IN MEMORIAM.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

BORN, MAY 27, 1794.
DIED, JANUARY 4, 1877.
In Memoriam.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

On New-year's-day the Board of Trust, Faculty, and students of the Vanderbilt University transmitted by telegraph their greetings to the venerable Founder; three days after, the response came, "He is dying;" and an hour after, "He is dead!" The University bell, with solemn toll, announced the mournful fact. By order of the Chancellor, all the classes were at once dismissed for the day, and lecture-rooms closed, and the Faculty was convened, that measures might be taken for the due observance of the occasion.

The telegraphic dispatch announcing the death of Mr. Vanderbilt at nine minutes before eleven o'clock was read, and a committee, consisting of Professors Summers, Lupton, and Broun, was appointed to prepare and report resolutions to an adjourned meeting, to be held at 3 o'clock.

ACTION OF THE FACULTY OF VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY.

The Faculty met Thursday, January 4, at 3 p.m., in the Chancellor's room. The Chancellor stated that the object of the meeting was to take suitable action in regard to the
The committee appointed by the Faculty on the occasion of the death of the Founder, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, to determine how this sad event should be solemnized by the University, report the following for adoption:

Whereas, It has pleased God to bring to a close the long and eventful life of Mr. Vanderbilt, the Founder of the University which bears his honored name, which sad event took place in New York this morning, January 4, 1877: therefore,

Resolved, That the Faculty of Vanderbilt University are filled with sorrow at the announcement of the death of the noble Founder of this institution.

Resolved, That while the Faculty regret that Mr. Vanderbilt was not permitted to execute his cherished purpose to visit the University, yet they devoutly thank God that his life was spared to see the unfolding of his plans in the successful operations of the University for more than one session, and that this afforded him so much satisfaction on his dying-bed.

Resolved, That all exercises of the University be suspended for the remainder of the week; that the chapel of the University be suitably draped in mourning; and that the bell be tolled for one hour at the time of the funeral of Mr. Vanderbilt, when all exercises in the University shall again be suspended.

Resolved, That the Rev. Bishop McTyeire be requested to deliver a memorial discourse on the occasion of the death of Mr. Vanderbilt, in the chapel of the University, on Sunday morning, January 7, 1877, at 11 o'clock. *

Resolved, That the Faculty of Vanderbilt University offer their sincere and tender sympathies to the widowed consort of Mr. Vanderbilt, and to all the members of his family, devoutly praying that they may be graciously sustained in their bereavement, and that the mournful event may be sanctified to her and to them; may they all share largely in the compensations of that grace which so sustained their venerable relative in his closing hours.

Resolved, That this action of the Faculty be reported to the family of our late honored benefactor by the Chancellor of Vanderbilt University; that it be read to the students at the next morning-service in the chapel; that it be sent to the Christian Advocate and the daily papers of Nashville and New York for publication; and that it be duly inscribed on a separate page in the Journal of the Faculty of Vanderbilt University.

*The time was subsequently changed, by request, to 3 p.m.

The Chancellor was requested to invite the Governor and both Houses of the Legislature to attend the memorial service.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR AND ACTION OF THE LEGISLATURE OF TENNESSEE.

The following message from the Governor was presented by his secretary, Adjutant-general Hamby:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, NASHVILLE, JANUARY 5, 1877.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

I transmit an invitation to the Governor and General Assembly, from the Faculty of Vanderbilt University, to be present at the memorial service on the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt. I recommend its acceptance. In his endowment of the University, Mr. Vanderbilt bestowed upon the educational interests of Tennessee the most munificent benefaction ever made on this continent, in the life-time of any benefactor, and it is fitting that you manifest your estimate of the value of the service he rendered to your constituents, and give expression to their sentiments upon his demise by the adoption of appropriate resolutions.

JAMES D. PORTER.

The following is the invitation from the Faculty of the University:

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, JANUARY 4, 1877.

To His Excellency the Governor and the Honorable Members of both Houses of the Legislature of the State of Tennessee:

I have the honor of transmitting to you the following resolutions adopted by the Faculty of Vanderbilt University, at a meeting held this day:

Resolved, That the Rev. Bishop McTyeire be requested to deliver a memorial discourse on the occasion of the death of Mr. Vanderbilt, in the chapel of the University, on Sunday morning, January 7, 1877, at 11 o'clock.

Resolved, That his Excellency the Governor and the honorable members of both Houses of the Legislature of Tennessee be invited to be present at said service.

J. M. LEECH, Secretary.

In the Senate, on motion of Mr. Trousdale, the invitation was accepted, and thanks returned to the Vanderbilt Faculty.
Mr. Milliken moved that the Speaker appoint a committee of three to meet a similar committee from the House of Representatives, to draft suitable resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt. Carried; and the Speaker appointed Messrs. Milliken, Cahill, and Smith, as said committee on the part of the Senate.

In the House, Mr. Savage offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That, as members of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, we desire to express our regret for the death of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, believing that a great and good man has fallen, who deserves higher honors than those usually bestowed upon victors and conquerors.

Resolved, That the Speaker appoint a committee of six members, to report suitable resolutions for the action of the House on its meeting to-morrow.

The rules were suspended, and the resolutions unanimously adopted.

The private secretary of the Governor, Adjutant-general Hamby, appeared at the bar of the House with a special message from the Governor, in reference to the invitation of the Faculty of Vanderbilt University to the General Assembly, to attend the memorial service. The message and invitation were read, and both were referred to the committee of six provided for in the resolution offered by Mr. Savage.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEETING OF CITIZENS.

A meeting of the citizens of Nashville, commemorative of the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, was held at the courthouse at 12 m., January 5, 1877, the judge adjourning the court and taking part in the proceedings. It was largely attended by our best citizens.

Colonel John C. Burch, having been called to the chair, explained the object of the meeting, saying it was to give some appropriate expression to the feelings of the citizens of Nashville at the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt. Referring to the founding of Vanderbilt University, he said that the benefaction extended to all the people of the South; that centuries perhaps would not set a boundary to the benefits which would flow from the institution established by his generosity; that while thousands of those outside of Nashville would be benefited, the people of this city, above all others, owed to him a debt of gratitude. Depicting Mr. Vanderbilt’s life in brief, the chairman presented a vivid idea of the wonderful powers of the man. Referring to his accumulation of great wealth by honesty, enterprise, and indomitable energy, it was shown how his name and power were known and felt throughout the civilized world; but to the citizens of this city he was known more especially as the open-handed, large-hearted, munificent Founder of our University, the generous benefactor of Southern youth. The calling of the meeting showed the appreciation of the many of the great heart of the deceased, and its object was to vocalize the esteem of this people for Commodore Vanderbilt, and to poorly express their regret at his death.

Upon motion of Judge James Whitworth, J. S. Pilcher was appointed Secretary.

The Chair appointed a Committee on Resolutions: Judge James Whitworth, Judge T. N. Frazer, Mr. Samuel Watkins, Gen. S. R. Anderson, Hon. M. C. Goodlett.

During the absence of the Committee on Resolutions, the meeting was addressed by Dr. Menees. He paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Commodore Vanderbilt, specifying particularly some of the most notable acts of his life, and closed by calling, in language full of pathos, benedictions upon the name and memory of the great benefactor.

The committee not being ready to report, Dr. J. Berrien
Lindsley addressed the meeting. He was a native of New Jersey, which State was contiguous to Staten Island, the birthplace of Commodore Vanderbilt; so he felt as a citizen of the same State with the deceased. Mr. Vanderbilt, by his generous gift, had shown that he was a citizen of the whole country. One thought especially forced itself on the mind of the speaker—that was, the great debt of gratitude due from the poor to those who had amassed large fortunes, thereby enabling them to endow hospitals and universities. Such men acted as a savings bank for the whole race. Of this an eminent illustration was found in the life of Mr. Vanderbilt.

At the close of Dr. Lindsley's address the committee, through Judge Whitworth, presented the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, At the close of the late civil war the citizens of the South found not only that they were impoverished, but also that the endowments which had been given with no sparing hand to the institutions of learning in their midst had been utterly swept away—fully realizing that what it had taken several generations of unequalled prosperity to accumulate could not be restored in their day, nor that of their children, the educational outlook was to them dreary indeed—but others, too, saw and sympathized with their condition, and a Northern citizen and patriot, a man of large wealth and unlimited generosity, resolved to do something, and something great, for the wasted section of his country: as a result of this resolution the people of Nashville and the people of the South have the great institution of learning which is the gift, and bears the name, of Cornelius Vanderbilt—a name which they honor and will teach their children to revere. Be it therefore,

Resolved. That the people of Nashville have heard with profound regret of the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Be it further resolved. That in grateful remembrance of their great obligations, they tender to the family of their benefactor their most sincere sympathy.

Be it further resolved. That a copy of these proceedings be furnished the family of Mr. Vanderbilt, and that the papers of the city be requested to print them.

In presenting the resolutions, Judge Whitworth said it was not necessary to say anything in support of them, but
homes, tearing down our temples; but he came from his Northern home, bridging the chasm, and with a large heart, and liberal hand outstretched, he aided our impoverished people in recovering from the ravages of war. He came not seeking office, and place, and power, and bidding for them with munificent donations; he came with his noble, unselfish generosity, and built a magnificent college in which to educate our children. In our hearts let his name be enshrined. Let our children and their children revere his name. He has placed it on the roll of fame with Howard, Peabody, Smithson, Girard, and others, and not lowest on the scroll.

Upon motion of the Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelley, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

It was resolved that the meeting attend the memorial service, to be held at Vanderbilt University, next Sunday at 3 o'clock p.m.

ACTION OF STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

At a meeting of the students of Vanderbilt University, in the chapel, on the 5th day of January, 1877, on the occasion of the announcement of the death of Commodore Vanderbilt, Mr. J. T. McGill was called to the chair, and R. F. Chew elected secretary.

Mr. R. W. Browder stated the object of the meeting, and read a preamble and resolutions, which were referred to a committee of five (Charles P. Wofford, Edward N. Tullis, Robert W. Browder, William B. Palmore, John J. Tigert, jr.) for revision and publication, who adopted the following:

WHEREAS, We, the students of Vanderbilt University, are permitted to behold in our own Southern country this magnificent institution, established through the liberality and magnanimity of Commodore Vanderbilt; and, whereas, we have already been participants of its numerous advantages, and do highly appreciate the privileges and gift bestowed; and,

whereas, we recognize in the Vanderbilt University an institution which is destined to become the great Southern seat of learning, thereby bringing untold benefits to our country: therefore,

Resolved, That we learn with profound regret of the death of our great benefactor.

Resolved, That, as students of the University now, and as citizens hereafter, we will gratefully cherish his memory as one of the truest friends of our Southern land in the time when she so greatly needed a friend.

Resolved, That our sympathies are due and are hereby tendered to the family of our deceased patron.

It was ordered that copies of the above resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and to the Christian Advocate and daily papers of Nashville, and the daily papers of New York, for publication.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY.

The Faculty and students of the Medical Department of the University assembled in their hall, January 6, to pass suitable resolutions on the death of Mr. Vanderbilt. Prof. Menees, the Dean, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with a glowing tribute to the memory of the honored dead. Prof. Atchison followed in a chaste and elegant address. Prof. T. O. Summers, jr., on the part of the Faculty, and K. B. Hunter, J. D. Brown, W. R. Lambuth, and T. J. Jenkins, on the part of the students, were appointed a committee to draft resolutions suitable to the occasion. The following were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the order of nature Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, has been removed by death:

Resolved, That we, the Faculty and students of the Medical Department of the University which bears his honored name, recognize the loss to our country of a mighty mind, to society of a genial friend, and to ourselves of a generous benefactor.

Resolved, That the honor of his name and the memory of his benefits be ever cherished among us.
Resolved, That we extend our cordial sympathies to the members of his stricken family, and commend the example of his life to the youth of our Southern land, for whom he has done so much.

Resolved, That the Medical Department of the University attend in a body the memorial exercises, on Sunday, January 7, and that a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of the deceased, and to the city papers and Christian Advocate for publication.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

SENATE, January 6, 1877.

Mr. Milliken, from the special joint committee to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of Cornelius Vanderbilt, submitted the following:

WHEREAS, The members of the General Assembly have received intelligence of the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, at his home in New York city, on the 4th day of January, 1877: therefore,

Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, That, recognizing with gratitude the munificence of this distinguished citizen to the educational interests of our State, the announcement of his death fills us with sorrow.

Resolved, That his memory be gratefully cherished by the citizens of Tennessee.

Resolved, That we tender to his family our sympathies in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the members of this General Assembly accept the invitation, communicated by the message of Gov. James D. Porter, to be present at the memorial discourse of the Rev. Bishop McFeire, to-morrow, at the Vanderbilt University.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records of both Houses, and that a copy of them, suitably engrossed, be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

On motion of Mr. Thompson, the rules were suspended and the resolutions taken up.

Mr. Thompson, speaking to the adoption of the resolutions, with much feeling, said that it had been the custom of all ages and countries to make public manifestation of grief on the death of great benefactors; and if ever there was a time and place when this was appropriate, it was now.

In the midst of the South's distress Cornelius Vanderbilt turned to her and saw her standing upon the cold and desolate shore of life, with no rainbow in her sky. Moved by the noblest impulses of the human heart—gratitude and benevolence—he remembered that his mighty fleet had been laden with golden fleeces from the cotton-fields of the South; he remembered that the cotton-fields of the South had built up that grand commerce from which he drew his overwhelming fortune; he sympathized with her in her misfortunes, and gave her comfort; and well might that grand old man, as he cut loose the last holding to these shores, and launched his bark on the bosom of the unknown sea, with trembling hands point to yonder grand institution, erected by his munificence, and exclaim, Exspecto monumentum aere perennius! It was the custom in antiquity, on occasions like this, to have hired mourners to give forth manifestations of grief. The people of Tennessee, with unfeigned sadness, gather around the grave of their revered benefactor and, with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts, bedew it with tears.

On motion of Mr. Cahill, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Denny then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, by the Senate, That, in consideration of the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and as a further mark of respect for his memory and appreciation of the eminent service he has rendered the educational interests of the people of Tennessee, the Senate do now adjourn until 10 o'clock next Monday morning.

The resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote, and Mr. Speaker McAadoo declared the Senate adjourned to Monday, January 8, at 10 o'clock A.M.

HOUSE, January 6, 1877.

Mr. Savage, from the special joint committee appointed to draft suitable resolutions in regard to the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, submitted the following report:
WHEREAS, The members of the General Assembly have received intelligence of the death of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, at his home in New York city, on the 4th day of January, 1877: therefore,

Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, That, recognizing with gratitude the munificence of this distinguished citizen to the educational interests of our State, the announcement of his death fills us with sorrow.

Resolved, That his memory be gratefully cherished by the citizens of Tennessee.

Resolved, That we tender to his family our sympathies in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the members of this General Assembly accept the invitation, communicated by the message of Gov. James D. Porter, to be present at the memorial discourse of the Rev. Bishop McIntyre, to-morrow, at the Vanderbilt University.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records of both Houses, and that a copy of them, suitably engraved, be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

Mr. Savage moved a suspension of the rules and the adoption of the resolutions, and spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker, it is sufficient for me to say that I cordially approve the resolutions, and hope to hear an expression from members, in regard to the character and acts of this eminent man. Virtue is the doing of good to mankind, and with me he who educates one man, or makes one heart happy, deserves more honor than he who conquers a million. The desire to be remembered for our good deeds is one of the most powerful motives among men. Mr. Vanderbilt has achieved a fame as enduring as the builder of the Pyramids. So long as Tennessee shall remain free, and perhaps after the columns of this Capitol have crumbled, will the University founded by him remain as evidence of his wisdom and greatness, carrying his name to distant posterities, with as much of honor and immortality as is awarded to men.

Mr. Brien: I feel that when in the course of human life man conceives it in his heart to be generous for the good of the people of a particular locality, and has the ability to carry the promptings of his heart into effect, he deserves the gratitude of the people of that particular place. But the Vanderbilt University is not the University of Tennessee alone; it is a gift to our whole Southern section. The children yet unborn will sing praises to the name of Vanderbilt, and I rejoice that he had the ability and generosity to give them this magnificent temple of learning.

Mr. Stokes: I feel that I should be untrue to the impulses of my own nature did I not say something on this occasion in reference to the debt our people owe the deceased. We have in our midst mines of inexhaustible but unexplored riches. We have a soil unequalled in fertility. It is intellectual training which must develop these resources, which must elevate our people to that standard of perfection which we believe is attainable to human nature. I am heartily in favor of the resolutions, and would be glad to hear every representative of the people, here on this floor, attest in his own way his feelings on this occasion. The munificence of Commodore Vanderbilt we had no right to expect. We had no claim upon his generosity. There was no tie of sympathy that bound him to this people more than to any other, yet he has contributed to our welfare in a manner which will be felt as an enduring blessing to this people.

Mr. Wilson: I heartily indorse the resolutions, and, with the gentleman from Wilson (Mr. Stokes), I think every member should express his appreciation and approbation of Mr. Vanderbilt's benefaction. As the gentleman from Warren remarked, Mr. Vanderbilt's glory rests upon greater considerations; his is a nobler monument, than that of conquerors. It is reflected in the increasing intellect, in developing the moral power, of those whom his benefaction assists. It is not only a benefaction to Tennessee and the South and South-west, but under a law of nature it is a benefaction to the world, because every little light contributes to the intel-
lectual forces of the world, just as every element of sunlight adds to the general refulgence that gives light to the universe. I care not whether Vanderbilt University stands one hundred or five hundred years, it is adding an intellectual and a moral strength that is an acquisition to the world. I think that if there ever was a time when Tennesseans of all conditions, of all relations in life, should reverentially turn their eyes to the great Ruler above, and earnestly thank him for the good that the deceased has done for Tennessee, now is the time.

Mr. Smith: It is rather an extraordinary fact that during the first week of the session of the Legislature this body has been called upon to adopt resolutions in relation to the death of three distinguished citizens of the United States—first, two of our own citizens, Chief-justice Nicholson and the late lamented Ex-president Andrew Johnson. It is not unusual for public bodies to be called upon to adopt resolutions in reference to the death of men who have become renowned in the public councils or upon the bench; but it is a remarkable spectacle to see a State Legislature appointing a committee to report resolutions in reference to the death of a private citizen. I do not remember an instance of the kind before. It shows that the deceased was unquestionably an extraordinary man. He has illustrated what this free Government of ours is capable of doing, and what a man in this great and free country of ours may do for himself. Tennessee has done the deceased no more honor in taking this action than she has done to herself.

Mr. Frazer: Coming from the county of Davidson, in which this University was established, through the generosity of the man whom we propose now to honor, I feel it my duty to say something. Such honor has been confined to those who have distinguished themselves in the councils of the nations, but Mr. Vanderbilt was a hero in many senses of the word. A man distinguished by his untiring energy, by his indomitable will, he was able to fight the battles of life and become a hero in the strife. He has made himself renowned through those qualities, but now, at the end of his life, he has crowned it all by building here in our midst, in our impoverished South, a monument which speaks for itself in its material beauty and greatness; but he has specially built a monument in our hearts. He came to us at a time when our educational institutions were dead; our wealth had been taken away by the reverses of war; we were without hope for the future of the young men of the South. He came to us as a friend in need. He came to us from a section of country where we had only met rebuffs for our friendship. He was the first to come to us and say: “As we are people of the same nation, let us be friends; your interests are our interests.” We honor and revere him for it. I move we adopt these resolutions by a rising vote of the House.

Mr. Goodwin: Mr. Vanderbilt was indeed a remarkable man. His magnanimity toward us is without parallel. In the late war he was devoted to the stars and stripes, and gave his means freely to that cause; but when the smoke and dust of the battle had passed away he looked over this Southern land and saw us in need, and he came to our relief. To my mind the man who devotes his talents and means to the advancement of the interests and welfare of the human race has more honor due him than the man who wades through blood to a throne.

Mr. Goodpasture: I am aware that it is not in my power to say anything that will do justice to the memory of the great man that we seek to honor; but I wish to say that I heartily indorse the resolutions which are before the House. I do not think too much honor can be done the memory of that class of great men who make it the aim of their lives
to do good to their fellows of all degrees, and especially who aid in the education and intellectual development of the country. The preservation of our liberal and wise institutions of government depends upon the intelligence of the people; and if the world ever reaches that millennium promised, it will be through the universal spread of intelligence and Christianity; and he who aids in that cause is the greatest benefactor of mankind. In this respect Commodore Vanderbilt deserves the gratitude of the world, but the fact that he chose to bestow upon our people the immediate advantages of his munificence should especially, and beyond all measure, endear his memory to that favored people. I trust that the resolutions will be unanimously adopted.

Speaker Taliaferro: In common with you all, I bow my head in sorrow at the sad intelligence of the death of this distinguished man. He began his early life poor and without friends, and seems to have had but one aim, and that was the acquisition of wealth. When he had reached the meridian of life, having attained the goal of his ambition, he began distributing upon the right and left his munificence. With one stroke of the hand he rubbed out all the party lines and party distinctions, and placed to the benefit of the children of Tennessee and the entire South the sum of one million dollars. We see no statues erected in memory of Commodore Vanderbilt, but there are monuments, such as stand in the vicinity of Nashville, which will live for generations to come. Most heartily indorse the resolutions, and agree that Tennessee has done no more honor to Commodore Vanderbilt to-day than she has done to herself.

The resolutions were then unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

**Cornelius Vanderbilt.**

**The Death-Bed Scene.**

The New York World, of January 5, says: The sick-chamber is a spacious apartment, occupying the south-east corner of the second floor. Two windows opening to the south give the room an abundance of light. His bed stood clear from the walls with the head toward the north, so that the sufferer could face the light, and avail himself of the limited view from the windows.

Yesterday morning he felt that his strength was gone and his hour come. He had felt its approach more surely for the last two weeks, and conversed with physicians and friends of it, and he said to Dr. Lindsly yesterday morning, "I think I am nearly gone, Doctor." Before 10 o'clock about thirty of his relatives were gathered about his bed. Drs. Lindsly and Eliot supported his head upon pillows, and aided him in clearing his throat. The consulting physicians, Drs. Austin Flint, Sr., and W. H. Van Buren, were present, and assisted the others in doing all in their power to render the last moments of their patient peaceful and painless. It was evident that nothing more could be done. There was nothing left to work upon, and nourishments or stimulants were out of the question. He was sinking from sheer exhaustion, vitality and strength having been completely consumed. His wife and her mother, Mrs. Crawford, both of whom have been constantly in the sick-room, pressed close to one side of his bed with words of comfort, and finally of parting. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and his sisters also spoke with their father. Some one proposed that there be singing, a suggestion which the Commodore immediately assented to. At once Mrs. Crawford, his mother-in-law, started the hymn beginning,

*Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!*

*Let a repenting sinner live.*

The Commodore brightened up, for the hymn was a favorite
one. "Nearer, my God, to thee," was also sung, and "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." The Commodore made several attempts to join in the singing, especially of the last hymn, which he often had said he felt was directed to him, but he was unable to do so. He was in full possession of his faculties, and calmly bade his children and grandchildren good-by. He talked with his pastor of the Christian faith, of his soul, and the hereafter. Dr. Deems questioned him as to his feelings, and his replies were strong and confident. "I shall never cease to trust in Jesus," he said. "How can I let that go?" Shortly before 10 o'clock he requested Dr. Deems to pray with and for him. The pastor at once knelt by his bedside and offered a fervent petition, praying for divine strength to sustain the dying man, for mercy, and for a peaceful death. The Commodore seemed to follow the prayer, and he repeated, at the close of the benediction, beginning, "Now may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost;" but his voice failed before the close. At the conclusion of the prayer he attempted to speak, but his throat was filled; his physicians assisted him to clear it, when he said, "That is a good prayer;" and, opening his hand next the pastor, grasped the latter's hand as firmly as he could. He tried to speak again, but was unable. At 10:30 he ceased attempting to speak, and apparently became unconscious. He breathed without difficulty, lightly, and with regularly slackening respirations. A few minutes later the eyes became fixed and glassy, and one of the physicians remarked in an undertone to another that there was no sight in them. The Commodore apparently heard him in the perfect silence of the room, and with a last effort raised his hand and closed his own eyes. Ten minutes after, he drew a deep breath and died. He passed away as he had hoped—peacefully, and conscious almost to the last.

In the post-mortem examination of the body of Commodore Vanderbilt, it was found that the immediate cause of death was ulceration, resulting in a perforation of the colon, or large intestine. The perforation, the doctors concluded, could not have existed more than a day or two before death, but the ulceration which caused it might have been going on for three weeks. Besides this there was chronic inflammation of the bladder, which gave rise to the intense pains that the Commodore endured at intervals and prolapsus ani. Both lungs, the heart, the kidneys, and liver, were found to be more or less affected by disease or unhealthy action, but not sufficiently so as to cause death. The perforation of the intestine, which caused the death of the Commodore, seems to have been a somewhat unexpected development of his disease.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Mr. Vanderbilt took place Sunday, January 7. The weather was very inclement; notwithstanding, a large number of persons called at the house prior to the removal of the remains to the Church of the Strangers, where the service was held. The remains, which were inclosed in a metal casket, were laid in a large hall and viewed by friends, visitors, and a deputation of two hundred and fifty of the attachés of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. The floral offerings were of the most simple character, and all attempts at display were studiously avoided. A large crowd witnessed the removal of the remains from the house to the church, which were carried on a bier by six men, one hundred and fifty police keeping the streets clear. The procession from the house to the
church was on foot, and headed by the Rev. Drs. Deems and Hutton, Drs. Lindsly and Eliot, together with Drs. Flint and Van Buren. The casket was followed by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt and Mrs. C. Vanderbilt, Mr. J. C. Vanderbilt and Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cross, and a large number of relatives of the deceased. The Church of the Strangers was heavily draped with black cloth. Admission was by ticket, and every seat was occupied, the pews in the center being reserved for the family and near friends. The casket was borne into the church by twelve men. The Rev. Dr. Deems read the burial service. The casket was placed on a catafalco outside the chancel, the only flowers on it being one small cross of tuberoses. The Commodore's pew was draped in mourning, and remained unoccupied. The organ played a dirge as the procession moved up the aisle. After service the hymns, “Sweet hour of prayer” and “There is rest for the weary,” were read, and sung by the choir. These were two of the Commodore's favorite hymns, and Dr. Deems said that he had often seen the tears roll down the cheeks of our friend while listening to the latter. Dr. Deems prayed long and fervently; and asked for blessings on the bereaved wife and family, and on all who had soothed the Commodore in his last hours. After prayer he made a touching address, and said: “He who now lies in a coffin before us charged me that but few words should be said over him, and that in them no supposed virtues should be set forth. He charged me to say that not for one minute in his life did he ever disbelieve the Bible, and that neither myself nor any other minister had anything to do with persuading him in the belief of it. Among his last words to me were: ‘Doctor, you never crowded religion on me.’” I replied, ‘No; but I never kept back from you any of God's religion necessary for your salvation.’”

At the conclusion of the service the casket was placed in a hearse, and the funeral procession started for Staten Island Ferry. An immense crowd collected around the church when the cortège set out. There were over one hundred carriages hired for friends and employés of the deceased, in addition to which numerous carriages and sleighs joined the procession as it moved slowly down Broadway. Three ferry-boats took about sixty carriages on board, and the rest were left behind. At 2 o'clock the carriages were landed at Vanderbilt Landing. The procession reformed, and set out for the old Moravian Church, at Newdorp. This beautiful and quiet place for church and cemetery was several years ago enlarged and adorned by the Commodore, adding several acres of woodland to the plat, and otherwise improving house and grounds that lacked natural features becoming its uses and associations.

The church was unable to contain a tithe of those who came in carriages and the crowds of Staten Islanders who had assembled. There were no emblems of mourning in the church; on the contrary, it still wore its Christmas decorations. The coffin having been borne up the aisle, prayer was delivered by the pastor, the Rev. W. H. Vogler, after which the Rev. Dr. Deems read the conclusion of the burial service. The coffin-lid was then removed, and all were permitted to take a last look at the face of the dead Commodore. The remains were then carried to the Vanderbilt vault adjoining, the clergyman and physicians heading the procession; next came the coffin; and next Wm. H. Vanderbilt and lady, Jacob Vanderbilt, a brother of the deceased, and the widow, and other members of the family; and, lastly, friends and employés. The coffin was inclosed in a strong oaken chest, and lowered to the place prepared for it. The monument cost twenty thousand dollars, is thirty feet high, of granite, with marble statue of Grief in the front, and the simple inscription, “VANDERBILT.”
MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

The memorial service appointed to be held in the Vanderbilt Chapel, at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, January 7, was changed, by general request, to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The chapel, duly draped, was crowded on the occasion. The Governor and members of the Legislature, members of the Bench and Bar, clergy of the city and vicinity, Faculties and students of the University, members of the Board of Trust, and citizens of all classes, were in attendance, to do honor to the memory of one to whom so great a debt of gratitude was due.

The service was preceded by a knell of one hour, and was very solemn and impressive. The Rev. T. A. Hoyt, of the Presbyterian Church, read with effect that sublime hymn, "Shrinking from the cold hand of death," which was sung in "Windham" by the vast assembly, who were supplied with printed slips of the hymns. Dr. Granbery led in prayer. Dr. McFerrin read the funeral psalm (xc.). Dr. Young read the hymn, "Teach me the measure of my days"—being Dr. Watts's version of Psalm xxxix.—which was sung before the sermon, the text being the last verse of that psalm.

After the sermon the Rev. Dr. Jones, of the Baptist Church, offered an appropriate prayer, and the service, which lasted over two hours, closed with the doxology and the benediction, by the Bishop.

MEMORIAL SERMON:

PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 7, 1877.

BY BISHOP MCTYEREIRE.

"O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more." Ps. xxxix. 13.

Belief in a future state is not peculiar to Christians. Its hopes and fears sustain all moral life among heathens as well. The Jews, of course, believed in it and taught it.

To "be no more" means to be no more here, in this present state—to be no more seen among men. David refers to that dissolution which his son afterward described: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

To "go hence" is a transition, not a cessation of existence. Job, under severer afflictions, but in a case similar to that which inspired the 39th Psalm, prayed: "Let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return."

At death we bid a final farewell to this world. Our first journey through it will be our last. We cannot come back this way again to make restitution to any who have been wronged by us, or to perform neglected duties to those who
have been dependent on us. We must do these things as we go along; for there is no return on that path. That had need to be well done which can be done but once.

Old and well stricken in age, Joshua said to Israel, “And behold, this day, I am going the way of all the earth.”

The children of men are moving in procession to the tomb; there is no resting-place. We may every one take up the plaintive words preceding the text and make them our own: “For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.”

To faith, going hence is suggestive of a wider sphere, a higher life.

He who took up all the Old Testament learning that was designed for survival, and transferred it to the New, spoke of the same thing in other phrase: “For I am in a strait betwixt two.” One of the two things that suspended his choice was to stay here, “to abide in the flesh”—that he might labor for the struggling Church. The other was, “having a desire to depart.” Where? Into nonentity? To take a leap into the dark? as a desperate infidel said of himself in dying. Such is not the language of Christian faith:

“To depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.”

The same Paul, his life-work done, exclaimed, “The time of my departure is at hand.” What remained, then—doubt, darkness, dread uncertainty? “Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

But not every man—not even every good man—can so placidly, at all times, view the approaching end, and so triumphantly hail the hereafter. He would crave, as a great boon, a little time to gather up his thoughts in preparation, before he gathers up his feet in death—some ease of the body from distracting pain, some quietness and lucidness of mind, some repose of soul and situation—“O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.”

’Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

If “going hence” means ceasing to be, as when a candle is snuffed out, why should David, why should any, feel the need of “strength” for it? The mere act of dying is helped and eased by weakness. The resistance of physical power is but the prolongation of agony in the conflict with the last enemy.

Strength of another sort is prayed for; and that strengthening we need. Our nature is dual; there is an outward man, and there is an inward man. These two are so dissimilar that while the outward man perishes, the inward man may be renewed day by day. It is this renewal that we want; day by day it may progress, and time is only valuable as affording scope and opportunity for it. Here, and here only, is the scene of preparation. This now is probation. The night cometh, wherein no man can work. There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest. As death leaves us, judgment will find us. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still. And if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.

Doubtless there will be progress, development, in that future state, when once we enter upon it. He that is holy will be holier still, and he that is filthy will be filthier still; for this law of progress seems to be stamped upon the intelligent and moral creation. But the vast significance of the life we now live, and of its appliances and influences, is seen
in this: that here and now destiny is determined, for weal or woe, forever.

When the Lord said to Solomon, "Ask what I shall give thee," he reverently improved the opportunity: "Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad."

It pleased the Lord that he had not asked for long life, nor riches, nor the life of enemies, but for wisdom; and he gave him that, and more. If God might hear with any pleasure the prayer for lengthening out our life, it would seem to be in such a case as this; not for pleasure is it desired, nor for compassing an earthly aim, nor yet as simply delaying what is inevitable and putting away what is undesirable, for a space; but the purpose is to refresh ourselves and be strong for the last encounter—to gird ourselves for the awful journey through the valley of the shadow of death.

Yes, we need strength for that hour which approaches. Then will be seen and felt as never before the vanity of earthly things. The soul reaches out after something surer, and better, and more enduring. The meditation preceding the text expresses it: "Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Surely every man walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain: he heareth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee."

When desire fails, and the flesh and the heart weaken, and manly beauty consumes away like a moth, happy is he who can say, "God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

Then conscience awakes, or puts on new power. How shall its accusing voice be met? What man is he that has lived and not sinned? Here is matter for review and ground for repentance. When our iniquities are set before Him, and

our secret sins in the light of His countenance, what will be our dismay and despair, unless we have a conscious interest in that atonement made for us men and our salvation!

I the chief of sinners am—
But Jesus died for me.

Then the steward hears the summons to render his account. What an intense interest is connected with a man's own estimate of his life then! Has it been a failure? Has he lived for himself? How has he used the opportunities for doing good? The best of men have been the humblest in this retrospect, and have owned themselves "unprofitable servants." No merit is claimed; they are saved by grace. In the clear light of that hour they see and lament how much might have been done that was left undone, and how imperfect their best deeds. And yet there are instances in the Bible, and later pious biography, of men having been permitted to look back from the verge of the grave upon the past with some degree of comfort, if not of complacency. The lawyer may remember, with grateful joy for the opportunity, that he defended the innocent and helpless; the physician, that he ministered to the friendless stranger; the minister, that he preached the gospel to the poor, and saved a soul from death; the legislator, that he stood for the right against popular clamor and intriguing factions, and defeated some great wrong, or initiated some measure of healing and blessing; the ruler and the judge, that they fulfilled their high mission with spotless integrity. But the man to whom God has intrusted wealth, what peculiar pleasure shall refresh him upon the bed of languishing? What memories shall strengthen him when giving up his stewardship? Our Saviour had parables and lessons for these, also, as well as for the poor: "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive
you into everlasting habitations." And his apostle, laying solemn injunctions upon a young preacher, said: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

It is not money, but the love of it, that is the root of all evil. It is not wealth, but covetousness, that narrows and destroys. There is no reason to envy the rich on account of personal luxuries; but it might almost be condoned if one should covet their rare power of "doing good." What blessings they can "distribute!" What obligations they can lay upon generations of their fellow-creatures!

That man may last, but never live,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

By his benefactions Cornelius Vanderbilt is known to us. He was never within the limits of our State—few of us have seen him—yet his memory is embalmed in all hearts. Our Governor and legislators have taken befitting and honorable notice of his death; our citizens have held a special meeting and shown, in a manner worthy of themselves and of him, their appreciation of his character; our Faculties and students have touchingly and delicately rendered a tribute to the Founder of their University; our press promptly and eloquently gave "honor to whom honor." Now the tolling bell and the chapel draped in mourning invite this large and solemn assembly to a memorial service. In the sanctuary of God let us consider the man and his end, and lay to heart the lesson of the hour.

On the 27th of May last—his eighty-second birthday—a day to be perpetually celebrated as Founder's Day, the life and character of Mr. Vanderbilt were so fully and felicitously portrayed from this place, in the Address of the Chancellor, that I feel myself discharged from attempting to do that which has been so well done. Moreover, the press, ever vigilant to inform the public upon so interesting a topic, leaves me little to do beyond emphasizing some salient points and adding a few things from my personal knowledge.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life on his own account, in New York harbor, the owner of a boat worth one hundred dollars—all his fortune. He was then fifteen years old. At sixty-five he was the largest ship-owner in the United States. No man in the world equaled him in the number and tonnage of his commercial marine. About that time he began to change his investment from the water to the land; and at seventy-six he was at the head of the railroad system of America. Four years ago he became interested for the higher education of the people. In this respect, if you seek his monument, look around you. Nor was this institution the only one that entered into his thoughts. He designed, about the same time, an equal benefit to female education. This, in honor of his mother, was to be committed to the care of the Moravians; and he did me the honor to consult with me on the scheme. It was to be located on or near Staten Island. This liberal design fell through, to his regret, in the arrangement of preliminaries with our Moravian friends. They could not agree as to the person or plan by which the donor was to have some real, though indirect, control of the enterprise, without which he would not undertake it.

Uncharitable critics have spoken of his "ostentations charities." Never was implied accusation more unjust. Some of his charities were too large to be hid; the magnitude of the gift, not the vanity of the giver, disclosed them. He
IN MEMORIAM.

gave us half a million with more quietness and delicacy than often accompanies the falling of a dollar into the collection-box. Of course he was pleased at the grateful appreciation of his deed; but if any noise was made over it, he did not make it. Not by any condition on his part, or the remotest suggestion from him, was his name conferred upon the University he founded. After we had set on foot a subscription to have a copy made of his life-size and life-like portrait, that now hangs on the walls—the original of which is in the main parlor of New York Central Depot—he said, "Never mind—if you want it, I'll see to that." After the Trustees and Faculty had set apart his birthday for annual observance, and instituted a medal to animate and grace the contests of the day, he said to me: "That ought not to fall on you. What will it cost to endow a medal?" And a few months ago I received by express three bonds of one thousand dollars each, at seven per cent., to endow that medal, and one in each of the four Departments.

The manner of his giving when completing our endowment may be taken as a specimen. In June last I visited New York for a few days, on some business connected with the University, and to pay my respects to him in his affliction, and to his family. On taking leave to come home, he remarked it would likely be our last interview in this world—he had hoped to visit us here, but that must be given up now—sent his regards to the Trustees and Faculty and the students—wished that the institution might prosper and do good—and, still holding my hand, paused. "Could you not put off leaving for one day?" I replied that no urgent matter required me to keep my appointment in leaving just then, if his wish were otherwise. "My purpose has been to add three hundred thousand dollars, making out the million. I have perfect confidence in my son; I know he will carry out my wishes, but there's no telling what may

happen from outside to delay and hinder; so you had better take it along with you. If you will defer your trip till tomorrow, we can have the papers fixed up." That was the only time the subject of money was mentioned during a visit of days.*

In the spring of 1872, when our Publishing House was being rebuilt, I was notified to draw on him for one thousand dollars, and to "say nothing about it." That donation was acknowledged in the paper as from "A Friend in New York." This is, in part, what I know about his giving, and the manner of it. I never had to do with a more modest giver than he was—except in the amount.

And yet it is possible the world may think he has not given enough—that, in proportion to his means, he ought to have done more. I pretend not to judge. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. One thing is certain—we

*A considerable portion of the congregation being composed of the executive, legislative, and judicial citizens of the State, the Bishop begged leave to indulge a side remark:

The Constitution of Tennessee provides that "it shall be the duty of the General Assembly, in all future periods of this Government, to cherish literature and science." In accordance with this provision, the General Assembly of 1875 enacted a general bill exempting from taxation all such property as this.

When I reported to Mr. Vanderbuilt the substance of this law, he heard it with pleasure, and his comment was in one word, "Sensible." Without such an express exemption, he would hardly have increased his donation to a million. When a liberal gift has been made to establish and carry on an institution of Christian learning within the limits of a State, the benefit is common, but that State is specially the beneficiary. How would it look for that State to tax the gift? No dividends are to be declared, no private profits of an exclusive nature realized. All may partake and be blessed, and the blessings reach even those who do not come in contact with the institution itself. The problem of State Universities is not yet solved. Large amounts must be spent in building and equipping them, and afterward in meeting annual expenses. Then their moral government can hardly be positive, and at the same time satisfactory to citizens and tax-payers conscientiously attached to various religious denominations. Something better may be the portion of this Commonwealth, if
have no right to complain. The rich may be entitled to the judgment of charity here. If what they give is known, it is "ostentation;" if it is unknown, then the world concludes they have not given at all.

Mr. Vanderbilt never gave to beggars. He chose his own objects, and acted upon conviction, not solicitation. Bushels of letters he received—from North, South, East, and West—from men and women—short and ill-spelt, or elaborated through tedious pages. Some were sad, showing claims upon the local alms-house; others ludicrous, though serious. Jolly tars invoking the memory of salt water—"Come now, old fellow, down with five hundred dollars, no more to you than five cents to me." Teachers that could do very well if they "just had a piano;" broken-down adventurers that wanted another "start;" young men that only needed a little "capital" to begin on; merchants about to go by the board; brides that desired "a trousseau" just this once; churches, convents, cathedrals, parsonages, colleges, with

her law-makers have the wisdom (as I believe they will) to avail themselves of the providential situation. The geographical position of Tennessee—below the rigor of Northern winters and above the malaria of Southern summers—its convenience of approach from all quarters, its salubrity and food-producing quality, have concentrated, in a singular degree, the educational efforts of the Churches upon her soil. The Baptists of the South and South-west have, after much deliberation, settled upon Jackson—there to build up a university; the Presbyterians have done likewise at Clarksville; the Protestant Episcopalians at Sewanee; the Cumberland Presbyterians at Lebanon—and Vanderbilt University, from this hill, is in full view of the Capitol. More: the Methodists and the Baptists of the North, and the Congregationalists of the East, have located within this State their most flourishing and costly establishments for the higher education of colored people. What a wealth of kind feeling, and talent, and influence is thus turned to this State from many others! Consider, too, that the money to build and endow these institutions must come principally from without the State which is adorned, and quickened, and enriched by them. To invite, not to repel, these investments is the dictate of practical wisdom—and Tennessee, without a State University, may enjoy the greater advantage of being a University State.—_Reporter._

graver claims; farmers that wanted a loan, and would mortgage lands for it, giving the exact locality, metes, butts, and bounds—titles good, recorded in such an office, on such a page of such a book, etc. "What! do these fools think that I have nothing else to do but to go all over the country examining their titles and their boundaries? Why, I'd have to keep fifty lawyers employed to look into cases, and could put out millions and not know what had become of it. I am sorry," he continued, "for the distress of people; many of them, I guess, are worthy, but if I was to begin that sort of business, my door would be blocked up from here to Broadway, and I'd have to call on the police to get to my office of mornings."

He had to look after Harlem, and Central, and Western Union, to watch Erie and the bulls and bears of Wall street. The managing as well as the making of a great estate has its unknown and inexorable demands. And yet, in addition to what has been done by him and is known, I opine, it will be seen, when his will is opened, that other generous and charitable things have been devised.

He had enemies. Such will-power and success, such independence of action and decision of character, make enemies, so sure as the sun breeds miasmatic exhalations.

What use could a man be to the world to live four-score years, and during all that time make no enemies? No friction, no disturbance, no opinion, no trouble, no collision; but non-commital and no account! It has been said that enemies are better than friends, if you only know how to use them, and don't have too many. The men who think have enemies. The men who act have enemies. No man is prominent among his neighbors but he finds plenty of enemies. The man who leads, no matter whom or what, has enemies. Enemies are more necessary to develop a man's capabilities than friends. No man can tell what he
can do until he meets resistance, and that resistance comes not from friends.

He had by nature an imperious temper, and it attained full growth in a life of single-handed combat and uninterrupted conquest. That face, as every one may see, could readily put on an expression of withering scorn whenever meanness, dishonesty, or treachery provoked it. But even his enemies will allow that he never assailed the weak; and if the poor were hurt in his operations, it was incidental and consequential, not intentional. He strove with the strong; he wrestled with mighty corporations and defiant monopolies. His adversaries were overmatched by his superior combinations and the vast energy and patience with which they were brought out. He rather enjoyed the fray of these Titanic battles, but never allowed the excitement to upset his caution.

In form, he was exceptionally handsome, commanding, symmetrical; in habits, temperate; to drunkenness and debauch, a stranger.

At the outset he adopted for himself certain rules of conduct, few and simple, to which he closely adhered—among which were these: Never to go back upon his word; never to fail in fulfilling an engagement; to be chary of promises, so that he might do more than he promised; to spend less than he earned, or to live within his income, whatever that might be; be courteous, and you will hardly be insulted; owe no man anything, and you may face the world; be chaste and honest, and then defy blackmail and defamation. Thus did he build up character and fortune, and walk erect among men. There were, in his opinion, two good reasons for keeping your own counsel and not proclaiming purposes beforehand: Others cannot take advantage of the information, and you may, in following the latest and best light, change your methods and plans up to the last moment, without the appearance of instability.

He abhorred liars and lying. I have heard him remark, with warmth, on the value of truthfulness in men working under you or working with you; it was, in his estimation, the one quality that never stood alone. "If," said he, "you find a man that will tell the truth and stick to it, unless he's mighty heavy, you had better take him along."

The ethics of money might well be considered here. So frequently it is made a curse, we may forget that it has a better side. While great vices are fostered by wealth, yet certain practices and consequences, not vicious, may be promoted thereby. Indeed, some of the finest qualities of human nature are intimately related to the right use of money; such as generosity, justice, covenant-keeping, and self-denial, as well as the practical virtues of industry, economy, and providence.

"The world," once said Mr. Cobden, to a body of English working-men, "has always been divided into two classes—those who have saved and those who have spent, the thrifty and the improvident. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges, and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered man civilized and happy, has been done by the savers, the thrifty; and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves. It has been the law of nature and Providence that this should be so."

The borrower is servant to the lender—we have the word of inspiration for it. The man who is always hoarding on the verge of want is in constant peril of falling under the bondage of others, and accepting the terms which they dictate to him.

The spirit of economy was expressed by our Divine Master in the words, "Gather up the fragments that
remain, that nothing be lost." Economy also means the power of resisting present gratification for the purpose of securing a future good, and in this light it represents the ascendancy of reason over sensuality. It is different from penuriousness, for it is economy that can best afford to be generous. The old proverb that "empty bags cannot stand upright" carries a moral with it. How hard for a man in debt to be always truthful! how difficult to be honest! how impossible to be independent!

Dr. Johnson said: "Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Let it be your first care, then, not to be in any man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare."

It was well said in one of the addresses of the citizens' meeting on Friday, in honor of Mr. Vanderbilt, that the blind prejudice of the poor against the rich is unreasonable. Such men are the real savings banks of their race, gathering and conserving what otherwise would be wasted in driblets, and projecting and delivering the result in great, abiding forms of human benefaction. The talent of certain men is to make money—if only they would use it aright, and carry it in the head, not in the heart. The short maxim of John Wesley covers the whole subject: "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can."

Mr. Vanderbilt never retired from business, though toward the close of life he drew his principal cares and studies in another direction. He was not on "Change; in his office he might be seen, just in the rear of his dwelling and fronting on another street. Breakfast over, and the morning paper glanced at, he passed through the backdoor into the courtyard of his stables, where his horses were looked at, and on to his office, and was back in time for a 2 o'clock dinner. Then came outdoor exercise behind a brick team.

Business and exercise over, he had the evening for his friends—was approachable, sociable. He did not excel in conversation. He generally talked least on those subjects about which he thought most. The cream of his mind was in his action, not in his speech. The charm of his social mood was its ease and kindness. He gave an opinion, but never argued. When he could be got into narrative, there he was interesting, on account of the singular accuracy with which he recalled even remote events. He seems to have forgotten nothing. Like a perfect instrument, his mind took a distinct impression of things great and small—whatever passed before it. He was a good listener—except in this: after getting a few points, by a quick and occult logic he often anticipated the conclusion, and left you nothing to tell. To general conversation he was a better listener than to conversation addressed to himself, if the matter partook of a didactic sort. It was an infirmity that he liked not to be, or seem to be, indebted to anybody for any thing—not even for instruction, though he took it in eagerly by indirection. He asked but few questions, and liked not those who asked many. I have wondered whether he ever let a pilot take charge of one of his vessels to bring it into port when he himself was aboard. This was a half apologetic, but characteristic, remark in one of our preliminary conferences: "If," said he, "it was building a steam-ship, or a railroad, I would know all about it; but this university business is a new thing."

I said he never wholly withdrew from active life, or denied himself the society of friends. Even when confined to his
house, his mind was at work, and in short interviews he directed great schemes. De Tocqueville wrote to a friend on the necessity of employment and society in old age as well as in youth: "I compare man, in this world, to a traveler journeying, without ceasing, toward a colder and colder region; the higher he goes, the faster he ought to walk. The great malady of the soul is cold; and in resisting this formidable evil, one needs not only to be sustained by the action of a mind employed, but also by contact with his fellow-beings in the business of life."

We come now to that which is most important before God, and angels, and men—religious life, and the influences affecting it. Though claiming what would be due to him, if he had ended as poor as he began—exemption from certain vices—I find not to the contrary but that Mr. Vanderbilt was, until late years, a thorough man of the world. This cannot be held up for example. I suppose he, could he speak back to us, would most earnestly depurate being followed by any one in this regard.

If we quote the words of the Saviour, as bearing on this case, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God," let us hear also his own enlargement upon that: "Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!" and yet again the words of hope: "And Jesus, looking upon them, saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible."

Let us, for our comfort and instruction, consider some of the influences which God used for the salvation of our benefactor and friend.

From his mother Cornelius Vanderbilt derived mind, thrift, sagacity, and a moral constitution. She was a quiet, wise, religious woman. He had for her a peculiar reverence. Her picture hangs in his house—in the place of honor—

taken by an artist sent to the old homestead, on purpose and without her knowledge; for she declined to sit for a portrait. The plain dress and plainer face are there. About 1858, in one of his best steam-ships he took his family and a select company of friends abroad, visiting England, France, and the principal ports of the Baltic and Mediterranean. In passing the modest cottage on Staten Island, where his widowed mother continued to live, going and returning, a salute was fired, and as much honor shown her as to any of the crowned heads of Europe who had wondered at the enterprise and munificence of this American citizen. Two books were her habitual companions, the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. She belonged to the Moravian Church—a people to whom we are always ready to acknowledge indebtedness. To a question propounded to Mr. Vanderbilt, in the early part of our acquaintance, "Do you believe in the Apostles' Creed?" he answered, "Yes; and my mother never raised a child that did n't."

In his last days he thought and talked more and more of his mother. The God of his mother, the Bible, the hope and the heaven of his mother, were dearer to him on her account: Her teachings and influence revived with strange power and freshness as his end drew nearer. It reminds me of the speech of Carlyle to Dr. Milburn, as the Scotch philosopher, now past eighty, discoursed to the American preacher on the new atheistic science of the day: "Ah! it's a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in the universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretense, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to—all things from frog-spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—
the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism,
which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its
meaning becomes: 'What is the chief end of man?' "To
glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." No gospel of dirt,
teaching that men have descended from frogs through mon-
keys, can ever set that aside."

Domestic influences were favorable. Mr. Vanderbilt was
twice married—to a second cousin, and afterward to a more
distant relative*—in both instances, happily. Of his first
wife, and the mother of his children, he always spoke with
depth tenderness and respect; a helpmeet indeed she was,
as all accounts concur in representing. He was married to
his last wife about eight years ago; and she, with her wid-
owed mother, Mrs. Crawford, became the head of his domes-
tic establishment. Thorough in their convictions, and well
instructed in the faith, their religious influence could not but
be decided on a nature which, though strong, was tender and
appreciative. "I like that very well, Frank," said he, as his
wife sang and played one evening; "but I like your religious
songs better; sing us some of them." Then came "Sweet
hour of prayer," "Rock of Ages," and "Nearer, my God, to
thee." I may be pardoned for the liberty I take in thus
opening to your view a glimpse of his home-life; but never
did wife more faithfully build upon the foundation which
mother had laid, or more truly carry out the work which
mother had begun.

His benefactions—the deeds that have made him best
known to us—were a means of grace to himself. He opened
his hand in giving, and his heart was opened for the entrance
of greater things. Few men are so constituted or situated
as to gather and distribute at the same time. Taking in and

*Early in this century a brother of Mr. Vanderbilt's mother settled in
the South-west. The present Mrs. V. is a direct descendant of that gen-
tleman, of the third generation, by her mother's side.

putting out are opposite actions. Waiting to accumulate
before beginning to communicate delays blessings, where it
does not defeat them. The words of the Lord Jesus have
deeper meaning than is generally understood: "It is more
blessed to give than to receive."

One who seems to have a providential mission and special
fitness organized in New York "The Church of the Strangers,"
about the time Mrs. Vanderbilt went to reside there. He
was a Southern Methodist minister, and, of course, she was a
regular hearer and communicant. The Society met first in
"an upper room." Out of this grew the spacious and flour-
ishing church of that name, which has been and is a blessing
to thousands visiting that great city from this and every part
of the land. Mr. Vanderbilt saw what was needed, and
paid fifty thousand dollars for the house, with its ample
appurtenances. There have I rejoiced to see one of the
truest and grandest charities. Young men, clerks, travelers,
merchants from the South, strangers, need not loiter away
the Sabbath in the corridors of hotels, or in worse places;
they may be seen at church, feeling at home, and hearing
preaching that is not excelled by any pulpit. They have a
pastor, too, and we feel safer while they are away from us.

Mr. Vanderbilt partook of the privileges he had secured
for others. His venerable head bowed in that assembly. In
the Rev. Dr. Deems, the pastor, he found a spiritual adviser
and friend, than whom none could better supply this want.
He saw the good that was being accomplished; he was
enlarged and blessed by it. That minister prayed with
him in death, as he had done often before—and from that
church to-day Mr. Vanderbilt was buried. No one was so
benefited by the Church of the Strangers as he who made
it a free gift for a free gospel.

O that men of wealth could learn its best uses, and oft-
ener taste the luxury of doing good! O that they knew
what a means of grace to themselves it may be made as well as of mercy to others!

I have reason to know that Mr. Vanderbilt contemplated with satisfaction and comfort, to the last, his outlay here. It also was a means of grace to him. He took pleasure in it as an agent for doing good. It was a strength, in its degree. When our Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Young, called and was admitted into his bed-room, in the summer, he was specially pleased to hear that we had some worthy but poor young men pursuing their studies here, though under difficulties—taking advantage of the ample opportunities which his bounty had provided. His eyes filled with tears as he remarked, “That is right; take them from the soil, fresh from the soil.” He was thankful that he lived long enough to see his great charity in operation; to feel its reactionary benefit. Not the least—he had the fervent, effectual prayers of hundreds of earnest souls that his last days might be his best days; and that God, having satisfied him with long life, would show him his salvation.

To have an interest in the intercessions of those who are gratefully obliged is no mean benefit. The Bible tells of a certain one who preferred and obtained an urgent request through others: “And when they came to Jesus, they besought him instantly, saying, That he was worthy for whom he should do this: for he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue.”

On one occasion, during his long sickness, he said, “I think that somebody has been praying for me.” The answer was, “Yes, a great many people pray for you.”

How often, in the silent hour, walking these grounds, or looking upon assemblies of hopeful youth being instructed, has the prayer been breathed to Heaven:

Remember him whose bounteous thought
From Thee to us these blessings brought.

Last, I mention, as a marked and gracious influence, his long sickness and its providential surroundings. For eight months before his death he was confined to his house, and most of that time to his bed; his mind always clear, while his flesh was chastened by strong pain, and his will subdued. It was a kind arrest, an enforced season of repose. Now, as not before since his early and active career began, he could commune with his own heart and be still, or

Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean he must sail so soon.

The good Dr. Lindsly, his old friend and family physician, was there, and Dr. Eliot, worthy descendant of the Eliot of Indian Mission fame. These two were at his bedside night and day; no scoffing infidels, enemies to the soul, had his body in charge. His pastor was often with him, knowing what to say, and when. His trusted son was at hand, taking off his cares. His children were within call. The tender and faithful ministry of his pious wife was never wanting. Religious friends and relatives came and went, as he was able to see them. And God spared him, while all these tender influences and blessed ministries were brought to bear; and the Spirit of all grace, we trust, made them efficacious. Surely this was distinguishing mercy.

My text is not an accident. When I learned, by our correspondence with the family, that Mr. Vanderbilt wondered what this long-continued sickness meant, I returned for answer: “Read to him the last verse of the 39th Psalm; that will furnish him a proper prayer, and explain the right use of protracted sickness before death.” His wife wrote us, “Once he talked much of the justice of God, and there was disposed to rest his case; but lately he talks of the mercy of God, and is trying to trust.” This was a
long step in the right direction; and so he continued, praying a great deal himself, and being prayed with.

Four or five months ago they wrote us: "We have sung and sung all the songs that Commodore likes most—'Jesus, Lover of my soul;' 'Come ye sinners, poor and needy;' 'Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!' 'Rock of Ages;' 'Sweet hour of prayer;' 'There is a fountain filled with blood;'' and the request was that we should send on certain old hymn and song books, that had long been in one branch of the house, for a new supply. We found three well-worn, with ancient dates, and sent them by mail. They were gladly received and used. Among the songs was one of eight stanzas, which the invalid remembered from his youth, but could not quite adjust every line. They found it, and setting it to the tune, "O when shall I see Jesus," sang it to his refreshing. "We sing low," they wrote us, "and plain, so that he may hear the words which he turns into prayer." This man of millions—this self-reliant man—felt himself "poor and needy." The plain, evangelical hymns, breathing of love, and help, and mercy, and pardon, suited him best. This was of grace. He received the communion at the hands of his pastor, and professed a good profession steadfastly to his death, which lamented event took place on January 4, nine minutes before 11 o'clock A.M.

A telegram from his son informs me that his family were about him; his physicians, his pastor, his wife; and when no longer able to speak, he responded by signs to petitions of the prayer. He closed his eyes, and died.

And thus ended one of the most eventful careers, thus died one of the most remarkable men, of our century.

Enough to live in tempest, die in port.

We thank God for this goodness, and we trust that such long-suffering was for salvation, and so designed by Him who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.

We thank God for the clear, and strong, and continued declaration he was able to make, that Jesus Christ was his only and all-sufficient hope.

Strong friend, generous benefactor! May he rest in peace!

Citizens, Trustees, Professors, and Students, let us be faithful to this trust, and see to it, by God's help, that Cornelius Vanderbilt shall not have lived in vain. Though dead, he yet speaks; and will, to generations following. May the voice of this pulpit, and the teaching of these halls and lecture-rooms, tend evermore to the support of truth, and to the increase of knowledge, and righteousness, and peace among men!

And now unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to Him be glory and dominion, forever and ever. Amen.