

Samuel

INAUGURATION

OF

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JAMES M^CCOSH, D.D., LL.D.,

AS

PRESIDENT OF

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THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY,

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PRINCETON. *University*

OCTOBER 27, 1868.



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A D D R E S S

ON BEHALF OF THE ALUMNI,

BY THE HON. JAMES POLLOCK, LL.D.

GENTLEMEN ALUMNI AND FRIENDS OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.—In the midst of the cares of professional life, literature and leisure are almost forgotten terms—memories of the past, not present realizations. Therefore it is that the duty of this hour becomes almost oppressive. But the inspiration of the occasion relieves the oppression, and bids the lips utter what the heart feels.

I have been requested to respond in the name of the alumni and friends of the College to the address of congratulation to which we have listened with so much pleasure. The duty assigned is at once personal and representative: personal, in the expression of my feelings and sentiments on this inauguration day; representative, in declaring the continued friendship and devotion of the alumni to their Alma Mater, and pledging, in their name, and may I not add by their authority? their cordial, active, and earnest co-operation in maintaining the past renown and speeding the coming day of her greater efficiency and glory. Her honor is their honor, and we rejoice with her in hailing the advent of one whose name is the pledge of pro-

gress and reform—whose fame is the synonym of intellectual triumph, and who, filled with the enthusiasm of humanity, and the love of God, is prepared to meet the demands of the age and act in harmony with the mighty movements of the present.

Therefore, honored sir, in the name of the alumni of this College, we bid you welcome to the classic shades of Princeton; to the high office to which you have been called; to our country, our hearts, and homes. In the name of a common ancestry, language, and literature; of kindred and hallowed memories; of truth triumphant over error, terror and death; of an open Bible, a common Christianity, a free church, free schools, free thought, and free speech, we welcome you. You come at an auspicious time in our national history. The rush and roll of war have ceased in our land. The “confused noise of the battle of the warrior” is no longer heard, and “the garments rolled in blood” are no longer seen. Our nation, rising with renewed strength from her late struggle, and wiping the drops of her bloody baptism from her brow, stands before the world redeemed from the stain of human slavery. Liberty and peace, in happy union, are gathering in their trophies, and pointing with gratitude and pride to a more glorious future.

The future of America! What shall it be? You are now with us and of us, to mould and form that future. You come from the land of the Bible and the Covenant, the land of the martyr and the hero, and shall we fear to entrust to your care and guidance the youth of

America, those who are our life, our hope, our future? Oh, no! The Bible of the Mayflower was Scotland's Bible, and it is the Bible of America—the bulwark of her liberties—the power and strength of her nationality. Your Bible is our Bible, and your God our God—therefore we will not fear. How necessary this when we remember that our Government is the embodiment of the power of a free people in the simple forms of our social and political order—that American nationality is the correlative of American manhood—its development and type; that sovereignty is with the citizen, and the supreme and ultimate power of the State is in the ballot-box, vitalized and energized by free, intelligent, and impartial suffrage.

How important that our literary institutions should be controlled by sanctified intellect—that the church and the school-house, twin sisters of civilization and religion, should be seen dotting our valleys and crowning our hills, that the “common school-house,” the centre and power of our educational system, “the people's colleges,” should be found everywhere in our land, with doors wide open, inviting all to enter upon whom God has enstamped the sign and signet of manhood!

In the Republic of Letters there is no dwarfing selfishness, no partisanship, no sectionalism, no sectarianism. All is cosmopolitan, liberal, universal. In other years Scotland recognized this truth, and gave Witherspoon to America.

Again America has asked, and McCosh is ours. In

asking, we honored Scotland; and in giving, Scotland honored herself and America. She gave us the "type" of her own true manhood, the representative of her intellectual power and advancing civilization. We, with the blood of nations in our veins; as a nation, the epitome of the world's nationalities, by the magic of our free institutions will give McCosh and freedom to the world.

In the land from which you come nobility is hereditary—the recognized law of social, civil, and political life. Birth and blood make and mark the man, affix the title, and determine his position in society. Here nobility finds its title and illustration in virtuous action, in grand achievement, in intellectual power and moral worth. Here we recognize the nobility of honored and honorable succession; and we recognize you, sir, as the honored successor of a band of historic and immortal men, noblemen, upon whose brow God himself affixed the seal of true nobility, of manhood in its full development and impressive grandeur—a succession more honorable and more enduring in its fame than any recorded in the volumes of heraldry or created by royal decree. Need I name your illustrious predecessors in the high office to which you are called: Dickinson, Burr, Edwards, Davies, Finley, Witherpoon, Smith, and others, now among the honored dead, or he who is with us now, the true-hearted, the generous and sympathetic friend, the scholar and the man, President McLean, who to-day so gracefully lays aside the robes of office, and retires with the "God

bless him" of all the alumni and friends of the College. These all were men of giant intellect, of positive faith, of lofty patriotism, undying energy and devoted service to country, humanity, and God. The alumni, now associating the past with the present, and recognizing in our new president a teacher and scholar worthy of such honored association, accept the congratulations offered, and seal them with the pledge of renewed devotion to their Alma Mater—her interest, her honor, and renown.

It is also a matter of congratulation, that whilst the president elect comes to us in all the freshness of vigorous manhood ; in the fullness and strength of a cultivated and matured intellect, he has brought with him a *heart* warm and true to all the generous sympathies of humanity ; that can hold companionship with intellect ; that can soften the stern dignity of official position, and blend in harmony the gentle and severe ; unite without compromise, the president of the College with the guardian, companion, and friend of the students ; a heart that can meet the heart of the young, feel its responsive throbs, and then, with the magic touch of hand to hand, true as the heart, cause him to feel his manhood, and love the one that rules by love ; a power greater than official authority ; the secret and centre of true administrative ability. The recognition of a student, by friendly greeting from president and professor, the honest shake of his hand, with a heart in it, is a power in the government of a College greater than bolts or bars, bye-laws or tutors, reprimand or

expulsions. This *heart power* will govern our Alma Mater.

We are standing to-day in the midst of thronging and touching memories. The past—solemn in its silence, impressive in its history—attends us here. The present—with its living, rushing energies, its “audacious activities”—is ours, and bids us onward. The future—rich in events that await the development of coming years—grand in its relations to the present and the past, takes up the word “onward,” and points significantly from the known to the unknown, to be revealed in mightier achievement than the past can boast.

Mind moves, as does the world. We live not in an ideal age, but in an age of ideas—of grand progressive thought, developing the practical and the real, the spiritual and the free. Thus while science and art, with wondrous energy, despite ocean depths, tie with the electric wire continents together; science, literature, and Christianity, with mightier power, binds heart to heart, and nation to nation, and while thrones are trembling and sceptres falling from the hands of profligate rulers, speed the day when earth's empires, united under the banner of the Cross, shall acknowledge the brotherhood of man, and God, the Father of all, as the “King of kings, and Lord of lords.” Again, in the name of the alumni, we accept the congratulations tendered, renew our pledge, and pass over to history the doings of this hour.