

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

ODE OF DEDICATION

ON THE COMPLETION OF

THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

BY THE HON. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D. D.,
REGENT.

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ODE OF DEDICATION.¹

"Bonarum Artium Rerumque Humanarum ac Divinarum Studiosos Convocamus."—Motto of Library Bell.²

I.

Rapt into ages ancient.
I saw a sight sublime;
And longed for Dorian numbers,
To give accordant rhyme;
Too late for me, I fear, Pindaric line,
Remembered youth alone (if Muse I have) is mine!³

II.

A thousand trumpets sound,
A thousand doubling drums;

(1) The ode as "the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse," is also one that requires annotation. "Partly from justice," says the Poet Gray, "to acknowledge a debt when I had borrowed anything; partly from ill-temper, just to tell the gentle reader, that Edward the First was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. I have found it necessary to add some notes to my odes."* *Ceteris paribus*, the author of the Ode of Dedication, without confessing to similar temper, avails himself of such a precedent to claim a similar privilege. If "the virile Dorian harmony," as Plato calls it, stirred the blood of the athlete in days of old, why not continue to stimulate to exertion those who have just entered the intellectual Palaestra? To add some of his own private notes for their especial benefit, may possibly expose him to the charge of pedantry; but in view of his motive in so doing, he is inclined to regard such a charge as of little worth.

* Southey's *Life of Cowper*, Vol. I. 325.

(2) Cicero's sonorous words justly entitle the big bell to bear his name.

(3) —"Sunt et mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis."

Virgil, *Ecl.* IX.

The silence of the Ancient Poets as to the days of their childhood and youth is "a curious problem," for which see Farrar's "Seekers after God," p. 9. Contrast this with Lord Bacon's "When I was a child and Queen Elizabeth in the flower of her years"; with Wordsworth's ode on Immortality; with Tennyson, Cowper, etc.

Lo! Fame appears, and leads the pageant on;
In long procession still, it comes and comes,
Farther than eye can reach, from sun to sun;
The great First-born of Earth, the Heirs of Time,—
Heaven's own Elect of every age and clime;
Her kings and priests, crowned and white-mantled all;
The kings of thought, the priests of progress they,
The seers, the sages, mightiest in their day,
Who highest bore the torch in darkest thrall.
—Nor tongue, nor epoch narrows down the space,
The sons of genius live, for all the human race.

III.

A rare and choice procession this I ween,
Nor once in Rome, nor yet in Corinth seen;
No golden eagles, gloating o'er their prey
In cruel triumph for a bloody day;
No Io Pæans sung, and choral hymn,
To horse or man as swift or strong of limb;
No festal thyrsus, as when Hermes' boy
Awakes the dithyrambs of mirth and joy.
Victors they are indeed!
But higher far their meed,
And nobler panegyrics find employ;
—More like to psalms on Zion's holy hill,
When the long wandering ark at last stood still.

IV.

As a broad river seen
The mountain banks between,
Through stately theatre they seem to move;
On either side, wall crystalline and high,
Where to the topmost seat against the sky,
Are hands in loud applause and hearts of love,
And the proud flash of many an eager eye!
With clear celestial radiance, all their own,
Over each aureoled head what lustre shone!
So, when a child, once did I wondering see,
Sweet Iris' foot rest on a distant tree,
Giving its branches an excess of light,
Pure as unsullied snow, magnificently white;
—As by some new, mysterious birth,
Earth raised again to Heaven, or Heaven let down to earth.

v.

Those in advance, the faithful pickets they,
The rank and file, who helped to win the day.
The old Phœnician, as his rightful due,⁴
Leads the long column where it comes in view;
And one papyrus, one a parchment bears,
That mocks the tooth of all-devouring years;
The third a style, the fourth an ink-horn good,
(The martyr's ink more precious than his blood);
Then high aloft on willing shoulders borne,
The centre of a circle far-illumed,
Wherein is darkness doomed,
Refulgent beams THE PRESS, like rosy morn!
Gives wide her news to every wafting wind,
Conserves the lasting image of the mind,
And in the present shows the past enshrined.
We, the true Ancients! not the men of old,⁵
Though tracing lineage back to age of Gold.
O Love of Letters, Dear Humanities!⁶

In youth and age,
The living page
Doth greatly please.⁷

—Happy the State that knows the worth of mind,
And gives to all a birth-right so refined.⁸

VI.

The light brigade gone by
In triumph high,

(4) Cadmus, the supposed inventor of the alphabet.

(5) Lord Bacon.

(6) "O blessed Letters! that combine in one
All Ages past, and make one live with all."

Samuel Daniel. 1562-1619.

(7) Vide Cicero, Arc. vii.

(8) The constitution of Michigan secures to both sexes a thorough education, from the Primary School to the University.

(a) "Quod enim munus reipublicæ afferre majus meliusve possumus, quam si doceamus atque erudimus juventutem?"
—Cicero.

(b) "The one exclusive sign of a thorough knowledge is the power of teaching."
—Aristotle.

(c) Education of youth "is not a bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a teacher: but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave Ulysses."
—Milton.

(d) So the old Centaur Chiron taught the young Achilles.

The heavy corps appears
Mid loudest cheers.
THE POET first! nor needs he other name⁹
On the proud pillar of eternal fame,
Sole Monarch evermore of song sublime.
Exulting Greece begins
The sounding joy that wins
Its rapturous way down to remotest time.
O sightless Seer,
Without a peer,
Each in his own enchanted sphere
Gives praise sincere.
Dear vocal Memnon of the sunrise hour!
Till the last wave shall break upon the shore,¹⁰
Thy fame shall still increase, from more to more;
To hold such place,
By long entail of grace,
Is thine alone! Thine only, claims like these,
Matchless, deep-browed, divine Mæonides.

VII.

In the long shadow of the parent sire,
All glowing with the same heroic fire,
See now reluctant come his first-born son.
Well worthy thou to wear the epic crown,
O modest shepherd of the Mantuan plain;¹¹
Playful and full of grace, whose tender strain¹²
Is ever dear,
And starts the tear,
While any sense of youth doth still remain.
—Could I but read again one moving line
As once I read, no higher joy were mine.¹³

(9) Homer "The Poet," so called by the Greeks; also, the "only one," a title never transferred to other bard, though often attempted. "Divine is Homer (the one Homer) above all others." —Aristotle.

(10) No student can think of Homer without being reminded of the sea.

(11) St. Augustine calls Virgil "Poeta Nobilissimus," and in his "Confessions" mentions no other heathen author; his "only reproach by the libertines of the capital, the reproach of personal purity."

(12)

—"*Molle atque facetum*

Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camœnæ."

"The tenderest bard that e'er impassioned sung."

(13) Not however until senior year! when I reread Aeneid. lib. iv.—more shame both to teacher and to such "a slip of Arcadia" as a pupil!

VIII.

Of all who would with equal steps pursue
The radiant path of Latium's brightest name,
I but behold
The Tuscan bold,
"The central man" of men so tried and few!¹⁴
Three worlds his theme, three-fold his well-earned fame.
The friend of Beatrice—of Maro he;
Disciple like, he did his saints adore,
Which of the twain, 'twere hard to say, he worshipped more.

IX.

Yet once again the Golden Lyre doth sound!¹⁵
From Albion's coast afar,
I see his lustrous star,
Who sang of Paradise as Lost and Found;
His orb of song doth roll
Vast as his soul,
Unterrified, unbound.
With disentangled plume, against the wind,¹⁶
A bird of Paradise
He highest flies,
And lost in hushed surprise,
Leaves all behind.
—In such a Momus age,¹⁷
Of many a foolish rage,
Mighty Iconoclast! how blest another such to find.

X.

Now are the trumpets still!
The tuneful Nine,
With melody divine,
Of wedded voice and verse,
In answering chords rehearse

(14) Ruskin calls Dante "the central man".

(15) By common consent assigned to the Epic Poets, to whom according to Dr. Johnson "the first praise of Genius is due."

(16) Flying "against the wind," a well-known fact in ornithology.

(17) Momus must have been the original ancestor of some of our modern critics. His delight was to jeer bitterly at gods and men, and to judge of everything by its defects rather than its excellences.

His praise, who deepest drank their fount
On Heliconian Mount!¹⁸
Hail! Nature's Darling! from whose generous store
So much she gave, she could not give him more!
The smitten walls resound from side to side
With love and pride.
The tragic three of old,¹⁹
 Who of Prometheus told,
Alcestis, and the dear Antigone,
 Yielding their crown,
 As all his own,
The loudest lead in jubilee.
—Nor yet unpleased the Swan of Avon hears
 The thunderous cheers;
 With knowing beck,
 Arching his graceful neck,
 He seeks the open main,
Sets his proud wings and skims the liquid plain.²⁰

XI.

These prime in order; yet in advent long,
Others keep equal step with sons of song!
Walking in converse high, as on the day
When Alma Mater sends her child away,
 (Like bird from nest to try
 Its wings and fly).
Earth's TEACHERS now I see, a noble band,
 Of aspect grand,
Alike from classic and from sacred land.
 Their calling high indeed,
 What can exceed,
The unknown Eros who discern and worth
 Of those who feel within a soul,

(18) "The man whom Nature's self had made,
To mock herself and truth to imitate."

—Spenser.

"The genius of Shakespeare was an innate universality. . . . He could do easily
man's utmost."

—Keats.

(19) Aeschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. From a tear in the eye of Professor Woolsey, (*O si sic omnes!*) afterwards President of Yale college, when reading the *Alcestis*, I first caught a love for the Greek Tragedies that has followed me all my life long.

(20) Every one familiar with the habits of the swan is well aware of the double wing and its use in sailing.

And long to give it birth²¹

And reach the goal?

—As wave at highest tide that breaks and pours,
And lashes white the loud resounding shores;
As sailor greets the Pharos far remote
That safe to haven guides his foundering boat;
So bursts the welcome as these come in view;
So honor given to whom that honor due.²²

XII.

As in a city few the spires I ween,
In mountain range few pinnacles are seen,
So few their names immortal,²³
Who dare to ope the portal
Of wisdom seated in her highest fane!
—Behold their forms august, each with his reverent train.

(21) The reference is to the comparison of Socrates, between his father's occupation and his own as a teacher. In writing those lines I also had in mind the first throes of my own intellectual birth in the class of 1837, and the kindly assistance of "Tutor", now President, Porter, of Yale College. As Cicero said of Plato, so would I say of this beloved teacher, "*Est mihi instar omnium!*"

(22) Honor cui honor.

"*Sum cuique decus posteritas rependit.*"

—Tacitus.

"Presume those to be the best, the reputation of which has been matured into fame by the lapse of ages."

—Coleridge.

(23) The latest attempt to reckon the royal names in literature may be found in Professor Phelps's "Men and Books," Lecture X. He claims to have made his list "after correspondence with scholarly readers in several departments in which they are acknowledged experts."

"Taking the standard literatures of the world together there is a group of names which all scholarly judgment has placed at the fountain head of the streams of thought which these literatures represent. They are the originals of all that cultivated mind has revered in letters. They are not numerous. In the Hebrew Literature not more than three, viz: Moses, David, and Isaiah; in the classic Greek, Homer, Plato, and Aristotle; in the Hellenistic Greek, St. John and St. Paul; in the Roman, Cicero and Virgil; in Italian, Dante; in French, less than one; in German, Goethe, Schiller, and Kant; in English, Chaucer, Bacon, Shakespeare, Wordsworth; in America, Hawthorne."

Much as I love Wordsworth I cannot accept the judgment of "the experts," or of Professor Phelps, or even of Coleridge, and give Wordsworth the place of Milton. Neither can I omit the Greek tragedians. Where will you find sublimity, if not in Aeschylus? Milton grows on me as I grow older, and so does Aeschylus. They are "Poets garland-bound," and "Lords of Earth" indeed! Bulwer, speaking of the epoch both in his mind and in his heart, when he woke to the knowledge of books, and of himself, says, "Euripides was the first of the divine spirits of old who taught me to burn over the dreams of fiction!" "Ambitious Student," Conversation iv.



XIII.

See first the sage who dwelt Hymettus nigh,²⁴
Who never did the still small voice deny;
The man beloved, whom Athens dare not name
Save with the sorrow of eternal shame;
Himself who taught that he might teach her youth
The chaff of learning to divide from truth;
Of all her sons by every age confest
The wisest of her wise, the bravest of her best;
So near he walked to heaven while here below,
That when the cup was drained, he had not far to go.
—City of Cecrops, from that fatal day,
Thy doom was sealed that thou must pass away.

XIV.

He whose broad shoulders mark a broader mind,
His pupil is, imperial and refined,²⁵
His practised ear,
The first to hear,
The hidden harmonies of soul,
That ever roll;
And truth and virtue blend, in sweet accord,
As from one Sovereign Lord
By all adored!
—O magic pen! O rare, mellifluous tongue,
That made Philosophy divine and ever young.

(24) —“Dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto.”

—Juvenal, xiii.

(a) Socrates was alike the best of the ancients, and the best friend of man in all heathen antiquity. How anxious his expectation of a teacher from Heaven.

AAKIB. ΔΕΥΤ. § 22.

(b) “*Dear* city of Cecrops” was the usual title of Athens; but in this connection we must omit the adjective!

(c) “You have often heard me speak of the God or spirit—a certain voice that has come to me from a child.” Apolog. Soc.

(25) Plato, so called from the breadth of his shoulders.

(a) “The Platonists found in the knowledge of God the first cause of the universe, the Light of Truth, the Fountain of Blessedness. They who thus think of God, whether Platonists or other Gentile Philosophers, *they think with us.*” Aug. de Civ. Dei, lib. viii. cap. 6, 7, 10.

(b) For Plato’s “Music of the Soul.” See De Rep. lib. iii.

(c) “Mellifluous tongue”—refers to the swarm of bees that settled round his mouth.

(d) “When I read Plato, I hear not a man but a divinity speaking.”—Quintilian.



XV.

Worthy his Teacher, see the Master Mind,²⁶
Who, threefold truth defined,
And dared explore
The realm of science to her utmost shore;
More learned none, and none more truly wise,
Whose Hymn to Virtue gives the highest prize!
Not he who did in after age confess
The Greek Academy in Roman dress;
Nor he whose key could open every door
To nature's feast and spread her amplest store;
Nor Albion's greater pride, whose patient zeal
Bade the far distant sky its laws reveal;
Not one nor all can boast a brighter crown,
More sure renown!
As doth an avalanche, thy glory still
Thunders amain,
With larger gain,
O mighty Stagyrity, and ever will!
O student true
Of old and new;
—Of men untaught of God, the strongest thou,
From the beginning even until now!

XVI.

Nor are they all untaught! Lo! harp in hand,
With Zion's sacred band,
The Monarch Minstrel sings,
And smites the trembling strings,

(26) If Socrates was the best, Aristotle was certainly the greatest of this marvellous triumvirate; never more sagacious than in avoiding religious questions.

(a) He defined truth as threefold, viz: "What a thing is in itself; what it is in its relations, and what it is in the medium through which it is viewed." This definition was given me after more than a year's search, by the Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D. D., to whose avuncular affection I am indebted for many other hints; but I have never been able to verify it, except as the three parts lie in *disjecta membra*. For several of these definitions see Eth. Nicomach., lib. i, cap. 8, § 1, lib. vi, cap. 9, § 3. Bib. τὸ ἐλάττωσον, cap. 1, § 4. "The end of speculative (science) philosophy is Truth."

(b) See his Hymn to Virtue and his admirable remark, Ethics, lib. x. cap. 7.

(c) "Who did confess" etc. The reference is to Cicero.

(d) "He whose key" etc. Lord Bacon—his own modest figure in reference to himself.

(e) Newton.

(f) "With larger gain." "Crescit
Fama Marcelli."

—Horace.

In open view,
Dancing the while to his own music true:
“Lift up your heads ye gates,
Ye doors be lifted high;
The King of Glory waits,
His guards are nigh!”
The prophets three
With him agree,
And sing in fullest harmony,
—“His guards are nigh,
Ye doors be lifted high!”

XVII.

As if the earth did quake, they instant pause,
Nor shout applause;
On either side
The ranks divide,
And turned upon itself, I note
In line remote,
Of these now passed
—The last the first become, the first the last.

XVIII.

“Behold He cometh!” whom men love to call
“The coming One, the One Dear Head for all,”
As sung by plaintive bard in Latian plains,²⁷
And ever will be sung while song remains.
How shines the glory of His eye,
With inborn majesty;
Far as Himself is seen
Its holy sheen.

(27) Ὁ ἐρχόμενος!

(a) “Unum pro multis dabitur caput.” Aen. v. 815.

(b) See “Pollio,” Ecl. iv. and Pope’s “Messiah”; Aen. vi. 791.

(c) “Who were men of Name.” V. T.

(d) We need not go to Apostles and Martyrs for encomiums on Jesus of Nazareth; we can find them in Channing, Theodore Parker, Renan, Carlyle, etc.

(e) “Christ is the centre of history.” “The history of the world and the church centres in Him.” Hegel finds “the turning point of history in Christ.” For this and other testimonies, see “Intro. to Christian Theology” (*multum in parvo*) by Professor Henry B. Smith, of my old Sacra Mater, N. Y. Union Theol. Seminary, than whom a finer specimen of “the Christian Scholar” I never met.

In silent awe, as is most meet,
All bow before Thy feet
 Thou Man of name,
 Above all earthly fame!
Some kiss Thy garment's hem,
 And some the sod
 Thy feet have trod,
 Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ of God.
Of kings the last, Thy kingdom ne'er to cease,
The true Melchizedek, the Prince of Peace,
 In whom the ages meet
 And are complete!
—LIGHT OF THE WORLD, what crown Thy brow adorns?
Ah! do I see aright? a crown of THORNS?

XIX.

 Nearest in mystic mind,²⁸
 Close following I find
 Him of the eagle soul
 And larger scroll,
Whose words in purest hearts are deepest shrined!
 And next again,
 Him of the iron pen,
For whom his victim prayed nor prayed in vain,
—The champion he in Armageddon field,
Who finds no equal foe, nor thinks to yield!

XX.

On and still on with its new Head,
 (For every thorn a crown,
 And kingdom all his own,)
The glad procession moves,
 With stronger tread;
Nor of the sages one who disapproves.²⁹

(28) I use the word 'mystic' of course in its better sense. "There is a mystical element in all true religion, both objectively in the revelation and subjectively in the faith." See Schaff-Herzog Encyclo.

(a) "Si Stephanus non orasset ecclesia non habuerit Paulum."

(29) Before this is considered a hasty conclusion, think of the words of St. Augustine, "Paucis mutatis verbis atque sententiis *Christiani* fierent," and of so many other of the Early Fathers whose sentiments are being reproduced in such works as Farrar's "Seekers after God."

XXI.

Sudden I turn, and, lo! a Parthenon!
Lyceum, Porch, Academy in one;
A temple fit for all who sit
At wisdom's feet,
And hers alone;
And hark! from lofty tower,
Melodious bells!
Like that which tells
The bridegroom and the bride
The holy hour,
When side by side,
Before God's altar high,
They seal their love,
Below, above,
To all eternity.

XXII.

Loud and still louder, alleluias rise,
And fill the earth, and reach the echoing skies;
The massive doors wide open fling,
To hail their King!
Who enters now with shining train,
Long to remain!
PEACE TO THIS HOUSE," I hear Him say.
"Lover of wisdom, human and divine,
Let both be thine,
And peace alway!
Here find a home—
COME! COME! COME!"³⁰

XXIII.

—Just then I seem
For His dear sake
With joy to wake!
Nor was it *all* a dream.

(30) There last words were suggested by the prolonged murmuring of the bell, ending as I began, with Cicero's definition of Philosophy—"Scientia divinarum humanarumque rerum."—Cic. Tusc.

