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John James Davis.

ADDRESS
BEFORE THE
COLUMBIAN AND MONONGALIAN
LITERARY SOCIETIES,

— O F —

MONONGALIA ACADEMY,

MORGANTOWN, VA.;

DELIVERED ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING,

June 24th, 1857.

By Rev. WILLIAM F. HAMILTON, of Uniontown, Pa.

MORGANTOWN, VA.

PRINTED AT THE BOOK AND JOB OFFICE OF THE VIRGINIA WEEKLY STAR.

1857.

..... N. N. HUFFMAN, PRINTER

"CHARACTER IN ITS RELATION TO SUCCESS."

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CORRESPONDENCE.

MORGANTOWN, VA., JUNE 25th, 1857.

REV. WM. F. HAMILTON—

Dear Sir: Having listened with pleasure to your able and instructive Address, delivered on last evening, we in behalf of our respective Societies, tender you their thanks and respectfully solicit a copy for publication.

Yours, &c.,

A. T. ANKENY,
C. F. BLACK,
J. M. WHEAT,
D. EVANS,
J. L. MCGEE,
W. I. MATHEWS,

Committee.

MESSRS. ANKENY, MATHEWS, and others—

Gentlemen: The Address, a copy of which you solicit for publication, is placed at your disposal. I have taken the liberty to append a few marginal notes.

With kind remembrances,

Yours, sincerely,

W. F. HAMILTON.

JUNE 26th, 1857.

A D D R E S S .

GENTLEMEN---

Just before receiving the invitation to address you on this occasion, my mind had incidentally been occupied in reflecting for some days upon the different degrees of success to which men attain in the pursuits of practical life, and endeavoring to reach fixed conclusions as to the precise extent to which such success or the want of it is influenced by individual character. Upon accepting your invitation—which I here beg leave to acknowledge as having been most kind and flattering on your part—it at once suggested itself that I might suitably enough adopt and pursue this train of thought in whatever I should have time to prepare for your consideration, believing that although it would indeed be rather far removed from those themes of high literary and classic import which are deemed most appropriate to such occasions, it would yet on the other hand have the advantage of a more immediate and intimate connection with the actual, every-day, life-long interests of those to whom it should be addressed, and hence a more decided claim on their attention, by virtue of its appeal to their personal consciousness of the past and present, and their personal aspirations and hopes of the future.

And am I not right, Gentlemen, in assuming that you will willingly excuse me from any hazardous attempts at brilliancies of diction, and feats of skill upon the well-worn platitudes of literary declamation, if only I succeed in speaking to you from a sincere heart, some plain words about things that concern you—things that link themselves closely with your individual interests and outward relations,—things which you feel it is but necessary that you should reflect upon if you would honorably acquit yourselves in the great life-conflict through which we are all passing.

And may I not further assume, Gentlemen, that you will be indulgent enough to grant me some latitude of digression—some deviation from the standard of a well-balanced arrangement, and perhaps some excess of incidental illustration, if only in the end, you shall be able to discover that the train of thought in which you have been led, has not been wanting in a general unity of design, and in an honest endeavor to realize some features of practical utility.

I beg leave then to announce as my subject—

CHARACTER IN ITS RELATION TO SUCCESS.

I believe it is to M. DE TALLEYRAND, the remark is rightly attributed that "nothing is successful but success." Without endorsing the whole sentiment which seems to be here expressed, we recognize the remark as one sufficiently shrewd to be worthy of its author, and as having at least enough truth in it to make it worth our while to remember it. It is not right, I suppose, to make success the one standard by which everything else is to be adjusted, yet on the other hand we

fall into a gross mistake if we underrate its importance, either as an out-wrought demonstration of what a man has in him, or as one of the chief forces affecting the essential features of his character and condition.

Although an extreme adversity of outward circumstances may prevent some who deserve success from attaining it, or at least attaining that particular success they aim at, and although it would certainly be very unwise to regard success as being in every case a reliable index of merit, yet are we not therefore justified in disparaging it as being in itself unimportant or merely adventitious, or in assuming it to be aught else than a very weighty and important matter. For besides being the most potent charm for conciliating the good-will of mankind at large—who like the old idolators worship the *rising* rather than the *setting* sun,—and besides being in its reflexive influence upon the individual himself a natural stimulus to further effort, it is also—notwithstanding some exceptional points that might be raised—the surest and altogether the most practicable standard we can lay hold of by which to measure each individual's actual powers and capabilities. What, indeed, is more instinctive with us all, than whenever a question is raised as to the ability of any one to achieve a given success, to determine it definitively, by an immediate observation of what he has already achieved? Nor have we a right to complain of each other that we are tried by such tests. We may indeed fairly claim, that those who judge us should intimately acquaint themselves with the opposing forces we have had to struggle against, and the various circumstances of disadvantage that have environed us; but when this is done, we should then be willing to stand or fall by our fruits. We cannot be allowed to soothe and relieve the mortification of our failures, by complacent conjectures of a different result under certain other supposable contingencies, when it is obvious that the failure is the consequence of a sheer lack on our part of the proper qualifications to achieve that particular success. When, as is often the case, the partiality of friends alledges in behalf of some certain individual that his success would have been most brilliant, had it not been for this or that particular defect of taste, or feeling, or habit, or principle;—what is it but a palpable confession of his actual weakness? We are asking entirely too much of our fellow-men when we require them to sympathize with us in our failures to such an extent as to overlook the defects which constitute the real cause of these failures, and to give us credit for various good qualities which we imagine ourselves to possess, but of the existence of which we have failed to give any outward proof. No man has a right to pass in society for anything more than what he proves he is really worth. The plainest and most conclusive way for one to show to the world that he assuredly can do a thing is, just to do it; and if he fails in this he had better resignedly make up his mind to pass at a discount. The essential difference between a genuine practical man and a genuine visionary—a thorough air-castle-builder—is that the former is always showing the world what he *can* do by placing himself upon the basis of things as they actually are, and the latter is always promising to show the world what he *would* do, if he could only manage to place himself on the basis of things as they actually are not and never will be. Out we say, upon such dreaming! it cuts the sinews of man's strength and moulds him down to the type of a poor whining driveler, to be

laughed at, sneered at, worst of all, pitied, because he might have been something and yet is nothing. *

An important distinction, however, which must be observed in reflecting upon "character in its relation to success," is that which obtains between a simply forceful character and one fully symmetrical. The primary elements which go to constitute the one or the other are by no means the same, nor is the particular success which each is best adapted to promote the same. That imperious headstrong bent of the will, which is the main element of the former may, and perhaps in most cases, does run in the channel of an intense selfishness which, fixing its eye only on the end to be accomplished scruples not to disregard and bear down under foot, the feelings and wishes and interests of others. But this disposition, it is plain, must be fatal to symmetry of character which consists, we should say, not precisely in those qualities which invariably conduce to the immediate advantage of their possessor, but rather in those which taking everything personal and impersonal into consideration, are to be regarded as the most desirable.

This distinction may be readily illustrated. Take for example Shakespeare's character of RICHARD III. Here we see a most intense selfishness going hand in hand at every step, and really underlying all those dazzling traits of strength and grandeur which produce in us such mingled emotions of admiration and aversion. As the King himself is made to express it—

"Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I.

"I love myself," &c.

No better clue do we need than in these words to all that dire unity of thought and feeling and action which gives to this character its transcendent dramatic effect.—The same remark may be made of the LADY MACBETH, and also of its more ancient and rather superior counterpart, the MEDIA of EURIPIDES. All these are masterly delineations of an eager, fiery, headlong, unscrupulous and most persistent forcefulness of character; but in neither, it is plain, is there anything akin to beauty or symmetry, which, indeed, is necessarily destroyed by the very prodigiousness of that strength which develops itself in the channel of a blind and wilful self-love. This point, however, may perhaps be better illustrated by characters drawn from actual history; and here we shall have the additional advantage of contrast.

As instances of forceful character, there will probably occur to you on reflection such names as ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, MOHAMMED, HILDEBRAND, TAMERLANE, CATHARINE of RUSSIA, CHARLES XII of Sweden, FREDERIC of Prussia, and more certainly than either, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. In contrast with these we venture to mention as instances of symmetrical character, in a greater or less degree, such names as TIMOLEON, TRAJAN, ALFRED THE GREAT, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, WILLIAM of Orange, ISABELLA, and more surely than either, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*Since writing the above, I have met with the following sentiments of COUSIN, the correctness of which must depend, I think, altogether upon the meaning that we attach to success. If, as I fear was the case, the reference is to what we may term material success, the expression of such sentiments cannot fail to convey false and most pernicious views of the chief end of life:

"The proper characteristic and sign of a great man is that he succeeds."—"Whoever does not succeed is of no use in the world; leaves no great result, and passes away as if he had never been." "The great man must succeed in whatever it may be, in order to perform his work: an activity, an inexhaustible fecundity, brilliant and prolonged success; such are his necessary characteristics."

Were we, from all those names to select a single pair for contrast, we should choose as most pointedly antithetical, CHARLES XII, and GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Were it possible to collect all the different opinions of men as to what constitutes success, the aggregate would indeed be a queer bulk, scarcely more homogeneous, I conceive, than the diversified elements of which human society itself is composed. From the very constitution of our nature there prevails among us an endless variety of taste and feeling and desire; and in the necessity of the case we look at every recurrent object from different points of view. Hence what one would regard as success another would not, and what would really be success in one case, in another would not. As in the distribution of letters from a post-office, all may have one common stamp yet each have its own esoteric value, it may be a million times greater, it may be just nothing at all—so here, there may be a great multitude of lives all stamped by public opinion with a common seal avouching success, and yet all be separated, each from the other by incalculable differences in the nature of that success. The man of labor—the man of trade—the man of letters—the military man—the politician—the artist—the adventurer each has his own idea what success means. So of the gentler sex. The coy young girl—the dashing belle—the sober matron each holds here to a different creed. Pronounce in any promiscuous assembly the significant word, and what diversified sentiments you awaken in different minds; what currents and counter currents you are sure to excite. As though by talismanic power, innumerable forms and shapes of fancied good start into being and each appears to him from whose brain it springs to be the embodiment of all that the heart could wish for. In scarcely any two minds have you excited precisely the same idea. One imagines you are speaking chiefly of power, influence, elevated station; to another you seem to speak of honor, glory, the homage of the world; to another, of wealth, accumulation, or as some one wittily defines *business*, “the getting other people’s money”; to another, you seem to speak of official promotion, based it may be, on stuffed ballot-boxes, sweeping majorities; to another, of patronized authorship, famous inventions, wonderful discoveries; to another, of display, splendid furniture, gorgeous art, a palatial mansion; to another, of many and most obedient suitors, delicate touches of rouge, expansive crinoline, and the whole train of ephemeral brilliancies; to another, of something quite more modest, perhaps more sentimental—a quiet hamlet, sunshine out of clouds, calm after storm; to another, of broad acres and big barns and multiplying herds; to another, of ease and comfort and æsthetical refinement, the elegancies and amenities of cultivated social life; to another, of a well-ordered household and cherub boys and girls and a happy home; to another, of usefulness, unbending activity, life duties well done, and in the end a green old age; to another, of a large hearted spirit of humanity, a world-wide philanthropy, noble and even self-sacrificing deeds of beneficence; to another, of an humble walk amid temptation, a divine faith, a growing assimilation to the all-perfect. Thus to each of the multitudinous classes into which society is split up, success in life seems a different thing; and while in every class, one and another, and another, may all reach the particular goal they aim at, yet do scarcely any of two different classes find that goal just the same, or ever win precisely the same prize. In determining therefore what constitutes success in any particular case, I suppose the only standard we can establish is that which the individual has set up in his own mind. Has he realized his own idea? Has he accomplished what he intended? Then must

we not admit that according to the popular acceptation of the word he has succeeded? Should the standard he has fixed, and by which we test him, be a defective or depraved one, it is of course to be much deplored, but being an independent and responsible being he has his inalienable privilege of free choice and action, and so long as he keeps himself within the limits of legality, however great a mistake he may persist in making, society can do nothing but just grumble at it, and try to persuade him out of it, and failing in this, share with him the calamitous consequences of his error. Take for example, the case of one who makes the end of life to consist in the acquisition of material wealth—a case which strangely enough is by no means a rare one. Here it is plain, is a morbid and sometimes almost monomaniac state of mind. The love of gold becomes the ruling passion in the soul. The man's ideas all revolve in a fixed circle within which are dollars, and without which are no dollars. His thoughts have a sordid filthy-lucre-ish cast. The atmosphere in which he lives and moves and has his being—in which he wakes and sleeps and dreams—is the atmosphere of gain. The big undertaking of his life is to make money. It matters little what may be the arena which he selects for his achievement. It may be in the country or it may be in the town. It may be humble or it may be obtrusive. It may be within the bounds of legality or it may be without them. Possibly he is a young scamp who begins life by picking people's pockets—possibly he is an old scamp who ends life in grinding the faces of the poor. He may be a cunning little boy with his basket of apples or oranges. He may be a bustling dealer in live-stock and country produce. He may be a Wall street broker. He may be a conscienceless Jew selling silver-washed spectacles and copper watches to the unsuspecting; or he may be a well-mannered, well-dressed, bowing, smirking, oily-tongued gentleman who does an extensive business in the dry-goods line and is generally believed to be in the habit of occasionally swearing the same account through to a second payment. He may belong to the execrable swarm of leeches that beset you at flash hotels and fashionable watering places—or to the ancient but not so honorable fraternity of sharks and speculators living on their ingurgitation of public plunder. He may stand in a groggery to deal out bad whiskey, or he may sit in halls of legislation to pocket the proceeds of venal voting. He may be a manufacturer and circulator of bogus-coin, or he may be an approved member of upper-tendom, who has an unfortunate affection of moral insanity that leads him to make a somewhat liberal use of other people's names without their consent. He may be of those who build huge distilleries to drive thrift and industry out of the neighborhood that has nourished them, or he may be of those who man piratical crafts to steal negroes from the coast of Africa. All this is adventitious—not essential. Let his field of action be what it may, the single point is whether he has determined either definitively or virtually, that making money is the aim and object of life; and if this be so, he has taken his place among those of whom we speak—he has assumed his distinctive character—he is a representativeman of his class—and, doubtless, could we read hearts, we should often find in the lowest as in the highest, very similar processes of cogitation—very similar schemings for gain—very similar projects of trickery—very similar affectations of honesty—very similar actualities of pretence and hypocrisy—very similar gloating over golden opportunities of taking advantage of others, and in general, a very identical standard of how things universal, and money-making in particular, ought to be done.

Now in the case of every one of this class, it is plain that his success in the bulk must be measured just by his accomplishments, however wrong and every way deplorable, may be the direction in which his efforts are put forth. Very possibly you may be able to show by conclusive reasoning, that his course is not a wise one—that in pursuing it he cuts himself off from many joys and comforts which money cannot buy—that it fastens upon him various annoying and offensive habits—that it deadens his social sympathies—that it imbrutes his better nature—that it precipitates all his higher faculties and capabilities into the cess-pool of a worldly and sensuous life—and altogether you may prove to a demonstration that this method of life fixes on its votary the stigma of most egregious and inexcusable folly—and all this, I do not deny it may be very right and proper for you occasionally to do; but suppose that when you have done it all, he just continues to move on inflexibly in the course he has prescribed to himself—subordinating everything else to the making of money—defrauding unsparingly those in his power—lighting up the fires of his distillery, kidnapping bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh—Shylock-ing the witless and those that are in straits—and suppose that as the result of this, he really makes out to accumulate material wealth—to get rich—very rich—so that he becomes able to live in a splendid mansion, and to mount,—as is not hard to be done,—above the bad odor of his meanness and dishonesty into a region of good repute in society, and in the end to hold an indisputable place among the “solid men” of the town or city in which he lives;—then what is left to you at last but just fairly and squarely to admit that he has won success? Has he not come up to the only standard by which he can be tried? Has he not realized his own idea? Has he not accomplished what he intended to accomplish? Has he not compassed his great life undertaking? How then can you withhold from him the acknowledgement that he is a successful man?

From this illustration it must be obvious to every mind that the desirableness of success does not consist in the thing itself, but in the particular kind of success to which one aspires; and this leads me to remark that while there are unquestionably, as we have indicated, almost endless varieties of taste and aspiration and desire in regard to the attainment of success,—yet all these varieties may, in their last analysis, be arranged under a two-fold classification: First, Those which centre in the individual himself; Secondly, Those which look outward and collaterally from him. As touching the former, though they have certainly least claims to our praise, we are not to suppose they are necessarily evil, or to be indiscriminately condemned. Many things which centre in self are right and proper. Revelation itself declares that no man ever yet hated his own flesh—that is, himself; nor do its loftiest requirements of abnegation oblige us to this. The relations in which every man stands to himself are very intimate, and hence very interesting, and it is but natural and necessary that his thoughts should be much occupied about himself. The great bulk indeed, of life's daily routine, relates to the aims, the objects, and the issues which pertain to one's-self.

If we do but consider the ordinary experience of a single day, we cannot but notice how large a proportion of all its business and engagements centre in self. When one gets up in the morning, the first person that he has anything to do with is himself. 'Tis his own head and face and body that are to receive the benefit of his morning ablutions, and to be enwrapped in the garbs of ornament or utility as his own taste may dictate. His whole toilet, if he is a man of sense, proclaims

a sublime independence of auxiliary influences. With his own hands he ties his own cravat around his own neck—pulls his own boots on his own feet—and puts his own hat on his own head; and when he has gone to his looking-glass to satisfy himself that everything is right, the most prominent object that he sees before him is his own face. At breakfast his most important concern is to fill and to empty his own plate—to handle his own knife and fork, to work his own jaws, and to satisfy his own stomach. After breakfast it devolves on him to replace his own hat just where it was before—on his own head—to pick his own teeth, and possibly to puff his own Habana. When he has gone forth to the sterner duties of the day—to the varying intercourse—

“Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk

“Of the world’s business”—

he finds that at every step the things which most immediately and urgently press themselves on his attention, are those which link themselves most intimately with his own affairs, and with himself—so that when the day is done, he feels that it would really mar the consistency of the whole thing, were he to do aught else than retreat to his own fireside and there sit down in his own gown and slippers and read his own newspaper, and perhaps indulge in his own cogitations about the sayings and doings of the day; and then when he has lifted up his heart in the secret place of joy, tumble himself as the night before, into his own bed.

Now such being the intimate relation which every man sustains to himself, is it at all strange that he should find this pressure constantly working upon him, and powerfully influencing his modes of thought and feeling and habitual action? Is it not rather a very natural thing, and quite to be expected, that self should be the first and most facile centre around which things in general should revolve?

If one be an aspirant for popular favor, and the dazzling honors of the moment, is it not a natural thing that the various wires which he works should have an ultimate though perhaps invisible connexion with himself? and when he has gone through with all the preliminary throttlings of conscience that are necessary, and all the empty pretences of friendship and protestations of disinterested patriotism, and has likewise completed the whole cycle of serpentine evolutions and astounding tergiversations that the thing seems so rigidly to demand, is it not quite a natural thing that he should expect the crown of glory (?) which all this is to have as its reward, to settle down upon his own brow?

Or, if he be a money-man, is it not quite natural that when he has racked his brain with schemes of speculation, when he has burdened himself with a large correspondence, and pored late at nights over records and ledgers, and musty papers, he should look for any possible proceeds thereof to accrue to himself? Is it not natural, that when he has sat for hours in profound cogitation touching fat dividends, and nice exchanges, and town lots, and western lands, he should find these cogitations beginning with self, and intuitively determinating to the same point? And if in dreams of the night, he should be handling title-deeds and certificates of credit, whose name should he be so likely to see thereupon as his own? And if there should rise before him the vision of beautiful heaps of gold; eagles and half-eagles and quarter-eagles, all in nice piles, each after its own kind,—and plethoric bundles of bank-notes, twenties and fifties and hundreds, all after their own kind,—what spot think ye, in all the wide, wide world, would he be so apt to deem a desirable place of repose for all these things as his own own safe? Ah, believe

me, one of the profoundest sympathies of human nature, is that by which a man connects everything else with his own breeches pocket.

Or again, let our supposititious person assume,—if we may venture such a change of figure—a feminine character, and let the heart of this woman be filled—if it be not too ungallant a hypothecation—with a controlling love of the gayeties and excitant pleasures of life, and is it not quite natural that, when she has busied herself in rearing up her beautiful palace of conceivable happiness, she should imagine herself—not another—to sit as the happy princes within its portals? At whose feet, forsooth, should men be bowing, if not at her own? To whose gratification and comfort should things in general be made to minister, if not to her own?

Now these three classes I have mentioned, are but illustrative classes. What is true of them, is more or less true of all; and while much of what has been described is illegitimate and indefensible, yet it cannot all be included in a common condemnation. Self-love, so far from being in itself culpable, is, when properly controlled, right and beneficial, and enters as a primal force into the constitution of every man's character. It has its basis in his natural instincts and appetencies. It is necessitated by his daily wants, and it is cultivated and strengthened by his indispensable habitudes of thought and feeling. To condemn it therefore, as in itself evil, or to confound it with a wayward selfishness, is plainly short-sighted and erroneous. From the very laws of our being we must love ourselves, and even the strictest of ethical writers tell us that it is the abuse, not the existence of self-love which is condemnable.

From this point of view we see clearly that when a man has won success, that success may or may not be desirable and worthy of approbation, just according as his self-love has or has not been duly restrained. In multitudes of cases it is evident that self-love is excessive and even prodigious, and in all such cases, success is the worst thing that can happen; but in all cases when there is nothing wrong in the measure of our self-love, it is plain there can be nothing wrong in the success which gratifies it, although that success be confined entirely within the limits of one's private and individual interests.

We come, however, now to remark that a second and far nobler kind of success attainable, is that which instead of stopping short with one's-self, reaches outward and collaterally in every direction.

There could be no more arrant wresting of what we have said, than to make us mean, that because it is allowable to aim at self-aggrandizement, it is allowable to aim at this alone.

No man has a right to become so deeply impressed with the consciousness of his own existence, as to ignore the existence of others; or to look so intently at the relations in which he stands to himself, as to become blind to the relations in which he stands to those around him.

It is always well for one to know and respect the truth,—to shape and manage all his plans and projects with the truth full in view. Now the truth in regard to the point before us is, that no man ever stands just by himself. He belongs to a universe of beings, and such a thing as segregation from the mass is a sheer impracticability. By the very fact of his existence, he is a unit in the sum total. He always counts just one—no more—no less; and his connexion with the whole is alike intimate and indissoluble. Sometimes you see a single atom of dust floating in the air. How separate it seems from everything! How unrelated to anything!

But the fact is just otherwise. Like everything else, it has its relations. It belongs to a system of matter that is subject in its every particle to a principle of gravitation. It is under fixed law as certainly as though it were a world. Every other particle of dust recognizes its attractive connexion, and all matter owns kindred with it. And ever thus, however distinct and isolate from the mass any individual being may appear, this segregation is but ostensible. Each is a unit in the universe of life and being. A man may repudiate the connexion, but he cannot dissolve it. I look outward and beyond myself. On a common level, I see the remainder of the human brotherhood, each having the same life-stream coursing through his veins that I have in mine. Below me, I see innumerable varieties of the lower orders of animate existence. Looking upward, if I have the visional power of faith—an insight into the revealed,—I see myriad hosts of superior intelligences, and at the head of the whole universe of life and being, I see the great All-Father—the Life-Fountain that hath been, and is, and shall be,—the Decretive Wisdom and Dynamic Cause—lying back of all things; and to whom, I in common with each other being, sustain a relation nearer than I do to my own flesh and blood, seeing that it is in him that my own flesh and blood lives and moves and has its being. Now this being the truth, and absolutely incapable of ever becoming otherwise, how supremely silly am I, if I at all attempt to ignore it; and how imperfect and defective must be all the schemes and projects which I may frame while overlooking it. Is it possible for any good to come from assuming so grand a fallacy as that there is no world of life and being outside myself? Might I not suspect, *a priori*, that the very attempt to rest on such an assumption, would bring upon me some suitable punishment of my delusive egoism? Need I be surprised, therefore, if I find in the actual carrying out of the thing, that the more persistently I endeavor to minister to my own gratification by disregarding the rights of others, the more signally do I fail in the very end I have in view? Why should I expect—how can I expect to find myself comfortable in a position, the very possession of which is always reminding me of the disgracefulness by which I have attained it? On these grounds, then, we reach a conclusion which I here dare to affirm: that no success can fairly be regarded as other than defective, which, in its aims and issues, does not reach outward beyond self. That which centres in self may be legitimate in its sphere, but its sphere is too limited. When one has attained it, he finds himself yet unsatisfied. To his own consciousness, the fact becomes painfully obvious that his life-effort has failed. Having confined his observation of things within a partial range of vision, he finds that his sources of gratification are correspondingly partial. Having ignored a part, and a very important part of immutable truth—the fact of his normal relation to universal life and being—he now finds that he has thus miserably cramped the capabilities of his nature, and dwarfed himself down to something quite inferior to what he might have been—to what he ought to have been. Is it to be wondered at therefore, that even while others are admiring the brilliancy of his material success, and fretting themselves with envy of the honor, and wealth, and secular prosperity, which he has won; he himself, estimating these things—*haud inexperta*—more nearly at their real value, is often found turning away from them with more of loathing than of love, and wringing his hands in bitter self-chidings over his great error both of head and heart—an error on which as on a treacherous rock in still water, his beautiful life-prospect has been altogether wrecked, and the rich hopes that freighted it sunken irrecoverably in the

fathomless depth? *Perdidi diem*, sighed the thoughtful Pagan. "Yes, yes," echoes a voice within the soul of the sad and regretful man who has lived too much for self—"not a day—a day only; my life—my life—oh, my folly!"

"Long time a child, and still a child, when years
 "Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I;
 "For yet I lived like one not born to die;
 "A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
 "No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
 "But sleep, though sleep is only sleep, and waking,
 "I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking
 "The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
 "Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
 "Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is gray,
 "*For I have lost the race I never ran,*
 "A rathe December blights my lagging May;
 "And still I am a child, tho' I be old,
 "Time is my debtor for my years untold."

In order to a pursuance, Young Gentlemen, of the train of remark I have indicated, it will now be necessary to enter upon a brief examination of character in its normal structure, as having an intimate connexion with individual success. An obvious thought, however, which must here occur to any mind, is, that different kinds of character are necessary to different kinds of success. That which is suited to one exigency, is not suited to another. That which wins on one field, fails on another. There may be a character just adapted to secure material success, yet quite powerless to penetrate into the higher domain of intellectual and moral achievement. One character may be best adapted to scenes of tranquility and repose,—another, to scenes of wild and turbulent action. What may be wanted at one time is sheer strength—impetuosity—at another, a predominance of forethought, and caution, and skill. It is plain, therefore, that we cannot now enter upon a field of such boundless extent as to attempt an inquiry into the minute adaptations between different varieties of character, and different kinds of success. The most we can hope to do, will be to give a hasty delineation of that particular structure, a development of character, which, in a general and ordinary sense, is best adapted to secure success, in its higher and most approvable forms.

By giving close examination to the various forces which shape and modify character, it will probably be found that the truth respecting their operation may be summed up in the following proposition:—*Character has its basis in natural endowment; it received its primary and most direct impulses from objective circumstances; while its fixed and ultimate features are mainly determined by the educational agencies, mental and moral, which are brought to bear upon it.*

1st. Assuming the correctness of this thesis, it must at once occur to us, that in order to a felicitous development of character, the first thing needful, is a favorable natural endowment. By natural endowment, I here mean the entire aggregate of properties, both physical and mental, which make up a man's constitutional organization. On this, more fundamentally than on anything else, will depend the complexion of his character. It is his point of most immediate contact with the author of his being—a point at which in a most literal sense, he is as clay in a potter's hand; and from which he comes forth a pure product of Sovereign Power.

In a physical point of view, there are two or three things here especially worthy of notice. One of these is *temperament*.

Among the ancients, the doctrine of temperaments commanded the highest regard. There can be no doubt, that, while much that has been written on the subject is entirely fanciful, there is yet interesting and important truth in the general proposition laid down by the physiologists, that the most marked differences of original organization among men, correspond to some four or five, or rather six varieties of natural temperament; and that this natural temperament, whatever it may be, has a very controlling influence in making men what they turn out to be. No one, with his eyes open to the phenomena of human life, could suppose that it is practicable for a man of decided phlegmatic temperament, to reach the same character with one of decided bilious temperament; or that a melancholic man should move—*pari passu*—with the sanguineous man, in vivacity, and cheerfulness, and frolicsome enjoyment. It is, however, an abuse of this doctrine to assume that temperament has an all-controlling and resistless plasmatic power. Such in actual life, is the intricate blending of the different varieties of temperament, and so numerous and powerful are the other agencies of influence, that oftentimes the whole matter of temperament hides itself in a dimness that quite baffles all our research. We are not therefore to give to this, nor indeed to any single feature of original organization, an undue prominence among the formative forces that make character. Indeed, do we not know it to be a fact, that a man's very face is susceptible of being somewhat altered by his life, habits, and even by so impalpable a thing as thought? as for instance, note the difference in the cast of countenance peculiar to those habitually engrossed in the higher exercises of intellect, as compared with those who live in gross sensualism. And if such be the fact in regard to one's very cast of countenance, is it to be wondered at, that there is in temperament also, somewhat of flexibility and pliant adaptation to that which is extraneous to itself? On this point, it is doubtless best for us to keep in mind, that all natural forces are, after all, but secondary—an *imperium in imperio*—the simple outworkings of Universal Wisdom and Power. If we fail to do this we may readily fall into a kind of physiological fatalism, as absurd in its way as that of the Stoic, or Mussleman, in the sphere of morals.

Next to temperament, and closely connected with it, is *health*; or rather, we should say, that constitutional vigor and robustness which is the basis of health. We cannot too fully endorse the old Latin saying, "*mens sana in sano corpore*"—as indicating the best type of human development. A healthful body increases beyond all calculation, the practical capabilities of the mind. Other things being equal, the man of pure blood, and firm nerves, and full chest, and sonorous voice, and unfluttering heart, and stalwart muscle and bone, is clearly a head and shoulders above his fellows. This has been too much overlooked. We shall hail it as the dawning of a better epoch when, in all our educational gymnasia, from the district school to the university—not forgetting most of all, theological seminaries—more attention is paid to hygienic discipline. At the same time, it were well to remember, that while a healthful body is certainly an important auxiliary to success, the want of it does not necessarily incapacitate for high achievement.—Any one familiar with biography, can easily call up almost countless names of successful men, whose whole life seemed but a struggle with death—who appeared to live, as it were, from day to day, by a direct exertive act. From the multitude of these, I might mention, at random, as representing different pursuits in life, at different ages of the world, such honored names as those of the Grecian Orator

DEMOSTHENES;* the Latin poet VIRGIL;† JOHN CALVIN, the second pillar of the reformation; BLAISE PASCAL, the prince of dialecticians; WILLIAM of Orange, the model king and skilful general, and his most powerful antagonist on the field, the French LUXEMBURG; KEATS, and POLLOK, and HENRY KIRK WHITE—names sacred to all lovers of breathing Poetry—LEIGHTON, and DODDRIDGE, and PAYSON—names fragrant alike for piety and gifted power. HENRY MARTYN and DAVID BRAINARD, —the high-souled Missionaries of Jesus,—and within our own memory, the American Statesman, of perhaps, most far-reaching and controlling power, JOHN C. CALHOUN. The American business-man, of unrivalled liberality, AMOS LAWRENCE; and the American explorer of dauntless heart and overcoming energy and perseverance, ELISHA KENT KANE.

All these, some of whom lived to old age, were physically feeble men—mostly wheezing, coughing, blood-spitting men—some of them apparently ready at any time to exsiccate and blow off, yet all the while holding their places among the mightiest actors in human affairs; some of them in the midst of their fragility, striking blows that made humanity quiver to its centre. No one, therefore, has cause to utterly despair of attaining success because of his lack of physical sturdiness. Let him be judicious in putting forth what strength he has, and he may easily achieve more, even though his life be short, than a whole score of your robust and healthy phlegmatics; who, by the way, too often—remember, I do not say invariably—stick fast in the mire of obesity, and become illustrious for nothing so much as their love of fun and good eating. ‡

But there is another feature of physical organization, which is, I think, more needful to success than simple health, and which, although it always predominates in some varieties of temperament more than in others, is yet clearly distinguishable from temperament itself. There is no word to express precisely what I mean, but I would explain that it is somewhat—seemingly—in the very composition of the animated material of men's bodies—perhaps somewhat in the very life-current which courses in their veins, which gives to some a superiority over others, in physical firmness and self-mastery, and in all that may be designated in general as physical virtue. Such a distinction is generally recognized as existing among the different species of the lower orders of life, and among the different individuals of the same species. That it exists, as between different races of men, and between different individuals of the same race, and even of the same immediate parentage, is, I think, unquestionable. Let any one consider this point in connexion with his own circle of acquaintance, and he will have no difficulty, I apprehend, in fixing his attention on various persons, whose individuality of character rests more directly on this, than on any other basis—men who from the very bias of their physical

* PLUTARCH.—Americana Encyclopedia.

† "*Corpora et statura fuit grandi, aquilus colore, facie rusticana, valetudine varia; nam plerumque ab stomacho et fancibus ac dolore, capitis laborabat; sanguinem etiam saepius ejicit.*"
VITA P. V. MARONIS.

‡ "Let me have men about me that are fat;
"Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
"Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
"He thinks too much; such men are dangerous;
"I do not know the man I should avoid,
"So soon as that spare Cassius."—JULIUS CÆSAR.

nature, are lion-hearted, firm, strong, ardent, brave, exertive, elastic, controlling themselves, controlling others.

Passing from the consideration of the physical properties of human nature, it must at once occur to us that marked differences of character often have their origin in differences of mental structure. Each man's success depends very much on his original endowment of mind. This is especially true in regard to success in æsthetical and intellectual pursuits. Without that favorable endowment we usually designate as *genius*, there can be no real triumphant achievement. Painters, Sculptors, Musicians, Poets, Orators and kindred classes are born such. High Art and Profound thought are not mechanical. The greatest intellects have their greatness direct from Creative Power.

Let us not be slow to recognize this truth to the honor of others, but let us not abuse it, to our own discouragement. Genius is bestowed in such an infinite variety of degrees, that no one need feel himself without a motive to cultivate whatever he has. Some men of remarkable endowment, such as CHATBERTON and HARTLY COLERIDGE, have in reality failed. Others, much less gifted by nature, have become great by sheer virtue of their untiring assiduity. Better improve one talent than waste ten.

Apart from genius, I may mention two features of mental organization, which seem to be uniformly conducive to success in all the pursuits of life. The first of these is a certain well-balanced adjustment of the faculties of the mind to each other, which disposes and enables its possessor almost invariably to take a right view of things. This is perhaps what we usually designate as *common sense*.—With some it seems to be intuitive; others are born without it, and as it is one of those defects that cannot be remedied, they die without it. Its importance is fairly incalculable. The tendency of it, is, to make its possessor a really practical and valuable man. It preserves alike from whatever is fanciful and visionary, and from what is inert and inefficient. It recoils from all chimeras, but does not permit that recoil to carry it into such excessive foggyism as is blind to everything but objections, and commonly settles down upon the conclusion, that out of two possible methods of action, the safest way is to adopt neither. In the ten thousand exigencies in which every man is placed, common sense is ever an invaluable help, and wherever it exists, it constitutes a very principal part of that basis on which must rest the superstructure of success, however brilliant and however vast.

The other characteristic of mental organization which we would mention, is the power of promptly, energetically and steadfastly willing the things which the judgement approves.

The actual executive power of any individual, is, for the most part, accurately foreshadowed by the strength and inflexibility of his determinations. No one, in achievement, ever goes materially beyond his own purpose. An examination of the records of biography, or indeed, the merest outlook upon the world of human life, especially in its social place, will show us, that the most distinguished actors in public affairs have been, and are, men of iron strength of will. To these the weaker look for direction and control; and the strong lean upon them with least distrust. They are the men who prove efficient in what they undertake, whether it be good or bad. No one, indeed, ever becomes a man of real power, who has not sturdy strength of will. If he is lacking here, he wants the main-spring that is to keep everything moving.

We have said the will should act promptly, energetically, and steadfastly.— Without promptness, there will be vacillation at the outstart; without energy, there will be feebleness in design, and consequently in execution; and without steadfastness there will be retraction—recession—a constant proneness to relinquish one plan or project because stale, for another, no better, but only fresher, and having more of the charm of newness. On the other hand, when the action of the will is characterized by all these three qualities, the issue whether desirable or not, can scarcely fail to be successful.*

Perhaps we ought not to dismiss this matter of natural endowment, or the innate properties, physical and mental, of our constitutional organization, without adding the remark, that, while a clear and rational view of this subject must tend to excite in us a profound sense of dependence on Creative and Upholding Power, it yet need not and should not have the effect of prostrating our personal activities. Normal structure unquestionably makes its mark on character and destiny, but it is the signal glory of that economy of things under which we are placed, that nothing normal ever clashes with the processes of God's sublime empire of universal law, and hence nothing can ever arise from this source, to affect the conditions of human responsibility. While the mould in which our natures are run, is certainly in the hands of Sovereign Power, it is yet always to be remembered, that these natures as they come from his plastic touch, are not rigidly fixed and forever immutable; but contrariwise are exceedingly ductile and pliant to the modifying influence of every occurrent force. Alas, that the cast, when once it has become cold and fixed, is wont to become so hideously different from the beautiful archtype in the mind of the Great Designer.

2d. By recurring to the general proposition we have advanced respecting the formation of character, it will be noticed that we have mentioned as second in order, the moulding influence of objective circumstances. Did time permit us to pursue it, the train of thought here opening before us would be to trace out those impressions—many of them so deep and lasting—which are made on one's character by his providential surroundings. Thus we should have to trace out the influence of natural scenery—the effect of a residence among rural beauties, or amid the grandeur of mountains—or by dashing cataracts, or upon the rolling deep, as contrasted with a residence among brick walls, and endless streets, and dry-goods, and omnibusses, and money, and the ever-so-many et-ceteras of town life. Another point we should have to notice would be the impressions made on character by association with others—a most potential, because ever-acting influence—reaching back to the dawn of being; taking in the parents who came next after God in making us what we are; the nurse who learned to love us for our helplessness; the sweet little sister whose gentleness controlled us; the older brother whose assumed authority failed to accomplish as much; the boys with whom we played, and rambled, and fished, and quarreled; the girls with whom we romped; the old school-master, so hard-visaged, yet so kind-hearted, that praised us, and scolded us, and flogged us; and so often awoke in us vows of manhood vengeance soon to be forgotten; the companions of the work-shop, or the field, or the salesroom,

* "Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed :

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end."

or the college; the business partners, and the pleasure partners, and the home partners of riper years,—in a word, the whole succession of that vast multitude of persons, who by their associative connections with us, or their incidental jostlings against us, have wrought upon our characters effects incalculable in number and varying in their degree from the most trivial to the most potential. A very interesting collateral train of thought, and rich in biographical illustration, would here open up before us in tracing out the effect of difficulty and adversities,—as they are called,—as compared with prosperity and easy circumstances, in strengthening and developing character; taking a peep at the stout-hearted manly little fellow, who fights his way over obstructions, and the ill-starred child of fortune, who comes into the world—it may be on some Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street—to be trained up to a dawdling inefficiency in manhood, by having his childhood and youth enervated by ease and luxurious indulgence; softly lounging on soft sofas; softly treading velvety carpets; softly breathing mellow air—a pitiable brood of callow nestlings, big enough, it is true, to fly, but without the plumage needful to do it. Ah! doubtless, even short of our Fifth Avenues, we might gather up sad histories of undeveloped faculties—of real latent strength actually and persistently smothered to death.

3. But time warns us to aim at abbreviation of what we have to say, and hence we shall waive this, that we may have fuller opportunity to dwell on the third point in the general statement we have advanced. This point, you will remember is, that character in its fixed and ultimate complexion, is mainly determined by the educational agencies, mental and moral, which are brought to bear upon it. Do not here be alarmed in the apprehension that I am now about to conduct you into the familiar—and for this cause wearisome—field of educational training. This our plan does not require, nor does time permit it. All that we shall aim at, will be to have you notice a few points which are rather to be regarded as the products of a right education, than in any other light, and which we think are altogether essential to anything like completeness of character.

First, There must be a *right condition of personal habit*. We here use language designedly general, so as to comprehend the whole variety of particulars which pertain to any one's method of behaving himself, and of going about his undertakings.

Thus personal habit takes in the rare virtue of *self-reliance*. 'Twas a saying of Goethe, that he was infinitely strengthened in his opinion by the assent of even one, and in every man's heart there is much that is akin to this; nor is there any one who is, or ought to be, entirely independent of the opinion and help of others. But however comfortable it may be to lean on another, it will never develop strength; nor is it at all the safest. To succeed without fail, we must cultivate self-reliance. Let the child learn to walk by itself, though it should fall down a hundred times before it accomplishes it. Many a character capable of great things, is shorn of its strength by not being made to depend enough on self. And, here, in passing, might it not fairly be thrown out, for inquiry, whether some of our modern educators in their zeal for improvement, have not too much overlooked the necessity of cultivating this quality? Mere mechanical drill, however perfect, it is to be remembered, is only a means to an end, and hence every educational process which inclines to stop short with this, instead of using it instrumentally to develop self-reliance, is fundamentally defective.

Another important thing that personal habit comprehends is, *an interested and persistent attention* to whatever is taken in hand. Probably no man has ever attained great success in anything in which he has not taken a lively and prolonged interest—if enthusiastic, so much the better. Set it down as a first principle, that the way to succeed in an affair is to throw your heart into it.* Without this, there is wanting the necessary link—the iron nexus—that is to keep you from flying off to something else. With it, your effort is concentrated; you have cultivated in your singleness of design; you are brought under the influence of something like a ruling passion; your pursuit becomes dignified with a consistent unity; your prosecution of it is straight-forward and to the point. Still further, an additional advantage accrues here in that you are instigated to higher degrees of earnestness. You become more thoughtful and more thorough. Levity, instability, superficiality, are felt to be out of place. Though you need not necessarily wear a thundercloud on your brow, nor allow a troop of carking cares to be peeping out at the corners of your eyes, yet you do learn to feel that life is not child's play; that you have something to do and that you had better be doing it. In a word, that you are a MAN, and should aim to be doing a man's work.

But perhaps the most important thing of all, which personal habit takes in is, *systematic and methodical action*.

Between this and that hap-hazard and helter-skelter way of going about, or else failing to go about any *undertaking*—such as is characteristic of some—there is all the difference in efficiency, that there is—in a military point of view—between the onset of a well-disciplined troop, and that of raw and irregular militia. Let a man's processes of operation only be right in themselves, and then let them become stratified into instinctive habit, and he has reached an acme of efficiency that others are only dreaming of. In reading the biographies of the world's most successful men, we cannot but notice how, in many cases, they scarce seemed to differ from those they outstripped, save in methodical action. This is especially true of those who have been most successful in the management of extensive business. There have been men of this class justly honored of the whole world,—such as SAMUEL BUDGETT, the model business man of Great Britain; and his striking counterpart in our own hemisphere,—AMOS LAWRENCE, of Boston,—whose lives

*GOETHE makes Dr. FAUST instruct WAGNER in the secret of oratorical power, in these lines, the principle contained in which may have a rightful application to all efforts to attain success in anything.

“If feeling prompt not, if it doth not flow
 “Fresh from the spirit's depth, with strong control
 “Swaying to rapture every listener's soul,
 “Idle your toil; the chase you may forego!
 “Brood o'er your task! Stray thoughts together glue,
 “Cook from another's feast your own ragout,
 “Still prosecute your miserable game,
 “And fan your paltry ash-heaps into flame!
 “Thus children's wonder you'll perchance excite,
 “And ape's applause, if such your appetite.
 “But that which issues from the heart, alone
 “Will bend the hearts of others to your own.

SWANWICK'S TRANSLATION.

present a perfect demonstration of this point.* It is not a matter of surmise, but of historical record, that next to their noble, intense conscientiousness, neither of them was so eminent in anything as in methodical action. Can it be doubted that their success was chiefly owing to this? as indeed, in Mr. LAWRENCE'S case, he did not himself hesitate to avouch.† But why do we go to history to prove this? Let any one open his eyes and look around him, and he will not venture to deny it. "Be ye doers, then, and not forgetful hearers."

Next to these and other particulars of personal habit which may readily suggest themselves to your minds, allow me here to mention as a second feature of character, which,—though based in nature and more spontaneous with some than others—is yet principally dependant for its development on studious cultivation—a *deep and earnest sympathy with humanity*. I think it will be found that the most complete men in every age, in every nation, and under every system of religion, have been those in whom this feeling has been most ardent and vigorous and unrestricted.—A glowing philanthropy is the crowning glory of natural goodness. Yet is it not a sad thought that we find ourselves praising as a rare quality, what ought to be universal? Can anything be more obvious than the basis on which the feeling of humanity rests, and the sanctions by which it is enforced? On one occasion when the Indian BLACK HAWK was introduced to the official head of our Republic, he uttered this terse remark, so marrowy with a great first principle: "I am a man," said the wild chieftain, "and you are another." What more need to be said? Has not untaught nature, with the accuracy of instinct, run back to their last analysis all human relations? There is not, I think, a fairer sentiment on uninspired records, than that which one of the Latin poets has expressed in the familiar line:—

"Homo sum, et humani a me nil alienum puto."‡

Who that claims manhood himself has any right to hide his face from his own flesh, or count as foreign to him, the rights and the interests of a single brother man?

The world must learn to accept more fully this great principle of human brotherhood. Reason itself, unaided, tells us so; but not on reason alone is the support of so momentous a principle devolved. Supreme authority has pronounced its unequivocal deliverance. All nations are of one blood.¶ All men are to be honored.‡ When the Holy Ghost moved PAUL and PETER to put forth such utter-

*"Entering the central establishment where, as we have seen, hundreds of men are employed, we find that the whole works with faultless regularity. The genius of English industry seems to have chosen the place as a temple. There is no fuss—little noise; there is no haste—no time for that. The immense daily business is timeously transacted, and the hours of evening see the place shut and silent. SAMUEL BUDGETT is the main-spring of the whole vast machine."

PETER BAYNE.

†On the 82d page of the life of A. LAWRENCE, will be found the following extract from his diary:

"This amount of property is great for a young man under forty-two years of age, who came to this town when he was twenty-one years old with no other possessions than a common country education, a sincere love for his own family, and habits of industry, economy and sobriety. Under God, it is to these same self-denying habits, and a desire I have always had to please, so far as I could, without sinful compliance, that I can now look back upon and see as the true ground of my success."

‡ Terence.

¶ Acts, 17—26.

‡ I Peter, 2—17.

ances as these, he but reiterated a teaching of the voice of nature; yet is it a teaching which contains one of the most potential of first principles, and which will never cease to act, and can never be crushed to death? Take those three little God-given words,—HONOR ALL MEN,—fling them abroad among the nations; trust their divinity; they have power in them to leaven universal mind; to alter universal society; to undermine and overthrow all systems of injury and violence and oppression; to alleviate the multitudinous ills that characterize all social relations; to make the race what it ought to be—a race of brothers. And if as individuals, we would reach any completeness of character, we must not check, but cultivate assiduously in our hearts and lives, the feelings and acts of humanity.

There must be no one so unfortunate, so ignorant, so degraded, or even so vicious, as to be excluded from our humane regards. We must learn to love each other—to take an interest in each other, and to do good to each other, feeling that in a human and earthly point of view, we are all brothers. Nor let it be supposed by any one, that this is an impracticable refinement of sentiment and feeling, that can have no good bearing on a man's success. The reverse is proven to be true by all human experience. It is not the man who cuts himself off from his kind, that will attain success, even in its lower degrees of business prosperity. It is rather the man who has a warm heart for his fellows; who has a kind word for everybody; who is ready to lend a helping hand to those around him; who has a smile for the joyous and a tear for the distressed; whose beaming countenance is the out-speaking token of the generous affections that fills his heart; and who thus demonstrates to the world that everybody ought to love him, because he loves everybody. Such a man has in the hearts of the people an actual business capital, which,—though by no means to be used as a substitute—is yet as valuable in its place as dollars and cents. Stick him down where you chose, though it be only on the street corner to sell sugar and tea by the shilling's worth, and other things being equal, our honor for it, he will outsell all the churls around him.—But this, do not forget, is viewing the subject from the very lowest platform—that of mere material success. Up, up, quite beyond this, are vast reaches of urgency and inducement, where you may ascend step by step, until you stand on the very plane of such an elevation as has been won by HOWARD, and WILBERFORCE, and CLARKSON, and GURNEY, and FRY, and DIX, and NIGHTINGALE, and a troop of kindred souls of whom the world is not worthy. Alas! that in our day, the beautiful proportions of a high, heaven-born, heaven-directed philanthropy are so often caricatured by the pretensions of certain men, who, occupying the slight elevation of some natural goodness, and an instinctive warmth of feeling towards man as man, imagine themselves to have reached the sublimity of philanthropic affection.*

* "It is not without a kind of pleasure that we behold the sceptics of our day, not knowing what to do with their natural religion, and haunted by a desire to believe, frankly addressing themselves to other objects, and strange to tell, making for themselves a religion without a divinity. Some make science the object of their passionate devotion. Others evoke the genius of humanity, or, as they say its ideal, devoting to its perfection and triumph, equally ideal, whatever they possess of affection, of thought, and of power. Others, and in our day the greatest number, have made for themselves a religion of political liberty. The triumph of certain principles of right in society, is to them what the kingdom of God and eternal life are to the christian. They have their worship, their devotion, their fanaticism; and those very men who smile at the mysticism of christian sects, have also their mysticism, less tender and less spiritual, but more inconceivable."—VIXET.

and hence assume to look down with supercilious regard upon all such things as churches, and sects, and clergy, and christian people; and to gratify at once their self-complacency and their spitefulness, by angry fulminations against all who follow not with them. And do you really think, oh ye self-styled Good Samaritans! Ye GARRISON'S, and WRIGHT'S, and BURLEIGH'S, and HIGGINSON'S, and CHAPIN'S, and GREELY'S! Do you really think that the spirit of humanity dwells only with you? Do ye really fear that when you are gone, the race will be left friendless? Ah, think again; take a little wider range of vision; fathom the profounder depths; get more insight into the conditions of human life; be a little more humble; read your bibles a little more; pray a little more; perhaps you may yet learn to see, that the noblest type of philanthropy is not an off-shoot of earth; not in any sense a simple secularity; but born of God, and having its daily being fresh from God.

In modern times no name holds on the score of philanthropy, so proud a place in the book of the world's remembrance, as that of JOHN HOWARD. Let it not be forgotton, that he reached not this distinction until in the anguish of what is now sometimes sneered at as religious conviction, the terrors of the Almighty had rolled as masses of clouds over his soul, and until emerging from that gloom, he felt the sunlight of everlasting love streaming upon him. Oh! would you learn the mighty inner force which gave to his whole life its beauteous developement, look upon him while he is kneeling alone—and his thoughts are busy with another world—and he views all present things in the light of *that* world, and again and again, as he turns his eye backward and forward, the remembrance of the past and the hope of the future calls forth from his tremulous lips—the humble, the heart-felt, thankful cry—“Lord God! Why me? Why me?”

Young Gentlemen—Our subject draws to its close. The train of remark in which I have just indulged, suggests and prepares the way for a single additional thought which I dare not suppress, even though in uttering it I may betray—as perhaps I have already done—my professional habitudes of mind. The point is this—In order to that completeness of character necessary to the highest attainment of success, there must be in every case, as the result of diligent self-culture, a certain experience of actual moral goodness. The soul in its subjective state, must be liberally permeated with some leaven that will make it better than it naturally inclines to be. There is a certain fact in regard to our moral state, which is of the highest interest to us all, and which if we overlook, we make as grand a mistake touching the conditions of our spiritual being, as though in the department of physics we should ignore the law of gravitation. It is this: By a mysterious, but unquestionable bias of natural propensity, the human heart gravitates downwards. Tell me, is it not so, you who know yourselves? Well, then, that tendency must be resisted and overcome by counteractive forces. We must learn to mount up into a region of thought and feeling, where we shall breathe a purer atmosphere, and gratify ourselves with the exercises of a new moral strength. Until this is done, our characters, however well-developed otherwise, are plainly defective.— We have failed to reach the very thing which most of all is necessary to completeness.

To show that I am not now looking at this subject from a short-sighted point of view, allow me to quote, as in agreement with what I have said, an extract from a letter written a few years ago by one of the greatest of American Statesmen—the Hon. JOHN DAVIS, of Massachusetts.

“No one,” he remarks, “can desire a more enviable distinction, a more emphatic name, than he whom all tongues proclaim to be the *good* man; the man who comprehends his mission, and, with unvarying steadiness of purpose fulfils it. There is such a thing as mental superiority, as elevated station, as commanding influence, as glory, as honor; and these are sometimes all centered in the same individual: but if that individual has no heart; if humanity is not mixed in his nature; if he has no ear for the infirmities, the weaknesses, and the sufferings of his fellow-beings,—he is like the massive, coarse walls of a lofty fortress, having strength, greatness and power; but as a man, he is unfinished.”

Young Gentlemen; there can be no question that this is the right view of this subject, especially if we understand the writer—as doubtless we ought—to apply the epithet *good*, with reference to the real subjective state of the soul, and as assuming that these laudable humanities, on which he lays such stress, have their origin in this primal fount.

Nor is it at all to be doubted, that such completeness of character will compass the highest possible reaches of human success. Assimilating the heart and life nearer and nearer to the Divine Perfection, it cannot fail to secure in this earthly life, a career which will be lustrous with true beauty, and power and joy—even though the world should miss noticing it—and what is best of all, this present experience will but prepare the way for loftier attainments of a yet more enviable success upon the high, high fields of heavenly glory and honor and immortality.

Young Gentlemen; before I stop, I have a word to say to you, more directly personal than anything I have yet said. By your enlistment in the ranks of those who are passing through the formative exercises and processes of educational discipline and self-culture, you have a peculiar claim upon our warm wishes and fervent prayers, for your success in life. It will not be long until most of you, probably, will have entered upon the particular department of active effort in which your lives are to be spent. What I have to say to you is, that, inasmuch as there are various classes of educated mind in the great world of human society, it will not be right for you to rest satisfied with winning a mere admission into the Republic of Letters; but you must exercise a most vigilant care in regard to the particular class in which you take your places for life. One large class, of which there are choice specimens in every community, is the class of the *inefficients*. They have passed through the forms of educational training, but from various causes, they are men of no executive power. They recede instead of going forward. In all literary, and even utilitarian points of view, they are confirmed back-sliders—utterly incorrigible. Their talent rusts under ground. Their college diploma becomes the badge of their disgrace. Were their biographies to be written, all might be expressed by a certain word not quite classical, I admit, but of profound significance. In downright vernacular, their lives have proved a *fizzle*. We do not want you to join these.

Another class, more numerous, consists of those who have positive efficiency, more or less, but who direct it—some of them too exclusively—to selfish aggrandizement; others, alas, are recklessly scattering death-bearing fire-brands and arrows on the right hand and on the left. We do not want you to join these.

But is there not another class of various vocations in life, of whom it may fairly be said, that they have honestly consecrated themselves to the furtherance of whatsoever is good and lovely, and beneficial to society; who are sincerely aiming to promote the welfare of the race, and with an eye upon objects invisible to sense, are striving faithfully and honorably to fulfil their part in life—to do the work that is given them to do? To this class, Young Gentlemen, we would have you ally yourselves in life, in death, and forever. Remember our real, our immortal life, consisteth not in what we have, but in what we are.

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

“In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

“We should count time by heart throbs: He most lives

“Who thinks most; feels the noblest; acts the best.

“And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:

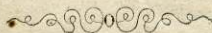
“Lives in one hour, more than in years do some

“Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.

“Life is but a means unto an end; that end,

“Beginning, mean and end, to all things—God.

“The dead have all the glory of the world.”



Mr Harris

John James Barry