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DISCOURSE

ADDRESSED TO THE

ALUMNI OF YALE COLLEGE,

JULY 25, 1860.

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Our Triennial Catalogue.

A

DISCOURSE,



ADDRESSED TO THE

ALUMNI OF YALE COLLEGE,

AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING,

JULY 25, 1860.

BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.



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One or two paragraphs are printed, which were not included in the discourse at its delivery.

DISCOURSE.



IT is an evidence of the thoughtful regard of our Alma Mater for her surviving children, as well as for the generations to come, that, once in three years, she sends forth a catalogue, revised and enlarged, of her whole family. That catalogue comes from most careful and competent hands—while it marks the gradual increase of the number of her sons, and records the fresh honours that, from time to time, are falling upon many of them, it runs anew the line that divides the living from the dead. The stars, prefixed to the multitude of names, are emblematical of graves; and it would require no great stretch of imagination to suppose that many of them were significant of crowns also;—crowns of honour in this world, crowns of immortal life in the next. Indeed our Triennial may be considered as a sort of family record, which, like other family records, embodies the names of both the dead

and the living, and, in many cases, a portion of their history also. With this record before me, I will endeavour now to call up the images of some of our elder brothers in collegiate fellowship; and if I confine myself chiefly to the departed, it will not be for want of due respect for the living, but because it seems to me more delicate and fitting, as a general rule, that the living should be allowed to pass the great ordeal, before even justice, much less affection, gives public utterance to all that it has to say of them. You will have anticipated me when I say that my subject is YALE COLLEGE, AS REPRESENTED IN HER TRIENNIAL CATALOGUE.

I am quite aware that a topic like this places me on ground beset with temptations to utter, if not great swelling words of academic vanity, yet what might naturally enough suggest to those outside of our circle the idea that some small share of self-complacency still lingers among us. But I cannot allow myself to be trammelled by any such considerations. I should offend against my own sense of filial obligation; I should offend against the genius of the occasion that has convened us; I should offend against the claims of truth, and justice, and honour, if, in being over-

cautious to avoid extravagance, I should bring to our venerable mother an offering of faint or equivocal praise. I am thankful that the occasion is one on which words of even lofty eulogy may still be words of truth and soberness.

Assuming then, as graduates of this College, the grateful and reverent attitude of sons, we may claim, first of all, that we belong to an *ancient* family. Antiquity is indeed a relative term; and that which, measured by one standard, falls far back into the distance, when referred to another, seems like a thing of yesterday. When, for instance, we compare the age of Yale with that of Oxford, which some suppose to have been founded, others to have been revived, by the great Alfred, we find little on which to build a claim for ourselves to an ancient origin. But when we substitute for the old English University any of the great sisterhood of American Colleges, which the last fifty or sixty years have brought into existence, we begin to have some sense of our own venerableness—we look upon our catalogue with more of reverence, not to say self-gratulation, when we find that it takes us back to the very commencement of the eighteenth century. Harvard had indeed a vigorous existence when

Yale was founded—she had had breathed into her the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge by some of the most illustrious sons of each ; and, for sixty years, she had been doing a work worthy of herself and of the cause to which she was consecrated. But it came to pass, at length, as the population increased and extended, that the public convenience demanded another institution of the same kind ; and in this exigency our College had its origin. Such an idea had indeed been conceived by the great and good Davenport at a much earlier period ; and he had even gone so far as to make a proposition to the government respecting it ; but it was judged premature, and was therefore deferred until the colony should gain more strength. In 1698, the matter began to be seriously agitated, but nothing was done to purpose till the next year, when, as you know, ten of the principal ministers of the colony were appointed, by general consent of both clergy and laity, to perform the work which resulted in the establishment of this institution ; and thus, though the first commencement was not held till 1702, it is fair to say that the college originated in the seventeenth century. And she has been going on her way rejoicing through the long period of a

hundred and sixty years. She has witnessed to the establishment of almost all those institutions which now constitute our country's glory. She heard the din of battle in the old French War, and in the War of the Revolution she even took part, in the person of her patriotic President. She has marked a long succession of changes on other continents, which have made the world quite another thing than what it was when she first opened her eyes upon it. Oh if she could take on a personal form, and tell us all that she has witnessed, who would not love to sit at her feet, and revel amidst her rich treasures of observation!

Age is not indeed always a synonyme of prosperity—it often betokens infirmity and decay. Old men are sometimes evidently shy of facing their own wrinkles; not so much because they regard wrinkles a deformity, as because they seem to shadow forth the possibility that the full strength of life's best days is no longer theirs. Old dwellings, from the long continued action of the elements, frequently become untenable, and they are visited only as curious relics,—possibly as representing the taste of another century. Old institutions, in many instances, wax heavy and monotonous in their movements, until the

principle of vitality gets so low that they seem at best to be dragging out a useless existence. Not so the grand old institution in which *our* intellects have been nursed and developed—she *started* modestly indeed, but gloriously; and her course has ever been onward; and to-day witnesses to her greatest vigour and power. Indeed, though, when we look back to her beginning, she may seem well stricken in years, yet when we consider her in the light of the ages to come, we recognize in her present state the freshness of youth, looking towards progressive, indefinite, almost boundless, development.

Let me say, in the next place, that our connection is with a *numerous, growing, and widely extended*, family. The whole number of graduates enrolled on our last Triennial is six thousand eight hundred and ten; averaging a little more than forty-three to each year. This is a large number in comparison with that of any other American College save Harvard, which is our senior by sixty years. It is large in consideration of the fact that other similar institutions have been multiplying in all parts of the land, many of which have enjoyed a wide and liberal patronage. It seems large also when we bear in

mind that much the greater portion of our graduates have come out of the ranks of the yeomanry, among whom the pecuniary means of educating their sons are not usually abundant. And I cannot forbear to add that it is large when viewed in the light of that now proverbial but rather humiliating concession, that we are the most money-loving people on earth. If I were called upon to meet the allegations which the envy or stupidity of some foreigners has made against the intellectual character of our country, I should think it enough—and more than they were entitled to—to open this venerable document on which I am commenting, and ask whether it were probable that such an army of scholars could have gone forth, each as a central point of illumination, without producing a result that must give the lie to these unworthy representations.

When I say that we are a *growing* family, I intend much more than merely the fact that each successive year, as a matter of course, adds a new class to our catalogue—I mean that we have had a sufficiently rapid, but at the same time steady and healthful, increase. The aggregate number of graduates, during the first fifty years, was six

hundred and forty-eight; and the average for each year was nearly thirteen: and when it is borne in mind how unpropitious to the cause of liberal education were the circumstances of the country; how difficult it must have been for fathers to dispense with the labour of their sons in felling the forests and cultivating the fields, as well as to furnish the requisite means of their support at college; and when, moreover, it is remembered that there was an older and better endowed institution of the same kind in the heart of New England, which had become identified with the interests especially of the Massachusetts Colony,—what seems to us now a small number, was really a large number, to be assembled, first at Killingworth, then at Saybrook, and afterwards on this ground, in the pursuit of learning. During the second half-century,—that is from 1752 to 1802,—there were sixteen hundred and eighty-six names added to the catalogue; and the average annual number was thirty-three and three-fourths. This, under all the circumstances, was a marvellous increase; for though, during this period, the population had a rapid growth, yet the first thirty years of it particularly were signalized by the most absorbing and agitating

scenes of our history—I mean the French War, and the War of the Revolution. It is certainly worthy of enduring record that from 1775 to 1783, when the great question whether we were to be a nation of slaves or of freemen was in the process of being settled at the point of the bayonet, the average number of graduates each year was nearly nine more than it had been during the same period immediately preceding—an evidence that our fathers felt that their blood was to be the price of institutions, which it would require men of liberal culture to sustain and carry forward to their legitimate results. The remaining part of the period of our collegiate existence, as presented by the last Triennial, ranging from 1802 to 1859, and including fifty-eight years, casts into the shade the most favoured of the preceding portions of our history. In this interval, not only has the population of our country been increasing beyond a parallel, but the spirit of general enterprise has been thoroughly aroused, and the mind of the nation has been intensely engaged in working out problems bearing upon our national elevation and perpetuity. With the quickened pulsations of the body politic, with the more earnest tone of thought and feeling and ac-

tion that has pervaded all classes of society, Yale College has been in hearty sympathy; and one evidence of this is that within this period she has nearly tripled her numbers. Whereas, in 1801, the number of her graduates amounted to only two thousand three hundred and thirty-four, in 1859, it had reached six thousand eight hundred and ten; and whereas the average of the second general period, amounting to fifty years, had been but thirty-three and three-fourths annually, the average of the third, amounting to fifty eight years, has been a fraction over seventy-seven. To what extent a farther advance in numbers is likely to contribute to the substantial prosperity of the institution, I will not take it upon myself to determine.

And we have been *spreading* as fast as we have been growing. The earliest classes indeed betrayed the Connecticut origin of the institution from their scarcely drawing at all from beyond the limits of the colony. But, after a while, the neighbouring colonies, particularly New York, began to be represented here; and then the different New England colonies, not excepting Massachusetts which had her own Harvard; and here and there one came from New Jersey or

Pennsylvania; though it was not till the institution had numbered upwards of an hundred years that it began to attract extensively both the attention and the patronage of the South. From a little after the commencement of the present century, the sons of Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, began to be found here in large numbers; and I know not whether there be a State in the South or the West, which has not some name or names on the list of our Alumni. And, in all ordinary cases, they who come hither for an education, return to their own native region for a settlement—they come as the sons of Carolina or Kentucky,—they return as the sons of Yale; and they will no sooner disown the latter relationship than the former. Hence it comes to pass that, as the College draws her students from all parts of the land, so she has her *representatives* in all parts of the land—she possesses a sort of national ubiquity; and no matter where there may be occasion to expound her claims, or vindicate her honour, or sound forth her praise, it is almost certain that some one of her own honoured sons will be there to do the filial duty. And now and then one strays across the ocean, at least as a sojourner, if not to find a permanent home; so

that it is fair to say that there is scarcely any part of the globe which has not received the foot-prints of some one or more on whom has fallen the parental benediction of Yale.

It is scarcely more than the carrying out of thoughts already suggested, to say that our relationship is with an *honourable* family.

I would not attach any undue importance to a *name*—for every one knows that names are often very equivocal indices of things; and a splendid name, applied to an object of moderate or doubtful claims, only gives greater intensity to its insignificance. But, after all, where an honourable name crowns an honourable family, or an honourable institution, it is impossible that we should regard it with indifference—we instinctively cherish it as if it were a part of the family or the institution which it designates. Of the individual whose name this College bears, I doubt not that some of you know much more than I do; for the substance of all that I have been able to gather concerning him, would scarcely occupy more than a single page; but even in that little I find enough to inspire me with profound reverence for the name of YALE. For do we not honour a spirit of energetic and persevering enter-

prise? And is not that betokened even in the most general outline of his history,—especially in the fact of his having emigrated from England to India, and accumulated there an immense fortune before he came back to England to pass the evening of his days? Do we not involuntarily render a sort of homage to the dignity of office or the splendour of rank? But this man occupied a high post of honour while he was yet in India, and a much higher one after his return to London; for he was chosen Governor of the East India company;—a place second to no other in point of commercial influence and respectability. Are we not always attracted by the workings of a generous and philanthropic spirit, especially by liberal offerings to the cause of learning and religion? But we are walking to-day in the light of Governor Yale's benefactions—this great tree of knowledge that overshadows us, if not actually planted by his hand, was watered and nourished by his bounty. Is it not delightful to see evidences of one's grateful and enduring remembrance of the land, or the state, or the city, in which he drew his first breath, though Providence may have directed that nearly his whole life should be passed in other and far distant climes?

Elihu Yale's birth, and baptism, and earliest training, were here; and this delightful spot kept its place in his memory and his heart, as he travelled over the world; and when the fitting time for demonstration came, the New Haven boy, now a prince in the domain of British commerce, sends back to the scene of his childhood an offering to the noblest of causes,—thus building for himself a monument that shall remain in increasing glory, long after the marble that marks his grave at Wrexham shall have ceased to be distinguished.

I find another element of our respectability in the auspicious circumstances that marked our *origin*. Yale College was begotten by the spirit of lofty intelligence and heroic virtue, combined with a thoughtful and liberal regard for the intellectual and moral interests of the future; and the same spirit watched over her in her cradle, and led her on, as by an angel's hand, towards her maturity. It was not a hasty but a well considered design that was entrusted to those ten veteran ministers to carry out—a design, which, though it seems to have been originally conceived by John Davenport, was, in its more mature state, to be credited, not so much to any single mind

as to the harmonious action of many minds, forming the intellectual and moral atmosphere of the colony. But that noble ten, who had the enterprise in hand when it existed only in faint and shadowy outline, who not only saw the first stone of the venerable fabric laid, but laid it themselves,—they were men fully competent to the work assigned them ;—men of forecast and energy, —as was manifest from their discreet and yet decided movements ;—men of large benevolence and public spirit,—as was evinced by their bringing from their own libraries, which no doubt were small enough, a liberal contribution of valuable books, which became the nucleus, as they are now the glory, of our College library. I should not discharge the debt of reverence that I owe them, if I were not, in this connection, to pronounce their honoured names—JAMES NOYES, ISRAEL CHAUNCY, THOMAS BUCKINGHAM, ABRAHAM PIERSON, SAMUEL MATHER, SAMUEL ANDREW, TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE, JAMES PIERPONT, NOADIAH RUSSELL, and JOSEPH WEBB —these were the men whose minds brooded over the College, when it was a mere conception ; whose hands, nerved with faith, and love, and mighty power, began to work vigorously here when every thing was yet to be done. They

were all, with a single exception, graduates of Harvard—and their interest in her welfare never waned—but the training which they had had there qualified them at once to appreciate the importance of this enterprise, and to become the successful conductors of it. The whole agency, connected with the establishment of this College, was a wise, efficient, and every way honourable, agency—we may well afford to read the first chapter of our history, and thank God that we have such a chapter to read.

But these wise and excellent men to whom the interests of the College were entrusted in its very inception, have had a long line of worthy successors. On the list of its guardians through successive generations are found a hundred and two Congregational ministers, many of whom have attained to great eminence; and since the year 1792, there has been a liberal infusion into the body, of the civil element, consisting of the two highest officers of the State, and six members of the Senate;—an admirable provision at once for silencing complaints of an exclusively clerical influence, and for securing the benefit of the soundest secular wisdom. Of this long list of venerable ministers thirteen only remain; the eldest

survivor, Rev. Dr. DAVID SMITH, after having seen more than ninety summers, being still here, with a heart as strong, and a hand as ready, to do good service for his Alma Mater as ever. No one could contemplate the present flourishing condition of the College, without feeling assured that she must have had an eminently wise and efficient guardianship—such a result was not to be reached under the auspices of simple mediocrity—and, on the other hand, no one, I am sure, could pass his eye over the honoured list of her Corporation, without arriving at the secret of no small degree of her actual prosperity.

But the College has been favoured, not more in respect to skilful oversight and direction without, than a wise and liberal system of instruction and management within. And here let me ask you to pause for a moment beside the graves of the great men who have successively occupied the *Presidential chair*;—not so much for the sake of finding out any thing new concerning them, as to refresh our minds and our hearts with our own grateful remembrances. And first comes ABRAHAM PIERSON,—a man around whose character and history the shadows of a century and a half have gathered, but who has still left memorials enough

of his honourable and useful career to ensure immortality to his name. He was honoured in his parentage; for his father, after having graduated at the University of Cambridge, and been episcopally ordained, and exercised his ministry for some time in England, migrated to this land as a helper in the great cause of religious liberty; and here his influence was widely felt in matters both civil and ecclesiastical; and to no object were his efforts more earnestly directed than the evangelization of the Indians. Governor Winthrop pronounces him "a godly, learned man;" and Cotton Mather, with characteristic quaintness, says of him,—“Wherever he came, he shone.” The son was worthy of the father. His settlement at Killingworth brought peace where before there had been bitter dissension; and he soon became the idol of his flock. The cause of education he looked upon as twin sister to the cause of religion; and hence he was identified with the project for establishing the College; and not only his high appreciation of learning, but his own very liberal attainments, designated him as the proper man to be placed at its head. He accepted the place without resigning his pastoral charge; but, when the question of his removal with the

College to Saybrook came up, the parish earnestly protested against what they considered an invasion of their rights, while the Trustees as earnestly insisted that the interests of the College were paramount to those of the parish, and therefore he ought to remove. While this important question was yet undecided, he was struck down with a violent illness, that very soon took on a form so alarming as to preclude all doubt that the people would have to look for another pastor, and the College for another Rector. His congregation abounded in offices of kindness and tenderness towards him during his illness, while he, in turn, expressed the deepest concern for their welfare, and counselled them most wisely in respect to the choice of his successor. His death produced a double chasm, and both learning and religion wept beside his grave.

Next to Pierson came CUTLER,—a man of elevated and strongly marked character, though his history, in one respect, forms an episode in the history of the College. He was born of Puritan blood; was an honourable son of Harvard; settled in the ministry at Stratford as an honest Congregationalist; and, when called to the Rectorship here, was as true to his early religious creed

as ever. But, after two or three years, he began to doubt the validity of his own ordination; and his doubts gradually gave place to new convictions; and he frankly avowed that reading and reflection had made him an Episcopalian. The Trustees, much as they respected and honoured him, felt obliged to dispense with his services as Rector; and, immediately after, he crossed the ocean, and came back a Priest of the Church of England, to become another sort of Rector in Boston. There he exercised his ministry with great ability and acceptance for nearly forty years. He was a man of vigorous and comprehensive intellect, of immense learning, and attractive eloquence. No minister of the Gospel ever makes any great change in his denominational relations without incurring more or less of censure; but I find nothing in the history of Dr. Cutler, either at Stratford, New Haven, or Boston, to cast the least shade upon his candour or integrity.

The third in the series is ELISHA WILLIAMS,—concerning whom the first thing that strikes us is, that he belonged to a family, which was another tribe of Levi; which seemed a standing pledge, through successive generations, that the

Congregational ministry would never die out. After his graduation at Harvard, he first studied Divinity, and went and preached awhile to the fishermen of Nova Scotia; then studied Law, and was, for a few years, engaged in civil life; then sustained a sort of equivocal relation of Tutor in the College; then, as the effect of a severe illness, rose to a higher tone of spirituality, and gave himself in good earnest to the work of the ministry, and was for five years pastor of the Church in Newington. Thence he was called to the Rectorship of the College,—an office rendered at that time doubly difficult by the agitation consequent upon the removal of his predecessor. For thirteen years he discharged his duties with alacrity and success, and then retired, on account of the failure of his health. We find him afterwards occupying one or two important civil stations; serving as Chaplain of the Connecticut regiment against Cape Breton; adventuring the next year in military life so far as to receive a Colonel's commission; crossing the ocean to adjust a difficulty that had arisen in respect to the payment of his regiment, who had served their country two years in the somewhat extraordinary way of only waiting for

orders to serve it ; passing a much longer time than he had intended in England, but passing it delightfully, and much of it in the circle of which Doddridge was the center ; and accomplishing at least one important thing, which could not have been set down in his programme ;—for he brought back with him a wife,—if not of noble blood, yet of noble qualities and bearing,—to take the place of one who had died during his absence. But his mission to England nearly filled up his mission upon earth ; and much of what remained was accomplished by patient suffering. Perhaps his usefulness might have been greater, if his pursuits had been less diversified ; but surely he must have served his generation well, or the great and good Doddridge never could have said of him,—“I look upon him to be one of the most valuable men upon earth.”

The fourth name upon our list is THOMAS CLAP, in whom the title of *Rector* was changed to that of *President*. He had distinguished himself as a vigorous and successful student at Harvard. He had been, for several years, the greatly beloved and honoured pastor of a church in Windham, and they felt his removal from them to be a heavy loss ; though the Legislature had the grace to do

something, in the way of pounds, shillings, and pence, to compensate it. He brought with him hither a high reputation, not only for science and general scholarship, but for energy and skill in the transaction of business; and the event proved that, in none of these respects, had he been over-rated. He compiled a new and greatly improved code of Laws for the College, and drafted a more liberal Charter, which was granted by the Legislature. He was instrumental in the erection of a new college edifice for academic purposes, and afterwards of a new chapel, both of which still stand as monuments of his enterprise; though modern improvement has diverted the latter from its original design. He wrote the *Annals of the College*,—a work, which, if less minute in its details than we could desire, has, nevertheless, been, to a great extent, the basis of all that has since been written on the same subject. In short, there is no doubt that he tasked his great mind to the utmost in his endeavours to promote the prosperity of the institution. His orthodoxy was of the thorough Puritan stamp—even the innovations which Edwards made upon it, he looked upon as

a blow aimed at the old foundations.* As for the Whitefieldian revival, it is scarcely too much to say that he saw in it unmixed evil; and when the illustrious itinerant himself came along, the President had no warm side for him—he looked upon him as little better than an apostle of fanaticism, going forth to scourge the churches; and, in carrying out his convictions, he came directly in conflict with the high religious feeling of the day. This circumstance contributed, in a great measure, to give complexion to his administration—it brought him into several earnest controversies both with prominent individuals and with the Legislature; and no doubt it had much to do in bringing him, in the year 1766, to resign his office. He had longed for repose; but he had scarcely begun to enjoy it on earth, when he found it in the grave. He was a man of might and of courage,—an heroic defender of what he regarded as truth and right; and even those who believe that his mental or spiritual vision was in

* It was stated, in the delivery of this discourse, that President Clap's orthodoxy was probably never fully up to the accredited standard of the day. That impression I received from a venerable clergyman who knew him well, and was one of his pupils. I am satisfied, however, from further information on the subject, that the impression was an erroneous one, and have accordingly modified the statement to conform to my present convictions.

some degree disordered, must still admire the grandeur of his intellect, and the honesty and intrepidity of what may seem to them his most doubtful movements.

When the venerable Clap retired, the College saw, for the first time, one of her own graduates advanced to the Presidency—the man was NAPH-TALI DAGGETT, who, for five years, had been an acceptable pastor of a Presbyterian church on Long Island; and, for the ten following years, had filled the chair of Professor of Divinity in this institution. He was chosen President *pro tempore*; and he continued to discharge the duties of this office, in connection with those of the Professorship which he had previously held, for eleven years; when—for some cause of which I am not definitely informed—he resigned the Presidency,—still, however, retaining the Professorship. I have already alluded to his having shared in the perils of the Revolutionary War—the story has been so admirably told by one of his own pupils,—an eminent and lamented citizen of this place, who testified what he had seen, that I will only say that the whole history of that memorable period scarcely furnishes a more marked—certainly not a more amusing—example of honest

patriotism than he exhibited. With a more quiet and conciliatory spirit than his predecessor possessed, and with much deeper sympathy with the more earnest and orthodox portion of the Church, he contrived to hold the good-will of parties who had no excess of good-will to each other; and his connection with the College seems to have been, generally, peaceful and happy. It should not be forgotten that, while he occupied the Presidential chair, the Tutorships were filled by some of the most gifted and cultivated minds of which the country can boast; and this, of itself, went far to constitute that period of our history a brilliant epoch. President Daggett's two immediate successors, who knew him well, have each left an honourable testimony to his intelligence and worth; and it would be in vain to look for higher authority.

The resignation of the Presidency by Dr. Daggett, in 1777, made way for the introduction of EZRA STILES,—a name of scarcely less than world-wide celebrity. The spot on which he first saw the light was distant only a few miles from this,—the theatre of his greatest fame. His father, the Rev. Isaac Stiles,—himself a fine classical scholar, gave the earliest direction to his stu-

dies ; and the fact that at twelve years of age he was fitted for college, witnessed at once to the competency of the teacher and the extraordinary promise of the pupil. While he was an undergraduate, he was a shining light among his fellows ; and he bore away from college its highest honours. He studied Theology with a view to the ministry, and actually began to preach, and was invited to several fields of ministerial labour ; but his health failed, and a morbid state of mind ensued, in which were generated the most painful doubts in regard to the Divinity of the Gospel ; and, while thus in conflict with the skeptical spirit, he changed his purpose and studied Law. After a while, however, he recovered his health, and with that his faith, and with that his love for the profession from which he had a little while before drawn back ; and the next we hear of him is that he has accepted a unanimous call from the Second Congregational Church in Newport to become their pastor. And now we find him, for a series of years, not only diligently engaged in the duties of his high calling, but mastering one Oriental language after another as if by intuition ; putting in requisition Jews as well as Gentiles in aid of his improvement ; in short,

leaving no field of knowledge unexplored that was within his reach. The breaking out of the War did not at once drive him from the scene of his labours—for so long as any portion of his flock remained, he would not withdraw from them a shepherd's care—but when Newport came to be occupied by the British troops, and his congregation was entirely dispersed, he had no motive, even if it had been possible, to remain; and he accordingly fled with the rest, and took charge of a church in Portsmouth,—the same of which Joseph Buckminster, one of the most distinguished of our alumni, afterwards became pastor. But scarcely had he begun his labours there, when a voice from his Alma Mater reached him, summoning him back to take the most honourable and most responsible place she had to offer. And, after due reflection, he came and entered upon his office; and faithfully, and nobly, and most acceptably, did he discharge its duties, until another summons reached him, requiring his presence where the inhabitants never die. President Stiles may be regarded as having been, in many respects, the man of his time. A ruling passion was his love of knowledge; and his attainments were

worthy to have been the result of the diligent labour of two or three long lives. He could scarcely have been set down in any country, unless the most barbarous, where he could not have readily commanded a medium of intercourse with the people; and even if Isaiah or David could have come back, he would have found a veteran scholar and saint here, who could converse with him in his own noble language. Not only had he studied the geography and the history of every portion of the earth, but he was familiar with the heavens also—if he made no new astronomical discoveries, he watched the explorations of others, and carefully treasured their results. His preaching always evinced thought and culture. In the earlier part of his ministry, it is said to have been lacking in evangelical tone; but, in his later years, it became more redolent of the Cross, and increased proportionally in fervour and power. His most celebrated effort in the pulpit, I suppose, was that which taxed the patience of the Legislature two hours and a half, and which remains to this day, not more a witness to the author's keen republicanism, than a terror to those who cry out against long sermons. He knew every body as well as every

thing. Washington was his acquaintance—Franklin was his intimate friend—there was scarcely a philosopher, or a theologian, or a man of letters, of any note, in the land, with whom he was not familiar; and among his correspondents abroad were such men as Lardner and Price; and he sought and obtained information even from eminent Romish priests. His manuscripts, a large portion of which have fortunately become the property of the College, show that, for minute and successful research in every department of knowledge, we may never expect to find his superior. His manners,—as those who knew him have told us,—were characterized by a dignity worthy of his vast acquirements, and yet by a simplicity and generous frankness, fitted at once to disarm envy and inspire confidence. The history of his life is the history of one of the noblest minds, unfolding under the most auspicious circumstances, and consecrating its energies to all the best interests of humanity.

If there is only here and there one present whose memory reaches back far enough to take in the image of the illustrious man of whom I have last spoken, I am sure I have reached a name now, the mention of which will strike the

chord of personal recollection in many who hear me. I am standing beside the grave of DWIGHT; and though the great events of his life, and the varied lineaments of his character, come thronging upon me, with the freshness of a thing of yesterday, yet I find little freedom in speaking of him here, where I know that every thing pertaining to him is intelligently and gratefully embalmed. I will only ask you to call up to remembrance what you know as well as I do,—that in descent he stood but a single step from the immortal Edwards; that the foreshadowings of greatness were recognized almost while he lay in his mother's arms; that he advanced into life under circumstances singularly auspicious; that, while he was a mere stripling, he was filling a Tutorship here with marked ability, and was attracting the attention of some of the most gifted and erudite minds by the productions of his pen; that, after he became a minister of the Gospel, and even had a family of his own to provide for, his filial devotion still kept him by the side of his widowed mother; that he adventured as a Chaplain in the army of the Revolution, and enjoyed the confidence of the master-spirit of

that mighty enterprise; that, for a while, he consented to take civil office, and showed himself wise and faithful in the management of the things that are Cæsar's; that he went to Greenfield in the double capacity of preacher of the Gospel and teacher of youth, and was abundantly honoured there both of God and of man; and that he found his ultimate earthly destination amidst the responsibilities and honours of the Presidency of this College. We remember his finely formed and majestic person; his face intensely intellectual; his brilliant eye sometimes darting fire; his whole air and bearing betokening superiority. We remember how grandeur combined with grace in his movements up through the aisle of the chapel; how magnificently, as he sat in the pulpit, he would sometimes wield that great old fan; how evident it was, from his tone and manner, that his prayers came up from the very depths of his soul; and how, in his sermons, he would at some times enchain us by his clear and forcible logic, and at others would seem to borrow a seraph's wing, and bear us away beautifully into the skies. We remember the triumphs of his great intellect, as they were exhibited in the recitation room;—

how his well matured thoughts on every subject were always ready for use; how his most elaborate pulpit efforts were often completely distanced by the extemporaneous remarks that followed our recitations; how, when he had talked his full hour, with the rapidity of a cataract, we felt sure that he could have talked another, without repeating himself, and without wearying us, and still have kept back enough to say another time. He has been forty-three years in his grave; but surely the grave has dealt kindly with him,—for it has only extended both his usefulness and his fame.

I am well aware that I am not yet at the end of the list of our Presidents; and, if I were to obey the impulses of feeling rather than what seem to me the dictates of propriety, I certainly should not stop till I had paid a tribute to the last. But I will only ask you to join me in thanking Heaven that two of the number yet survive,—the one, in the serene twilight of life, to receive the grateful benedictions of the multitude whom he has led on to honourable usefulness; the other, in the noonday of his strength, to impress himself upon successive generations of minds, and thus to achieve continually new triumphs in aid

of the great cause of human improvement. May there be years of tranquil enjoyment and usefulness in store for the one, and many years of earnest and successful devotion to the intellectual and moral interests of the world in store for the other, before it shall be allowed to justice, or reverence, or gratitude, to construct the wreath which it is fitting should be laid only on the grave.

I have spoken of the high honour that has accrued to this College from the exalted character of her Presidents—but I must not omit to say that she has been equally favoured in respect to her entire Faculty, especially her *Professors*. I may allude to two or three in the academic department, who have passed away, of whom I can speak from vivid and affectionate remembrance. The one who is thrown farthest back into the distance is FISHER,—that bright star that went down so suddenly and prematurely into the ocean. His mind was formed to rejoice amidst lines, and angles, and quantities, so that it had only to touch the darkest mathematical problem to throw it into a flood of light. There was DUTTON,—in respect to whom it was difficult to say which was the more admirable,

the clearness and fertility of his intellect, the genial tone of his spirit, or the winning simplicity of his manners. There was KINGSLEY,—a man of keen perception, and enlarged views, and most liberal culture—there was no limit to his good nature, and yet his quiver was always full of arrows—he seemed shy and diffident, and would pass his own pupils as if he were afraid of them; but wo to him who had the temerity to try the force and point of his missiles. There was OLMSTED,—with a mind so perfectly balanced that you could detect no disproportion; with attainments that gave him an honourable rank among the philosophers of the age; and with an untiring industry and graceful facility at authorship, that have enabled him to enrich our libraries with many volumes of enduring interest. And last of all, there was GOODRICH,—whose grave is so fresh, and whose memory so dear, that I can speak of him only as a mourner. He was a fine specimen of both intellectual and moral nobility;—of a Christian gentleman, and a Christian teacher, and a Christian minister. His mind was at once comprehensive and energetic—it was a capacious storehouse of well selected, well assorted treasure—his thoughts were quick,

and clear, and earnest, and always expressed with such luminous precision as to leave their exact impress upon other minds. His strength of purpose was an overmatch for protracted bodily infirmity, and enabled him to battle successfully with every invader of his professional industry, save the last enemy. He did not surrender his office as a minister of the Gospel, in taking the chair of Professor of Rhetoric, but exercised as close and constant a vigilance over the spiritual interests of the College, during the whole period that he held that Professorship, as if he had been specially designated to the pastoral care. I doubt not that his record is in many a heart, both on earth and in Heaven, which, through his instrumentality, was first attuned to the objects and joys of a higher life. The works which he has left behind, praise him;—works creditable alike to his intellect and his heart; works which posterity cannot, without ignoring both the dictates of wisdom and the claims of justice, suffer to die. With this lamented and honoured friend I so naturally associate another Professor that I cannot forbear an allusion to him,—though (thanks to a gracious Providence) he is yet among the living;—one whose

active connection with the College has indeed ceased, but whose susceptibility of social enjoyment and powers of general usefulness remain intact ;—a man (he must forgive me for saying it in his presence) whose long life has been one unbroken splendid offering to the cause of science, and whose monument is in both hemispheres. May the crown of venerable age, studded with gems of youthful buoyancy, and heroic devotion to all that is good, continue to sit gracefully upon him, until it shall be exchanged for the crown of life !

And finally, our College has been honoured in her *benefactors*. Of her first great benefactor I have already had occasion to speak in referring to her name—and I will mention only two besides—the one of an earlier, the other of a later, period ; the one creating a perpetual endowment for the promotion of classical learning, the other establishing a gallery of art, that forms a most graceful ornament of the institution. The ingenious and accomplished BERKELEY, a Dean of the Church of England, combining at once the ideal philosopher and the practical philanthropist, crossed the ocean on the benevolent errand of evangelizing the North American Indians ;

and though, for want of the co-operation of the government at home, which he had been encouraged to expect, his enterprise signally failed, yet it was impossible that a mind so rich, and a spirit so pure and elevated, should be in exercise here for two years and a half, without leaving an enduring impression on the character of some of those infant institutions with which he came in contact. Having fixed his residence in a beautiful valley on Rhode Island, that he might the better enjoy his occasional visits to the neighbouring hills, he used to spend his Sundays in Newport, preaching to the good people of that town and its vicinity, and his week-days in a natural alcove which he found among the hanging rocks and within the roar of the ocean, writing the book which, more than any other of his productions, has immortalized his name,—the *Minute Philosopher*. An eminent Episcopal clergyman, who had himself graduated here,* ventured, as the Dean was making his arrangements to leave the country, to commend this institution, then in its infancy, to his beneficent consideration; the consequence of which was that, in due time, he not only made a very liberal

* Dr. Johnson.

contribution to its library, but presented to the College a deed of his farm on Rhode Island, the rents of which he directed should be appropriated to the maintenance of the three best classical scholars who should reside at college at least nine months in the year, in each of the three years between receiving the first and second degrees. And thus the memory of Berkeley is intertwined with the history of the College, and it can never cease to be fragrant here unless the College should cease to be. TRUMBULL, the other benefactor to whom I referred, had devoted a portion of his early manhood to the service of his country in the Revolutionary struggle—he was advanced from one post of honour to another, until circumstances occurred that led him to quit the army—and then, by permission of the British government, he went to reside in London, to cultivate his fine taste for painting, under the instruction of his illustrious countryman, Benjamin West. But when the tidings of Andre's execution, consequent on the fearful lapse of Arnold, reached London, the British government, in the spirit of retaliation, arrested Colonel Trumbull on the charge of high treason, and

committed him to prison. After a confinement of eight months, he was liberated by an order in council, and admitted to bail; and, before the treaty of Peace was concluded, he returned to America; though he subsequently rejoined Mr. West, and devoted himself with great enthusiasm to his favourite pursuit. After this, he held several important civil offices, but nothing was suffered to cripple or overshadow the artist—his professional career became increasingly brilliant, and in 1817, he was employed by Congress to paint some of the most striking scenes of the Revolution; and he performed the service in a manner honourable alike to himself and the country. The bequest which he has made to the College, comprising upwards of fifty splendid productions of his pencil, is a testimony to both his genius and munificence, that the lapse of ages will scarcely impair.

Enough, I suppose, has been said to illustrate the dignity of our relationship; though there are other considerations upon which I should love to dwell, if I did not foresee the danger of exhausting your patience. I will venture to put forth one more academic claim,—namely, that we belong to an *influential* family,—a family that has

already accomplished much for the country and the race, but whose patriotic and benevolent mission is only begun.

I know that influence is in its very nature subtle, diffusive, and often difficult to be analyzed, or even detected. And this is especially true in regard to the combined action of several different institutions, all moving forward in the same direction—you are assured that each is making itself felt in the various departments of society, but you can never know exactly where the influence of one ends and that of another begins—you only know that you are breathing an intellectual and moral atmosphere, which their joint operation has helped to generate. Ever since Yale College has existed, she has had sisters—for William and Mary as well as Harvard was her senior—and the number has now become so great that it is an evidence of a good memory—not to say of considerable research—to be able to repeat even their names; but each of these has contributed her share—some of them no doubt a very humble share—to that state of things which we recognize as the existing condition of our republic, and I may add, of the world. I will not undertake so invidious a task as to in-

stitute any comparison between the amount of good accomplished by this College, and that which has been accomplished by any other; but I will ask you to accompany me to some of our chief fountains of influence, and see whether we do not find our Alma Mater every where honourably represented.

In 1776, an assembly was convened in Philadelphia, representing the views and interests of the thirteen oppressed colonies. The question which they came together to decide was, whether the nation should quietly wear the chain which had been forged for her, or should make a desperate effort at self-emancipation. In the decision in which their deliberations are to result, are bound up the interests of unborn millions,—nay, of our common humanity. The spirit of timidity is not there—the spirit of rashness is not there—but there is a force of purpose, that has already nerved the arm into steel. There is a calm forethought, that determines upon no measure without adventuring into the future to find out its probable consequences. There is an heroic patriotic devotion that fervidly exclaims,—“Rather than prove false to thee, O my country, in this hour of thy peril, let me be offered up.” There

is a recognition of dependance on God; for not only are the deliberations of each day opened with prayer, but the great Witherspoon is there as a member of the body, and he had been a hero for Christ long before his adopted country asked his patriotic services. Tyrants turn their eyes towards that august assemblage, and gnash their teeth. The lovers of freedom all over the world concentrate their hopeful looks upon it, and silently breathe forth the prayer that there may be no faltering. The time for the momentous decision arrives, and, with united heart and hand, the blow is struck; and Yale College helps to strike it. She was there in the person of her Livingston, her Morris, her Wolcott, and her Hall, and each of them affixed his name to the immortal document with an untrembling hand. Who of us does not venerate our mother the more for having thus, through four of her noble sons, borne a part in the grandest political act which perhaps the world has ever witnessed?

But that illustrious Congress had only begun their work in making proclamation of our freedom—they had a yet more difficult service to perform in helping the country to maintain the attitude they had assumed for her. It devolved

on them to carry us through a seven years' war with the most powerful nation upon earth; to sustain and co-operate with an army that were sometimes half discouraged, even half starved; to brave the current of Toryism, occasionally blackening into treason, that swept through the land; to decide doubtful questions and adjust conflicting claims, and to take care that the whole Revolutionary machinery was kept in good order till they could afford to let it stop. And even after the struggle had ceased, and our independence had been acknowledged, those political fathers had still enough to do—they had to construct new institutions from what was little better than chaos—they had to settle great principles that had never been brought out before in practical exemplification—they had to surround with guards the results of their own previous labours, and to provide as well against internal faction as foreign invasion—in short, it devolved on them, in great measure, to decide whether the sun of liberty, which had but just shown itself above the horizon, should speedily pass into a cloud, never to emerge from it, or should rise higher and shine brighter unto the perfect day. This body was continued in its identity,

though by a succession of members, till the framing of the Constitution in '87; and most fitly and faithfully did it discharge its trust. On the list of names that composed it, I count eighteen sons of Yale, beside those who hazarded their lives over the Declaration; and when I say that among them are such men as Eliphalet Dyer, William Livingston, and William Samuel Johnson, I am sure you will not doubt that this College has had her full share, not only in achieving our country's independence, but in preserving and cherishing it during the critical period of its infancy.

When the fulness of time had come for settling our political concerns on a permanent basis, another assembly was convened, designed to embody the highest wisdom of the nation. Representing, as they did, the various parts of the country, it was not strange that their proceedings were not marked by perfect harmony; but it has been generally conceded that their deliberations resulted in the formation of an instrument in which conflicting interests are admirably balanced, and the well-being of the whole community of States most wisely provided for. Three of our alumni were there; and they were

men whose very presence any where was an element of power. Their names are subscribed to the Constitution; and, here again, shall we not cherish the Constitution with a higher and more sacred regard, because our elder brothers assisted to frame it?

Since that memorable epoch in our history, our national affairs have been managed by a body constituted differently from the Old Congress, inasmuch as it consists of two distinct branches, whose co-operation, including also the sanction of a yet higher power, is essential to valid action. But here too, need I say that Yale College is most widely and nobly represented? If my estimate be correct, she has furnished a hundred and twenty-nine members of the House of Representatives, and forty-one members of the Senate; and among them, especially the latter, have been found many great minds that were rarely ever in repose, and sometimes moved with prodigious power. Among those whose names in the catalogue are starred, you will think of ABRAHAM BALDWIN, HILLHOUSE, GOODRICH, TRACY, DAGGETT, MASON, BATES, DAVIS, and a multitude of others, whose voices, long since still in death, used to thrill to the

heart of the nation. I may safely say that Congress never assembles, but that, in one branch or the other, or both, are to be found men to whom the sound of our old college-bell is as familiar as the sound of their own voices; and, peradventure, sometimes they sit down from some of their grandest efforts, that vibrate to the extremity of the land, amidst grateful recollections of the rearing they had here, while their faculties were only in the process of early development.

The Heads of the different departments, constituting what is familiarly known as the President's Cabinet, need I say have a primary influence in moulding and guiding the destinies of the nation. As they are the chosen counsellors of the Chief Magistrate, it is to be presumed that they generally have his ear; and through him, as well as by a more direct agency in their own immediate sphere, they make themselves felt for weal or wo, to the remotest parts of the land. I find ten names on our catalogue, which are also enrolled on these high records of State. Chief among these is JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN,—a man of immense grasp of mind and proportional energy of will; whose eloquence was strong,

terse, impassioned, severe ; whose colloquial powers were almost without a parallel ; whose education at the North did nothing to cool his love for Southern institutions, but whose majestic intellect and sterling virtues were honoured even by those who eschewed his political creed. And there is one other name that I must mention here, and that is CLAYTON—for he was my own much loved classmate. He was bright, kind-hearted, impulsive, and I believe he never occupied any prominent station without leaving his mark there. I never saw him but once after Dr. Dwight delivered to us our diplomas, and then under circumstances that showed that his heart had lost nothing of its genial warmth. After years of separation, during which our relations in life had undergone many changes, I arrived late in the evening at a hotel in New Jersey, and stopped for the night. As I entered my chamber, I saw a bed before me already occupied ; and the instant the occupant heard my voice, he gave one hearty, ungraceful bound, which brought him to my arms—and it was Jack Clayton. It is needless to say that we had Yale College in our chamber during most of the night. When we parted in the morning, it was with the

hope of meeting often; but the years rolled on; and he died; and we met—never.

Is not the Ambassador to a Foreign Court in a situation to wield a mighty influence upon the destinies of his country? Is not the question of Peace or War sometimes virtually submitted to his decision? And if, by any means, a man of acknowledged weakness, or doubtful integrity, finds his way into this office, especially where momentous interests are pending, do we not always regard it as a dark cloud in our political horizon? Nine of our graduates have, at different periods, sustained this high office. Of these I may mention particularly DAVID HUMPHREYS and JOEL BARLOW; both of whom became distinguished in other departments than that of diplomacy. Both were highly gifted men; both were poets; both mingled in the stirring scenes of the Revolution,—the one as Colonel, the other as Chaplain. Those who were contemporary with me in college, will remember Colonel Humphreys, as we used often to meet him in the street,—an erect, vigorous old man, always looking as if he was dressed for a ball, and exhibiting an air and manner strongly marked by the period through which he had come.

What say you of the importance of the Chief Magistracy, or the Supreme Judiciary, of the separate States? Is not each vitally connected with the public weal? If either the reins of government or the scales of justice are not held with an even hand, what else can we expect than that the State will become a scene of restlessness and agitation, if not of open revolt? To be the Governor of a State, or a Judge of the Supreme Court of a State, is to occupy a position from which there goes forth a current of influence that works a channel for itself through every portion of the community. But of Governors, this College has furnished twenty-seven; and of Judges of the Supreme Court, a hundred and six; and on each list I find names not a few, which our common country has long since adopted as her own. As a representative of the latter class, I think of ROGER MINOT SHERMAN; and as a representative of both, I think of JOHN COTTON SMITH;—two as fine spirits, I had almost said, as our fallen humanity can show. Judge Sherman I knew well—he was the friend of my early as well as mature years; and I may be allowed to pause beside his grave long enough to place an humble gar-

land upon it. His mind was as clear as the sun, and as comprehensive and well balanced as it was clear. His heart was fertile in generous feelings, and purposes, which were sure to ripen into acts of substantial beneficence. There was a calm dignity in his manner that bespoke wisdom and thoughtfulness; and his movements seemed to be by rule; but his exactness was so qualified by kindness, and even gentleness, that he won the confidence and love of every body. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and you could not find a Christian whose heart would throb more tenderly at the remembrance of his Saviour's love. He was a great lawyer, and a great judge, but he was a great theologian as well—I remember how ably and impressively he used to expound God's word to us at the weekly conference, in the absence of his pastor, when it seemed to me that we should scarcely have been gainers if we had had Dr. Dwight in his place. He knew how to guide the minds of the inquiring, to resolve the scruples of the doubting, to encourage the timid and rebuke the wayward, as well as any minister you would meet. His life was a scene of eminent usefulness; and, far beyond the community in which

he lived, his name will be held in profound reverence by many generations.

If a College is an acknowledged fountain of vast influence, then surely he who presides over such an institution, has a hand upon the very springs of social and public happiness. He is constantly giving direction to minds that are soon going forth to give direction to the concerns of the Church and the State; and through them he circulates invisibly but most effectively throughout the whole domain of society. No less than forty-two of our alumni have held or are now holding this important office,—to say nothing of the multitude who occupy Professorships and other posts of instruction, many of which bring them in immediate contact with a greater number of youth than even the Presidency itself. Among the earlier Presidents which the college has furnished, are JONATHAN DICKINSON, SAMUEL JOHNSON, JONATHAN EDWARDS, and AARON BURR,—names which have lost nothing of their freshness by the lapse of a century; and, as we come further down, we find the catalogue illumined with other similar lights of equal brilliancy. Who can begin to measure the influence which this College has exerted merely in training others to take the

direction and mould the character of institutions like itself?

I must not omit to speak of the noble contributions that have been made through our College to the various departments of literature and science; some of which have emanated directly from the College itself, while others have come as witnesses to the industry and ability of its graduates in after life. To Theology, that noblest of all sciences, including also the kindred branch of Moral Philosophy, what a contributor was the great EDWARDS,—one of the chief glories of his age—what comes to others by a process of induction, he knew intuitively—he walked through the darkest regions of Metaphysics, and made all as light as day. And his scarcely less renowned grandson, PRESIDENT DWIGHT,—what a bequest was that which he made to the world in his System of Theology;—a work which has long since acquired a European fame, and, I doubt not, is destined to be eagerly and admiringly read by the light of the millennial age. In the Mathematics I need not say who has written treatises and furnished text books, that have, by general consent, been a decided improvement upon all that had preceded them. In the Natu-

ral Sciences, I will speak only of the JOURNAL OF SCIENCE,—that great monument of learning and industry, that has called forth the admiration of all scientific Europe. In History, TRUMBULL, HOLMES, and PITKIN, are never to be forgotten names. Trumbull was a man of unpretending air and mien, but of vigorous mind, and iron nerve, and untiring industry. He worked diligently on his farm, and in his parish, but he found time to work also in decyphering the records of the past, and the grave-stones of the fathers; and out of the results of these researches he has constructed Histories of great and enduring interest. Holmes spent a large part of his professional life under the shadow of Harvard, enjoying of course the best opportunities for successful research; and the results of his extended and most careful inquiries he has embodied in two noble volumes that will witness to posterity of his excellent judgment, and cultivated taste, and rigid impartiality, as well as persevering industry. Pitkin, though himself a distinguished lawyer and statesman, represented in his descent both the Church and the State; for his father was an honoured clergyman; and his grandfather was a Governor; and his more re-

mote ancestors occupied high places of civil influence. It may be presumed that he inherited both the taste and the facilities for historical investigation—certainly he contrived, in connection with his professional and still more public duties, to make an invaluable contribution to both the commercial and political history of the United States. In Geography there have been the MORSES,—*father* and *son*—the one created an epoch in the history of the science,—the other has entered nobly into his father's labours. In English Lexicography, the age, even the language, cannot boast of two greater lights than WEBSTER and WORCESTER—the former rests in an honoured grave,—the latter lives to wear his laurels. In the science of Law, I surely need mention no other name than JAMES KENT; for who does not know that his legal learning was prodigious; and that the buoyant old man, who could share the sports of little children to the last, and who was as simple and childlike as they, had produced Commentaries on the Law, which have rendered him an authority in the highest circles of British jurisprudence. In Poetry, the English language has scarcely a richer gem of its kind than *Mc-*

Fingall—its author another TRUMBULL,—a man of splendid intellect and varied acquisitions, and in the power of satire well-nigh unrivalled. HILLHOUSE—here especially where he lived, it is enough to mention his name—for it associates itself at once with not only the highest style of genius, but the rarest social attractions. And neither my judgment nor my heart will allow me to keep back the name of my poor classmate, PERCIVAL. He was certainly to be reckoned among the anomalous formations of human existence. With a mind of great natural inquisitiveness and withal highly imaginative, and with a heart not originally wanting in the element of kindness, he combined all the essential tendencies of a hermit. He gathered a library the most ample, that his mind not only fed but revelled upon; and thus, while he had little to say to the living, he was always conversing with the dead. He loved to roam about the fields, not more for the sake of scrutinizing the works of nature, than because it was a luxury to him to be alone; and when he came back from his rambles, he was alone still; and lucky was he who ever got his foot over the threshold of his cell. He was an enthusiast in natural science; and

upon her altar he laid some choice offerings. There was a time when his mind refused to open fully to the blessed light of Christianity; and, on one occasion, while he was shivering under a skeptical chill, his imagination burst forth in an effusion that made infidelity look darker than the shadow of death. His poetical productions very fairly represent the peculiarities of his genius, and some of them are exceedingly rich and beautiful. If the history of his inner life could be written, it would be a study for the philosopher, and in some respects a warning to all literary men.

But our catalogue contains names that are blazoned on the records of art, and of high discovery; and some that are associated with the revealing of what seemed nature's deepest secrets. Who invented the machine for separating the cotton from its seed, thus saving an incalculable amount of labour, and marking an epoch in the commercial prosperity of the Southern States? It was ELI WHITNEY;—a man whose mechanical genius would well bear comparison with that of Watt or Arkwright; and whose perseverance never relinquished an undertaking which it was possible to accomplish. Who

taught the electric fire to do the work of a post, thus enabling us to keep talking with our wives and our little ones, as the rail-car bears us a thousand miles away from them? It was SAMUEL FINLEY BREEZE MORSE, who, after taking rank among the first artists of his time, and enriching many of our dwellings with his highly finished productions, threw aside his brush, only to throw the whole world into a fit of rapture, by making them all feel as if they were living in the same neighbourhood. Both Whitney and Morse, and especially the latter, have impressed themselves indelibly upon the condition and destiny of mankind; and well may the eye of every son of Yale fall gratefully upon the page that embalms their honoured names.

I shall not, I hope, be suspected of wishing to unduly exalt my own profession, on an occasion purely academic, when I say that the Christian ministry is one of God's chief instruments for enlightening and regenerating the world; and that no literary institution has done more in aid of the ministry of this land than our own. What think you of there having been trained here seventeen hundred and twenty-one young men, who have gone forth to preach that Gospel,

which, besides looking to all the great interests of the world beyond the grave, embodies the elements of the highest civilization, and is, in every way, the most efficient auxiliary to our temporal well-being? As my eye, in passing over the catalogue, has paused upon one great light after another, I have been tempted to ask your indulgence a few minutes longer, that I might bring up a goodly number of those venerable tenants of the grave, as examples of the earnestness and power with which the Gospel has been dispensed to other generations as well as our own. But I cannot conscientiously linger here for more than a moment, and I will name only the few who come first to my remembrance. Far back, in Whitefield times, was BELLAMY, who stood up in the pulpit, a valiant old champion in the service of Christ, and used the Gospel as a warrior would use a battle axe—the staple of his preaching was stern orthodoxy—the manner was a compound of naturalness, earnestness, and boldness. A little later was my revered friend and colleague, Dr. JOSEPH LATHROP, whose preaching the simplest could understand and the wisest could be instructed by; who wrote more than five thousand sermons, every one of them bearing

the impress of his own luminous and beautiful mind. Then came EMMONS, some of whose speculations comparatively few will endorse, but whose perspicuity and skill at logical induction comparatively few have approached. By and bye GRIFFIN arose—a man of might, both physically and intellectually—the richness of his thoughts, the splendour and force of his diction, the surpassing grandeur of his manner, and that indescribable unction that comes only from deep communion with the Cross, placed his auditory as much under his control as if he had thrown around every one of them a magic chain. Then there was MOSES STUART, whose mind was an exuberant spring of striking thought; whose discourses were full of light, and point, and power, and were delivered with a forcible, I had almost said rugged, simplicity, that was of itself an effectual security against all listless hearing. There was NETTLETON,—an angel sent unto the churches, with a lighted candle in one hand, and a sword piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit in the other; who preached oftener to subdued and mourning congregations than perhaps any other man of his time. There was NEVINS,—my classmate in the Theological Seminary

—with an imagination that revelled alike in the soft brilliancy of the rainbow and the furious rush of the cataract or the storm; with a power of logic that blended, in large measure and just proportions, light, and order, and strength, and was intensified by a dash of the keenest irony; with perceptions so intuitively penetrating that he seemed at home in the deepest chambers of other men's hearts; with a graceful aptness of expression that turned even common thoughts into gems; and with a love for his Master and his work which mounted up into a ruling passion; his discourses were instinct with beauty and power, and he not only impressed himself, but engraved himself, on the hearts of those to whom he ministered. And last of all, there was your own TAYLOR—your own, I mean, as being connected with one department of the College—even those who dissent most earnestly from some of his theological views have borne a cheerful testimony to his great ability as a preacher, and some of them have even pronounced him a very giant in the pulpit.

The names which I have mentioned, as you perceive, represent only the ministry of the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations; and

these, especially the former, embrace much the larger portion of those who have engaged in this sacred vocation ; but we may not forget that the Episcopal Church has on the list of her clergy a bright galaxy of names that are found also on our catalogue. We have given her no less than seven of her Bishops,—at the head of whom stands SEABURY,—a man eminent for his talents and virtues, as well as for the exemplary discharge of his episcopal functions ; and who, if there be an apostolic succession, was surely worthy to be in it. Then there was JOHNSON, strong-minded, erudite, brave, and as true to the interests of his Church as the needle to the pole, while yet he was in most friendly relations with many eminent men not of his own communion. And after him came CANER, and BARCLAY, and CHANDLER, and LEAMING, and MANSFIELD, and OGILVIE, and BEACH, and HUBBARD, and DAVIS, and BRONSON, and YOUNG, and I know not how many others, some of whom lived eventful lives, and all occupied honourable fields of usefulness. Yale College, Congregational though she be, reveres the memory of her honoured Episcopal sons ; and I am sure that those of them who survive are not

wanting in grateful remembrances of the mother that has guided and cherished them.

If the catalogue were not here too imperfect a guide, I might attempt some estimate of the influence which our College has exerted through the other liberal professions,—namely, Law and Medicine. Suffice it to say that both these professions have found many of their brightest ornaments here. The renowned men whom I have mentioned as connected with our National Legislature, or holding other important offices in the State, had many of them earned a brilliant reputation at the bar before they were thus advanced—witness JEREMIAH MASON, whom Daniel Webster is said to have pronounced the greatest lawyer of whom New England can boast. And as for the medical profession, I need only mention the names of Eliot, Gale, Munson, West, Hubbard, Cogswell, and Miner, and leave you to infer the probable character of the class they represent. I may safely say that there are to be found no lawyers more accomplished, and no physicians more skilful, than numbers whom I could name among our living alumni, if I would adventure on so delicate a task as to make the selection.

I must not omit to say that our College has had much to do in originating or sustaining most of our Benevolent Institutions. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, our grand pioneer in that department of evangelical effort, was started chiefly under the auspices of some noble spirits who had been trained here,—one of whom, and perhaps the very originator of the enterprise, was GOVERNOR TREADWELL. President Dwight made one of his noblest efforts in the pulpit on the occasion, I think, of its third anniversary. Besides giving it its first three Presidents, Yale College has, through a mighty host of her alumni, been one of its most steady and efficient helpers, as it has gone on through a generation and a half, gathering fresh strength with each successive year, and ranging, as an angel of light and love, through the darkest territories of barbarism and moral death. Another illustrious example (and the only one I will add) is the provision for educating the Deaf and Dumb. You all know that that had its origin with the gifted and lamented GALLAUDET, unless indeed it be traced farther back to another of our distinguished graduates,* whose heart was first moved

* Dr. Mason Fitch Cogswell.

in that direction by being brought in sad contact with the calamity in the person of one of his own children. Mr. Gallaudet was then a licensed preacher of the Gospel; and his professional career seemed to be opening under circumstances of much more than ordinary promise; but, from being brought in frequent contact with the little deaf and dumb girl at the house of his friend, his sympathies were largely drawn out towards the unfortunate class which she represented, until, under the patronage of several philanthropic individuals, he crossed the ocean to learn all that was then known of the manner of breaking down the barrier between them and the world to which they belonged. Having accomplished his mission abroad, he returned to his own country to become the head of a noble institution in which this new form of charity began to display itself to the admiration of the whole community. Other similar institutions have since been formed, and other sons of Yale have been most honourably and usefully connected with them; and now it has come to pass that even the humblest mother who finds that the little creature in her arms is voiceless, may still be of good cheer, because the hands may be trained to do the work of the voice,

and the mind, and the heart, and the whole being, be educated for immortality.

Say now whether Yale College has not been a prominent instrument in the hand of Providence in sustaining and carrying forward every cause that is identified with the progress of society, or the permanent well-being of the race. If she was present as a helper at the laying of the foundation of our country's liberty, and bore a part in superintending the mighty fabric, as it rose amidst showers of blood, and finally assisted to lay the top-stone in the framing of our glorious Constitution; if her voice has ever since been a familiar one in the halls of supreme legislation; if she has graced our highest places of executive and judicial authority; if, under her auspices, the pulpit has been a throne of power, and the bar an engine of consummate astuteness and ability, and the medical profession has been constantly growing in respectability and usefulness; if she has given an impulse to the cause of general learning that has vibrated to the extremities of the land, and has even been the revealer of secrets which had always been hid in the bosom of Omniscience, but which now come forth in the form of blessed helpers to the world's

renovation ; and, finally, if she has set the car of Christian Benevolence, freighted with the blessings of salvation, to rolling through the earth—I say, if these are the triumphs she has achieved, where is the human mind comprehensive enough to take in the full extent of her influence ? Imagine for once that she had never existed ; or that, by some mysterious and malignant agency, all these grand results of which I have spoken, were annihilated,—would it not seem almost as if the very wheels of Providence were clogged ? Would not the whole civilized world look round to see what great pillar of society had fallen ?

But none of us believe that more than a few of the first pages of the history of our College have been written—we expect to leave the brightest part of it to be written by posterity. Believe me, we have not an engine here that works mechanically and doggedly, as if paid by the day ; but we have a mass of intellectual and moral machinery that is all the time growing brighter and stronger by use ;—machinery that is a thing of life and thought, and that will not only keep going amidst all the changes of society, but will itself reach and regulate those changes.

Only let Yale College move on, enlarging her resources and her influence during the next half-century in the same proportion as she has done during the last; and then let that be the starting point of a new and still more glorious career, and so on till her great mission shall be finally accomplished, and what say you of the results which coming generations will have to contemplate? We live in a country blessed of Heaven above any other, but every child knows that clouds of portentous import darken our national horizon—the demon of party prowls among us; and foolish men and mad men bow down at his shrine; and some of them talk of rending in twain this great brotherhood of States, as if a few fiery threats breathed into the air would accomplish it. But I believe that history will mark these men as prophets of Baal, and that if they should look out from their graves half a century hence, they would find the whole world laughing at them. I believe that this great nation has yet a mighty work to perform *in her unity*; and I expect that my Alma Mater will wear bright laurels for the part she is to bear in it. Not only by ministering continually to the intelligence and moral strength of the nation,

but by gathering her sons from every part of it, and bringing them into relations of enduring good-will, she will help to strengthen the common tie that binds the great family together. We live in an age the spirit of which is feverish, restless, ever dashing onward. A Throne used to represent stability, perpetuity, independence; but it has come now to be reckoned among the most insecure of all earthly things. Tyranny, that bloody old monster that has been dreaming for ages of a universal and eternal reign, looks haggard and ghastly, and occasionally shakes his giant frame as if in desperation, thereby revealing to the world a consciousness that his own death-struggle is coming on. From the heaving nations there comes up first the sigh of discontent, and then the stern utterances of rebellion, and then follows the grasping of the sword. Meanwhile Christian Benevolence is out upon her mission of mercy;—going through the world, as Heaven's brightest angel, to purify, to elevate, to save—she opens channels of blessing in the heart of the wilderness—she writes on the face of midheaven, so that all the world can read it, and God writes his name underneath, that her humble but glorious work of evangeli-

zation shall never stop till every spot in the wide world shall fall within the actual domain of Jesus Christ: and I should have to abjure my Christianity, and give up my confidence in Heaven's veracity, before I could doubt that her purpose will be accomplished. Good and evil, two mighty but yet unequal forces, are now in fierce conflict; but the latter will by and bye be forced to yield, and then the universal reign of truth, and peace, and righteousness will begin. Here again, on the occasion of that grand jubilee that will be kept on earth, in which Heaven will come down to take a share, I expect that venerable Yale will lift up her head and rejoice. As she goes over the long list of her faithful sons, and sees how some of them have adorned one sphere and some another—how some have shone as stars in the civil horizon; and some have consecrated their energies to the preaching of the Gospel; and some have planted, and cherished, and directed benevolent institutions; and some have worn out their lives, and finally made their graves, among the far-off Pagan nations; while an All-wise Providence has given to their diversified labours the character of a goodly and effective co-operation for bringing about the

grand result,—I say, as she runs her eye back on the pages of her history, in which this great assemblage of glorious facts is embodied, I predict that she will want a higher language to give utterance to her gratitude and her rapture ; that she will be ready to ask the loan of a celestial harp to praise the Providence that has so eminently blessed and exalted her.

I trust you will not mistake my purpose in what I have been saying of the past and the future of our College. It has not been to cherish a spirit of academic pride ; for lowliness becomes us in this as in all our relations. It has not been to encourage the idea of isolation in respect to other colleges, as if we had any sister so humble that we would not gladly invite and honour her co-operation. It has been with a view to impress you with your obligations to the cause of learning and religion, (for they should never be divorced,) in view of your collegiate advantages and relations. We are scattered over the land, having, to some extent, different aims, and occupying different spheres ; but, if we will be true to our sense either of gratitude or of honour, we shall occasionally turn our eye towards this

mother who has nursed us, and ask what there is that we can still do for her. We are to bear in mind that our career in life identifies itself with her reputation; that every lapse of ours makes her halt; that each dishonoured name on her catalogue comes to her both as a stain and a pang. We are to show ourselves in sympathy with the cause of education, with the cause of religion, with all the great interests of humanity, throughout our widely extended country—nay, there must be no limit to the range of our benevolent thoughts and regards short of that line which forms the boundary of the world. We must cultivate true greatness of soul,—great aspirations, great purposes, running out into noble acts. Above all, in token of our gratitude, our dependance, our accountableness, we must keep our eye turned upward.

What an intermingling of death and life does our catalogue present; and yet, during more than half of the years which it records, the monster has it entirely to himself. The cold, dark stream takes its rise in 1702—it is at first a mere rivulet, but it grows broader with each successive year, and comes sweeping down through the greater part of a century, a mighty torrent river,

leaving not one solitary name that is not buried beneath its surges. Then there arises another stream,—so small indeed that it might escape the observation of any but a careful eye—but it is a stream of life; and that too gradually widens, until the other, running by the side of it, finally disappears; and at the end of the catalogue all around us are living men. Of the senior graduate, JOSHUA DEWEY, of the class of 87, it is enough to say that his venerable presence graces this occasion; and that we are permitted to look upon him to-day, a vigorous monument of God's preserving care and goodness through the long period of ninety-three years. The only surviving member of the next class is DANIEL WALDO; and another such specimen of embalmed youth, in a minister of the Gospel, at the age of ninety-eight, I believe we may safely challenge the world to produce. The next in order is SOLOMON STODDARD, of the class of '90, who, through life, has associated an honourable character with an honourable name, and whose advanced age blesses the fine old town that gave him birth. Of the last decade in the century forty-one survive, averaging a little more than four to the year; and from 1801 to 1810, there

are two hundred and ten survivors, averaging twenty and a half to the year. Peace to the memories of the dead! Light to the footsteps of the venerable men who are now treading upon the border land! Prosperity for both worlds to our brethren who survive, in the freshness of their faculties and the fulness of their usefulness!

And now what remains but that we linger a little longer amidst these cherished scenes, exchange once more our fraternal greetings, look in each other's eyes, and talk over the past, tenderly, lovingly, joyously, and then part. There will be other meetings like this, and yet not like this, for we shall never all meet again. The throng of dark stars that cloud our Triennial tell the story. Those stars each successive year will increase, until every one of our names will appear with the gloomy prefix. Brethren, let us be wise. Let us remember that

“ 'Tis not the whole of life to live,

“ Nor all of death to die.”

When we reach the end of our earthly course, may we be ready to be gathered, and find a gracious angel there, waiting to bear us up into the third Heavens.