constitution is probably the most democratic in the union, yet hitherto she has remained aloof from the storms of licentiousness. In every other state in the union democracy has left the impression of her filthy touch. But in vain has she assaulted Connecticut. All the batteries of vice and corruption have proved ineffectual against the firmer ramparts of religion, morality and industry. As Noah with his family was saved from the general...

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...deluge by the ark, so Connecticut has been preserved from the flood of democracy in the ark of

federalism. And as Noah was reserved from destruction because of his piety and virtue, for the same reason Connecticut has been saved from ruin.

If then religion and virtue among the people are absolutely essential to the support of a republican government; if a majority of the southern people are corrupt, and if there is no probability that N. England will ever regain her ascendancy in the national counsels, what hope is there that we shall be able to support a republican government when united together? Can vice and virtue combine? Can we divide the difference between right and wrong and travel in the middle course? Virtue and vice always have been, and always will be eternally at war. A government cannot long exist which takes a middle path, which is partly virtuous and partly vicious.

Nor is there any hope that the southern people will at present return to the paths of virtue. To effect this an almost total change in their manners and habits must be produced. Where slavery exists there is idleness; and where idleness there of course vice. Habits once fixed become almost second nature, and they will rarely be relinquished. The reformation of whole states from vice to virtue is the work of centuries. Easy is the descent from...

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...virtue to vice, but to return, *"hic labor, hoc opus est."*

With regard to a difference of interests between the northern and southern sections of the country, it is perhaps a result more of prejudices and jealousies than of any real diversity. It is certain however that the southern people are less commercial than the northern. It is a matter of indifference to them whether we are carriers of their produce or the foreign nations. If therefore they feel envious towards N. England, and wish to destroy her wealth and importance, they will endeavor to ruin her commerce. It is also the interest of the southern states to increase an emigration to the south and west. And by destroying the commerce of N. England they hope to force us into their pestilential swamps, there to drag out a short and miserable life, surrounded by the savages and wild beasts.

Because commerce is mostly confined to the northern states the revenues of the government are chiefly derived from the same quarter. But the government is in the hands of the southern people. Thus we support the government while others direct it. Neither is there any prospect of a remedy; for the evil on the contrary is every day increasing by emigration to the south and west. And will the people of N. England forever endure this? Will they who were the principal in the revolution so soon consent again to become colonies? Where are the heroes who survived the battles of our independence?

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Have they all sunk into the tomb and transmitted none of their spirit to their children? Men of N. England! If you submit to these things at least collect the bones of your fathers from their fields of battle and commit them to the flames, that they may rise in the air and mingle with their spirits which now hover on the clouds. For they can never rest in peace under such oppression; they can never moulder away in quiet while despotism strides over the field where they fell fighting for liberty.



It is also a fact that the people of the southern states are but poorly qualified to make soldiers. Their habits and manners are ill calculated to give them that strength of constitution, firmness of nerve, and patience under fatigue, hunger, thirst, cold and disease, without which no good soldiers can ever be formed. This disparity of the southern soldiers was remarkable during the revolution, and the best of our officers had little hopes of success unless a part of their troops were from N. England. On the contrary those habits of labor and industry which characterize the inhabitants of the north, that strength of constitution and comparative temperance, and that perseverance amid every obstacle for which they are remarkable, renders the people of N. England more capable...

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of being made soldiers than those of the south. The cultivation of the soil is of all employments best calculated to strengthen the constitution and render it capable of supporting all the hardships and vicissitudes of war. This enables man to bid defiance to the blasts of winter and the raging heats of summer. This renders him capable of sleeping in the open air with no other canopy but the heavens; of feasting one day and fasting the next; of remaining one week in mud and water and drenched by rain, and the next climbing the craggy mountains or passing the sandy desert where not a spring of water is to be found. Indeed...

*"By arts like these  
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons;  
And Rome's unconquered legions urg'd their way  
Unhurt, thro' every toil, in every clime."*

*[Source: Armstrong, The Art of Preserving Health, 1768]*

As N. England is therefore the quarter from which most of the soldiers of the United States must be collected, and as she pays most of the revenue she is the source from whence the sinews of war must ever be drawn. In whatever war therefore the United States are engaged the northern people must carry it on or it will end in infamy and disgrace. And yet at the same time, this same N. England must be eternally oppressed by the southern states which she defends. Of what use then are the southern states to us? We must carry on wars waged against them, but they can never if they are disposed...

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...essentially assist us. This they well know, and therefore they dread our separation as the worst of all evils, as their certain destruction. But they are dead members upon our body which has become gangrene, and it is full time that it should be amputated.

There is one other argument against the permanent union of the states which will be mentioned. It is that the whole of U. States embracing the wilds of Louisiana are too extensive for a republican government. At the best such governments have not too much energy. They require great unanimity in their measures in order to carry them into execution. The people of the different parts should be connected by the strongest ties of nature and art. Their sentiments, language, habits, feelings, interests,

information and religion should be essentially similar. But in a country so extensive as the United States there must necessarily be a great diversity in almost all these particulars. What ties for instance are we in N. England from the people of Louisiana? We have very little more connection with them than with the inhabitants of Chamchatka or Cape Horn; and the dissimilarity between the manners of the people of Massachusetts and those of Louisiana is scarcely less than between us and the Patagonians. If we were attacked by a foreign enemy...

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...would they rally around us like brothers to assist us in defending our rights? Or on the contrary should we press to their defense with ardor, impelled by affection, and unmindful of their destructive climate,

*"Through many a dark and dreary vale  
O'er many a frozen, many of fiery Alp,  
Rocks, caves, lakes, fans, bogs, and shades of death?"*

*[Source: Milton, Paradise Lost, 1667]*

In our present Congress what a vast variety of interests, of principles, of feelings, of manners and persuasions! Can anyone suppose that a member from Georgia feels an interest in the particular concerns of the district of Maine, or is anxious whether justice is done to that part of the country or not? Without such concern a republican government cannot exist.

From the very nature of republican governments they cannot safely maintain large standing armies. These would be the continual instruments of oppression and soon subvert the government. In the present state of the world it is necessary for a nation to make extensive preparations for defense or she will be a prey to her more powerful neighbors. The nations in Europe have of late become decidedly military, and the extent of their military establishments is such as was perhaps never before known. War is reduced to certain fixed principles, and discipline and science now decide the fate of battles instead of numbers or corporeal strength. As a republic cannot support large armies...

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...to oppose those of the absolute governments of Europe, it is necessary that it should fortify itself in the strongest manner possible, and not possess a large frontier exposed to invasion. By possessing strong fortifications such a government could use undisciplined soldiers to much greater advantage and with more prospect of success than to bring them into the field. For discipline can be better dispensed with in defending works than in the operations of the *petite guerre* or indrawn battles.

The U. States possessing such an extent of frontier cannot possibly render the whole secure. From Passamaquoddy bay to the mouth of St. Mary's on the sea coast the distance is not less than 1200 miles. From St. Mary's to the mouth of Rio Bravo it is not less than 1200 more. The northern and eastern frontiers may be reckoned at least 1500, and the western boundary of Louisiana is not short of 2000 making in the whole a distance of 5900 miles. There are however no parts but the seacoast and the eastern and northern frontiers which are liable to invasion from a powerful enemy and perhaps the

seacoast alone which is 1200 miles would be the only frontier necessary to be strongly fortified at present. And cannot all the resources of the nine states make this sufficiently strong to resist for any considerable time a powerful invader? To endeavor to fortify as extensive a distance...

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...would so divide the means that no point could be strongly defended. True some of the nations of Europe have extensive frontiers which they have strongly fortified. But it must be recollected that those countries are much more thickly inhabited and that their resources are much more extensive than those of the United States. If we suppose all the means of this country (and most of the revenue is derived from the northern states) to be laid out in fortifying the coast north of the Hudson, there might be some probability that it would be effectual. If therefore all that part of United States east of Hudson river and Lake Champlain should be erected into a distinct government, how formidable it would soon become. With good laws and free commerce it would furnish a lasting seat for national freedom. It would stand the wonder of after ages, like a second Switzerland or a Sparta.

These are the prominent reasons why the United States cannot hereafter live in union. And is there a man who will say that these arguments are visionary and without force that they are the ravings of a partisan and the result of prejudice? Is there a man who after he has examined the subject critically will say that we can remain united as a free people for any considerable time? To me the subject appears clear as the sun in the heavens. I do not say that I have stated the arguments in a lurid manner, but I say that if they are attentively considered, they must produce conviction. They must clearly evince the necessity and expediency of a division of the states. For if it is proved that we cannot live in union will any one doubt the expediency of a separation?

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But perhaps someone will say, how happened it that we for so many years after the revolution lived in harmony? And if we have lived in union why may we not hereafter? I answer, that amid the universal joy resulting from the acquisition of our independence, amid that enthusiasm in favor of liberty which warmed the breast of every man, we were unmindful of those distinctions and differences between the northern and southern states which time and a different series of events have unfolded. The people then thought of nothing but to rejoice for their success. As after a violent convulsion oil and water may seem to unite, so after the confusion of the revolution, the repulsion between the different sections of the country was unnoticed. But as by remaining quiet the oil is soon to separate from the water, so by the calm of peace we can now distinctly see the various differences between N. England and the southern states. These differences have also been greatly increased by the wretched conduct of our present rulers; and we may now with confidence say that until oil and water will permanently unit, until light and darkness will exist together, until heat and cold shall become the same, and until repulsion shall be synonymous with attraction, the northern and southern states cannot live...

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...in peace and harmony.

With regard to a possibility of a division of United States it would seem that if the northern states wish it, and the southern people have that sovereign contempt of N. England which they pretend, it might be affected by mutual agreement without any collision. But the professed contempt of the northern people is in fact only a fear, a dread, an envy, and a jealousy of their powers and past prosperity. The southern states know full well that N. England is the bulwark, the fastness and the stronghold of the nation—that she possesses the most abundant means of war, and that separated from her they must soon expire like an amputated limb or a branch severed from the trunk. It is not probable therefore that the southern people will consent to a separation but they will oppose it with all their resources. But it is a principle in politics that to be free a nation has only to will it. It is generally confessed that N. England possesses the means for the formation of armies and for carrying on war in much greater abundance than the southern states. By the constitutions of the several states each has a right to the services of their militia, and also to adopt the most eligible mode of governing them. By using this power an army of seventy thousand might be sufficiently well disciplined in N. England...

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...(and it is believed without more expense to the people than the present military system) to oppose any troops that might be brought against them from the south. A system and one which is ingenious and manifestly practical for affecting their object which has repeatedly been proposed to the legislature of Massachusetts, but from some unaccountable cause that body has neglected to adopt it. Such an army as would be raised by the system would not be like that collected by enlistments consist of the outcasts and refugees of Europe and the scrapings our streets and kennels, but of men who are possessed of principles, of virtue and of patriotism. Although these qualities alone cannot make soldiers, yet when combined with discipline they render an army vastly superior to one without any governing principles by itself. Such an army would stand on our borders like the eternal rocks on our coast. In vain would the waves of southern democracy dash against them. The talents of N. England would direct them, the love of country could nerve their arms, and render the thrust of their bayonets doubly dreadful, the justice of the cause would light the flame of valour in their breasts, the genius of liberty would hover among their banners, and heaven itself would smile propitiously on their execution.

It may however be said, that although the northern states might defend themselves if united...

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...yet they are so divided that the federalists of N. England could not resist efforts of the southern states aided by their satellites in the north. It is true that in numerical strength there is but little difference between democracy and federalism in N. England. But where are the military and civil talents? Where is a virtue? Where is the patriotism? Where is the firmness? Where is the money? Let anyone look around him and he can tell. On the side of federalism he will see most of the heroes of our revolution, most men who are advanced in years; most men of science and the professors of religion, and most of the citizens of extensive possessions; but few of the abandoned and wretched outcasts of society. On the other side he will see little talent, little religion, little virtue, little integrity, little information, little wealth; but much ignorance, vice, irreligion, poverty, meanness and baseness. If a person travels the

country and meets at the inns flocks of drunkards, my word upon it, they almost invariably democrats. Does he meet a man of information and respectability, he is almost certainly a federalist. If a man has reduced himself to wretchedness by his vices and can no longer possess the confidence of society, nor maintain himself while the republic is quiet, he bids fair to become a hopeful disciple of democracy. If a town is quite democratic, we also commonly find it either very ignorant or corrupt. If the ignorant, the vicious and the unprincipled be taken from democracy, small indeed would be the remainder. They would be few as the planets among the stars, or the good men of Sodom.

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And what can an ignorant, vicious and unprincipled rabble do against the majority which possesses most of the information, talents and virtues of the country? The federalists can undoubtably maintain their present ascendancy in any just measures, and raise men and money from their own party, and democracy will be but an unwieldy body, without head, system or energy: For

*"Vis consili expers mole ruit sua."*

*[Brute force without judgement collapses under its own weight]*

The strength of a party is by no means to be estimated by its numbers, but by the correctness of its principles, the purity of its motives, the talents and wealth of the individuals composing it, and by the perfection of its system of operations.

*"Not noise, nor number, nor the brawny limb  
Nor high built size prevails: 'tis courage fights,  
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall  
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe,  
And steel well sharpened."*

*[Source: Watts, The Celebrated Victory, 1795]*

But even allowing that the federalists would be incapable of effecting a separation of the states, yet there is a nation on earth which has long been the last refuge and resort of injured man.

*"There is a land of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside."*

*[Source: James Montgomery, The West Indies, 1809]*

For many years has that nation stretched forth her arms to save unhappy man from the licentiousness of democracy...

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...and the jaws of tyranny. The sound of liberty is mingled with the roar of her cannon. Her thousand ships convey the thunder of justice over every sea, and they are heard with delight by the good in every land where oppression rears her Gorgon head; but with dread and terror by the cruel tyrant of the earth.

*"A voice of music to her friends  
But threatening thunder to her foes."*

*[Source: Watts, Hymn]*

Never does that nation deceive those whom she assists, and under pretense of giving them freedom, fasten upon them the chains of oppression; for her cause is the cause of man and her principles the principles of justice.

*"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?  
Art thou a man—patriot, look around!"*

Cast your eyes on the wide ocean and you shall behold the "fast anchored isle" —the land of your fathers.

*"A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time tutor'd age and love exalted youth."*

*[Source: James Montgomery, The West Indies, 1809]*

The land whose thousand ships convey her unconquered lion through every ocean and every sea and whose banners have long waved triumphant on the planes of Lusitania, there unfurled in the cause of man.

Let the word be but conveyed to that nation that we are struggling for our rights, and her ships would rush over the Atlantic, and a second Wellington will rear his standard on our shores.

This last argument in favor of a possibility of...

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...a division of the states it is conceived is conclusive and it must destroy all the objections advanced by a certain description of men who fear to undertake anything unless it be certain as mathematics. But there are some who if they allow the expediency and possibility of a separation, yet fear that we should bring on ourselves more calamities than we at present suffer. They conjure up the idea that the northern and southern people, separated into two governments, would be continually at variance— the scenes of ancient Sparta and Athens would be acted over, and that other Peloponnesian wars would ensue. Whether that would be the case it is impossible at this day to determine because it depends on events hidden in unfathomable futurity. Not even allowing that wars would be frequent, ought this to

prevent a separation? Is it not better to be at enmity as independent nations, than to be continually divided among ourselves, and thus rendered incapable of resisting the attacks of the weakest foreign enemy? Had it not been for mutual animosities and contentions the state of Greece never would have risen to that proved eminence which has rendered them the wonders of after times, nor transmitted so many illustrious examples of virtue, courage, patriotism, eloquence, science, art, and genius. It was this spirit of jealousy that aroused all their energies, diffused activity and ardor through every...

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...class, and shew forth the latent spark of genius. When a nation enjoys undisturbed tranquility, while its neighbors are at war, it will almost universally relax its exertions; the manners will become soft and effeminate, the ocean of corruption will flow over it, and in a few years it becomes an easy prey to foreign powers or domestic despots. This animosity between the northern and southern governments might therefore be the means of the preservation of each, instead of their destruction. It would keep alive the spirit of freedom, recall the virtues of our fathers, kindle a spirit of emulation for noble deeds, and render both nations formidable at home and respectable abroad. Do we expect to prevent forever the existence of two rival nations on the continent of North America? Do we expect to preserve the whole, or the greater part, under one government? It is an idle dream – a phantom of the brain! While a country is new and thinly settled it is necessary to embrace a great extent of territory under one government; as it advances in numbers and wealth it separates into distinct states almost as a consequence. The time for this division has arrived in America. And why should we not submit to it? Why consider it an evil of such immense magnitude? On the continent of Europe many nations...

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...have maintained themselves independent for centuries, and some of these were small republics. It is true that they have had frequent wars, but it is probable that these have been the means of raising that portion of the globe to the highest state of civilization and refinement. So long as man remains as he is at present it seems to be established that a nation cannot long remain in a state of peace and retain its energy, spirit, virtues and independence. Wars it is true frequently produce a temporary increase of corruption, and sometimes a total ruin of countries; but commonly in the end, when they are waged with just cause and properly conducted, they rid the land of a massive iniquity, infuse a noble and independent spirit in the people, and give a spur to enterprise. There is always a certain number in society which will make soldiers but not citizens; which are the fists of the land, and can well be spared to carry on war. Such men are generally ready to enlist for soldiers, and are thus rendered of service to the country. It is not denied that nations which lie contiguous to each other with no natural boundary between them, are...

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...more liable to be reduced by some ambitious powerful tyrant than those separated by impassable mountains or extensive seas. But this is an evil which cannot be avoided until the nature of man shall be changed and the possibility of such an event is less to be dreaded than the anarchy and confusion of an extensive nation, united together by few natural ties, with various interests, principles and feelings.

It is also advanced by some that N. England would not be sufficiently large to maintain an independent government. Let us examine the subject by facts and comparisons. The five N. England states contain not less than 46,000 square miles of territory and in 1810 there were 1,471,947 inhabitants. This is three times more territory and nearly as many people as the Republic of Switzerland contained. And although that nation was surrounded by such powerful neighbors for five centuries she stood unmoved as her mountains, free as the eagles that dwelt on her rocks, and unpolluted as the snows of her hills. Holland contained only 10,000 square miles and about a million of people more than N. England now embraces. Holland remained a republic for near two centuries. The ancient states of Greece were...

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...both in extent and population greatly inferior to N. England; yet they remained unconquered through many centuries; they were the pride of nations and have ever been held up as illustrious examples for imitation. If the state of New York be included with N. England (as it undoubtedly would be in case of a separation) it will give an area of 90,000 square miles and 2,431,167 inhabitants. This entire territory is equal to the whole of Italy, and only 11,000 square miles less than Great Britain and Ireland which are the pride of the world, and perhaps the most powerful nation on the globe.

Where is there then who can doubt the possibility, the expediency and the policy of a division of United States? Why should we consider it a thing so much to be dreaded, deprecated and avoided? Why call forth all our fears and all the powers of our imaginations to discover and magnify every possible objection? Why talk of it in so circumspect a manner, and use so much the subjunctive mood? Why have not the arguments in favour of it been openly, fully and repeatedly urged upon the people through the public prints.

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Why are our presses barred against every thing on this subject that bears the mark of decision? If time and circumstances have clearly proved to our minds that we cannot live in harmony with the southern states, is it a crime to declare it? Is it a reason to speak the truth? Shall the people be permitted to rush blindfold to the precipice of ruin, nor see their danger till they are tumbling headlong down the dark abyss? The magic sound of union binds us fast. We forget that *"resistance to oppression is duty to God,"* and that

*"He who contends for freedom  
Can ne'er be justly dream'd his sovereigns foe."*

*[Source: James Thomson, Edward and Eleonora, 1739]*

With all these arguments in favour of a division of the states before them, why has the legislature of this state finished another session without adopting any measures which will have a tendency to bring the subject to a crisis; without doing any thing which bears the mark of decision and interdependence, of the firmness of covert politicians, or the energy of patriots? Did they fear that the people were not



ready; that they yet halt between two opinions, and shudder at the thought of a dissolution of union? If indeed they are not yet prepared—if the enormous oppressions that have been formed upon them for years like a storm of hail—if a constitution violated...

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...violated in its most vital parts—a flourishing commerce swept from the seas, and lastly, an impious war waged against the land of our fathers, the land of science, of religion, of virtue, of honor, and of justice— if all these things have not aroused the spirit of the people, well may we weep for our country. Well may we clothe ourselves in sackcloth and ashes and mourn over the lost liberties of N. England. Well may we sit down and bear the lash without a murmur. Well may we commit the history of our country to the flames, and banish from our minds every principle of freedom, and become the tools of ambition and corruption. For such things are not sufficient to arouse the good and virtuous—if they will still sleep it is their final, their everlasting sleep, and in vain shall a few individuals endeavor to break their slumber. But it is believed that the people are and long have been prepared to support the rulers of N. England in any just measures which will rescue them from their oppressions. Their spirit has long been raised and it wants but direction. Does not the legislature of the state know that the people are a machine; that they are in a great measure directed by the opinions of those in whom they confide and that wherever the good and the great lead they will follow?

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But it is also said that there is a prospect of peace. What then? Will this change the disposition of our rulers? Will men who for that thirteen years have endeavored by every method in their power to effect our ruin, will such men forsake their object so long as they are not debarred the possibility of attaining it? It is presumed that a single instance of this description is not on the accords of man. True our present rulers may be forced to make peace, but they will never be forced by anything except open resistance to cease to endeavor to build up their own fortunes on the ruins of their country. There is no security for us whether there be peace or war except in a division of the states, and if we seek for it from any other quarter, dreadful will be our disappointment, and certain our destruction.

But if our legislature (See an additional paragraph page 199) believed that the people are not prepared for open resistance to the government of the country this was no reason for not adopting some measures which have a relation to that subject. Could they not have passed an act authorizing the governor to accept the services of volunteers? Could they not have detached a part of the militia for the purpose of disciplining them? Could they not have given power to the governor to borrow money? Could they not have established...

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...military schools? Could they not have called a convention of the N. England states? Or do they suppose that no preparation is necessary; that the whole can be done at once by the patriotism of the people? Do they believe that an undisciplined militia will be sufficient? Ah, fatal delusion! Ah, deadly error! Would that I had an hundred voices, as many minds, and the eloquence of an hundred Ciceros, freely

would I employ them all, continually would I exert the whole, enforcing and urging upon the minds of my countrymen the fallacy of so visionary an hypothesis, of so dreadful a principle as that militia can oppose regular troops. It is an error that is common, nay almost universal. It is possessed equally by many of the noblest minds and the smartest [????]. Until the delusion vanishes we may indeed despair of N. England; and well may we fear that it will never be dissipated only as in a stormy night the lightning scathes the darkness and renders the prospect more gloomy and dreadful. And as the lightning is ever followed by the thunder, so the flash of truth on this subject will be succeeded by the crash of ruin. The error will never be perceived till it is too late to amend, till impending destruction can no longer be stayed. In vain have the real military men in this country lifted their warning voices and urged all the arguments...

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...of reason and experience against an opinion so delusive, so specious. They cannot resist the united efforts of prejudice, pride and ignorance. They cannot even convince the rulers of our state, that militia are inadequate to the purposes of war, that patriotism and love of country however ardent cannot supply the place of discipline, nor sustain men under the politics and hardships of a campaign, and that regular soldiers can alone be relied upon. Disgusted, they now hold their peace, and even the tear moistens their manly cheeks, for the ignorance of their countrymen and the dreadful ruin that must follow such delusion.

We have been too much in the habit of underrating the strength of our general government. Although its soldiers are collected from the outcasts and refuse of society, yet it ought to be known that such man will in time make soldiers; that they are peculiarly well calculated for civil butchery and for advancing the cause of ambitious demagogues. From the late report of the Secretary of War it appears, that the Army of U. States amounts to 35,000; and from the additional bounty and wages now given it will probably increase with rapidity. And in case of an attempt to separate the states how is this army to be opposed? By militia? Oh horrid slaughter! Oh cruel murder!

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How many widows would cast their eyes towards the fields of battle where their lovers lay cold in death? How many parents would mourn in the bitterness of grief the supports of their declining years sacrificed to a mad policy, to a fatal delusion! How uncertain would be our success, unless the power of the "fast anchored isle" should be exerted for our relief.

Why then again I ask have our legislature remained inactive? Session after session and year after year passes away, we are oppressed more and more, and yet our prospects of attempted relief grow fainter and fainter. The people have become sick of war on paper—of threatenings without execution. Their confidence even in our state government is on the wane. Nothing but a vigorous preparation to resist the encroachment of tyranny can restore it to its original state. Nothing so unmans the energies of a people as a want of decision and uniformity in their rulers. From the spirited answer of the House of Representatives to the Governor's speech, we had anticipated some measures that would bring things ultimately to a crisis. But they have not been completely disappointed and why? We are told it is

through prudence. "There is," says Mr. Burk, "a courageous wisdom; there is...

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*...also a false reptile prudence, the result not of caution but but of fear. The rulers and definitions of prudence can rarely be exact, never universal. I do not deny that in small truckling states a timely compromise with power has often been the means, and the only means, of drawling out their puny existence: but a great state is too much envied, too much dreaded to find safety in humiliation. To be secure it must be respected. Power, and eminence, and consideration are things not to be begged. They must be commanded; and they who supplicate for mercy from others can never hope for justice through themselves."* [Source: Edmund Burke, *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, 1796] Alas, the infatuation which ever attends the decline and downfall of republics, has seized upon N. England. We live in hope for better times and a reformation of our rulers, but all rational hope has long since passed beyond the moon. We are inclined to be charitable and mild towards the wretches, whose secret daggers are now raised waiting only for an opportunity to be driven home to our hearts. We are continually crying, "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands; there is a lion in the way." [Proverbs 24:3] My countrymen, the ghost of unhappy Switzerland, now hovering over the summits of the Alps, directs our eyes to this western...

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...world and with a warning voice exclaims, "beware, O beware of delay. Behold me once the pride of nations, once the delight of freedom and virtue, now an empty form; fit only to point out to other fractions the gulph into which I plunged blind and headlong. Ah! had I not put off the day of resistance to the day of my death, yet might I have sat secure on my mountains, yet might liberty have reposed on my bosom, and yet might I have bid defiance to the united efforts of the tyrants of the world.

You noble are few, who in the legislature of this state have at the last session come forward with all your influence, and devoted all the powers of your minds to persuade your fellow members to adopt something decided, something worthy this state, receive the thanks, the approbation, of every true patriot. You have nobly done your duty. You have lifted the voice of argument, of persuasion and of experience to check the overwhelming torrent of false reasoning and timid injections which rushed upon you from every quarter. You have stood at your posts unmindful of the frowns of the apparently great, and the cavils of the ignorant. Amid the false...

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...principles and unworthy actions which so universally stain our country, the memory of your efforts is sweet to every patriot. Just like a flower found in the desert, or like the sight of land to the sailor who has long traversed a vast and cheerless ocean. Though these efforts were in vain, yet they will afford peace and satisfaction to your minds even in your last moments—they will ever be grateful to your recollection, and through your whole lives afford you the consolation of reflecting, that

*"If Rome must fall,  
Heaven and earth will witness that you are innocent."*

*[Source: Joseph Addison, Cato: A Tragedy, 1713]*

And shall we despair of N. England and no more hope that she will ever be saved from despotism? Were it not for the sword of the Cozack, we might well close our mouths and in the silence and bitterness of the soul wait for the hour (not far distant) when the iron belt of oppression shall be riveted forever upon us, when the last feeble voice of freedom shall be heard, like the last weeze of expiring Zephyr, and when every win shall be swelled with the groans, and moisten with the tears of the victims of tyranny. But thanks to heaven another voice still louder than before and almost as joyous as that which...

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...shall hereafter awake the virtuous from their graves—another light brighter than the star of the morning, and more delightful than the pleasant twilight of a clear morn of May—these have come from the European shores, and demand from us a song of gratitude and of praise. These again cover our faces with a smile and pour the broad beams of hope into our souls. Yet let it be our duty and our delight to rejoice with the emancipated nations of Europe. Though it is mortifying to reflect that we are the only allies of the enemy of man, that we alone are fighting his battles, and that all other civilized nations have united their powers to crush him in the dust, yet let us not refuse to bestow the tribute of praise wherever it is due,

*"Let laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dew,  
Reward his memory, dear to every muse,  
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,  
In honor's field advancing his firm foot,  
Plants it upon the line that justice draws,  
And will prevail or perish in her cause.  
...But let eternal infamy pursue  
The wretch to naught but his ambition true,  
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast  
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste."*

*[Source: William Cowper, Table Talk, 1782]*

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From the astonishing advance and successes of the deliverers of Europe may we not believe that even our emancipation will ultimately spring? Before this time the head quarters of the allies is probably the capital of France - an event unparalleled in the history of man. With regard to the nations of Europe it may be said that

*"Quod nemo promittere Divum  
Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro."*

Let us still hope for future rescue and relief. Let us look with anxious joy for the messengers of glad tidings whenever the breezes shall flow from the European shores. Let us still trust in the wisdom and goodness of an overwhelming power, and believe that

*"There is yet some chosen course,  
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,  
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the men,  
Who owe their greatness to their country's ruin."*

*[Source: Joseph Addison, Cato: A Tragedy, 1713]*

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March 1814

The following should have been inserted page 191

If the present war had been undertaken through a mistaken policy; if the error of our rulers was an error of the head and not of the heart, and if the seduction...

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...of Canada, and the protection of seamen were their primary objects, we might indeed hope that when they had discovered their aberrations and made peace, better policy and better times would succeed. But these are only the pretended, not the real objects of the war. Some deeper designs, more dreadful, more selfish and more destructive lie concealed beneath the specious outside; and when an army of 60,000 is collected these plans will be put in execution to our utter destruction.

*"Non ut superbas invidiae Carthaginiis  
Romanus arces ureret;  
Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet  
Sacra catenatus via:  
Sed ut, secundum vota Parthorum, sua Urbs parca perisset dextera..."*

*Hor. Epod. Lib. Ode 7*

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The following should be inserted page 166 six lines from the top.

The following fact will exhibit in a most striking view the depravity, corruption and practical...

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\*Quebech + "Secundum vota Jacobi Madisonis et Thomas Jeffersonis et cæteronum trespassimonim"

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...atheism which exists in the territory of the United States State of Louisiana.

In the winter of 1813 1814 Mr. Harper introduced a bill into the assembly convened at Orleans for the newly incorporated state of Louisiana the object of which was, "to punish by finding all persons who shall be guilty of opening their shops or taverns on the Sabbath, disturbing any religious worship, living in a state of concubinage, committing the crime of \_\_\_\_\_, or injuring any monument erected in memory of the dead."

*[See Franklin Herald, April 26, 1814, p. 64, for the article that Hitchcock probably read.]*

In the course of the debate which ensued upon this bill, Mr. Dornenon among other things said that "*he would undertake to prove, that the principles contained in this bill were unjust, impolitic and immoral.*" They were unjust, because they went to prevent the exercise of those enjoyments to which the Creoles of the country, from their infancy had been accustomed. What Sir? Shall the people of Louisiana be told that they are not to sell their merchandise on Sunday. Are they to be told that they are not to be prevented to recreate themselves by dancing, attending the theater, or other amusements to which their fancies may lead them on the Sabbath day! No sir, I hope the legislature is not prepared to make such an awful attempt upon the established...

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...customs of this country. Society here is not in a situation to receive a blow of this kind, it is composed of persons gay, and sociable, and are not to be brought to walk within the rules prescribed only by bigots and hypocrites. Hypocrisy is not known in Louisiana. Laws of this kind may answer for the inhabitants of the northern states who are a melancholy thinking set of beings and whose character is naturally hypocritical—and sir, you must make laws for men and not men for laws. The northern states are composed of the descendants who flew their country England when it was distracted by religious or hypocritical tyranny. They settled in America with all the prejudices and inconsistencies attached to the character in their native country, and which are to this day entailed upon their descendants. But, sir, as I have already shown, the people of Louisiana are differently situated, and laws of this description which might have a tendency to cherish that favorite principal of the north (hypocrisy) are not calculated for this clime. No continued Mr. Dornenon, had I a fortune the preservation of which depended upon the morality of some individual in society, I would much sooner trusted it to him who is poor and indigent,...

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...but whose religion would not prevent him from indulging in all his pleasures and amusements, as well on the Sabbath as any other day; and who had never seen, nor heard the bible, than to one who would set apart this day for its perusal, and thereby increase his stock of hypocrisy. I have now said sufficient

to convince the house that the adoption of this bill would be unjust and impolitic—it only remains for me to prove that its principles are immoral. By providing for the punishment of a crime, the commission of which has been seldom known in any country, and I believe never in Louisiana, you invite its perpetration—for you have here a section of this bill which designates the punishment to be inflicted on the person committing the crime of \_\_\_\_\_, the name of which I will venture to assert, is not understood by the Louisianans; by this means, sir, you invite its commission."

After a short discussion the bill of Mr. Harper was rejected by a majority of the assembly!!!!!!!!!! Where is there another legislative body on earth which would have done this? Where is there a council of the rudest barbarians whose ideas are not more correct, whose principles are not more pure, whose feelings are not more refined? If such are the legislators what are the...

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...people? The virtuous man shutters to contemplate the condition: his soul recoils back on itself when he considers that he is united to such a people by those ties which connect the subjects of the same government, and that his rights are dependent on such tigers and bloodhounds for their preservation. O N. England! With what corruption are you united? What Frenchman was ever more abandoned; what Hottentot was evermore base and hateful than those with whom you are connected; than those who now direct your concerns! Truly could I dissolve my heart and pour it forth in tears for your unhappy fate! Freely could I sit down in the dust, and rend my garments and cry continually, "*O tempora O mores!*" "*O patria, O Divum domus Flum!*"

*[Translation: Oh the times, Oh the customs, Oh fatherland, Oh home of the gods!]*

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Written under the Publishment of an old deformed couple .

*"Ye withered maids, who since your birth,  
Have seen full forty years on earth,  
And cannot yet break or obtain  
The heart of gentlemen or swain,  
Take courage! For behold! See here,  
Two crabbed hemlock trees appear,..."*

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## POEM FOR JACKSON DICKINSON 1816

[A poem by Edward Hitchcock written about the death of his friend, Jackson Dickinson, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, EOH, Box 22, Folder 48.]

It gives the mourner's heaving bosom rest [vent?]  
Quenches the anguish that would else commence  
And flowing through the channels nature form'd  
Softens the heart which else would stiffen into stone.

So softened there a heavenly seed is sown  
That shoots a plant which bears a hundredfold  
Who does not weep? Though to the public view  
There be who bear the tearless eye, long taught  
In philosophic or in adverse school,  
Yet oft the stars have glistened through their tears  
And midnight breezes answered to their sighs -  
No heart so ice bound that it never felt -  
No eye so Stoick but sometimes it weeps -  
Save where foul crime has sear'd the conscience sheer  
Or where the red wild eye ball speaks despair  
Whose blame evaporates the rising tear  
There is a tear of grief a tear of joy  
And one where these extremes are softly mixed -  
Tis that which memory from her fountain heaves  
When she recalls the virtues of a friend  
His social converse - sympathetic sighs  
His love-beamed eye and kind solitudes  
\_\_\_\_\_ the thousand thousand dear delights  
That cling to friendships and affections  
Such \_\_\_\_\_ are our tears - now fondly now  
I cast my eye on reflection's field  
All mantled o'er with friendships vernal bloom -  
How fair the flowers - how few the thorns concealed!  
O could I thither backward turn - but ah  
The tide of time is bearing me along  
And who can pause upon its rapid flood?  
Yet while the telescope of thought remains  
I oft will turn it back with sager eye  
To gaze and gaze on those dear scenes of joy  
Yet how much dearer were those scenes to thee?  
Mine was but friendship - yours a softer name  
Yet twas a friendship softened and refined  
Twas what the poet's pen no more can paint  
Than can the artist touch the hues of heaven  
Unless he dip his pencil in the sun.



But yet you knew it felt it ah and now  
You realize its loss - One sudden wrench  
Has snatched away the golden fields you trod.

Page 2

How soon youth's morning visions fly!  
How soon our prospects vanish into air!  
We sleep awhile in pleasures glittering beam  
Fanned by the breezes wing awakes  
But soon the thundering tempest breaks our trance  
The lightning flashes on the startled eye  
And makes the midnight darkness visible -  
Now broke that trance with thee! I saw thee late  
All sweetly circled with joy's rainbow hues!  
I see thee now - but O how changed the view!  
Thine eye that looks indifferent on the world  
And red with grief – proclaims the inward pang -  
Falls now the scythe of death at one fell stroke  
Has cut affections Gordian knot forever -  
And how his lance through thy friend's heart has pierced thine own.  
*[In pencil]* And how through thy friend's heart thine own is pierced.  
Yet mid the storm of woe I find thine ear  
And hear the voice of friendship - hear that strain  
Which mournful flows from sympathetic grief  
Wish joyful hailed thee in thy prosperous days  
And would weep with thee when now \_\_\_\_\_  
Would sooth thy sorrow with "the joy of grief"  
And guide thee to the mourners rock of rest.

And is he gone? Thy Jackson, gone!  
My Jackson, friend no more! Is that bright eye  
Which beamed so lovely clos'd so soon forever!  
Is that warm heart so faithful to our love,  
So feeling for the wretched cold in death!  
Is that kind arm thy refuge, nerveless, fallen?  
Where is that tongue whose magic sound could charm  
Could tune the cords of friendship to their sweetest tone?  
Ah me! They sleep the ice bound earth  
Nor had the wintry winds that whistle there.  
But will not spring revive what autumns slew?  
The spring may come – to \_\_\_\_ the frozen earth  
Awake the flowers and bring the feathered songsters back  
But there our Jackson sleeps, he moulders there  
The tears of sorrow there must flow - and let it flow  
Tis due to friendship – due to him to mourn  
And grateful sacred make the turf upon his grave.

And now Arabian desert sound you rise.  
Still memory with her faithful \_\_\_\_\_ rous'd  
Invites your eye and bids you as you gaze  
To sooth your sorrow with the joy of grief.  
And in an orphans eye thy Jackson pleads  
That those wouldst cheerful bear the world awhile  
To form thy Mary's opening mind aright  
And turned her early heart from earth to heaven

But let us rest not with the joy of grief  
For there's a joy of joy that may be ours -  
Seest thou your vista opening through the gloom  
And yonder Goddess pointing to the skies?  
She is religion - and her left hand holds  
The hopes of earth inscribed with "vanity" -  
But from her right hand hang the hopes of heaven  
On which in gold is written "Joy of joy -  
How innocent her looks - how sweet her voice  
That pleads admittance to our iron hearth.  
Oh let us rise and catch her ere she goes  
And hug her to our bosoms. Such a friend  
Not earth could give though e'en our Jackson liv'd  
Alike in every seen her steady heart  
And warm would beat in unison with ours  
Though all things else will fade though sunk the eye  
And channeled by the brow with sorrows flood  
Though seared the wheel of nature turns its round  
And though our friend be quenched with the dead  
Though all be desolate beneath the sun  
Yet circled with an amaranthine wreath  
She mid the waste found faithful starts

And with immortal love supports the soul  
E'en when the limbs are yielded to the dust  
She smiling, rises o'er the ruined frame  
And bears our spirits to her native skies  
But I have lengthened out my song so far  
That thy weary eye will gladly greet the close.  
My soul long lingers on the pleasant, mournful theme  
And memory clings to him we loved so dear -  
But he has pass'd that bourn none ever retrod -  
We, we must follow in his footsteps soon.

*[Scrawled across back page, sideways: Deerfield, December 21<sup>st</sup>, 1816 – Received of Martin Wheelock for  
Giles Hubbard, two dollars twenty cents.]*

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## EDWARD HITCHCOCK'S DIARY OF HIS EUROPEAN TOUR, 1850

[Notebook of European tour 1850 May 15-Aug 9, EOH Series 7-C, Box 19: folder 6]

[The diary actually begins on May 15, 1850, on page 63. It continues there through May 31, then picks up at page 1.]

June 1 - 1850

Parliament House at Dolgelly. Welch saddles. Welch black cattle. Absence of Romanism. Ascended Cader Idris. Road worse and steeper than up Snowden.

Old Roman Road visible from one spur of the mountain running zig zag up its side.

Small ponies used. The mountain made up of greenstone, slate, and metamorphic limestone. The top is interstratified with other rocks. This rock is sometimes vesicular and is mistaken for recent lava.

Towards the top of Idris it exists in columnar masses leaning 30 degrees or more towards the Southwest.

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These columns vary in the number of the sides from 4 to 9 and are not very regular. But they are of great length some more than 20 ft are got out and used for posts. The amount of them is immense on the top of the mountain and on the North side they are exposed in place.

The altered limestone rocks near the summit are wild and rugged beyond conception. I discovered in them some shells often the whole rock is converted into concretions even a foot in diameter and all marks of stratification are gone.

The slate is often changed into siliceous slate.

A little southeast of this Village I noticed syenite and perhaps granite.

The marks of glacial action as we ascend are not striking. But the northeast sides of the projecting ledges for a few hundred feet are rounded evidently by ice from that quarter.

The view from Idris is magnificent and somewhat like that from Snowden. The tops of all the surrounding mountains are very irregular and few continuous ridges appear. Some peaks are scene nearly 100 miles to the South. Snowden is seen on the North, Plynllymon Southeast.

A little south of the summit is a remarkable opening showing walls on every side but one some 300 or 400 ft deep in form almost exactly like a crater and at the bottom a pond which empties northeasterly. It is generally rounded as a real crater but no lava porous basalt I believe is found there. Probably formed by the action of the ancient ocean and probably this was the chief agency by...

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...which the remarkable walls and irregular forms of these mountains were produced. The lakes around the mountain are less numerous than around Snowden but Cardigan Bay and some small streams running into it are more striking than Caernarvon Bay from Snowden.

On the wall of the \_\_\_\_ is a fine place for ravens, jackdaws and other birds to build nests and they were screaming around it. The guide assured us he had seen lambs whose eyes have been picked out by the ravens and gave me some large stories about the ravages of foxes among the sheep. We saw a sheep on Snowden just killed by a dog.

#### Aneroid barometer

At the end in Dolgelly 30.110, and on our return 30.137.

On top of Idris 27.15. Hence its height above the valley 2843 ft. and by maps 2850 difference 7 feet. So close an agreement must be accidental yet it proves that the instrument works well.

By my observations on Friday (see notes) I make the hotel at Glen Ferris 388 ft above the sea. This would make Snowden 3541 feet above the same. Error only 30 feet.

Barometer on Cader Idris 100 ft below the highest glacial action = 29.200.

June 2nd

Sabbath. Dolgelly. Preached in the afternoon for Cadwalder Jones of the Independent Church. Reading the scriptures, an introductory prayer and singing in Welsh by Reverend M. Rees of Liverpool. He followed my sermon as an interpreter (I fear that not many understood me) for half an hour. The singing in Welsh and a prayer by myself which concluded without a benediction.

The Sabbath has been very quiet here and the churches (Episcopal, Independent, Baptists and Methodists) I believe were well filled. A series is held at evening or rather towards night time – needs no light – here...

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...till about half past 9 o'clock (For June 3rd see the other end of this book)

June 4<sup>th</sup>

Newtown to Ludlow through Montgomery and Bishop's Castle. 40 miles. The country fine for agriculture and beautiful views but rocks rarely seen. Ludlow. Shales prevail till we get beyond Bishop's Castle at which place is a hill of volcanic grit – containing often rounded pebbles.

In passing towards Ludlow we see evidence in the red color of the soil of the old red sandstone beneath.

We passed some quarries of the Aymestry Limestone which resembles the limestone in the eastern part of New York – as the shales do a similar rock in that part of New York. Everything indeed the rocks, the soil, the general outlines of the country remind me of that part of New York.

At Montgomery are the remains of an old castle on a hill of volcanic grit. But little of it remains yet the veins from the hill is fine.

At Ludlow are the remains of a very large castle one of whose towers has 102 steps of 8 inches built in 10180 but additions have been made almost to the present time. The walls are ten feet thick. In one part of the tower Hudibras wrote a part of his poem, he being steward I believe.

At Montgomery is the grave of George Herbert the minister and the poet.

Many of the houses in Ludlow are very old. The church is very ancient and looks not a little like that at Chester. The dead are still buried beneath the floor though rarely. Here are some very ancient...

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...monuments and fine painted windows. But the air seems to me as at Chester to be loaded with miasmas and damp and it is the last place where I should go to excite devotional feelings.

In the Castle an ivy (pronounced Hivy by the guide) creeps up and covers one of the sides of a tower nearly a hundred feet yet it is not very old.

The dungeon of the Castle a horrid hole entered by a trap door and it had a Chapel! For a ghostly confessor!

Barometer today - at Newtown 29.595. At the hill of the Castle in Montgomery 29.225. At the Inn in Ludlow 29.475.

June 5<sup>th</sup>

Ludlow to Monmouth through Leominster and Hereford and in sight of Ross. The scenery along this route is extremely rich and beautiful, not wild and sublime. The hills are of moderate height and cultivated to their summits, some were covered with trees. These are almost as numerous as in New England, how far they have been set out I know not. Every forest almost is trimmed up and trimmed out as carefully as a flower garden and so are the fields of oats and wheat. Cattle and sheep occupy the best fields for pasture and look accordingly. The ploughs and other instruments used in the field are greatly different in appearance from ours in New England.

Old Red Sandstone extends all the way from a little south of Ludlow to Monmouth. The rock varies from a red marl to a hard sandstone and a conglomerate with pebbles not more than an inch or so. Its greatest dip is not more than 25-30 degrees. Limestone (nodules of carbonate of lime) common everywhere I should think...

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...myself passing over new red sandstone marl. The sort from this rock is very fine. Around Monmouth the hills are 500 or 600 feet high.

At Hereford is an immense Cathedral not one of the most ancient built of old Red Sandstone. In its library is the manuscript of Wycliffe's Bible but as the cathedral is repairing we did not succeed in seeing it.

Ross castle we saw only at a distance also an old Roman Camp.

From Ludlow to Monmouth 44 miles.

June 6th

Monmouth to Clifton (Bristol) 32 miles. The scenery down the Wye is extremely beautiful much like that on some of our New England rivers. The hills are in a great measure wooded and rise several hundred feet high with here and there houses. At Wycliffe still the view is thought to be one of the best in England. But it does not exceed several in New England in the Connecticut Valley.

Around Chepstow the views are very fine especially from the east bank of the Wye. Passing over the Severn we go over a rather level country to Bristol. The cliffs of magnesia and limestone with gypsum – green sand above and lias [*lias= the system of rocks deposited during the Lias epoch, consisting of shales and limestones rich in fossils*] over that with petrifications is a picturesque object- showing several faults of from 10 to 20 ft. Towards Bristol the mountain limestone again appears and at Clifton produces very wild scenery.

The gorge cut by the Avon on which Bristol lies is some 30 feet high and a half long...

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... a tolerably good example of erosion. So also is the lower part of the Wye where are distinct marks of river action.

Tintern Abbey four miles north of Chepstow is a magnificent ruin. Although begun in the 12th century its architecture especially the Arches correspond with modern structures. It is second-to-none it is said save perhaps Melrose Abbey.

The castle at Monmouth is nearly destroyed. That at Chepstow appears well from the east side of the Wye.

The cliff opposite Chepstow say 60 or 70 feet high shows at bottom a mass of red magnesian limestone next to a layer of green sand and at top a stratum of Lias. Shells are not infrequent.

Peculiar hand Carriage at Clifton for invalids.

Barometer low and rain today.

June 7th. Bristol bath to Bath 11 miles by railroad. Passed through five tunnels one of them nearly a mile on the Great Western Railway – wheels six feet apart. First Class cars each car has seats for 8 persons not any more comfort seems to me than American First Class Cars. Fare a good deal higher as much as 5 cents per mile.

Passed a large cathedral in Bristol – quite ancient. In the Church of St. Mary Radcliff, Chaterton, pretended to have found his M.S.S. of Rowley.

Clifton is the aristocratic part of Bristol. Visited the observatory on the hill where we were inveigled into a room to see a camera obscura exhibition of the scenery around at the expense of eyes and money - seems to me a very contemptible affair –

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But everything in such a place must be made artificial or it is good for nothing.

The river Avon this morning appears a mere brook though tide being out. Yet Bristol has to depend on this brook for the passage of vessels.

The cars go from Bath to London in 2 1/2 hours one hundred seven miles or more than 40 miles per hour.

Before reaching Bath we strike the oolite and near the city are quarries of fine Portland Stone not so enduring as the very fine gray sandstone from 10 miles distance (and oolitic sandstone).

Tunnel near Bristol is 5/8 of a mile long. Another 350 yards or 1050 ft, 50 ft high and 30 ft wide.

Bath is a splendid city built almost entirely of oolite. The houses however have a very dingy appearance from coal and smoke I suppose. Many of the situations upon the terraces are splendid. I noticed an unusual number of bookstores here.

The Mineral Springs in Clifton have a temperature not higher than 70. Those in Bath vary from 97 to 117 are fine for warm bathing. They are also medicinal.

June 8<sup>th</sup>

Bath to Cowes, Isle of Wight, through Warminster, Salisbury, and Southampton a little more than 70 miles. The first 38 to Salisbury in a stagecoach 10 ditto to Hampton on a railroad 15 to Cowes in a steamboat.

Traveling in a stage on top was very pleasant in good weather. Stages cars and steamboats not as punctual in starting as in our country.

Steamboats small and adapted to the sea.

From Bath several miles the rock is oolite marl decomposed at the surface but evidently never subject...

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...to drift agency.

The country quite hilly. Its agricultural character very fine.

The houses on the way as in Bath mostly built of oolite – an easy stone to work, but not enduring.

Before reaching Salisbury we strike the chalk, which continues several miles beyond that city. Like the oolite it shows few marks of stratification. It abounds in [????] which are used very much in making roads.

Several miles beyond Salisbury we strike tertiary strata which continues to Southampton.

The Salisbury Cathedral is the most elegant in England - 480 ft long- Tower 400 feet high. The houses appear to be very ancient.

In Southampton we inquired in vain for place where Watts was born. Nobody seemed to know him.

June 9<sup>th</sup>

Spent the Sabbath in West Cowes. In the morning attended Whitingham Chapel and sat within ten feet of the royal family the Queen Victoria her mother her daughter Princess Royal Prince Albert etc. Nothing very peculiar in their dress appearance or demeanor and but little in their faces to distinguish it or them. They engaged in the devotions except that Albert did not repeat the Apostles Creed. He wore his beard on the upper lip and looks like a respectable German – as he is. The Queen Mother Duchess of Kent looks like a very respectable old lady.

When prayers were offered for the Queen by name I noticed she signified her hearty assent to them...

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...by one of those shakes of the head that always indicates strong emotion.

The queen looks rather old I judge for a woman of thirty although apparently in good health.

Heard Reverend Mr. Mann in the afternoon preach from the text "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

Notice his introduction of a moment of silent prayer.

June 10<sup>th</sup>

From Cowes to Alum Bay at the West End of the island – thence to Landrock over 30 miles. To Freshwater the country although not so rich or well cultivated as most parts of England through which I have passed.

At Freshwater Bay on the south side we took to boat and rowed around part of the island passing between the Needles which are three insulated spikes of chalk marl which probably once formed a bridge over to England. They are from 50 to 100 feet high and the older one is always covered with seagulls and cormorants. The cliffs of chalk from Freshwater to the Needles are from 200 to 600 feet high and too steep everywhere to be scaled save perhaps in one spot. Frequent caverns are seen extending into the hill a considerable distance and formed by the waves.

The seabirds are numerous all along the cliff and also landbirds. In one excavation our guide told us he gathered over 100 eggs at one time.

Near the needles we saw an immense dome 150 feet high formed of strata of chalk supported by layers of flint and grand almost beyond description. The strata here dip from 30 to 40 degrees. This dip increases as we passed the Needles and on their opposite sides we enter Alum...

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...Bay where the almost perpendicular strata of chalk marl are by various colored clays standing perpendicular in some 50 or 60 rods there they decline and become almost horizontal and here I judge we meet with more recent tertiary strata with numerous fossils. Where the plastic clay and chalk marl meet the fossils [*or flints?*] are abundant and in the lower clays are found septaria used for Roman cement - I also picked up shells and fossil wood.

From the Needles a range of hills of chalk marl extends to the southern part of the island called Downs used for feeding sheep. These are sometimes 800 or 900 feet high and afford splendid views from their summits. On two of them I noticed conical striations which appeared to me to be Barrows - formed by



the Danes - the summit of one Down had six upon it one of which was deferred in the center as if the earth had sunk in.

Barometer at this barren 29.425 Do. at Cowes sea level 30.055 (This Down is called Mottiston Down).

Where streams have worn deep ravines into these cliffs they are called Chines. Black Gang Chine is worth visiting. Hear a magnificent section of tertiary (secondary) strata dipping slightly I think to the Northeast appear some 600 or 800 feet higher. They are only partially consolidated. Some are indurated sand – green sand appears over the bottom and near the top are limestone and sometimes siliceous layers like [????] appear. The upper strata form a splendid wall from Black Gang China to Sandown...

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...the road passing beneath and producing some of the most romantic scenery conceivable. The wall is a splendid castle of nature.

June 11<sup>th</sup>

From Landrock to Ryde through Ventnor, Bonchurch, Shanklin, Sandown and Brading 20 mile thence across the channel to Portsmouth five miles thence by railroad to Brighton 45 miles = 70.

From Landrock to Bonchurch a perpendicular wall of sand rock (tertiary) from 300 to 600 feet high rose on our left in imposing grandeur. The strip beneath is on an average 80 to 100 rods wide and very irregular being in fact a series of land slips. The uneven surface is covered mostly with trees and the scenery is upon the whole more romantic than any I have ever seen with the cliff on the left the sea on the right and the surface as rugged as can be almost. Here lie the romantic villages of Ventnor, Bonchurch, Shanklin, etc. sheltered from the winds save that from the Channel and forming fine places of resort for invalids both in winter and summer. These are places newer than almost any we have seen.

At Shanklin is a Chine the most romantic I have seen and resulting ravines in the tertiary strata at Richmond Virginia.

At Sandown we cross what was doubtless a sea beach not many feet above the sea.

St. Lawrence Church the smallest in England.

At Brading saw the grave of little Jane and...

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...the old church where Leigh Richmond preached said to have been built 700 years ago and here Christianity was first introduced into the island. Richmond's old clerk showed us the church.

Ryde is a pleasant place and recently built.

Crossed to Portsmouth in a steamer 25 minutes. Portsmouth a regularly fortified place with boat works - could not stop to examine it.

From Portsmouth to Brighton 45 miles in an hour and a half. Tertiary gravel most of the way and the surface level. Passed several large places as Chichester, Arundel, etc.

A little before reaching Brighton we strike the chalk and the road passes through a tunnel just before we enter the town.

June 12<sup>th</sup>

Brighton to London. 50 miles.

We pass for several miles over a chalk formation. Three or four tunnels in passing one of which I counted 82 seconds and in another 70 making the first towards two miles and the other a mile and a half. Another tunnel is through a hill of the Wealden. That formation we enter upon as the chalk Hills terminate and it continues for more than 20 miles.

Most of the way the surface is nearly level but there are hills of considerable height and fine sections are laid open by the railroad. The strata dip a few degrees as do those of the chalk but not more than might have resulted from deposition.

Brighton is a city of palaces. There is the singular Pavilion built by George the fourth whose house statue is in the Public Square. The houses along the street...

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...fronting the ocean are many of them magnificent.

Wall towards the sea is a great work and the suspension pier is no mean work. The Pavilion was lately bought by the city for 50,000 pounds.

The country of the Wealden is comparatively poor agriculturally and much of it is covered by woods the woods of Sussex.

I have now had an opportunity of crossing and examining nearly every kind of rock in England save the crystalline. I am indebted for this privilege to Honorable Jonathan Phillips of Boston who paid the expenses of myself and wife on a journey of 535 miles.

June 13<sup>th</sup> In London.

Ascended the tower of St Paul's Cathedral 400 ft good views of London save the smoke. This is the most magnificent structure I ever saw.

Wiens Monument.

Too many monuments to military men there.

Built of fossiliferous limestone – I suspect of Lias.

I find that the south part of the Isle of Wight is chalk with green sand beneath. The cliffs in Ventnor are of this formation. They underlie the chalk. This is as my observation taught but my geological map misled.

Attended a meeting of the Royal Society at 8 hours and 30 minutes at the Somerset House Strand. Attendance say 50 to 100. Saw Professor Daubeny of the London University. Mister Sharpe a geologist Mr. Wild assistant secretary, etc.

Tea and some light refreshments after the regular business.

#### June 14<sup>th</sup>

Visited or maybe it is Fourth visit the British museum. Took a general View. Layards slabs...

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...from Nineveh mostly gypsious alabaster – some of them 6 or 7 ft Square and the figures very distinct. The winged bulls not yet arrived.

The Elgin marbles.

The Egyptian sculptures some of basalt others of syenite – others of granite.

Nearly or quite 50 rooms in the museum but many of the collections are not well arranged especially in geology.

In the evening attended a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Sheepshanks in the chair. Proceedings essentially as in the Royal Society. The papers read or rather slurred over by the Secretaries.

A prodigy in calculation exhibited - German 26 year old who never could be taught any other language than German - 12 Figures were written promiscuously. He merely glanced at them and then was able to repeat them forward and backward and to perform problems in multiplication and division with almost intuitive rapidity. Other questions in cube root and in resolving large numbers into factors. When asked how extensively he could carry on these processes he replied as far as the patience of the audience would bear with him. He seems a greater prodigy in figures than other living unless it be Zerah Colburn.

#### June 15th

Called on Dr. Mantell and saw a stuffed specimen of the Apteryx. Also numerous bones of the *Dinornis*. Especially the two tarso-metatarsal bones and phalanges of *Dinornis robustus* or *ingens* excepting that the phalanges...

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...are more complete.

The specimens are no better than the one deposited in Amherst College.

The humerus of a reptile from the lias in his possession is enormous. The whole animal could hardly have been short of 90 feet.

Doctor M. in feeble health from neuralgia - emaciated but full of enthusiasm.

Visited. Dr. J. P. Smith - 76 years old – deaf and feeble about to leave Homerton.

Highbury and Howard about to be united and a new location provided in the suburbs of London West End.

June 16th Sabbath London

In the forenoon heard Reverend Mr. Sherman at the Surrey Chapel Episcopal. Text Isaiah 52-1. An excellent sermon by Rev. Mr. Sherman exhibiting a true revival spirit. After the usual church service Mister S. read an excellent prayer such as would be uttered by a dissenter of ardent piety. No wonder a man like Mr. S. feels dissatisfied with the usual church service.

In his sermon Mister S. mention that 80,000 women of ill fame live in London of whom 10,000 die annually. Every twentieth shop is for the sale of intoxicating drinks. 40,000 deaths from this cause, 700 places of worship, 7000 grog shops, 1/2 to 1/3 of the people never attend worship on the Sabbath.

In the evening heard Reverend Mr. Binney from the text "*I will be inquired of, etc.*"

More rhetorical flourishes than logic – yet the audience were attentive and the doctrine generally good.

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He advocated however the application of prophecy to several events. Illustration of two mirrors placed opposite.

He thought prayer could hardly be vindicated by philosophy - did not believe in the literal return of the Jews. Congregational singing here and at Surrey Chapel.

Omnibuses running almost as usual today and at evening the streets crowded.

June 17th.

Visited Smithfield, where the martyrs were burned and now another sort of martyrs die there thousands of oxen, sheep, cows, hogs, and calves for slaughter. Several acres were literally covered with these animals packed as closely as possible. Such a scene of confusion from animals driven in and out the shouting of men the barking of shepherds dogs the squealing of hogs, etc. I never saw. The animals especially the cattle were superior in appearance to those we usually see at home in market.

Visited the private collection in geology of William D. Saull, Aldergate St. number 15. Many good things in it but dirty and not well exposed. The fossils are distributed through the formations in proper order and the collections if put into proper cases and light would be a valuable one. Mr. Saull seems to me superficial in geology.

Visited the collection of the London Geological Society Somerset House. The smallest specimens are put into drawers around the room and large ones placed under the windows. The British rocks are well-represented with their fossils and some of the largest specimens are fine as some encrinurites, saurians - tracks of *Chirotherium* from Storeton quarries bones of the *Dinornis* - fossil trees and I saw a cast of tracks there...

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... exactly resembling those of the *Hoplichnus quadrupedans* but could not learn the locality.

Room for these specimens badly lighted not fit for such a purpose. The upper room divider devoted to foreign geology but not arranged.

Visited Dr. Mantell who treated us very kindly and showed us the feet of *Dinornis robustus* and a multitude of the bones of the same and also several things with a good microscope as sections of the

bones of *Dinornis*. Tooth of a Labyrinthodont – the shells of living polythalamia - shells and the animals of the fossil ones. Chalk he thinks is all composed of organic remains.

Dr. M. thinks there was no kind too to the Palapteryx monsters. But Professor Owen showed me the bone to which the phalanx was attached.

Dr. M. Medals for discoveries. Differs from Professor Owen on several points.

June 18<sup>th</sup>

In the forenoon visited the Hunterian Museum and became acquainted with Professor Owen and Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge.

We saw but the rooms. The principal one devoted entirely to comparative anatomy and the other mainly to morbid anatomy. It is by far the finest collection in London in all respects. It is lighted from above though not directly from the top. There are two galleries both of which are devoted to preparations of different parts of man in spirits as well as the inferior animals. Printed catalogs are placed in all parts of the rooms.

The lower part of the great room contains wired specimens of a large part of the animals on the globe and of many extinct ones. Here you have the glyptodon with his armor entire as much as three feet in diameter and the hind part of the megatherium in plaster also the head of the [????] [faint in pencil] the entire skeleton of the Mylodon. of the entire and is a blank here and skeleton of the mylodon. Of the...

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...elephant. The Irish fossil elk the moose and casts of the larger part of *Dinornis giganteus* with the feet entire. Saw a part of the cranium. Professor O. also showed us the original bone about 6 inches of the shaft of a femur – from which he first decided the existence of this bird. He first thought it belonged to an ox or horse etc and when he ventured to announce it to belong to a bird his friends remonstrated with him upon his rashness.

He has a drawing of the entire tarso-metatarsal bone and toes of *Dinornis robustus* – to appear in Zoological Transactions. He showed us the proof of the fourth toe.

The feet of none of these species are more than about 15 inches.

The bones of the femur of the *Dinornis* are thicker than those of the ostrich. He showed us the sternum and bits of a man run through the chest by the shaft of a carriage and another of a man run through the breast with a blunt iron more than 1 in in diameter both of whom survived. Also a portion of the intestine of Napoleon Bonaparte showing the cancer of which he died.

Beautiful wax preparations of the Torpedo showing the electrical organs.

Skeleton of the Irish giant 8 feet 4 inches high with a female dwarf beside him about 10 in high.

Visited the collection of shells belonging to Mr. Cummings in Gower Street Number 80. Found him feeble from paralytic attacks yet very obliging. Collection put up in drawers and the shells merely laid upon cotton with printed labels attached. Contain about 22,000 species and varieties said to be the largest collection in Europe. The shells exceed in beauty and variety all that I had imagined. Some small specimens of *Conus* he showed us cost...

...him £20 another was sold for £70. A specimen of *Carinaria* cost him £30 very few known specimens are not found in his collection. The great work of Mr. Reene is illustrating the Collection by figures already seven or eight quartos have been published.

In the evening visited Madame Tussauds Collection of wax figures, Baker Street, Portmand Square. It exceeds in perfection anything I had imagined in this art. It gives us as fine an idea of royalty of coronation of the jewelry and splendid dresses worn at coronations and other state occasions as if we were actually present. We did not go into the room of honors. See catalog of objects.

June 19<sup>th</sup>

Visited the Zoological Gardens in park. Saw 5 giraffes, rhinoceros, hippopotamus. Bears of every color, deer, antelopes, hogs, leopards, eagles, vultures, owls, parrots and a great multitude of quadrupeds (seal ex gratien) and birds as well as reptiles, snakes, iguanas and other lizards and a large collection of stuffed animals.

Visited the botanic garden in Regents Park in the conservatory saw a multitude of tropical plants - for example the date palm (leaf several feet long), Norfolk Island pine two species (*Aracari*) *tamia* and *Cycas* and prickly pears without end almost.

Notice the arrangement of these tropical plants upon ammonites more than 2 ft diameter with trunk of fossil trees from the Isle of Portland more than a foot in diameter.

The collection of American plants the most magnificent that I ever saw. More than an acre of various species of rhododendron, *Kalmia*, and azalea from North and South America were in full bloom. Had been brought there and set out by a...

...gardener or several gardeners and for sale. The ground was uneven and the whole view was the most splendid of anything I have ever seen in the way of flowers.

The creature was delightful and the numbers of gentlemen and ladies in their best dresses (constituting a collection of the beauty and fashion of London I presume) was very large. Called Promenade day. Admittance by tickets from proprietress no fee.

In the evening 6 o'clock took dinner with a club of the Geological Society about 15 by invitation of Sir Charles Lyell. Sat between him and Lord Selkirk. The dinner of turbot and various meats with fruits etc. a good one but wine was the drink and it was with difficulty I could procure water.

At 8h 30m I attended the meeting of the geological society and a paper by Mr. Austin on the strata at Farringdon occasioned a lively and long discussion by Mr. Sharpe, Professor Edward Forbes, Mr. Bestwick, Dr. Felton, Prof. Sedgwick Dr. Mantell and others. Nothing seemed to be settled by the discussion amicable but markedly keen thrusts and repartee.

At 11 o'clock went into the soiree of the Royal Society introduced by Dr. Mantell (Somerset House). Ladies quite numerous. Refreshments provided but I know not how fully as I did not stay to partake. The Nepal Ambassador was there with his interpreter. About as dark as Mar Yohannan a fine countenance

etc. not savage and but intellectual showing great firmness. Stature towards 6 ft and form gigantic almost. They were showing him [????] [faint in pencil] objects through the microscope. But he did not seem much interested from his repeated yawning.

Saw here a lock of Sir Isaac Newton's hair which was gray.

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Also the telescope he constructed. It was about a foot long and from 2 to 3 inches in diameter.

Came away at half past 11 and streets almost as full of people as ever.

June 20 and 21

London to Oxford and back 134 miles. Express train on return and rode 53 minutes without stopping. Jolted very bad at 25 miles per hour very smooth and pleasant. Rails 7 feet apart rests on timbers lengthwise.

Geology dull, first Tertiary (London basin) next chalk next oolite.

Colleges 19 and Halls 5. Radcliffe Library contains nearly 500,000 volumes and manuscripts with numerous rather intricate rooms. The Bodleian Library contains about 20,000 on medicine and natural history. This room is circular and over 80 feet highlighted by Windows of the common form near the upper part of the dome. The finest room I have seen in England for books are specimens save the Hunterian Museum.

In the Radcliffe Library is extensive gallery of paintings and models of ancient architecture (the Parthenon etc.) also the walls are covered with books.

Besides these libraries each college has its own library of several thousand volumes.

Each college also has its chapel. Some of them are very splendid as New College. Here are some of the most magnificent painted windows in Great Britain.

Each college is built around courts generally two and the rooms extend quite across the building.

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Behind or around each college are many acres of most beautiful recreation ground gravelled walks beneath lofty trees and along small streams. Addison's walk is the most handsome walk which I have seen.

The Theater is a magnificent circular room that will contain over 3,000 persons. Paintings overhead very fine. Here honorary degrees are conferred in meetings held on great occasions.

Ordinary degrees are conferred in a room adjoining to the Radcliffe Library. I saw the ceremony. Some six or eight received AB or AM or BD and one of the candidates told me one receives because he was rich not because he was a scholar. The amount of ceremony gone through was great and to me some of it ridiculous. The vice-chancellor Dr. Rum presided in his black silk gown with red in front and his square topped cap. Once or twice those receiving a degree kneel before them and he placed a book upon their heads once they read from a book of Latin and whether it was translation I know not. Some wore scarlet

gowns and others was a great difference in the costumes indicating I suppose different grades. I saw the oldest Bible ever printed – done in 1450. Room filled with the Hebrew manuscripts several thousand.

Saw a Guy Fawkes lantern with which he attempted to blow up Parliament. Also Oliver Cromwell's watch and Queen Elizabeth. Also a neck ornament gold of King Alfred. Those were in the Ashmolean Museum which is in two rooms and consists of...

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Its magnificent architectural properties have been so often described I need say nothing. Its aisles and arches certainly exceed anything I have ever seen. But I cannot look upon its monuments with much pleasure. Beautiful as is the work often it seems to me in a great measure caricature and a vain attempt to perpetuate by some extraordinary monument the distinctions that existed in life. I look with more pleasure upon the simple monuments of a common grave yard in open day because it is a more appropriate place and no damp miasmas are there to work disease in the system. Against the whole system of burying indoors I protest as a chemist and an invalid. Services performed this very day in the Abbey. The guides are dressed so as to appear quite clerical.

June 24th Sabbath

The Reverend Mr. Hamilton of the Scots church in the morning from the text "My soul waited for God etc." a written and beautiful discourse full of glowing description of strong Christian feelings. Order of exercises 1. Singing 2. Principal prayers 3. Scriptures 4. Short prayer 5. Sermon 6. Singing 7. Prayer. Made the acquaintance of Mr. H and found him a very pleasant man.

Afternoon heard Mr. Cummings from the text in Daniel, "He fasted etc." He took the ground that fasting in the sense of abstemiousness from food is not required in the scriptures and that the word has a more extensive meaning – implying humiliation of soul. He spoke strongly against forms and ceremonies in the church. An earnest preacher of the...

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...Scotch established church. He thought men who are in temperate should become teetotalers but that others might drink.

Passing along the streets sabbath evening saw a multitude of wine and beer and whiskey shops open.

June 25th

Visited the London Tower and Thames Tunnel. I need not describe either they are so well-known. At the tower I suggested to the guide that at the end of the exhibition he ought to place a Bible which would show how to make a nation prosperous and happy without armor guns and swords and how the \$15 million regalia there might be laid out in doing good. I thought he did not relish my proposal.

Saw some armor made by hoops of iron welded. Also a block use for beheading criminals the marks of the ax twice where two had been beheaded. Also instruments of torture. Also the dungeon of Sir Walter Raleigh. Inscriptions were made by the prisoners - extracts from scriptures. Be they faithful unto death. He that over cometh etc.

June 26<sup>th</sup>



The Museum of Economic Geology near Piccadilly. New a splendid building. The lower room devoted to large specimens which are placed around the room are in cases nearly horizontal like those of the British museum. Specimens of marble granite etc. are cubes 6 inches across. The upper surface polished the name and locality painted on them. Around the room are pillars 4 feet high and one foot in diameter of marble granite etc. with the name and locality. And large polished slabs form a part of the walls and supporting pillars of it flat. The upper room has two galleries and the floor. It is quadrangular though rounded at one end and lighted from...

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...above not only along the angles of the room but in the center and it is very light. Around the balustrade of the galleries is a horizontal case about 2 feet wide. Each metal and other useful substance will be placed first in its rude state. Then as it passes through the charges of reduction and conversion into useful and ornamental articles. It is the finest room I have seen in London (perhaps 100 ft long ) for exhibiting specimens.

Saw here fine examples of enameling. Also of various kinds of pottery and porcelain and glass - all very beautiful - also specimens of plants, leaves and cones preserved in a coating of copper silver or gold.

June 26<sup>th</sup>

Visited the National Gallery of paintings containing nearly 200 pieces by the old masters open to the public without fee.

Saw a cage with dogs, cats, rats, owls, hawks, jackdaws, robins, monkeys, rabbits, etc., living amicably. The owner says a good deal of training as well as good living is necessary to keep them on good terms.

Took lunch with Sir Charles Lyell. He says that there seem to be several lines or valleys along which the glaciers descended from Snowden and that most geologists save Murchison admit the former existence of glaciers there.

Visited the Colosseum. The paintings of Swiss scenery there comes nearer to reality than anything I ever saw. A vast amount of rock has been piled up there. The Panorama of Paris is exceedingly fine. The statuary is good as far as I can judge, but I doubt the moral tendency so many naked figures.

June 27<sup>th</sup>

Homerton. Last meeting of Homerton...

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...College. Dr. J. P. Smith gave a valedictory address. A student just leaving gave a very creditable essay on The Parables of Our Lord. Doctor Smith has been connected with a college since 1801 – as Divinity – tutor since 1805 or 6. Did not read but part of his address.

Dinner followed with wine and toasts and speeches. Called up and obliged to say something. Had a good example of the English way of doing such things.

June 28<sup>th</sup>

At British museum. Saw the reading room and Library. The collection is a vast one. When will there be anything like it in the United States?

#### June 29

Visited the Houses of Parliament. The new House of Lords splendid beyond anything I have seen but no description can convey an idea of it. New House of Commons completed. The old one rather shabby. In the House of Lords no place for taking notes.

Went into a courtroom and saw the barristers and judges in their powdered wigs.

New houses of Parliament built of Magnesian Limestone from Yorkshire – 800,000 to 900,000 tons - 24 million bricks and 5,000 tons of iron.

Dined at a quarter before 8 with Mr. Pusey M. P. to whom I was introduced by Sir Charles Lyell. The dinner etc. splendid and a multitude of dishes. Present Chevalier Bunsen Prussian Minister Lord Harrison? Mr. Mantell M. P. from Ireland and some other M. P.'s whose names I did not learn. Wine as usual of three sorts and I had to stand alone as usual in refusing it. Chevalier Bunsen proposed to drink my health and when I refused he at once pulled out a glass of water and we drank together. This was the most gentle gentlemanly conduct I have hitherto received as to this matter. After a while the ladies retired and...

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...leave the gentlemen to complete the wine. I perceive that some nearly or quite fell asleep for a time and yet they seemed to me to drink less than usual. Dinner from 8 to nearly 11.

Rev. Mr. Binney told me the other day that many American clergymen had drunk wine at his table - having overcome their scruples of conscience. I thought it not best that he should have my example to use though in my present state of health I presume a little wine would be serviceable.

#### June 30<sup>th</sup> Sabbath

Attended Mr. Binney's church and heard a Scotch clergyman preach – a respectable sermon for the text "the blessed and only potentate." But why is it that most of these ministers must use such a holy swell in their speech? Why not speak plainly and directly?

#### July 1<sup>st</sup>

London to Cambridge 57 miles over the Eastern counties railroad. Line most of the way level most of the way - tolerable for farming. Chalk formation rarely visible. One or two short tunnels near Cambridge. Streets of Cambridge narrow and crooked. Colleges look newer than at Oxford. Construction of the colleges similar to those at Oxford. The geological cabinet contains a fine collection of fossils. Some of the finest specimens of Plesiosaurus to be found. The collection of fishes is very fine.

Room not large nor very well-constructed as it seemed to me.

Prof. Sedgwick does not regard the Cambrian rocks as distinct from the Lower Silurian but he thinks the name Cambrian should take the place of Lower Silurian. Prof. McCoy from Belfast says that Emmons Taconic System belongs to Sedgwick's Cambrian.

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He finds an almost exact counterpart of the New York rocks in Scotland.

Wires of the Electric Telegraph on the Eastern Counties Railway generally six or seven and sometimes 16.

July 2<sup>nd</sup>

Witnessed delivery of Latin, Greek, and English prize essays at the conference of two Doctorates of Divinity and two of civil law (DCL) in the Senate House of the University. The vice-chancellor presided but seemed to have little to do with the ceremony. Dr. Carmichael was dressed in scarlet and black. The doctors in scarlet and the masters in a black gown which was worn also by most of the students about the colleges. These colleges are some of them larger than those at Oxford.

The back grounds were fine perhaps hardly equal to that at Oxford. The cam is a little larger perhaps then the Fort River in Amherst - sluggish not clean.

Trinity Church is very splendid 300 ft long - seats for perhaps one hundred persons called stalls. The ceiling magnificent and the painted windows fine. But of how little use!

The ceremonies at giving the degrees were many, but not quite so ridiculous as at Oxford. There was first a long Latin address from a Prof. recommending the candidates then they sat down first on the square cap, then kissed a book, got up again, read something, etc, etc.

Was shown the geological cabinets of Mr. Deck a druggist and Prof. McCoy of Ireland. It is a magnificent and well arranged collection.

The Library contains about 170,000 volumes. Saw the Codex Bezae 1400 years old. Saw a book the first published in England in 1471 type clear and large.

Visited the agricultural training school at Hoddesdon Harts. Principal Mr. Hazelwood. Has about 35 scholars but only a very few devoted....

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... to agriculture. His lab laboratory rather an unpromising place – each student manipulates. No collections of any real use in Natural History. Farm 300 acres with a fine garden. He cannot interest the farmers to send their sons. Students not compelled to work, but spend the latter half of the day in some out-of-door pursuit such as leveling etc.

Board as in good families sleep on single mattresses 6 or so in a room. Expense 30 guineas a year.

July 3<sup>rd</sup>

Hoddesdon to London 20 miles. Breakfast in Hoddesdon with Reverend Mr. Ellis former missionary to Tahiti and his wife the authoress. Very agreeable family. They have a female School in the Rowdon House an old and rather elegant mansion with a great hall of carved work in oak. Grounds around beautiful with heads and groves. The expenses are great here. But Mrs. E. has some correct notions about female education - she teaches the ladies how to perform domestic work to some extent but in

England I doubt whether she can make the system work. Their notion is that you must begin with such a school on a rather splendid scale to keep it from contempt.

Harts [*Hertfordshire*] remarkable for the production of roses which are indeed splendid. Mr. E. has a conservatory and a delightful residence.

#### July 4<sup>th</sup>

Invited Mr. Peabody American merchant in London to dine on Richmond Hill. 10 miles from London - favorite residence of George the Third. Met over 40 mostly Americans with Mr. Lawrence. Dinner splendid sat from five till eleven and then left – others to sit longer. Toasts and speeches in abundance. So far as I could see I was...

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...the only teetotaler there. Yet was treated politely by Mr. Peabody and another gentleman who proposed to drink with me allowing me to use water. This is a painful view of the temperance cause and a gentleman told me today that he saw in the London Docks 11 acres cover with wine, hogsheads not yet fully got through the custom house duties!

#### July 5<sup>th</sup>

London to Cirencester. 95 miles chalk and oolite the country mostly flat but well cultivated and some of it very fine.

#### July 6

Visited the agricultural college at Cirencester. Large buildings with room for 200 students only 50 there charge £80. 700 acres land from in the Great Oolite. Boys mostly sons of ministers and gentlemen not one of the nobility. School meets with opposition from the high and the low. For plan and some details of construction see circular. Chemistry seems well taught nearly half of the boys become tolerable chemists. They labor on the farm and are taught all the details. Library not large but well stocked with appropriate books. Collections of Natural History not large no manikin. Dormitory rooms too small and like the cells of criminals. Boys sleep in separate rooms on iron bedsteads. Examinations for a few minutes at each section upon the previous one. Age from 16 upwards. Examinations also Saturday forenoon. Term three years each year 36 weeks. They tired at first to interest the common farmers but failed.

Cirencester an ancient Roman town now owned mainly by Earl Bathurst who directs who shall be chosen members of Parliament. The clergyman of the Established church a Puseyite - yet has 2,000 pounds to give away to the poor and then keeps...

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...them in the church.

#### July 7<sup>th</sup>

Heard the Baptist clergyman Mr. Stephens in the morning in the evening giving an account of American revivals. In the afternoon he invited us (Mr. and Mrs. Tappan had joined us) to partake of the communion with his church which we accepted.

### July 8<sup>th</sup>

Cirencester to Birmingham through Worcester, Droitwich, etc. 80 miles. Fine scenery south of Gloucester. Struck the new red sandstone above that place and passed the salt works at Droitwich. Depth of the wells some of them 130 yards. Birmingham covered with smoke from its manufactories like London. Weather so cold yesterday and today that with all our winter clothes we are obliged to have a fire.

### July 9<sup>th</sup>

Birmingham to Chester \_\_\_\_\_ miles by railroad. Never was so jolted in any carriage. Matters not well managed on these roads. Those about the station seem not to know what to tell you. No tickets are given for baggage which makes confusion.

Most of the distance new red sandstone except the Dudley coalfield where we saw a vast number of chimneys connected with the pits and the engines. We passed also that place near Droitwich where they boil down salt from salt wells. Land between Stafford and Chester poorer than any I have seen in England.

Breakfast with Reverend Mr. James a worthy man afraid of German writers and of such as Carlyle, Emerson, Parker, etc.

Heard statements from city missionaries last evening at Mr. James Chapel. Catholics. Puseyites [*Puseyism a movement to make the Church of England more like Catholicism*]...

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...and Latter Day Saints about equally zealous and erroneous.

### July 10<sup>th</sup>

Chester to Holyhead 6 or 7 tunnel from a few rods to a quarter of a mile. Coal rocks to Rhyl at least than carboniferous limestone then slate.

Isle of Anglesea chiefly talcose and chlorite slate. In some places I saw the rocks rounded and scarred on their north side or perhaps northeast side. Distinct sea beaches at least before reaching Conway. Strata much contorted.

### July 11<sup>th</sup>

At Dublin streets fine because so wide and airy. But never did I see such rags and misery as multitudes exhibit.

Sackville Street the principal one and very broad. Nelsons Monument there. Became acquainted with the directors of the Sunday School – who represent their work as flourishing. See papers.

Became acquainted with John Ball Esq. of the customs house who introduced me to Sir Robert Kane the chemist and to one or two geologists connected with the Ordnance Survey. Saw some of their geological maps which are splendid. Saw Griffith's geological map of Ireland – saw also the Museum of Economic Geology at Stephens Green. Structure similar to that in London and specimens similar. Rooms well-

lighted and by windows above the cases. Horizontal cases like those in the British Museum except a small glazed box a foot wide measuring along the top. Even the floors of this are thick glass.

Museum of Dublin University or Trinity College and contains many good [????] though but huddled together...

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...and not attractive buildings extensions and modern walks fine not equal to Cambridge or Oxford however but the buildings better.

Many of the public buildings in Dublin of granite – most of them of trap.

It is the plan of the National School Board to introduce Agriculture into all the schools of Ireland. At Cork Queens College under Sir R. Thune is a professorship of Engineering and another of Agriculture. Others besides students of the college also attend to classics and are admitted to receive certain testimonials. This plan seems to me to deserve consideration for our country. See prospectus for Queens College. An excursion Phoenix Park is interesting.

#### July 12

Taken to the Glasnevin Agricultural school by Rt. Hon. Alexander MacDonald. Farm over 100 acres. One of the national schools where agriculture is introduced as an art and a science. The boys are paid here for their work, some the younger ones only 6<sup>d</sup> [*meaning pence*] per week, several hours each day. On the farm I found 30 to 40 at work (1/4 Protestants) who are paid a higher price. They work all day except morning and evening when they study and the principal gives lectures. They were called in and passed a good examination in agricultural chemistry and agriculture. I was quite pleased. No collections of natural history or laboratory exist here and no lectures I believe on those subjects. The crops on the farm and in the garden especially wheat, oats, and potatoes, were finer than I have ever met with. A system of rotation of crops is adopted and...

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...manure applied only once in four years.

Most of these young men intend to be teaching in other schools and most of them have an intellectual look.

The payment of the boys for work operates well and deserves in my opinion special attention in Massachusetts.

Soil calcareous around Dublin a very dark compact limestone traversed by veins of calcium spar.

#### July 13

Dublin to Belfast 130 miles by railroad – except 20 miles. Rock the first part of the way black compact limestone. Towards Castle Blaney [*Blaney?*] we came to slate and greywacke. Here also we met with genuine drift - most of it however modified. I saw also examples of rounding and scratching the force acting from Northwest to Southeast. The drift is arranged often in rounded hills elongated in a Northwest and a Southeast Direction and stopping especially at the southeast extremity. They appear to

me to be Osars [*Eskers*] and somewhat different from anything in New England. They are quite numerous and often of considerable height.

The materials of the drift do not seem generally to be much sorted.

Much of the soil along this route is rather poor some of it quite so but if cultivated it will keep the people from starving. The houses are small and built of stone and thatched hogspens at one end with cows stable at the other. Near Belfast are mountains from 800 to 1800 feet of trap and chalk converted into limestone by the basalt.

Belfast is a well-built city – wide streets and a good deal of business going on...

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July 14<sup>th</sup>

Heard Rev. Dr. Cooke preach without notes eloquent though rather declamatory.

Linen manufacturers.

Arch to commemorate Victoria's visit.

July 15

Agricultural lectures are given in the new Queens College in Belfast and there is an Agricultural Department. Not more than six or eight attended this course the first trial. Agricultural Society in town also employs a Lecturer and publishes a journal. See published prospectus etc. of this New College.

Visited some linen manufactories and Linen Hall in Belfast. This the great center of the linen trade.

Took breakfast with Prof. Andrews Vice President who showed us through the college. Chemical rooms large and well provided for. Library Just begun collection of simple minerals all of Natural History which I saw. Poor students get along rather cheap here board as cheap or rather they can board themselves.

Belfast to Larne 20 miles by a two horse car. Scenery fine road good not hilly - rock basalt and chalk with flints especially around Lough Larne. Soil red clayey and stiff.

Agricultural school at Larne. Farm well-cultivated crops of wheat, flax, and potatoes fine. Mr. MacDonald the Manager of the farm examined a few boys from 9 to 11 in agriculture chemistry Etc. Not bad. No laboratory one collection in Natural History. The best boys go to the class Glasnevin School.

July 16th

Larne to Giant Causeway along the coast through Glenarm Cushendall and Bally...

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...Castle about 41 Irish miles.

The leading geological features are hardened chalk with basalt above usually full of flints - sometimes quite red. Occasionally we saw green sand and often a red sandstone and conglomerate looking like the new red but maybe newer. It is used for building. The hills are sometimes as much as 1,000 feet the cliffs along the sea are mural and the [????] are fine. The glens are numerous and large. Sometimes the

columns are distinct from a foot to six or eight in diameter - always perpendicular to the chalk – while dips often several degrees. As we approach the Causeway the joints are used for fences.

Within five or six miles of that spot in descending a steep hill I never saw so splendid a view to the west embracing the east part probably of the Causeway Cliffs. Fair Head east of Ballycastle looks finely as does the island of Rathlin whose shores are mural [*like a wall*] and columnar and appeared finally with a low western sun. As we reach the Causeway a magnificent bow appeared and the whole scene was similar to that described in my sermon on the rainbow.

In many places we noticed deep cuts and rifts and boulders on the surface especially as approaching the primary rocks. We crossed a mountain south of Ballycastle and north of Cushendall composed of mica slate with some reddish granite. I could discover there are no rocks smooth and striated. The highest mountains in the northern part of Ireland are covered nearly if not quite to their tops with peat usually four or five feet...

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...thick which is dug in immense quantities What a blessing!

The soil in the basaltic regions though not the worst seems not the best. But the peasants seemed to me not so wretched as in some places.

Old castles are common one at Carrickfergus is used as a fort – another at Larne - another at Ballycastle.

July 17<sup>th</sup>

Giants Causeway – thence to Belfast through Ballymony, Ballymeria, Antrim and Carrickfergus. 65 English miles half by posting. At Causeway took a boat at an enormous charge and entered a cavern 600 ft long then passed East along the coast to Pleaskin where are columns the upper 50 and lower 30 feet long the two-columnar deposits separated by amorphous basalt. Beds of an ochreas aspect also intervene whether a mere variety of basalt or an aqueous deposit I did not ascertain. I counted the different layers of rock above me another at this place where the cliffs are said to be 600 feet high. The cliffs all along are worn into most fantastic shapes and nothing can exceed the wildest of the shore. The Causeway itself is very fine - columns being as perfect as art could make or represent them. Number of sides from 4 to 9. In one spot they appear on the side of the hills lying almost horizontal and looking like so many muzzled cannon. Alexander Laverty at the Causeway furnishes good models of the same two feet across at £2 10 sh. also he furnishes joints on application by mail.

A great annoyance here are the beggars that follow you everywhere with something to sell and if you will not buy them they beg for money to obtain tobacco or rum.

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I was repeatedly told that the Presbyterians in the north of Ireland did not take the temperance pledge of Father Matthews and the number of houses licensed to sell spirits is very great. One lady who had taken the pledge asked if we would have whiskey brandy or wine. The quantity of tobacco also used by the poor people is very great and one of the causes of their dead.

Rocks between the Causeway and Belfast on our route scarcely visible yet trap used for building - country undulating. Peat bogs abundant and extensive. Cultivated or elevated lands with success I judge.



Irish gentlemen are very compassionate towards American slaves and denounce all west of the Atlantic on its account. Yet they are not conscious that vast multitude of themselves are more degraded and more inflexibly fettered in slavery than the blacks.

#### July 18<sup>th</sup>

Belfast to Glasgow starting at 7 last evening and reaching G. 129 miles at 6 a.m. Passage smooth except two or three hours in the mid channel.

Scenery along the Clyde resembles that along Connecticut River – mountains rather higher – partly sandstone and partly trap I judge. In several places I noticed terraces mostly low in one case at least three. They appear say two or three miles below the landing in Glasgow and are built upon. No barrier exists between these and the ocean. They are mostly low from 10 to 20 or 30 feet I judge.

#### July 19<sup>th</sup>

In Glasgow became acquainted with Rev. Dr. King & Dr. Rainy, Professors of Medical Science the former author of a small work on...

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...geology and religion. He says that Reverend Mr. Wilson work on the same subject - an attack upon geologists has not produced the slightest interest. Consulted Dr. Rainy professionally who not only charged me nothing but gave me Ramsay's Geology of Arran.

Visited the university - the Museum of Hunter large in anatomy: respectable in zoology; some good things in mineralogy but poor in geology. The Museum of the Andersonian University (Medical) about the same though less in anatomy and zoology but better in mineralogy and geology. The buildings of the Hunterian Museum much better than that of the Andersonian Institute contains some good paintings.

The library of the University contains about 80,000 but they looked very old. Some old and valuable manuscripts there.

Doors for the bookcases formed of net wire and this is a common mode at the British Museum for instance. Three classes of Scotch Presbyterians 1. the established church 2. the United something and 3. the Free Church the two latter differing but little and sometimes exchanging pulpit but not so with the old establishment. Glasgow a handsome city. The Exchange fine-

#### July 20<sup>th</sup>

Glasgow to Fort Williams through Bowling 10 miles by steamer 10 miles to Loch Lomond by railroad across the lake 30 miles by steamer and 60 miles by stage through the Highlands. Scenery of Loch Lomond is fine but not superior or equal to that of Lake George though some of the mountains Ben Lomond etc. higher. Are all entirely naked.

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So is the country from Lomond to Fort Williams and nearly the whole way there is no land cultivated - all is pasture. The people are very few and apparently very poor though they look so degraded as some in Ireland. The country is tolerably good for grazing but for nothing else as I could see.

The rocks between the Clyde and Loch Lomond are old red sandstone quite red and variegated used for walks. North of the lake and for most of the extent we found primary rocks – for a great distance mica slate – then granitic rock – then syenite and porphyry (enormously developed in Glencoe) then slate again then whitish limestone. North of Lomond we follow up a small stream for several miles which has made excavations of considerable depth exhibiting potholes in good examples on the walls of river action.

Drift shows itself everywhere among the mountains nearly all of which have that rounded aspect which New England mountains exhibit. In only one or two spots however did I see distinct striae (e.g. as we entered Glencoe) and these run I thought about NW and SE. In Loch Lomond they are numerous. The quantity of drift near the foot of the high hills is very great generally as I thought - not quite as much rounded as with us yet mixed with more pebbles and coarse sand. It is piled up often in to conical elongated embankments of considerable height often singularly isolated. The materials did not seem to me so much sorted as with us yet a similar agency seems to have produced both yet the Scottish drift has often an aspect more like that of Glaciers e.g. of moraines in the valley.

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Near the lead mines of the Marquis of Breadalbane a vast amount of rounded gravel and drift hills occur several miles before we enter Glencoe.

The blocks of the drift are none of them as large as I have seen in New England.

The vale of Glencoe descends towards the Northwest but I could not determine whether the force acted down or up the valley.

This Valley is perhaps the wildest spot I ever saw exceeding any part of Wales though similar. On both sides rocks rise in conical and irregular peaks and walls 1000 of 2000 feet and you can look down the main valley and into some lateral ones and see peak after peak as far as the eye can reach. The rock (porphyry) is traversed by many dykes which have worn away and left deep trenches cutting through the mountains. The road is made in a serpentine direction and it is said by fellow travelers the equal to any part of the Simplon. It needs good nerves to be driven in a loaded stage down these hills at a rapid rate.

The sides of many of these hills are covered with the marks of currents of water that have swept down their sides in wet seasons. They look like so many white ribbands.

#### July 21.

Sabbath at Fort William small village with four places of worship two Presbyterian one Free Church one Episcopal and one Papal. Heard Reverend Mr. Stewart half a day in Gaelic Dr. Paterson of Glasgow in the afternoon in English. Dr. P. is moderator of the Free Church National Assembly. Saw Highlanders in their native costume with naked legs petticoats and horsetails in front.

#### July 22.

Visited the call Parallel Roads of Glen Roy 34 miles going from Fort Williams and returning. Afterward...

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...steamboat to Oban.

All the way from Fort William to the Spean we passed over a vast amount of drift in the form of rounded hills of coarse gravel evidently ground and sorted not perhaps as much as in the Northeast nor exhibiting so many rounded depressions but looking more as if pushed forward by ice.

Approaching the Spean those moraines gradually change into terraces. Three or four of these are sometimes seen not so continuous as sometimes in New England.

Ascending the terraces became more irregular at top and seemed more like sea beaches. I think the drift down the Spean might have blocked up the outlet of the valleys as high as the regular terraces. The materials are well rounded gravel and coarse sand.

The Parallel Roads are three which are distinct extending on both sides of this Valley for five or six miles. The valley curves so that I could not see the whole extent. The sides are quite steep and the valley at the bottom narrow. The two upper roads are nearest together. They are when not modified by slides about the width of a common road and scarcely differ from common terraces save by their narrowness. Their materials are more or less rounded and partially sorted and these same materials line the sides of the valley where they are not rocky and too steep to retain the materials. The same materials extend above the uppermost road. The deposit is only a few feet thick in most places but near the lower end of the road on the West Side especially a vast quantity of this deposit extends out into the valley and might have formed the basin to a lake once filling the valley.

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It strikes me that this is most clearly a case where a lake once existed with a barrier that has been broken away suddenly at least three times and remain stationary at three times enough to allow the waters to form a road. And below the Roads not far above the mouth of the Roy we find gravel enough to have formed the barrier and we see where the stream has cut through it. Or perhaps ice might have once formed a part of the barrier. It is evident that the water once stood above the highest Road from the presence of modified drift. Such are the impressions which a hasty inspection of these roads has produced.

Acres of snow are seen on the north side of the Snowden Range and one patch near the top where it is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. I saw snow also on the hills to the east of Glencoe. I was told that it would not melt away all summer.

I think that many of the huts of the peasantry here are much below what I saw in Ireland yet the people do not appear as miserable. In Glen Roy many of the huts have but one door for the family and the cattle the former being one way in the latter the other. I have seen an old lady sitting on the manure in the part of the hut belonging to the cattle. In Glen Roy more of the land is cultivated but the crops looked poor.

Many Irishmen adopt highland dress which is getting out of use very much.

(?) Welsh and Gaelic language much light. Met some in Glen Roy who could not speak English. Sail from Fort William to Oban beautiful through the Fjords or Lochs.

Examples of erosion of rocks by water and of gorges of considerable depth occur...

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...on the Spean Water near where the Roy enters that river. Also on the stream that empties into Loch Lomond from the north.

July 23 and 24.

At Oban detained by rains and fatigue. The hills around are composed of sandstone alternating with a coarse conglomerate and often traversed by veins of vesicular trap. In two places one on the beach and the other say 200 feet higher are striae - course North 50 degrees to 60 degrees west. The scenery around Oban is very picturesque.

July 25

Detained by poor health at Oban. Unable to visit Staffa on this account.

Mrs. H. discovered an ancient sea beach on the hills back of Oban probably from 200 to 250 feet high. The shells are many of them comminuted [*reduced to minute particles*] but others are entire among which are the *Ostrea Mytilus Myra?* [*oysters, mussels, crabs*] etc., the species the same as those now living on the coast.

July 26

Oban to Glasgow by water through the Crinan Canal. Scenery romantic Rock slate sandstone porphyry etc. - some mica slate along the canal. 130 or 140 miles.

July 27th.

Glasgow to Edinburgh 47 miles. Passed through four tunnels - the first an inclined plane occupying 130 seconds the second 25 seconds etc. rocks sandstone. Road a very expensive one equal almost to the Bangor Road. Agriculture tolerably good - some of the way fine. Wheat large and oats potatoes few. Occasionally drift well exposed but mostly modified. Great numbers of crabs their longer diameter in the direction of the drift agency which is east by South East and West by Northwest. Fine striae on the...

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...Railroad track at the Ratho station. Soon after leaving Glasgow the Campsie Hills are conspicuous a few miles to the left. In one spot there is an appearance very analogous to that of the Parallel Roads - being what seems to be three terraces. It is said that Basil Hall describes an exactly similar case in Peru in a narrow valley (similar to the rocks in Glenroy).

The terraces on this route are not very distinct though several on the Forth. They look more like beaches.

A splendid new castle recently erected a few miles before reaching Edinburgh called Donaldson Castle.

July 28th

In Edinburgh. Heard Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Candlish men of strong minds and earnest manner. Dr. C. reads close, logical sermons very much as our ablest ministers in New England. Sabbath well observed here and well attended.

Walter Scott Monument very splendid. Lord Nelson's imposing - I dislike the moral influence of monuments to military men and unsanctified genius – yet such are the most prominent all over the kingdom.

The last week has been a trying one to me on account of the state of my health which has been very bad. I am quite discouraged and sigh for home and the rest of home. I am fully satisfied (as indeed I was before starting) that this exile for one so feeble is unwise and unfavorable. I yielded my judgment to that of others: I have had a secret hope that they might be right and that I should find myself at least a little invigorated. That hope is almost died away and with it my ambition...

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...for seeing new lands and new objects has almost gone. I cried long and earnestly to God for guidance before I decided to come abroad. If ever I felt honest and willing to do as God directs it was in this. He allowed me to come and he has done wonders of mercy for me since. Still a probability is that I am never to return. If so I can only conclude it is to be best for me and the world that I should die abroad. My earnest prayer should be to be willing thus to suffer and to die if it be God's will. Hitherto I have been able to see in the end that however bitter the process, God's ways were the best. It would be strange if it be not so now. Yet as it seems now I shall not probably see through this dispensation till I reach eternity. Why I was allowed to come abroad only to die seems now mysterious but I doubt not in eternity the mystery will be unraveled. God grant that my dear wife may live to return and be a blessing to our beloved family. God bless her and them all now and forever.!

July 29<sup>th</sup> Edinburgh

Examined the basalt of Calton Hill and the Castle. Not columnar often, more or less vesicular, very compact and darker than our green stone. Found only one spot and that a point a few inches in diameter at the top of Castle Hill that showed decided magnetic polarity – a south pole so strong as those on Holyoke.

Visited John Knox House on High Street. Oh what a dirty street it is now! I rarely saw anything like it. The inhabitants men women and children all live in the street. Drunkards plenty.

Highland soldiers in...

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...their costumes with naked legs abundant. Saw the great cannon made of thick hoops of iron call Mons Meg. It is some 15 feet long long the balls little more than a foot in diameter. Has been burst. For the various interesting structures in Edinburgh see Black's Guide.

July 30.

Visited Athens Seat 3 miles southeast from Edinburgh. View splendid in all directions. Height about 800 ft. basalt at top sandstone below. In one place more than halfway saw marks of drift agency in striae upon the rocks. Direction north northwest and south southeast.

At top for a rod or two the rocks are magnetic - several poles (L.P.) The magnetism however is not as strong as in New England.

But I think a number of polls might be traced out with a delicate needle. No lines of poles.

### August 3

The last Thursday in Edinburgh. Today however we took a trip by railway to North Berwick Tantallon Castle the Berwick Abbey Dirleton Castle and Bass Rock. 30 miles. Large party – over 200 - rocks trap and sandstone of the coal measures. Agricultural character of most of the country and the cultivation good. Potatoes show signs of disease. Bass Rock is only a mile from the shore a naked bluff of trap several hundred feet high remarkable for the vast quantities of Solon Goose that live there. Their excrement covers part of the rock so as to appear as if covered with snow. I did not go over but through a glass could see the geese in vast numbers and men moving among them only a few feet distance. They are larger than...

### Page 52

...the Canada Goose have web feet but narrow bills. Are mostly white and covered with down when young. The old castles and Abbey need no description - we have seen so many. Passed over the site of the battle of Preston Vans where Col. Gardiner was killed and where stands his house.

A geological party went to Perth and hills - of the British Association I will attempt no description. Became acquainted with a large number of distinguished men but I do not think the proceedings are any better than those of the American Association nor the papers more able.

The Museum of the Edinburgh University is very fine. The Mammalia are put up in peculiar style so that you move through their midst. The effect is rather pleasing. The west room containing the bird shells and minerals is the finest I have seen in Great Britain for its architecture and for light and the cases are of the costliest description. The horizontal ones are of mahogany and the specimens of minerals are very select and some of them superb. The geological specimens are not so numerous but some very good. Fine bones of *Dinornis giganteus* and casts of elephants *Mastodonta* etc. are numerous.

The birds are numerous and well arranged. Shells not numerous. Fish and reptiles are well put up. Insects out of sight as are many other specimens. If the rooms had been ornamented and larger it would have been much better.

The library room containing nearly 100,000 volumes is probably the most magnificent room in Great Britain...

### Page 53

...for such a purpose. The central aisle with its lofty arch is very imposing. At one end stands a bust of Burns and a table used by Bonaparte in Saint Helena. Why should such an article be there?

In the agricultural department of the university (Prof. Low) we find a great number of fine drawings of animals also of agricultural implements of seeds etc.

In the Museum of the Highland Agricultural Society we find two beautiful rooms one above the other well filled with the following objects:

1. Drawings of animals

2. Agricultural implements
3. Seeds of all sorts
4. Grasses and grains placed around the room against the walls
5. Blocks of wood planed
6. Specimens of soils, marls and rocks
7. A small greenhouse
8. Insects injurious to vegetation. These are some of the finest I have met with.

#### August 4<sup>th</sup>

Sabbath at Edinburgh. Heard a clergyman from the north of England or Scotland in the morning endeavouring to defend the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel from the objection that they are mysterious on the ground that nature is the same. Afternoon heard Dr. Gordon of the Free Church at the college which is a Divinity College. Nevertheless it has a Prof. of Natural Science, Rev. Dr. Fleming. The same is the case in the new Divinity College near London. This is a fact of much interest. Should it not be imitated in the United States?

How high the North Star appears!

Obliged to decline invitations to several dinners given by physicians.

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#### August 8<sup>th</sup>

Edinburgh to York by the Eastern Railway 218 miles passed through a rich agricultural district most of the way. Beginning to see forests.

Rocks trap, sandstone (old red) most of the way. The sandstone distinct very rich soil.

Passed over the site of the battle of Preston bands and saw the house where Col. Gardiner lived and died. It stands I think upon an ancient sea beach. Saw also the ruins of the Napier house where Napier invented logarithms.

Numerous ravines or gorges are cut through the rocks near their mouth. Dunglass Burn is one near the seat of Sir James Hall a gorge perhaps 30 or 40 ft deep and two or three rods wide in red sandstone about 3 miles through.

Passed over the coal formation of Newcastle. Everything blackened and covered with smoke which pours out from a multitude of chimneys to mines scattered over a region 200 - 300 miles long. Coke prepared in quantities and lateral railways in great numbers running in all directions. Limestone occurs here also and I believe iron likewise. So does white clay for fine brick and the soil is very good also and well-cultivated for the most part.

Made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnstone and Lady of Berwick on the Tweed the author of British Zoophytes very agreeable persons. Also Dr. Lancaster of London, Prof. of Natural Science in the New Theological College.

#### August 9

York to London through Derby Leicester etc. 219 miles. The whole distance a beautiful agricultural region mostly like a garden. Near Mattock we...

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...came to hills of Derbyshire Peat (Is not the gorge near that place an example of erosion by water?)

Several tunnels on the road – some passed in 10 others 30, 35, 100, and 120 seconds at the rate of about 20 miles per hour. All in sandstone some in the coal measures. Passed over or under coal region in the vicinity of Sheffield.

Curious steeple to the church in Chesterfield. The museum in York consists of ruins of an old chapel and Abbey (fine) an old building of two stories containing an abundance of Roman coffins, pottery, statutes, trinkets, etc. Some old Saxon. Also a new building containing a library and one of the best collections in Natural History I have seen. The numbers of skeletons of animals especially of birds is very large. The fossils especially of England are very numerous and fine. The collection of birds good - that of shells not large - Crustacea considerable.

The Minster or Cathedral is the largest and finest I have seen. It is 525 feet long. The tower more than 200 feet high ascended by 273 steps of 8in. From its top you have a fine view of the city and surrounding country where many battles have been fought. The ancient wall of the city is still mostly preserved. The views of the arches on the inside of the Minster are very imposing.

Only one comparatively small part devoted to worship which is performed twice each day. Sermons only on the Sabbath. One of the windows of stained glass is 75 feet high. Oh what monuments of human folly these old Cathedrals and Abbeys are.

Anecdote told us by a clergyman from the Isle of Wight

Page 56 [*Written upside down at the bottom right*]

Dr. Chalmers turning his house into his garden at night.

Story of the Scotch peasant on the Sabbath, told by the same clergyman.

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[*Starting from the back of the book; see mention on page 1*]

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1850

May 15th Sailed from Boston for Liverpool in the steamer Canada under Captain Harrison with 118 fellow passengers. Reached Halifax in 48 hours and Liverpool in 11 days 18 hours.



Seasickness all the way. Emetics. Blue pills Surgeon. Dyspepsy.

Fog - fog - fog - and little clear weather.

Saw whales spout in Irish Channel. Small birds came to the ship even in the midst of the Atlantic.

Coastal Island and Wales destitute of trees.

May 28th.

A day of great interest. Liverpool to Chester by railroad. Country based upon new red sandstone and very fertile. 20 miles.

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Flowers in profusion yellow predominating.

Dandelion, Plantago, Lanceolate and Tussilago farfara like our own species. Others unlike.

Chester very old.

Cathedral a gloomy place. Bury the dead within its walls. The red sandstone of which it was built weathered and rounded like boulders. Painted glass windows splendid.

Went around the old wall which passes now partly through the city. Sidewalks on the second story along the principal Street.

Chester to Bangor 60 miles on second class cars which are very good. In the first class from Liverpool.

The road to Bangor a splendid work many tunnels some 100 rods long - road very expensive. Scenery beautiful and towards Bangor magnificent.

Passed numerous lead and copper mines and some coal. Limestone the (carboniferous) the prevailing rock. Slate shows itself at Conway.

The most magnificent ruins of a castle at Conway - road passes under them.

Saw no boulders of any size or any marks of drift agency.

No sea beaches more than 50 to 100 feet above the ocean.

Mountains nearly all bare of trees. Snowden veiled in a cloud at top.

Scenery along the Straits of Menai magnificent. For an account of the grand tubular and suspension bridges at Conway see pamphlet. Earl of Anglesey's seat and the monument...

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...over his leg. *[Henry William Paget, Earl of Anglesey, lost his leg at the Battle of Waterloo]*

May 29

Bangor to Llanberis

Hedges along the roadside to Caernarvon *[today spelled Caernarfon]* very fine.

Old castle at Caernarvon large and in good repair. Towers have a 142 steps of eight inches – 100 feet.

Room where the Prince of Wales was born about 10 ft square. Walls mostly about 5 feet thick built of compact limestone and sandstone.

from Caernarvon to Llanberis we rise 300 or 400 feet at first, and then descend. Clear traces of ancient beach to that height. Boulders began to appear in considerable numbers. Before reaching Llanberis we found the porphyritic rock rounded (Roche moutonnes) and their striae North 30 degrees west south 30 degrees east.

From the Victoria Inn we ascended the mountain north of Llanberis Lake (the Lichi Mt.) and examined the black slate quarries. Found drift agency common with boulders and striae on the slate. Observed striae at the following points as measured by the aneroid barometer:

Lake 29.890

Hotel 880

Large boulder 11 feet 29.600

Top of Alt Wier Quarry 29.400

Top of hill where is a small village and perhaps the sea-beach 29.23

Quarry of Alt Dder 29.300

Top of quarry Alt garnet 28.887

Highest quarry on Glide 28.120

#### Direction of Striae

North side of Lake at the boulder 10 ft long North 10 degrees west.

Top of alt do North 20 degrees east

Top of quarry alt garnet North 35 degrees west.

The general direction of the striae does not vary much from that of the Valley and the boulders appear to me to have come down the valley. As the Valley opened however the force seems to have ex...

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...panded on the north or east side.

At all the quarries above Alt Garnet the slate is broken at the top even some times 10 to 20 ft deep and the layers are bent down hill thus.

#### [Sketch]

The drift agency seems to me not to have extended as high as this. At the upper Quarry (see barometer) a ditch is cut 20 rods or more across the layers and they are thus bent all the way. This is seen at several other quarries lower down and seems to have resulted from some force like a glacier descending. I was told by the guide that on the hill south of the lake at a quarry of slate the layers are bent the other way.

My impression is that the boulders came from the mountains of the Snowden range to the southeast and that they were strewed and the striae formed by a glacier descending the valley of Llanberis to the northwest. The boulders appear to me to be the sandstone that forms most of the Snowdon range.

The Slate quarries are immense 2000 miners are at work in Llanberis and 2500 quarries a few miles farther north east. The regular layers stand nearly perpendicular and leaning a few year degrees generally to the West.

Highest quarry above the Lake by Bar. is 1680 ft plus 300 feet for height of Lake above the ocean equals 1980 ft.

Highest point where striae were seen Alt Garrett 938 ft + 300 equals 1238 ft

Quarry of Alt Ddu 548 ft + 300 equals 848 ft

Slate used for almost everything – floors – doors – roofs – fences - gravestones - watering troughs etc.

May 31st

Ascended Snowdon from The Royal Victoria Hotel in Llanberis.

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Distance 5 miles on horseback sure-footed road rough. Rock slate of different sorts argillaceous passing into sandstone and chloritic.

Not common in N. England. Dip of strata about 90 degrees. Strike Northeast and southwest.

At the very top found petrified marine shells in the rock which also contains layers of white quartz.

Did not see any good examples of drift striae except 300 or 400 ft. The force was evidently down the valley towards the northwest.

The cases of sea beaches are doubtful and yet in several places where an ocean would have formed coves and bays I saw shingle and sand several feet thick looking as if it is the result of the sea but they might have been formed by the action of rains on the slopes. On those slopes peat is common, and we see it forming by the growth of mosses.

I took the following observations with the Aneroid Barometer:

Lake Llanberis 29.790

Sea-beach 28.990

Ditto more distant 28.870

Ditto top of a ridge? 27.530

Highest spring 26.912

Top of Snowden 26.560

On returning after a thundershower the lake was 29.770

Height of Snowdon above the lake by the ascending observations 3153.

Lake above ocean 300

Snowdon above ocean 3453

True height 3571 equals 118 error.

But the height of the lake is not uncertain. Barometer works much better than I had expected.

The Rocks near the top of Snowdon bristle up as in other places when not swept by drift agency. They contain...

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...fossils.

The scenery of this mountain is magnificent. First, not a tree is seen on their summits or their sides. Secondly their upper part is mostly naked rocks with high mural faces. They form no continued range but present every variety of contour.

Again – numerous ponds are seen at different altitudes embosomed by the lofty hills. As we ascended the clouds gathered and we almost gave up the hope of getting a view. But after remaining at the top some time the fog began to break away and such views as opened by glimpses I never beheld. They were awfully sublime. Lake and glen appeared for a moment as if by magic and then were hidden again. Upon the whole though the views were less extensive than from the White Hills.

I must think that from Snowdon they were more thrilling.

Direction of the striae at the Victoria Hotel north 60 degrees west.

May 31st

Llanberis to Dolgelly [*today spelled Dolgellau*] 43 miles through Beddgelert and Larry Balch. For five miles we ascended through a valley, fully as wild as that of Saco river in northern New Hampshire. Marks of drift agency all the way especially in the Roches Moutonees.

At the top a deep valley lies on the east and I expected to see the drift agency disappear but I found it at least 200 feet above the road with striae running Northwest and Southeast as down the valley.

But two or three miles east of the pass is a...

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....mountain several hundred feet higher than the pass.

(Mount Shabod 2870 high see Maps) and from thence doubtless the glacier descended.

A little beyond the pass we turned 90 degrees south down a deep valley. Here also are traces of glacial action especially a little south of a lake where the striae run nearly east and west are in the direction of the valley 2 miles north of Beddgelert. South of that place the valley becomes very narrow yet marks of glacial agency are visible. We soon reach a salt marsh and turning southeasterly we cross the ridge a few hundred feet high. Here we find examples of roches moutonees and the direction south a few degrees - in other words from the mountains down the valley towards the sea.

I cannot doubt that glaciers once descended through the valley we passed.

The dog's monument at Beddgelert and the story of the wolf and the child. This town a romantic spot.

Copper and lead mines along the route and slate quarries at Tan y Bwlch a romantic spot.

Probably a glacier descended the valley we passed through in approaching Dolgelly but the marks are not striking.

Barometrical measurements today:

Hotel at Llanberis 29.950

Ditto at the pass in the road 29.087

Ditto on the highest roches moutonees above the road at the pass 28.870

Ditto at Beddgelert Tavern 30.220

Ditto at the head of tide water south of Beddgelert 30.375

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June 3rd

From Dolgelly to Newtown through Machynlleth three stages - pass east of Cader Idris. The valley on the east side of that mountain is picturesque and wild with its lake. Turning east we crossed a high ridge into another valley running towards Machynlleth. Here are marks of glacial action not very distinct – but down the valley near the highest part of the road east of Idris appears something much like a sea beach in a nook (see barometer).

East of Machynlleth the hills become lower and are rounded as if by glacial action. The slate continues a good part of the distance to Newtown. The rock for several miles west of Newtown seems to be sort of greywacke with shells like those between Albany and Massachusetts.

#### Barometer

At the end inn in Dolgelly 30.075

Sea beach east of Cader Idris near Turnpike gate 29.075

Ditto highest pass east of Idris 29.075

Ditto at inn in Machynlleth 30.000

Curious curvature in the rocks a few miles west of Newtown.

The country towards that place very beautiful and well cultivated.

Four houses in a row used for plowing.

Large piece of leather upon the harness collar of the horse what use?

*[Sketch? Or crossout]*

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[Notes on European tour, 1850, Amherst Colleges Archives and Special Collections, EOH, Series 7-C, Box 19, Folder 7.]

European universities

Describe the construction of the older ones viz. built around courts: Cambridge, Oxford, Glasgow, Edinburgh, New College, Dublin, King's College, London in the Somerset House.

Colleges of the Sorbonne, Paris. Tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, College of France.

University of Ghent

### Different Construction

At Bonn an Old Palace of the Election of Cologne.

At Heidelberg [????] and inferior buildings.

Page 2

### At Belfast on a line

Witnessed confirming degrees at Oxford

Commencement at Cambridge 24 or 25 colleges, at nearly as many as at Cambridge

Library at Oxford – Radcliffe 500,000 Bodleian 20,000

At Cambridge 170,000

Codex Bezae 1400 years

First book printed in England in 1471

At Oxford saw the first Bible printed in Europe in 1450

A roomful of Hebrew manuscripts

Saw Guy Hawkes lantern with which he tried to blow up the parliament.

Also Oliver Cromwell and Queen Elizabeth watches – also neck ornament of King Alfred.

Saw the ceremony of conferring degrees – ceremonies numerous and almost ridiculous. Dr. Plumtree presided in black gown with scarlet in front.

The Ashmolean and Dr. Buckland Museum.

The monument to Cranmore Ridley and Latimer where they were burnt.

Georgian universities Libraries, collections in Natural History

### Objects in London

My location. Some idea of the city its radius. Population to 2,500,000

Principal streets

The Thames and its Bridges

Page 3

Paul's Cathedral 200 feet high.

Westminster Abbey

New Parliament houses

Victoria Tower 340 feet high 900 foot long

House of Lords seen

House of Commons at present poor enough

Lord John Russell seat and letter to him

Took 800,000 to 900,000 tons of limestone to build - 9 million bricks and 5,000 tons of iron

Westminster Hall 290 ft by 68 broad

Lawyers with powdered wigs and black gowns

Lincoln Inn and Hall Lincoln's Inn Fields

### Collections in Natural History

British museum, ancient marbles, slabs from Nineveh, Egyptian statues, inscription in hieroglyphics and in the languages.

Library 500,000 to 700,000 volumes.

Museum of Economic Geology in Piccadilly of the Geological Society in Somerset House badly lighted.

Mr. Cumming's Shells

Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park

Madame Tussaud's collection of almost 200 wax figures embracing most...

Page 4

### Scotland

Route to the highlands through Loch Lomond

Thence to Fort Williams and the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy

Huts of the peasants there

Glencoe, Oban, Fingal's Cave, Glasgow, Edinburgh, British Association.

Descriptions of the meeting a week longer See New York Observer September 14th 1851

Bass Rock

### Continent

Dover Cliffs and Queen Anne's Pocket piece

Officials and soldiers as one lands - passports

Difficulties at Lille for want of being able to speak French.

Ghent

Cathedral

600 Nuns at Vespers

Theatre most splendid in Europe.

Seats for the the royal family and magistrates

Adjoining halls 200 to 300 ft long for dancing and singing.

Page 5

Ghent to Aix la Chapelle - 25 tunnels and 34 miles = to more than three miles.

Charlemagne Palace his throne of marble in the cathedral.

Allude to the relics here in the Sacristy of the cathedral. Charlemagne arm and leg. His palace on the market, the girdle of Christ, the cord which bound the rod that smote him half an inch thick.

Girdle of the virgin half an inch board of coarse cloth.

St. Thomas tooth

The Mania and Aaron's Rod not there.

Cologne: Water splendid, cathedral, church of the Jesuits, relics of the saints.

Splendid carvings in marble

Church of St. Ursula with bones of 10,000 killed by the Huns.

Bonn: University and Agricultural School. Shaded walk to Poppledorf.



Relics

Poppledorf.

Rooms of Natural History, Library 150,000

Page 6

Passage through the Ghor of the Rhine sixty or seventy miles.

Party on board Cobden and Mr. Smith Prof. Noggerath and two other Professors.

Chateau of Johannesburg property of Prince Nettenski.

Wiesbaden Dr. Sandberg. Walk to Geissberg Agricultural School, custom of taking off the hat in Caernarvon, Frankfort Peace conference.

Soldiers and officer

Flagman and other high officers.

Cemetery

Jews quarter of the city, where the Rothschilds originated.

The Ariadne paintings.

Colossal statue of Goethe, 62,000 inhabitants.

The Casino and Jügel's Bookstore.

Paul's Church where the congress met.

Heidelberg on the Neckar

The castle part of it a palace a splendid spot

The great tun or wine cask, 4 feet high and 36 ft long holds 800 hogsheads or 283,000 bottles empty...

Page 7

...nearly a century. Other large tuns.

University Library 120,000 volumes.

Minerals – Store councillor Von Lenhard and his son Professor L and daughter.

Spent the Sabbath here – Prayer meeting in a chamber of Prince Trail Hotel.

Violations of the Sabbath, sermons by the bishop of Madras.

Heidelberg to Basel in Switzerland 200 miles by railroad. Valley of the Rhine broad - tobacco and Indian corn - Vineyards

Zurich - 58 miles from Basel by Diligence some 15 miles in railcars. Place Zwingli preached.

Tell's Iron Bowl.

Lake Zurich and Zug.

Distant views of the Alps.

Slide of the Romberg and golden buried.

The Rhigi 5700 feet above the ocean.

View from its summit

Tell's Chapel at its foot.

Lake Lucerne and the city.

Hydropathic establishment on the side of Rhigi.

Berne - Hoproyal Clark, Bears, Arcadian walks

Great Valley of Switzerland

Page 8

Partook of communion at Berne

Ride to Vevez – suspension bridge at Freiburg 241 ft long 180 ft High

Down Lake Lemman to Geneva.

Dr. Malani and Merle Danbury

Ride to Carmony

Savoy in Sardinia.

Marks of ancient glaciers.

Describe a modern glacier.

The Flagerie.

Saw travelers descending from the summit of Mont Blanc.

Montavent and thr Mer de Glace.

Moraines & Boulders

Aiguilles or needles

Chamouny to Montigny through the pass of Tete Noir.

Notice of Bishop Ray upon a small oratory - an indulgence of 40 days to anyone who will make one Ave, one Pater, and one act of contrition before that post. Vive Jesus Vive Marie.

1836

Catholic and Protestant cantons different in Agriculture and and general appearance.

Mirage of the Alps

Templar Road

Females work abroad all over Europe while their husbands and brothers are loafing in military costume.

Females in the church at Martigny look much like beasts of burden. Their head dress becoming looking like a crown.

Mud avalanche down the...

Page 9

...valley near St. Mannier.

That the spot where the Theban Legion suffered martyrdom.

Castle of Chillon

Filling up Lake Geneva

Goiter and cretinism - beggars

From Gervais to Paris through Dijon and Tonnerre 300 miles to Dijon by post of the horses one night and one day to Tonnerre one night in Delgare.

Paris

Taste of the French Superior to that of the English. Boulevard's and palaye Royale. Garden of plants and the School of Mines

Institute

Professors

Pere la Chaise Cemetery.

Public monuments

Column of susceptible Cannon in Place de Vendome

Column of July - where the Bastille used to stand – east of the Hotel de Ville

Numbers of cannon and musket balls

Triumphal Arch in the Place de Carousel united by Bonaparte in 1806

Ditto at the end of the Avenue of the Elysian Fields.

Obelisk of Lenox

Garden of the Tuileries

Place of Concord Fountain Champ de Elysees

Avenue three miles long

### Palaces

That of the Tuileries and the Louvre

Open on Sunday, closed on Monday

Page 10

St. Cloud favorite with Bonaparte and now the residence of the President.

Fetes here on the Sabbath. Paintings mostly historical

Bonaparte battles abundant.

Palace of Luxembourg

Paintings, statuary fine rooms rich beyond description.

Palace of Versailles

9 to 12 miles of paintings and statuary – rooms magnificent

Fontainebleau saw but did not stop

Porcelain manufactory at Sevre - elegant

Tapestry manufactory belongs to government

Artesian well 800 feet deep

Astronomical Observatory

### Churches

Madelaine, Notre Dame etc., Hotel des Invalides, Bonaparte's Tomb not finished.

Chamber of Deputies, Chamber at Luxembourg for the old French Parliament,

The Pantheon

### Conclusion

1. By land and by sea we traveled about 10,000 miles in 158 days equals 67 miles per day expenses equal about \$10 per day. Traveled in Great Britain 2444 miles, on the continent 1953.

Page 11

Met with no accident.

Suffered very much from bad health

No better till I returned

2. To what advantages have I derived?

Far less than if I had gone earlier

1. I ought to be made more modest and more liberal in my feelings toward all men and more free from narrow prejudices
2. I do I think feel more strongly the distinguishing blessings of this country, Our political and social privileges, our educational privileges, and especially our religious privileges
3. I feel more the importance of this country upon the destiny of the world.
4. Yet I feel more anxious for the fate of our country. I have seen far more rowdiness and recklessness since I returned than in all Europe.

The tendency is very strong to introduce all the evils of European countries - and the emigrants will help on this tendency.

Things only can save us

1. A high standard of education

2. To dissemination of spiritual religion especially to guard the Sabbath.

I have feel felt a desire to

Page 12

...be young again that I might do better than I have done saving our country.

Gentlemen of this Association you are young - I have nearly done but you are just beginning - your labors. To help sustain such a country and such institutions as ours is an object worthy of your highest ambition.

Not necessary to go to Europe to qualify you to engage successfully in this work.

I will not say sustain your country right or wrong but work for her where in the right and bring her right where she is wrong.

Page 13

*[This may be the end of second part?]*

...one happened to cross my path. Hence I endeavoured to adopt the following rules.

1. To avoid any great excitement and over fatigue
2. To be satisfied with seeing one example of a sort when not convenient to see more
3. Not to get introduced to distinguished men for the sake of saying that I had seen and conversed with them.

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[Asterisk]

Objects of the tour

1. To recover health or rather to arrest for a little while the progress of disease.
2. To see a few religious and scientific men with whom I had responded
3. To see the scenery, geology and cabinets of Natural History
4. To see the libraries and scientific institutions
5. To observe the agricultural institutions
6. To learn the character and condition of the common and lower classes of the people
7. To glance at the old castles and modern public buildings and private seats of the gentry – the roads the railroads steamboat stages taverns and etc. etc.
8. Take the privilege of a cat to look upon a king a queen or nobleman should such an

Tour in Europe

1850

May 15<sup>th</sup> Sailed from Boston

In 11 days 18 hours reached Liverpool. Stopping at Halifax.

Description British steamer Canada and America the latter 247 ft long saloon deck has a bulwark 7 ft High, upper deck more than 20 feet from the water.

Consumed 60 tons of coal per day.

A floating hotel yet I rarely ate in the saloon.

Fare \$120 going out \$170 returning.

Took an emetic etc.

Sea sickness best-managed crossing the English Channel.

Voyages said to be good yet wind often rather strong and waves more than 20 feet high

Page 15

A grand spectacle to see the vessel plunging through such waves.

Life preservers how useless.

In returning we rammed a brig or schooner.

Story of the Irish woman reserved from the wreck.

Small birds near mid ocean - and ducks everywhere. Whale spouting. Waterspout on return.

Method of keeping the point of comfort.

Coast of Ireland and Wales looks barren and destitute of trees very rocky.

Feelings on landing in Europe.

Liverpool

Solidity of buildings and streets in Europe.

Inflexibility of Customs

Inhabitants crammed together in towns and villages save in Switzerland and some parts of France.

Give a general accounting of the route traveled by me.

Tour in Wales North and South

To Chester over new red sandstone - country a garden.

Flowers in profusion, dandelion, coltsfoot plantain etc.

Chester old and [????]

The Cathedral "principal Church in a diocese" seat of the bishop - his Palace

Abbey a monastery

Chester Abbey of red sandstone the corners rounded. Painted glass windows splendid.

Page 16

Old wall round the city.

Sidewalk on some streets 2<sup>nd</sup> story, lower story cut in the rock.

Chester to Bangor in Wales 60 my 2<sup>nd</sup> class 1<sup>st</sup> class to Chester

Describe English railroads – Cars inconvenient but caste prevents a different form

Rate and comfort

Tunnels on this road some 100 rods. Inscription on the rock at the mouth of one. Mountains of Wales covered with clouds. Straits of Menai. Scenery.

Old castle at Conway very fine - railroad cut through its foundation.

Tubular bridge at Conway 327 ft long.

Same at Bangor. Tubes (square) of plates of iron 480 ft long.

Height of pier (the Britannia Tower) 221 feet, 200 from water.

Seat of the Marquis of Anglesey a favorite visiting place of Victoria the mother

Monument over the leg of the Marquis shot off at Waterloo.

Suspension bridge

Ride to Caernarvon very pleasant along the straits. Seats of gentlemen along...

Page 17

...but not of night. This is English taste .

Describe custom of isolating travelers at the inns.

Castle at Caernarvon very fine - built by Edward the first Edward the 2<sup>nd</sup> born here. Saw the room 10 ft square with stone walls 8 to 10 ft thick. Towers 100 feet high 142 steps covered with moss and shrubs and snails.

Mountains of Snowdonia grand from this point.

From Vale of Llanberis ascended Snowden.

Describe aneroid barometer.



Slate quarries from which the slate covering college chapel came. 2000 men at work in the Llanberis quarry and 2500 in another farther north.

Everything made of slate here: florist, posts, watering troughs, stores, roofs, fences, etc. Marks of glaciers in these valleys to the height above the ocean of some 1,200 ft.

Describe a glacier

Has our country been covered over by glaciers?

Describe the Ascent of Snowden (3571 feet high) and the view from it. Small lakes abound.

The crests of the mountains very ragged.

Wales has been above the ocean longer than any other...

Page 18

...part of Great Britain probably.

Llanberis to Dolgelly romantic.

The pass of Llanberis.

Mode of traveling in Great Britain by post.

Four persons can travel very pleasantly in this way in a fly – expensive way of traveling. All modes of traveling are so in Great Britain. \$170 self and wife on this trip of 535 miles by railroad post stages steamboat equals \$0.16 per mile.

Mode of paying servants troublesome. For a gentleman and wife one night at a hotel there is expected from 50 to 80 cents per servants. Attendance very good. Waiters generally know how to behave and do behave like gentlemen and ladies. Far more landladies than landlords in Great Britain.

Roads

Stages and coaches

Spent the Sabbath at Dolgelly and heard preaching in Welch and preached in English which was translated. In the Independent Church Sabbath well observed.

Old Parliament House of Owen Glendower 1404.

Five towns between Dolgelly and Llanberis of interest. Beddgelert and Tan y Bwelch.

Dogs mountain in the former.

From Dolgelly Mr. Tappan and myself ascended Cader Idris...

Page 19

...2600 feet high. Road (on mules) very bad. View splendid vast quantities of greenstone columns near the top.

An old crater (not so really)

Rooks, ravens, jackdaws. Birds build their nest in the walls of the crater.

The guide's story about the ravens picking out the eyes of lambs.

Notice peat on the mountains here and in Scotland and Ireland.

Old Roman Road visible over the hills.

Passed through a beautiful country from Dolgelly to Newtown thence to Montgomery and Ludlow. Old castles at both places the latter large built about 1080.

Here Hudibras wrote a part of his famous poem.

Passed through Monmouth in the first as in immense cathedral where is a manuscript of Wycliffe Bible.

Up and down the Valley of the Wye some of the finest scenery in Great Britain but not superior too much in this country.

Bristol a large not handsome city. Clifton on the Avon the aristocratic part very fine. Nor far from Hannah More residence. Beautifully built.

Tintern Abbey on the Wye is second to none in G. B. unless it be Melrose in Scotland. It is a romantic spot.

Passed from Bangor through Bath (a beautiful city in the midst of the oolite of which it is built and watering place.

Tunnel in rock was  $\frac{5}{8}$  of a mile.

Page20

Clifton as well as bath a watering place temperature 72° to 117°.

From Bath to Cowes, Isle of Wight, through Warminster, Salisbury, and Southampton 70-miles stage, railroad, steamboat.

Comparison of railroad in Great Britain with the United States.

As to price

As to comfort

As to rate of traveling

Stations (depots) luggage baggage.

General aspect of the country – a garden. Hedges and stone walls for wooden fences.

Every foot of soil improved.

Trees not so uncommon but set out and trimmed.

People crowded into villages and cities.

Climate moist rainy cold in summer visit in winter dark and gloomy.

Sabbath at Cowes.

Queen, Prince Albert, and children

Appearance in prayer.

Osborne House

War Steamers lying in the channel.

Chalk formations.

Tertiary.

Cathedral in Salisbury 470 ft long and 400 ft High.

Enquired in vain in Southampton for the birthplace of Dr. Watts.

Heart the Reverend Mr. Allan preach, introduced a moment of silent prayer in his prayer very happily.

To Alum Bay West End passed through the needles from 50 to 100 feet high of chalk.

Seagulls and cormorants lay eggs in the chalk cliffs.

Page 21

Chalk Dome 150 feet high.

The variegated strata of Alum Bay long celebrated.

The chalk hills extending along the south side of the island very high 800 feet. Old Tumulo along the summit perhaps barrows Danish.

Chimes (Black Gang)

Under cliffs of various strata - romantic - fine place for invalids in winter.

Hotels very romantic like cottages - organic remains piled up around them.

Rocks of the island tertiary. Chalk Wealden with bones of large reptiles.

Landslips magnificent.

The Lawrence Church the smallest in England.

At Brading saw the grave of little Jane deserted by Sgt. Richmond.

The old clerk calling tours to tell us when Lord lived. The Church built 700 years ago when Christianity was first introduced into the island.

Portsmouth a regularly fortified place.

To Brighton 45 miles in an hour and a half.

This is a city of palaces. One of the Pavillions built by George 4<sup>th</sup> a singular looking building lately purchased by the city for 50,000 pounds.

The Marine wall cost \$100,000. Two miles long splendid buildings pointing the sea.

Agricultural schools

Price grades

1. Superior
2. Intermediate
3. Inferior.

College at Cirencester.

Give some account as to system of instruction.

Page 22

Irish Schools, that at Glasnevin.

French schools, Versailles, Grignon, that N. Grand Jouen, Hofryl School

Prussian Schools

At Bonn

Directory of Nassau

Whole number 253

In France 75

Prussia 31

Austria 33 flau 21

Ireland 60

German state 52

Notice arboriculture and silviculture.

Remark upon what should be done in Amherst.

Superior health of Europeans - Brittons. The causes.

1. They live on great deal more in the open air
2. They live more like philosophically are more calm and steady in their movements and use a part of the day for promenading if possible

This course improves their manner as well as their health.

We Are boisterous and rude towards one another. They are all ranks gentle courteous and obliging. We indulge bad feelings towards our neighbors.

Page 23

They wear away such feelings by meeting them often. We have no place to meet them except in the formal party or the grog shop or barroom.

Everything is settled there. Sometimes in the wrong way.

Here all is unsettled.

Our grand business is to settle them right and we shall save our country and in serving that we shall save the world

## EDWARD HITCHCOCK'S MEDITATIONS ON HIS 21<sup>ST</sup> BIRTHDAY

Transcribed by Robert T. McMaster, March 2025, from scanned images of an untitled handwritten manuscript provided by Amherst College Archives and Special Collections. The document is located in Box OS1, Folder 13 of the Edward and Orra White Hitchcock Collection.

Page numbers below correspond to the image numbers. They run from 00046-0001 to 0008, then 00051-0001 to 0003. The printed pages titled "View of Deerfield" (00051-0001 and 0003) may be from Rodolphus Dickinson, *A Description of Deerfield, Franklin County*, 1817. The originals of that book that I have located include only the first eight pages, but the content and style suggest it is Dickinson's. One page has editorial marks suggesting that Hitchcock may have been asked by Dickinson to review his work.

The phrase "Written probably May 25 1814" appears on the first page in what looks like Hitchcock's own hand. Hitchcock's twenty-first birthday was the previous day. Some of the writing was difficult to decipher and interrupted by tears.

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Page 1 (00046-0001)

[Vertically across the page: "Written probably May 25 1814"]

On this morning before the sun had arisen I passed along the banks of the Deerfield. The cryptic(?) Zephyrs whispered in the grass and among the [????] foliage of the trees now smiling with the verdure of May. The music of innocence and pleasure mixed with the distant roar of the stream murmuring among the rocks their channels overhung by trees. Fancy was awake and fresh the mixture of past joys on my mind the most lively color for [????] [????] of other years and my heart beat high with the recollection of days that are gone. I thought as the strongest object brought back the recollection of some pleasant excursions of my first days and of the companions of my course, some of whom are here no more. I bent over the stream O Deerfield and mingled a tear with thy waters as a sincere tribute to the memory of departed scenes. Then directed my course to the mountains that overlook the valley of my birth and there joined my sighs to the breeze that [????] was in the moss of the rock. When I looked around and considered that the days and the pleasures of my youth were gone.

Let it not however be thought from these [????] that all my youth has flowed a silent stream that the waters have never roared among the rocks that the rains of the adversity and the winds of the passions have never raised a flood or that the tide of feelings has never risen and added force to the torrent: for many times have I felt the flood of the passions and feelings breaking the rudder of reason and urging me to the whirlpool of ruin. Many are the secret sorrows that have (????) my breast. Many are the calamities I have met with unknown to the world. Never did I feel a disposition to trouble mankind with my complaints. I had rather sit down and bear them in secret and in public just a smile on my countenance when my heart is wrung with the keenest anguish. I have not however refused to unbosom myself to a few friends who ever hold the phial of sympathy uncorked, and half invested(?) ready to pour the balm of consolation into my wounds. Thanks to heaven as yet I have been enabled to resist

every pressure of calamity though often it has rested heavily upon me, wrinkled my brow, and moistened my pillow with tears. Still I trust that my spirit is unbroken. Still I feel prepared to breast me to the future shocks if it is the will of heaven for I have ever learned that submission to the laws of nature is a primary obligation of man and that to shrink from the discharge of one's duty through dread of evil is merely to desert the post where heaven has stationed us and thus to leave society open to the assaults of its enemies.

To my parents and friends I feel it a duty to return my warmest thanks for all their tender concerns and anxious solitudes for my safety. But for all their unearned exertions to direct my feet in the path of Innocence truth and virtue through the weak frail years of childhood. While yet even the powers of my body were too weak to sustain me they watched over me and protected me from the storms and the raging heat and from all the [????] incidents to a state to a state so blind and helpless as the first year of man. While yet imagination preponderated over reason and gave a false coloring to every scene and painted flowers(?) where there were nothing but thorns. While yet the passions wild and strong drove me like the troubled ocean when it cannot rest and when I had no experience to direct me they have taught me that fury unregulated by reason was irregular as the meteor that it flashed one moment and the next was covered with darkness, that the path of vice so apparently strewn with flowers was rough with thorns that virtue though rough seen at a distance is yet fairer than the rose of May and more lovely than the moon seen through a silver cloud, and that truth is a pure spring that ever flows from the rock of ages. I may live to repay all these exertions by favors bestowed and in need and by being serviceable to mankind is the one wish of my heart.

As my birthday happens at so interesting a time of the year, it should awake within me many indirections. Now all nature assumes her most pleasant aspect. The whispering sameness of winter has all the charming variety of reanimated [????] succeeded.

{Poem]

The snow dissolved, no more is seen.  
The fields and woods behold are green  
The changing year renews the plain  
And rivers know their banks again.

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Page 2 (00046-0002)

Vegetation from advances with rapidity. The bee is now seen in the flower from the mist to the [????] is tall, the myriads of a matching are constantly active in providing for their [????]. The rough blasts of the north no more desolate the [????] and no winds are heard save the whispers from the south or the trees of the West whistling among the trees(?).

A vegetation now constantly increases so the spring of life ever continually progress in virtue and knowledge. As the bee culls the sweets from every flower some extract the sweets of learning and morality. May the noisy blasts of the passions no more desolate my mind but may my disposition become by cultivation mild and pleasant as the gentle zephyrs of an evening of May.

Now that I have finished the age of dependance and must go forth into the wide world guided by my own exertions where shall I look for assistance in the days of darkness when the smiling sky of prosperity is hid when the polar star of reason is involved in clouds and the darkness of calamity [????] the rocks and the quicksand of destruction? What shall be my [????]? What course shall I steer? It is first and chiefly to heaven that I look for direction. I lift my eyes with serenity from the dust and implore the assistance of the supreme governor of nature. He is man's compass, his chart, his beacon, his star, his port, his refuge, his hope, his all. From him I learned that the course that will lead me safe and undeviating through life is virtue, and that the path which leads to destruction is the path of vice.

Trust me then, O thou Father of Mercies, direct me in that course which is alone the way of peace and happiness even in the course of virtue. Teach me to repress every rising passion and to cherish every virtuous feeling. Learn me to regulate my conduct by that unerring standard which thou hast implanted in my bosom. Sooner may the rocks be torn from their foundations by the wind than I be turned from my duty by the force of temptation. May newer interests secure me from honor and duty nor any other except a noble ambition impelling my mind nor anger drive me beyond myself, nor the Siren song of pleasure lure me into the deceptive retreats of vice nor want drive me to despair nor riches and honors dazzle my sight and turn my brain. In whatsoever fortune I am placed may I remain unalterably the same ever quit that narrow uneven path which is the path of virtue. May I possess that independence and decision which is not bent by all the shocks of a vicious world. But yet may never obstinacy hold me on in the road of error nor when sorrow is my friend may I forget to cast aside that sternness which seems necessary in a corrupt world. May I never be charitable towards vice or vicious principles but only towards those who differ in those things that are intricate and uncertain. May I repress every envious and revengeful feeling that shall spring up in my breast and continually endeavor to mollify and to soften my position. All it shall become mild gentle and peaceable as that of the tender lamb.

But amid all the changes, bereavements and misfortunes of life's pleasures O preserve me in that situation where I confirm science and literature. Snatch from me every other earthly [????] every earthly hope but leave O leave the light of science. If my plans and hopes are frustrated new ones can be formed. If my friends prove false or are torn away by fate new ones may be formed. if perpetual poverty is to be my lot to this I could submit with composure—if the world continuously frowns upon me I could defy all their shafts but if I am debarred from the paths of learning where O where is my refuge? What can supply the immense vacuums which the loss of this would make? There is nothing beneath the stars. The loss of this would break down every rampart of fortitude. I must inevitably plunge down in despair.

As the last and chief of all I would humbly pray to implore that home in established religion might be my [????] and support. I ask not for that fanaticism which drives away all goodness and substitutes persecution and superstition nor for those wild and extravagant systems which do make us christians would make us fools but for those mild principles and precepts which reason forces — for that religion which will teach me to conduct as a rational being and cover my face with a smile in the [????] of dissolution.

These are the principal things which I pray may be bestowed upon me. These are the palms which I [????] for.

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This day completes twenty and one annual suns which I have seen pass over my head. Twenty and one times the flowers opened their blossoms in the spring. The vegetation arisen to their full strength in the summer faded in the autumn and in the winter have been buried in the snow. Twenty and one times I have seen the rivers burst their icy banks and rush with fury over the plains and as often I have heard the heaving music of the songsters of nature just returned from there southern retreats. Two hundred and sixty times has the moon waxed and waned since first I commenced my course.

And are these things possible? Are so many years of my life already gone? Has the pleasant morning of my day so soon ended? Yes the age prescribed by the laws of my country as the age of manhood has reached me. This day unlooses the bonds of parental authority. This day casts me alone on the world unaided by the oars and rudders of others. I must now struggle unassisted through the ocean of human life and endeavour to avoid the waves of the passions the rocks of poverty the shoals of vice, the whirlpools of opposing desires and press on in my course through every storm of calamity and every tide of prosperity.

At every interesting change or epoch of life it is highly proper and useful to pause and look back with a critical eye on the past and heave the sigh of repentance at the recollection of deviations and to cull whatever is worthy for an example in future. But why does my cheek turn pale to recall the remembrance of the past? Why do I shrink from the rigid scrutiny of reason on my actions? Has my life been one contrived scene of vice and error? Have I neglected the days of improvement and suffered the spring of life to pass away without implanting the seeds of knowledge in my mind? Has my advancement in virtue and in covert feelings been less than my progression in years? Has neither precept nor example been sufficient to turn my course from the forward road of vice? Alas! Who is there who shall not cover himself with sackcloth and ashes when he recalls to mind the the errors and vices of his past days? Ever the christian and the philosopher are often compelled to drop a tear of repentance on the omissions and the follies of their former years. With how much greater reason then shall I mourn over the faults of my youth! Well indeed may I cover my face in confusion when I turn my thoughts back and remember the numerous aberrations of my life. How many opportunities for improvement in virtue have I neglected! How many correct admonitions of wisdom have I suffered to die away on my ears nor ever to reach my heart! How many illustrious examples have passed before me unnoticed! How many are the hours and even days that I have spent in foolish amusements or in doing nothing! How frequently has the day passed over my head and left me incapable of saying that I have learned anything in its whole course! In short how poorly have I improved my time and that one talent which I fondly trust heaven has bestowed upon me!

But amid so many thorns [????] [????] [????] [????] nor a flower nor any fruit to relieve my eyes? Is there any action in my life since I reached the years of discretion on which I can reflect with pleasure which will dry the tears of sorrow from my eyes and remain as a faithful guide in future? Perhaps it is but the thorns of self-love and friends yet fondly do I suppose that scattered here and there amid the wild [????] and the briars and thorns I perceive a few flowers [????]. I must confess that I can look on some actions of [????] with a secret joy and feel the delightful approbation of my conscience. But perhaps there is a mist before my eyes. Perhaps the fields of life which I have passed for twenty-one years are covered with nothing but thorns. If this at least I am [????] that I have planted any flowers they are fewer than might have been expected fewer than duty requires. Twenty-one years of my life. They are gone! The morning of life has departed. Is it possible...

How swift are the winged years. They pass along promptly as the lightning rushes from cloud to cloud. Where have I been living so many years? What have they left behind them that is worthy of preservation? It is true that many years elapse before we are capable of full exercise of our reason and surely I was longer in reaching this point than others or my improvement since has been slow and scarcely perceptible. I look around me and see others at my age already qualified to enter into active life already extensively useful to mankind. But yet the mantle of ignorance broods over my mind. Yet I am unacquainted with most of nature and the customs of society. If I have any knowledge it is a mere smattering and superficial. If however I have not yet laid any foundation of happiness I never shall. For if the seeds are not sown since in the spring the fruit cannot be gathered in the autumn.

Since then the years of my youth are ended and I must now bid them an eternal farewell let me recall them once more to my mind and cast one longing lingering look at and drop one silent tear at their departure. Never again do I anticipate scenes so interesting and enchanting and pleasures so innocent and fine as those of my childhood. Then I knew not the world, then I was a stranger to care and sorrow; then no furious passions drove me from the paths of innocence and peace; then I was free as the eagle in the heavens; then I "was" pleased with a rattle tricked with a straw.

"These are life's happiest scenes +

"Where pleasure flits so swiftly so silently along"

"We cannot count the downy feathered moments as they pass."

\*There "My life a silent stream

Glide along yet seemed at rest

"Lovely as an infant's dream

"In the waking mother's breast."

Then I wandered alone on the pleasant banks of my native stream or climbed the mountains that overlook my native village pleased with every object I met and delighted with the wildness of nature.

O my native village! the land of my delight my blood, Deerfield. And those my native stream a witness of many of the joys of my youth! When shall I forget you and the pleasures you have afforded! Though hereafter I may behold a thousand lands though it is probable that in a few days I must quit you forever and seek subsistence in other parts yet your image will ever be present to my mind. At the recollection of your pleasant plains and waters the tear will often glisten in my eye and the sigh swell my breast, whether I am chained in the oar of a pirate or in a pleasant land enjoying the smiles of prosperity and plenty, for

The wandering mariner whose eye explores

The wealthiest isles the most enchanting shores

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair

Nor breathes the spirit of a finer air.

How many are the innocent pleasures and delights of my childhood whose recollection is now pleasant but mournful to my soul! But they are gone forever. They are hid in the vast and unexplorable womb of the time that is past. Never more will the simplicity and the ardour of childhood give an interest a charm to every scene. Never more shall I pursue with enthusiastic eagerness the brook the field or climb the highest summit of the mountains in search of an useless flower. No more will the universal novel of the scene cause my eyes to sparkle with delight. However simple these things may now appear yet in spite of all the suggestions of reason the pleasures which they afford will ever be [????] [????] for the departure. Thus as I have advanced in life other objects are more worthy our attention engross our care but perhaps these in the eye of a superior intelligence are regarded with the same contempt with which we now look upon the achievements of our childhood.

Some lovelier play thing gives our youth delight  
A little louder but as empty quite  
Scarfs, garters, gold amuse our richest stage  
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age

Pleased I with the bauble still as that before  
Till timid we weep as I like to play [????] [????]  
Invited by a reflection of the [????] [????] [????]  
[????] to retrace once more [????] of my spring

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Page 5 (00046-0005)

...from a thousand sources. Then we shall not there mingle in the society of the world but we shall find a society much more interesting (much more useful).

O communion sweet! Communion large, and high!  
Our reason; guardian angel; and our God  
Then nearest these when others most remote

...would raise one higher than mortal honors can lift me. Though seeing these I could defy all the shocks of adversity and the tides of prosperity. If riches are honors of the world should then come I should know their true value and use nor be puffed up by them and if poverty's oppression hopeless poverty should confine me in a humble sphere through life nor a single honor find me nor a single breath of time be spent for me, still would I smile in my obscurity and taste the sweet pleasures which flow from science and virtue. Perhaps I may yet be condemned to wander on the wide stage of the world friendless, hopeless, a constant outcast and a burden of society yet with science virtue and religion inhabitants of my bosom every place would be a home every region a native land. Perhaps I shall be compelled to drink the last of the dregs of misfortune yet the transmitters of missing would convert the bitter potion into a delightful beverage.

1 O then with these companions of my way  
Let life's uncertain fervor pass away  
Perhaps one hour or day will be all

4 That I shall spend upon this earthly ball new  
Perhaps again I never shall survey  
The rising sun or the moon of day  
But in the morn arise yield up my breath

8 And as my spirit flies sink down in death.  
Perhaps for some few years I may remain  
And see the changing seasons come again  
But whether soon or late my spirit's friend

12 From this rough scene of care of toil and need  
O may I sink as sinks the evening star  
When lingering over the western hills afar  
With undiminished and unclouded light

16 Still night still fine still pleasant and still bright  
With no volcano's (?) roar convulsive throw  
Wild tumult or red fire then sink below  
And may the sleep of death to me be sweet.

20 To these dear scenes when friends long parted meet  
Then may these limbs in lonely silence lie  
Near some pure stream that peaceful murmurs by  
Where willows dip their branches in the wave.

24 And hang in weeping curves upon my grave  
There on the swelling turf that o'er me lies  
Let rank grass wave and wild flowers rise new  
Let evening breezes sigh the rough winds roar.

28 The wind storms rage and billows lash the shore  
Let them no lofty monument proclaim  
One action of my life or sound my fame  
No: let not e'en a mossy stone declare.

32 And show to future times who sleepeth there  
But oft in summer in the midnight gloom

34 Let some dear friend still faithful seek my tomb  
There let him sit in silence on my grave  
While through the leaves the moon shines on the wave  
While every branch is trembling in the breeze.

38 And the dim stars are gleaming through the trees

While driven rains form the rivers and the rills  
The whippoorwill's shrill voice from distant hills  
And from the grove the owls more solemn strain .

42 Unite their sounds and fill the earthly plain  
Then let him think on me recall the day  
When friendship smoothed life's rough and weary way  
And like the showers of May upon the earth

45 Chased virtue's plants and gave to others birth  
(\*) Then if the mine of memory can impart  
One honest virtue that e'er warmed my heart  
I let one tear upon the old turf rest

50 And one soft sigh of [????] swell the breast  
There found the clouds my spirit shall descend

52 And once more hold sweet converse with my friend.

(Along the right margin)

\*Those simple Joys more pleasant to my heart  
Than all the pomp of greatness and art  
Whose dear remembrance with my soul entwined  
No change on earth shall erase (?)from my mind.

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Page 6 (00046-0006)

It is enjoyment [????] of intellectual pleasure!

O sacred [????] of my heart! Thou delight of my soul! Thou art to me the beam of the east rising sun a land unknown." How many delightful hours have I spent with thee! In thy retreats how often have I beguiled the memories of life! How often have I turned with disgust from the world and sought thy presence! Still, O still let me share the sweet embrace. When the storms of life shall hereafter beat on my brow and I shall be bruised by an unfeeling world still may I find in thee a friend and [????]. Thy delightful retreats forget the follies the views and the insults of the world and make my eyes as pleasant as the clear day of spring.

"When every breeze wafts rosy health."

Let it not be said that solitude sours the mind and unfits it for the active duties of life. It is there that the brightest and most useful geniuses are formed, the noblest undertakings planned and the most sublime discoveries made. It is there alone that we can explore the paths of literature penetrate the hidden depths of science and trace the perfections of the Deity in his works. It is there alone that we can ground our virtue from temptation, practice those rigid rules of morality which philosophy teaches and bid defiance to the corruptions and vices of the world. In solitude Newton tore the veil from Nature and

unfolded to the view her noblest works. There Locke analyzed the powers of man. There Archimedes and Euclid traced the dark Labyrinth of mathematics. There Linnaeus invented his admirable plan of Natural History and Botany. There Franklin discovered the means by which he could guide the lightning of heaven. There Lavoisier overturning the false opinions of his predecessors established the admirable theories of Chemistry. Indeed all the philosophies of ancient and modern times have laid the foundation of their greatness in solitude and there most of the improvements in the arts and sciences have been made. To her retreats the exalted statesmen of the earth as well as the good and the virtuous in the inferior stations of society have finally come. There they have spent the evening of their days in peace. There they have escaped the storms of public life and closed their days bright and serene like the sun when near the western horizon he bursts from the clouds.

To the calm retreats of solitude let us then look for most of our happiness. Not that we should be continually immersed in retirement nor mire in the society of man but that we should learn that the friendships and amusements and the trappings of the world are fleeting uncertainties and deceptions. Whoever therefore places his chief happiness so these will meet a thousand disappointments that vexations and miseries. True for a time his life may seem to glide along as gentle as a stream through an interval but soon he will approach the mountains where the waters continually roar foam among the rocks. But if we learn to savor the pleasures of solitude we can bid defiance to all the disappointments and the troubles of life. Our happiness will then rest on a basis which the world can never destroy. Our means of enjoyment will then be placed beyond the reach of man. Let us not like many others look on solitude as a gloomy retreat where no flowers grow where nothing but rocks and craggy cliffs surround us. And when we find a flowery field a thousand pleasures spring.

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Page 7 (00046-0007)

Still in the midnight - I curse the mild low breeze  
Shakes the frail poplar leaf. To calm the air  
The smallest insects heave in the scantiest wind  
That quicks on the mountains found [????]

5 Midsummer's sweetest fragrance greets the [????]  
And days too powerful all suffering heat.  
Yields to the night of severe atmosphere  
The hosts of heaven move on as [????] the eyes  
Numerous [????] [????] there forms.

10 Their bustle about and mild hides not, but light  
After ceaseless intervals of time  
This is the hour to calm reflection sound  
The time when contemplation [????] [????] [????] [????] [????]  
Alas how few her gusts but much the place.

15 Where surely and morn begin slowly,  
The halls are crowded of the portals filled

Yet from that [????] sweet and merry I flee  
Not have I travelled [????]

(tear)

From the brisk the viewing frenzy

20 Missing and rising to o'erwhelm the land  
But hours of contemplation to thy hand  
Thy eat and fire repeat through import great  
Receive me low returning persistent  
Then once I sought and saw thee through fancy.

25 More lovely than Adonis but as heaven  
But I forsook thee since I [????] [????] [????]  
I grant the lashes of an unfeeling world.  
Through now deep sleep has all in his songbook  
Fair the lyric night in his dark retreat.

30 Just grasp and not tell I have viewed these heavens  
Till i have caught one worker feeling thence  
To mind, diluted and the thoughts of day  
Milk the week waters of their vain pursuits

(tear)

...learns the raised thought timeless to heal  
Who that should sleep when such scenes before him  
Where nature's noblest grandest works lies.

30 Throughout a measureless immensity eyes  
The says that from the luminous [????]  
Strike not near ye along but burst and soul  
Now strikes this sleep some pleasing truth  
Rekindle wishes of the dying lamp.

45 So spread a soothing lustre through the darkened night  
By what almighty form - mysterious causes  
Face this order harmony preserved  
Worlds glide new worlds some by sound others by [????]  
And comets meteors in which space between

50 From as if tethered by confusions whispered  
Path crosses path – course circles into course  
Some with some south some retrograde and some direct  
From every quarter to all points they move  
And yet none clash force reinvented force

55 Retains them in that orbit first marked and  
It has since time began and ever must  
Till the great Father kneeling from his throne  
Burst the strong chasm that holds creation more  
He leaves all nature's headlong to rest.

60 Back to that dark wild chasm when it sprung  
And what is that [????] constant power  
That grinds the rapid

(tear)

Tis gravitation – gravitation.

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Page 8 (00046-0008)

Here fails philosophy's long line

65 But christian faith exclaims – God himself  
There then is rest - Philosophy submits  
Now judges when she lies not with clear light  
For that is not philosophy so-called  
Which boldly leaps the bounds to reason found.

66 Mounts in imaginations air balloon  
And convulses through the gratifying mystery  
And merely strives to [????] hell and heaven  
[????] and proves not wisdom but this want  
The true philosopher has one firm base.  
On which in natural things busted his edifice  
This that platinean everlasting house  
In which the pillars of the heavens rest.  
Tis mathematics – and who builds not there  
If any of the streams of reason soon [????] away.

(Tear)

Alive [????] and a sameness to be seen  
And unique that shows their one original  
Would first were found. The human mind and heart  
Are but a transcript of these greater works.

85 Reason's the central force that governs all.  
Passion, thy force centrifugal impels.



If the least [????] we sink a lifeless world.  
And if the first we crash we know not where  
That too is nicely balanced as the stars.

90 The heart's anomalies though wide their range  
Would never drive him from his vilest [????]  
Did he to passion no went [????] lead  
But such force our [????] [????]  
That soon in [????] curve he moves.

95 And reason's dragged on captive chained worked  
(Tear)  
As probable (tear)  
Through ages [????]  
O let me simulate their course.

100 O may their rays awake a flame within  
That will conceive the noblest of the world.  
Which presses down to earth our essential (?) souls  
And lives and fears to mount among the stars.  
There is the home of man our [????] [????].

105 And we insinuate have forgot that land  
That gave us birth and stained our high born souls  
No seas known to a pirate's oars  
Those sweet, charmingly sweet, is his employ  
Who in the midnight [????] [????]

110 Looks with an astronomic eye on heaven  
Where others see sparks he sees a sea  
Where wild confusion be sweet harmony.  
And where all seems by chance he viewed a God,  
A God how great how mighty and how good!

115 He lifts his tribe loophole to the skies  
And lo! What series appear! New worlds! New suns!  
These too immeasurable: and to which  
The earth is but a microscopic atom.  
O what an accomplishment of thought have I sprung

120 And yet if earth is nought how low is moon  
And yet how high to grasp such mighty scenes.  
Sweet too it is on the on the March Arch.

First on the [????]'s limb  
To [????] of a thousand stars.  
125 [????] and of a comet's course.

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Page 1 (00051-0001) and Page 2 (00051-0002)

(Written across both pages)

I waked with the dawn of light  
From sweet pleasing and dreams and climbed so high

O this is the morn  
When \_\_\_\_\_ was born!

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Page 2 (00051-0002)

So up the northern hills Elmira pass'd  
One lingering homeward tearful look she cast.  
For now she quit this Deerfield's much loved strand  
To seek the fortunes of another land

And though the flowers of May then secretly fair  
Mixed their rich fragrance with the zephyrous air  
Yet still her heart with a fearful tremble strokes  
She knew not why yet still he peace it works

Whence that foreboding? Ah, the sequel shows,  
Lifts the black veil that should seal woes.  
Few months pass by then at the rising dawn  
The message startles – "haste, wake in haste- be gone

I thou wouldst see a parent's closing eyes  
Thou wouldst catch her blessing ere she died  
Loom not her mild and agonized view  
The smoke of Deerfield is a darkly blue

(tear)

[????] to translate which wanders cheers  
When in [????] [????] [????] mountains rise  
And his loved valley meets once more his eyes

Which hope with fear while struggling brings  
Dark are her native valley second to lower  
As midnight darkness in the middle hours  
[????] hope's the way through any gloom

That spreads a twilight over the cheerless tomb.  
Still frowned with struggling may she thickness  
Still beyond her heart I kept at bay despair.

(Top right panel)

He possessed a most retentive mind. (Doesn't look like Hitchcock's handwriting)

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Page 3 (00051-0003)

[????] on his [????] cottage when rising all  
[????] they themselves things to fail  
With some he blasted senseless and who comes  
Hopes all children wife i am home

But now the hearth knelt and the mournful [????]  
(????) last sad office to the honored dead  
Revived her prostrate spirits but to feel  
That wound still deeper which no art can reach

For through the cloud of years may roll the tender  
No time can hide from memory that some  
When to the tomb a parent's form we (????)  
And catch the last fond yolk of friendship there

And now twas alone and have saw the earth  
Dark opened wrap the friend that gave her with  
That mother's voice she never more will hear  
That mother's smile  
(tear)

What of where sleeps the dearest friend he knew  
The tears of sorrow will that mound (???)  
Then shall the willows weeping branches wave  
And twice round the cypress on her grave  
Then will she ask for no relief  
Love what religion does the joy of grief.