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DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE

“PHI DELTA THETA,”

AT THE

MIAMI UNIVERSITY,

JUNE 29, 1853.

BY THE

REV. E. P. HUMPHREY, D. D.

OF LOUISVILLE, KY.



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C. CLARK & CO., BEN FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE, WALNUT ST., ABOVE PEARL
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ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN : I shall deem myself fortunate in this occasion if I shall be able to contribute, in any degree, to the improvement of the youthful scholars before whom I have the honor to appear. I could wish for the hour assigned to my humble task, to share with the learned Faculty of the University in the instruction of their pupils. If, at the close of the hour, I shall be thought to have imparted to them any useful information or honorable impulse, my highest aspirations may well be satisfied. Taking, therefore, the subject of my address from the course of study pursued in the University, I purpose to indicate the proper method of conducting the study of History.

It may well be said that the history of the race opens a boundless field of inquiry. Yet it may be added, our researches, even when most thorough and comprehensive, are subject to some remarkable limitations. If history be considered in its relations to time, for example, it will appear that no more than about twenty-five of the sixty centuries now past have bequeathed to us much authentic historical information, supplementary to that which is contained in the sacred records. Of the ante-diluvian period, extending through sixteen or seventeen hundred years, we have absolutely no profane history whatever. No fable or tradition casts even an uncertain light upon the world before the flood. The people of that era, as we learn from Moses, wrought in iron and brass, and built ships and cities. Yet no brazen tablet or inscription, or hieroglyphic; no vast

mounds like those of Egypt; no old tombs like those of Petra; in short, no historical monuments whatever of that long morning of the world, now exist. The footsteps of its many generations are as completely obliterated from the face of the earth, as the traces of the shadows which fell from the passing clouds. The eighteen following centuries bring us to the building of Rome, the beginning of the Grecian Olympiads, and the dawnings of authentic history. The sacred records have preserved the annals of the Abrahamic family, with some brief notices of contemporary races; otherwise that whole period would be the domain of oblivion, relieved only by the fables of heroes and demigods, and the few monuments of the ancient civilizations which adorn the banks of the Nile, the Tigris and the Euphrates.

In its relations to Geography, history is limited, mainly, to the temperate latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere. It takes no notice of the lands and waters lying south of the Tropic of Capricorn, except as the seas have been navigated by northern sailors, and the coasts have received a few feeble colonies from the northern races. The inter-tropical world would seem to have been designed by Providence for the seat of empire to the globe. It is the region of perpetual summer and unfading verdure. The fruit ripens and the blossom expands together. Its hills are treasuries of gold, silver and diamonds. Its forests abound in beautiful woods and are fragrant with spices. Its soil produces spontaneously, generous fruits and bright, consummate flowers. Among its rivers is the Amazon, more an inland sea than a flowing stream, traversing a valley, which, in extent, is a continent, and in fertility, is unsurpassed. Among its mountains are the Andes, many zoned like the globe itself. They plant their foundations beneath the burning line and lift their summits into the regions of undissolving snow; fanning and refreshing, by wind and stream, their torrid plains. Yet, with all these apparent advantages, no great empire of power or of mind, no historical race even has yet arisen within the tropics. Indeed,

what one man of note or mark, Mohammed alone excepted, was ever born under the vertical sun? What famous battles have been fought on the equatorial plains of either Hemisphere, except those in which northern armies have won easy victories over the effeminate hordes of Hindoostan, and the irresolute troops of Mexico, ancient and modern? Our own temperate zone is the only historic clime on earth.

History is subject to still further limitations arising from the selection of its materials: The annals of the race, which has the highest claim to be called historical, will show that of the events which occurred during its dynasty, not one in a thousand is recorded, and of the human beings who shared its fortunes, the name of not one in a million is perpetuated. Among these unrecorded events, are many a display of courage and piety, and many a glorious struggle for the true and the right. Of the eloquent and brave, whose burning words or heroic deeds, whose lives or whose death, more vital for good than life itself, shed renown on their epoch, by far the larger number pass not into history, but into forgetfulness. Their country, with its institutions, laws, conquests, arts and literature, is their monument; but the monument survives the memory of its builders. Those who labor at its foundations and along its uprising shaft, disappear with the scaffolding on which they have toiled. At rare intervals, only, deeds are performed which men will not willingly let die; among the myriads of the race, only here and there a man appears whom the world will not willingly forget.

Such are some of the limitations belonging to the subject. Without dwelling upon these, or mentioning others, I will proceed at once to indicate the proper method of pursuing the study. Let me premise, however, that I do not propose to treat the subject as a part of professional education. The lawyer investigates the history of Rome to elucidate the Justinian code, and that of England, to unravel the intricacies and determine the uses of the common law. To the soldier the study is chiefly interesting as showing how

the great game of war is lost and won. The statesman searches the records of the past to acquaint himself with the methods of diplomacy; the philosopher, to investigate the laws by which a nation develops its interior life; the politician, to enable himself to detect or to employ the arts of political legerdemain; and the demagogue—*sit venia verbo*—to get the trick of humbugging the dear people, as one of the Cæsars, according to De Quincey, humbugged the crocodiles by anointing himself with crocodile oil, ceasing to be Cæsar, and passing himself for a crocodile, swimming and playing among them. I dismiss the subject in all these aspects, in order to discuss it in its broader relations, and as entering into the substance of a liberal and accomplished scholarship.

In this aspect of the matter, we may suggest in the first place, that much attention is due to the memoirs of distinguished men. The study of biography, and of history through biography, invests the subject with the charm which belongs to personal adventure. It awakens the admiration which we cherish for high examples of virtue in real life, and it carries with it also the zest with which it must be confessed, we witness the exposure of human infirmity. This element enters largely into the most agreeable conversation, and into the popular newspaper, and romance, and book of travel. It is a vital point in which a history like Macaulay's, which every body reads, differs from one like Tytler's which every body detests.

This method has, however, a higher use. It enables us to investigate the genius of an historical age. The leading men of an epoch, and the characteristics of the epoch itself, are, in some sense, the counterparts of each other; and we may often conveniently detect the features of an age in the man of the age. Here, however, a caution is admissible. There is a theory in vogue that great men are the products of their era, much as the palm tree and oak spring from the physical conditions of their native regions. This theory is evidently unsound, so far as it overlooks the material circumstances, that the qualities which

are essential to true greatness, intellect, judgment, courage, invention, and especially the commanding will, are not supplied by the sphere into which the man is cast: they are the gifts of God alone. Yet the theory is so far correct, as it recognizes the external influences which give direction to these native, in-born forces. We have mentioned Mohammed as, perhaps, the only man of very high distinction, who has been born within the circuit of the intertropical world. It is clear on the one hand, that his real essential manhood was not supplied by his own age, for he became a power over his age, fusing down the stubborn elements of an old decaying orientalism into new, vital and aggressive forms. But, on the other hand, it is evident that he was, in an extraordinary degree, the living representative, the faithful type of oriental civilization in the fifth and sixth centuries. Its luxuriousness, its jealousy, its sensuality, revolting in itself, yet not without a certain refinement in its methods; its passion for mystery in religion and for brave and fierce adventure; these qualities all entered into the inner life of this one man. He was not so much the son of Abdallah as the son of Arabia itself. Mecca, Medina, the desert, the wild dreams, the wilder passions of the people, all found their living counterpart in him. These were, in the exact meaning of the word, his constituents. We call him a false prophet, and so, as to religion, he was. But as to his age, he was a true prophet; the exact expression and utterance of its interior life. This will explain to you the circumstance, that wherever he and his successors carried their arms and established their authority, they planted there, even far toward the West, an oriental civilization. The genius of his country transfused itself into his spirit. He became possessed with it. Wherever Mohammed went, Arabia went. *Ubi Cæsar ibi Roma.*

To this suggestion I venture to add another. In examining the biography of distinguished men, the student should be careful to recognize the obligations of the great to the labors of their subordinates. It has been much disputed whether the Iliad and the Odessey were the original

productions of Homer, or compilations from the epic songs of earlier and nameless bards, which had been accumulated during the course of ages upon the memory of the Greeks, until Homer arose to collect them together, and to pour upon the strings of his lyre the whole golden tide of melody; like yonder magnificent queen of the valley, which does not gush with all its floods from the bosom of the earth, but gathers its everlasting torrents from a thousand sequestered springs and dripping fountains. This theory of the Homeric poems, though now nearly exploded, adopts as true a profound maxim in historical philosophy. The bestowal upon a few of all the honors which have been won by the many, is an example of injustice and delusion as old as the world itself. It lies at the root of all the old fables of the giants and demi-gods. It imposed a falsehood upon the prophylion of the temple of Thebes, where a single Titanic warrior tramples into the dust the whole opposing host of pigmies. The severe criticism of the school of Niebuhr, is rendering a tardy justice to the courage and wisdom of the masses of mankind. It has already transferred the battle of the Horatii and the Curiatii from the volume of history to the book of legends, and it has thrown some grave doubts upon the question, whether such a man as Lycurgus ever existed. It may yet discover that the decisive battle between Rome and Alba was won by the armies themselves, led to the field by the opposing families of brothers; and that the laws of Sparta were framed by a council of Spartans, of which Lycurgus, if indeed his existence be established, was simply the President. At the close of the battle of Austerlitz, forty standards taken in the fight, were presented to Napoleon. Yet not one was gained by his own personal valor, and they ought, in strict justice, to have been distributed among the rank and file who had won them all. In contemplating the most decisive battle of modern times, we are disposed to question the right of Wellington to a monopoly of all the honors of Waterloo. The spirit of a just agrarianism would prompt us, if it were possible, to divide them among the sixty

thousand soldiers who stood, or who fell undistinguished along the blazing lines. How much, too, was the great Cromwell indebted to his troops for the glories of Martson Moor and Naseby! These were not the victories of Cromwell, but of the Puritan soldiery. They were mass battles. The people were there, until lately, rude, undisciplined, without the munitions or science of war, but unconquerable. They needed no military strategy, no great captain, no park of artillery to carry the day. Destitute of these, they would have laid, every man his hand on his household weapon—a rusty broad-sword, an old fire-lock, a reaping hook, a scythe blade, an iron or an oaken flail, a fire brand—anything that would burn, cleave or crush the enemy. These were weapons mortal enough for them. Such troops, when thoroughly armed and disciplined were irresistible. Cromwell's army, and not Cromwell's arm, was the force before which those who had laughed at the Puritans, now fled in dismay; the dreadful onset of psalm singers sweeping away like chaff the chivalry of England and trailing in the dust their tallest plumes.

But as biography is only one department of history, the student in the science must not rest here. He must carefully investigate the causes and results of great popular movements. Not a few persons treat the historian as they do the novelist—reading his pages for amusement and pastime rather than substantial improvement and intellectual culture. If the author first awaken and then gratify curiosity; if he tell a good story in a pleasant way; if his plot be ingenious, his dialogue lively, his description graphic, and his style pathetic, or witty, or eloquent, he will find readers enough. Now, this idle way of treating history—for we cannot call it study—is unworthy the scholar. We will suppose for an illustration, that the young student selects as a subject of inquiry, the history of the crusades. If he be only a loungee in the halls of learning, a mere devourer of shilling novels, his attention will be given to the “tales of the crusaders,” the stories of love, chivalry and beauty, the exploits of the knight-errant in the name of his lady-

love, the songs of the troubadours, and all the feats and jousts of the tournament. For his purposes, the novel is better than the history, and the love-sick ballad is better than either. If his tastes be more manly, he will acquaint himself with the career of Richard Cœur de Lion—his noble army, the capture of Joppa and Ascalon, the siege of Jerusalem, his abdication of the command, his return to Europe disguised as a pilgrim, his arrest and imprisonment in Austria, his ransom, and his mortal wound from a cross-bow under the walls of Chalus Castle. He will follow the fortunes of the leaders of the christian forces, Peter the Hermit, Baldwin, Godfrey of Bologne, and Philip the Second of France, in their long and weary marches across the continent of Europe. He will learn how they reduced to military subordination the untamed hosts who flocked to their banners; with what terrible slaughter they smote the infidels who were polluting the holy places; how they took Jerusalem by siege or storm from the Moslem; how the Saladin returned and avenged his defeats, and how these were more terribly avenged on myriads of the christian soldiers and pilgrims, by the fatigues of the march, the diseases of the climate, and the casualties of war.

But if the reader have the culture and tastes of the scholar, he will rise to higher investigations. He will seek to know not only things, but the reason of things. He will search after the causes, near and remote, of these wonderful popular movements. He will realize the old motto :

“ Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.”

He will take into account the stagnation of mind which had for centuries prevailed in Europe, and will recognise the law of human nature, by force of which nations long dormant may be easily roused into activity and plunged into long and dreary wars of revolution or conquest. His attention will be given also to the anomalous condition of European society in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, combining some of the most active elements of barbarism with those of a christian civilization. He will take into account the intense

abhorrence for Mohammedanism which at that period raged throughout christendom, and he will perceive how fierce was the purpose of rescuing the tomb of the Saviour from the possession of the barbarian. His estimate will include still farther the reverence for the female character, which was even at that early period, strongly developed in western Europe, and he will perceive how an impulse of high gallantry, curiously mingled itself with the religious sentiment in the resolve to take up arms for the cause of the Virgin Mother. He will duly weigh the passion for conquest and war which were and are to this day predominant in the Teutonic races; nor will he fail to remember that the princes of Europe were stimulated to the crusades by the lust of dominion; that the purpose of converting the east to the christian faith, fired the ambition of the Roman pontiff, and that a thirst for vengeance upon the followers of Mohammed, and the dreams of oriental luxury, intoxicated the ruder millions of the West.

Having traced the causes of the crusades, he will turn his attention to the effects which they produced on the progress of society. Instead of stating these even in the briefest summary, I will refer you to "Guisot's History of Civilization in Europe," which is, I am informed, a text book in the University. His eighth lecture is of the highest value, not only as a masterly treatment of this particular topic—the effects of the crusades on the progress of civilization, but as a fine example also of historical analysis. The student may take from it some useful hints as to the method of such analysis, and as to the principles by which he should interpret the violent struggles of humanity after a higher development. He may also learn from this volume that the study of history is no boy's play; unless indeed that be true which is described by some, but realized, I apprehend, by only a select few, that the mind may be roused to such intensity of action that work, hard, exhausting work, becomes play.

It belongs still further to the student of history, to investigate the origin and peculiarities of the various forms of

civilization known to mankind. In its highest uses, history is something more than a mere description of battles and sieges, a list of killed and wounded, a record of civil agitations and foreign conquests, a roll of talkers and fighters, of royal fools and knaves, of republican patriots and *libustiers*. History should not, like one of our wearisome, modern cities, repeat itself interminably—

“House, street, square, and court and lane,
Lane, court, square, street and house again.”

Names and dates and tables of statistics have their uses; and so has the Homeric catalogue of ships. But this is not the best part of Homer's great poem, nor are endless chronologies and genealogies, the best part of history. We must trace by the lights of the past, the developments of humanity, its march across the track of ages—its triumphs and disasters—its progress and degeneracy. The lessons taught here, are momentous, indeed, if we have the diligence to gather and the wisdom to interpret them aright.

What were the radical principles of the ancient civilizations? What were the characteristic differences between those of Egypt, Macedonia, Judea, Greece and Rome? To what circumstances are these differences to be referred? What were the inherent defects of each, entailing upon its degeneracy and decay? What new principles enter into modern, or to bring the question home, into our own American civilization? What are the vices of our system; what its vital forces, and what its promise of perpetuity? These are questions which lie directly in the path of the historical inquirer, and challenge his most profound attention.

Allow me to indicate, in an example or two, the methods and uses of this branch of the science. The chief glory of the Roman civilization was its civil polity. We have all read with admiration, the three opening chapters in Gibbon's great work, in which he describes the condition of the Roman Empire, in the age of the Antonines. In examining these chapters, we are led to the conclusion that the extent, populousness and wealth of the Empire, astonishing as they

were, are less remarkable than the polity, civil, military and religious, which united into one society, such remote regions, and discordant races, and conflicting interests, and dividing tongues. That was no doubt the most wonderful system of government which had ever been formed by the wisdom of man. Yet the book, which opens with this remarkable description, is significantly enough entitled "A History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" admonishing us at the outset that the wisest civil polity cannot give perpetuity to any human institution.

In the Grecian civilization the predominant element was intellectual culture. The extent of this culture is indicated in the perfection to which art was carried. In the departments of architecture and statuary, especially, all modern nations confess their inferiority to the Greeks, by their ambition to imitate the models which they do not hope to excel. But a surer indication of the Grecian culture is found in the language. Its whole interior construction, its dual number in the noun, its middle voice in the verb, its two aorists in the tense, its power of combination, its wealth of vocables, its marvellous system of particles, its copiousness and rhythm, its majestic movement in epic and tragic numbers, its overwhelming volume in oratory, its infinite subtlety in philosophy—all these drew from the heathen scholar the boast that when the Gods wished to speak well they used the Attic Greek; and they establish the Christian scholar in the persuasion that language is a divine gift, and not a human invention. As a vehicle of thought in its logical forms, the Greek approaches perfection. Its vocabulary furnishes materials for the sharpest definitions and the most subtle distinctions; its structure affords the means of limiting or qualifying, of stating strongly or cautiously any dictate of the understanding, and its particles furnish the most delicate joinings of sentence to sentence. As an instrument of passion or imagination, the language is unrivalled. The artist who should dip his pencil in the rainbow and summer cloud, with the purpose of casting bow and cloud upon the canvass, would have no advantage over the Grecian scholar

or poet, who employed his native tongue to express emotion in its fleeting and playful, as well as in its sterner moods. No sun picture could be more true to nature, than a page of Plato or Homer to the inward states of the mind. Thought and passion lie embalmed there like a rose in liquid amber; every leaf is perfect, its shape, its hues, its infolding curve, the flower dust, everything is there except life and fragrance; and even life seems to lurk in its blushing tints, and we know not but it may exhale its fragrance to senses more refined than ours.

The argument from the perfection of the language to the culture of the people need not be stated. But the decay of a civilization of which that culture was the essential life, suggests a reflection which should be seriously considered. The Roman polity did not save the Roman Empire; Grecian art and culture did not uphold the Grecian Republics. It were well if, as American citizens, we gave heed to these admonitory suggestions.

There is yet a higher method of historical investigation. The annals of the race, when rightly understood, reveal the purposes of God, and the means through which his Providence works its appointed ends. He who would pursue the study, after a method the most truly philosophical, must contemplate the divine being as the supreme and absolute disposer of all events, his plans as wrought out by the progress of human affairs, and his will as supplying all the impelling and guiding forces which are at work on earth. The *highest* induction from the existence and whole career of humanity is the existence and special providence of God. The last analysis of the laws and causes involved in that career brings us to God, as the Ultimate Law and the Final Cause. It is not needful, within the precincts of a Christian University, to vindicate these sentiments. Even the ancient heathen saw God revealed, though darkly, in the turning fortune of many a forlorn adventure. Some of the youthful scholars around me will remember the mythological phenomena by which the invasion of Xerxes was repelled. When his army advanced to despoil the temple of

Apollo, it was driven back by a tempest, in which the Greeks imagined they saw the god smiting the Persians with the shattered fragments of Parnassus, and chasing them with thunderbolts across the Delphian plain. At Salamis, too, in the moment of suspense which preceded the first shock of battle, the allied Greeks thought they perceived brooding on the tops of their masts, the sacred mist which revealed the presence of their gods while it concealed their awful forms. Led on by these omens they fell, with such havoc on the Persian fleet, that Xerxes started in terror from his silver throne and tore asunder his loyal robes. And, afterward, in the battle of Plataea, the Lacedemonians covered themselves with their shields, and patiently received the javelins of the enemy until Pausanias, turning his devout and longing eyes to the temple of Juno, saw the smile of the goddess in the changing and propitious omen. Instantly, his army threw up their shields and rushed to the sound of the trumpet, in an overwhelming charge upon the barbarians. That which is dimly shadowed forth in Pagan fable and mythology, is distinctly revealed in the records of the Christian religion:—the Providence of God in all things. It prescribes to the historical inquirer one of the most important maxims in the study; that his investigations should be pushed to the discovery of the final truth—the will of God working in every event and through every man its own gracious purposes.

This train of thought instantly determines the true value of the Bible as an historical text book. That book contains the only authentic annals in existence, of the first two thousand years, and the most complete history of the fifteen centuries succeeding. In its prophetic pages, moreover, it describes the general course of events which are yet to come. Nor is this all. The early history of mankind is composed in that volume after a method that plainly discovers in all things the hand of God. It is, therefore, a perfect model of historical composition. It not only relates occurrences, in themselves of stirring interest, but it shows how these were interwoven with the comprehensive and far

reaching scheme of Providence. A mere collection of names and dates and facts like the miscellaneous column of a newspaper is not history. History proposes to arrange these crude materials, to describe events in their order, and to indicate their relations and final results. Now, we want a principle which shall impart the highest unity and purpose to all affairs, human and divine. We need to discover the law that shall reduce to harmony the movements of all things earthly, like the law of gravitation, which, when once discovered, instantly determined the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, even the most remote around a common center, and explained all their aberrations, vibrations and eccentricities. The Bible discovers that principle of unity—it puts into our hands the clue, it reveals the relation of all events to their one final purpose. That purpose is the glory of the Creator. On this sublime conception, the historical portions of scripture are arranged. It reduces what were otherwise a strange jumble of unrelated phenomena, to an orderly and beautiful system—it transforms the chaos of events into the cosmos of history. It demonstrates the truth, although it does not solve the mystery of man's free will and God's supreme will; the wheel in the middle of the wheel, which the prophet saw by divine illumination—the inner wheel, self-moving and free, yet revolving within the outer ring, which was so high that it was dreadful, and was full of eyes round about, and was overhung by a firmament whose brightness was the color of the terrible crystal.

These reflections suggest yet another rule for the guidance of the historical inquirer. He should blend the study of civil and of ecclesiastical history. It may well be doubted whether the distinction, which is commonly taken between these two branches of learning, rests on any just philosophy. The religious susceptibility is a constant and often a controlling element in human affairs. It has been the very soul of some of the most stirring and memorable epochs. How can the reader comprehend the progress of the Roman Empire in the age of Constantine, if he ignore the existence of Christianity? How can the Crusades be

understood by him who has no knowledge of the religious history of their period? The reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth and of Henry the Eighth, of Francis I, of France, the death of Charles I, the accession of Cromwell, the Restoration, the settlement of Plymouth, connect themselves most intimately with ecclesiastical affairs. It is impossible to write a good history of the state to the neglect of religion, for the same reason that it is impossible to describe the mechanism and movements of a ship, to the neglect of the wind or steam, its driving power.

Nor should the student of church history neglect the progress of civil affairs. The era of the Reformation attracts more attention, perhaps, than any other since the age of the Apostles. But a good history of the Reformation has not yet been written. Authors of great learning have attempted the subject, but the writers of civil history have not sufficiently attended to the religious phenomena of the period, and the writers of ecclesiastical history have neglected the contemporary men and affairs of state. The biographer of Luther has thrown Charles the Fifth into the shade; the biographer of the Emperor has almost forgotten Leo Tenth, and both authors have overlooked the career of Ignatius Loyola. The results have been one-sided narratives of an event which was itself many-sided. We have sketches, memoirs, partial and incomplete statements, but not histories worthy of the name. A history of the Reformation which omits Luther, is the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. But the history which forgets every other person except Luther, is Hamlet again, with every part left out except Hamlet's. We prefer the masterpiece of Shakspeare as it is, because it represents human life as that life is. We want a complete picture of humanity. The eye prefers the whole circumference to the segment only of a circle. We want to see all the characters, and the transactions in which they were concerned, and the motives under which they acted. We want the play of Hamlet unabridged, mingling the vengeance of supernal powers with the engineering of human passions; bringing upon the same stage the living

man and the incorporeal ghost; a king, though only "a king of shreds and patches;" a prince worthy of the noble name; the wretched Queen; the fair Ophelia; the Priest; the company of players "tearing passion to tatters;" with a company of men and women, agitated by intense out-bursting passion; together with the whole rabble of soldiers, sailors, servants and grave-diggers; the plot most intricate, yet at last fully revealed; the right vindicated, crime avenged; even the bodies of the slain used to point the moral of the tragedy; the interpreter exclaiming:

"Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to view;
And let me speak to the unknowing world
How these things came about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on their inventor's heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.

We need a history of the Reformation which shall describe the world as it then was, and the complex movements of society as they went on. It should mingle in the narrative just as were mingled in fact the plots of the wicked with the triumphs or sufferings of the good, the blasphemies of the profane with the prayers of the righteous. It should reproduce Europe as Europe was; its palaces and its cathedrals; its noisy camps and its silent monasteries; its crowds of courtiers and its congregations of monks; the clangor of arms and the low murmurings of devotion; the throne of Charlemaigne and the shrine of St. Peter; the state with its emperors, senates and sieges, and the church with its bishops, councils and controversies; the campaigns, where the cutlass and the lancet were the arbiters, and its debates, whose words were battles.

Such a history would describe the invention of printing, and show how this and kindred agencies contributed to the revival of learning in the last half of the fifteenth century. It would celebrate the contemporaneous revival of art in the wonderful creations of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian and

Corregio; and would show how these adorned and sustained the Church of Rome, by lending an indescribable charm to its worship. We should follow through its pages the fortunes of the humble adventurer of Genoa, making his way from court to court in western Europe; telling everywhere his strange dream of a western voyage to India; gaining to his endeavor the ambitious Ferdinand and Isabella; setting sail in the Santa Maria; laying his course boldly to the westward, over an unknown ocean, and winning a new world just as Martin Luther was emerging from boyhood; God's Providence raising up, at the same time, one man to reform his religion, and another to open a continent which should, at the appointed season, receive into its bosom a pure church and a free commonwealth. The historian would bring us into the presence of Copernicus, the "Columbus of the Heavens," and lay before us a copy of his treatise—"*De Orbium Coelestium Revolutionibus*"—which he elaborated in Florence while John Calvin was preparing in Geneva his immortal "*Christianae religionis Institutio*," as if God would, at the same time, reveal his glory in the heavens to the eye of the Astronomer, and his glory which is above the heavens to the mind of the Reformer. The magnificence of Leo X. would also pass before us, and we should listen to his significant exclamation when he looked around upon his luxurious capital: "How profitable to us is the fable of Christianity!" Our historian would invite us to visit the camp of the Emperor Maximilian, and to applaud the energy with which he prepared the way for the coming revival of religion, by suppressing the anarchy which had for three hundred years afflicted the Empire. We should witness the election of Charles V, and the extraordinary splendor of his coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, a few months before Luther burnt the Bull of his own excommunication at Wittenburgh. We should follow the mingled fortunes of the Emperor, now confronted by Luther at Worms, and now capturing Francis I at Pavia, now allowing his troops to besiege the city of Rome and to take the Pope a prisoner of war, and now inviting the council of Trent to conduct

its deliberations, and issue its decrees under his imperial protection, now giving battle to the Turks, and now wearing out the Protestants by his remorseless cruelty; his perfidy fully avenged, at length, by his personal sufferings and disgrace, his abdication, his monastic life in the Pyrenees, his death preceded by his obsequies, in which he composed his own limbs in the shroud and coffin, and mingled his voice in the funeral chaunt and prayer. The eventful career of Francis the First, and Henry the Second, would be rehearsed. The shades of the accomplished but ferocious Catharine de Medici, would rise before us; but the frightful image would soon give place to the fragrant memory of Coligny and the great Conde. England, too, would lift the veil of the past, unmask the sensuality of Henry VIII, rebuild the scaffold of Warrick, fight over again the battle of Flodden field, re-assemble the monarchs at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, re-kindle the funeral pile of Cranmer, rehearse the story of Wolsey "in the full meridian of his glory," and in his "farewell, a long farewell, to all his greatness." We should be taught how, through the virtues and crimes of monarch, cardinal, bishop, statesman and soldier, God planted in England the germ of a reformed religion, and a limited monarchy for England; and how He deposited in the bosom of these institutions the germ of a free church, and a republican state, for a better country than England. Scotland, too, would describe the sturdy virtues of Knox, the cruelty of Beaton, and the misfortunes of the beautiful Mary. Poland would revive her ancient glory in the crown of Sigismund, and Sweden in the throne of Gustavus Vasa. Mexico, also, with Peru, would re-produce their ancient barbaric splendor, confess their easy subjection to the swords of the Spanish armies, and the crucifixes of her monks, and rehearse the sad tragedy of Montezuma and the Inca.

But the history would not close until it had introduced another name of power. Before Luther was ten years of age, Ignatius Loyola was born. While the former was passing his novitiate as a monk, studying the Bible, the latter

was serving in the army of Aragon, and devouring the legends of the saints. The young monk deduced from the Bible the principles of the Reformation; the young soldier evolved from legends and military science the principles and discipline of Jesuitism. Thus in the same era two rival minds, each a master spirit, appeared and founded antagonistic institutions. These institutions have survived the conflicts of three centuries, and now, full of their original vigor and eager as ever for the strife, they are contending in all parts of the earth for a supremacy over the human mind.

I will suggest one other method of historical inquiry. This relates to the influences under which the characters of men are formed. How is the great man made? By what process are the original, innate qualities which are essential to true greatness, so moulded and developed as to realize the idea of greatness in actual life? I will endeavor to reply to these inquiries by an illustration. It used to be said of the Greeks that they admired excessively what belonged to themselves; "*sua tantem mirantur.*" But the edge of that sarcasm, as applied to us, will be turned by the illustrious name which I shall produce from our own western annals.

Let us imagine ourselves carried back to the year 1789, and to the county of Hanover, Virginia. It is thirteen years since the Declaration of Independence, six years since the close of the Revolutionary War, and the very year of the adoption of the Federal Constitution. There is a lad residing in the county about twelve years of age. He has a wide brow, a flashing eye, a resolute will, an impetuous temper, and a tall, lithe figure. He has received from God what only God can give—high intellectual endowments; but how are they trained for his life-work? Let us inquire. Samuel Davies had preached in Hanover, and although now dead, had left upon the air the contagion of Liberty. Patrick Henry was a citizen of the county, and the lad, as he received into his soul the piercing tones of the orator, trembled, like the ancient Python, with the

kindling inspiration. He was brought up, too, almost within the lines of the Revolutionary camp. Westmoreland, the birth-place of Washington, was not far toward the north; Yorktown, memorable for the surrender of Cornwallis, was not much more remote. Suffok, Norfolk and Portsmouth, sacked and burned by the enemy, were a little further to the south-west. Williamsburgh, famous for the military expedition of Patrick Henry and his handfull of Hanover troops, was nearer still. Richmond was close at hand. Rage and terror had filled his childish bosom when Benedict Arnold pillaged the city; and the boy shouted with the old men, when the guns, fired on Capitol Hill, announced the victories of the patriots. The fathers and brothers of his playmates served in the army; some of them were massacred near New York, in the unfortunate expedition of Baylor; and the old graveyards around him unveiled their bosoms to receive the bodies of the slain, brought home from the battle fields. There he conceived his passion for the cause of public liberty.

As he grew up to manhood, he began to comprehend the whole story of the Revolution. He heard of its more distant battle grounds and patriots; of Lexington, Bunker Hill and Saratoga; of Warren, Hancock and Greene. He heard that Faneuil Hall responded to Hanover Court House, and Patrick Henry to James Otis; that when New England sent the tongue of John Adams to urge the Declaration of Independence, Virginia sent the sword of Washington to make good his words; that the Northern troops laid the bodies of their dead comrades in the sands of the South, and the Southern volunteers tracked with their bleeding feet the snows of the North. Here he received his undivided love for the country, the whole country.

He was familiar, also, with the formation of the Federal Constitution. He was a pupil of the venerable Wythe, and intimate with Roane, Pendleton, Marshall and Bushrod Washington. He heard the discussions which attended the formations of the Government, and shared in the anxieties of its founders. At the age of twenty he left his native

region, and cast his fortunes upon the bosom of the patriotic and enthusiastic West. Every early recollection and fixed conviction, every impulse and prejudice even, of his ardent nature allied itself with the institutions of the country; and a veneration for the Constitution and Union of these States was the highest principle—nay, the strongest passion—of his earliest manhood and his latest declining age.

Such were the influences under which he was trained. His soul had been fused down in the camp-fires of the revolution, and like the molten gold, it received a coinage which showed that it was purely American. His voice pleading ever for liberty, had in it the ring of the old revolutionary metal. He was the product of our republican institutions. The genius of his country struck all its forces into his spirit. He was a native of the soil. We think of him as we gaze upon the noble, aboriginal tree which now casts its broad shadows upon us. Its roots pierce the virgin soil. It trails low its boughs to drink the dew. It spreads its branches far and wide. All the elements are its ministers. From the deep mould, from rain and sunshine, from day and night, yea, from all the winds and storms of heaven it elaborates its springing life and its vernal crown. It is the noble growth of the soil—its product and its pride.

As our illustrious statesman was born of the republic in its heroic age, so he gave his life to her honor. He spent his years in the service of the country, and consumed his last days in a struggle to perpetuate its constitution.

I am speaking to you on the anniversary of his death. One year ago, this day, he died. He died in a place most appropriate, the Capitol of the Union; at a time most memorable, when all our dissensions were composed. He is buried, where it is most suitable that his grave be made, near the shades of Ashland. *FELIX NON VITÆ TANTUM CLARITATE, SED ETIAM OPPORTUNITATE MORTIS.*

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