

**Address before the alumni of the University of Pennsylvania / by William B. Reed.**

**Contributors**

Reed, William B. 1806-1876.  
University of Pennsylvania.  
National Library of Medicine (U.S.)

**Publication/Creation**

Philadelphia : H. Longstreth, 1850.

**Persistent URL**

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Reed (Wm B.)

ADDRESS

BEFORE

THE ALUMNI

OF THE

University of Pennsylvania;

BY

WILLIAM B. REED,

November 13th, 1849.

Surgeon Genl's Office.  
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Washington

PHILADELPHIA:  
HENRY LONGSTRETH, 347 MARKET STREET.  
1850.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

University of Pennsylvania,  
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28th, 1849.

SIR :

We have been appointed a Committee by the Board of Managers of the Society of the Alumni, to communicate to you the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted at the meeting, held in the College Hall, this afternoon.

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Society of the Alumni be presented to WILLIAM B. REED, Esq. for the able, eloquent, and instructive Oration delivered at the Centennial Anniversary of the University on the 13th inst.

"*Resolved*, That a Committee of five be appointed to convey the above resolution to Mr. Reed, and to request of him a copy of his Oration for publication by the Society."

The performance of this duty is a source of much pleasure to us, and we trust that the character of the Oration—the occasion on which it was delivered, and the favor with which it was received, will induce you to consent to its publication.

With great respect, we remain your obedient servants,

HORATIO G. JONES, Jr.  
ISAAC HAYS.  
JAMES C. BOOTH.  
JOHN F. FRAZER.  
JOHN B. GEST.

To W. B. REED, Esq.

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 10th, 1849.

GENTLEMEN :

I place my Address at your disposal, and thank you for the kind opinion you express of my effort to do good to our University.

Very respectfully your friend,

WILLIAM B. REED.

Messrs. JONES, HAYS, BOOTH, FRAZER and GEST,

*Committee of Alumni.*

## ADDRESS.

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GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION :

On Dr. Franklin's return from his most brilliant visit to Europe, where for eight years he had been the companion of princes and nobles, of philosophers and wits,—the inmate of a Court, even in its decay, the most fascinating and luxurious the modern world had ever seen, the following entry appears to have been made in his Diary :

“ Wednesday, September 14, 1785. With the flood-tide in the morning came a light breeze, which brought us above Gloucester Point, and then we saw *Dear Philadelphia.*”

This is my text to-night, ‘ Dear Philadelphia ;’ the home of our nativity, of our education, of our school and college days—of our manhood and active life ; whose modest charms, simple and unobtrusive in every sense, are more interwoven in our fancy than we are aware of ; whose resources, physical and intellectual, we enjoy half the time without appreciating them ; whose honors any one may be proud to share ;—in short, this City of ours, with its claims, especially in relation to mental culture and high education, is a theme which, in a spirit of honest and manly self-complacency, I think well worth illustration. Especially is it so at the hands of those who have met together as children of an Institution of learning so venerable and so beneficent as this. For self-complacency I have no apologies to make. I am speaking to Philadelphians of Philadelphia ; and my wish is to utter some words that may invigorate the sentiment of local pride which is a community's surest reliance.

There is no one amongst us, who has ever bestowed a serious thought on the subject, that does not feel,—strangers have discovered it, and we may as well confess it,—that the defect of our character is a habit of mutual and self-disparagement. We are not true to each other. We are not loyal to our home. We have allowed other parts of the country to boast us into silence. In Boston,—indeed, any where in wonder-working New England,—

there is pride and mutual admiration and hearty praise ; and if it be sometimes carried to an extreme that provokes a smile, it rests on a salutary principle, which produces its fruits in the moral and intellectual achievements of New England's sons. In Virginia, —‘ the Old Dominion,’—a kindred spirit of self-exaltation yet prevails. Virginians are proud of their State and of each other ; and this immortal pride in herself and in her children, is the strongest element of strength that is left to her. Whilst here in Pennsylvania—here, though I hope in a less degree in Philadelphia, disloyalty to our State, detraction or at least disparagement of one another, hangs over us like a dark and chilly vapour through which, though the seed and the root and trunk are here, no bright foliage ever pierces to attract the admiration of the distant world, even within the Nation's borders. Now, this is truth ; and there is no use in disguising it. It is truth which strikes the eye on every page of our history, recent and remote ; and there was as much shrewd sense as caricature in the remark of the sagacious foreigner, so many of whose quaint illustrations live in our tradition, that Pennsylvania and her public men reminded him of boys running behind a carriage in the street ; all active, all anxious, all at the top of their speed, but the moment when one more active than the rest gained the seat and distanced his competitors, there was a chorus of, “ cut behind !” from all the rest, and down he was sure to come.\* The wrecks of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia fame, which strew the path of our history ; the narrow sphere within which has been confined the light of her genius, (and we have had in the past, and have now at the present, lights of as pure and serene a ray as ever burned) ; the triumphs of immigrant mediocrity, the disappointments of native merit, all illustrate this humiliating truth. And one object I have in view to-night, (and my heart, proud as it will ever be of Philadelphia and her fame, tells me no Philadelphia scholar will find fault with the attempt)—nay, my main object is, incidentally, and with such desultory thoughts as I have been able to collect, to try to arouse a new, a bolder, and more mutually generous spirit of pride in ourselves, in our institutions, and in no one more so than in this now ancient seminary of learning, whose first century of existence has to-day expired, within whose walls we gained what every man is more or less proud to have, with all its imperfections, our College training ; whose academical degrees, easily as in former days they may have been won, we are

\* The Abbé Correa.

not ashamed of; and to whose destinies for the future, with a wider capacity for usefulness, we look forward with hope and confidence that will not easily bear disappointment.

I desire to speak words of truth, and I hope consolatory truth, in Philadelphia ears. They will be said with no ornament of rhetoric, and certainly with no exaggeration of style, but soberly, unambitiously, familiarly. I have come to-night to this brotherhood of old acquaintances to talk without form; and I ask no more than the kind and patient attention, which friends give to a truth-telling friend.

It is not very easy to trace the defect of Philadelphia character, this habit of self-disparagement, to its source. My own impression, the fruit of some earnest thought on the subject, is that finding it, as I do, apparent on every page of our story social and political, in the days of colonial dependence, and afterwards during and subsequent to the Revolution, it has its root in the mixture of races which always, for better or for worse, has been our peculiarity here, and in the want of a picturesque and characteristic lineage. How few original Pennsylvania names survive; how vast the infusion of nomenclature from abroad, from every quarter, North and East and South. And then so far as fancy is affected by the past, so far as loyalty is supposed to rest on the fascinations or romance of history, our story, that at least of the foundation of our community, certainly was not picturesque. The imagination takes no hold on it. The solitary picture which we have of the Elm Tree Treaty, is as unattractive as it is possible to conceive the fruit of the pencil to be. Were it not for the recumbent Indian in the foreground, with his swarthy limbs and a few bright patches of red paint on his cheek, utterly dull and dismal would be the result. From 1682 to the day when the first gun-shot of the Revolution was fired, there is scarcely a picturesque incident in our dreary annals. Now, who will doubt that this matter of the poetry, the romance of a nation's infant story, has a direct effect on a nation's mind. There are traces yet of the Cavalier in the South—of the soldier of adventure saved by the Indian girl. No one ever saw the tower of the church at Jamestown, America's only ruin, without a memory of this. Farther South, there are traces of a better ancestry still, in the French pilgrims who, fleeing from the sharp sword of religious persecution, the most relentless weapon which human perversity ever draws, brought to Carolina the heroism of the Continental Protestants. There is beauty and

fascination in the landing at St. Mary's, with the crucifix raised and the censer waving. The Rock of Plymouth (almost worn down by the praises that have been pounded on it,) still is picturesque; and the May Flower is a name of beauty and music, though her freight was of stern men. All this in our colonial history is denied us. We crave something in our story for the fancy to cling to, and finding nothing, we are apt to look elsewhere; and with no music of our own, join in the songs of other climes. Depend on it, this matter of origin and historical romance has had its great and controlling influence.

Very soon began the dismal story of colonial infirmity. It is sad to think of it; and who can wonder, as he turns over the pages of our only historian, worthy but very dull Robert Proud, and reads the record of small squabbles and ungraceful bickerings, that the student, let his disposition be as loyal as it may, if he does not throw it aside in absolute disgust, lays it gladly down and takes up the story of other lands, with a sense of relief which tells how strong the contrast is. It was not long before the invasion of strangers began. The void which absenteeism made in Pennsylvania was filled by adventurers from every quarter, good and bad. Strangers were every where, and strangers are every where yet. And it is a curious fact, that when many years later the Revolution began, and a new and independent government was organized, every high officer of that Government was from a distance. Neither the Governor, nor the Attorney-General, nor the Chief Justice of the new State could boast of having been born on the soil, or even, having lived here more than a very few years. Let me not for one moment be understood to say that to these strangers we owe no debt of gratitude. I simply mean to state a fact as accounting for a defect of character.

Of the founder of this colony, it is difficult to speak justly, even here in Philadelphia, without danger of being sadly misunderstood; and the more difficult as lately the censoriousness of a brilliant foreign writer, has rather put us Pennsylvanians on our mettle. It seems to be assumed, that because Mr. Macaulay, in the true spirit of his fault-finding countrymen, has thought fit to shoot some arrows of venomous rhetoric at the memory of William Penn, we Pennsylvanians must get into a paroxysm of loyal resentment, and with eyes shut to the errors and defects of his personal character, run a furious tilt with his detractor. I am free to say, Pennsylvanian as in spirit I am, that I see no such necessity, and on this account feel no resentment. Pennsylvanians

may take a strong and clear distinction between Penn's character as an American lawgiver and an English courtier—between the years, only four of them, which he passed in the woods that skirted the Delaware, by his presence encouraging his plans of benevolent forecast, and those dismal years when he lived a weary hanger-on on the most selfish tyrant that ever sat on the English throne. Nay, I am content to go farther, with no forfeiture of my loyal fealty, and to contrast with pride William Penn's still earlier career while he was planning in England his colonial enterprise, and writing or thinking of his wonderful project of legislation and policy, (for wonderful at his day it was,) and his later life of humiliation. What he did in America, and for America, is worthy of all praise. What he did or failed to do when he turned his back on this poor deserted colony, I cannot feel myself called on at all hazards to defend. The great achievement of his life, and that Mr. Macaulay cannot comprehend, was the founding of a great commonwealth, such as this has grown to be—the worst and fatal error of his course, (and let us be proud, not ashamed, to admit it,) was when he left it. The British historian may be right or wrong, just or unjust, in his disinterment of the scandals about the maids of honor, or the University of Oxford, so far as they are supposed to affect our founder. William Penn was a man of British history when these scandals occurred. His American fame is far above them. It is part of the vicious Anglicanism of our times to be sensitive of such a point as this.

The sober minded student of Mr. Macaulay's great work, let me say in passing, may find graver fault with it than this, when he remembers the studious and almost contemptuous silence on what, if it is not now, soon will be considered to be the greatest feature of English history, in the times of which he writes, the foundation and early growth of the British settlements on this side of the Atlantic. He might have had his fling at the English courtier Penn, if he had said a word or bestowed a thought on Pennsylvania, or any one of those branches of the great tree of British constitutional freedom, which, torn from the parent stem and whirled hither by rude blasts of violence, took root and bloomed and flourished. From 1620, long before which his sketch of England begins, to 1688, where it now ends, English liberty,—law and liberty,—were growing here. Here was springing up, on the edge of the forest, the great institution of purified English freedom, which, at this very moment, is stronger and



safer and surer, not even excepting the mother fabric itself, than any human institution which now survives. Here was growing up a race of robust Anglo-Americans, invigorated by persecution and adversity, who, in rescue of the world, were to resist tyranny, secular and ecclesiastical, on this side of the Atlantic, and never to relapse as England did. Here were questions of civil liberty, decided or contested on matters of American charters, quite as grave as those which were discussed in relation to the city of London or the Seven Bishops. Here was beginning that great reading community, which in so short a time was to be the main propagator of English literature, and which now has published and circulated for actual use, one hundred thousand copies of Mr. Macaulay's history: five times as many as his own countrymen dreamed of printing. Here, among the children whom England has driven from her side, and whose applause and sympathies Englishmen look on with so much indifference, will, by and by, be found the great security and safeguard of English literature. It is but the other day, that on the pages of a contemporary British writer but little known in this country, my eye lighted on a passage which made my heart thrill with pride, as a common inheritor of the fame of English literature. "Were it possible," says this author, "for the institutions of England to be destroyed—for our great interests in their collision to shatter each other to pieces—for our mighty military and naval power to be annihilated, and our trade utterly to fail—for pestilence to make this island one great grave—for natural convulsions, volcanoes and earthquakes to desolate the soil, till it became an uninhabitable island; still would pilgrim-vessels seek our shore, and devotees land from them to express their reverence for the spot where Shakspeare and Milton lived, and wrote and produced their never dying creations."\* And as I read, my American heart beat proudly at the thought, that when the day of desolation comes,—may it be long averted,—those pilgrims and devotees must be my own countrymen, whose glory and richest heritage it is to speak the tongue which Shakspeare wrote and Milton sung.

The disparaging defect of our local character then is manifest. Its sources, however remote, I have sought thus cursorily to indicate. Will not the speculation be pardoned to-night, if in the same strain of familiar and desultory remark, I seek to point a remedy?

This University has always seemed to me, in the aspect to which

\* Fox's Lectures to the Working Classes.

I have alluded, eminently a Philadelphia institution. Its real history is unknown, its services in the past, its present capacity for usefulness, are disparaged here amongst ourselves; and its promises for the future are not relied on. Is not this eminently our mode of doing injustice to ourselves? Do I state this too strongly?

How few are there within the sound of my voice, who have come to-night within these college walls, as children of a gracious mother; how few in this city where for a century this Institution has modestly grown, nursing on its now ancient benches, talent and intellectual merit, that either here or at a distance,—for we, too, have distant graduates,—has done its work of usefulness, and made its mark on the history of our country? How few know any thing of its rich records? Till within a year, and then it was done by the Alumni, no historical catalogue ever was published; and to that catalogue, rich as I shall show with honored names, or names that would be honored did they not belong to Philadelphia, how few eyes are turned. May I, then, ask to-night, even from those who habitually think of and are interested in matters alien to ourselves, some little thought on what has been done, and may yet be done, by ourselves here at home?

A century of college history has just passed away. On the 13th of November, 1749, the thirty-six Philadelphia Trustees met and signed the fundamental rules for the Institution of the Philadelphia College, Academy and Charitable School. These thirty-six names, some of which by that sure process which seems to defy all attempts to perpetuate names and families, have faded away from existence, ought in Philadelphia to be held in perpetual remembrance. They were James Logan, Thomas Lawrence, William Allen, John Inglis, Tench Francis, William Masters, Lloyd Zachary, Samuel McCall, Joseph Turner, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Leech, William Shippen, Robert Strettle, Philip Syng, Charles Willing, Phineas Bond, Richard Peters, Abraham Taylor, Thomas Bond, Thomas Hopkinson, William Plumstead, Joshua Maddox, Thomas White, William Coleman, Isaac Norris, Thomas Cadwalader, James Hamilton, Alexander Stedman, John Mifflin, Benjamin Chew, Edward Shippen, William Coxe, Thomas Mifflin, Jacob Duchè, Lynford Lardner, and Amos Strettle. They were men of character and standing and learning; or where, as with the greatest of them, mere scholarship was wanting, of masculine intelligence and pure, vigorous, American mother wit. They were of all ranks of life, of different means

and pursuits, and, what is most to be remembered, of different religious persuasions, and of course of the widest and most generous tolerance. I should be glad to analyse this list of benefactors, and trace as far as may be their individual influence; but the limits which are properly prescribed to me forbid more than the most general views. One thing is very manifest, that the master spirit then, as the master spirit in every effort to do public good, from the hour when he landed penniless at Market Street wharf till the distant day when, at the end of almost a century, he was carried amid mourning crowds and tolling bells to his modest and almost forgotten grave, was Benjamin Franklin. His mind conceived and his energy achieved the first Philadelphia College, and supplied a deficiency which, almost without observation, had been allowed to exist for the first seventy years after the settlement of the province.

Of those seventy years, or at least of that portion of them which elapsed from William Penn's first departure till Dr. Franklin's arrival, I do not care to speak. Its history has yet to be honestly written. For my mind I confess, looking at the dreary continuity of pitiful squabbles, the melancholy end of the career of the founder of the Province, and the feebleness of those who inherited his name and trust, it has no attractions. It seemed to illustrate the futility of the wisest plans of political benevolence, without an adaptation under Providence of the materials to which to apply them. William Penn's scheme of social organization has no equal on the record of human devices—in wisdom, in tolerance, in superiority in every particular to the wretched speculative plans of the times in which he lived, and yet the instant his back was turned, and his personal influence withdrawn, all went into confusion and disorder. There seemed to be no principle of self-control or self-preservation. And the Charter, and the Frame of government, and "The Laws agreed on in England," with their words of genuine eloquence, which the student of rhetoric should learn by heart, and their lessons of political wisdom, which the statesman of any time would do well to ponder on, were hung up in profitless rebuke of the state of discreditable perplexity which then ensued, and which more or less continued till the vigorous hand of revolution put a decisive end to it. Education, I mean high education, like every thing else, suffered in the scuffle. Seventy years rolled by in Pennsylvania, and no college, no plan of high scholarship was thought of; and when it did originate, it sprang up in the mind of one whose nativity was not of the soil.

Not that I mean to surrender *our* Franklin to New England; for he was *ours*, Philadelphian in spirit and in truth, in enterprise and loyal beneficence, from the day he came here a boy till the last hour of his wonderful existence. He belonged, too, to *us* graduates of this institution; for to him do we mainly owe, not only its foundation, but its reconstruction when, at a later day, it had been grievously jarred and cracked by the convulsions of a civil war, and its attendant disturbances. And whilst I thus freely concede to Dr. Franklin the merit of the first suggestion and vigorous promotion of the College, we must not forget our peculiar obligations to others who laboured with him to the same end, and who laboured in spite of him in the cause of scholarship and classical education. Strange as it may seem to those who believe that a thorough knowledge of the ancient classics is the best foundation of a good style of idiomatic English writing, Dr. Franklin, who wrote as good and as pure English as any man ever wrote, was, if not opposed, at least indifferent to classical instruction. Happily there was a strong counter-current, which even he could not turn back. Among the founders were such men as James Logan, the most accomplished and attractive man, after Penn, the colony produced, and Richard Peters and William Smith and Jacob Duchè, all scholars in the best sense of the word, thorough men in their attainments, and who in time of need stood manfully by the good old cause of Greek and Latin with a faithfulness that even we degenerate scholars of superficial times ought to thank them for. They did their good work in their day and generation, and we ought to remember it. They, or some of them, brought from the mother country and its universities scholarship that, transplanted here, produced good fruits. The University of Oxford conferred on two of these individuals her highest academic degrees; and though doubtless the honour was chiefly designed as an acknowledgment of their staunch theology, we know that they well deserved it for higher and more substantial merits, for their thorough and accurate learning, and for the good they were doing in promoting good scholarship in these neglected colonies. To them we mainly owe the foundation of the Classical Department of this University; and for that, great is our debt of reverential gratitude.

It is not, and so, gentlemen, you no doubt understand me, within the compass of my design to-night to trace the history of the college century. It has already been done by far abler

hands.\* I simply mean to try, incidentally, to show, looking at certain pages of its annals, that we ought to be prouder of it than we are, and the rich honour it has shed upon the character of the community in which we live.

Follow me then while I briefly unroll its catalogue of the forgotten dead and illustrious living, and see what it has done. Take as a starting point the first class of 1757, with its meagre number of seven graduates, five of whom rose to eminence and distinction, and end in 1812 and 1819, with the classes not much larger, with their three cabinet ministers,—this University producing two successive Secretaries of the Treasury, one of whom has made, and one of whom will, we his friends and fellow-citizens and fellow-graduates trust, make a clear and distinct mark on the history of our country. Its record is very full and very rich.

The first name on our catalogue is Jacob Duchè—the next Francis Hopkinson. I am not here to play biographer, even to our illustrious fellow-graduates, but merely as I pass rapidly along to note their names and incidentally their destinies. And perhaps no two are in more striking contrast than these who lead the roll. Mr. Duchè was a man, so says concurrent tradition, of brilliant abilities, of high scholarship and of attractive eloquence. He was a minister of the Established Church, and occupied in this then primitive community that position which her clergy, when men of moderation and kindly tolerance, always have occupied, of influence and respect. Here he had his education, and on this infant seminary he reflected as a teacher the honors he had won as a student. Here he lived, and here he was honoured, and here he might have died lamented and revered, for his high mental and moral qualities deserved them both; but that when the day of patriotic trial came, let the warning enure for ever, he failed in the function which he should have filled. Fifteen years after he graduated the beginning of that trial came. Our first Philadelphia graduate was called by a unanimous vote to invoke, as a minister of God, a blessing on the first Federal Representation—the Continental Congress—which met here to deliberate on measures of resistance and redress. The tradition of that prayer still survives. It survives too in the recollection of one who was bound to the preacher by no ecclesiastical sympathy, for John Adams tells us that its eloquence melted to tears the sternest hearts among those who listened, and melted them only that in all the elements of resolution and endurance in their

\* Dr. George B. Wood's Historical Address.

oppressed country's cause they might harden again. The prayer which thus ascended for fortitude, for courage, for loyalty, for affectionate fealty to the constitutions and privileges of America, as well defined then as now, brought down its fruits on all that heard it, save one, and he was the one who prayed. For when afterwards the sword was drawn, and actual trial came, he shrank from the test, and met with that reward which is the sure penalty on weakness like this. The rest of his melancholy story is soon told. At a later period he joined the enemy, not, I am proud to say, offensively, for Philadelphia never supplied from the ranks of her clergy confederates for blood and guides to carnage—but he fled and joined that sad pilgrimage of loyalists who tried to become pensioners on the reluctant pity of a nation which never, in those days at least, had sympathy with a drop of American blood, loyal or rebellious. There he dragged along a few weary years, but with the craving of a heart turned always to the home of his birth and education, he came back again, was generously and gently received and pardoned, and ended his days in peaceful insignificance amongst us. These were his errors, we may hope fully expiated. His honours, and of them we, his successors, with no sympathy with his faults, may well be proud, were high scholarship, and piety and eloquence; and more than all, his was the historic honour, as I have said, that in the Mother Council of the nation—that august body which met in Carpenter's Hall, he was called to utter the first prayer and invoke the first blessing on the rising, struggling liberties of America. Two young men were his college mates, Francis Hopkinson and William Paca, and to their names is appended on our catalogue the distinction, the highest armorial-bearing American heraldry can boast, that they were “Signers of the Declaration of Independence.” They too had their rich reward; for next to the reverence of posterity which this one great act and a life of patriotic virtue secured, was that when, years later, the Federal Government was established, they were each selected by Washington to fill high judicial positions in his gift.

In the classes of 1760 and 1761, I find two names, which in their military association have high though different distinction—one is Thomas Mifflin, a general in the continental service, and the first governor of Pennsylvania under the Constitution of 1790; the other, Tench Tilghman, Washington's friend and confidential secretary, his cherished friend during the larger portion of the war. Governor Mifflin's contemporaneous reputation was peculiar. He was a brave, ardent and impetuous man, with no

steadiness of political principle to guide him, but with peculiar power of popular oratory which, in those times of excitement, gave him influence almost unequalled—an influence which neutralized the effects of his ill-regulated passions and strong personal prejudices and prepossessions. No man of his times retained local popularity longer, or under greater disadvantages. He was one of the Philadelphia gentlemen who joined General Washington at Cambridge in 1775, and was at his side with fidelity that never wavered till the end of the campaign of '76; always active, full of vigour and of that spirit of gallant enterprise which always secures military applause. When in the winter or fall of 1776, Washington retreated across the Delaware with scarcely a hope that resistance to the advancing enemy could by any good fortune be maintained—when the Commander-in-chief, he whose thoughts of joy or sorrow, of despondency or hope, rarely found vent in words, wrote to his brother that if something was not done “the game was nearly up,” Mifflin, our brother graduate, was sent to arouse the slumbering energies of this community and persuade volunteers to the field. And never was high errand more successful. But for his success, (and is not this something to be very proud of) Washington must have fallen back, and neither Trenton nor Princeton would have been sacred names. Virginia and Massachusetts, as we all know, have had a standing quarrel as to whose eloquence the phrase belongs “We must fight,”—but Pennsylvania has the fruitful honour of showing, when fighting became a reality, how it was to be done. On the 26th November, 1776, Mifflin writes to camp from Philadelphia: “I find my countrymen slumbering under the shade of peace, and in the full enjoyment of the sweets of commerce. I have been to the Committee of Safety and addressed their passions. The Assembly meet to-night, and I will give them a lesson. To-morrow the city militia are to be reviewed, and they shall have a talk well-seasoned. The Council of Safety, I am just informed, open the campaign to-day by putting the principal tories in gaol.” The appeal was like the sound of a trumpet. It could not keep Congress at its post; but it aroused the spirit of Philadelphia, and at no period of the war was a finer spirit shown than here. Fifteen hundred volunteers (a great number for our then population,) marched to camp, and by their presence mainly, if not only, was Washington enabled to retrieve the broken fortune of the war. Our Philadelphia lawyer, our brother graduate, who had learned elo-

quence within these College walls, deserves no small share of honor for what he did then.

The student of history knows that the rest of General Mifflin's career during the war was darkened by his share in the wretched conspiracy known as the Conway cabal, of which he was the master spirit, and whose object was to supersede Washington in his command—but we also know that Washington generously forgave him, and that by one of these accidents of picturesque retribution which adorn the page of history, it was into the hands of Mifflin, as President of Congress, that in 1783, when the war was over, he resigned his commission at Annapolis. With what a swelling heart, swelling with recollections and reproaches of the past, must Mifflin then have pronounced the memorable words, "The United States in Congress assembled receive with emotions too affecting for utterance the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and doubtful war. For you, we address to Almighty God our inmost prayers that a life so beloved may be fostered with all His care, that your days may be as happy as they have been illustrious, and that He will finally give you that reward which the world cannot give." It was fitting such an invocation should issue from such lips.

Tench Tilghman, also a graduate of 1761, was a man of different and in some elements of character of a higher grade. He belonged to the chivalry of the war. He was Washington's faithful confidential friend from first to last; one of that glorious array, few but strong in virtue, whom Washington selected as his familiar friends, and in the strict sense of the word, his secretary. "He has been," Washington wrote in 1781, "a slave to the public and faithful to me." And who has higher praise than this? In this same class of 1761, beside Colonel Tilghman, I find three other names of high local distinction in my own profession. Richard Peters, Alexander Wilcocks and Jasper Yeates, lawyers and judges of older and better days.

And now, gentlemen, passing down the almost forgotten course of these remote times, I am startled, (one is very apt to be by any thing that makes him count his days,) by a name around which my own personal recollections cling. In the class of 1765, consisting only of seven individuals, I find the name of William White—"Bishop White"—the first Bishop of Pennsylvania. And here let me pause on this bright link which binds the living around



me with the illustrious dead whose names are historical, while in no spirit of common stereotyped laudation, (of which, Heaven knows, we have more than enough,) I strive to bring back to those who remember, and to show to those who know it as of the past, the true merits of one of whom, in many respects, Philadelphia and the University has so many reasons to be proud. Bishop White will be by and by, if he is not already, a character of history. The patriarch of any form of Christian faith in our land belongs to history. Side by side with civilization as it advances over this continent, in some form, and often in various forms, is Religion guiding and softening and humanizing the mere physical improvement of civilized man. The Missionary follows close on the footsteps of the adventurer. And it may be said, I hope without offence, that while other denominations of Christians may be more adventurous leaders of the missionary cause, no one is better calculated to win over the mind and conciliate the confidence of mankind in a higher state of civilization than that form known as the Church of England. Its moderation, the tolerant spirit that is breathed through its services when administered in true simplicity, (and let us hope their simple and severe beauty may never be disguised by extravagant or grotesque ceremonial,) and which seems to claim kind brotherhood not merely with those of its own communion, but in the tolerant language of its liturgy, with "all who profess and call themselves Christians,"—all seem to promise vast and increasing and beneficent progress in a land like ours, where intolerance and sectarian exclusiveness of any kind are sure to meet fatal rebuke. And if this be so, then eminently will he be entitled to a high and prominent place in our historic gallery, who may be justly said, if not to have planted the Church here, certainly to have raised and sustained it when withered by the cruel, unnatural neglect of the Mother Church in Great Britain, and prostrated by the storm of civil war. Well did he deserve the gratitude of the Church—nearly as well did he deserve the gratitude of the country.

There are few things in our civil history more curious and characteristic than the foundation of the Episcopate in this country after the Revolutionary war: its means, its men, and its results. A Boston Puritan, nurtured in detestation of prelacy, was an active agent in effecting the consecration of the first two American Bishops. Mr. Adams, the American minister in London, carried the candidates to Lambeth, introduced them to the palace of the Primate, and always looked back, heterodox, as in most respects

he was thought to be, to his agency on this occasion with pride and pleasure. He was proud, and well he might be, to carry such a man as our Philadelphia clergyman to any court, to any palace, whether of king or prelate. He could point to him as a man not merely of piety and devotion to what he considered true ecclesiastical principles, but as one of the few among the Episcopal clergy hereabouts, who, in the hour of trial, had been true to his country's cause. Doctor White, throughout the Revolution, was always resolutely American. No Anglicanism ever tainted his high spirit—no spurious sentimentalism ever warped his faith to his native home. Most happily, too, the gentle, moderate spirit of the American candidate was met by his ecclesiastical superiors abroad in a temper as gentle and considerate. The government was in the hands of wise and tolerant men. Mr. Pitt was minister, and the echoes of his great father's voice, warning Bishops and Peers against injustice to America, had not died out of his memory. The Primate was a man of cool judgment and extreme caution. He saved the American Church from no slight danger, by postponing or refusing the consecration of one, who, before Sir Guy Carleton had evacuated New York, had hurried from the British camp across the Atlantic to receive, as he hoped, the mitre, as a reward for hostility to the American cause. The wisdom of the Ministry, and the cool judgment of the ecclesiastical authorities, hesitated on the claim, and at last placed that mitre on the head of one who but the day before had been a rebel, but who, the struggle being over, was, in their gentle judgment, none the less worthy because he had been loyal to his native country's cause. Such was the high honour, and few can boast of higher ones, that our Philadelphia graduate won.

And then the rest of his life, as we knew it here in Philadelphia! What a model of a venerable Bishop—what a model of a Christian gentleman, with every accomplishment and attraction brightening around him—so gentle, so moderate, so resolute, and so tolerant. In his social relations, doing his duty as a citizen; never obtruding his political opinions, which were of that antique, historical school called Federal, which so many are anxious to disavow, but never faltering in his political fidelity, thinking it a duty not a sin to vote. When danger and pestilence came, here was he at his post. When the appeal was made to him to come forward and lend his venerable name for the promotion of any object of general beneficence, he answered the appeal

promptly and generously. He was always the good citizen ; and, at last, when his long career was over, there was no jar or discord in the universal sorrow which broke forth, like a gentle dirge, over the grave of one who had been, in every relation of life, personal and official, so singularly blameless. He, too, belongs to us.

In the classes, within the twenty years next succeeding, I find a cluster of names of high local distinction in my own profession, but who have left little else, with all their living influence, than the mere lawyer's transient and traditionary fame. They are, Edward Tilghman, as a lawyer, the greatest of them all ; Moses Levy, Samuel Sitgreaves, Jonathan W. Condy, and Joseph Hopkinson. The last of these eminent men lives in our fresh remembrance ; whilst of the first a beautiful memorial is extant, from the pen of a living lawyer, well worth careful study.\*

In the class of 1789 appears the name of the oldest living graduate of this University, whose attendance here and participation in these ceremonies we should have been proud, and almost hoped to have. I refer to Doctor Samuel Miller, now Emeritus Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Seminary at Princeton ; an eminent, a learned and accomplished man ; who, through a long life, both within and aside from his sacred profession, has shed bright lustre on the literature of our country. Here he was educated ; and hither, at the expiration of more than half a century, to his Alma Mater, he looks back with intense affection. There is something so earnest and cordial in Dr. Miller's expression of feeling to this Institution, that I am tempted to quote a single paragraph from his letter to your committee.

"It is just sixty years," he writes, "since the University of Pennsylvania conferred on me my first literary honours. Nor is this all I have to acknowledge at her hands. More than twenty years afterwards, not unmindful of her humble son, she, unsolicited, conferred upon me a high professional honour, for which I have ever felt deeply thankful.† Yet more ; beside these per-

\* I allude to Mr. Binney's beautiful biography of Edward Tilghman in Professor Vethake's Supplement to the Encyclopedia Americana.

† The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Dr. Miller in 1813.

I may here note the extreme good sense and tolerant spirit which has always seemed to guide the Trustees in the distribution of the Academical honours, especially the Doctorates of Divinity. In a century, the College has bestowed but nineteen degrees of L.L. D., and the list, which I take from the catalogue, shows how highly the distinction has been prized by those who have bestowed

sonal obligations, I cannot help calling to mind on this occasion, so well adapted to revive the impressions of the past, that three beloved brothers, long since deceased, were in succession sharers with myself in the favours of this honoured parent. You will readily believe me, then, when I say that I regard the University of Pennsylvania with the deepest filial and grateful interest; and that it would give me more pleasure than I can express to be present and unite with you in your literary celebration, but being now in the 80th year of my age, and feeling the heavy and growing pressure of an old man's infirmities, I am compelled to forego it."

Would that every graduate of this University thought of it with the affectionate reverence that glows in this venerable man's breast. Then, indeed, would it be strong in the grateful memories of its children. Of Dr. Miller's eminence in his sacred function, and within the religious communion to which he belongs, it would be presumptuous for me to speak. It is best shown by the confidence for thirty years reposed in him by one of the most learned theological institutions in our country. But he has literary reputation aside from his profession. His *Retrospect of the 18th Century* was a work which, embodying a novel and original idea, made at the time of its publication a strong impression on this and the other side of the Atlantic, and showed its author to be a thorough and accomplished scholar; whilst his works of controversial theology and ecclesiastical biography attest his singular ability in other and more technical branches of knowledge. His fame too is part of *our* honour.

Finding myself within the circle of the living, I am admonished by every instinct of good taste to pause, and no farther prolong, at the expense of your kind patience, the catalogue of our illustrious brethren. Among the living, I could easily find many of whose fame we might well be proud, and whom, by a word of just appreciation, I should be glad to win back to their allegiance here;

it. The names are:—George Washington, (1783); Charles Thomson, (1784); Chief Justice McKean, (1785), Francis Hopkinson, Chief Justice Shippen, Judge Wilson, (1790), Chief Justice Tilghman, (1807), Rufus King, Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Washington, (1825), Judge Gaston, Chancellor Kent, Doctor Patterson, the elder, Judge Charles Smith, Chief Justice Ambrose Spencer, (1819), General Lafayette, (1825); Judge Peters, (1827), Samuel L. Southard, (1832); Chief Justice Gibson, (1838).

In 1780, the degree of A. M. was, it seems, conferred on "Thomas Paine," then known only as a political writer.

but content with an earnest commemoration of the dead, I leave, with the single exception I have made, the living without a word.

Nor have I allowed myself time to speak of the distinguished men, who have been connected, in one way or another, either as professors or tutors, for in former times there were tutors as well as professors, with the academical department.

Of these, this much I venture to assert, that few collegiate institutions can exhibit a stronger array of names in past times than we can. The names of Smith, and Ewing, and Allison, and Rittenhouse, and Kinnersley, and Davidson, and Charles Thomson, and Patterson, and many others, sufficiently illustrate this. And as my mind runs over the long list of distinguished teachers connected with this Institution, it rests on one, not very long since passed from among us, of whom I and every one who, as a pupil, knew him, can never speak but with affectionate regard. He was perhaps not an illustrious man in one sense of the word, but he was a true and faithful man in an unpretending and laborious function. If there be any one here of the classes from 1806 to 1828, they will hardly need to hear me say I refer to James G. Thomson, for twenty-two years Professor of Languages—the “severe professor,” as he was represented to the uninitiated to be, the kindest and truest and most cordial friend, as he was soon found out to be, the student ever had. He was one of those men who thought of little but Latin and Greek—of dialects and measures, and syntax and prosody; but who was there of the hundreds he instructed, who ever murmured at petulance or injustice, and didn’t think with deep regret of how much more, at the hands of such a teacher, he might have learned. I do not exaggerate, for I am sure there are many of my contemporaries will respond heartily when I say, that no one—not the laziest of the class, and in my day there were certainly some very lazy students—ever thought of Professor Thomson without deep self-reproach if he had ever offended him, and peculiar pride when he had earned his praise.

With the past I have now done. May I be pardoned if I say a single word of hope and confidence for the future. There is no use of disguising that the cause of liberal and accomplished education here is in the hands of this University. There can be no substitute for the processes of education which an institution like this alone has in its power to apply. They are processes of high mental culture. Processes which take the student from the lower level of what is known as mere schooling and rudimental learning,

and elevate him into association with bright and pure lights that burn above—which make him the accomplished scholar, and send him into this world of work, with the armour of his mind not only rivetted, but polished and shining like the scholar knight's in the Spanish romance of chivalry, all over bright moons and stars. I am very sure I truly represent those whose organ to-night I am, when I say that we, the Alumni, look to the future of the University, whose past has been such as I have attempted to describe, with deep and earnest solicitude. Time has not yet so far rolled by as to allow us to forget the wants and cravings of our College days; or of that time, much more valuable, when academical discipline and control being at an end, we were left to our own unassisted guidance. Of the administration of the College, and its course of instruction within its regular term, it would be presumptuous for me to speak. No man holds in this community a higher or more enviable position than those to whom this trust is delegated. They have vast opportunity of extensive service, in the high culture of the scholars of our community. They are placed beyond all rivalry; for common schools, and private schools, and high schools, doing vast service in their respective spheres, and every hour satisfies me more and more of their usefulness, are in no competition with what a University ought to be. So far from it, they may be, and ought to be, identical in aim; and it is a most pleasing thing to see that the individual whom I am proud to call a friend, a fellow graduate and brother lawyer, who of late years, has been most prominently useful in the cause of common school education, is a Trustee of this University, and faithful and earnest in both his trusts.\* So may it be with the Professors of the University—most especially with its presiding officer. His is the duty, in the best sense of the word, to *popularise* the Institution, to mingle with the masses of the community, the schools and the scholars, and most of all, with that inestimable, but slighted class, the school masters, who labour thanklessly, and who would be most proud to see their boys welcomed within college halls, and striving with kind encouragement for college honours. Is it not a noble function in this community—what nobler one can any one desire than to be an agent of good like this?

As to what might be done in the enlargement of the Institution

\* George M. Wharton, Esq., for many years President of the Controllers of the Public Schools—an Alumnus of 1823. The Secretary of the Trustees, Mr. George Emlen, is also active in the common school cause.

in relation to its graduates, and especially to those who have just entered on the study of their professions, for College guardianship ought not to end with its first degrees, the Alumni have a most direct interest. There was a time within my memory when an attempt was made to supply this deficiency by the institution of another faculty, whose instruction was not to be compulsory, and when, for causes not at all inherent, it failed. The question is now presented, cannot such an extension of a scheme of education be revived under better auspices, and with greater chances—and if it can, what should be its basis and extent? To this, the attention of the Alumni has, in a general way been directed, and meditating on this, there are some results, which, in the name of the graduates, I will frankly and respectfully state, trusting that they may receive the attention to which the motive in which they originate entitles them. That motive is an unaffected desire to elevate the intellectual character of this community, to raise the standard of literary and professional accomplishment, to do good to the University, and widen, in a new direction, and without the drain of a dollar of its resources, its capacity for usefulness.

I speak of the standard of professional accomplishment, and in doing so, my mind naturally and directly turns to my own profession, which, every where but here, is considered as a branch of *University* education. I am well aware of the plausible objections to any attempt thus to educate in the science of the law, but they are really objections to what no one dreams of recommending, instructions in this mode alone. All that is desired, and as I have said, every University but this supplies it, is that beside the mode of office study, which is now alone relied on, something like systematic oral instruction should be afforded. Surely no one, not the most abstracted and intense student that ever struggled on through the din and distraction of a practising lawyer's office, would be the worse for listening, at the end of the day, or twice, or once a week, from the lips of a competent, practical teacher, and none other would be thought of, to a systematic exposition of the science of the local law. How many a perplexity, which, originating in inexperience, haunts the brain of the mature student, might be removed by a single opportune word from a teacher's lips. Let any one recall the hours of indolent or devoted study which he has had, and say whether it would not have been a refreshment, and an advantage too, to have heard the law talked over and explained and illustrated. And this, and little else would an expert and practical teacher attempt, is all that is proposed. Those

who object to law professorships and law lectures forget that Blackstone was a law professor at a University, and Blackstone's Commentaries, law lectures. By such instruction, no lawyer's office would be depopulated, the same hands would be at work to copy papers, the same legs to run errands. The vested rights of the Bar in their young men would not be impaired. Not even ancient habit, which in legal education has, in my poor judgment, but most absurdly revered, would be infringed. The sacred routine of sitting round a front office table, the student's feet, generally such are the graces which are taught, where his head ought to be, all talking over the gossip of the day, would not be violated, and yet a little more might be learned under restraints that could not be disregarded, and the student might the better appreciate that it is something like a science which he is trying to master.

I am here but to hint at our wants in this respect. The filling up and maturing the plan, nay more, the selection of the individual to discharge this most important trust, belong to others, with whose functions we have no right or wish to meddle. It certainly, however, would not "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer" long to find one worthy to fill it, from the ranks of our own Alumni, a learned jurist, elevated by judicial position above the strife and beyond the exigencies of his profession, and yet in every sense a practical lawyer, who would be proud, I hope, and competent, I am sure, to teach law as a science to those who, I am equally sure, would be most grateful to learn it from him.\*

May we not, looking to other pursuits of learned life, ask for something more? To the scientific department of this University I am glad to pay, for concurrent testimony satisfies me it is deserved, a high tribute of confidence and respect, but will any one pretend to say that the course of scientific instruction might not be advantageously extended? I feel how incompetent I am even to make suggestions on matters like this. But there are wants in this respect which are palpable. Twice within the last eighteen months have I been applied to from a distance, to know if there was not attached to this University a school or professorship or lectureship on Civil Engineering, especially as applied to mineral explorations. Naturally the student's inquiry is turned to Pennsylvania, the great mineral State of the Union, richer this moment, in healthy mineral resources, I mean those that make men rich by labor, than all California, and it is with mor-

\* My professional friends will, I am sure, understand that I allude to Judge Sharswood, an Alumnus of 1828.



tification that we have had to answer that we do not in our University, or any where else hereabouts, teach such things, and the student must go, and there is no doubt he has gone, to Cambridge—to Massachusetts, the inside of whose soil is not less barren than its surface,—to Massachusetts, which you might perforate from Cape Cod to the Hudson, and not find a stone richer than Quincy granite, but where the munificent liberality, the steady loyalty of her public spirited men endows scientific lectureships and professorships, and makes Universities worthy of the name. Let any one go to the Franklin Institute or Academy of Natural Science, of this city, and he will see how strong and prevalent the craving for scientific instruction is. Let any one recall the course of popular lectures delivered very many years ago in this University, on Natural Philosophy, by one (he is present, and will excuse the sincere compliment) whose talent for experimental lecturing and graceful elocution has rarely been surpassed. Nay, let any one visit the comparatively humble and unknown laboratory and school of private instruction in practical science of one of our own graduates, and watch the success of private unassisted tuition, and he cannot doubt the inestimable good that might be done in elevating Philadelphia scientific fame, if its seminary of varied learning once met and tried to satisfy the wants I have spoken of.\*

May we not ask something still more? Would it be an inordinate boon to allow us, remember I am speaking for the graduates, for the under-graduates have thorough instruction, if we needed, and public taste would support it, a Lectureship or Professorship of History, and especially of American history. On this point there are many who feel strongly and anxiously. Ignorance of history—deep, dark ignorance of our own history is the crying intellectual defect of our country, and especially so of this community. In other places it is not so. In Boston—for thither I am compelled to go too often for example of defects supplied—in Boston the individual whose life has been devoted to the illustration of our Annals—who has earned his fame as a teacher of American history, has made that peculiar department the sure and firm stepping stone to the highest literary honour in the Western World—the President of Harvard University. A tutor in the same college, gaining fame

\* Dr. Robert M. Patterson formerly delivered popular courses on Natural Philosophy, and Professor James C. Booth's private school of Arts is well known to our men of science.

by writing American history, has attained and reflected credit on the highest diplomatic honour in the nation's gift. American history has students, and teachers, and patrons in New England—why not in Pennsylvania? In Pennsylvania, one page of whose revolutionary history has more interest in all that should warm an American heart, than volumes of New England,—in Philadelphia, whose neighbourhood of fifty miles can count more battle-fields than half the confederacy beside—in Philadelphia, whose classic halls, for we can boast one more than Boston, were not then mere “cradles of liberty,” but the places where liberty learned to walk and speak for herself—here no one seems willing on these subjects to read, to learn, to teach. We study every thing but this. We have lectures on every conceivable alien topic. We see all round us youthful and mature intelligence wasting itself on studies the most obsolete and unfruitful, and when the simplest question is asked as to what affects ourselves, our lessons of the recent past, that which is to influence our homely destinies and those of our children—when such questions are asked, and such studies recommended, the mind even of the American student turns away in ill-disguised disgust or indifference, and if it does not glory, at least, is not ashamed of its preference for alien studies.\*

It may too be suggested that the mere clearing up of ignorance on this point, must of necessity have high and direct moral influence, on the imagination, and through it on the heart of American men and women too. Who reads an American book? is a question which has a new and painful significance. It is not easy to speak earnest truth on this matter of homely history, and escape the imputation of vulgar and declamatory national self-complacency. Yet no one can think seriously on what in the way of study and moral culture one sees around him, without a sense of the truth of what I hint at. Go into any intelligent company in this city, and enquire of those who adorn it, not what they know, but how they feel, and there is but one response. We know nothing, and of course we care nothing about American history. Go to the meditative student's Library rich with the spoils of every other clime and every other time than ours. He will turn a listless ear if you talk to him of the Continental Congress, or even of some romantic incident of Colonial or Revolu-

\* I am bound in justice here to say, that Professor Reed's course of instruction in American Constitutional History to the under-graduates, is very thorough and complete, as much so as any in the country.

tionary story, while his eye will brighten and his tongue be fluent if you touch some key of alien sentimentalism. Go ask the merchant, the intelligent, well educated merchant, what were known as "the enumerated articles," or the Writs of Assistance, or the Acts of Trade, out of which the Revolution began, and he will hardly be ashamed to say he never heard of them. Enquire of the practising lawyer of our own time, for I am sorry to think the past were better, who has his Blackstone at his finger ends, if he has ever studied the history of American constitutional law, and he will not blush to say he has not. Nay further—go, I will not say to the Churches of the land, for they are beyond my criticism, but look at the other means, especially in the form of periodical publications, by which ecclesiastical information of one sort or another is diffused to purify or to poison the American mind, turn over their leaves and detect, if you can, one thought or allusion kindred to the true history of American Christianity. Nay, further, see how much there is at which the American heart if it be loyal, revolts at as adverse to the cause and principles for which our fathers bled, and what I mourn over will be too apparent to be disputed.

Let me not for a moment be understood as urging any thing like exclusiveness, even in behalf of domestic history. I ask but a small share of the American student's mind. I would have him thoroughly taught in the history of his own country, as a mode of enabling him to think rightly on that of other nations. All should be ancillary to the master principles at home, and impregnating his mind thoroughly with such elements of knowledge, I would give as large latitude to taste as he desired. There would be no danger then, there would be no Gallicised or Anglicised "Young America" then, there would be no translated sentimentalism, with its spurious martyrology; the student would judge foreign politics, and foreign theology, and foreign opinions of the past and present, by the true standard, which proper education had fixed in his American heart. He would then read a Tory book with no risk of his imagination being run away with by obsolete phantoms of forgotten times and exploded practices. He may glean from it much to humanize and chasten the rough extravagance which our simple freedom is apt to encourage, and yet keep his republican loyalty pure. He may read a Radical book, and gathering from it knowledge of the true condition of the wretched masses abroad, on which while conservative men are too apt to shut their eyes—what is called Radi-

calism has thrown so much light—he will yet be safe, and prouder the more he reads than ever that he, the American citizen, stands safe in the clear sun-light of rational, constitutional liberty, on ground not burrowed beneath his feet by starving down-trodden poverty, or shadowed by political or ecclesiastical structures that are fast tottering to their fall.

And now, gentlemen, I have done. The words of consolatory truth, of pride in the past, and hope for the future, are now spoken. My appeal has been for Philadelphia, “dear Philadelphia”—for education in its highest form in Philadelphia. It is an appeal which I hope may reach the ancient heart of this University, the guardian after all of high education amongst us. It and its kindred institutions hereabouts, ought to feel they are fit for something better than respectable decrepitude. There ought to be immortal youth always coursing in its veins, though a century’s snows are upon its brow. There is vast capacity for extended usefulness which yet is undeveloped. ~~The graduates~~ come back to her feet, and ask her to arouse and be more than herself again. The University of Pennsylvania ought to be and may yet be made to be what its name imports—a *University for Pennsylvania*. But in order that it should be so, Philadelphia must be true to herself and her institutions. There must be no disloyalty—the voice of disparagement must cease—there must be mutual confidence and pride in each other, and for each other—a rally round our institutions and our men; and then Philadelphia, proud of herself as she has a right to be, proud of her scholars, her men of high literature and science, reared round her own hearth, and with the guidance of her own teachers, may take and keep the stand which her ancient fame once gave her, fearless in the strength of manly self-complacency of any rivalry, let it come whence it may.

And if, graduates of the University, any word of man shall give the slightest impulse to your loyalty, to the institutions of our home, to this venerable College, to the cause of domestic education, it will be a reward beyond all price. It will be honour enough to me to feel that the dawn of a new century has been heralded by the fire which you and I have tried to-night to kindle.

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 a century's snows are upon its brow. There is vast capacity for  
 mental wealth which we are neglecting. We ought to be more than  
 able to pay for it, and ask for no more and be more than  
 able to give. The University of Pennsylvania ought to be and  
 pay for as much as what its name imports—a University for  
 Pennsylvania. That is, in order that it should be so, Philadelphia  
 must be true to herself and her institutions. There must be no  
 rivalry—the voice of disengagement must be—there must  
 be mutual confidence and pride in each other, and for each other  
 —a truly round our institutions and movement; and then Phila-  
 delphia proud of herself as she has a right to be, proud of  
 her scholars, her men of high literature and science, trained round  
 her own hearth, and with the guidance of her own teachers, they  
 take and keep the stand which her ancient fame has given her,  
 factors in the strength of manly self-complacency of any rivalry,  
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## APPENDIX.

The Commemoration of the first Centennial Anniversary of the University of Pennsylvania, having begun with the public oration before the Society of the Alumni, by William B. Reed, Esq., on the evening of the anniversary day, November the 13th, was continued on the day following by a Dinner of the Graduates at the Columbia House. At the hour appointed, a large concourse of Graduates met in the parlour of the Hotel, and proceeded to the dining-room, under the direction of the Committee of Arrangement, viz:—Prof. James C. Booth, Charles E. Lex, H. G. Jones, Jr., and J. B. Gest, Esqrs., Dr. E. E. Wilson, H. Wharton, Esq., and Mr. W. Arthur Jackson.

The HON. HENRY D. GILPIN presided, assisted by the Hon. Thomas M. Pettit, the Hon. George Sharswood, and George M. Wharton, Esq.

The invited guests present were the Provost and Faculty of Arts, and the Hon. Robert J. Walker, late Secretary of the Treasury, a graduate of the class of 1819. Mr. Walker occupied a place on the right of his classmate, the President of the day, and by the side of Professor Reed, the President of the Society of the Alumni. On the left were the Provost and members of the Faculty, Thomas Biddle, Esq., the senior resident graduate, a member of the class of 1791, and William B. Reed, Esq., the orator of the Society of the Alumni.

The Rev. Dr. Ludlow (the Provost) was called upon by the President to invoke a blessing, after which the festivities commenced.

After the removal of the cloth, *Hon. Henry D. Gilpin* prefaced the Regular Toasts with remarks to the following effect :

Gentlemen! Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania! Friends bound together by a tie of communion, awakening warm sympathies in all our hearts! For the first time we assemble together to indulge those sympathies, protected, as it were, by the unseen influence of that common mother, whose children we are proud to acknowledge ourselves to be. How many of us—long separated—have again and again desired, as year followed year, that, by such a meeting as this, we should bring back the memory of days that are cheerful and pleasant to the heart! My words cannot more than half express my own emotions, when I find myself thus addressing those who can claim a fellowship with each other, more strong, perhaps, than any other that can spring from the accidental associations of our lives. May this be but the beginning of these meetings, which shall hereafter keep, through long future years, in the hearts of her children, the cherished memory that they have been students in the University of Pennsylvania.

When I see by my side a friend—(Hon. Robert J. Walker,) come from

afar to be with us this day—a fellow-member of the class of 1819—in whom the bustle of the world for thirty years since past, and the busy occupations of a life adorned with honours among the highest his country can confer, have never checked nor impaired the generous friendship formed in College halls; when I know myself to be sensible to a true pleasure, in seeing among the honoured guests who have joined our festivities some who, as professors, still retain all the affection and respect which they gained in Collegiate days some time passed by; when I witness as a guest, full of generous and unabated sympathy, one, who we had hoped would have consented to preside over this day's ceremonies—the oldest graduate of the University living in Philadelphia—(Mr. Thomas Biddle, of the class of 1791,)—and one, too, who has well repaid his debt of youthful gratitude to her, by constant efforts to further her progress and prosperity—with these evidences around me, I cannot fail to appreciate the full strength of that desire which has induced us this day to meet together; I can indulge with confidence the wish and the belief common to us all, that it may continue henceforth, a good and honoured custom for many an Anniversary yet to come.

Nor are these the only motives for such a wish; other causes and incidents not a few, are not wanting, that might make us proud to be recognized as Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania; on them, however, I need not dwell. I should but feebly repeat the narrative, so eloquent and so true, which sketched for us last evening, her collegiate annals, and the story of many of the most brilliant of her sons. Hoping, then, gentlemen, that we but lead the way for successive votaries to offer, at the same shrine, their tribute of grateful and cherished recollections, I offer as the first sentiment of the day:

1. *Our Alma Mater.*—May each succeeding century of her existence add to the fame and increase the number of children of whom she need not be ashamed.

2. *The Memory of Benjamin Franklin.*—The Founder of the College.

3. *The Society of the Alumni.*—A youthful scion planted on ancient ground—may it continue to flourish, and each year add to the beauty and usefulness of the parent stock.

This toast was responded to by Professor Henry Reed, who said—

Mr. President and fellow Alumni:—The faces of those around me tell me that as President of the Society of the Alumni, I am looked to for a response. Permit me to say that it is with the most unaffected surprise, that I find myself thus called on. The duty takes me truly unawares, because I had in all my thoughts identified this large gathering of graduates, which now pays tribute to that Society, with the Society itself. I am not quite entitled to put in the plea of that worn out formula, being “unused to public speaking;” but in all sincerity, I may say that this is indeed a novel position for one, whose daily habit of speech is the tranquil, academic discourse, which belongs to a Professor's life. I am sure, however, of your indulgence, when I remind you how great is the contrast between the retirement in our studious citadels, and such a dazzling array as that which now meets my eye. Besides the fraternal feeling which inspires us all, bringing and binding us together, there are other thoughts and emotions which crowd into my mind, when I look around me here. I behold a throng of familiar faces of those, in the formation of whose cha-

racters and the discipline of whose minds, it is the pride of my life to know that I have had a share. However humble that share may have been, it is ground for genuine pride and a right rejoicing, when I look at such a body of men as I have seen, year after year, moving forward from their College training, and taking their stations in society to bear their part in the duties of life. This is a tempting topic that I must not trust myself with, and, Mr. President, let me warn you that when, on an occasion like this, you call a Professor to a speech, there is much peril of his words wandering away from appropriate response—under an impulse, such as is strong upon me now—the impulse of boasting of my “boys.” One fact, with regard to the Society of the Alumni, I crave to state to this assemblage, and that is, that it had its origin with the graduates of recent years. The movement has come from the right quarter—the generous ardour of the young; and how beautifully that spirit has been responded to by the prompt sympathy and the cordial fellowship of the older graduates! For while I see before me, the younger generations of Alumni, by my side I look to my venerable friend, (Mr. Thomas Biddle,) a graduate of near sixty years standing. Thus we have brought threescore years together—sons and fathers—successive generations, animated with the one enduring sentiment of academical brotherhood. Let me also claim for our young Society, the merit of good service in producing the first general catalogue, and thus teaching us our own neglected ancestral strength, by giving familiarity with the names of the worthies, who adorn our annals. We have moreover proclaimed to this community, that the glory of a hundred years is now on the brow of the University, and we have shown that her children are ready to gather at her feet, bringing with them the tribute of pleasant memories—of filial piety, and of earnest and affectionate loyalty. I pray you to accept the thanks of the Society of the Alumni.

4. *The oldest living Graduate.*—*Samuel Miller, D.D., of Princeton.*—A model for imitation to his younger brethren, proving by his life and conversation that gray hairs are a crown of glory, when found in the paths of rectitude.

When this toast was read, H. G. Jones, Jr. Esq., arose and said, that the Committee had invited Dr. Miller to attend both the oration and dinner, but his advanced age and the distance at which he resided, rendered his attendance impossible. The following letter, with the accompanying sentiment from Dr. Miller, was then read by Mr. Jones :

*Princeton, Nov. 5th, 1849.*

GENTLEMEN :—I received your letter of Oct. 30th, inviting me to attend the address of Wm. B. Reed, Esq., to the Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania, on the evening of the 13th inst., and the Centenary Dinner of the Graduates on the next evening. These occasions are both so attractive, that the thought of declining an attendance upon them, gives me pain. Mr. Reed is one of those orators of whom I think it may be said, “*Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.*” I shall expect an address from him to be replete with entertainment and instruction; and with respect to the Centenary Festival, of which you speak, I know of few things that would give me more heartfelt pleasure than meeting my beloved fellow Alumni, and especially invoking the blessing of Heaven on them and their Alma Mater.



But it is entirely out of the question. At the age of more than *eighty years*, I find myself so feeble—so nervous, and so unfit to appear in public and festive assemblies, especially at night, that I must at once deny myself the pleasure of attending on the occasion to which you so kindly invite me. May the best blessings of Heaven rest upon you all! May the expected exercises prove as richly delightful and useful as the best wishes of the warmest friends of our Alma Mater could desire.

I am, gentlemen, with cordial respect,  
Your fellow Alumnus,  
SAM'L MILLER.

P. S.—You will perceive that I employ the pen of another in this communication. My own right hand is beginning to “forget her cunning.”

By Rev. Dr. Miller.—*Education*.—The highest and best possible to every member of the community; but education ever adorned and sanctified by true Religion, which alone can make it a safe pledge of virtue, order, social strength, and genuine freedom.

In addition to the above, the Committee received the following letter from Dr. Miller last June, when it was contemplated to have the celebration in July, but which was deferred on account of the epidemic which then prevailed in our city.

*Princeton, June 22d, 1849.*

GENTLEMEN :—I had the honor of receiving, a few days ago, your polite note, announcing to me the approaching “Second Annual Dinner of the Graduates of the University of Pennsylvania,” and inviting me as one of your number to attend and take part in that interesting festival. It is just sixty years, since that University—my beloved and venerated Alma Mater, conferred upon me my first literary honors. Nor is this all I have to acknowledge at her hands. More than twenty years afterwards, not unmindful of her humble son, she, unsolicited, conferred upon me a higher professional degree, for which I have ever felt deeply thankful. Yet more, besides these personal obligations, I cannot help calling to mind on this occasion, so well adapted to revive the impressions of the past, that three beloved brothers, long since deceased, were in succession, sharers with myself in the favors of this honored parent. You will readily believe me, then, when I say, that I regard the University of Pennsylvania with the deepest filial and grateful interest; and that it would give me more pleasure than I can express to be present with you, and to unite in the literary feast which you have announced; but being now in the *eightieth* year of my age, and feeling the heavy and growing pressure of the infirmities which usually attend that period of life, I am impelled to avoid all ceremonious meetings and public assemblies of every kind.

The great advantage of such anniversary celebrations is that they afford opportunities of cherishing and expressing sentiments favorable to the best interests of society and of mankind, and especially of uniting in plans and counsels subservient to the honor and elevation of the institutions in whose behalf they are held.—The longer I live the more deep is my conviction that the training which is denominated *Liberal Education*, is of little real value, either to the individual who receives it, or to the community of which he is a member, unless it be accompanied and directed by *true religion*. To labor to impart a high degree of the former to him who knows nothing of

the latter, is like putting a weapon of keen edge and of great power in the hands of a madman. He may not use it for destruction ; but there is the highest probability that he will not employ it for good.

I do not know, my respected friends, on what principles, as to one point, your coming festival is to be conducted. Whether your toasts or sentiments are to be accompanied with the use of intoxicating drinks, or with those only of a different kind. If the former, I feel at liberty only to say, that, after having been for two and twenty years a pledged abstainer from all that can intoxicate, and convinced as I am, with daily growing confidence that this system of abstinence from stimulating beverages is desirable and important for all classes of men, but peculiarly so for youth, and above all for the members of our literary institutions, I can take no part in countenancing an opposite system. But if your anniversary feast is to be conducted without the use of intoxicating beverages, then I would most respectfully propose a sentiment to be disposed of at the time and in the way which your wisdom may dictate.

Sincerely hoping and praying that every thing ornamental and gratifying may attend your anniversary, and that our beloved and venerated Alma Mater may every year grow in strength, in honor, and in usefulness.

Your fellow graduate,  
SAMUEL MILLER.

5. *Thomas Biddle*—The oldest graduate living in Philadelphia.—Our much respected guest ; ever devoted to the progress and prosperity of her University.

Mr. Biddle being loudly called for, responded to the above toast in a short and earnest address, which was listened to with the most marked attention. He urged upon his fellow Alumni the duty of cherishing our own interests as citizens of Philadelphia, and of a commonwealth so great as Pennsylvania. He then referred to his College days, and said he well recollected part of the closing address of the Rev. Dr. John Ewing, the Provost, to the class of 1791, of which he, (Mr. B.) was a member. It was to this effect—that while we should respect the wisdom and learning of antiquity, and of eminent men, we ought not to bow to them implicitly. He recommended us to pause before adopting an opposite conclusion, in order to investigate things. That while in our course through life, we should endeavour to conciliate ; yet *truth* was ever to be considered as the great object of our pursuit, and its diffusion should be regarded as tending to the happiness of our own common country. He closed by passing a beautiful tribute to his Alma Mater.

6. "*Dear Philadelphia.*"

As this phrase of Dr. Franklin was made the "text" of Mr. Reed's address the preceding evening, its announcement was received with immense applause.

7. *The Orator of this Year*—*William B. Reed, Esq.*—His able defence of our cherished Institution, and his well grounded views of learning and education, entitle him to a high rank among his brother graduates.

This sentiment revived the enthusiasm which had been awakened by the address of the preceding evening, and was followed by loud acclamations, to which Mr. Reed responded as follows :—

MR. REED said, that having made a speech last evening of some hour

and a half in length, which had been listened to with kind attention, he would not trespass further now, than to make his most sincere acknowledgments for the feeling that had been expressed towards him. He had made an effort to stir the heart of Philadelphia, and to show how much really she had at stake as to scholarship and high education. He had knocked loudly at the gates of one of our venerable institutions, and trusted that the guardians who watched at it would be fully awakened to a sense of its capacity and responsibility. The Graduates could do no more. They had come to show their interest, and here their function ceases. What else was to be done, depended not only on the administration of the College, but on public sentiment in the community, which must be awakened in the cause. Trustees and Professors may do all they can, but they will fail unless their fellow-citizens rally round them. A celebration like yesterday's and to-day's does great good. It not only enlivens, but it teaches us, and it teaches others. There is something in these academic festivals which humanizes us vastly; softens down the rugged asperities of life—and makes us feel there is something worth living for, besides hard work. I could not help thinking last night what a pleasure it must be to the eminent political men, whom accident brought together, to share in our ceremonies; to feel that they were safe for a while from politics—the lawyer safe from law—the doctor from physic, and the clergy from theology—to listen to literary matters very plainly told, but still to literature. Nor will I disguise the intense pleasure which I felt in knowing that among my voluntary listeners—beside our distinguished graduate, who is here to-night—was one, whom now I can praise without fear of flattery; and whom every College-boy in the land—it was so when I was in College, a long time ago, and is so now—has been taught to think of as America's peculiar orator—as the man who has a fame beyond all others, in the elements of popular American eloquence—the eloquence of a manly spirit finding vent in graceful words. I felt very proud to be the speaker, when HENRY CLAY was among my kind and attentive listeners. I felt very proud to talk of American history, when I had close at my side one who, if I mistake not, went into the public councils of the nation the year that I was born, and has been part of American history ever since. I hope, and I know, that he took pleasure in hearing good hearty words said for Philadelphia, where he has so many friends. He, with the heart of a Kentuckian, will not think worse of any man for speaking well of his home. Yes, Mr. President, there were many thoughts and associations that crowded on my mind last night, to which I gave no utterance. I had another distinguished listener (Mr. Walker). We have him here to-night—one of our own men—a University man in more senses than one—for if he has not the blood of the founder of the College in his veins—if he is not a descendant of Dr. Franklin, his wife and children are—and it is not the only time, he will admit, that “annexation” has done him honor. He is a connexion of ours by marriage, and I insist on saying that the best lessons he ever learned—the dearest connexion he ever formed he owes to Philadelphia. There are some bonds which neither Pennsylvania nor Mississippi dare repudiate. Nor is this the only association that was pressing on my mind. Close by my side was sitting, listening with attention that made me very proud, a venerable man who illustrates most strongly how good a Philadelphian a New Englander makes when you catch him young. I mean our fellow-citizen, Mr. Breck—a truer and more loyal citizen of the community does not exist. And

you will be surprised when I say to you, that unless my memory much misleads me, he distinctly recollects seeing the battle of Bunker Hill, and being carried as a child through the American lines at Cambridge. He came here then, and he has been one of us ever since. I was glad to have such a listener. One word more, Mr. President, and I have done. Dr. Franklin wrote a series of Essays many years ago, called "Plain Truth," to arouse the community in time of hostile danger. We would do well to read them now. In one of them he says, "after all, all that Philadelphia wants is public spirit, and a few barrels of gunpowder." It is the truth yet. Gunpowder is a very good thing in more ways than one—and in no way better than in firing salutes and rousing drowsiness from its slumbers. We tried last night to fire salutes for Philadelphia, and I hope we will keep it up. I give you, with renewed thanks for the honor you have done me, the following sentiment :

*The Crown Jewels of Philadelphia*—Her Charities—her Science—her Scholarship, and her Historic Fame. They are bright enough for her sons to be proud to show them.

Mr. Reed sat down amid renewed and continued cheers.

8. *The Faculty of Arts*.—For learning, science, and ability, Philadelphia yields the palm to none.

Prof. Frazer responded to this sentiment in a brief and appropriate address—of which we regret we have no sketch.

9. *Samuel B. Wylie, D. D.*—Emeritus Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages.—Honorably identified for half a century with the cause of Classical Education in Philadelphia; and affectionately remembered by a multitude of pupils; may he in his old age enjoy all the happiness of a faithful and laborious life.

In answer to this sentiment, a letter from Dr. Wylie was read, expressing "his delight in the centennial commemoration of the Institution, and hoping that it might be continued for many centuries, calculated as it is to rouse into potent activity new energies, which, heretofore, for want of some such excitement, have been too dormant, and expressing his regret that the state of his health denied him the gratification of being present."

10. *The Class of 1819*.—We delight to recognize among her members many, who, by learning and talents, and the illustrious stations to which they have attained, have added lustre to our Institution.

This sentiment was received with the most enthusiastic applause, and loud calls were heard from every part of the room for MR. WALKER—who, amid continued cheers, rose and said :

I thank you sincerely my friends and brother Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania—my native State, for the very kind manner in which you have received the toast in honor of my Class of 1819, and the flattering sentiment from your President in regard to myself, to which I can but feebly endeavour to reply. But, however inadequate language may be to express my emotions, my heart responds with gratitude, and this day will be fondly remembered by me until the last pulse of life shall cease to beat. Beside me is your worthy President, [Mr. Gilpin] my intimate associate, classmate and friend. Together we learned many a College lesson, especially in the classics and mathematics. He was an able mathematician, and

while at College compiled two large quarto volumes on that subject, which I cannot hear that he has given to the public. His translations also from the Greek and Roman classics were many and excellent, especially from his favorite Odes of Horace, and it is he—the Cabinet Minister, so distinguished in law, literature and politics, who should have been called upon to respond to the toast in honor of the Class of 1819. Although many of us now meet here for the first time, there is a bond of friendship and fraternity which links our hearts together. We are children of the same beloved Alma Mater. Our good old mother has now completed her hundredth year, but though old, she is not decrepit. No! she commences this day the race of a second century with all the treasured knowledge and experience of age, but with the vigor of health and youth. Yesterday, an eloquent Alumnus (Mr. W. B. Reed,) gathered together her jewels from among the illustrious dead—the founders—the teachers—the patrons and alumni of the University. The array was bright and glorious for the past, but who shall set bounds for the future? who say how many Alumni will celebrate our next centenary; from how many honored millions of united freemen, spreading over how many continents will they come? from how many States—still bound together by the same ever-to-be-preserved American Union? Methinks I see them assembled around the festive board; I hear them reading out our last night's eloquent epitome of the history of the first Century of the University; I see them looking back even upon the scene where we are now assembled. Welcome! Through the vista of a century, we bid these future Alumni welcome! hoping only that in the effulgence of their Centenary, they may look back with pleasure and affection upon that we now commemorate.

But I must detain you no longer than by begging to offer the following sentiment:

*Our beloved Alma Mater: the University of Pennsylvania*—Her first hundred years just closed, so well portrayed last night by an able, eloquent and devoted son. May each successive year and century inscribe upon her records imperishable names and ever living deeds of glory!

Mr. Walker was warmly applauded throughout his speech.

11. *The Absent Alumni*—Distant in all parts of our country, and of the world, but present in the memories and affections of their classmates and brother Alumni.

12. *Woman*—A mistress of Arts, who robs the Bachelor of his degree, and forces him to study Philosophy by means of "curtain lectures."

The regular toasts having been read, a number of volunteer toasts were offered, from which we select the following:

By William B. Reed.—*The Trustees of the University*—Chosen for their high social character, esteemed in every relation of life, honored by the post they occupy—may they remember the Greek orator's precept—"Action, action, action."

By Rev. Kingston Goddard.—*The Graduates of the University of Pennsylvania*—May they, like the kite of the immortal Franklin, be borne to a purer and higher atmosphere, only to transmit to those beneath them, the light of science and of God.

By Geo. Emlen, Jr., Esq.—*Alexander Dallas Bache*—His high scien-

tific acquirements and warm devotion to the cause of Education, have secured for him the esteem and regard of every lover of his country.

Mr. Emlen prefaced his sentiment with the following remarks :

Mr. President :—We had last evening an eloquent and just tribute paid to the memory of Dr. Franklin, for his valuable services as one of the founders of the Institution, whose hundredth anniversary we now celebrate. We have had also on this occasion, by the presence of one of our distinguished guests, (Mr. Walker,) an association with that name of an equally interesting character—a guest, who, as has been said, if he cannot boast of having the blood of Dr. Franklin in his veins, his wife and children may. Sir, I would bring in another of the family, who, if not known to all here from their connection with him as a Professor in our University, is certainly known to them for his high scientific acquirements. I refer to Alexander Dallas Bache. Mr. President, I am a graduate of the year 1832—the first class which commenced their studies and graduated under the care of the new faculty, of which the Rt. Rev. Bishop Delancey was the head, and of which Professor Bache was an efficient member. No one who has the good fortune to have been a pupil of Professor Bache, can forget the amiable simplicity of his character—his devotion to the cause of science—his true and loyal attachment to the University, and his warm and abiding friendship. It has been my lot to be associated with this gentleman in another place—as Principal of the Central High School of Philadelphia, and he brought there the Exercise of the same talents, the same industry, and a warm and constant devotion to the great cause of popular education. By him was the machinery for conducting that highly flourishing Institution constructed, whose organization has been so perfect, and founded on such enlarged and correct principles—as to afford the means of education within the limits prescribed by its directors, for more than five hundred pupils, with a force, and at an expense which are sometimes required for one hundred. In no one particular were the abilities of that eminent man more conspicuous than in his attention to the details of his duties. While he had strong and vigorous general views upon the subjects and interests committed to his charge, he filled up, thoroughly and effectively, all the minor parts, so that the whole, working together, produced that perfect and orderly system, which alone can produce the best practical results. Sir, Prof. Bache now occupies a post the highest in its scientific character that a nation can bestow. As Superintendent of the Coast Survey—to him is committed one of the most interesting and valuable labors of our time—one, upon whose faithful results depend not only the solution of some of the most difficult problems of modern science, but in its every day application and use, the safety of our marine, and the extension and success of our commerce. The same abilities, zeal and acquirements, will, without doubt, produce their successful results there ; and we may, therefore, at this festive board, well repeat his name, who, attached to us, I will not say in the prime of his life—for it has all been prime—but in his earlier days, as Professor, he does not forget us in the high national position he now occupies.

By J. Reese Fry, Esq.—*The Medical Profession*—Honorably represented by eminent names on our list of Alumni.

To which Dr. Joseph Carson replied as follows :

While returning an acknowledgment on behalf of my medical brethren

of the Alumni for the compliment just paid to us, I cannot but recur to the fact that for the origin of our Medical School, we are indebted to one who was educated and graduated in the Department of Arts in this University, and who became the projector and first labourer in the enterprize of teaching medicine. We have been reproached with being under the necessity of enlisting foreign professional talent—of calling upon other States to assist us in sustaining our reputation. It is, sir, with just pride then, that I call up the name of one who belongs to us, and I therefore propose

*The Memory of Dr. John Morgan*—An Alumnus of the first class of Graduates, and the Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania.

By M. Russel Thayer, Esq.—*The Memory of Charles Kirkham*.—The loveliness of a pure and accomplished mind has built for him a monument, to which the companions of his Academic life will ever resort on this anniversary, as to a shrine where is deposited, as in the tomb of Agricola, *quicquid amavimus, quicquid mirati sumus, in æternitate temporum*.

By J. B. Gest, Esq.—*The future Law School of the University of Pennsylvania*.—May she, under the guidance of one of our own graduates, become as eminent in her peculiar branch, as the Medical Department has long since been; and may her graduates add new honors to our ancient Institution.

By J. B. Reynolds, Esq.—*The Rev. Dr. William Smith*—The first Provost of the University. By his generous exertions in the cause of education, and the ability with which he presided over our own Institution in the most troublous period of our history, he has earned for himself a name deserving of the veneration in which we hold his memory.

By Dr. John L. Ludlow.—*The Rev. Dr. Ewing*—The second Provost. For twenty-three years his distinguished ability and ripe scholarship, added dignity to his high station.

By W. Arthur Jackson, Esq.—*The Alumni Professors*.

This toast was responded to in a few appropriate remarks, by Professor Henry Reed.

By Horatio G. Jones, Jr., Esq.—*The Hon. George Sharswood*.—The talents and ability with which he fills his judicial station, give ample testimony in favor of our Institution, and we are proud to hail him as a brother graduate.

By George Harding, Esq.—*The Class of 1838*.—Always zealous to advance the interests of the University.

This was replied to by Theodore Cuyler, Esq., a graduate of that year, who remarked in substance:

Mr. President,—The mention of my name by the gentleman who has called to your remembrance the Class of 1838, will be my apology as a humble member of that class in replying to his kind remarks.

I thank him sincerely—thank him from the heart—in their behalf.

I have a right to feel proud, when I look around me, and notice the gentlemen whom it is my privilege to call classmates—and the more so when I listen to the language which the kindness of my friend has applied to the Graduates of that year.

Most of all do I thank him, Mr. President, for that tribute to the Class of 1838, which spoke of their generous warmth in College friendship, and their true-hearted love for their Alma Mater. With them these feelings have found vent in acts—and by them, the walls of our time-honored University have been adorned with an admirable portrait of one—who in their College days so won upon their love—their esteem—their admiration for high scholarship, and true refinement of mind, and heart, and manner—that years afterward they came up from the busy toils and cares of active life—with the impress of these feelings still fresh upon their hearts—to add to their early love the tribute of a mature judgment.

Occasions like these, Mr. President, are full of good for us in many ways.

They lay the scattered embers of our College friendship close together. They bring up from the highways of the busy world the members of the same academic household, to tell with all its moral the story of their life, and to start thence afresh upon its duties full of renewed pleasant memories of the happiest days of life. They rekindle the attachment which every Alumnus ought to feel—for that parent institution—in whose bosom, and from whose blood they were nurtured.

There have been eloquent tributes paid this evening, Mr. President—to former Provosts of this University, by gentlemen whose privilege it was to enjoy their instructions. The associations of such an occasion are naturally with the past, and it is from this fact alone that we have as yet forgotten living worth.

It was my privilege to enjoy the instructions of the gentleman who now presides over the destinies of the University. He would reprove me, were I to express in language the full feelings of my heart when I recur to my remembrance of College life under his instructions; and in this assembly where his worth is so well known and so truly felt, such remarks are not needed.

I propose, therefore, as a toast without comment, “the health of the *Rev. Dr. Ludlow*”—the present Provost of the University.

By the Hon. Joseph M. Doran.—The Memory of *Rev. Dr. Beasley*, for fifteen years Provost of the University.

By James R. Ludlow, Esq.—*The University of Pennsylvania*.—She has already furnished in succession two Cabinet Councillors for the Union. May she yet furnish a President.

By John P. Montgomery, Esq.—*Pennsylvania*. In position, the Keystone of the Federal Arch; in physical resources, pre-eminent among her sisters of the Union. Let the efforts of her sons never cease, until the proudest rank in education and intelligence be also conceded to her.

By Dr. Elias E. Wilson.—*The Philomathean and Zelosopic Societies*.—Emulous only to excel each other in nourishing the flame of learning. “*Sic itur ad astra.*”

By Caldwell K. Biddle.—*Our Alma Mater*.—For a hundred years she has conferred benefits upon the community. May it prove grateful, and assist and encourage her in extending her sphere of usefulness.

By M. Russel Thayer, Esq.—*Professor Roswell Park*.

During the evening various other toasts were given, and speeches delivered by many of the Graduates, but our already extended report forbids



even a sketch of what was said. Thus closed the Anniversary of the First Centenary of our University.

From the deep interest and cordial sympathy which pervaded the very numerous assemblage of the graduates assembled, it was thought by the committee, that it would be not inappropriate to add the foregoing account of the proceedings as an appendix to the first oration delivered before the Society.