DEPOSED BEFORE

THE SOCIETY OF ALUMNI

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,

AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING.

Held in the Rotunda, on the 29th of June, 1856.

BY

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ADDRESS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

The rolling years are bearing us far, and farther from the time when we were actors in the scenes we have just witnessed; yet which of us but remembers the quick beating of his heart, as he advanced to receive the diploma, that seemed the visible evidence of his merit, and which he fondly hoped might be only the first of a long series of honors, the ever widening circles of the world would accord him? And which of us but saddens to reflect, how far the ideal has ever fallen short of the hope? It needs no long career to convince us that we can gather but few palms, worth the dust of the arena, and yet we press on in the race with unshaken speed. It is not merely for the rewards that glitter brightly at the goal; it is not for the plaudits of the multitude, nor even for the rapturous excitement of the chase; but it is, that as we advance in years, life becomes fuller of solemn meaning; we behold the fields of knowledge, lying white with the harvest before us, and we feel how brief the season to reap—how wondrous swift, and yet swifter the winged hours hurry by. And an irresistible impulse drives us to pursue them, and a ceaseless voice within, rising from the whisper we once heard in these shades, to a thunder that surpasses the din and turmoil of the world, bids us forward! forward! forward! in the infinite work before us—ever forward! despite the weariness and heart-longings for rest—still forward—until we too may leave some tracks upon the sands of time, which “the forlorn and shipwrecked brothers,” who come after us, “seeing, may take heart again.”

And never have the responsibilities of life weighed more heavily on serious men, then in these times, so full of peril for our own land, and for the whole world. If society and civilization can be saved from the tides of atheistic Abolitionism, and anarchical Socialism, which threaten their destruction, it can only be by those means, without which no country has ever been great, and without which, no violent social disease has ever been cured. It must be by a generation of men, who do not regard the world as a mere feast of the senses, or as a mine, wherewaist deep in the icy waters of avarice, they may dig up ounces of gold; but as the scene of a more earnest, a wider reaching work, where duties ever surround us, which we owe, not only to our Creator, but to ourselves, to each other, and to posterity.

And there devolves upon us, gentlemen, as foster sons of this great University of Virginia, no lighter duty in the army for the defense of civilization. We owe no small debt to the good old Commonwealth, who here enrolled in our eager gaze, “the ample page of knowledge, rich with the spoils of time;” who sent us
Much from these proverbs—so, in some sort, the guardians of her literary name, and soldiers of the truth she taught us to cherish. The arts of Government, by which she won the title of the "Old Dominion," are not the only arts that rule the world; to them may belong the present, but the future is the domain of the man of letters. The whole shape of our lives, and of the world around us, is moulded by the abstract ideas, and the living thoughts, which, former sages and poets evoked in their calm retreats. The statesman may govern his own generation, but to the philosopher and the poet, the near and so great is the advance of learning, so rapid its diffusion, that he now disputes the empire of the present.

It is for you, gentlemen, to say whether the conquests of Virginia, in the fields of literature, shall be as famous as they have been in government; whether, now, shorn of much of her power, the empire shall pass from her hands; whether, she shall not find a "New Dominion" in learning, as glorious and more durable, than the Old. Her weight in the Union has lain, not merely in her positive power, but in the character of her patriot sagacity, and her people.

"Men, high-minded men—
Men who their duties knew,
But knew their rights, and knowing, dared maintain."

Her influence has been due to her magnanimity, her heroic devotion to the sacred cause of liberty, her cliquer's sense of honor, and to the spirit, sustained by the glittering tinsel of the world, and by her earnest love for the substance of truth; and while Virginia remains true to herself, no Delilah can shear her of these locks of strength. In such a spirit, she has the first requisite to high literary achievements; in such a soil only can grow and thrive those thoughts, which Milton describes as the precious life-blood of the inspired, embalmed and preserved upon purpose to a life beyond life. And can we wonder that the climate is equally propitious? Do not our external circumstances both keep up its fertility, and give us the wind and weather, which have ever been most favorable to the growth of great literatures? The most important of these circumstances are the two chief elements of the Virginia policy and society: and the same will apply, with equal force, to all the sister States of the South; these are, her position, as the sovereign member of a federation or confederacy, the existence of a Union, and to the climate. But the question, to which I am directed, is, if its purposes be low and temporary, so will be its productions: works that are designed for prosperity, and destined to immortality, that are intended to be, what

"...cycles called his history, verge, are 'e se,' a possession for ever, must be designed to satisfy the wants and desires that spring from indispensable necessities of human nature, and they must be in- fused with a high moral spirit; I mean a spirit which looks, even though erroneously, to the moral grounds of thought and action, as distinguished from the expedient. Such a literature would embody some portion of the Eternal and the Infinite, and therefore, would reflect the Beautiful and the Sublime."

Now, if you regard the influence of political or social organization on these prime conditions of literary greatness, you must inquire on what causes the energy and activity of the public mind depend, and I think you will find that here, as everywhere else, Nature has provided certain causes, which are ample to produce the greatest effects; that all artificial substitutes stifle or pervert the healthy workings of the mind; and that the only proper interference of Government is to remove the various accidental obstructions to the operation of these natural laws.

The first natural stimulus to any kind of exertion, mental or moral, is want—the spur of unsatisfied desire. A man absolutely and perfectly satisfied, is a moral impossibility; the educator of either a child or a nation, begins by creating new desires, and one of the chief means, by which civilization continually perpetuates and increases itself, is by ever multiplying our wants, which it suggests by offering the gratification of these in enlarged exertions. Success in gratifying one wish begots others; while the labor, which was its condition, strengthens the powers for higher exertions. But were our desires satisfied, without any effort on our own parts, as fast as they arise, a brutal sloth would take the place of spiritual energy. Could Government supply every man with all he wants, could it realize for its subjects the wished gate of plenty, man would soon lose the intellectual fire, which elevates him above the beasts; a habit of miserable dependence, impotence of will, and feebleness of thought, would degrade him beyond the possibility of greatness. And yet such is, more or less, the tendency of all centralized governments, of all those governments, sometimes called paternal, which act upon the idea that man is in a perpetual state of purlieus, not, as he really is, to the Deity, but to his fellow-man; and that their peculiar office is to educate him, in the fullest sense of the term; to make him rich, wise, good, and happy. A noble design in seeming! but unfortunately in execution, it engulfs itself, and has always been the pretext and first step to every species of tyranny and oppression. No! this great end cannot be accomplished, without a struggle, and a long apprenticeship of labor, which every individual must go through for himself; it must be the work of his own will, using the elements Providence has supplied. All that Government can do, is, not to make man either rich or wise, or good, or happy, but to allow him to make himself so, and to secure his efforts against interruption from others. The opposite system is the
barbarism, as often exposed, but continually revived in new forms; of imagining that the State is to do nothing, and the individual all; the system begins by exceeding the just limits of Government—by eroding the protection of life, liberty, and property—and by its own proclivity to the usurpation of power, it ends all the madness of socialism. Every abuse of Government may be regarded as a form of this evil; summary laws, which regulate our habits, our marriages, our churches, and our morals; states creating schools, which prescribe the best and only mode of growing rich; State schools, which instruct us with education, religious and secular. Pursue the principle, and your Government will soon regulate every action of life; it will direct every act; it will, with the Socialists, receive the erudite infant, supply the place of his natural parents in youth, and of his own will in manhood; the result will be a total absence of the natural dependence instead of a mere self-reliance. It is obvious that in proportion as this system of Government prevails, the possibility of literary greatness is diminished; and it is equally plain that such is the inevitable character of all centralized Governments. For history and reason both prove that power has a natural disposition to increase itself, and to pass from the governed to the governors. Power, that is, the supreme judge of its own existence, which there is no lawful organization to limit or restrict, will result in no restraint but its own inclination; it will always be absolute. Such is the characteristic of all centralized Governments; it matters not how many powers may be nominally divided and limited by written constitutions; they will always exceed, so long as there is no other power to balance or restrain the governing class. It is insufficient to whom the Government is entrusted, a king, an oligarchy, or the numerical majority; so long as their powers are not divided and limited by some equal, co-ordinate, independent authority, the Government is still centralized, consolidated despotism. Its constant tendency is to substitute itself for Nature. It first prescribes the wants, desires, and objects, which it considers proper motives of human action, and then endeavors to supply them without that wholesome dread, which Nature has made the indispensable condition of enjoyment. It is unwilling to leave the correction of error to the slow operation of Reason, but hastens to seize on the object to what it thinks, truth. It attempts to compel a uniformity of manners, character, and opinions in all its subjects, and in proportion as it succeeds, it destroys one of the chief motives which Nature designed to impel us to intellectual intercourse—the desire from which all genuine literary effort springs, to reproduce our own thoughts and feelings in the minds of others. This desire is evidently based upon a supposed difference of opinions and emotions. If you wish to acquaint another with your feelings, it is because he does not already know them; if you wish to convey to him your thoughts, it is because they are new to him; you wish to convince him, only because he thinks differently. And it is obvious that if
passions. A despotic monarchy does not more effectually smother liberty, which Milton calls, the nurse of great wits. It lowers the dignity of the national character, and the spirit which gives intellectual exertions, and, at the same time, weakens the motives, which, as I have shown, Nature provides to stimulate the mind to activity. Government patronage may, it is true, create, in a small, class, a fictitious activity of mind, but its products will lack the creative power, the vigorous originality, which belongs only to freedom. These hirelings of literature cannot be inspired with the devotion to truth for their own sake, and the moral spirit, which induces the greatest works of the human intellect. I think that I shall be able to produce some instances from history which show the difference between the literatures, which are the offspring of freedom and Nature, and those which are the artificial products of Government hotbeds.

It appears therefore that those Governments are most favorable to true literary greatness, which leave most to the operation of natural causes; which teach men, not to depend on the State, but to rely upon himself, and which allow the freest and fullest development of all possible varieties of opinion and character, trusting their improvement and reconciliation, under Providence, to reason alone. In truth, the consolidating influences of civilization are sufficiently strong without the aid of political centralization, for men is naturally amiable, and he is but too apt to indulge his mental indolence, and save himself the labor of thought, by passively adopting the opinions of the society around him and this tendency to take credit to trust, which he says, all the world thinks, is increased as the world is enlarged by the multiplied means of communication, by steam and lightning, which have shortened our miles to yards, and made us neighbors, almost to our antipodes. It becomes therefore more and more inexusable and dangerous to throw the power of Government in the same direction. It is daily more necessary to leave the public mind to the wholesome stimulus of Nature, and the guidance of Reason. With the advance of civilization, literatures become more and more important, and it is essential to escape the corrupting patronage and consolidating influences of centralized Government. This can only be done by thorough decentralization; by, not only limiting the objects of Government, but dividing the administration of its powers. Every portion of society which has different interests, and, what usually accompanies different interests, different opinions and character, must be invested with the right and power of protecting its interests and independence against the pressure of the other portions. The decision of every question must be entrusted to those only, who are immediately interested in it, and they must have strength to maintain their exclusive jurisdiction. In every large country, you will find geographical divisions, which necessarily beget diverse interests and characters. Each division is, in many respects, a different nation, and there may be as many different centres of government as there are of national life.
lows, the object, and spirit of literary pleasure. The common
symptoms of humanity are gradually extinguished, and the moral
criticism of philosophy, that has hitherto been all individual and
classed, all generations and ages, into one grand whole, are forgotten in
the narrow views of a world isolated. The only remedy, or rather the only
prevention, is a careful protection of the interests of labor, and this
only can be found in a perfect identification of the interests of capital.
Now, I will not undertake to say that this is no mono-
gram or less affected by various institutions in different ages and
countries; still less, will I say that new and more perfect means
will be, nor ever be, discovered; but this I will say with entire
confidence, that no other system has ever been tried, or devised, which
identifies employer and employed, capital and labor, which blends
wages and profits into one, half-perfectly as domestic, African
slavery. The shareholder is equally interested in the rise of wages
and profits, for his capital has been justly described as wages paid
in advance, and nowhere does the laborer receive, as high wages
as large a share of the returns of his industry, as the slave here
enters either to the interest or affection of his master. Thus
while the powers of government are limited and decentralized, the
individuality of the various parts of the political community,
the interests of each class are guaranteed by the social organiza-
tion, so as to make a perpetual peace and harmony among
orders and sections. The difficulty of pervading those who have
power to protect themselves, and of oppressing the laborers, whose
interests are the same with their employers', engenders a disposition
of compromise and concession on the one hand, of kindness and
good will on the other. Man's selfish passions are made to balance
and neutralize each other, and his moral nature is left free to act and
influence, with its own lofty spirit, every form of his moral nature.
That such is generally the character of all slaveholding commu-
nities is common knowledge; such were-our Gothic ancestors; such the
Poles in our own times; (see now add the Hungarians) "and
such will be all masters of slaves, who are not themselves slaves:"
In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the
spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible. Excuse,
I beg you, the well-known quotation, but that great man's words
are usually so expressive, and so full of wisdom, that they can never
seem trite. I may have remark, what history will illustrate, that
aristocratic institutions have much of the same influence on the
literary and moral character of nations, that is exerted by the
abolition of domestic slavery, and that everything human is mix-
ited of good and evil, so what is done in any country must be seen
in those features in which it resembles a slaveholding
state. For at the white, in its impressiveness, is the
measure of the character of slaveholders. As little they con-
tinue to make a slave amongst the great classes, as much is the
slave, the other class of slaveholding aristocracy. Their position is con-
tinually before them in its most characteristic of a trust and
burden.-of a portion of their countrymen, to defend full of
dignity and importance, in the grander sense of the word, the
prerogative of honor, that love of truth for truth's sake, that noble
adulation for moral beauty or grandeur, which they believe becomes
them, as a royal nation and sovereigns. Hence arise
the dignity under which the aristocratic enlightened power of trusting
the guidance of principle, rather than expediency, in one word,
the devotion to abstractions, with which the genus of the Vindicta
is so often haunted, which in fact constitutes her chief intelligibility.
Such
a combination of high qualities tends toward dignity, distinctly
expressed by the manners and conduct of that nobleman of nature
the English gentleman—the Bayard, the d'Urselles, the
Shaw, the D'Alembert, the Lavoisier, that, the people, who form such an ideal
for imitation, are capable of realizing it, they have the true spirit,
which has ever begotten the statesmen who rule the present, and
the literatures that shape the future.

The history, I think, confirms these reasons, and shows the fact
that whether mental energy has been most developed, and wherever
it has been guided by the highest aspirations, wherever the greatest
literature has been produced, there national and slavery, in some
degree, are either in the midst a shape, or in some equivalent
superstructure, have prevailed. My time will not permit me to do
more than introduce few illustrations of this position; but I am for-
tunate in having my audience with me complete my scanty allu-
sions from the history of their own country. I shall, for instance,
allude to some facts, drawn from the course of civilization and tradition,
which show the drift of learning and intellectual grandeur;
and shall inquire more than a moment at the threshold, to look
upon the mechanical arts of the science, under the
international consolidation of the ancient Egyptians. It
would seem that at a remote period, perhaps when the free tribes
of Asia and Mesopotamia, still retaining their Patriarchal or-
organized kindred, subdued the negro savages in the valley of the Nile
and, gathering their labor by their superior intelligence, grew rich on
the beauty of their arts. These Egyptians made great and rapid advances
in civilization, came some political revolution, which cast society
in a chaotic and ruined mould, and preserved for every man, the
livelihood and the formation of his personal, immutable, and destined path of
life. Whole
centuries succeeded, with which nothing changed, nothing improved.
The principles of science degenerated into mysterious rules; the arts become the traditional secrets of courts. The Egyptians, it is believed, had a system of cryptic writings and a lost commentary; they built colossal temples, erected in pictured letters, the names, places, and achievements of ages long since, and the changes of their nation. The Arabic, Persian, and other languages of the Pharaohs and their successors, are but the fossil records of their people, and their science, written in the language of some of their oldest depositors. In the lapse of thousands of years, only the history of the Egyptians is known, and that one has scarcely more genuine reality than the others; for life is only recognized by change and progress. While Du Toit declares the Egyptians obsolescent, the former retained the formula that guided their ancestors; but they had lost the reason, change, and improvement were therefore impossible. In the hands of both, knowledge remained stationery and stagnated. The Egyptians taught the science of architecture, but the Arabians did not follow its natural laws. The very fact of having an unalterable tradition, until some centuries afterward, Watson-Gregg rediscovered it, the passage through whose great flood of European civilization now reached the latest age. The Egyptian possessed letters; but, as he no longer knew his letters, he was as barren as the Aztec hieroglyphics, the dragon's teeth, which, when in the soil of Greece, sprang up armed men, were plowed down. The teachings of the Egyptians were inserted into Egypt's earth, by the weight of her Government. So, too, the Chinese were in possession of the compass, and the first printing press, long centuries before their appearance in Europe; yet these inventions, which have borne such rich fruits, have remained with them little better than human curiosities. It would be instructive to compare this perversion of mind, under the centralism of Egypt and China, with the effects of an opposite political system, that of the Hebrews, who, poor and unskilled in the arts, yet far excelled the nations in their rich furniture and simplicity, which have remained with them little better than human curiosities. It might then show that the Jewish system was based on the patriarchal model; that the father was the king of his household, of his sons, and their daughters, sons' wives, and sons' sons; that this Decalogue classes together his many servants and his many masters, his ox and his ass, as those of whom there was no sovereignty of any kind. I might point out how, in this household, each such slaveholding commonwealth, was united into a tribe, that the tribes were joined by a Federal bond, into one Federal State; that, for a long period, its guidance was entrusted to occasional Chiefs, or Judges, in times of need; or the irregular and interrupting authority of such monarchs as Saul and David; that so soon as the more oppressive rule of Solomon and his son created a splendid court,
tion of slavery, where the centrifugal forces of society were stronger than the centripetal. Such was the building in which civilization was centered, while the germs were deposited, and the edifice developed, which have flowered so magnificently since: 'Then were formed two great characteristics of modern culture: the sense of honor and the chivalric respect and love for woman. Man kind outgrew the system, and it has passed away; we have rid ourselves of its evils, and preserved much of its good.' We cast off its feudalism of barons, and its aristocracy, and we substituted a federalism of democratic republics; we have abolished the slavery of black men, of white men, of all men; and all things, in this situation, a degree of moral and mental improvement never before approached by them; and which will probably be equal to their utmost capacity.

But you cannot see any very great development of literary activity, or any great increase of all the fields of thought, except in a few of high civilization. As you well then meet with examples still more to our purpose. The palest period of Greek history shows an enormous increase of wealth and refinement, since the heroic era. 'That this prosperity did not sink the Greeks into a fat stupidity,' but was the stimulus to the most perfect mental culture, was due to their institutions. The leading feature of their political history, was the rivalry of Athens and Sparta for the Hegemony, or the domination of the Great States. In both, the management of affairs was widely different from that of the heroic era. The democracy of Pericles was more unlike the monarchy of Codrus, than was the oligarchy of Sparta to such a government as that of Minos in the Odyssey. The grand distinction between the two States, was not the greater or smaller number of citizens, admitted to a share of political power, but it was that 'at Sparta, there was a certain fixed standard of character and morality, to which the State education rigorously trained all its members. The State made the individuals, the individuals did not constitute the State. At Athens it was very different; there every citizen was free to pursue his own bliss and desires, his own way so long as he did not trespass upon the freedom of others.' There was, indeed, some jealousy of any attacks upon the State religion, which became superstitious, and caused a few acts of persecution, that were directed by laws, not by the Athenian form. This appears to have invaded all men. The last part of the law- the wonderful to account all varieties of opinion and riches, and nowhere was the spirit of inquiry more to seek truth, or to practise it when found. Hence was it that Athens was the resort and second home of the literary men of all Greece, even of those States, that were the least friendly to her. It may surprise us, that the Athenian democracy was not earlier ruined, by which we are fully understood both its political and intellectual greatness, the absolute away of the mere numerical majority; that the unbalanced

sovereignty of the multitude, was not sooner corrupted by its faction, and the facility of gratifying its passions, and that public opinion did not become more tyrannical and eroding than the authority of the Spartan Ephors. But you must journey in the earlier history of the Athenian democracy, the minority was by the demagogues of the people, and the despotic of the commonwealth, protected from plunder by numerous political checks and balances. But the despotic period of Athenian history, you must especially remark the temptation to the rights of property, and the dangers of political and social consolidation, were vastly diminished by the fact, that only the men, a fourth of the population, composed the Democracy, while the other three fourths were slaves. For it is estimated that out of half a million of souls in the little territory of Athens, which contained only 474 square miles, not half as large as the average of our Senatorial Districts, 305,000 were slaves; of the remaining 135,000, 45,000 were foreign residents (Metics) and only 90,000 citizens. Even of these 90,000 citizens, the actual voters, that is, the males of full age, were not more than 20,000. In all the more flourishing Greek States, there was a similar proportion of slaves, but nowhere was it accompanied by a body of citizens, who so perfectly understood and practiced in their government, the great principle of free government, as an Athenian orator (Lyccas) tells us, that every one of the best managers of his own affairs, and that artificial assistance and State interference are useless and harmful. In Sparta, quite a contrary principle prevailed. Now compare the literature of these two States, and see the fruits of the two opposite systems; consolidation in Athens, and freedom in Athens. It was the former that gives no names to history or philosophy but few to poetry or the drama, and few to the works of these few, scarce any fragments have descended to us, probably, says the great historian and apologist of the Doric race, because of the monotony and uniformity, which characterized all the productions of the Spartan mind. The three hundred, who died at Thermopylae, as their epitaph declares, in obedience to the Lacedemonian laws, had the purest love of freedom, the fortune and valor of the lofty moral spirit, which Burke says are common to all slaveholding communities; so had their fellow citizens; but it was useless, while mental activity was cramped, and mental energy repressed, by the vicious and suicidal system of consolidated government. On the other hand, in what department of literature, is not Athens great? has she not furnished to Greece and to Rome, yes, to all the world, matchless models, which we may ever study, and whose merit we can never exhaust? That the Greek language is the most perfect instrument of human thought, that the Greek tongue and literature are still taught in our schools, as the finest discipline of the mind, is all due to the genius of that State of 20,000, slaveholders, whom Pindar called the support of Greece, glorious Athens, the Divine city.'
In the pan of Athens, we owe it that the grave scholars, the profoundest statesmen, the wisest sages, and the grandest poets of all countries and ages, have found in Greek literature a common fountain of inspiration. But it was by no common education that they attained this greatness. The Athenian lived chiefly by himself, and the labor of his slave; it was only in a select body of the population, in the free citizens, answering in position to our white, that such nobility of feeling, such perfection of taste, such intense love of the beautiful and right, (αύτος λαμάνεις τό πράγμα), could be so perfectly cultivated. A people who could bear to have their fellow-lashed by an Aristophanes, who fully appreciated the lofty Transcendental, who, correcting the language of a Demosthenes, must have had an intellectual refinement never since equalled. Theirs was the spirit that rejected the highly advantageous proposition of Themistocles, because Aristides said it was unjust; theirs the great spirit that bore the famine, the pestilence, and the desolating war at their very gates, year after year, because Pericles convinced them that honor required it. When the island of Salamis, conquered by their blood and treasure, was wrested away and occupied by the superior forces of the sister State of Megara, and the Athenians were so disheartened by the difficulties of the struggle, that they forsook even a mention of its renewal, Solon knew how to touch their sense of honor, and rouse them to successful exertion, by reminding them that they failed to maintain their just rights to this territory, "it would be better to be an inhabitant of the nearest isle, than an Athenian, for wherever he might go, there the finger of scorn would point at him." This is one of the Athenians, who have abandoned Salamis in cowardly a manner." Amongst such a people, the schoolmaster was indeed abroad—not the schoolmaster who we know in our free schools, who teaches the whole circle of knowledge in a few beggarly catechisms, but does not discipline the mind; who helps to make the selfish keener, and the vain vainer; but does not elevate the character, or train the worthy citizen of a free State. No! the Athenian found his schoolmaster in the statesmen, who almost daily discussed the affairs of State before him; in the courts and public meetings, in which he was constantly engaged; in the crowd of poets and sages, among the freedom of Athens gathered from all quarters into her streets. His education was in the whole manner of his life, and the world around him. Would that you could behold, if but for a day, the scenes that environed him! Imagine yourselves, for a moment, at one of those great national festivals, where Athens loved to assemble all her allies to the splendid banquet of her intellectual riches. You may have arrived on the last day of the grand Panathenaea. You land in the harbor of Pireaus, crowded with galleys from all the seas, and those corn-bearing ships, celebrated in song, "that bring from Egypt across the glancing deep, abundance of wealth." Before you lies the yellow plain of Athens, bathed in the shining light, of which her poets sing; to the west stretch the Parthenon, and its holy grove of olive, along the stream of the Cephissus; to the east, from the Acropolis, and, towering above and far beyond, is Parnassus, whose mountain looks down on Marathon." You reverentially pass by the tomb, where the ashes of Themistocles, brought back from his exile, repose amid the scenes of his greatness; you hasten along the long walls his genius built, the teeming street of Athenian commerce. There you may see the library of Celsus, the gold and ivory, as Bacevich says, the lofty temples, their golden flame of sacrifice, and joyous guests throng the streets, and songs of praise resound. You find the procession already returning from Eleusis; it has passed the deep groves of Colonus, where blind Celsus found peace and death; 'tis shut the temple of the even Eumenides; it has worshipped at the ancient shrine of Demeter, and it now returns, with its old men bearing olive boughs, its youths and maidens crowned with flowers, and carrying votive offerings, its chariots driven by victors of the Olympic and other games, its triumphal music, and that mysterious gilded ship; which yearly leaves its secret harbor, and is seemingly unmoved by human means; glides like a thing of life, over the land, bearing upon its mast the Eupus Poppas, embattled with the sword of Athens and the Giants, when the sacred race of the women of Athens have sworn for the Goddess. You pass through the streets, where the races of yesterday were run, and the temple of Jupiter: you wind slowly around the base of the Acropolis, and up its craggy sides, where the Propylaeum, covered with the mystical history of the gods, and beholds the master-piece of human art, the great temple of the Parthenon; its lofty Doric columns, its friezes that record your procession in marble; its pediment, where Minerva hovers on the brow of the storm; while, on the one hand, Hy- perion hangs on the chariot of Aurora, and, on the other, the sounding steeds of Night, those horses of whom Marsital said, add impetus noteblust, they only want water to swim,) retire beneath the western wave. The doors are thrown open, and behold, in the full beams of the sun, the great work of Phidias, the colossal god- ness, filling her resplendent, purple, and gold with the majesty of her presence. In the open air to your right, before the Erechtheum, rises the same high, the bronze statue of Athena, by the same great artist, the gleaming of whose spear and crest in the sun shines was the first token you had that Athens was near, while, sunshine, was the last token you had that Athens was near, while, sunshine.
Athenian Yorktown, whose trophies would not let her young melodies sleep. Or enter the Odeum to hear Phrynias and Timotheus contend for the prize in music, and the halo of old glories is still around you; for the rafters of that roof are timbers from the captured Persian ships, and that awning once canopied great Xerxes, as he watched the fight upon

"Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis."

Gaze upon it, for the Ionian stranger, who mounts the stage will narrate the history of that scene with a simple grandeur, more stirring even than the music—how the barbarian "ships by thousands, and men in nations," lay there at break of day, and before the sun set, they and their king had fled before Athenian constancy and Athenian valor. In the streets, you hear the rhapsodes chant the Homeric songs, and at night, the swift runners of the torch race, tossing the blazing brand from one to another, in long lines from the Ceramicus to the Aeropagus, imitate the generations of man, who, as they hurry over the stage of the world, hand down to each other the fire of knowledge, which the Titan Prometheus stole from heaven for their use. Enter the saloon of Aspara, and you will find Pericles discharging with Anaxagoras on his new doctrine of the one divine spirit, supreme over all, who is not the material world, but who evolved from chaos the circling planets, the well-ordered Kosmos; or you will hear Phidias conversing on art with the statesman's friend, Sophocles, who, in his youth, won the tragic prize from old Eschylus at the Dionysian festival, when all Athens took sides in the contest, of which they could find no fit judge, none great and impartial enough but the magnificent Chimon and his nine colleagues, just returned from Scyros, with the bones of Theseus. A few years later and you may hear Socrates disputing in the streets with Gorgias and Hippias, or eloquently discoursing through the night, as at the censor, where Plato tells us he heard him convincing Agathon and Aristophanes of the substantial identity of comedy and tragedy, when they were the sole revellers, whom Basebous had not vanquished. Such was the education of the Athenians; such the scenes, such the wise, individualizing Government, which nourished the glorious people and the mighty men, to whom we may apply the words of Simonides,

Βασιλείας δ' ο εν θλήσει, ης Χιλιός ης σαμαρίας

"Their tomb is an altar, and their libations, the eternal recollection of mankind."

Yet, these wonders Athens could not have achieved, but for the free democracy, which gave full vent to individual genius, and saved her from the barrenness of centralized Sparta; but for the slaves, who made that democracy a refined nobility; but for being generous ambition to be the head of the league of Greek States by her acknowledged superiority of mind. If such was Athens,

such, in a less degree, were Thebes and Corinth, the Egean isles, the cities of Ionia and Magna Grecia. The whole-Greek culture, not only rested upon the foundation of slavery, but was powerfully influenced by the rivalry of the numerous States, who retained their diversities of character by entire independence, while they were united only by temporary treaties, and a community of historic and religious associations, a common language and a common system of civilization. Compare this loose bond of sister, but rival sovereignties, with Rome, the haughty mistress of the world, who was not the head of a Union, but of an Empire, ruled by the sword: who had converted the States she once called confederate, into subjects and provinces, whose citizens were usually forbidden to purchase land beyond their own States, or to possess any portion of the soil in territories they aided to conquer. In the different members of the empire, independent literary life died with independent political life; literature, and government, and taxes were all centralized at Rome. And even there, genius was condemned by the unpropitious atmosphere to critical imitation, instead of original creation. Tragedy was a bombastic imitation, and comedy, a free translation, from the Greek. Philosophy repeated what it had learned in the academys; the heavenly eloquence of Plato, the deep Encyclopedic wisdom of Aristotle were alike without successors. Instead of the soul-dwelling words of majestic Pericles, or the impassioned reason, that Demosthenes, from the bema of the Puyx "fulminated over Greece to Macedon and Artaexes' throne," we have a sourous rhetoric, often beautiful, seldom persuasive.

The epic history of Herodotus, looking on all history as the fulfillment of one great Providential design, gives place to the eloquent romance, that Livy, in his despair of the calling of his age for true history, has composed out of old legends. While the philosophy of Thucydides treats the deep problems of universal history, and shows, in the heart-moving narrative of the Peloponnesian war, that the logical consequences of a war between the conscious and the progressive principles of society, have their symbols in reality, the philosophy of Tacitus analyses the corrupt nature of the parasites of an unearh central power, and history which should be a great picture of the dealings of God with nations, becomes a series of epigrapht portraits of individuals. We miss the "pride and ample pinion" of the Thespian eagle; in their stead, we have the exquisite moral sentiments of Horace, and the pleasing melancholy of his shallow Epicureanism, decked off with ornaments borrowed from the Greek. The Roman poets drank more freely of the foreign springs of Parnassus, than of the Blandusian fountains of their native land.

With the rivalry and freedom of sovereign States, has gone the activity and originality of genius. For whatever the merits of Latin

ichte, and the influence of the human spirit. This is the very work and the very spirit of Niebuhr's Roman History, vol. 5, conclusion of the last chapter.
literature, it must be confessed that it is more imitative than original. Yet, far as it is below the Greek, we all owe it much. We love it, if only as the portal through which we were introduced to the presence of the Attic master. We admire it, for the morally right, the practical character, which pervades it, and which so well accords with the attitude for law and government, which was the great characteristic of the Roman, and which fitted him to perform his destined part in the divine drama of civilization. The earlier constitution of his Republic had accustomed him to a system of balance by which minorities could protect their rights, and all the powers of the State he brought into harmonious movement. He was trained to command, as the master of all in his household. Numerous slaves awaited his orders, they were his mancipia, the captives of his hand. So was his wife, for had he not carried her from her father’s house, and lifted her across his threshold with seeming force? Thus was the mother of the Gracchi borne to the Laces of Scipion. The proud Roman matron, and her sons, even when consul honors had decked their gray hairs, were still the property of the paterfamilias. He was the sovereign owner and possessor of his household, and the patron of his clients. Wherever he moved, he was still the civis Romanus, who carried his jus, his rights and his property with him. His coloniae and municipia planted the Roman law throughout the world, for no barbarian law of the conquered did he suffer to interfere with the perpetual growth of property and colonization of the Roman conquerors. Subject cities needed his clients, and he became the law-giver of a jurisprudence for mankind, which has survived the wreck of his empire. You thus find in the early history of Rome, an individualizing constitution; in the later, Imperial or military centralization. Whatever is best in her achievements may be traced to the influence of the former, as combined with domestic slavery, and the usual literature that was not developed out of the germs, with which tradition makes us acquainted, is due to the latter’s gaining the upper hand, just as the increase of wealth and refinement made such a literature possible.

To find a parallel to the Greek literature, you must descend to modern times, to the free cities of Italy; which, in their internal politics, and their relations to each other, closely resembled the Republics of Greece. Each State attempted, with more or less success, to balance the powers of the several classes of its citizens, and each was connected with its neighbors by leagues, by a common language, religion, and manners, and in all there were serfs or slaves. There history revived with Machiavelli, and Guicciardini; there Home found a rival in Dante, and Phidias a successor in Michael Angelo. Raphael painted, Ariosto and Tasso sung. Philip lived again in Vicenza and Gallio. There was the true spring of modern trade and diplomacy, commercial and international law—the offspring of a society, whose individualizing frame-work rested upon slavery, and which was divided into a number of independent States, rivals; yet united into one commonwealth of public opinion—that commonwealth, of which other influences were contributory, all the European kingdoms, among which no fact in modern history appears more remarkable than this growing tendency of all civilized nations to form one common system, to realize on earth, that city of God, of which sages have dreamed, and poets sung. The people of Europe have felt, from the earliest ages, some community of interest, and this feeling has been strengthened by every advance in knowledge. If the serfs and vassals were united under their lords, the lords under the great barons; and the barons under their kings, a federation of empires in empires; the Christian church itself, organized on a feudal and federal plan, gathered all. kings, barons, lords, vassals, and serfs, into one common fold, under the triple crown of the Vicar of St. Peter. In proportion as religious feelings brought distant tribes into closer communion, and commercial and literary connexions multiplied, there grew up that great system of treaties and international law, which, for want of a better name, has been called the balance of power. It is, in fact, a sort of confederacy of all the Christian States, which guarantees their mutual equality and sovereignty of rights. In uncultivated societies, such extensive unions cannot be formed without the cohesive force of conquest. The armies of Rome could not hold the half-civilized world together merely by.Creas. as common thoughts, feelings, and interests now bind the States of Europe and America into one Christendom.

As mankind improves, the ties of union between individuals and nations, become more numerous in their kind, but simpler in their forms. A great German empire did less for German unity in the middle ages, than is accomplished by a simple Zollverein. The civilization of Greek antiquity had no such association apart from the agency of the State. Every species of common exertion was by and through his government. But the modern citizen has a separate association for every separate purpose, and those who seek protection in governments, or certain objects in special companies, are relieved from the necessity of aiding in designing they do not approve, and enterprises in which they have no interest. Doubtless this simplification of association and government, which greatly enlarges personal freedom, will continue to advance with the progress of civilization. Not the least of our own achievements was the example we set the world in our Union, which was originally little more than a Customs-Union superseded in a league, offensive and defensive; though the question is now seriously debated, whether in accordance with the true spirit of modern improvement, it shall be kept to its first idea and the letter of the Constitution, or shall we retrace our steps and convert it into the sort of Union which subsists between Austria and Hungary, between old England and Ireland.
power of logical deduction and development in the latter. I do not appeal to the beneficent social revolutions, which have all had their beginning in Germany and England, the vindication of religious liberty in the Reformation, or of civil liberty in Great Britain and her American colonies. But I appeal to literature itself. The French philosophers of the eighteenth century, Voltaire, Condillac, the Voltaireans, and Rousseau, doubtless exercised a large influence on the world; yet their genius, great as it may have been, originated nothing new. They only took up, expanded, and often perverted, the ideas which they found in the writings of Hobbes and Locke, the English free-thinkers and politicians. In natural science, Newton, following in the track of the German, Kepler, discovered the great law, which harmonizes all the movements of the heavenly bodies and, together with another German, Leibnitz, invented a mathematical instrument to calculate its effects. To perfect this instrument, and arrange all the known facts under this primary law, was the office of the Frenchmen, Laplace and Lagrange.

I might continue this parallel in nearly all the other departments of science and literature, and the fact would be equally apparent, that however great the genius of the French, it has shown itself not so much in creation as in development. The inclination of the French to original thought is nowhere so plain as in its poetry, and to obtain a just measure of the French mind in this respect, at least, since the individualizing influences of feudalism were extinguished under the centralization of Richelieu and Louis XIV, you have only to compare Corneille and Racine with Shakespeare and Milton, or to come nearer to the present time, contrast Racine with Burns, Lamartine with Byron, or Chateaubriand with Scott. The result of a comparison with the writers of Germany would be the same: the French mind would appear equally inferior in the originality of its productions. Now, while this is the leading difference of their literatures, one of the determining facts of modern history has been the difference of their political constitutions. Both began with great feudalities under a crown; but in France, the feudalities gradually dwindled into courtiers; the King became the State, (l'état, c'est moi!) France was only Paris, and there the corrupting patronage of a highly centralized government supplied the place of the wholesome stimulus, which can only be found in the rivalry of distinct centres of political activity. But in Germany, the imperial crown became a phantom, the feudalities sovereign princes, and the empire a bundle of independent States. Saxen, Weimar, and Leipsie, Munich and Berlins, all rival schools of art, poetry, and philosophy. Like the Germans, the English have been distinguished for their original thinkers, and those great creative thoughts, that make epochs in human history; the characteristic difference of the two is, that the German mind turns to the ideal pole of truth, while the English
rather seeks the real. But the same contrast with the French exists, both in their literary characters and political systems, for the chief merit of the English constitution is, that it is still more individualizing in its influence than the German. No nation has been more remarkable than the English for its free intellectual activity, or the care with which it gives every interest a potential voice in government; for what is the celebrated English Constitution, but an aggregate of many different centres of life and power—a monarchical federation of great landlords, of great corporate cities, and shires; great Universities, and two Kingdoms—all with distinct characters, distinct vested rights, and many with distinct literary circles. An Oxford man and a Cambridge man are proverbially different. Still wider apart are the literary societies of Edinburgh and London.

I hope it will not be considered fanciful to mention, in this connexion, the fact that the various schools in English literature take their names from localities; thus we lately had the Scotch novels, poetry, and philosophy, contrasted with the Lake school, or the Cockney school, as we now have the Oxford school opposed to the Manchester; while in France, the divisions are into Classics, Romantics, or Egotists, all named according to their critical imitation of some foreign principle.

Thus far I have considered the comparative effects of centralization or its opposite, on these three nations; but now we return to the United States, where they have been modified, as I before shewed, in a way which would be, by aristocratic institutions, which have had somewhat of the same influence that slavery exerted in democracies. Prudential bondage was abolished in Prussia only in 1807—15, and it has existed in most other parts of Germany, until the recent social convulsions.

And there has moreover been an aristocracy of birth. I will not inquire how far the laws for the organization of labor, and the poor law system have created a class, substantially slave, in England; it is sufficient to notice that her literature perfectly reflects the intensely aristocratic society, which gave it birth. In France, villagio and aristocracy of birth existed till 1790; since then, the former has been abolished, and the latter continued a sickly and intermitting life; its substitute has been what may be justly called an aristocracy of office-holders, who numbered 130,000, while there were only 200,000 voters in a population of 30,000,000. At the same time, the patronage of the centralized government has continued to act like the heat of a forcing house, and produced the modern French literature, with all its faults, and its merits; its clearness and system, the vast extent of its useful elaborations of the germs and ideas, transplanted from other countries, but at the same time, the showy pretension with which it is wont to disguise itsational philosophy, and its general lack of living vigor and the original, creative power, which freedom alone can produce, and which are calculated to endure for ages.

You will observe that in all these countries, whatever their other differences, institutions have till recently prevailed, which have made a forced peace between labor and capital, and have reduced political power in a single highly civilized class. The only fair examples in the world of a consolidated democracy, embracing the whole population, and without slavery, are to be found in France since the last Revolution, and in the Northern or free States of our own Union.

In the former country, the last two years have certainly shown a great decline in literary activity, though this may be due to a general sense of social insecurity, rather than to causes that have not yet had time to operate in any other way. But in the free States the system has been longer at work, and has moreover been accompanied by the internal centralization which always attends the despotism of the numerical majority. This centralization has not, however, reached the point now attained in France, and which is its logical destitution in such a society. As downward progress has been retarded by the conservative restrictions imposed by the Constitution of the Federal Union, and the evil results of a war between capital and labor have been delayed by the fertility of a new country.

Meantime, literary activity has been not a little fostered by that concentration of wealth in a few large cities, which the direction and command of Southern commerce, the expenditure of Southern taxes, and the Federal patronage have produced. The only just matter of surprise is the small extent to which their literature, under these favorable agencies, has extended. You may see the influence of a centralized democracy without slavery in its character, in which all the defects of French literature, as compared with English or German, are highly exaggerated. Poverty of invention, and peddling subservience to public opinion are its chief characteristics. It is imposed, for the most part, of simplifications of foreign ideas epitomized of foreign works. It wants native force, and there is nothing in the texture, the creation, which shows that it could have been produced nowhere but in an American loom. Which of the Northern writers, graceful or entertaining as may be their style, has achieved a work more enduring than brass, momentanum perpetuum arte? Which of them has had his school of imitators or followers abroad, or even here! Which of them will be named in literary history a century hence, but as a subordinate member of some European class? Which of them sees you to thinking, or, to use Dr. Johnson's expressive phrase, "puts his mind to yours"?

While I cannot relish the turgid bombast of Channing, no man can be more sensible to the beauties, or do fuller justice to the merits of their Cooper and Irving, their Dana and Bryant, their Bancroft and Prescott, but even their intellectual activity has been cramped and energized by the society in which they live, and I cannot believe that their works add anything to that immortality, which belongs only to the original creations of genius. I see nothing new, but
Little that is American, in their elegant narrative, or rich coloring. As a novel, it is a systematic and very close imitation of European models. But I may be asked, is the literary success of centralised democracy without slavery in the North, why has individualized democracy with slavery, done better in the South? I answer, that it has done better. I do not mean to rest the question upon a comparison of the quantity, or even the quality of our purely literary productions, for though I might show that our Southern authors, few as they have been, are, if not better, at least more original than the Northerners, yet I will at once agree that, in most branches of literature, all America has been, for the most part, only an humble echo of Europe. But I assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that what America has done best, and what will exert the greatest influence on other countries, both posterity, is in political literature, and that is almost exclusively the work of Southern minds.

It is true, that some Northern writers have cooked over the old dishes of the schools about aristocracy, democracy, and monarchy, and the notions, which the liberal thinkers of the last century made commonplace; and it is evident on such food, that Northern statesmen have been reared; but all that is deep and original, in American politics is Southern. You will feel the difference sensibly if you compare the writings of the elder Adams with those of his great rival, Jefferson, or with Taylor's. And who is worthy to be named in the same breath with the transcendent Carolinian we still mourn, and on whose imperishable glory Death has placed his seal? No speeches were so widely or so eagerly read on their first appearance as his, for all through the land, on his side, was every great question; but still more earnestly will these be studied by future ages, for they are the not wholly disjointed members of a great body of political philosophy, which the world has rarely seen equalled, and never surpassed. And if the South has done but little in other departments of literature, it is, that she has missed the stimulus, which the Constitution has hitherto secured to other slave-holders in politics. It would seem that stimulous afforded by concentrated wealth, concentrated either by the patronage of a central government, which, as in imperial Rome or France, makes an imperative and to the hands of individuals, and by the patronage of rival institutions and centres of activity, which creates an original literature, as in Greece, Germany and England. Now, this stimulous the South has entirely wanted. It is true, there is a greater degree of physical well-being amongst her population, and a higher average of wealth amongst her whites, than in any other part of the world, but the habits of her people require many things as necessary, which are elsewhere regarded as luxuries, and this high standard of comfort diminishes the surplus, which is destined to purchase the refined
elegancies of life, and to support literature and the arts. Yet this surplus would have been ample, and though we have no such overgrown fortunes as Astor's or Girard's to spare out of their abundance of letters, yet we might have concentrated our means to great literary advantage by voluntary associations, had not this surplus been exhausted by the course of Federal taxation and legislation; by which we have lost the use of an average amount, since 1790, of seventy millions of dollars of our commerce, and at the same time, paid in taxes a tribute averaging some fourteen millions of dollars per annum, to be spent at the North. And with the ability to encourage our own literature, we began to lose that desire—to lose that faith in ourselves, and in our own institutions, without which, no nation has ever accomplished any thing great. The origin of this feeling goes far back; the Revolution found us with entails, primogeniture, and an established Church, and also with their national consequence, a well-educated class, of whom our Wyllys, Pendletons, and Masons, our Madisons, Jeffersons, and Randolphs, were the representatives; men whose minds were trained to such soundness of judgment, that they could see the injustice, and the invidious distinctions of the system they grew up under, and be the first to abolish it. But in escaping the evils of the system, we lost the advantages it conferred, for no system of education adapted to the new order of things, took its place.

Therefore the men of the next generation were greatly inferior to their fathers in learning, and the few who received education at Northern Colleges, brought back second-hand history and shallow philosophy. They joined the place-hunting politicians in a Southern slavery against Southern indolence, and its fancied cause, Southern Slavery; they pointed us to Northern poverty and the growth of Northern cities, not as what it really was, the fruit of the tribute that has swelled our own cities, but as examples of their superior enterprise and industry, until at last we began to believe, what was often dimmed into our ears, that slavery was the moral, social and political evil they pretended. Mr. Jefferson saw this danger, and deigned the University to avert it. He says, in a letter written soon after the Missouri question was settled, that on this institution the fortunes of our country may depend more than may meet the general eye. The reflection that the boys of this age are to be the men of the next; that they should be prepared to receive the holy charge, which we are cherishing to deliver over to them; that holy charge is to establish an institution of wisdom for them, to secure it to all our future generations; that fulfilling this duty, we bring home to our own bosoms the sweet consolation of seeing our sons rising under a luminous tuition, to desire and high promise; these are considerations which will occur to all; but all I fear, do not see the speck in our horizon, which is about to burst out as a tornado, sooner or later. The line of division lately worked out between different
the principles of honor, and self-command, and good faith, so as to make gentlemen; he founded "the luminous tuition," so as to make philosophic scholars; he combined both to make statesmen, and accomplished men of the world. Already the good effects are seen. Our University at this, its twenty-fifth anniversary, has just attained its majority according to the year to the noblest law; yet her sons are found in the highest offices of government; she has won the respect of the House of Representatives; they are seen in the Senate and the House of Representatives; they govern sovereign States; they shine in the pulpit and at the bar; they are Professors in our colleges and teachers in our schools. There are academies now, in this and other States, founded and taught by graduates of this University, which supply a better education than could be had by any college in any State. The Union, and which can be surpassed by few now. These academies which in their turn aid the University in training an army of teachers for primary schools. Our State will thus establish a great system of popular education on the only plan consistent with the principles of free government, and the rights of private property. She will aid in educating the teachers, leaving their employment to be determined by that voluntary principle, which she has already applied to religious instruction. Under the influence of this new education, our eyes are beginning to open; we begin to doubt the teachings of our late instructors. They find their occupation gone, their store broken; and the spell that bewitched us is dissolved. We read history, and we see that slavery has ever been a curse with society, and almost co-extensive with the human race; that it was commanded in God's chosen theocracy, and, in England by his Apostles in the Christian Church; and wherever it has been abolished, its substitute has been found in an aristocratic distinction of estates, or in poor laws, and a war, ever increasing in bitterness, between the owners of property, and the poor, who grow in numbers and hunger. We study philosophy, and we find that some form of this institution is the only way to make a perpetual peace between these parties and unite them in interest, and thus prevent the very conclusion of the world. We look around us, and observe that the natural energies of our institutions are too strong to be crushed, even by the heavy Federal burdens they have supported; that Virginia and the whole South is rapidly improving; that printing factories are springing up, and while roads and canals are greatly increasing the value of our Western lands, the crops in the East are doubling; we find that the application of scientific principles to agriculture—the discoveries of Liebig and others—can nowhere be so profitably practised, as where slave labor is abundant; that these influences are fast converting our tidewater country into a fertile theatre of

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planning industry, as the cotton or sugar fields of the extreme
South. We see that a truly democratic republic is impossible,
without some such institutions as ours, and we see, too,
that African slavery is the fruitful source of all the politi-

cal, moral, and economical blessings to both parties. The more
we reflect upon our situation, the better we shall be con-
tented, the more we shall determine to devote ourselves to deve-
ting the rich resources, instead of sentimental whining over what we

other can, nor ought to change. Let us set manfully to the work

of improving the talents, entrusted to our care. Our labors are

of any more physical and moral comfort than any other labor-
class in the world; let us continue to enhance their material
advantages, until they become a model and wonder to mankind.
Let us supply them with religious and moral truth, and train them to
the full measure of their usefulness, until they reach as high a degree
of improvement as the African race is capable of attaining.
Let us keep clear of centralization, of the meddling interference
what are called paternal governments. Let us give govern-

ment as little, and leave as much as possible for the people
do, for it will be infinitely better done. Remove the wealth
from their energies, and they will soon cover the State with a net-
work of roads and canals; they will use her coal and her water
power; they will dispossess the earth of her minerals, and
above all, they will improve her agriculture. By these means
you will lay the foundations of as high a culture for our citizens
as the world has ever seen. If the elements of wealth are abun-
dant, morally great are the social advantages. We are about
to make a new Constitution. We have no occasion to go abroad
for models; or to import a ready made structure of Yankee polities
just as you would a house. Not let us build upon the rocky
foundations of old Virginia customs, and enlarge upon old Vir-
ginia models. Let us cautiously remove abuses, and breathe
life and vigor into the many wise institutions our ancestors have
left us.

Is not our country entirely without the Athenian elements of

urbanism? In the numerous political debates, which the habits
of our people require, we have our Phyr and our Ecclesia; in the
five religious assemblies, where the laity are admitted on an equal-
ty with the clergy, in our juries and county courts, we have so many
local legislatures and tribunals, which are to us what his bold
juries (as Bonnai and Helias) were to the Athenian. In the
sessions of our Legislatures, and high salaries to our State offi-
cers, we have the means of countering these influences of Federal
patronage, which draw off all our best talent from the immedia-
t service of the State, which direct the popular attention to Federal
opinion for its guide, and tend to centralize all power at Wash-
tington. In our University, let us have our Lyceum and Academies;
let us devote ourselves to realizing the plan of its founders; let us
multiply its means of instruction and its schools; let us make it
the nucleus of our literary society, and of our literary activity.

Gather in these halls all the treasures of the past; these

guides, learned as the Sibyl, in all the mysteries of the spiri-
tual world, may conduct the youth of the State through the
Elysian

fields of a vast Library, and teach them to question the shadows
of the departed mighty, on the problems of the Future. Behave-
that us keep up the spirit, and exalt the hearts of our

people, by unflinching resistance to all injustice, by a manly main-
tenance of our rights and honor at all hazards, and to the last
extremity. But, gentlemen, what our enemies chiefly rely on, is
what they call the public opinion of the world, which, they tell us,
is against us; they proclaim that the vast force of the moral
sense of Christendom is directed to our ruin. Certainly it is a great,
an awful power, stronger than all the governments and potentates

upon earth; I know but one thing stronger, and that is—Truth.

Yes, gentlemen, we have Truth with us, and in her name, let us turn
about and wrestle with this false public opinion and in her name
we will overthrow it; with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon
we will exterminate the foe. Let us, by speaking and by writing,
build up a Virginian, a Southern literature, a manly, original, inde-

pendent literature, and it shall be the moral sentiment of the world,
we will change it. But I do not entirely admit the fact of such a
public opinion. I know that the loud-braying of Exeter
Hall and the World Conventions, is creating another savage Africa
in the once blooming West Indies, and shaking our Union to its
centre; I know that its din has for a time silenced the wise,
and forced the timid and the imitative to join in the cry. But
I hear already the low under current setting in the theater of

reaction. I name it not but a rallying point, a country where people
are not afraid to speak out, and are capable of speaking well to re-
store her rightful power to Truth; but this is absolutely necessary.
Is not ours the country? Are not our people the men? Truly,
gentlemen, the time, as well as our own situation, demand of us pe-
ratively, such a literary effort. The world needs a physician; Ab-

olutionism is but one form of its diseases.

Looking abroad through Christendom, and do we not everywhere see
all old creeds overwhelmed by the deluge of unbelief? is not faith every
where dying out, and intellectual vigor decaying? What belief so
ancient, so sacred as to escape its destroying spirit? Religion is
cold, and vainly strives the Church to fan its embers into a flame
by restrictive canons and standards of the faith in one place, and
crosses, surpluses, and authority of the Fathers in another? Is that
government abroad, or even here, so free and beneficent, that our
Radicals adjudge it past reform, and ready for absolute destruc-
tion? The age is eminently sceptical; the great creative minds of
the last generation, the masters of science, poetry and philosophy,
have one by one vanished from the stage. In their stead, we only
have men who accumulate and classify facts. The age invents
machines, but it has little capacity to discover principles, or to create any thing. And yet, so unsettling is it, that it is perpetually changing the constiutions and our churches, the fundamental organic laws, as often as we have found our common statutes.

In Philosophy, Pantheism swallows up everything else. The doctrine that there is no personal God, but that God is all, and God is God, destroys whatever it invades. Poetry becomes a mere worship of nature; vice and virtue are equally indistinct for whatever is, is right; and a deadly fatalism poisons the springs of human action. In History, the great figures which have stood for ages, as landmarks on the cliffs of Farn, grow pale and diminish before our vision, for in the new science, mankind is treated as bound up in an inevitable circle of laws of progress, where individual will has no influence, and the great historical movements of civilization, subject to an invariable fatality, are produced without human agency. Great men are no longer needed, no longer appear.

But while individual man is thus dwarfed into an atom, humanity as a whole is worshipped as a Divinity. Nor can the system rest even here. There was a logical necessity that the Pantheist Hegel should be succeeded by Feuerbach, the apostle of the new religion of humanism, and that human nature should in its turn be exalted from the temple, and that a new St John should be raised up in the place of the old, that even man must worship himself, and himself alone, as his God; and that a Proudhon should discover that God was an imbecile, and that this man, in some future age, conquer and surpass. In this system, when all from the stem to the flower, from the rose to man, from man to God, are equally divine, where good is evil and evil good, where there remains nothing above, or below us; contempt and fear, and reverence are at an end; love and hate, all love and hate, everything ends in self. Nor does this philosophy fail to govern politics, as all other philosophies have done: for however the practical man may desire the metaphysics of the closet, if he will examine the principles and maxims, on which he acts so familiarly, that they seem intuitive, and scarcely less native than the air he breathes, he will find there was a time when they were the property of only a few; when they were first elaborated by some pale student, who had "outwished the Bear with three great Hermes," and were equally neglected or laughed at by the men of action of his day. For Pantheist philosophers make Socialist politicians; Pantheism is the parent, and inseparable companion of Socialism. It avails itself of the inevitable disturbances of the laboring classes, when whites of the same, or an equal race, occupy that position, to persuade them "nec pro prietate et gloria," that its rights are the sources of their misfortunes; and together with the rights of property, it would destroy the rights of family, and all personal rights, until society should become a great machine, when individuals would be only so many teeth in the social loom, and when separate patriotism, which, like separate family affection, they call wicked, having given place to fraternity, the obliteration of the parts into the whole, of men into humanity, would be a visible representation of the Pantheistic philosophy. In what civilized State has not this enemy appeared, and what army is supplied with artillery to resist it? In learned intellectual Germany it had its birthplace; its conquests spread, until they alarmed the Church and the King. In conscription at the insistence of his youth, hastened to Berlin to read his eloquent recantation before a royal audience, with the applause of the best and wisest of his famous contemporaries, of the Athenians, and Neandertal, the Barmers and Humboldts. In vain was his voice raised to arrest the flood; its march was known no halt, until it deformed all the aspirations for liberty, and provoked the military force to still the movement of the great Teutonic people. What consternation did we not all feel, when we heard that the German lion had at last aroused himself from his sleep, and was about to vindicate his natural position and dignity; that Germany was about to add a free Federal polity, like our own, to the laurels of glory, she had already gathered in letters. We contrasted her with France; we said, here are noickle Cels, no vainglorious, worklike mob, but our own sober-thinking kinsmen of the good old Saxon blood? Whose heart did not thrill, when he heard how her freely chosen Representatives assembled in ancient Frankfort, in the Romer Saal, the Hall consecrated by so many glories of the past, where Frederic Barbarossa, the Otho, and the Henry, the Hohnenstein and the Hapsburger, received the silver crown of Charlemagne; and how they marched there, amid the shouts of the people, the thunder of artillery, and the waving of the National flags, of black and gold, to commence their solemn deliberations in the Church of St. Paul. Here, we said, are men who will respect the wisdom of the past; who will not regard their country, as a mere tabula rasa, whereon to write their own caprices. But instead of perfecting and reforming what already existed, instead of enlarging their Zoll Verein, into a simple Federal Union; they passed their heads beneath the yoke of the young Hegelians—they abandoned the assembly to the extreme Pantheistic Socialist Left, who attempted to efface all the little States of Germany—those nurseries of her glory—and merge all into one consolidated empire of the despotic numerical majority. What was the result? True freedom lost all she had gained, and the Zoll gained more than he had ever hoped. This instance is only one of many; of France, I may not now speak; time would fail, were I to recount all her madness; hope would sink, were we to look too steadily at her chances of escaping its consequences. I have seen in Europe, of late, numerous attempts for change, and to shake off the constituted authorities; but I have seen but little desire for rational liberty, for the liberty that makes man good and great. I have seen mon-
archies overthrown, but no Republics, as we understand the word here, established in their place; it has been only an exchange of one despotism for another; feeble dynasties have been dethroned, but it was to crown the hundred-handed Briareus of the numerical majority, who threatens to inundate society down an abyss of Socialism, dark and bottomless as Tartarus itself.

"I need not dwell upon what you all know, the growing tendency in the same direction towards anarchy and socialism, which prevails at the North; the organized war now waged there against property, and law, and religion. Witness the Anti Renters and Abolitionists; witness the sworn obligations of the Constitution openly defied in the pulpit, and by the Senatorial Ambassadors of her sovereign states. Not only the abolitionist spread through all classes, especially in that hive of free schools, well-taught New England, but it is obeying the law of progress it has observed everywhere else, and has degenerated from deism to humanism. Garrison cannot reproach the North as he does the South, with being orthodox in religion. It will not dwell upon other symptoms of the same mental and social decay, such as the subversion of all just ideas of the relative duties of the sexes, shown in the legislative incorporation of a college, where women, delicate women, are to be initiated in all the mysteries of anatomy and physiology; and sent forth to practice the healing art in lanes and alleys; or in the larger convention of women, who resolve that they will maintain the right to the larger liberty of vice that men have hitherto enjoyed. But I will sum up all by asking you to imagine for a moment one of these great States, Ohio or New York, cut loose from her anchorage in the Union, and how long would she know her rudder? how long resist the current, that would hurry her to a swift destruction down the Niagara of Socialism anarchy? Hence it is, that the wise and good men of the North—would that their name was Legion!—attach such value to the Union, and call upon us to deliver them—a call that will soon be repeated from the remotest regions of the world. For the chief lever by which this Pantheistic and Socialist philosophy works and spreads, is the combination of centralization with the antagonism between the poor and the rich, laborers and capitalists—an opposition, which, in a society without slavery, increases and must increase, as population outruns subsistence. And where, in what long settled country, does it ever keep an equal pace, except here, in our Southern States? What other portion of the civilized world has Republican institutions, which forever guard against such dangers, and yet avoid the injustice of a distinction of civil rights, or the perils of a difference of political rights, between citizens of the same or an equal race? History shows that it has been a part of the Providential scheme in every country, some nation as the special guardian and depository of the heritage of truth. The chosen Hebrews preserved the doctrines of monotheism until the world was ready to receive, and understand, an incarnate God. Byzantium nursed the fire of letters, until the free republics of Italy were prepared to receive it, and, in their turn, transmit it, like the Fiery Cross among the Highland clans, from city to city, and land to land, till the whole Northern coast was in a blaze. Constitutional liberty, while it grew faint and fainter on the continent, was guarded in old corporations on the English Isle, until Columbus should discover a virgin soil, and there, unimpeded by the necessities of the past, unimpeached by externals, it might grow like the mighty tree, that overshadow the Western world. And we, in our turn, have protected and increased the sacred treasure, until Europe could receive back a portion of what she had lost. And now in this night of human wisdom, when property, and law, and order are tottering to the base, when religion is cold, and philosophy wild, it is not rash to believe that this is the chosen land, and ours the chosen people, to stem the torrent. In this ark, may the hopes of the human race be sheltered, and hence, when the waters have abated, may the world be repopulated with a new progeny of truth. But even we, favored as we are, by our slave institutions and our decentralized government, cannot achieve this lofty destiny without exertion—strenuous, united exertion! "There wants nothing!" [to available Milton's words], "so to such a toady and a pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies." And where shall such laborers be found, if not among the foster sons of this great literary institution? Will not the necessities of the times—the dangers that threaten us, spur us on? Cannot the glory that awaits us in such a field, fire our hearts? Do we not speak that great English language which was the tongue of myriads-minded Shakespeare, of heaven-rapt Milton, of Bacon, of the Moses, who guided us to modern philosophy? Are we not members of that great Anglo-Saxon race, which never sees the sun set on its dominions! sons of those sword-smiting battle-smiths, who, issuing from a low bellowing coast, ploughed with their keels the Northern main; chose their favorite seat on the white cliffs of Albion, and thence sent forth their Sacred Spring of youth, with their laws, their letters and their arts; who have built their castles in the far Indies, and ascended the peacock throne of the great Mogul; have nested, like broods of sea-fowl, in the new continent of Australia, and the thousand isles of Polynesia; who have spread out their lines in these pleasant places, and laid down their gardens besides the Atlantic stream; have planted their flag along the Rocky Mountains from distant Oregon to the eternal snows of Orijuba, and now swarming on the Pacific coast, join hands with their brethren from the Atlantic, and encircle the entire circle of God's earth. Is it in such a language and such a blood, nothing to lead its literature is to lead the world, and command the future? To fill willingly such a place, to which we are elected by our position and our capacities, we must not be content with palliatives, that only aver..."
the present danger; but we must remember our past, and count on our future. To believe those, who tell us that we are diseased, and impotent, and degenerate, is to be diseased, and impotent, and degenerate. Rather let us recollect, as Pericles bid the Athenians, the great deeds of our forefathers, who discovered and founded this empire; of our own fathers, who enlarged its boundaries, and strengthened its foundations; let us remember the additions we ourselves have made, and will make, to what they handed down to us. Let us add to the honors of the proud mother of States and Statesmen the noble title of Mother of Letters. Her shield shows that, on this day, seventy four years since, she transfixed the tyrant to the earth; her device, Sic semper Tyrannis, proclaims that eternal in her breast—alta mente repoustitlives the stern spirit of resistance to all outrage on her rights or her honor. Let the future prove that she knows how to create, as well as to destroy; to elevate her citizens, while she crushes their foes. Methinks, in, the prosperity of this University, in the awakening spirit of the people, in the roused energies of the whole South, I see the day-spring breaking upon our literary sky; I see its dawn casting a rosy blush upon the murky clouds of our horizon, and a silvery veil over the mists, that steal up from wood and stream; and soon shall the bright sun of Southern genius, uprising, change the darkness of our waters into the shining of burnished gold, while the mutes of our poets shall hymn his welcome. When Pericles had placed before the Athenians all the reasons they had to love and value their country, and shown to what pitch of greatness she might be raised, if they would act worthily of her, and of themselves, he thought that he could sum up all—the fame of the past, the glory of the future, the duties of the present—in one word, by saying that Athens was the School of Greece. Let us, I beseech you, gentlemen, apply that one word to ourselves. Here, in these walls, may Virginia continue to educate the Southern youth; here may she bind their affections to the land of their ancestors, and hence send them out, as missionaries of her principles. May her genius build up a new Parthenon of letters on this Acropolis. Long, long may the old Mother Commonwealth hold high festival on this anniversary of her Independence; long may she assemble her daughters at these, her yearly Panathenaea; long may she be the leader, the model, and the school of the South—of that South, which, by her noble people, her wise institutions, her future glorious literature, is destined some day to be the School of the World.