
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



Educll
8260
323.3

NEDL TRANSFER

HN 2J8L 4

A VALEDICTORIAN ORATION
BY
JOHN SERGEANT,
DELIVERED AT
YALE COLLEGE IN THE YEAR 1729.

Educ U 8260.323.3

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

With Compliments of

H. C. SERGEANT,

New York City.

To

Geo F. Vail

May 5th 1882

A VALEDICTORIAN ORATION,

BY

JOHN SERGEANT,

DELIVERED AT

YALE COLLEGE

IN THE YEAR 1729.



The Original Manuscript is now in the possession of the Williams' College, Williamstown, Mass.



NEW YORK:

HENRY W. TURNER, MERCANTILE PRINTER,

• 26 & 28 VESEY STREET.

1882.

~~Edwell 8260.729.5~~

~~5755.45.5~~

Edwell 8260. = 23.3

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

A BIT OF HISTORY.

The Rev. John Sergeant, missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, was a native of Newark, N. J., where he was born in 1710. He was graduated at Yale College in 1729, and served as a tutor there for four years; he became a missionary to the Stockbridge Indians in 1735, and died among them, July 27, 1749. His ordination was at Deerfield, in the presence of the royal governor, Jonathan Belcher, and of a large committee of both houses of the Legislature of Massachusetts, who had come thither to confer with several of the Indian tribes. This service took place on the Sabbath, August 31, 1735. A body of the Housatonic Indians sat by themselves, and formally received Mr. Sergeant as their missionary.

He was a man of superior talents, natural and acquired, of sweet temper, of engaging manners, and of ardent piety. He was diligent and persevering, and his labors were greatly blessed. "It was his constant practice to preach four sermons every Lord's day, two to the English, and two to the Indians." Besides all this, in the summer season, it was his "constant custom" to spend about an hour with the Indians, after divine service was over, in the afternoon, instructing, warning and cautioning them, in a pathetic and familiar manner, in their own language. In the winter he commonly met them one evening in the week for religious exercises. At first he addressed them through an interpreter, but afterward so thoroughly mastered their language that the Indians

said he spoke it better than themselves. His sermons and expositions of Scripture were first written in English and then translated into the Indian tongue. Eliot's translation of the Bible was made into a dialect of the same language. He went through a careful examination of all the epistles, with a labored and learned paraphrase, critical notes and useful observations, not by the help of expositors, but by a careful examination of the original Greek.

In 1741 he projected the plan of a boarding-school. A suitable building was to be erected, and 200 acres of land set apart as a farm, on which the pupils were to spend a portion of their time in manual labor. Two superintendents were to have charge, one of their studies, and the other of their agricultural work. Pupils were also to be received from other tribes. This project anticipated by thirty years that of Dr. Wheelock at Hanover, N. H.

Mr. Sergeant had been a teacher at Yale, and his heart was very much set upon this school. The plan was received with much favor both at home and abroad.

The Board of Commissioners at Boston approved it, and in England the Prince of Wales headed a subscription with twenty guineas for its support. Dr. Isaac Watts and others exerted themselves to procure funds for its endowment. Mr. Isaac Hollis made provision for twenty-four Indian youths. Mr. Sergeant received twelve into his own family. But the French and Indian wars soon checked its prosperity. The boarding-house was, however, erected in 1749. The Rev. Gideon Hawley and Rev. Cotton Mather Smith taught for a time the Stockbridge Indians

together with a few Mohawks, Oneidas and Tuscaroras. Mr. Sergeant boarded for a time, with the teacher of the Indians, Mr. Timothy Woodbridge, who had come the year before Mr. Sergeant, in 1734, and who afterward became the first deacon in the church and the first magistrate in the town of Stockbridge. In 1737 he built a house, which was standing in 1830, and afterward the house occupied by his grandson, Major Sewall Sergeant, till 1829. Mr. Sergeant baptized 182 adults and infants among the Indians. He received some fifty or sixty of them to the communion of the church. Some of those instructed by David Brainerd, at a place six miles west of New Lebanon, N. Y., by their teacher's advice joined those at Stockbridge. Mr. Sergeant collected others from different places, till they numbered from 400 to 600 souls. He had constantly to watch over the Indians, lest they should relapse into heathenism; to make many pastoral visits; and maintain an extensive correspondence with his particular friends, with the commissioners, and with those interested in the mission, both in this country and in Great Britain. His labors were undoubtedly excessive, and he was on the last week in June, 1749, seized with a nervous fever, attended with a cancer, and inflammation in the throat, of which he died July 27th, at the age of 39.

Few persons have been more beloved in life or more lamented in death. A sermon preached by him at Springfield, before the associated pastors of Hampshire County, was printed at their request. It was delivered April 4th, 1743, and discussed, "The causes and danger of delusion in the affairs of religion."

Mr. Sergeant left a widow and three children, Electa, Erastus, and John. Electa became the wife of Col. Mark Hopkins, a name which will never cease to be distinguished in the history of Berkshire County. John was educated at Newark, N. J. He took charge of the Stockbridge Indians for whom his father had labored so assiduously, in 1755: became their pastor, and ultimately removed with them to Stockbridge, Madison County, N. Y., where he served them till his death in 1824, at the age of 77. He was two years old at the time of his father's death. The father and son embraced ninety years in their spiritual care of this favored tribe. The widow of the first missionary became the second wife of Brig.-Gen. Joseph Dwight, and the mother of Hon. Henry W. Dwight, of Stockbridge, and of the second wife of Judge Theodore Sedgewick. She was a woman of superior intellect, and ardent piety, and of many accomplishments. She was regarded with great veneration, and is still remembered as one of the most distinguished ornaments of the early history of the country.

Mr. Sergeant's oldest son, Erastus, became an eminent physician in Stockbridge, where he commenced practice in 1768. He was a deacon in the church and a magistrate in the town. He instructed more than twenty young men in medicine, and died suddenly after a wide practice of forty-six years, Nov. 14th, 1814, aged 72. The celebrated Dr. Samuel Hopkins, then of Great Barrington, afterward of Newport, R. I., was appointed by the Board of Commissioners to follow Mr. Sergeant as missionary to the Indians, but declined in favor of his

friend and theological instructor, President Edwards, who had then been for some time without charge. President Edwards was installed over the Indian church, August 8th, 1751. He served six years and one-half, and here wrote his famous treatises, on "The Will," on "Original Sin," and other works. The Indians removed to Stockbridge, N. Y., in 1785. About forty years later, in 1822, they began to remove again to a reservation purchased for them and other tribes by the State of New York, where they now reside. It is situated near Green Bay, in Wisconsin.

The church founded by Rev. John Sergeant still survives. His memory is cherished with affection. A recent visitor found many objects of interest, and various touching memorials of their past Christian history among them. Sergeant lives also in his descendants. His son-in-law, Col. Mark Hopkins, died at White Plains, in the Revolutionary service, Oct. 26th, 1776. But the name did not die. The President of the A. B. C. F. M. to-day is Mark Hopkins.

The Rev. Dr. Durfee became the owner of the original manuscript of John Sergeant's Valedictorian Oration many years ago. It having been given him with other valuable papers by John Sergeant's son—Erastus—when Dr. Durfee died, by his will. They came into the possession of the Williams' College at Williamstown, Mass., of which the following is a true copy.

A VALEDICTORIAN ORATION,

By JOHN SERGEANT,

DELIVERED AT YALE COLLEGE IN THE YEAR 1729.

Altho', gentlemen auditours, nothing is more pleasant, nothing more agreeable to us than this course and meeting of so many most learned men, with which we see this most august place adorned, yet when the occasion of this your convention comes into our minds, we feel the pleasure of your sight exceedingly abated by the melancholy thought of the farewell not only to you, but also to this (once it might be called our) happy seat of learning, which must close this scene. When the sight of so many gowned gentlemen brings to our remembrance the now past happy hours we have had in the conversation and society of such, we must needs be affected with no small grief, to think the envious sun with hasty speed has bro't about the to us inauspicious day, wherein with flagging minds, we must in a great measure at least be deprived of so many sweets of social life which this sacred place, blessed by your presence, has made us happy in the enjoyment of.

All the pleasing images, which, in our frequent meetings in this spacious hall, used to arise in our happy mind, now recurring, do but conspire to heighten our grief. By how much the dearer to us your friendship (if we may call our high respect toward you by so honorable a name) has been, by so

much the more is our sorrow increased at the parting juncture. Our eyes cast mournfully around, and viewing from every part of this assembly the several orders of gentlemen, by whose interposition our past happiness has been derived to us, convey to our minds with each object the occasions of mournful reflections. Your mild aspects, O learned and faithful teachers, which have with divining invitation allured us to the study of wisdom and virtue, now revive in our memory your gentle instructions, and those arts and sciences we have under you been cultivating. We mourn to bid farewell to these ingenous studies, and to quit our search of the dark footsteps of truth under your faithful guidance. And no less are we cheered at the tho't of bidding you the mournful farewell, O our dearest brethren, and once fellow-searchers of truth. We can't, without a quick sense of pain, think of quitting your cheerful and profitable society; nor can we without the saddest airs pronounce to you the solemn word. But (what enlarges mine above the common misery) on one unhappy wretch the heavy task of pronouncing the parting word is fallen. To my share in the common fate which the revolution of this day has brought about, the unequal labour of making according to antient sacred custom, the Valedictorian Oration. This present moment actually brings upon me the unhappiness my foreboding mind has often felt, since this labour was devolved upon me. Now mine eyes cast wildly around me, see this hall, dressed in the same new and unusual manner as has afflicted me even in an imaginary representation. A known and perceived incapacity to entertain so

learned and judicious an auditory, affects my mind with all the wild confusion of shame, fear and fright, which the stammering of my tongue, the paleness of my face, the trembling of my joints, and beating of my heart do visibly betray. When I consider in my mind the profound erudition in general, or particularly the critical knowledge in oratory, you are to so great a degree masters of; when I reflect on your refined taste, formed by all the rules of politeness, and your exact skill in the various turns of wit, which fits you to distinguish so fully between the true and false, what can I think less than by my words to offend your ears? If jarring discords in sounds be grating to the musician, if glaring daub offends the painter's eyes, if disproportioned parts in the compacted frame displeaseth the skillfull architect, if clownish behavior the polished courtier, if, lastly, awkward steps the accomplished dancing master, how much more this my unskillfull attempt in oratory you so accomplished judges. And indeed what can my rude barbarity create in the minds of men that shine in the highest orbs of literature, but an uneasy impatience in hearing me performing the part of an oratour? And truly, honourable sirs, the magisterial air so visibly playing in your countenances, tho' indeed tempered with an ingenuous goodness and winning mildness, which proclaims you so much superior to me, strikes so feelingly my young imagination, that my trembling fear rather admonishes me of an hasty departure, than suffers me carelessly to use this boldness, as many eyes as I behold fastened on me, while I am performing this unequall task, so many reasons even of desisting from

it are suggested to my abhorrent mind. How should I think to succeed in my attempt of making this oration before so many most learned men, that have been so altogether unused to this kind of speaking? Both my disposition and direction of my studies are wanting to me in this part. There are to your eyes, as many as are fixed on me, visible indication of the sad hurry and wild confusion my tho'ts are cast into. The several postures of my mind are legibly expressed by the apparent features of my face. One passion mingles with another, and one pleasure is dusted by the contrary pain. One argument presses me this way, while another as it were drives me that. Your respective merits toward us loudly demand a share in our most grateful acknowledgements. This being all we are able to do we find ourselves most strongly obliged to express (as far as we can) the sentiments of a grateful mind for your unmerited benefits. Yea, the very sight of you met together in this place, invites me, what my conscious inability forbids; and even your kind looks commend me, what by the same I feel myself as it were restrained from attempting. My hurried thoughts can rest nowhere but on your humanity.

Your assent governed by ingenuity, candour and condescending airs inspires my otherwise backward mind with humble boldness. Nor indeed should I dare thus to appear at this desk, were not I, as it were, authorized by your at least tacit previous approbation of my choice to the performance of this office. Begging, then, your willing benevolence and easy patience whilst I in the name of the mournful class bid you in order the farewell, I will begin :

First, then, order and the merit of the man require that we humbly direct our grateful mind to the most illustrious for the endowments of nature, polished by the best learning and art, the most worthy man, the profoundly learned, faithful rectour of Yale College, C. Williams. You, eminent sir, by your merits towards us, in the first place, by your benefits towards this house, and also by your service to the cause of truth, learning and (what can there be more) virtue and religion, justly challenge the largest share of our highest respect. We might own to you, worthy sir, that while we run over in our mind, the liberal endowments of nature, improved by the best cultivation of art, which raise our idea of you to so sublime a pitch, we are possessed of a sort of veneration of so divine a character; nor can we think over the innumerable instances of your generous exertions of yourself without a gratitude like what we should pay to an angelick nature for some condescending office of love. Nor need we enumerate these before this auditory. Every one who wishes well to this country, who wishes well to truth, who wishes well to learning or religion, or who lastly wishes well to this seat of the muses, on which all the rest are so dependent, can recount in his memory benefits done to these meritorious of the sincerest thanks. When first the wisdom and care of them whose business it was and near whose heart it lay, to consult the prosperity of this place, had made their happy choice of you to govern and instruct the youth of this (under you) flourishing academy, its well-wishers justly enlarged their hopes which they have had the pleasure

of seeing fulfilled. Your wide extended acquaintance with men and things in their varying disguises, richly capacitate you for both those ends. We esteem ourselves in no small degree distinguishingly blessed in having been taught as well by the example as by the precept of one who was guided in both by the immutable reasons of things; of one who had the eternal laws of truth for the principles of his actions, whose thoughts, agreeable hereto, were just, natural and penetrating, judgement solid and not easily warped, language perspicuous and eloquent. We shall ever hold ourselves obliged to you in having been by you directed to the study of those things which are worthy of, yea, for their own divine excellency challenge the love and cultivation of every rational mind. You have taught us to contemplate and admire the wisdom shining in the stupendous frame of nature, the skilfull contrivance of Him whose benignity placed us in this state of life, under you. But our eyes are dazled when you shew us the glorious lustre of the divine perfections beaming forth in the supernatural revelation. We are taught to hold with ravishing wonder the sacred mysteries of astronomy. We shall always with pleasure honour you, no less for your government than instruction. In this critical part your sagacious wisdom and prudence, your impartiality and obstinate justice tempered with a due proportion of the mild and the clement, awe or win to the practice of virtue and good order. We shall (as long as the memory of Williams' illustrious name remains) esteem ourselves obliged to reverence and honour you, that you have spent on us with faithfull care and indefatigable

pains, your choicest talent of government and instruction, and the effect of these which we shall ever carry about with us, will not suffer us to forget you. Your exceeding merits toward this dear house, endear your name to us; the thick, misty darkness that once hovered over this roof, have by you as our sun been happily dispelled. By your kind influences this seminary once so drooping begins to flourish; may it ever flourish! ever smile! May each growing plant watered by Heaven and cultivated by you, daily increase its bloom. May Heaven accomplish our largest wishes for its welfare in long continuing so rich a blessing to this society. Let Heaven prosper your faithfull endeavors for the happy promotion of the dearest interest of your beloved country, in forming the converted youth of this academy for the service of Church and State. May none of the designed and wished for ends of foundation ever fail (under you) of the compleatest accomplishment.

May none of your care, none of your diligence, none of your endeavors ever prove unsuccessful, nor your most ardent supplications to Heaven be unanswered. And may the youth, as many as shall have the honour and happiness from time to time, of being educated at this happy place, under your rectorship, be inspired with a just ambition of distinguishing themselves from others, by copying out after you the same virtues which with so bright lustre distinguish you from others. We wish, in fine, your winning example may gain them over to the love and practice of everything laudable and lovely. And ye, guardian angels, to whom Heaven has committed the care of the most excellent man, defend him in this

uneasy world, till he by an easy transition becomes safely one of your number, and is translated to your undisturbed regions of rest and happiness. *Sisque vir optime, vale.*

Next, tho' checked with a sort of sacred reverence of the man, to Mr. Noyes. Your manifest wishes, reverend sir, your ardent prayers and your faithfull endeavour for prosperity, especially in the bitter past, both us and this dear house loudly proclaim your merits toward us and our strong obligations to you. What words shall we use adequate to the sentiments of gratitude arising our minds when we remember the wondering pleasure we have felt when you have lead us right onward, regardless of all the tempting objects could be cast in our way to divert us, in the paths of the most rugged virtue?

Our minds are overwhelmed with a most pleasing passion of a thankfull wonder, when our meditations are carried by yours into the world of wonders, when guided by the sacred volume you sometimes paint to us the Almighty Father in the counsels of imperishable wisdom and grace, sending the eternally beloved Son to bring about with honour to Himself the God-like design, and when you lead our tho'ts onward to His only begotten, freely descending into our miserable race, and, to execute His great Father's pleasure, veiling His essential glories with a garment of earth, enduing Himself with our natures and thus undertaking the reconciling part in spite of all the obstructing difficulties to any but an Almighty arm insuperable, which lay in the way of this grand affair, and here descended diffusive in every kind of goodness, prosecuting the arduous

undertaking, till after a glorious example of suffering, finishing his part in the visible scene he at last (but O wonder of wonders! Amazement of angels, and, were they not blind and mad, of men! Astonishment of things animate and inanimate) the giver and preserver of life, stretched on the cursed tree resigns His precious breath; when we (I say) rev'd sir, are taught by you to meditate in holier strains on these things, we, by the Almighty quickening spirit of holiness, the great purchase of the Son's death, who also bears His part in the glorious work, we (I say) feel ourselves overcome by the all-conquering goodness. We are agreeably lost. No wonder our sun, proud in his borrowed rays, at the sight of this covered himself with a black garment of honour, thinking the time come when he must resign his bright post in the creation when the brighter Sun of Heaven's bright regions was seen to cover himself with the sable shades of death. But, behold, your meditations guide us further, to view the Conqueror, loosing the iron bands of death and rising triumphant to His own regions of bliss, whilst bright squadrons of applauding angels for a circle in goodly order round His emblazoned chariot, and with tuneful note sing the glories He has won. We are impatient of being held back in the dark prison of clay, from rising to join their song. The Christian, in short, grows in us under your cultivation, from day to day, for your unblameable example adds superior weight to your constant doctrine. We are as it were forced to love and practice the divine virtue of a universal charity (one of the distinguishing glories of our holy religion) because your happy

example as well as word so much commends it; this, sir, we own, has been the happy spring of your faithfull endeavours for the promotion of our everlasting welfare, not any merits in us. We despair of justly requiting your numberless benefits. Our most cordial wishes for your happiest prosperity must supply the place, on our part of a small return. May the richest blessings of benign Heaven never cease to make your most generous pains for the everlasting profits of this ample town's inhabitants, (your weighty charge) especially the members of this society, from time to time, effectual, according to your largest wishes. May the never-failing source of grace with flowing streams supply all your wants. Let an indulgent ear ever kindly receive your prayers, and an Omnipotent hand supply you with all things prayed for. Let the eternal wisdom (the unexhaustible open fountain) make you wise to win souls, which may be crowns of rejoicing in the day of the Lord. May you be preserved blameless unhurt till you late receive the reward of your labours. May the shepherd of the sheep receive you with a numerous flock, happy into his all-satisfying presence. Rev'd sir, farewell. We turn ourselves next with sad accents to make our due acknowledgements before we bid the farewell.

TO MR. ROUT:—Altho' we fear, most worthy sir, we should offend against that modesty which too much shades your excellencies of nature and acquirement (the spring of your merits toward us and this house,) should we number them before this auditory, (who yet are sufficiently acquainted with them,) yet pardon our gratitude, if it prompts us to pay due

acknowledgements to you for your merits themselves. As your mind is formed by nature or art to a kind, benevolent and beneficent temper toward all men, so the special occasions you have had of expressing it to us and this society have been improved to the making us insolvent debtors. The chains of curtesy (which can't but be taking to any who has the least spark of ingenuity or good nature) grace all your carriage so as to subdue our rusticity, and force us to be good-natured too. If a good example by the consent of all learned men be of most force to win young minds, especially from the love of everything productive of a vicious temper, and win them to the love and practice of everything proper to settle virtuous habits, to subdue the mind to goodness (the bright beauty of the love such as angels pride themselves in), and to alienate it from the contrary badness (its black deformity), then, sir, what obligations are we under, and what thanks are due to you for the shining example of every good quality you have with so easy a grace set us to imitate. (O that we could exactly copy the exemplar!) Your generous benefits to this place (whose treasures you hold with faithfull hand), to ye commonwealth of letters (in which you have none of the least part, and to your country, to a higher capacity for serving of which we wish according to your deserts you may be promoted) will entitle you to the honour and respect of all that know you, and by your benefits toward us especially; your name will ever sound worthy. Our gratitude will not be effaced by longest track of time. But we cease to displeasure you by justly celebrating those

virtues your modesty will hardly suffer you to own yourself master of. Let it suffice that we express our sentiments by most hearty wishes for your best welfare. May you shine more in virtue till you reach the perfection, pride yourself in goodness, drawing on others thereby to tread in your happy steps; let Heaven pour in with liberal hand the richest blessings of this and the next more happy world, into which we wish you a late happy entrance, where you may exercise in perfection the virtues which it costs labour to gain here, whilst we mournfully bid farewell.

'Tis a renewal of our late sad grief not yet forgotten to address ourselves to MR. EDWARDS. Your dearest presence, most gentle sir, afresh renews the saddest grief your late leaving us so deep impressed on our minds. When we see the same mildness, the same ingenuous goodness visible in your countenance, while we behold it, expressed by the same legible characters whereby we used to read the inward happy mind, how can we but find the same grateful, tender affections moving us toward you by which you was wont to move us with easy pleasure in our diligent acquisitions of truth. As everything mean, sordid and unmanly was at the farthest distance removed from yourself, so (we are witnesses) in governing and instructing us you was wholly a stranger to all unmanly, sordid or mean arguments by which to persuade us to the study of philosophy or practice of virtue. As the things themselves had in them eternal and immutable reasons why they should be studied and practiced, so fully acquainted with their intrinsick worth, you

could display to us the attractive beauty captivative of any intelligent, reasonable mind, not void of all the seed of goodness. What refined pleasure did we not enjoy when you used to lead us unerring to the darkest mysteries of language, art and science? You could teach us as you had done to reject each erroneous, prejudiced opinion (the hatefull fetters that chain up the mind born to freedom, in its natural ignorance, and to lay the foundation of improvement in free inquiries, with a disposition to yield to the evidence of truth, wherever we could find it. If, thus prepared, we have attained to any knowledge in the art of speaking, if our language be at all polished, if words drop from our tongues with smooth and easy cadence (suffer us to own it) to you we owe it. If our reasoning powers be at all improved, if we can think, if we can judge or reason justly of things, or, if lastly, we can cast our thoughts into a proper method and range them in just order, this is an evidence of your own skill in these things and of your faithfull care in teaching us. And how often, dear sir, have you surprised our minds with discoveries in the mysteries of number and mathematical quantity? And how often the demonstration of the mutual habitudes, proportions and ratios of things richly compensate our close application and labor to know them. But 'tis with painfull steps we follow your adventrous, generous towering abroad in the wide expanse of nature. We are sometimes struck with amazement at the power of the Almighty Creatour, in obedience to whose Omnipotent word the mighty frame arose out of nothing, by whom these Heavens were stretched out

and bespangled with their golden glories. We are sometimes also struck with admiration of the wisdom and skill of the great Establisher, when we consider the law by which He governs all in exact harmony and regular order, admiring the beautiful proportions observed now in the motions, now in the distances and now in the magnitudes of the globes that compose this our system, the sun (the foundation of light and heat) fixt in the middle by whose constant emitted rays the circumvolving planets, primary and secondary, are cherished and warmed, and to whom with prone descent they tend as to their center, but happily controlled by a contrary force in beautiful concert, they go their eternal round. We discover the evident tokens of superior goodness, wisdom and power of the creating, preserving and governing spirit, all the way downward till our tho'ts again light on this our earth, where all creation also join their universal voice to proclaim the being and excellencies of the Creatour. Here you have led us into the deepest recesses of nature, and disclosed her most intricate contrivances. To you, dear sir, we owe, we acknowledge, our best acquirements. Our sincerest affections to, and heartiest wishes for your happiness will never cease to move us in all possible proper methods and well contrived ways to expect it; your best deserts of us this demand this debt; we rejoyce, dear sir, that the commonwealth of learning has been so far promoted by your efficacious efforts; we rejoyce that this dear seat of the muses has also been yours, that you have happily promoted the sacred sciences and generous arts here cultivated. The fruit of your labors will

transmit your name thro' the eternal successions of posterity precious. May adversity or misery never know you. May you grow a greater ornament of letters, a greater honour of your country (to the service of which we are glad you are deservedly promoted), a greater beauty and delight of all yours. May the due rewards of heroick virtue be yours. May you at last be possessed of eternal bliss. Farewell!

We bend our tho'ts next to pay a just debt of acknowledgement to MR. WHITMAN. We welcome you, sir, to this seat, emptied by the departure of the illustrious Edwards, tho' 'tis indeed with a mixture of sadness for ourselves that we must be deprived of the influence by which this house will be made happy under your regimen and instruction. This tho't, tho' melancholy, abates not a jot the tender spring of a gratefull mind. You have merited too much even of us to be forgotten, or to be remembered without a high tho't of your dignity. We own your free benefits towards us. Your deserts toward us lay us under obligations never to be forgotten. Your condescending carriage and gentle behaviour, whilst it has given us an evidence of your own humble tho'ts of yourself, ours of you even by that are raised. We love your mild ingenuity. We feel ourselves by sympathetick force as it were, tempered to the same disposition of virtue, we see so bright and lovely in your character. When we see your mind with uneasy thirst after knowledge in the best things, penetrating the deepest mysteries of language and science, we thirst to make ourselves happy in the knowledge of these things too. We

are drawn onward by you when we behold your young soul (young in years but now grown old in knowledge) hastily aimed to the highest spheres of attainments, with laudable ambition over-reaching your (with you compared) lingering fellows. Nor has nature endowed you nor you improved your rich powers in vain. This seat, empty by the departure of our dear Edwards, mourned till it was filled with one of equal deserts. We are glad one is promoted to your place that has trod the round circle of arts, one that is able to adapt to every different genius the proper cultivation. We rejoice at the coming advancement of language, science and every ingenious accademical art. Go on, dear sir, to advance yourself and all under your tuition in the study of virtue. Communicate your rich tho'ts to the young offspring of the muses, who will send back word full of your name which shall record your perpetual praises. And may all things be ordered by indulgent Heaven so as everlastingly to conspire to fill our most hearty prayer for your felicity; let nothing ever be wanting to make you to the last degree happy. May as many days as the revolving sun shall add to your life, bring with them encreases of your happiness. May your growing soul be enlarged in its noblest powers. Let Heaven prosper you in the relation you bear to this place. May you encrease in knowledge, your knowledge encrease your virtue, your virtue, your happiness. Let every grace make your heart their seat. Let everything you are conversant with be conducive to the great end of your being, and may the end of your being be attained in the highest

advancement of your nature. And, in short, to sum up all in one word, may the reward of Christian piety be yours. Farewell!

Our grief encreases yet especially when we are about to bid farewell to MR. HUBBARD. The mention of your dear name, excellent sir, afresh, opens the flowing springs of tears. Must Hubbard's name be forgotten, too? Must we no more enjoy the exquisite pleasure Hubbard, present Hubbard, contemplation has afforded? One tho't can afford us an alleviation of the pain these reflections produce. This, once our dear seat, and these young men, parts of ourselves, will yet reap the pleasures to us no more. This tho't softens our hard fate. Your noble qualifications of nature and acquirements promise the greatest things in favor of these, the divine accomplishments of Hubbard's mind (suffer us to say what we with pleasure think) surpass all our most elaborate description. On you with proper liberality nature has put her richest gifts, nor need I say with what labour and diligence you have improved them. In you, we with pleasure in our eyes, behold a pattern of the excellencies of the man, whom the politest learning or divinest virtue can paint to us an idea of, justly scorning the difficult and unprofitable amusement by which angelick minds are too often diverted from their just employment; you have happily applied yourself to things worthy so a great genius. We are taught by you to make virtue, as you have done yours, our care. You by your example teach us our noble original. O that we could, like you, breathe with seraphic love toward the kindred upper world! That we could, like you, look

down with noble contempt and generous scorn on the trifling vanities that fill the tho'ts of too grovelling minds, moved by nothing but kindred charms of shining dust or some meaner object. The eternal worth of things to us is to be computed from the subserviency to the grand design of the existence of immortal spirits. Happiness is pursued with inextinguishable desire by every rational intelligence, but 'tis only the virtuous wise that obtain it. A perpetual frustration will never cease to torment the deceived fool that dreams of this to be had anything short of this. It does not lie in one or the united virtue of all objects of sense. All epicurean pleasures, derivable from the gayest Elysium, in vain attempt to cheat the mind into so much as an imaginary happiness that is harrast with guilty fear, (the necessary result of a course of indulged vice). Nor can the virtuous soul be miserable; the regions of such a mind are proof against the ruffling storms of passion; free from every vexing care, it resigns all into the hand of the superintending spirit. Such is the state of the virtuous man and thine, O happy Hubbard. Go on, dear sir, to win by your example to the love of so divine a thing as virtue all whom your just judgement convinces. Go on to encrease your God-like pleasure of doing good by acting it. So of generosity; so of piety. May the seeing you act your angelick virtue inspire all your beholders with the same sentiments which press you on. May others also as we be forced to acknowledge the immutable excellency of religion. May you raise in them an unextinguishable desire to practice the same

things as make you happy. We remember with pleasure and gratitude the irresistible persuasion of your tongue. A conviction of the necessary connexion of your happiness with the sanctity of life and manners will remain as long as our reason can invent arguments, or our desire of it prompt us to seek happiness. Sir, we can wish you nothing more than what will be a necessary consequence of your heroick virtue. Let the dear house long be made happy by your presence. May the youth hear imitate you. Let Heaven be your possession. Farewell!

We with sadder note yet salute and in friendly wise bow to the SCHOLARS. How does our backward mind shrink at the shocking thought of bidding you, dear bretheren, kindest companions, the mournfull parting farewell? Now, does the rising passion almost wholly depress our shattered tho'ts and steal from us our most needed powers! What hardest heart, what stoutest courage would not give back at tho't of (what can I call it less than) a death. A deprivation of so many sweets of the most elegant life. When we see the cheerfull and good humours, the wit and good sense (the life and soul of pleasing society) visible in your youthfull countenances, it enhances our value for your conversation, and therefore encreases our parting pain. The remaining relish of your elegant society makes us more unwilling to part with it. We feel the secret but strong chord of friendship by which we have been bound in love to you, with strengthened force girding us to you while we assay to part. How do all the pleasing things we have had in the fruition of your fellowship seem to our mourn-

full memories? These seat sand these sacred walls are witnesses to the pleasure we have had in our frequent meetings for sacred purposes; they witness with what fervour and devotion we each successive morning and evening have commended ourselves to the benign providence of Heaven. How often have the walls in echoes reverberated the tunefull notes of praise we with united voice and heart have sung to our great Creatour and Redeemer. And each conscious room can testify our pleasant, free and friendly colloquies, sometimes more strictly searching the dark footsteps of truth (the aim of all our studies), sometimes with looser aims innocently relieving our charged minds of a good liking and similitude of manners, if with learning. If free and open friendship can create a pleasure in the mind of man, if, in short, all the cheerful airs of scholars can beget delight, our largest desires must have been satisfied in your company.

But why do I encrease our sadness? Why do I dwell on the mournful subjects, thereby aggravating our parting sorrow? But yet while we mourn ourselves and our loss, we rejoyce to see you growing, props of the age, young ornaments of the country, the hope of church and commonwealth. On you is the expecting eye of all good men; on you is their hope placed. Large seats made empty by the removal of men famous for learning and piety, mourn till they are filled by the sons of equall deserts. These things loud call upon you, dear bretheren to use your noble powers to polish your minds, to refine and raise them to their highest capacity. And this happy place invites you to this, and we with sad

but friendly advice press you to what an opportunity of doing now fails us. May you go with hasty steps forward in a pleasant acquisition of truth. May your young minds be enlarged with a comprehensive view of things in their inmost nature, let the sun smile on your endeavours to understand and practice the truth and beauty of things that you may be fitted to be blessings to the world; let Heaven in this gratify a generous disposition of doing good. May the arts and sciences polish off all the rufness that to much cleaves to the mind by nature, and may your angelick minds carried to the kindred world of intellectual spirits. Breathe upward soul in contemplation toward the next happy state, where, God grant, we may all of us again meet in happy concert to sing the everlasting praises to Him by whose grace you now have, we have had, the opportunity of being educated at this place. Fare ye well!

Lastly, we must not close without paying our respects to the rest present. 'Tis with incredible pleasure we behold the faces of so many learned men, ornaments of the country and the republic of letters, favourers and favorites of the muses met together in this place. We are glad to see so many favourers of those studies we have been cultivating. We esteem ourselves honoured in having had your patience thus long afforded us. Suffer us, gentlemen, to give you our heartiest thanks. Go on, gentlemen, with easy ways to commend the ways of virtue and learning. We rejoice that this is like never to be wanting on your part. We wish we could imitate the same virtuous disposition which

we see commends you to the honour and respect of the world, and which makes you happy in the width of its vexing cares. We beg a share in your good will (which we doubt not we have while we deserve it), and (when we have opportunity to enjoy it) your friendship, this we would esteem an high favor, and some alleviation of the sorrow we can't but be touched with at parting from this place. Farewell!

This book should be returned
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

