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AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
CELEBRATION
OF THE
FIRST SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE INCORPORATION OF

COLUMBIA COLLEGE,

BY THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK;

WITH THE

ORATION AND POEM

DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION.



"Antiquam exquirite Matrem."

NEW-YORK :
G. & C. CARVILL & CO.

1837.

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JAMES VAN NORDEN, PRINTER,
27 PINE ST.
NEW-YORK



AN ACCOUNT, &c.

On the thirty-first of October, 1754, a royal charter passed the great seal of England for incorporating "King's College in the city of New-York;" from which period the existence of the present College is properly to be dated. But in the course of the revolutionary war, the institution was almost entirely broken up, and it was several years subsequent to the peace before it was fully restored.

In May, 1784, all the public seminaries of learning in the state were, by an act of the legislature, placed under the government of a corporate body, styled "the Regents of the University," who immediately proceeded to regulate the affairs of this, the only College then existing in the state, the name of which was, by the same act, changed to "Columbia College."

This arrangement, however, was merely temporary, the College continuing under the immediate superintendence of the Regents no longer than until the thirteenth of April, 1787, on which day the legislature passed an act, restoring and confirming the original charter, with such alterations as the change of govern-

ment, and other intervening circumstances, had rendered necessary and proper. It was the fiftieth Anniversary of this event that was celebrated on the thirteenth of April, 1837, in pursuance of the proceedings and resolutions which follow, viz. :

At a meeting of the students of Columbia College, held on Saturday, October 29th, 1836, in the chapel of that institution, to take into consideration the propriety of celebrating the semi-centennial Anniversary of *Alma Mater*, Jesse A. Spencer was elected President, John I. Tucker and Benjamin T. Kissam, Vice-Presidents, and Samuel Blatchford, Secretary.

The object of the meeting being duly stated, it was moved that a committee of eight be appointed, (consisting of two from each class,) to draw up and bring before this meeting such resolutions, as may best express its sentiments with regard to the proposed measure.

Whereupon the following gentlemen were appointed :

<i>Senior Class.</i>	<i>Sophomore Class.</i>
Nathaniel W. Chittenden,	G. Anthon,
Henry P. Fessenden.	W. Green.
<i>Junior Class.</i>	<i>Freshman Class.</i>
Mancer M. Backus,	L. Hoyt,
George T. Strong.	W. Romaine.

The committee, having retired, returned, and offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, on the thirteenth day of April next, fifty years will have elapsed since the state of New-York conferred on this College the title and privileges of a free and literary institution—privileges which can only be enjoyed under a liberal and enlightened govern-

ment, and which can be merited only so long as the recipient of them continues to repay with commensurate benefits :

Whereas, during that short period, this institution has included among her foster-children those, whose intellectual attainments, sustained by a high moral tone of character, have been made the ardent promoters of the public weal and of national respect :

And whereas, the measure is due to the talents, the efficiency, and the reputation of the Trustees and Faculty of this College, as well as to our own feelings of veneration and attachment to *Alma Mater* :

Resolved, That in a semi-centennial Anniversary of Columbia College we see a measure due alike to the sacred cause of literature and of freedom; since she has ever been among the foremost in developing the intellect of our country—fostering its early days, and strengthening its maturer years; thus intimately blending her own history with the progress of the liberal principles and sound knowledge of the land.

Resolved, That we deem this celebration due to the high character of this institution itself, which has numbered among its sons a Hamilton, a Jay, and a Clinton—men the most conspicuous for moral and intellectual elevation; that we perceive in the contemplated measure one that will tend directly to make our *Alma Mater* more widely known, and establish more fixedly her claims to the profound respect and veneration of all; that will give increased action, if possible, to her every movement, cause her to be fully and rightly appreciated, and finally place her more firmly upon that lofty station, to which her long standing, and the wisdom, talents, and learning of her President and Professors so eminently entitle her.

Resolved, That we consider the proposed Anniversary as an event having peculiar reference to the numerous and distinguished body of *Alumni* of this College ; in that it will draw them together from afar and near, and awaken in their bosoms all the better feelings of our nature ; and that, closely united by the electric chain of a common love, they will surround their venerable *Alma Mater*, and do her such honour as the highest merit can deserve, or the warmest feelings of gratitude prompt.

Resolved, therefore, and in conclusion, That we will, by and with the approval and co-operation of the Faculty, hold, on the thirteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, the first semi-centennial Anniversary of Columbia College.

It was then moved that a standing committee of twelve be appointed, consisting of three from each class ; upon which committee shall devolve the general management of the necessary steps in the proposed celebration, and who shall be instructed by the present meeting to convene an assembly of all the students at such time or times as the progress of affairs may require, and then and there to make such a report of proceedings as the circumstances of the case shall dictate.

The following gentlemen were accordingly appointed :

<i>Senior Class.</i>	<i>Junior Class.</i>
Nathaniel W. Chittenden,	Mancer M. Backus,
J. McMullen, Jr.,	George T. Strong,
H. P. Fessenden.	E. Anthony.

Sophomore Class.

W. Green,
J. R. Brown,
P. K. Paulding.

Freshman Class.

L. Hoyt,
O. Hoffman, Jr.,
J. W. Depeyster.

The meeting then adjourned.

JESSE A. SPENCER, *President.*

JOHN I. TUCKER,
BENJ'N. T. KISSAM, } *Vice-Presidents.*

SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, *Secretary.*

New-York, November 4th, 1836.

TO THE FACULTY OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE:—

GENTLEMEN,—Enclosed is a copy of the resolutions unanimously adopted by the students belonging to this institution, at a full meeting, held on Saturday, October 29th, 1836, to take into consideration the propriety of celebrating the semi-centennial Anniversary of *Alma Mater.*

These resolutions are herewith respectfully submitted for your approval; and, that due speed may be had, it is earnestly solicited that your decision be made known at as early a day as possible.

N. W. CHITTENDEN,
Chairman of the Standing Committee.

Col. Coll., November 5th, 1836.

SIR,

Your communication, as chairman of the standing committee, appointed at a general meeting of the

students of this College, held to take into consideration the propriety of holding a semi-centennial Anniversary of the College, has, in compliance with your request, been laid before the Faculty, together with the resolutions which it enclosed.

It gives me great pleasure to inform you, that those resolutions have met the entire approbation of the Faculty, and that I am authorized to assure you of their prompt and cheerful co-operation in carrying them into effect. Permit me, also, to add my personal assurance of the satisfaction it will afford me to assist you, from time to time, with my advice, upon such points as you may require it.

I remain,
Your obedient serv't.,

W. A. DUER,
Pres't. Col. Coll.

Mr. N. W. CHITTENDEN, *Chairman, &c.*

At a stated meeting of the Board of Columbia College, held on the 5th day of November, 1836, Present—the President; Professors McVickar, Anthon, Renwick, and Anderson. A communication was received from a committee appointed by a meeting of the students, held, by permission of the President, in the chapel, on Saturday last, enclosing certain resolutions relating to the celebration of the semi-centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the College, and submitted to the board for their approbation—whereupon,

Resolved, That the board approve of the object of

said resolutions, and will co-operate, as requested, in carrying them into effect.

Extract from the minutes.

ROBERT G. VERMILYE, A. M.,
Secretary to the Board.

New-York, November 17th, 1836.

TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY OF
ALUMNI OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE:

GENTLEMEN,—Herewith are respectfully submitted for your consideration, the proceedings of the Students of Columbia College, on the proposed measure of holding a semi-centennial Anniversary of *Alma Mater*.

N. W. CHITTENDEN,
Chairman of the Standing Committee.

November 23d, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

As secretary of the committee appointed by the Alumni for the purpose of celebrating the first semi-centennial Anniversary of *Alma Mater*, I enclose to you a copy of the proceedings of the executive committee of the Alumni Association, and also a copy of the minutes of a meeting of the Alumni, held, with reference to this design, on November 26th.

Accept my assurance that the Alumni are disposed to do every thing in their power to accomplish the de-

sign, in a manner as creditable to themselves and to you, as it will be to the College.

I have the honour of being,

Yours, truly,

G. W. HILLYER,

Secretary of Committee of Alumni.

NATH. W. CHITTENDEN, Esq.

At a meeting of the standing committee of the Alumni, on November 23d, 1836, the proceedings of the Students and Faculty of the College, relative to a semi-centennial Celebration, were read, and it was thereupon

Resolved, That a meeting of the Alumni be called for Saturday, November 25th, at 7½ P. M., in the President's room, to take this subject into consideration.

(Signed,) T. R. GREEN, *Secretary.*

Extract from the minutes of the Special Meeting, so called.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That we heartily approve of the design of celebrating the semi-centenary of Columbia College.

Resolved, That a committee of 29 be appointed to confer with the students on the proposed celebration, with full power to co-operate with them in carrying the same into effect.

Resolved, That the following gentlemen constitute such committee :

Gen. E. W. Laight,	Hon. G. C. Verplanck,
Egbert Benson,	Prof. James Renwick,
Dr. James R. Manly,	Sylvanus Miller,
James J. Watson,	Timothy R. Green,
Dr. John W. Francis,	Dr. Samuel W. Moore,
Rev. Mr. Forbes,	William Inglis,
Samuel Guilford,	Matthew C. Patterson,
Hamilton Morton,	Hamilton Fish,
Peter J. Townsend,	Rev. Isaac Ferris,
William Walton,	Beverly Robinson, Jr.,
Robert J. Dillon,	Henry J. Ruggles,
Samuel Ward, Jr.,	Henry Nicoll,
Edward Slosson,	William J. Johnson,
William Heard,	Isaac C. Delaplaine,
	Giles M. Hillyer.

And, finally,

Resolved, That Mr. G. M. Hillyer be secretary of the said committee, and call a meeting of the same on Wednesday, November 30th, 1836.

(Signed,) T. R. GREEN, *Secretary*.

At a meeting of the committee, held in accordance with the last resolution, a sub-committee of nine was appointed, with full power to carry the design, thus approved by the Alumni, into effect.

The following gentlemen were, on motion, appointed such committee :

Hon. G. C. Verplanck,	Timothy R. Green,
<i>Chairman.</i>	Henry Nicoll,
Rev. Mr. Forbes,	Robert J. Dillon,
Dr. James R. Manly,	Edward Slosson,
James J. Watson,	Giles M. Hillyer.

GILES M. HILLYER, *Secretary.*

New-York, December 5th, 1836.

TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE :

GENTLEMEN,—It is proposed to celebrate the semi-centennial Anniversary of *Alma Mater*. Certain steps have been taken in regard to the contemplated measure. All these are herewith most respectfully submitted for your sanction and furtherance.

N. W. CHITTENDEN,

*Chairman of the Standing Committee,
on the part of the Students of Col. Coll.*

At a stated meeting of the Trustees of Columbia College, on Monday, the 5th of December, 1836—

A communication was received from a committee of the students, in relation to celebrating a semi-centennial Anniversary of the College. Whereupon,

Resolved, That this board do highly approve of the said object, and that a committee be appointed, on the part of this board, to carry it into effect.

Resolved, That Mr. Jay, (the chairman,) President

Duer, Mr. Hoffman, the Rev. Dr. Knox, and Mr. King, be the said committee.

Extract from the minutes.

CLEMENT C. MOORE, *Clerk.*

December 6th, 1836.

At a joint meeting of the committees appointed by the Trustees, *Alumni*, and Students, in relation to the first semi-centennial Anniversary of Columbia College, held in the President's room, on Saturday, January 14th, 1837, Peter A. Jay, LL. D., was called to the chair, and Giles M. Hillyer, A. B., appointed Secretary. On motion of G. C. Verplanck, LL. D., it was

Resolved, unanimously, That the first semi-centennial Anniversary of our *Alma Mater* be celebrated by an Oration and a Poem, or Odes appropriate to the occasion, the Orator and Poets to be selected from the number of her *Alumni*; that the College building be illuminated in the evening, and that the hall, library, and chapel, be fitted up, and thrown open for the reception of the Trustees, the Faculty, the *Alumni*, the Students, and their respective families, with such others as may be invited by the President, including strangers of distinction, the literati, members of learned associations, &c.

Resolved, That a committee of arrangements be appointed, consisting of President Duer and Mr. Charles King, on the part of the Trustees; Messrs. Gulian C. Verplanck, James J. Watson, and Giles M. Hillyer, on the part of the *Alumni*, and Messrs. Nathaniel W. Chittenden and M. M. Backus, on the part of the Stu-

dents, with full power to carry the above objects into effect, and to invite the attendance of two or more of the clerical *Alumni* to assist in the religious ceremonies of the day.

PETER A. JAY, *Chairman.*

G. M. HILLYER, *Secretary.*

At a meeting of the Committee appointed to make arrangements for the celebration of the first semi-centennial Anniversary of Columbia College, held on the 18th of January, 1837—President Duer in the chair—

Resolved, That the Reverend Manton Eastburn, D. D., be requested to deliver the Oration on the ensuing Anniversary.

Resolved, That William Betts, A. M., be requested to compose and recite a Poem on the same occasion.

Resolved, That Professor Anthon be requested to furnish a Greek Ode, William C. Russel, A. M., a Latin Ode, and William Duer, A. B., an English Ode, in celebration of the day.

Resolved, That the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, of Pennsylvania, the Right Rev. Bishop Kemper, the Rev. Philip Milledoler, D. D., and the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, D. D., be requested to participate in the religious solemnities of the day.

W. A. DUER, *Chairman.*

G. M. HILLYER, *Secretary.*

Mem. Answers were subsequently received to the applications severally made to the right reverend gentlemen above named, expressing their approbation

of the proposed celebration, and regretting that their episcopal duties would prevent their presence and co-operation on the occasion.

In accordance with these arrangements, a procession was formed on the College Green, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 13th of April, consisting, besides the Trustees, Faculty, *Alumni*, and Students of the College, of the public bodies and functionaries residing in the city; the Regents of the University of the state; representatives of the city in congress, and in the state legislature; executive and judicial officers of the state and of the United States; foreign ministers, consuls, and other strangers of distinction; the reverend the clergy; members of the various literary societies and scientific institutions; presidents and professors of other colleges and seminaries; principals of academies and classical schools, and teachers of the grammar school of Columbia College, &c. &c., which proceeded to St. John's Chapel, in Hudson Square.

The solemnities of the day were there commenced with an Introductory Prayer by the Reverend Philip F. Mayer, D. D., Pastor of the German Lutheran Church in Philadelphia, and a graduate of the College of the year 1799. The Anthem of "*Non nobis Domine*" was then performed by a select choir, under the direction of Mr. Robert G. Page, director of the choir in the Church of the Ascension, in the city of New-York; after which the Oration, which follows this narrative, was delivered by the Reverend Manton Eastburn, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Ascension, and a graduate of the College of the year 1817.

The Oration was succeeded by Mozart's requiem of "*Rex tremendæ majestatis et benedictus*" by the choir. The subjoined Poem, written for the occasion, was then recited by its author, William Betts, A. M., counsellor at law, and a graduate of the College of the year 1820, which was followed by the anthem of "*Te Deum Laudamus.*"

In pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Trustees, the honorary degree of Master of Arts was then conferred by the President of the College, upon Fitz Green Halleck, William Cullen Bryant, and Charles Fenno Hoffman, all of the city of New-York; the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity, upon the Right Reverend Samuel A. McCoskrey, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Michigan; the Reverend Samuel A. Van Vranken, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Poughkeepsie; the Reverend Philip F. Mayer, A. M.; the Reverend William R. Whittingham, A. M., St. Marks, Professor in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States; the Reverend Thomas H. Taylor, Rector of Grace Church in the city of New-York; the Reverend Samuel Seabury, A. M., of New-York, and the Reverend John Bethune, Rector of Christ Church, Montreal, Lower Canada; and the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, upon David B. Ogden, John Duer, and George Griffin, of the city of New-York, and upon his Excellency Peter D. Vroom, Governor of the State of New-Jersey, and a graduate of the College of the year 1808.

The ceremonies of the morning were concluded by a Valedictory Prayer and Benediction from the Reverend Philip Milledoler, D. D., President of Rut-

gers College, New-Jersey, and a graduate of Columbia College of the year 1793.

In the evening the College hall and library, having been illuminated and appropriately decorated, were thrown open for the reception, by the President, of the Trustees, Faculty, *Alumni* and Students, with other friends to the institution, who assembled in great numbers in honour of the occasion.

At a meeting of the joint committees of the Trustees, *Alumni*, and Students of Columbia College, appointed for the purpose of making all necessary and proper arrangements for celebrating the first semi-centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the said College by the state of New-York, held on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1837—Peter A. Jay, Esquire, in the chair—

On motion,

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this committee be presented to the Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., for the Oration delivered by him at their request, at the late celebration of the semi-centennial Anniversary of the restoration of his *Alma Mater*; and that he be requested to furnish a copy thereof for publication.

On motion,

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this committee be presented to William Betts, A. M., for the Poem delivered by him at their request, at the late celebration of the semi-centennial Anniversary of the restoration of his *Alma Mater*; and that he be requested to furnish a copy thereof for publication.

On motion,

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this com-

mittee be presented to the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, D. D., for the service rendered his *Alma Mater*, in offering up the Introductory Prayer at the late semi-centennial Anniversary of her restoration.

On motion,

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this committee be presented to the Rev. Philip Milledoler, D. D., for the service rendered his *Alma Mater*, in offering up the Valedictory Prayer, and pronouncing the Benediction, at the late semi-centennial Anniversary of her restoration.

On motion,

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this committee be presented to Charles Anthon, LL. D., Jay Professor of the Latin and Greek languages in Columbia College, for the Greek Ode written by him in celebration of the first semi-centennial Anniversary of his *Alma Mater*; and that he be requested to furnish a copy thereof for publication.

On motion,

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this committee be presented to William C. Russell, A. M., for the Latin Ode written by him in celebration of the first semi-centennial Anniversary of his *Alma Mater*; and that he be requested to furnish a copy thereof for publication.

On motion,

Resolved, unanimously, That the thanks of this committee be presented to William Duer, A. B., for the English Ode written by him in celebration of the first semi-centennial Anniversary of his *Alma Mater*; and that he be requested to furnish a copy thereof for publication.

A true copy.

Attest.

G. M. HILLYER, *Secretary.*

ORATION.

BY MANTON EASTBURN, D. D.

RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, NEW-YORK.

ORATION.

IN stepping aside, on the present animating occasion, from a path of arduous professional duty, for the purpose of executing the part which has been assigned me, it is not without the unfeigned conviction, that this noble theme would have found, in many others of my fellow-graduates, advocates more competent to do it justice. In one qualification for the task, however, let me be permitted to say that I will yield to none; and that is, a heart glowing with filial affection for our ancient and common mother. Among those visions of the past, which float before me amidst the present realities of life, the most "benignly pensive" is the remembrance of days, when, beneath the spreading sycamores that overshadow that venerated pile, I used to stand in a circle of youthful associates, knit together with the bands of sincere and sacred friendship. I never pass by the scene of these early joys, that they do not recur to me with all the warmth and freshness of their living beauty. I still love to look at those trees; and rejoice to behold in them the magnificent

and speaking emblems of the durability of her, to whom we are this day assembled to pay the debt of gratitude and love. Do we not now *feel*, that, like them, she shall long stand ;—surviving the blasts of prejudice ; inviting beneath her ample shade the youth of this great metropolis ; and majestically presiding over the early studies of those, who, in after days, are to exemplify in the senate, at the bar, in the pulpit, and in the several walks of professional, literary, scientific, and commercial pursuits, the incalculable blessings of a sound and polished education ?

The day that has now dawned upon us completes the period of half a century, since our beloved College, lying in the desertion and ruin consequent upon the revolutionary struggle, was placed by the government of our State upon a permanent basis of strength. Amidst the joy of our present anniversary, it is impossible not to turn, with feelings of singular interest, to that contrasted condition in which the legislative rulers found our Alma Mater, when they first extended towards her the hand of friendship. When the tocsin of war sounded, the youth who were gathered within this peaceful sanctuary of letters were scattered in various directions ; and the very building under whose roof they received instruction, was converted into a receptacle for the wounded soldiery. Who that left her halls, at that hour of darkness and peril, could venture so much as to conjecture, what were to be her fortunes in future days ? To us, however, belongs the privilege of looking back, and reading the history of her triumphs. Soon after the peace, our College attracted, in common with other seminaries of learning in the State, the attention of the

Legislature; and was placed under the superintendence of a board, entitled the Regents of the University. Under this government she continued, until that memorable day of which the present is our semi-centennial jubilee. On the 13th day of April, 1787, an act was passed, confirming, with the requisite alterations, the original charter of 1754, granted in the reign of George the Second, appointing a board of Trustees, who were, from that time, themselves to fill the vacancies occasioned by death, or otherwise, in their own body; and leaving her free to pursue her onward course of usefulness and honour. On that day, our Institution may properly be said to have first arisen, and "shaken herself from the dust," and stood upon her feet. From that time she began her independent way: advancing steadily forward, under the new name of Columbia College, to that elevated position which she now occupies, as the accomplished, faithful, and impartial dispenser of learning and truth.

Among the changes that have marked the progress of these fifty years, many whom I now address will not fail to be reminded of those transformations which have taken place, in the exterior appearance of our ancient College structure. The present speaker was one of that graduating class of 1817, who were the last to see yet untouched, on leaving the scenes of their collegiate life, the old edifice erected in provincial times. Let us imagine, for a moment, one of this, or of some preceding class, travelling away, at that period, to a distant quarter of the globe; and, after an absence of a few years, returning to the scenes of his youth. The first spot to which he bends his steps, is the well-remembered College Green. He approaches

it: and what does he see? The whole enclosure, with every thing that it contains, excepting the umbrageous trees, seems to him as if it had passed under the influence of some enchanter's wand. He first looks for the old janitor's lodge, that flanked the wooden gate leading from the common, every-day world, into the classic sanctum of the student. But it has gone. He next turns his eyes to the College pile: but what is here? The dark gray front, with its dingy doors, he can find no longer. It has put on the brightness of second youth; while, on either end, a stately wing rises in fair proportions; casting the central edifice into quiet distance. He then looks upward, to see if he can descry at least one lingering remnant of other days upon the roof. But there, too, all is changed. The ancient cupola, surmounted by the crown of royalty, has vanished; and, in its place, a majestic dome presides over the scene. He passes onward, to seek for the old Hall at the west end; into the three recitation-rooms, of whose lower floor he had so frequently been received with the companions of his sports and studies,—and in whose upper room he had so often ascended the rostrum, and made his first experiments in the science of elocution. But, to his astonishment, this too is no more. All has been changed.—His first feeling, on the sight of this substitution of new objects for old ones, is that of painful disappointment. He cannot reconcile himself to such an obliteration of the ancient landmarks, that connected the present with the past. But, in another moment, he recovers himself. He reflects, that even the remains of antiquity are unjustifiably spared, when to save them interferes with the urgent wants of the present hour. He is content: and cheer-

fully sacrifices poetical association upon the altar of utility.

On this festival of the renewal, half a century ago, of our chartered rights, we are naturally reminded of the many who, from that day to the present, have issued forth, at successive periods, from the walls of our College, and been subsequently removed from the stage of life. To sketch the character, and thus pay a brief tribute to the memory, of some of these, will, I trust, be deemed not inappropriate to the objects of our present celebration. Assembled to testify our generous attachment to the Institution, by whose fostering hands we were nurtured, in what way can we more successfully strengthen our gratitude for the blessings she has conferred, than by surveying the line of her illustrious children? To notice all those distinguished persons, whom, from the date of the confirmation of the royal charter, she has sent forth to adorn their country, until they were taken from the earth, would be incompatible with the time to which I feel myself restricted. I purpose to present before you only a few;—beginning with some of the earlier, and ending with some of the later, deceased graduates of the last fifty years.

At the head of this list of honored names, stands that of DE WITT CLINTON.

In introducing this distinguished son of Columbia College, among the graduates of our Alma Mater after her final re-establishment by the Legislature, it is due to historical truth to say, that the time when he left these academic shades preceded, by a few months, that act of the State government, by which she received the confirmation of her ancient privileges. Strictly

speaking, therefore, he does not come within the number of those, who belong to the period of the last fifty years; but is one of a small and elder band of eight persons, who were graduated under the provisional superintendence of the Regents of the University. Inasmuch, however, as the existence of our Institution as Columbia College began immediately after the close of the revolutionary conflict, and this illustrious man was the first student examined for entrance subsequently to the independence of this country,—I shall make no apology for thus giving him a place among those, whose remembrance, on this festal day, we delight to honour.

The impression still remains upon my mind, in all its vividness, which I received, when yet a boy, from the first sight of this remarkable man. The fire of his speaking eye, the whole expression of his grand countenance, and the dignity of his movements, compelled me to feel that I was in the presence of a superior being; a being formed to conceive great designs, and to pursue them with energy and decision. It was, perhaps, not less from these outward lineaments, than from the indications which his early genius gave of his future greatness, that his preceptor in this College, Dr. Cochran, was led to regard him, during the days of his academic life, as one destined “to counsel and direct his fellow-citizens to honour and happiness.”

To enter into any laboured eulogy of the talents and public services of Clinton, even were such an attempt consistent with the scope of the present address, were altogether superfluous. His character and labours have been impressively commemorated by several alumni of this institution: and most completely has this work been performed by a distinguished member

of the medical profession, himself now numbered with the dead,—who, with the pious hand of friendship, and with such materials before him as long intimacy had enabled him to possess, has drawn a succinct and glowing outline of the career of this great statesman from the cradle to the grave.* But it is not by the records of biography that his name will be perpetuated through coming generations. If it was with Clinton an object of desire,—a question which we are not called upon to agitate,—after he should have been consigned to the tomb, to survive death in the second life of a posthumous renown, we must admire the sagacity that led him to give such a direction to his ambition, as to ensure, to the fullest extent, this anticipation of his heart. For we may boldly challenge all men to say, now that the bitterness of party prejudice and violence has been buried in his grave, whether, if he did seek to enthrone himself in the future veneration of his native State, he did not aim to found his claims upon the fact, that he was constantly devising plans of the most enlarged character for that State's glory and good? In thus continually identifying his own fame with the advancement of this commonwealth, he has saved us the necessity of inscribing his panegyric upon marble. We need not give his name "in charge to the sweet lyre." We need not ask Sculpture to

"Give bond in stone, and ever-during brass,
To guard it, and t' immortalize her trust."

If the children of our Alma Mater shall ask for Clinton's monument, we may point them to one of

* "Memoir of De Witt Clinton. By David Hosack, M. D., F. R. S."

which this College needs not to be ashamed, and than which our distinguished elder brother can have none prouder and better—our common Schools.

Another among the mighty dead, who deserves a place in the recollections of every member of this College, is the Rev. Dr. JOHN M. MASON. This distinguished divine was graduated in the year 1789; and in 1811, by a new arrangement in the government of our Institution, was elected Provost. This situation he continued to fill, until disease, and a meditated voyage to Europe for the restoration of health, led to his resignation of the office. It was not my own favoured lot, as it was that of some who are now before me, to pass through the senior year of the academic course under his immediate instruction. Am I not correct in saying, that those who did enjoy this privilege can never cease to remember the taste, the critical acumen, the amazing vigor and originality of mind, with which he illustrated, on alternate days, the pages of Horace and Longinus?

A tribute, just as it is eloquent, has been paid to the memory of this great man, by one of our own graduates, who is distinguished far and wide in the world of letters.* I cannot refrain, however, from giving utterance, on this occasion, to my own fervent recollections of one whom I well knew, and of whose surpassing powers in the pulpit an indelible impression has been stamped upon my memory. He was one whom the Creator had endowed with natural gifts, that com-

* See "An Address delivered before the Philolexian and Peithologian Societies, August 2d, 1830; on the evening preceding the annual Commencement of Columbia College. By Gulian C. Verplanck."

pelled attention. That intellectual forehead, that eagle's eye, and the varying intonations of that voice, who can ever forget? Sustained by these great personal advantages, he carried every thing before him, when standing as the messenger of God in his earthly temple.

It can hardly be doubted, that, as an expositor of the inspired volume, Mason's powers were unique. He was not the wearisome pedant, making a pompous and unnecessary parade of learning; and encumbering the sacred page with imagined difficulties, only that he might exhibit the adroitness with which he could clear them away. It was his object to make Scripture speak for itself: and all the treasures of his knowledge, and the full force of his intellect, were employed in developing the whole meaning conveyed in the language, which was, at the time, passing under his review. It was the effect of his public ministrations, therefore, to pour a flood of light upon the subject which he handled. I shall not venture to assert, that these efforts were not occasionally marked with those eccentricities and incongruities, so frequently found to be the accompanying "infirmity of noble minds." But who, that have ever heard him, do not still see him before their eyes, standing forth confest, in the majesty of his person, in the power and clearness of his reasoning, in the alternate grandeur and tenderness of his appeals to the conscience and the heart, the prince of pulpit orators?

Among those charms of manner, which gave such irresistible effect to the public efforts of Mason, may be mentioned the inimitable beauty of his reading. Nothing could be more finished, and yet, at the same

time, nothing could be more natural. The auditors were never reminded, while this great speaker was reciting a chapter of inspiration, of the man who was before them; but were lost in contemplation of the character whom he was personating, or the scenes which his lips were presenting to view. There was nothing, therefore, in his mode of performing this part of his duty, inconsistent with the humility and singleness of mind, which befit the services of a human being in the sanctuary of the Eternal. I believe it will be admitted, by all who have enjoyed the opportunity of judging, that to hear Dr. Mason read a portion from the prophetic writings, or one of the speeches of St. Paul, had all the effect of the most perfect commentary. One instance of this kind now occurs to me, in the striking alternation of power, pathos, and gladness, with which he was wont to deliver the opening verses of that sublime Chapter, the fortieth of Isaiah. The impression it produced upon the feelings was of a kindred character with that which we experience, when listening to the glorious music, with which Handel has illustrated this same passage of the prophet of Judah. While he read, the soul was by turns soothed into peace—awed into wonder—and lifted up with the almost uncontrollable emotions of gratitude and joy.

The reason already assigned,—the want of time,—must be my apology for not dwelling, as their names deserve, upon the character of some of those distinguished and departed graduates, who left this College between the earlier and the latter days of the last half century. Did my limits permit, I could wish to speak more than a few words of JOSEPH NELSON: who, amidst the calamity of blindness, made himself master



of the rich productions of Grecian and Roman antiquity; and who spent his days in imparting his own enthusiastic love for their beauties, to the minds of our native youth. Were I allowed, personal respect and friendship, not less than his own exalted character, would lead me to expatiate upon the talents and the virtues of Dr. JOHN WATTS, the late President of our College of Physicians and Surgeons;—a man, in whom skill in the illustrious profession of the healing art shone with the added lustre of Christian piety; and who set the example of turning to advantage the abundant opportunities which that calling presents, for mingling, with its beneficent labours for the body, the nutriment of instruction, and the cordial of celestial consolation, for the immortal spirit. I would fain, also, were space granted me, pay more than a passing tribute to the memory of BEDELL; whose chaste and effective pulpit oratory, while it adorned, for many years, our sister city of Philadelphia, was occasionally heard in this metropolis, and was known, equally with his great usefulness, throughout the length and breadth of our land. But I must hasten to a brief notice of two or three of those, who issued, at a somewhat later day, from these academic halls.

Among the graduates of 1815, was ROBERT CHARLES SANDS. At the early age of thirty-three, this accomplished poet and scholar was summoned from the world. His life and character have been delineated in an exquisite biographical sketch, from the pen of Gulian C. Verplanck; preceding a selection from his works, compiled by the united labor of this gentleman, and our distinguished poet Bryant. From these volumes may be gained ample evidence of the extraor-

dinary and versatile powers of Sands ; though I must ask permission here to express my regret, at the omission to insert, in this publication, such a proportion of his numerous productions on classical subjects, as would have more fully shown him to this country, and to the sons of our Alma Mater, to be that which he truly was,—an extensively read scholar. It seems but as yesterday, when, on first leaving this Institution, I used to spend a few hours of every day in his company ; pursuing together with him the study of those immortal remains, which have come down to us from the ancient masters. He had, even at that early period of his life, a keen relish for these studies ; and I can yet remember the susceptibility, with which, in turn, he sympathized with the wild and lawless sublimity of Aeschylus—and rejoiced in the humor of Aristophanes—and lingered with delight upon the tenderness and simplicity of the honied Euripides.*

One of his most favorite Latin authors was Horace ; the lively portraits which that writer has given of human life and character, taking a strong hold of his own quick and observant mind. Among the most finished and powerful of his poetical productions, are some imitations and translations of the writings of that bard ; and, of these, an unpublished imitation of the celebrated Epistle to Mæcenas appears to me worthy of a place, among the finest specimens in that class to be found in our language. I would gladly detach a por-

* To the last-named writer I recollect that he gave the decided preference over Sophocles : sustained in this judgment,—whether himself aware of the circumstance or not, I pretend not to say,—by the illustrious Porson ; who, in his inaugural dissertation on Euripides, has thus struck the balance, in his own beautiful Latinity, between him and his great rival. “ Hunc magis probare solemus ; illum magis amare : hunc laudamus ; illum legimus.”

tion of this from its connexion, and present it to this audience, were such a separation practicable. In place of it, let me be allowed to conclude this passing tribute with a short sample of his powers in translation, which, while it is complete in itself, is also worthy of his fame. It is a published, but anonymous version of those beautiful lines in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, where Niobe, weeping for her slaughtered children, is described as gradually transformed into stone. In these English verses, Sands is faithful to his author, and yet transfuses into our language, to a remarkable degree, the rare beauty of the original.

Altogether desolate left,
 Amid her sons, her daughters, and her spouse
 She sate, the life blood curdling in her heart,
 And her frame stiff'ning : by the ambient breeze
 No lock was lifted : on her bloodless cheek
 The colour stood : her shining eyes were fix'd ;
 Her form a beauteous, lifeless image left.
 Cleaves to its frigid roof her tongue congeal'd ;
 The torpid veins with life no longer beat ;
 Her neck inflexible ; no longer pliant
 Her polish'd arms ; fast rooted are her feet ;
 Within, the gradual change, with rigid art,
 Turns all to stone—and yet she seems to weep.
 Then the swift pinions of a whirlwind strong
 Bore her from sight to her paternal land ;
 There, planted on a mountain's topmost crag,
 Left her, in tears deploring. And, even now,
 Or fame is false—the conscious marble weeps.

At the next Commencement, another youth left these peaceful shades, who, at the end of three short years, terminated his earthly career. I shall not apologize for here introducing the name of the late Rev. JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN. For I feel the firm conviction, that, while I am weaving a garland of fraternal affec-

tion to hang upon a brother's tomb, I am performing an office, in which many whom I now see would gladly join me ;—many, in whose memory still dwells the recollection of his refinement, his various attainments, his simplicity unfeigned; many, also, who, though they never knew him, have seen some of the effusions of his mature and richly furnished mind. Congeniality of tastes led him to the formation, during his college days, of an intimacy with Sands, which lasted until death. It was during the period of this literary friendship, that, as the public already know, he formed, and, in company with Sands, executed, the design of embodying in a poetical narrative the fortunes of Philip, the Rhode-Island Indian King. Pursuing his preparation for holy orders in the immediate vicinity of Mount Hope, the residence of this fated chieftain, he found in these scenes a strong excitement for his imagination; and was enabled to give the most perfect accuracy to the local descriptions of the poem. This work, completed and arranged by Sands, after the death of his friend, is now before the world; and, with all the defects to be expected from the early age of both its composers, has acquired for itself the character of an uncommon production.

The remains which Eastburn has left behind him are amazingly voluminous. I will venture to say that there are few, who, on arriving at the age of twenty-two, which was the limit of his mortal career, will be found to have accomplished so much literary composition. His prose writings, many of which appeared anonymously in a series of periodical essays, conducted by himself and some of his friends, take in an extensive range of moral and classical disquisition; and are models of the purest Addisonian English. The great charm, however, of all his writings, is the tone that

breathes through them. Whatever be the subject, the reader is never allowed to forget, that the pages before him are indited with a pen, dipped in the dew of heaven. An illustration of this peculiar feature of his productions, will form the most appropriate ending of this brief offering to his memory. On one glorious night of June, 1819, during his residence as a parochial clergyman upon the Eastern shore of Virginia, and a few months before his death, he sat up until the solemn hour of twelve to enjoy the scene. The moon was riding in her majesty; her light fell upon the waters of the Chesapeake; and all was hushed into stillness. Under the immediate inspiration of such a spectacle, he penned the following lines, which he has entitled "The Summer Midnight." After having given them to you, my fellow-collegians, I will leave you to decide whether the character I have just drawn be a true portrait, or has been dictated only by the natural enthusiasm of a brother's love.

The breeze of night has sunk to rest,
 Upon the river's tranquil breast;
 And every bird has sought her nest,
 Where silent is her minstrelsy;
 The queen of heaven is sailing high,
 A pale bark on the azure sky,
 Where not a breath is heard to sigh—
 So deep the soft tranquillity.

Forgotten now the heat of day
 That on the burning waters lay,
 The noon of night her mantle gray
 Spreads, for the sun's high blazonry;
 But glittering in that gentle night
 There gleams a line of silvery light,
 As tremulous on the shores of white
 It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides ;
 Not as when dashing o'er her sides
 The roaring bay's unruly tides
 Were beating round her gloriously ;
 But every sail is furl'd and still :
 Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,
 While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
 With parted hours of extasy.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven !
 Faintly this night your beams are given,
 Tho' proudly where your hosts are driven
 Ye rear your dazzling galaxy ;
 Since far and wide a softer hue
 Is spread across the plains of blue,
 Where in bright chorus, ever true,
 For ever swells your harmony.

O for some sadly dying note
 Upon this silent hour to float,
 Where from the bustling world remote
 The lyre might wake its melody ;
 One feeble strain is all can swell
 From mine almost deserted shell,
 In mournful accents yet to tell
 That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

THERE IS AN HOUR of deep repose
 That yet upon my heart shall close,
 When all that nature dreads and knows
 Shall burst upon me wondrously ;
 O may I then awake for ever
 My harp to rapture's high endeavor,
 And as from earth's vain scene I sever,
 Be lost in Immortality !

The time already consumed admonishes me to conclude this rapid sketch of some of those, who have reflected honour upon our Alma Mater during the period just completed. I must not omit, however, to

add to this list the name of the Rev. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN. The commencement of my acquaintance with this accomplished youth was in the year 1823, a few days after that on which, covered with honours, he left these halls of learning; and in the summer of 1830, I received, while on a journey, the startling intelligence that he had expired. Endowed by nature with an elegant mind; blest with the advantages of a thorough education; and improved by foreign travel; we were looking upon him as one destined to usefulness in the church at whose altars he ministered, and to a distinguished rank among men of letters. But the hand of death was suddenly laid upon him; and we are now only permitted to infer, from his published remains, what he would have accomplished, had he been allowed to prolong for a few years more his days on earth. This passing commemoration of one who, for a short period, occupied an official station in our College, may not unfitly terminate that series of honoured names, which has now passed in review. The exquisite opening lines of one of his translations from a poet of Italy, are those in which we may appropriately bid him farewell.

Oh spirit, beautiful and blest!
That, freed at last from every bond,
Hast naked sprung to calmer realms above!*

It is surely a reasonable subject for gratification, that, on this festal morning, we have it in our power, as sons of our Alma Mater, to call up, among the various remembrances of the last fifty years, the memory of such men as

* The Remains of this uncommon young scholar have been given to the public in two volumes; and are accompanied by a most interesting Memoir from the pen of Professor McVickar.

these. But here, a question of no little interest cannot fail to present itself to our minds. If Columbia College has been the honored instrument of training such graduates, what does she not deserve at our hands? Filled with the present inspiring recollections, let every member of this Institution inquire what is his duty; and labor, with true loyalty and devotion, in its conscientious fulfilment.

Our College this day calls upon us, by all the benefits which she has rendered, and by the illustrious names treasured up in the archives of her history, to do every thing that we can to promote her welfare and her glory. For will it be denied, that this Seminary of learning rightfully claims some portion of the honor, which crowns the memory of these her foster-children? *Can* this right be withheld from her? She takes to herself, it is true, no glory for their original powers. These were the gift of heaven before they entered within her enclosure. But who gave these powers their direction? Who trained them with the hand of firm but parental discipline; so that in subsequent days, the energies of the mind, thus prepared, were made, like 'nimble and airy servitors,' to accomplish, at the bidding of their possessor, results of usefulness to man? Who ever thinks of the Paleys, the Horsleys, the Pitts, the Grenvilles, and the Cannings of England, without having his mind turned, in reverential acknowledgment, to those great foundations, where these master spirits received, in the days of childhood and of youth, their intellectual culture? It is by education that the character is formed. This work begins beneath the parental roof: it is carried on under the subsequent guardianship of schools: and at length, within these retreats of science and of letters, it re-

ceives the finishing touch. If, then, my fellow-alumni, Columbia College has given such men to the world, let us seek to sustain her character, in those various spheres of life in which our lot has been cast. We have, some of us, long since ceased to pursue our tranquil way, under the shelter of her academic bowers. But let our hearts still cherish her remembrance, and aim after her good. Let us uphold her, through evil and through good report. Let us proclaim her, in this great community, to be what she is:—and, if men shall ask us what she can do, let us point them to what she has done!

But this continued interest in the prosperity of our venerated mother is not the only form, in which the student who has been nurtured within her walls should manifest his gratitude for the blessings she has bestowed. She calls upon her younger sons to pursue, through life, those liberalizing studies, the taste for which, during the hours of their collegiate career, it was her great object to create, or to foster. It will, I trust, not be considered as any attempt to disparage those other branches of useful learning, which form part of the course of instruction here pursued, if I urge upon the young men who have emerged from this honoured seat of letters, and are now engaged in the active pursuits of the world, the importance of a diligent attention to *classical attainments*. In giving prominence to this department of study, my apology must be, that of that which a man chiefly loves, he will be most apt to speak.

One of the most evil signs of our times, for some years past, in a literary point of view, has been a disposition to undervalue that acquaintance with the language and the literature of ancient Greece and Rome,

which must always form the basis of a liberal education ; and the continued cultivation of which, after the days of academic life are past, is the only right path to the attainment of professional excellence. The eloquence of the senate needs the indescribable, but happy influence of these studies. It would be impossible to find, in any deliberative assembly throughout the world, a more powerful concentration of intellect, than that which is presented within the walls of our Houses of Congress. Yet who will deny, that, in reading or hearing many of the speeches there delivered, we feel the want of that classical finish, which so peculiarly distinguishes the oratory of the British Parliament ; and the possession of which has rendered the efforts of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Brougham, Wilberforce, Canning, and Peel, as harmonious and graceful in language, as they are profound in argument ? The eloquence of the bar, too, must be formed by this preparatory discipline ; and we can require no higher proof of its advantage, than that which was exhibited in every public display of the late distinguished Thomas Addis Emmet. The pulpit, also, needs the same magical aid to effective speaking. The thorough scholar is there known, not by labored classical illustration, improperly supplanting that which the sacred volume supplies ; but by the precision and directness of his phraseology. In the severe and simple school of the ancient masters, he has learned to form his taste ; to express himself with conciseness ; to prune away redundancies ; and, entering at once upon his subject, to carry it on with point and vigor to its final close.

Let no man, then, whose vocation it is to promote the good of his fellow-beings, in either of these learned and dignified callings, be tempted to forego so efficient

an instrument of usefulness, as the study of the ancient models. Passing strange it is, that by so many among our statesmen, our lawyers, and our clergy, these productions are laid upon the shelf; while, by way of indemnifying themselves for the loss, they contentedly resort to the diluted streams of translation, instead of ascending to the living waters that gush from the pure, original fountain. Our Alma Mater asks a different return from her children. She commands us, while she this day points to the catalogue of her illustrious dead, to show our sense of the benefits she has rendered, by our assiduous cultivation of those refining and elevating studies, which it has so long been her glory to inculcate. Let us obey her call. The classics are the public man's ornament. Nay, more: they carry a refreshment with them into every department of daily pursuit. The associations which they bring in their train, embellish and alleviate the toils of existence:—*curæ casusque levamen*—throwing a charm and a gilding over the drudgery of this weary world—lending a dignity to misfortune—and expanding the mind with an influence, which he that has cultivated these resources knows to be real; and which he who has them not, can never feel.

Inhabitants of this city! To you we would this day commend our valued and bountiful Mother, as worthy of your affection. To you let me speak of her, on the ground of her actual character, and great advantages. For I utter not the language of partial praise, neither shall I crave pardon for what may seem to be invidious comparison, in saying, that Columbia College boldly challenges competition with her, in any one of those departments of knowledge, on which, as a solid foundation, is erected the superstructure of future

usefulness and influence. And the reason of this superiority is obvious. Here, the pupil is brought under the immediate instructions, not of imperfectly qualified tutors, needing themselves to be instructed, and using, peradventure, the office of a teacher but as a stepping-stone to some ulterior object,—but of the professors themselves; whose matured minds, and rich experience, are thus enjoyed by every student within these walls. Here, too,—and let not this privilege be forgotten,—while the young of our metropolis receive intellectual culture, they are enjoying, at the same time, the inestimable oversight, and various blessings, of the domestic mansion. Thus mental and moral training may here go hand in hand: and the youthful aspirant after literary acquirements will not be left to the dominion of those wayward propensities, which, when he is an exile from the sacred precincts of home, lose their most effectual safeguard, in being no longer bound by the silken cords of parental authority and love.

Instructress of our earlier years! On this day of heart-stirring and glorious recollections, we lay at thy feet the free-will offering of our hearts, and bid thee hail in thy future career of beneficent exertion. May thy coming days add new trophies to those which thou hast already reared, to testify that thou hast well redeemed thy trust! And, above all, may those youth, who, in after periods, shall issue forth, band after band, from thy hallowed retreat, never forget, that for privileges received, there is responsibility incurred; and that they will best repay thy blessings by bearing engraved upon their memories the lesson, that learning is but an instrument conferred by heaven, for promoting the interests of our universal species, and the glory of our Maker, Redeemer, and God.

P O E M .

BY WILLIAM BETTS, A. M.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
 introduction to the subject of the history of
 the world, and to a description of the
 various periods of time, and the
 different states of society, which
 have succeeded each other in the
 course of the world's history.

P O E M

The second part of the book is devoted to a
 description of the various states of society, which
 have succeeded each other in the course of the
 world's history.

BY WILLIAM BRYCE, ESQ.

The third part of the book is devoted to a
 description of the various states of society, which
 have succeeded each other in the course of the
 world's history.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to a
 description of the various states of society, which
 have succeeded each other in the course of the
 world's history.

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The ninth part of the book is devoted to a
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The tenth part of the book is devoted to a
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 world's history.

P O E M .

INTENT to terminate their baleful feud,
On Moreh's plain the ancient patriarchs stood,
Their mighty wealth increas'd beyond control,
One country seem'd too little for the whole ;
For all the bounties Heaven designs to bless,
Man's vile perverseness turns to wretchedness.
Their countless flocks secure around them play,
Their anxious herdsmen nigh them sullen stray,
Those slaves, whose strifes their masters now expel
From each familiar tent and cooling well ;
And whilst their minds were hung in equipoise
'Twixt future ills and dearly cherish'd joys,
A bitter pang pierc'd through each patriarch's heart,
Reluctant still, tho' still resolv'd to part.

Far in the west, Judæa's mountains throw
Their gloomy shadows o'er the plains below ;
Repulsive, barren, rude, confus'd they lay,
And frown'd each bold adventurer away.
Not so the East ; for there Gomorrah's towers
Rose mid green vales and perfume breathing bowers,
And Sodom, in the fumes of richness steep'd,
In lazy luxury delighted slept.

The fragrance rising from each blossom'd field,
 The mighty crops those fertile pastures yield,
 The groves, where figs, and dates and olives vie
 With loaded boughs in wanton rivalry,
 The palms, whose swelling trunks aspiring high
 Spread their dark branches 'gainst the azure sky,
 Vines after countless vines, whose bending stems
 Scarce bear their luscious clusters, bright as gems,
 Gomorrah's grapes, the fairest Earth hath borne,
 By guilt since turned to bitterness and scorn,
 In tranquil slumber all serenely lay,
 Beneath the Syrian sunshine's setting ray.
 So sunk the scene appear'd in still repose,
 So full of joy, so free from mortal woes,
 E'en Jordan's stream, as on it slowly roll'd
 Through the fair valley, like a thread of gold,
 Dispensing treasure, almost seem'd excess,
 Mid this profuse, surpassing loveliness.

'Be thine the choice,' the holy Abraham cried ;
 'What'er that choice, contented I abide ;
 'For me, the wilderness no terrors bears,
 'For me no charms the fruitful valley wears ;
 'No danger e'er can Abraham's steps attend,
 'For Abraham's God is ever Abraham's friend.'

Pleas'd with the prospect of profuse excess,
 To Lot such reas'ning seem'd as foolishness.
 He saw not, he, the wisdom that decides
 To turn from good that bounteous Heav'n provides ;
 And madness absolute it seem'd, to be
 Indifferent 'twixt wealth and poverty.
 'Those barren hills but scanty food provide,
 'For me, my household and my flock beside,

' While in yon vale, with teeming plenty bless'd,
 ' E'en were my wealth a thousand times increas'd,
 ' Their utmost wants were easily supplied,
 ' To thrice their number were they multiplied.'

So reason'd Lot, and turn'd his eager eyes
 To the gay fields that bright before him rise,
 Nor thought that barren mountain-sides reveal
 The venom'd serpent blossom'd meads conceal ;
 That when base man by Heav'n to toil was doom'd,
 E'en on that thorn a flow'ret straightway bloom'd,
 And the same fountains, that our wants supply,
 Full floods of pleasure e'er accompany.

So reason'd Lot, nor thought in those soft skies,
 What baneful, death-dispensing mists might rise,
 What loathsome ills that teeming soil might nurse,
 And seeming blessings prove severest curse.

So reasons Man ; though Nature's book divine
 Be open'd wide, and each resplendent line
 Lit by the torch of wisdom ; tho' the hand
 Of sage Experience, prompt at our demand,
 Is e'er prepared to turn from page to page,
 And teach the past, the future to presage ;
 Yet, stupid man, to slothfulness inclin'd,
 Gropes idly on, contented to be blind,
 And better loves the sluggish, slumb'ring night,
 Than the rude labour of the rising light.

So reasons Man ; nor thinks his mortal foe
 Delights his loathsome legions thick to strew
 In earth's choice places ; well his toils he lays,
 Wealth tempts to sloth, and sloth to death betrays.

When guilty man, by toil and sorrow scourg'd
 From Eden's bowers, his way reluctant urg'd,

Then did relenting Heaven on Toil bestow
 The power to heighten joy, and soften wo.
 See from created earth's remotest years,
 What blessed fruit the tree of labour bears,
 And in the powers of body, sense, or mind,
 That Toil and Excellence are ever joined.
 Of the broad world, survey the varied dress
 Of wanton wealth, or utter barrenness,
 With Toil, the fairest scene cannot dispense,
 To Toil the vilest yields its recompense.
 Behold the works of human skill, where art
 Assaults the senses, to subdue the heart ;
 'Tho' Genius first the crude design conceives,
 Toil, patient Toil alone, the work achieves ;
 And last, the vast variety of man,
 From almost brute to almost angel, scan ;
 And the plain difference we soon detect,
 In mind's improvement, or in mind's neglect.

In those remote and dim mysterious lands,
 Where Ham's dark empire still ascendant stands,
 Look where majestic Quorra rolls his tides,
 As south by Garnicassa slow he glides,
 What time from her high seat the Queen of night
 Pours on his breast a flood of tropic light—
 That light which none but tropic climes have seen,
 So lustrous, clear, and placidly serene.
 From Garnicassa's mud-built hovels come
 The sounds of music, and the vocal hum
 Of merry voices ; joyful groupes advance,
 And twine on Quorra's shore the midnight dance ;
 See ! how the dark-limb'd maidens upward spring,
 And in fantastic forms their bodies fling ;

Hark ! what loud peals of laughter break the night,
 As each sinks down exhausted with delight :
 Of ancient sires and aged matrons stand
 A happy multitude on Quorra's strand,
 And ever hail with sympathetic voice,
 Their children in their triumphings and joys.
 Sad group ! such scenes of seeming happiness
 Wake the vile theme, that ignorance is bliss.
 Here Folly lingers, with malignant breath,
 From sports of innocence extracting death ;
 For oft in flow'rs her venom has she found,
 And poison'd wisdom, where she fear'd to wound.
 Short dream of pleasure ! as the tender shoot
 That in thin soil extends its narrow root,
 Refresh'd by morning dews, doth quickly rise,
 But droops in summer's midday sun, and dies ;
 E'en thus, the joy that mind no nurture gives,
 Scarce the same hour that sees its birth, survives.
 Look but within them, and their minds survey,
 How quick the scene of pleasure fades away ;
 Like a deep cavern, desolate and dark,
 There, never shines an intellectual spark,
 And there, in gloom congenial, listless lie,
 Of sloth and ignorance the progeny :
 Or as some old and long neglected field,
 Whose cultur'd soil prolific crops might yield,
 Untouch'd by plough, with wholesome seed unstrawn,
 With noxious weeds and nettles is o'ergrown ;
 E'en so their minds, unus'd to exercise,
 Teem with the fruit of rank, spontaneous vice.
 Grateful for good, to treason soon they haste,
 Greedy of gain, but ever prone to waste ;

Their cruel anger danger soon dismays,
 And the fierce heart the palsied hand betrays;
 With the short present their dull thoughts employ'd,
 The past and future are an equal void;
 The joys of sense, as idols they adore,
 And, save their Fetish, own no higher Pow'r.
 But not to sable Africa confin'd

Is this sad picture of a sluggish mind:
 No! tho' with us, hypocrisy, and pride,
 And wealth, and polish'd luxury may hide,
 With shrubs, and trees, and flow'rs around its brink,
 The pool of idleness; approach to drink,
 See the green scum its sluggish face o'erspread,
 Feel the vile vapour, rising from its bed,
 And turn away:—as in neglected mind,
 Death and disgust alone you there may find;
 In that dull pool no image e'er descends,
 Of the sweet Heav'n that bright above it bends.

Now turn to other climes, where wealthy Ind,
 Upon her rich and gorgeous throne reclin'd,
 Sits in the majesty of ancient birth,
 The awful mother of the later earth.
 A hundred provinces her will obey,
 And at her feet, their countless treasures lay,
 A hundred princes own their subject powers,
 From high Thibet, to Ceylon's heavenly bowers;
 From unrecorded ages, vast her store
 Of learning, science and religious lore;
 Full-grown like Pallas, sprung from parent-earth,
 Her arts appear coeval with her birth.
 Look where Ellora's wondrous caves display
 The labours of a people pass'd away,

Whose ancient story shuns tradition's light,
 And mocks conjecture in its boldest flight :
 Or see where Ganges, with his flow'ry tides,
 By Brahmin lov'd, majestically glides,
 And ever pours his full and sacred waves,
 Nor heeds the hundred cities that he laves,
 By mosque and palace proudly passes by,
 And mausoleum's gorgeous vanity ;
 But lingers ever mid the fragrant groves,
 Where Hindoo maidens breathe their secret loves,
 Their timid wishes to their Ganges sing,
 And the lov'd lotus on his bosom fling.

Amid these seats of might and loveliness,
 Of learning's treasures, and of art's excess,
 Divine Philosophy content might roam,
 And gather wisdom in her native home.
 Here might we seek the cultivated mind,
 Here manners kind, benevolent, refined,
 Mercy and Justice, Firmness undismay'd,
 And Bounty large, in lib'ral deeds display'd ;
 And Charity, the dearest child of Heav'n,
 Which sees no ill, but soon as seen, forgiv'n ;
 And fond Affection, in whose melting ray,
 The ice of Selfishness dissolves away ;
 Honour, with whom to doubt is to desist,
 And Truth, whom none successfully resist.

Ah no ! like gems before the senseless beast,
 Dull Sloth has spurn'd the treasures of the East,
 And stupidly content, unhappy lies,
 Amid the fetid heaps that round her rise.
 See from her filth, a throng of demons spring,
 With loathsome face, and foul extended wing,

Envoys select, from Brahma's Pantheon borne,
 Their vile credentials in their features worn.
 Base Treachery, affecting joy to feel,
 While myrtle blossoms hide his murd'rous steel;
 And Cunning, from whose small and glancing eye,
 Truth sick'ning turns, nor turns without a sigh;
 Voluptuous Pleasure, by herself betray'd,
 And gloomy Pride in tinsell'd robes array'd;
 Cold Selfishness, that turns the heart to ice,
 And greedy Waste, engend'ring avarice;
 Unholy Falsehood, fearing human-kind,
 And Cruelty with Cowardice combin'd.
 These are thy idols, hapless Ind! to these,
 The fruitful brood of indolence and ease,
 The haughty Brahmin yields uncheck'd control,
 And the poor Pariah bends his abject soul.
 Ah! who in this foul tribe could e'er descry
 Eternal Vishnu's rightful progeny?
 That mighty Spirit, He! whose quick'ning breath,
 When chaos slept in elemental death,
 Mov'd o'er the liquid waste abyss of night,
 And wak'd the deep to beauty, life and light!

If such the sad reverse where once the blaze
 Of arts and learning shed refulgent rays,
 Behold the western star of Empire shine,
 On Japhet's mighty and increasing line.

See little Athens, midst her barren soil,
 By slow degrees, with patient, ceaseless toil,
 Still upward rising, more and more renown'd,
 Her sunny hills with matchless temples crown'd,
 Her sculptur'd forms, at whose resplendent blaze
 Of wondrous beauty, still content to gaze,

Succeeding ages never dared aspire,
 To their high regions of celestial fire;
 Her sages, from whose swelling treasures flow
 Full streams of wisdom on the world below;
 Her orators, whose sweet persuasive tongue
 Now sooth'd to softness, and to rage now stung;
 Her poets, minstrels, painters, the bright band
 Of that illustrious brotherhood, who stand
 Midway 'twixt grov'ling earth and swelling sky,
 And point to man a higher destiny:
 These are the springs, immortal Athens! whence
 Thy empire rose to lustrous eminence;
 Thy intellectual sway their power secures,
 And in their fame thy glory still endures.
 Thee captive Rome obey'd; but for thy arts,
 Like dew descending on their savage hearts,
 But for thy laws, whose firm but gentle sway,
 From brutal passions turn'd them slow away,
 The Roman Rabble, Tyrants of the world,
 Perhaps with wild ferocity had hurl'd
 Dismay and terror on the frighted earth,
 And chas'd away all virtue, valour, worth.
 Imperial Rome! when thy first fratricide
 With royal blood thy humble walls had dyed,
 How little could thy feeble tribes descry
 The splendour of thy future majesty,
 When suppliant kings thy guardian pow'r ador'd,
 And prostrate nations own'd thee for their Lord.
 Imperial Rome! though on thy infant state
 Surrounding neighbours pour'd their jealous hate,
 And by a mortal and malignant blow,
 Aim'd at thy quick and utter overthrow;

Tho' midst the wasted homes that round thee burn'd,
 Th' insulting Gaul thy anguish rudely spurn'd ;
 Tho' victor Carthage, thund'ring at thy gate,
 Thy being threaten'd to annihilate,
 Thy patient struggles and unceasing pain,
 A higher ground, and higher still would gain,
 Till rais'd aloft, thy State ferocious frown'd
 In haughty grandeur on the realms around ;
 When gentler Greece thy savage sons refin'd,
 And gave thee, Empire o'er the human mind.

Thus the clear lines on every varied page
 Of earth's large volume, in each rolling age,
 In every clime, the self-same lesson show,—
 Toil leads to joy, and indolence to wo.
 Tho' ever thus corporeal labour leads
 Through thorny paths to fair and flow'ry meads,
 Th' aspiring Mind, successful toil requites
 With larger prospects and intense delights.

Ah ! who without untiring search can find
 The boundless treasures of the mighty mind ?
 Who can disclose the sure unfailing thread,
 Through its dim labyrinths secure to tread ?
 Who find the key to ope the secret doors
 Of the rich chambers of its hoarded stores ?
 Who give the rod, whose bending point reveals
 Each place obscure, its hidden gold conceals ?

In those old walls, with Learning's labours stor'd,
 O'er which a thousand moons their light have pour'd,
 Since first, by pious zeal and bounty rear'd,
 Their modest structure midst the fields appear'd,
 And on whose pulse renew'd this morning's sun,
 His course for twice five lustres full has run,—

Within those walls, and ever nigh at hand,
The guiding thread, the key, the mystic wand.

The power of learning and of labour joined,
Of energy and intellect combin'd,
The ancient archives of those halls disclose,
Since first their old colonial spire arose
Where England's royal crown conspicuous gleam'd,
And o'er the roofs the red-cross banner stream'd.
Deriv'd from hence, the elements we see
Of Jay's sound sense and stern integrity ;
In this deep soil, enrich'd by labour's dew,
The keen sagacity of Morris grew ;
Here flow'd the streams, whose full and gushing tide
The mind of youthful Hamilton supplied ;
His judgment clear and ready to decide,
His energy, which every power applied
Of mind and body ; and e'en here betray'd
The greatness that his later life display'd :
Its lesson here the persevering mind
Of Clinton found, to toil for human-kind,
And here the pure and heavenly heart of Moore,
With holy hope was heavenward taught to soar.

Benignant Mother ! These, a chosen few,
Who from thy breast the milk of knowledge drew,
Drawn from the throng of that extended band,
Illustrious brotherhood ! who through our land,
Sent forth those toilsome habits to pursue,
Their early days with thee familiar knew,
With cultur'd minds and painful diligence,
The noblest gifts could easily dispense.

Benignant Mother ! when with gladness rife,
The spring-time of our young and tender life,

With nature's sunny spring-time sympathiz'd,
 And all its flow'ry pleasures dearly priz'd,
 How dull did then thy sober laws appear,
 Thy firm and wholesome discipline, severe,
 Thy long laborious studies, a device
 Of age, to cloud young nature's Paradise,
 Nor was there ought of fair and pleasing seen,
 In Toil's rude features and repulsive mien.
 Mid careless joys, how little then they thought
 Of the grave truth experience since has taught,
 That Sloth, as standing pools infect the air,
 Corrupts sweet nature's purest atmosphere ;
 While frigid dulness, warm'd by Labour, lives,
 As spring's soft touch the torpid earth revives.

Auspicious toil ! thy universal reign
 Spreads through creation's infinite domain,
 From the poor ant, whose summer cares procure
 A scanty pittance for his winter store,
 To the bright Seraphim, who, high above,
 Engirt in beams of living light and love,
 With glad continual service e'er fulfill
 The sovereign dictates of the Almighty will ;
 And all, through wide creation's bounds, confess
 Thy power to soothe, to solace and to bless.

IN ROMAN METERS.

O D E S.

AD ALMAM MATREM.

TERRAM coronis dulce virentibus
Post lustra Taurus jam decorat decem,
Lenesque spirantes amorem et
Lætitiâ Zephyri tulere,
A vere dulci quo Dea candida,
Virtus Honori quam tulit impigra,
Superba Libertas, redemptâ
Imperio patriâ tyranni,
Artes jubebat surgere liberas
Aramque Nymphis Pieriis novam
Ponebat. O Mater refulsit
Ædibus ore tuis benigno.
Aulæ madebant puniceo tuæ
Tinctæ cruore, et nunc vacua Dolor
Stabat cathedra : Spes manebat
Sola tibi impavidumque pectus.
Spiravit in te Diva animam novæ
Vitæ et vocavit nomine patrio
Nostra urbe Reginâ laboris
Hesperii decori futuram.
Umbrasque Romæ et jussit Achaiæ
Sedere mœstas porticibus tuis
Exempla virtutis daturas
Perpetui et studii juventæ.

Tum læta carum grataque filium
 Deæ patronæ jam tibi creditum
 Tu nutriisti qui venustas
 Reddidit Oceano gementi
 Natas secutæ quæ fuerant aquis
 Solem cadentem in Pacificum mare.
 Per æva laudi vel adempti,
 Mater, erit tibi nomen ejus.
 Pluresque clari consilio et Foro
 Jactant alumnos se memores tuos
 Calente qui gaudent senecta
 Lauribus ante tibi tributis.
 Vocamus Almam et rite Columbiam
 Te nos docentem lætitiæ vias,
 Cautequæ fundamen salutis
 Jam patriæ bene munientem.
 Multos per annos sit tibi gloria
 A filiis quos tollis honoribus,
 Ætate maturaque reddant
 Munera queis decoras juventam.

GULIELMUS C. RUSSEL, A. M.

ODE

FOR THE FIRST SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE INCORPORATION
OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

I.

THE time-worn piles of other climes
Where prisoned Science holds her seat,
Reared in the dark barbaric times
By tyrant King or bigot Priest;

II.

Where, as the Sun through painted lights
A false and duller radiance throws,
So Learning, dimmed, disguised, invites
By ways directed by her foes.

III.

Not such Columbia! are thy halls,
By freemen raised beyond the seas,
Where Knowledge, liberated, calls
With bolder voice her votaries:

IV.

And those, thy sons, in Freedom's cause
Dismissed to paths where Glory led—
And knowledge hence new vigor draws
From sacred blood for Freedom shed.

v.

So, parted often, here unite,
 Science and Freedom, natural friends ;
 Freedom shall rise more firm, more bright—
 Blest in the light that Science lends :

vi.

Science, with drooping wings, no more
 Shall fail beneath a Despot's eye,
 But mounting, farther, wider soar
 With the twin eagle Liberty.

vii.

Oh may the fire, borne from afar,
 Here nursed, flame with a steady blaze,
 Whose far-seen light, as of a star,
 Shall send to ev'ry land its rays.

viii.

Then pilgrims to whose longing sight,
 The splendors of our isle shall rise,
 Shall fix their gaze where sparkling bright
 Columbia's turrets pierce the skies.

WILLIAM DUER, A. B.

N. B. The Greek Ode of Professor Anthon was put into the hands of a musical composer, with a view to its performance with the others, at the Celebration ; but from the disappointment occasioned by that person, this part of the arrangement was defeated ; and from his not returning the manuscript of the Greek Ode, probably from having lost or mislaid it, and the Professor's retaining no copy, its publication is necessarily omitted.





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