

American Presbyterian

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1866.

FUNERAL OF MATTHIAS W. BALDWIN.

On Wednesday of last week, an immense concourse of clergy and citizens, with several hundreds of the employees of the locomotive works, assembled at the ample mansion, formerly the League House, on Chestnut street, to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of Mr. Baldwin. The entire square was thronged with a respectful and sympathizing crowd. All were animated with one sentiment of profound affection for the virtues and charities, the integrity, the kind-heartedness, the beneficence and Christian simplicity of the man, no less than for the sagacity, skill and enterprise which had made his name almost as familiar and as honored as that of the city itself.

Soon after ten o'clock, the procession of clergy moved from the Presbyterian House to the abode of mourning, when the devotional exercises were commenced at the head of the great stairway, with prayer by Rev. W. W. Taylor, and reading of the Scriptures by Dr. March; after which Dr. March said, in substance:—

The sources of consolation in God's word are infinite and applicable to all our need. If it were not so, we should find it hard to understand or submit to the Providence which takes away good men from the world when we need them most. The great Heavenly Father had higher work and purer joys than can be found in this world for his honored and beloved servant, whose departure fills us with sorrow to-day. He has taken him from us when great and sacred enterprises looked to him for support, and multitudes were instructed and gladdened by his beneficence. But all the good that God enabled him to do while he lived, is the pledge that the time of completing his work and calling him home is best.

With all our sorrow that we shall see his face no more, let us rejoice in the grateful remembrance of the genial light that shone around him wherever he went; and the Christian charity that mingled with all he did. The greater the loss which we feel in his removal from us, the greater is our consolation in remembering how much good God permitted him to do while he lived. The world has not many such men as Matthias Baldwin, but it would be a great deal better and happier if it had more of them. Our Heavenly Father must be infinitely rich and great since he can afford to take away such men in the height of their worth and usefulness, and yet feel no want of resources to carry on his work of truth and beneficence among men.

And let us not forget what it was which made our departed friend the good man that he was. There never has been but one influence in the world which could form such a character as his. He himself declared the source of his peculiar excellences when he ascribed, as he often did, all he had done for the good of his fellow-men, to the infinite goodness and mercy of God in Christ the Saviour. One of the last times I ever heard him speak, he expressed, with tearful and tremulous emotion, his gratitude for the disposition to give and work in the service of Christ and for the salvation of men.

And let us remember, too, that it was only by making it the study and prayer of his life, that he maintained that benevolent disposition which God had graciously given him. Living in a great city, beset with competition and temptation, harassed with ever-increasing earthly care as a consequence of success, it was a great thing that this man should have gone on from year to year, for a whole generation, pursuing a toilsome path, yet ever trusting in God with a serene and cheerful faith, singing with gladness in his heart, and scattering blessings for others with both hands and in every direction as he went. With all the deceit, the pride and the selfishness of the world to meet in the transactions of business, he maintained simplicity of life and manners, grew more meek and trustful toward God as he grew older and richer, and lived at peace with all mankind. He loved all the simple pleasures of life, all the beautiful things of art and nature, all the fit instruments of refined and tasteful feeling; and yet he was a thoroughly practical, hard-working man, looking upon the great and solemn realities of duty in their true light, and never thinking that he had made the most of any acquisition or enjoyment until he had used it for the honor of God and the good of others. After long culture and prayerful discipline, he gained the mastery of himself so completely that the agitations of the world seldom ruffled his spirit, and the peace that dwelt in his heart shone upon his face, and made his look a benediction upon all whom he met.

I cannot speak as I would on this occasion, for every word I utter is accompanied with regret for the absence of two who had been associated with the deceased in plans and works of Christian usefulness for thirty years, and who could have set forth the lesson of the hour with the fervor of long-continued friendship, and the vividness of personal history. One has been called from the city by a previous engagement, and the other, having finished his work on earth, was waiting to receive his friend and fellow-laborer to the blessed and endless rest.

MR. CALKINS' ADDRESS.

Mr. Calkins, pastor of the deceased, said:—
It is very rare that an occasion of death causes such a variety of emotions as this. When before have our feelings been so conflicting? The grief felt for the murdered Lincoln was simple as it was overwhelming. One thought filled the country. When a civilian of public spirit is removed, the loss of the city seems irreparable. When the head of a great establishment falls, large business interests are affected, and industry feels the shock through a thousand channels. When a leading member of the church is removed, an office-bearer, the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, still new interests are reached and new cause of mourning is given. The most humble citizen will be mourned in his own neighborhood; and no little child can be changed into a seraph without one home being made desolate.

To-day all these causes of grief blend in strange harmony. The nation mourns the death of one whose love for her was a perfect passion of patriotism. The community, the world of business and of practical science, mourns one of its greatest benefactors. The Church of Christ mourns a most distinguished friend and benefactor of the cause at large, and an officer, almost the father, of one church in particular. Fellow Sabbath-school teachers mourn around, and there is a grief of the widow and the fatherless so sacred that we will not attempt to unfold it. And what shall we say of the hundreds of workmen who just now filed in sorrowful procession by the cold relics of their friend and employer?

At another time we will speak of him more fully in his public relations as a citizen, a patriot, a man of enterprise and of munificence. Let us now concern ourselves with the traits of his private character.

What then, said the speaker, referring to the splendid works of art that covered the walls and crowded every nook of the lofty and ample apartments—what do these rooms say? Suppose we had no other key to his character than these objects—what should we infer? Plainly that he was a man almost free from any mere vanity, such as success in life is apt to generate. You will not find here any one object merely in display of wealth or of self. They are not designed for any selfish end, but evidently to do good to others. He was of such a generous disposition that he could not enjoy anything unless others enjoyed it with him. His own home was not a home to him unless others, even the public, shared its entertainments. Witness the magnificent conservatory of exotic plants and tropical flowers facing the street. How many have been the multitudes arrested there; lost in delight at its rare and gorgeous beauty. And just that was the design of the owner. It was for the purpose of giving to all a source of culture. In fact, it was exclusively for the benefit of the public. It was so arranged that it was impossible to gain any enjoyment from it within doors. The only way for him or his family to view it fairly, was to go out and view it with you and me from the side-walk of busy Chestnut street. Oh! it seems as if every beautiful flower there was at this moment filled with tender recollections of the man, who loved everybody, and provided for every one's enjoyment. Often I have heard him say, when he saw others enjoying the fruits of his liberality, it was the best investment I ever made. Business men, think of it. He never regarded any investment worth anything to himself, except it in some way led to and provided for the rational, the moral and the spiritual improvement of his fellow men.

Perhaps, my friends, you ask, was it hard for him to leave this world, so bright and beautiful to him—made so much better by his life? One year ago he was very sick; we all thought he would die. At that time I asked him what his feelings were in view of death. He answered that, at first, there was just a little doubt, enough to remind him that death is the king of terrors. But it did not last long. Very soon there came a perfect peace. What, I asked, were your more particular reflections then? I asked myself, replied he, why I should wish to live longer? What have I to live for? Indeed! I exclaimed; is it possible, Mr. Baldwin, did you ask that? Yes, said he. Life to me is full of pain and suffering; working and suffering all day long, and thinking and suffering nearly all night long. Why should I shrink from dying? I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that through his grace all will be well with me. But did you think nothing of these churches, of those various and great benevolent interests, nothing of your family, to which you are so necessary, when you spoke of having nothing to live for? Yes, but they must spare me soon, at any rate. If I am kept longer, they may not soon enough learn to depend upon God, and so I fold my hands in resignation to his will.

At that time he was spared. And he went back without a thought of repose to it with his heart; he projected great improvements. And in that office of his, he set up a public institution to beneficence. There was a source of influence training hundreds of workmen to accuracy and faithfulness in one of the most elevated mechanical enterprises in the world. There was the centre for hundreds of charitable appeals, commencing from early morning, to which he cheerfully gave up the large part of his time which they required. Every day they were sure to come; none can remember a day which was an excep-

tion. And he kindly received them all; whether he gave or not, you were always blessed in the application. Frequently you were surprised to find the amount of your request doubled. His very last day, in that consecrated place, was filled with just such services. Then, feeble and weary, he turned away to his beautiful home on the Delaware—that home, which, like everything else he owned, was open to all, and full of the most beautiful proofs of the sweet and kindly nature of the owner. Why, even birds and beasts came to sport with the man, whose affections they so largely shared. Yes; I saw them there go bewildered and mourning through the desolate caresses. That beautiful home—was it hard for him to leave it? Did he cast his eyes around over the beautiful prospect and say, I cannot go? I wish Mr. Barnes, his former pastor—now out of town—was here to give testimony upon the spirit of our dear friend's last hours. It was to him he poured out his heart. And the fact was, the broken heart belonged to the pastor, not to the dying man. Mr. Barnes went to console, but invariably came away consoled. The last thoughts of the dying man were to comfort the mourners.

Mr. Calkins closed with an earnest appeal to the large assembly to profit by the example of the deceased. The exercises were closed with prayer and the benediction.

Mr. Baldwin's remains lay in the back parlor, on the east side of the mansion, in a cloth-covered, silver-mounted coffin. They were dressed in a suit of plain black. The habitual expression of the now bloodless features was still there, placid, noble, sweet, heightened into a certain majesty by the dead calm, the marble rigidity of death. The silver plate of the coffin bore these words:—

"M. W. BALDWIN,
Died September 7, 1866,
Aged 70 years."

The pall bearers were Judge William Strong, Asa Whitney, Franklin Peale, J. B. Townsend, B. F. Kendall, R. Camblos. The six carriers were chosen from among the twenty-five of the foremen of the works of Messrs. M. W. Baldwin & Co. Some hundreds of the employees walked in procession by the cortege, which moved up Chestnut to Fifteenth street, up Fifteenth to Hamilton, down Hamilton to Broad, and up Broad street, thus making a circuit of the locomotive works, the bell tolling as they passed. The march was continued up Broad street to Girard avenue, up Girard avenue to Ridge avenue, and up the Ridge to the depot of the Manayunk Railroad, where the employees took cars and omnibuses. Arrived at old Laurel Hill Cemetery, the workmen divided their lines, and with uncovered heads, and in mournful silence witnessed the passage of the clergy, the bier and the immediate friends of the deceased, in the midst. Down into the bosom of the earth the precious remains were lowered, and after brief but appropriate services by Messrs. Calkins and McLeod, a last lingering farewell was taken by weeping kindred and friends.

Rest, venerated clay! Rest, O dear remains of a man greatly to be missed and longed for! Rest in peace, O long tormented body, replaced, ere now, by a saintly robe of glory, and soon to be miraculously transformed into a spiritual body, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away! Yes, take thy fill of rest now! Ours is the toil, the struggle, the sorrow, the burden. Thine, the long coveted reward. For thee, to live was Christ—and to die was gain.

THE INSOLENCE OF THE SABBATH-BREAKERS.

Men who have made up their minds to set at naught the laws of God, care very little about the laws of the State or the laws of decency or propriety. Those who have resolved to profane the Sabbath, may be expected to set at defiance all the restraints, and to pour contempt on all the mere statutes which good men have put in their way. Last winter, the Sabbath-breaking passenger railway men of our city, and those of our citizens who stood by them, were fairly and decisively defeated in an effort to repeal the Sabbath laws of our State, by an appeal to the Legislature. Had they been law-abiding men, safe and good citizens, men desirous of setting an example of order in the community, they would have gracefully acquiesced in the decision of the majority rendered through its representatives. The voice of the rightful authorities of the Commonwealth would have been a finality to them. Or they would have confined themselves to legitimate and honorable means of agitating for a change. But who ever heard of sworn and militant Sabbath-breakers feeling or showing any refined, deferential, right-minded sentiments toward the laws of the land? All instinct of reverence has died out of such men. Covetousness, if not a positive hatred

of divine and human restraint, impels such men to overlook all bounds. And we find these men, our defeated antagonists of last winter, after procuring a slight and utterly inadequate authorization from Washington enabling them to carry letters which nobody wants carried, coolly setting at defiance the ancient and good laws of the Commonwealth, and the reassertion of them by solemn vote of the last Legislature, and riding right over the heads, and destroying the immunities of the citizens, by robbing them and their families of their wonted opportunities of worship on the Sabbath day. Almost every prominent line in the city was running last Sabbath the entire day. And the city of Philadelphia, which, from the days of William Penn, its venerated and sagacious founder, has enjoyed immunity from outrageous offenses against the sanctity of the Sabbath, was on that day, from one end to the other, in its rural and denser districts, one scene of secular hurly-burly. Ministers were disturbed, interrupted, and almost silenced in their pulpits; worshippers were robbed of their portion of God's word, and of the comfort of the ordinances. All the soothing, hallowing influences of the Sabbath upon the domestic life of multitudes of Christian families were swept away. Families were driven from the front part of their houses to seek peace in the rear; and lawlessness reigned, and the wicked triumphed.

We say that this is an insolent conspiracy to break down the laws of the State. It is an example dangerous to all rightful authority. We charge upon the passenger railway companies of this city, the deliberate purpose, for the sake of gain, to break up the Sabbath-keeping habits of this orderly and peaceable city, to cast odium and disgrace upon the Sabbath laws of the State, and to show that they, in their illegal and violent purposes, are above law and stronger than the rightful authorities of the land. We charge the mayor of the city, much as we admire him as a true patriot, with a guilty connivance at these repeated offenses, which, as the chief executive officer of our city, he was bound to hinder, and might have prevented with a word. We charge him with astonishing indifference to what should be most dear to a man in his station, the fair name and the goodly reputation of our city, as the most Sabbath-keeping city on the globe, and with allowing himself to be insolently told, in his own office, and in his high capacity as mayor, by one of these railroad officials, that they intended to trample upon the law and have their own way in spite of it—and then blandly bowing the boastful, insulting offender out of the very shrine of justice, as if he had been one of its most distinguished supporters. We charge the authorities at Washington with a most scandalous subservency to the wishes and plots of unscrupulous men, who are determined to break down the Sabbath-keeping customs of our city; sustaining them in their idle and palpably false pretext of mail service, which is no service at all, and lending their high positions in an unwarrantable interference with the internal policy of a State, making the Nation an instrument in the wicked and cruel work of demoralizing a great city, when it might naturally be looked to as a helper and a guardian against a process which goes on so rapidly and so terribly by its own mere force of gravitation.

Citizens of Philadelphia—Christian men and women—we know that you do not intend to give up this conflict. There are no Sunday cars in Baltimore, none in Wilmington, and we feel comfortably certain that there shall be none here.

FAREWELL TO HENRY WARD BEECHER.

George Francis Train, that eminently safe, sagacious and conscientious politician, reckons up twelve elements of strength belonging to the party of the President, and makes Henry Ward Beecher the last of the twelve. And we suppose Mr. Beecher's recent letter to the leaders of the Cleveland Soldiers' Convention, called to endorse Mr. Johnson's policy, must be regarded as a formal adhesion of the writer to that policy. The reader can judge for himself by simply glancing at the concluding sentence:—

"For the sake of the freedmen, for the sake of the South, for our own sakes, and for the great cause of freedom and civilization, I urge the immediate reunion of all the parts which rebellion and war have shattered."
Without further guarantees then, without a single judicial condemnation of treason, without an adjustment of the ratio of representation so as to prevent rebels from actually gaining in power by their very overthrow, without a single step toward

securing equal suffrage or even sufficient constitutional defenses to the freedman in the enjoyment of the commonest of his rights as a man, without heeding the warnings of Memphis and New Orleans, without repugnance at the monstrous spectacle of unchanged malignant rebels in power all over the South with their feet upon the necks of the sorely-trying, the faithful, the sterling patriots of that section, without concern for the confusion of ideas on the subject of loyalty and treason which such a policy must breed in the consciences of this and of coming generations, Mr. Beecher is for immediate reunion.

The true men of the nation, then, part company with Mr. Beecher. The friends of the colored men in America bid him farewell. The churches of the North with which he has been affiliated, see no room for him any longer upon those Declarations of high principle, with which they have unanimously reinforced the national conscience during and since the war. Henceforth he must seek his associations among that motley and miscellaneous throng which could never have been gathered save by the most monstrous betrayal of principles by men in high places. Henceforth Vallandigham and the Woods in the North, and the Monroes and Semmes of the South can never be so antagonistic to Mr. Beecher, as Butler and Brownlow, as Stevens and Sumner and Wilson, as Tilton and Douglass and the Independent itself. To the companionship of the Copperhead party, reinforced by a handful of weak Republicans, we are constrained to hand over Mr. Beecher. Worse, perhaps, than all, he has suffered the catastrophe of the friendship and the patronage of George Francis Train! How are the mighty fallen!

Since the above was written, we notice that Mr. Beecher has been called out by a protest from some of his congregation, to whom he replies in an explanatory letter. We confess this second letter is in some degree calculated to mollify the severity of our judgment as elicited by the first. Mr. Beecher in this refuses to be classified with the copperheads, and declares himself opposed to the simultaneous admission of the rebel States. He also expresses some natural disgust at the President's demagogic performances, and some indignation at the Memphis and New Orleans massacres. Still he advocates the heretical and perilous policy of admitting the rebel States without further guarantees, and is in favor of electing such "Republican" Representatives to Congress, as will aim at carrying out substantially the President's policy. As we cannot understand this in any other sense than a declaration in favor of the return of such "Republicans" to Congress as Mr. Raymond, we do not see what real improvement the second letter makes in the writer's position. We have, therefore, concluded not to cancel what we have written.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

At length the extraordinary Presidential circuit is done, and Mr. Johnson is at home at the White House again. And of all public demonstrations on the part of men in exalted stations in any country, we think it is felt that this is by far the most remarkable on record. We are accustomed to regard the Presidency of the great Republic as the most elevated political position which mortal man can hold. Presidents, indeed, are but men; yet we unavoidably expect the dignity of their office to exercise a refining influence upon their manners, and to appear in their every-day deportment. And in the whole list of incumbents down to the last, the people have had no serious ground of complaint on this score. The dignity of the office has been measurably upheld. Contempt has been thrown upon it by none. Whatever complaints men otherwise had to lodge against their Chief Magistrates, they could not accuse them of disgracing the whole nation by trailing in mire and dust the dignities of the highest office they had to bestow. But from the spectacle of unmitigated vulgarity which has been paraded from one side of the land to the other, and chronicled with phonographic minuteness in every newspaper, they have turned away their faces crimsoned with shame, disgust and indignation. When rulers in former times have wished to descend to unbecoming and unkingly conduct, they have gone about it in disguise. Nero did not go through the provinces as a fiddler or a play actor; he confined his shameful antics to the capital. It has been reserved to an American Chief Magistrate to make the circuit of ten or a dozen States, with every arrangement for degrading him as conspicuous as possible, and to exhibit such coarseness, such vindictiveness, such bitter passion and prejudice, such instincts of the mob, such shocking profanity, to say nothing of his mea-

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sureless egotism, or utter disregard for his own recently and solemnly avowed sentiments, that even the lowest forms of political wrangling in a heated campaign must be searched to find a parallel.

Mr. Johnson's closest political adherents, who applauded his 22d of February speech even, are ashamed, and they confess it. The whole country is immeasurably disgraced. It will not do to speak of the scandal with bated breath. And it is idle to attempt to apologize for or palliate such an offense. It is simply unpardonable. There is no possible excuse for the exhibition of petty spite at official neglect; none for bandying low epithets with the mob; there is none for pressing a political policy offensively on citizens who came to welcome him irrespective of party; none for denouncing a co-ordinate branch of the Government, as honorable, as powerful and as legitimate as himself, with vulgar language; none for denouncing the loyal men who have given blood and toil and treasure to save the country, as traitors, simply because he cannot bring them to his views of reconstruction; none for whetting the thirst of the mob for blood and violence by calling upon them to hang two of the leading emancipationists in the country; none, O! none, for a use of the name of the divine Redeemer, which for coarse impiety, almost amounting to blasphemy, has certainly not been equalled in the utterances of any public man, we venture to say, since the days of Tom Paine.

Apology for such offenses must rebound disastrously on the one who offers it. Men of common decency everywhere must repudiate the attempt: Rather let us bow our heads in humiliation, and confess that we, as a nation of Christians, are in this unspeakable disgrace, deservedly punished for yielding up the nomination of our officers, from the lowest to the highest, to the management of mere politicians. And we may comfort ourselves, too, that this tour has been one of the most damaging political devices that has ever been executed. Five hundred radical speakers on the President's track could scarcely have effected more for the good cause than the President himself has done.

CHURCH ERECTION.

WORK FOR THE CHURCHES.

By the action of the last General Assembly, the funds in the hands of the Board or Trustees are no longer subject to distribution among the churches. They are to be securely invested, as explained in the August Number of the *Presbyterian Monthly*, and to be regarded strictly as permanent funds. The interest accruing from these investments is alone subject, since the first of August, to the call of feeble congregations. This amount, even when all the outstanding loans shall have been refunded, will probably never exceed \$8000, and for some considerable time it will not reach, if any, exceed \$5000, a sum falling vastly below the needs of the denomination.

After a careful and anxious consideration of the whole subject, the General Assembly, with entire unanimity, came to the conclusion that "a sum not less than \$35,000, in addition to the interest accruing from the Permanent Fund, will probably be required for the aid of feeble churches this year, in providing houses of worship for their use;" and they "therefore resolved, that the third Sabbath of December next, be fixed as the day for a general collection for the purpose of raising the sum, and that our Presbyteries and pastors be requested to use their utmost endeavors to secure the full amount designated."

The applications that already, since the adjournment of the Assembly, have been made for appropriations, clearly indicate that a much larger sum might be judiciously expended during the year. From every quarter reliable statements are made to the effect, that the operations of our missionaries and churches are greatly crippled for want of suitable houses of worship. Were it possible to announce that the Board are now in possession of the requisite funds, applications would be speedily multiplied much beyond the sum named by the Assembly.

It is exceedingly desirable that, in these circumstances the churches should anticipate, to some extent, the simultaneous contributions of next December, and where practicable, have the cause presented and a collection made at an early day. In many cases, it will be impracticable to comply with the Assembly's recommendation for December, as, in many congregations some other cause is already assigned for that month. In such cases, it is greatly to be hoped that some Sabbath in September, October, or November will be selected for this object and the cause duly presented.

The Synods are to meet in September or October, and the subject will naturally come before them. The Stated Clerks should have it especially in charge. It will, however, devolve principally upon the Presbyteries, as earnestly requested by the Assembly, to carry this recommendation into effect practically and vigorously. At their autumn meetings, now approaching, means should be taken to secure an annual hearing for this cause in every one of their churches, however small and feeble, and to have a day assigned for it in every congregation. A Standing Committee, as in the case of the several Permanent Committees, should be charged with the duty of corresponding with each of the churches of the Presbytery, and urging them to make the arrangement. One faithful man in each Presbytery, if appointed and willing to undertake the work, can secure the object. The more system to be taken, it should not be left to the turn of an hour, or the fifth impulse of the moment. Will the Stated Clerks of the Presbyteries put upon their dockets, and see that the work is done?—*Presbyterian Monthly*.