

**UNIVERSITY OF THE
SOUTH: ADDRESS
DELIVERED BEFORE
THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES**

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University of the South: Address Delivered Before the Board of Trustees by W. M. Green

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W. M. GREEN

**UNIVERSITY OF THE
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UNIVERSITY
—OF—
THE SOUTH.

CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

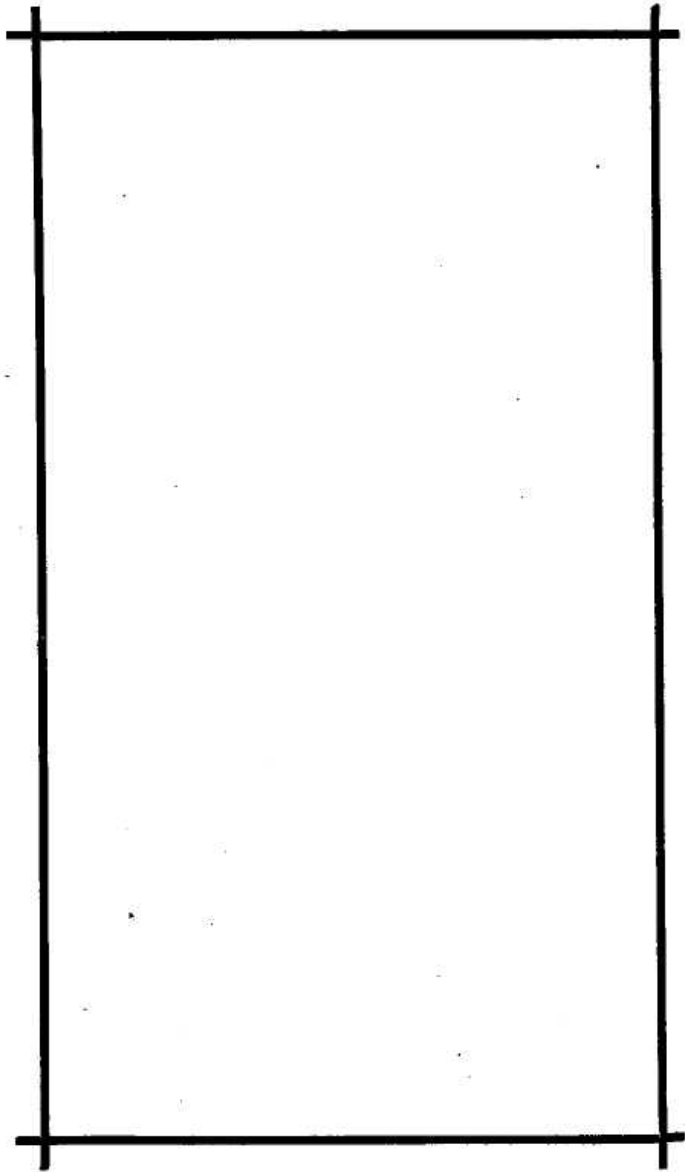
1879.

RESOLUTION OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Resolved, That the Chancellor's Address, delivered this morning, be published in pamphlet form, in addition to being printed in the journal of the proceedings of this Board, and that a Committee of three be appointed to take charge of the publication of said pamphlet, determine the number of copies, and distribute the same,

COMMITTEE,

RT. REV. C. T. QUINTARD,
Bishop of Tennessee.
RT. REV. W. B. W. HOWE,
Bishop of South Carolina.
MR. C. RICHARDSON MILES,
of South Carolina.



ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN AND FRIENDS OF THE
BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

The mercy that has spared us once more to meet together, demands a more than usual acknowledgment; inasmuch as our Academical year, now about to close, has been, to many, a year of pestilence and death.

Our mountain height, lifting us, as it does, high above the reach of all malarial and contagious disease, testifies to the eminent wisdom of those Founders of our University who placed it on this favored spot—a wisdom that will be more apparent with each revolving year. That the patriotic and unselfish labors of these wise Fathers should be held in perpetual remembrance, is the dictate of the highest reason, as well as of an affectionate heart. It has been truly said, "The world knows nothing of its

greatest men;" and we are admonished in Holy Writ, that "the righteous should be had in everlasting remembrance."

As the most worthy Chairman of our Hebdomadal Board will, in due time, lay before you a satisfactory account of the condition and prospects of our Institution, you will not, I trust, deem it inappropriate to this hour of cordial welcome, if I mingle with it some reminiscences of these ever-to-be-honored Fathers—reminiscences of thanksgiving, of pride, of gratitude, and of sadness; of thanksgiving to Him who raised them up, and fitted them for the work; of pride, in the recollection that, in the fullest sense, they were "of us;" gratitude for their labors; and sadness, at the thought that we see them no more.

If a frequent recurrence to first principles be an admitted axiom in Political Science, may we not claim a like consideration for that feeling, which looks back reverently and lovingly to the first projectors and builders of an enterprise, having for its object both the Good of Man and the Glory of God? That such was the first design, and has ever been the persistent aim of the Institution within whose walls we are assembled, it would be an act of treason, in any one of us, to deny.

With equal truth, may it be said, that to look forward with hope to the completion of any cherished enterprise, is the privilege alike of the lowest as well as the most favored of our race; but, with fond remembrance, to recall and record the struggles of those brave pioneers who opened the way to success, is the privilege only of those who are worthy to carry on their work.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

In this spirit of loving remembrance, then, (and, I will add, of strict justice, too), would I now hallow this hour, by faintly sketching the characters of that noble triumvirate, OREV, POLK, and ELLIOTT, who, with all honor to their worthy co-laborers, may rightly be called the "CHIEF FOUNDERS" of this University.

Of the ten Bishops who, twenty-two years ago, inaugurated this grand enterprise, two only remain to tell of the bright hopes, the strong faith, the fervent prayers, and the thorough intermingling of hearts, which made that an ever-to-be-remembered hour. Those two have lived to see all those fond anticipations blighted, and the infant of a day old crushed in its cradle by the iron hand of war. Bitter thoughts would fain spring up here at the mention of those buried hopes. But, down,

down, with every unkind memory of that fratricidal strife. We will not impute to a noble and well-meaning, but mistaken foe, the barbarities of a rude and untutored soldiery. Let us, rather, bless God, that, from the ashes of those once glowing expectations, there was raked up a live coal, to rekindle, amid much darkness, the flame that first burnt upon our altar.