

RETROSPECT.

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Paul Cecil

July 10th 1875

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THE HISTORY
OF THE
CLASS OF '74,
OF
PRINCETON COLLEGE,

BY
ALEX. C. CRAWFORD.

HARRISBURG:
CHAS. H. BERGNER, PUBLISHER.
1875.

To the Classmates, who were kind enough to bear with my procrastination and delay, I am much pleased to dedicate this Retrospect.



INTRODUCTION.

CLASSMATES:

Uncalled for as it may seem, at this time, it becomes the duty of your historian to offer an apology; an apology, too, of a peculiarly earnest and deeply-meant nature. Not like that one over which Jakey Van Deventer, in the last year of our course, spent *so many* weary hours, burnt *so much* midnight oil, heaved *so many* hollow groans, and in the study of which he became so meagre looking. Nor an apology like Eme Smith's, in Soph year, when he *feelingly* alleged that lemon-peels were the cause of his seeming indisposition. Nor yet like that of "Mose," alias "H-i-l-l-o-w," who on the occasion of a long remembered festivity accounted for his sudden and permanent retirement from the company by the remark that warm water always did make him sick. On the present occasion I have naught to do with anything so trifling; my apology is directed to our class, and directly affects our class interests; it is that even in this most serious and weighty affair of history-writing I have been behind time.

Important is this matter, and, according to *our* rhetoric, it will bear a far drawn simile. Bear with me then for a moment while, in justification, I explain my position.

Thucydides, as you remember, wrote the war of the Athenians with the Peloponnesians: I *began* to write an account of our war with Profs, Tutors, Sophs, and Snobs, as we battled one with another. Thucydides began with the account of his in its incipency, believing that it would be the greatest and best that had ever been waged; and so did I.

And thereby hangs a tale, together with the marked difference between Thucydides and myself. I was, in Fresh year, too much impressed with the imaginative in writing; I began with too much incipency, if you will pardon an outlandish term; I anticipated too many events, and depicted on immortal pages the deeds of my illustrious heroes as I thought they would be, rather than as they were.

Besides, I don't think Thucydides improved much: (this antithesis you can fill out for yourselves.) He sadly lacked early training, and in consequence his writings bear no striking marks of progress in composition, as *we* understand composition. His style is so ungraceful, his words so badly spelt, his chirography so awkwardly executed, his manuscript so closely, *vide Bohn*, folded up, and the whole thing bears such a faint resemblance to Desdemona, or a sunbeam, reclining on a bank of violets. I am convinced from all internal proofs, that it would have been of incalculable advantage to him to have been, for at least four years, under the tuition of some master rhetorician who had written books. So don't you see the difference, the marked distinction between Thucydides and myself? Though we both wrote the most of our works, figuratively speaking, in Fresh year, the taste

of one was the poorer, in that he did not throw his manuscript aside, as the other did, and commence with a clean, though meager, record.

If any one might ask why I have come to make these surmises, I would answer that out of mere, and, I hope pardonable, curiosity, I was lead to compare the writings of the Greek Historian with those of our esteemed classmates, the Senator and Nick, and so great was the difference, I was forced to believe that the Greek was wanting in solid training. I may add, parenthetically, that the resemblance is only one of style, and not of paraphrase as we might think when scanning the productions of the Trojan.

But a truce to apologies now. We are assembled on an occasion, classmates, when by-gone things should be forgotten, and justifications needless. The petty feuds, and hostilities, and wranglings of our college course, the mutual shortcomings, let us bury, for to-day at least. Let memory, her step impeded by no halting recollections, wander back o'er the past four years, and cull sweet blossoms, fragrant and dewy, from the garden of our retrospect. Let us have no mournful imaginings; no miserable pictures of faded garlands and withered wreaths; no cloud-swept skies and howling winds, and bitter, cheerless landscapes. Let us banish for the time, if they will rise in the next hour to some of us, all morbid musings over wasted opportunities, all despondent sighs over "the petty done, the undone vast."

Let remembrances colored only with sunshine, let gladness and joyousness reign in our breasts to-day. If our sorrow be keen, let it be the sorrow of parting; and may our kind and loving friends, who greet us to-day, see us ready to forget and to forgive, to take the goods the gods provide us, ready to do as we must, and dare if need be. Let our hearts be as light and our fancies as free as in that far away time when, "in the golden dream-dawn of the autumn," we entered Princeton with buoyant hopes and bright anticipations. Four happy years in Princeton; let this be the burden of our thoughts.

We began our course under happy auspices. That strong defender of the right who had come across the ocean to help us, to stir us up to high endeavor, as well by example as by precept, had already made his beneficial influence felt here, and around us and stimulating us were the traces of his power, that one who has done so much for us, to whom be our thanks expressed. That valiant Arthur, under whose instruction and by whose training we have been nerved the better to battle with the hosts he has so successfully fought. A veritable hero in the warfare of mind, it was a happy day for Alma Mater, when he volunteered to arm her sons for conquest. Nor could we forget the kind and generous friends who aided him, and we echoed their praises, loudly proclaimed by our fellow collegians.

Thus, just as the rising sun of renewed prosperity was tipping with golden light the spires and domes of this dear old Princeton, we entered upon our new career. May the remembrance of the good old times be as pleasant as the life itself.

RETROSPECT.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF THE TITAN.

It was a debatable question away back in Freshman year, whether we were a class before our first grand convocation in the old recitation room under Geological Hall. Of course, we had been in College some days; our throats were hoarse with repeated cheers for '74. And did you ever notice how Freshmen *will* cheer? The innocent darlings don't seem to think they can be collegians without individually proposing and joining in a cheer. You can't make any allusion to their class, however remote or indirect, but some persons must give vent to their pent up feelings. And, of course, we were like all the rest. We all imagined that the College had already felt our power, and that in one short week we had stamped lasting imprints of our genius on Princeton's thought swept shores, and therefore were we proud of ourselves. We were individually, undeniably, and without the shadow of a doubt, incipient Macauleys and undeveloped Shakspeares; but we had not coalesced. We were not emphatically immense in intellect as a mass—we were not, as yet, one solid phalanx of mind—we were not a separate and distinct class of philosophers, sages, and rakes. All the elements were in turmoil; there was no unity until—but I'll tell you.

As I have said, it was in the old recitation room under Geological Hall, where the Titan was born. As might have been expected in the production to life of such a giant, the birth-throes were terrific, but not painful; everybody present screamed, but it was with laughter. Into the meeting place we tumbled, everything in confusion, and we hauled, and pulled, and shouted in an ecstasy of excitement. We had none of the cares then, which afterward assailed us: dismal forebodings of dread conditions and angry Profs, faculty summons, and the countless ills that College flesh is heir to. Then we were accustomed to act Fresh, which meant, enjoy yourself. "As bees bizz out wi angry fyke," so we buzzed in. And the getting in was the very least part of the programme; one could hardly stay in, and you *couldn't* keep your seat, if some big fellow wanted it. Each one had something to say, and he must say it at the top of his voice; the only audience one could command was himself, and those within a radius of two feet, who were not blessed with lungs so powerful as his own.

The commotion was at its height, when a majestic voice was heard proclaiming silence. A noble form towered amid the noisy, surging throng; a voice fell upon our ears and the tumult ceased. The tones of that orator were like oil upon troubled waters. When

silence was induced, he made a speech. Composition is expressionless and in no way adaptable to a description of it. Didn't we think it fine! Senator, you have never,—though your triumphs have been great and your trophies many,—you have never since addressed so enthusiastic an audience. We, to whom you appeared an orator most eloquent even then, before your further cultivation in forensic art, considered it a magnificent effort. And how mighty and broad of scope was that one thought, that we had come from all parts of the Union. Senator, that was the most splendid thing you ever said. It set us to yelling in such pride and glee, that it seemed impossible to make us stop. The idea never struck us in all its grandeur before. To think that we held converse with persons from the frozen mountains of Maine, from the sunny plains of Texas, from golden California even, and then to think that we were all in one class—and *such* a class! No wonder we yelled. And Wiggins talked till we were all too hoarse to yell any longer; then we transacted business. We fought over each one of the officers; elected a committee on permanent organization, with the dignity of an august body of statesmen proposing to found a new and lasting empire; and did a great many foolish things. Among the witless ones was that of appointing Sponsler to draw up the class stamp. We might have known what kind of thing Billy would give us; Jim Scarlet could have beaten him. The next time we came together, Billy presented to us for inspection the most remarkable combination of crescents, turnips, and stars, you can imagine. It bore the evident marks of originality, and we took it for this, and because, being perfection, anything done by a member of that illustrious body must be surpassingly excellent.

Around the room were many faces afterward dearly familiar. There sat Bradford, in whose aristocratic lineaments could be plainly traced a noble descent; whose veins were throbbing with blood of genuine purple; whose delicately modulated voice clearly gave evidence of peerless culture; the personification of heraldic mysticism, to whose (k)nightly prowess the snobs could abundantly testify. At that time no one knew of his giant virtues; the hero of the cane-sprees; the original and only masticator of Big Devlin; *requiescat in pace*. Braddy did some good things during his short term with us. Among others was that of taking down Jai's enormous pride of family, by proving conclusively that he *could not* have descended from the house of Stuart. Jai never fully recovered from the blow. Don't you remember how talented Braddy was? What a pity we lost him. Besides his muscular abilities, I have his own word for saying, that in the first session of Fresh year he took in the "first ten," and the next session the faculty refused to allow so prodigious a thinker to stay among us! Strange about that faculty.

Away down on the front bench, sat Jimmy Scarlet. But at that time, Simon had not received his varied honors; then he wasn't ex-captain of the foot-ball twenty, nor chairman of the photo-committee. But you could tell by looking at him, that he would become notable. Yes, his countenance early gave promise of great intelligence and

attainments; we were actually forced to believe he would be great among us. How he has since exceeded even our most ardent expectations, our highest, fondest, proudest hopes! No one dreamed at the time of which I am writing, of that, as yet concealed, trenchant blade of sarcasm, afterward so skillfully wielded; no one had even the faintest conception that, in the future, he was to be annihilated, confused, struck dumb, by those carefully concealed jokes, in many instances unsolvable, save by himself, and on that account the more mind paralyzing.

Freddy Williamson wasn't nearly so tall then as he is now. Van Deventer wasn't a professional runner, nor Atherton a gymnast in those days. Old Dampy was with us then, poor unfortunate fellow; he was the most genial, mirth-loving, good-hearted among my heroes. I remember that on this occasion some wandering Soph appeared at the window. Dampy was the first to spy him and the first to greet him with one of his ferocious yells, a "git-e-out" and a lump of coal. Bennett tried to make a speech and ingloriously broke down. Billy Westervelt did not attempt to show off his oratorical abilities, but he yelled whenever he could get a chance, and stayed on benches as long as he could, to see and be seen. Duke Robinson then favored us with his presence; and Eden and Forman and a whole host of worthies whom we afterward missed. And perched on the top bench was the presiding genius of all the noise and mischief, our lamented friend John L. Manning Irby, with the proverbial dirty shirt—collarless and cuffless. With his characteristic pertinacity he had succeeded in becoming acquainted with almost the whole class; and the manner of bringing his acquaintances to its notice was novel and interesting. "You, Wiggins, sit down dar, else I chuck a lump ob coal at youah head," many of such pleasing and impressive remarks serving to make him conspicuous.

We elected the following officers, and adjourned: J. P. Egbert, President; J. S. Riggs, Vice President; E. M. Deems, Secretary; J. T. Stuart, Treasurer.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH PERTAINS TO EPICURES.

Seventy-four, in the early part of her existence, and, indeed, for some time after that notable event, possessed a set of the most hungry, ravenous, gormandizing Freshmen, that ever stole chickens. Almost every night about nine or ten o'clock, some crowd would sally forth, provided amply with bags, for apples or any other more acceptable provender chance might throw in their way. Had the "Ben" of our nursery experience attempted to compete in gastronomic feats with them, I firmly believe he would have suffered a final and ignominious defeat.

One party had their headquarters in the west end of North College and were presided over by an exceedingly selfish senior, who never did any work himself and always ate twice as much as any other one. His acquaintance with the surrounding country was simply marvellous; he always knew of some available hen-roost, peach orchard or melon patch, most easy of access; and, about three nights in the week, would gently hint at the pleasant time a nice party could have if some chickens were roasted, and a few other good things made ready. After raising the minds of our classmates to the highest pitch of excitement, as well by the accounts of the splendid fun of a four or five mile tramp through the dark, when everything was quiet, and they would have immense enjoyment, as by the glowing pictures of an excellent feast; he would intimate that they were just the boys to undertake an expedition of this kind; brave fellows, you know, not afraid of dogs or anything of that kind; good walkers and fond of a walk; and then, with a slap on the back, thoroughly good fellows, such as he would like to enjoy an evening with above all others. There was, of course, not the least necessity of his going along, because he could point out the place so well they couldn't miss it; and then he always felt slightly indisposed. If no one else would undertake the journey, off he would go to Bennett and Bergy, and they could *always* be induced. The compact agreed to, the senior to kindle the fire and cook the birds, and the rest of the company to furnish—, well, the lemonade, off Charles Henry and the Lord would start, and after wandering over the half of Jersey, running "most disastrous chances," escaping "moving accidents by flood and field," they would return tired and hungry, only to find that no fire had been kindled, and that the senior, having greedily made away with all the lemonade furnished, was in a state of most "profound coma." After waiting for the birds to be cooked in town, they would pass the evening in much jollity.

So passed night after night with our friends in 17 North. Now turn we to another deputation after eatables, which was not so successful as that before mentioned.

These youths started one night, with pillow cases, and pantaloons tied at the ends, and all the paraphernalia necessary to ease one of the law-abiding citizens of our quiet borough of a few apples. I have always been inclined to think that the originator, the chief argonaut of this expedition, was Bobby, who roomed with Buchanan, notwithstanding the fact that he always looked so decidedly innocent. Bobby was lively in Fresh year, though you wouldn't think it now.

Whoever was the leader, some of the informed betrayed the trust reposed in them, and let out the secret prior to starting. The news of their intent coming to the ears of the God-sprung Bradford, the idea of a counter-plot entered his fertile brain. Assembling a select crowd, he, with them, repaired to this garden of Hesperides, and placed his allies in positions suitable for observing the actions of the marauders. Long and anxiously they waited. It was a beautiful night, the air was soft and balmy, all nature was hushed in repose,

except the insects of night—Jersey insects of night—and no sound broke the stillness save their droned soothing cries, etc., etc. (vide our Soph. essay on the Beauties of Nature.) Who can tell what were the thoughts coursing through the brains of each waiting one. How many times may the name of that sweet little girl have been softly breathed—for Freshmen have sweet little girls—ask Winans and Neese if they haven't; and although it was autumn, these “young men's fancies lightly turned to thoughts of love.” How many matrimonial projects may have been considered your historian has never correctly been informed. But, ah! Judge, and you, Nick, many would have been the contest speeches written that night to your discomfiture, had not their reverie been broken in upon by the advance of their class-mates.

“Say, fellows,” whispered Robert, in a voice exceedingly broken and husky with *ri*-sing fears, “I wonder if he keeps a dog?”

“I don't know,” was the trembling, scarcely audible response from Kit.

In that moment, when they pondered the weighty question, their thoughts must have been awful. How terrible to be mangled and lacerated by some fierce canine. And the thought was new to Braddy and his listening gang; they became justly alarmed for their own safety. Jersey curs have remarkably keen scent sometimes, as your historian can testify; one caught him up a tree once; but I won't tell you about that; ask Jake, or Buck, or Berg, for particulars.

“What shall we do if one comes out?” Another interval of silence.

“I know,” said a voice, ominously significant of some dire resolve.

“What,” the eager question,

“We'll *kill* the brute”—(a terrible accent on the kill.)

Awfully sublime conception. Nevin, the ubiquitous “little bird told me” you were there, and I knew no brain but yours could have evolved the solution; for didn't I see you try to steal that fire engine, and how brave you were.

Taking courage in the belief that they were under the guidance of one worthy to command, over the fence they got, and into a ditch. There was no cussing, for they were too nervous to cuss; but they did call down maledictions on all ditch inventors, and they set up a most terrible whining.

“Hush,” said the poetic Gordon,

“A word, a breath too loud,

“Might start from its horrent pause the swooping death.”

“Cheese it,” said practical, mathematical Bluch, “let us get apples.”

Off came their coats; to work they went; filled the pillow cases, and were preparing for a homeward start, when the crack of a revolver rang out on the still air, and—they left the pillow cases. To say our fruit-gatherers ran, would but feebly express their rate of locomotion.

They were gone. With laugh and jest, party No. 1 seated themselves on the fence to rest, after gathering up the fruit, and reviewed the circumstances, utterly oblivious of the fact that they had made a considerable deal of noise. They were soon painfully sensible of the fact, by the bark of a dog and the sudden appearance on the scene of farmer, wife and a most motley collection of small vagabonds. A second stampede was the result. Lugging the bags with them, they evaded the pursuit, and wearily wended their way to College. After a tiresome tramp, and aching from the exertion of carrying the bags, they reached their rooms, and determined on obtaining some benefit from their night's work, opened the bags, when out rolled from each bag, on an average, one peck of stones, a corresponding percentage of potatoes, and about seven apples. They said they enjoyed the occasion.

N. B. Some two weeks after the occurrence narrated above, I chanced to hear a conversation between a citizen of Princeton and a worthy tiller of the soil, living in the vicinity of Kingston. The latter gentleman, in the course of his remarks, said, with that merry twinkle in the eye and in that jovial voice which we have all noted as appertaining to agriculturists in this section of the country, that he was never a firm believer in spirits ("spukes," he called them), but that not long before some kindly elves (he didn't call them that; he said some kind of college students) had kindly deigned to leave in his orchard garments of which his children stood much in need. And, he added, that these elves must have been jovial, merry, roistering fairies, for he certainly smelt gin and water.

CHAPTER III.

OUR FRESH YEAR CROWD AND TIMES.

Before we pursue our review further, let us go back and get thoroughly acquainted with our former selves if we can. Let me hold up some sort of a retrospective mirror, and let us look at ourselves as we were during the first months of College life.

How boyish we all looked then! and some, who have since grown quite handsome, at that time looked positively heathenish. Look at Stevens and Apollo Belvedere now. You ought to have seen them in Fresh year!

What little pap-fed, nursery-bred, to-be-cared-for-at-home creatures the most of us were, to be sure, and how four years have changed us. Mind clashed against mind, as against the steel the flint, and there was, of necessity, a spark. Some had had bitter experiences; the world had been their training school. They had all through their young lives breasted the blows of circumstance, and grappled with their evil stars right nobly. Self-taught, strengthened, toughened, mentally as well as physically, they entered into the race with their more fortunate classmates, and exerted a most beneficial influence upon them. I cannot say, that when Greek met Persian the latter had the advantage.

But rich or poor, disciplined in schools or self-taught, we all met now on a ground of equality. We were a small intellectual democracy; those guided to whom their classmates accorded prominence and honor for mental abilities. It was some time ere any one went to the fore. In the beginning, as I have said, we were all incipient Macauleys, unfledged Shakspeares, bantam Bacons. There were no heights so high we did not all mean to climb; no depths so profound we all did not propose to investigate. Whatever the subject, our purpose was to master it. I scarcely think all succeeded in their laudable undertaking. Happy those to whom with genius Providence gave application.

Don't you remember what a time we had deciding on our honors? and what a number we would have had, had not fate, as represented by the faculty, stepped in and cut out some aspiring souls. Besides, almost each one's destining himself for that honorable position, he had a little circle of friends who, recognizing their own claims, were yet willing to stake their all on his chances. Pretty nearly every one had this feeling, I think. Now, I don't believe, for example, that the gentleman from Perry county, Pa., ever thought he would be successful; in Greek he was not so proficient as in later days when he translated Hesiod, and wrote out the Philosophy of the Greek Verb. Altogether, his mental development as regards the *ερω*, was not so extensive then as afterwards.

Bennett, I know, was sure of success; hadn't he been over the entire subject at Lafayette, and wasn't he a whole year ahead of us in mental training? There was scarcely a shadow of a doubt in his mind. On the other hand I don't think John L. Manning Irby felt at all positive on this point, and even Eme regarded it dubiously. There were some then who did not aspire to first, but they all would take high.

Then there were a few disdainful, scornful fellows who didn't want any honors, whose splendid mental powers and natural intellectual activities would easily give them anything, to whom the whole catalogue of scholastic dignities were offered as easy prizes, but who preferred to leave these emblems of drudgery and rewards of days without fun and nights without dissipation to the poor plodders whose slavish devotion to irksome duty "really, you know, deserves some encouragement." So they ate, drank, and were merry and next day they didn't die, though they felt like it, but took cocktails and prided themselves on the superiority of their natures.

We were a queer class. There were among us more good, honest, hard workers and more lazy, frolicsome idlers, and withal more genial good-hearted fellows than could have been conceived of. Now among the hard workers we might name Gros. and Jake Walker and Billy Smith. My, how those fellows studied! I daily expected, with trembling, that softening of the brain or some such terrible disease would afflict them; why any night, when going across the campus one might see long rays of light streaming out from their rooms, typical, as I often used to think when in contemplative moods, of the light of truth which one day should emanate from themselves; and one might see these lights far into the night, too; they must have been studying; no fellow would sit up so late for nothing, and besides one could tell they worked by the way they recited; many a commend and remark did they call forth in recitation room.

On the other hand, among those who were proverbially negligent, were John Reid, Ledwith, and, in senior year, Crothers. Pap used to let his hair be uncombed, and buy lots of books and rush to recitation in a hurry, but he never could make us believe he was a hard student. This crowd of fellows were sad reprobates; they went to bed early, and were always up before any one else plotting mischief. They slept pretty nearly all the time. They were always out playing ball or walking round in study hours. No dependence could be placed in them. I have often known Professors, in a fit of angry sarcasm, to give them a grade of one hundred. They used to talk a good deal about their duties; but we all knew that amounted to nothing.

Of the genial good hearted fellows, let me see how many I can name. Of course, I can't make any invidious distinctions in regard to years, and must go through the whole four; well let me begin—Atherton, Badeau, Bates, Beach, Bennett, Bergner, &c., *vide* the rolls of our four years. We were all generous, kind, a little thoughtless, perhaps, at times, but all good fellows.

Classmates have said to me "but we were awful fresh then." Fresh, of course we were fresh. Who the deuce wants to be a Fresh-

man unless he is fresh. And besides all the upper classes made arbitrary rules of their own about this freshness. If we hit a Sophomore with a snowball, Sophy thought it was exceedingly verdant, and a smiling Junior thought it good fun; but if J. was in the way of the said snowball, and Sophy could laugh, the feelings incident to the occasion were reversed in the minds of each.

Didn't we have as much right to run the foot-ball down toward South Campus as any one else in the game? Then why growl at us more than others. We were schoolboys yet, scarcely full-fledged collegians, and we reasoned that if dignity meant lack of healthy enjoyment, dignity could go to the dogs. So the more other classes growled in playing foot-ball, so much the more persistently did we endeavor to get the smaller members of those classes near the College building, and push them against the wall.

I think the freshest crowd in the class used to congregate at the house of a worthy lady near Dickinson Hall. These were Jake V. D., and Jake W., Dave., Fred., Jai and Berg. They always seemed to forget to assume the august demeanor of Freshmen; and they played catcher, hide-and-go-seek, and such childish games all over the old lady's garden. They pulled up the plants, and trod down the vines and trampled on the beds and behaved scandalously in general. I remember on one night they attempted to put the author of these pages over the fence; they did it, I assure you, to the great detriment of a pair of pantaloons, and the demolition of one fence-panel. In the house, whither they retired from the garden, beds were disordered, carpets torn, furniture smashed, one bed in particular, which Jake spent half the night fixing up. We boxed and fenced and *never* studied.

Fresh year formed our characters. The friends chosen then, with but few exceptions, remained true to their first loves all through our college course. The cliques originated then, were never dismembered. The thoughts and actions of those earlier times left a deep and abiding imprint on after days. The Fresh year workers were the honormen of Senior year; the gay frolics of Senior year had for their supporters and attendants those whose laugh was loudest, and whose song most merry in the quieter "spreads" of Fresh year. Some of those whose hearts beat most warmly toward each other, whose faces lit up at the approach, whose thoughts, aims, aspirations were one, did not find themselves congenial in Fresh year, and waited until a year had developed their minds and made them more fit companions. In Soph year were formed some of those lasting ties, which knit splendid genius to dazzling wit, warm hearts and hard-clasping hands. For example, Buchanan and Judge were distinguished for community of interest, and Judge was forced to be alone in Fresh year, because Buck was not there. Sister went lonely and forsaken until she found her Jerry. Billy Sponsler and Jim Riggs roamed long apart through the pleasant paths of knowledge.

There was a royal family in the class in Fresh year—a genuine royal family, comprising the best blue blood of the class. I believe

the only man, who laid any claim to noble ancestry, whose name was not enrolled among these notables, was Billy Westervelt; but, you know, the fellows did not know of Billy's family until long afterward. Billy was so reticent, and modest, and retiring, in his disposition. Besides, I don't think Billy would have liked the company; they were too studious for him; they couldn't afford to sit up night after night to hear Judge read grandiloquent essays; they didn't have the time.

This Royal family numbered among its members a Stuart, an O'Hara, the illustrious Bradford (a host in himself), Bergy, and many other worthies. They were wont to assemble in the room of the Duke, and spend their time debating on the fates of empire, the awakening of "the powers of iron." They poured over the records of antiquity; their conversations were interpolated with brilliant flashes of wit, and quotations culled from the choicest gardens of classic lore, and they showed a most astounding acquaintance with biblical proper names. The fall of the Bourbons was always a subject of great mourning with them, and often did they have to deplore said fall (especially when it fell off the table and broke).

They used to wander in the silent hours of the night, communing with the stars and trilling sweet harmonious ditties to the waning moon. With economic wisdom they furnished light work to the laboring classes in divers manners, such as the demolition of any street lamp disgustingly bright, or any fence unseemly in appearance. One night they went to a Senior's room, those daring Freshmen, for the purpose of perpetrating upon him some of our well known jokes. P—— "bit" at Jai's story, and the R. F. suddenly left, followed down stairs by two plaster casts of Shakspeare and Milton, which never more adorned the room of the aforesaid Senior.

They went out one night—three of them—and shortly Bennett returned in a sad state of mind, having lost his associates. After much search they were found at the gymnasium; one on his back, the better to gaze on the placid beauty of the heavens; the other on the steps, in rising from which he experienced more trouble than he cared to take, and on which he found it impossible to assume the recumbent position evidently so much enjoyed by the astronomical Duke. This was on one of the nights when they had been affected by the descent of the aforementioned branch of French nobility, and the particular night on which a nameless Sophomore was to have been executed. Poor Cooney! They sometimes were tyrannical in the manner of supplying their larder by the chickens and eggs of the poor.

Altogether, our Fresh year crowd comprised some of the jolliest, freest, best-hearted fellows to be met with anywhere, and our Fresh year times were among the most enjoyable we experienced. Of course we squabbled occasionally, but on the whole we preserved a charming equanimity of temper and aim. We had a fight once, between the class and the nine, and many lengthy harangues were delivered, and

much nonsensical business entered into quite seriously. The nine split from the class. I have a long account of it, written in the anger of the moment, which is positively ridiculous.

I can't pass over our earlier history without reminding you that Bergner was the first man called up, and the first to say "not prepared." I shall never forget the look of virtuous indignation which stole over the countenances of our first division men as those disgraceful words were uttered, and how Bergy blushed. How many of us have since gone and done likewise, and were too much hardened to blush.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DUEL.

And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke
 From the red-ribbed hollow behind the wood,
 And thundered up into Heaven the Christless code,
 That must have a life for a blow.

Though in the majority of cases, peaceably inclined, I regret to say that on some occasions my heroes gave vent, full swing, to their angry passions in a way by no means commendable. We sometimes forgot that time-honored quatrain, which has so often been quoted to our precious little selves, and so often forgotten.

We possessed, among our other curiosities, several earnest devotees of that exceedingly unsatisfactory way of settling difficulties, the duello. At least, one would have imagined them advocates from their language. One of these was the afore-mentioned Bradford, the fire eater, the gentleman whose adoration of bull-pups was only equaled by his pride of birth. Gordon was another, and that brilliant scion of Southern chivalry, John L. Manning Irby, was another.

There came a time in Fresh year, when an incident occurred which gave these monsters a chance to exercise their blood loving propensities. The incident was a quarrel and these were the circumstances thereof.

It was a "hall night." You know, we all went to hall in Fresh year; went regularly, and were wealthy. On this night quite a crowd of '74sters were pouring into the door of Whig, and in this crowd were Frishmuth and Irby. Some one hit the former with a stick. The stick had thorns in it, and the thorns hurt. Frishmuth said Irby hit him; Irby said he didn't.

"You did."

"I didn't;" and quite an animated conversation was carried on, composed principally of such brilliant repartee as the above.

The striking ceased and was resumed. Again these distinguished wits tossed the ball of sarcasm backward and forward, to the delight and admiration of all bystanders, until Irby, by an "I didn't" more emphatic than ever, exasperated the mind of the impetuous Frishmuth, who replied by calling the warm-blooded Southerner a liar.

This was too much. O! It was *too* much. Irby brooded over the insult; his soul revolted against the idea of endurance. The warm current of his life became hotter as he thought, and soon began to boil. He went to his room and penned with unshaking hand the following epistle, which Gordon undertook to deliver to Frishmuth:

Mr. Frishmuth:—In consideration of the exceedingly indecorous and opprobrious language used by you toward me, language unbecoming to you, sir, and derogatory to my character as a gentleman, I hereby, through my friend, R. H. Gordon, challenge you to mortal combat; time, place and weapons to be decided upon by our respective seconds.

"JOHN L. MANNING IRBY."

Frishmuth, not without fear and trembling, received the epistle. He read danger, and possible death, in Gordon's kindling eye. He opened it as though he expected to find some explosive machine, which the dread ingenuity of the direful Sophs had devised as a new species of torture and torment. If he was frightened at the imagination, what can we say of his feelings as he learned what was to actually happen?

As he read his check blanched. The awful consequences of a rashly spoken word flashed upon him. A cold and lifeless—ugh! he shuddered at the thought. He could not, he would not fight. All the best principles of his nature, deep-rooted in early childhood, and growing stronger with each succeeding year, were averse to such an action. Suppose anything was to happen. Suppose he should kill Irby, or Irby should kill him. Suppose they should even hurt each other a *little bit*, why, the agonies he would undergo from the gnawings of conscience would be infinitely worse than the sufferings of the damned. Thus Frish. and he got really eloquent under the excitement of the moment.

Gordon listened to his ravings with that lofty condescension, and knowledge of superiority and power, with which a Princeton waiter regards the long-suffering, patient inquirer after something besides mutton and roast-beef. Accustomed to these affairs of honor from his childhood (as he said,) he was mystified for a while at Frish's lack of bravery. He looked at him as the eagle gazes at the bleating lamb, upon which it is about to swoop. Noble bird of prey! Poor little lamb!

"Well, sir, what answer shall I return to my friend? Shall I tell him you propose to act the man, or—or—or the mouse?" Gordon was oftentimes at a loss how to end his sentences; this one was alliterative, and pleased him.

"Tell him," said Frish., eagerly, "tell him to wait till I ask Bradford." So they separated.

Frish. couldn't have made a worse choice of an adviser. Bradford proclaimed himself for war.

Accordingly, reluctantly on the principal's part, an answer was sent accepting the challenge. Potter's woods was announced as the place; three o'clock in the afternoon the hour; the weapons, pistols.

But in the meantime the ardor of our friend Irby had been chilled. The thought of having his growing and flourishing, not to say cleanly, flower of existence nipped in the bud, or rather blown off the stem was not consoling nor according to his taste. There seemed to be many things which he detested, for example many persons, judging from appearances, thought him averse to watering the said flower—but this thing on reflection he concluded to be unendurable. With many words of contrition did he represent the case to Gordon. With as finely tragic an expression of countenance as the crooked condition of his necktie and the rumpled appearance of his shirt would permit, did he expatiate on the enormity of the deed and the terrible fate which his opponent was to suffer. Indeed he showed himself extremely

unselfish, and largely considerate of the welfare of that misguided youth, Frishmuth.

But all his glowing appeals, all his wonderful contortions of countenance, expressive, as might be imagined, of deep commiseration and anguish of soul were posed by the question, "How can you get out of it?" This was too much for his overstrained mind, and, though generally extremely quick in the perception of evasions, he was stuck. The question demanded some time for consideration; he left the room dolefully. Gordon remained delightedly. His face was radiant with secret satisfaction; occasionally a deep guffaw proclaimed more clearly that something was very enjoyable. He took a pipe and laughed more.

Soon there came a knock at the door, and Bradford's finely chiseled features appeared, and then they laughed together. Let us listen to them and strive to comprehend the joke.

"Aren't they scared," said Braddy.

"Aren't they though," was Gordon's tautological rejoinder. And again they laughed in concert; laughed well-nigh villainously, while without the wind sighed, and the branches cracked, and the rain dropped drearily as though nature was mourning the consummation of their plot.

At Gordon's request Bradford unfolded how the trembling Irby had besought him most agonizingly to bring about some amicable adjustment of the difficulties; how he had sturdily refused to try anything of the kind, and how, as soon as Irby had disconsolately withdrawn to discuss the affair with Eme and Simp, he had hastened to Gordon to laugh over the joke, and as if reminded that joys were transient and the fun would soon be over they enjoyed the affair again.

"Have you the cartridges ready?" said Gordon when his mirth had somewhat subsided.

"Yes, I fixed them just now."

"Are you quite sure the bullets are extracted?"

"Of course I am. You don't suppose I want to get in a scrape!"

"Do you think they'll notice any change?"

"No, indeed; they'll be too badly scared to know whether they hold pistols or sticks in their hands."

They chuckled in fiendish delight, and the arrangements of a mock fight having thus been satisfactorily arranged, the conversation turned to subjects most near the thoughts of each. Bradford's duel; his numerous and splendid stock of dogs, and especially that big one which whipped the Gypsey.

The night wore on and Bradford left. But some time afterward when he sat in his room contemplating a picture of Heenan; feeling his muscle, and thinking of heraldry; a white, scared, sleepless face peered in at the door, and exclaiming "his blood be upon your head," disappeared in the darkness.

The morning of Saturday was damp and cheerless, and as we took our way to the woods the weather was not blessed.

Those acquainted with the joke to be perpetrated, indulged in sundry mysterious winks, and low, delighted chuckles, while the unwary principals looked gloomy and nervous as they walked along with their several friends. To them the way, no doubt, seemed short enough; but we, whom no care disturbed, thought the mud disagreeable and the woods an interminable distance away. In one party there were Frishmuth, Bradford and Hamel; in the other Irby, Gordon, Eme and Simp, while between them flitted, like an angel of peace, the fair form of yours humbly.

After many flounderings in mire and creeping along fences, we arrived at the woods. The ground was soon selected, the combatants placed back to back and *instructed*. They were each to walk ten paces, at the word "one" to turn, at the word "two" to raise their pistols, and "three," fire. The scene was dismal enough; the ground was covered with a wet snow; the trees, dripping with dampness in the air, tossed their branches creakingly and complainingly; the sky was dull and leaden. We all got behind trees and laughed and shivered.

Sundry doubts and misgivings as to a pleasant ending of this farce, now began to float through the mind of your historian. Stories, which I thought forgotten, of bloody-minded persons who, having been induced to join in just such scenes, had unobserved changed a genuine cartridge for the sham one in their pistol, and with dread intent to commit murder, had foully and feloniously discharged the contents of the same into the body of the unsuspecting gentleman of the opposition. But all such fears were removed when our classmates began to measure their ground. Though short of stature, they managed to get in strides which even Wallace would have envied, and in ten paces put such a considerable piece of ground between them, as effectually removed from my mind all misgivings as to consequences. Each firmly believing that the pistol of the other had a ball in it, determined to get out of the road, if possible. Slowly Bradford went over the directions. Hamel approached Frishmuth in the character of friend, to bear his last words home, to a circle of sorrowing relatives,—and Eme did the same kind offices for Irby. Irby told Eme that, if he was shot, he must send home the cheering and comforting assurance that he fell nobly battling for Southern honor, with the true Southern spirit, and in the true Southern style. Eme promised compliance, and walked back to his tree, not so sorrowfully as might have been supposed. Frishmuth was about to repeat the same thing, substituting Northern for Southern; but, perhaps, thinking that we bystanders would not let them shoot at each other, and, in that event, not desiring to appear like a fool, he suddenly turned on Hamel with the polite request, to "go to the devil," coupled with a denial that he had any parting words. Hamel did not look gloomy when he got behind *his* tree.

The decisive moment arrived; Bradford's voice sounded low and husky, "one;" they wheeled, and Irby's pistol came up.

"Put that pistol down," thundered Bradford; "a breach of etiquette like that, in an affair of honor like this, demands a stern rebuke; had I a pistol here, sir, I would not hesitate to shoot you down, sir."

It is needless to say, the pistol came down; and Frish's face lighted up, as though he thought the circumstance an omen of success.

"Two." Up came the pistols.

"Three." A report rang out—one report. John ducked his head, and reserved his fire; then straightening himself up, he took deliberate aim at poor Frish's cardiac region, fairly causing the blood of that worthy to congeal, and altogether infusing into him so much alarm, that he looked ready to faint. Irby fired, and his opponent did decidedly more than duck his head—he squirmed and dodged most visibly.

After this interchange of courtesies, they stood regarding each other with looks in which the benign greatly predominated over the malevolent.

Bradford approached and desired to know if they were satisfied; "'cause, if you aint, you can take another shot, you know."

"Oh, no! they were perfectly satisfied."

Would they shake hands?

Nothing would afford them such extreme pleasure.

So they shook hands, and talked, and laughed, and joked with one another in a most satisfactory manner. The walk back to College was enlivened by a recital of their feelings and impressions.

Irby, in reply to a question of Frishmuth as to whether he heard his bullet, replied, "oh! yes, I heard it cut the leaves above my head."

"Yes," responded Frish, "I thought I fired low," and pondered over the discrepancy between Irby's sensation, and his own recollection of his aim.

Irby excitedly appealed to the crowd to know if they didn't see his bullet hit the ground at Frishmuth's feet.

"A line shot, boys; yes sirree, a line shot!"

Afterwards, when told of the real truth of the matter, they both declared they knew of it all the time. That was what made them act so bravely.

CHAPTER V.

TRENTON, 110!

It was a time of religious excitement in Princeton, among our orthodox brethren of the Methodist persuasion. A spirit of intense and fervent shouting had settled upon them. Protracted meetings were nightly held. It was in the time of winter, and the rural inhabitants of this portion of the land of the mosquito drove to church in exceedingly commodious sleighs. So they had done on the night whose incidents I am chronicling.

Four boys—four very bad boys—were walking down street, taking the air, when, arriving at the church, a comfortable looking sleigh was seen drawn up alongside the pavement. It was a most inviting, cosy, commodious looking sleigh, with one of those enormous backs which would defy the constructive ingenuity of a modern builder. And hitched to the sleigh was a nice, fat, fine team of horses, champing the bit and pawing the ground, impatient of restraint.

These four bad boys, Groes, and Neff, and Comegys, and Bergy, stopped and looked at the team, gazed thoughtfully and musingly. Visions of Trenton danced in their several heads, visions of billiards, and supper, hot supper, and punches, and girls, and flirtations, etc.

They thought of the moonlight ride, of the jolly time, but they never thought of the fact that somebody owned the sleigh; never recurred to them the knowledge of there being a law in the land prohibiting the purloining of goods and chattels; never realized that a Jersey farmer is a most inveterate pursuer, and that none was more likely to “pant on their track and dog them down.” Some such thoughts as these might have come to them had enough time been let them to consider, but Comegys broke the silence and interrupted their thoughts.

“Comrades, ye whose spirits are tried in mischief, I know, why halt we now? See you yon shining moon, illuminating, causing to sparkle, the breast of this smooth, bright snow. Think you of the pleasures which await us; the frolic, the excitement, if we but seize the opportunity and—this sleigh.” I don’t know if those were his exact words; I don’t believe he knows himself. They are something like them. Berg knows.

No sombre shadows overcame the bright visions, as Henney would say, and they cautiously climbed into the sleigh. A crack of the whip, a jingling of the bells, a rustle and creak of the hard beaten snow, and the mockers at religious rites, and the stealers of sleighs, were speeding down the Trenton road.

They stopped at the “Nassau” House long enough to be provisioned by George and went on. I need not describe the incidents of the ride, since I only want to describe in a few words our share in the misfortunes of a member of '72. I will only say that they arrived at

Lawrenceville, waked up both schools by their hideous screeching, supposed to be singing, went on, and went to sleep. Past all the old familiar landmarks they went; got wakened up, and reached Trenton. Through the streets they dashed. Many of us know the pleasant experiences.

Policemen looked, laughed, and resumed their walk, from which it will appear they were not so unfortunate as some of our proteges in '76. Fair maidens gazed timidly from behind rich, warm, comfortable looking curtains, and a delightful tremor ran through their dear little hearts as they thought of those darling students.

Paterfamilias recalled his own joyfully remembered days of boyhood, and cried "God bless them," and Materfamilias thought of her own boy, and echoed the prayer. But change the theme, your Historian grows sentimental; this isn't imaginative. Wikoff told me that's the way they said they felt. His girl told him.

The boys upset; regained their places, and started home again, bethinking them of Princeton and duties. When the College was reached, after a short consultation, it was decided to drive up to the back of East and unhitch. Done according to agreement; then how to dispose of the horses was the question. It was concluded to tie one of them to the door of a worthy Junior, afflicted with near-sightedness, and blessed with a wide-spread reputation for rectitude. This was likewise accomplished, and the bad boys retired.

A pen gifted with the art of narrative composition, which I do not possess, has recorded, how Freddy was out late that night. How he came home and thought it was Pat, of our class, who was at the door; how he entreated Pat in gentle tones at first, and then in angry expostulation, to get out of the way and let him in; how he hit at what he supposed to be Pat, and how the horse, which wasn't Pat, laid him over. How just then the Sheriff appeared on the scene, and wanted to arrest Freddy for horse stealing; how Freddy indignantly denied the allegation; how he floored the *posse comitatus* with the question, if they supposed him such a fool as to tie a stolen horse to his own door; how he ended by daring them to arrest him on College grounds.

I am writing of our class. The originators of the mischief cut up the sleigh-bells and retired to their rooms. But the sleigh-bells jingled, and like the spot of blood on Fatima's key, the circumstantial evidence was made conclusive. Luckily for them, the owner of the vehicle was merciful; they bought him a new set of bells, and the affair was hushed, only to be called up now.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXAMINATION PAPERS.

We had a real argonautic expedition, except that the participators did not sail, but walked, and that it was in search of a more useful commodity than the golden fleece. If any of the more virtuous in our class are inclined to look with extreme disapprobation on the affair told here, let them turn their thoughts inward and while blessing Providence for their own splendid talents, look with christian charity and forbearance on those less gifted. Let them thank their guardian star that on account of their quality of perseverance they never were led to dread Fresh examinations. Fresh examinations! how terrible was the thought to us! Don't you remember we didn't know where to go to: we didn't know whether lead-pencils would be provided, indeed I could name several who took in their own paper, and found the plan so advantageous that they continued the practice throughout their College course. If these things are thought on, I think we will look more leniently on those concerned in this plot.

The boys, some of them, had been idle—very idle. They hadn't studied—they had speed all the time. And the day of retribution was at hand. Examinations were approaching and the cutters, and not-prepared unfortunates thought with dismay of those many, many pages of Latin, and Greek, and Mathematics, and Prose Composition, which their wiser class-mates had been assiduously “polling,” while they had been enjoying themselves. In many rooms the subject was profoundly discussed. They came together, and the question anxiously propounded was, what was to be done? Night after night this select coterie discussed the subject earnestly. Different plans were proposed and abandoned as indefeasible. Finally, some daring soul proposed the theft of the examination papers. The proposal was so bold as to be frightful at first. Steal the examination papers! Phew, what an idea! But, when the novelty of it wore away, it was decided to be just the thing, and a vote of thanks tendered to the mover. Then the question before this secret conclave was, how to get at them. Were they in the printing office, or in the tutors' rooms?

They separated, and on the next night some wavered in their convictions as to the obtaining the papers. They demurred to the proposition, to break open both the printing office and the rooms of the tutors. It smacked too much of robbery, and they had a wholesome dread of jails and penitentiaries. Much had been said on both sides, when up rose Henny and thus held forth:

“Fellows, away with doubts and misgivings. Shall we rest idly here, and allow our fair names and good grades to be taken from us, when by one masterly stroke the day and examination papers may be ours? Blasted be the fair name of our glorious class; perished our bright dreams of collegiate renown; cursed ourselves, if we suffer

this opportunity to pass." Then, with a majestic wave of his hand in the direction of the printing office,—“Fellows, yonder lie “rowls,” the examination papers, and good grades. Let our watch word be ‘Victory, or Westminster Abbey’.”

It is doubtful how much longer Jake would have continued, had not the aspiring flame of his eloquence been suddenly quenched by his head being wrapped in Bennett’s proverbially dirty bed-quilt. But Jake carried his point, and it was unanimously agreed, that the printing office should be stormed that night.

About 12 or 1 o’clock, a chosen band assembled before that magnificent structure, containing the Archimedean lever which moves, though slowly, the mighty world of Princeton.

It was an awful night,

“The wind blew as twad blawn its last,
The rattling show’rs rose on the blast.”

It would not have called for more than ordinary observation on the part of any by-stander, to convince him, that something monstrous was being attempted. They bore all the marks of guilty persons out after night, in story books. They spoke in whispers; they shivered and drew closer together at every rustle of the trees above them. They looked wistfully up at the windows, and wished for a ladder to scale the height. Three were appointed to procure one, that number being considered sufficient. But these three could not go. The safety of the entire party demanded that they should give up the pleasures which such a trip would give them, for they were so very unlucky; they were sure to be caught. Besides, they had come out to steal examination papers. Ladders were a different sort of thing, with which they had no desire to meddle. They sorrowfully, but foreibly, resigned in favor of the other three. Jake Hendrickson was of the other three, and Jake jocosely held forth: showing conclusively that, for his conscience sake, he must beg to be excused. Steal a ladder! He was the son of honest parents, and his deep respect for those aged relatives would preclude the possibility of his doing any such a thing. Steal a ladder! He had always been led to consider a ladder as something especially sacred, from the time when his illustrious namesake saw one, not in such disreputable repute as was purposed in the present case; and, besides, because when Boaz wanted to speak to Ruth, he lad-her aside.*

After much parley they all went together. In unity they found both strength and courage, and truly they needed all they could muster. The ladder was heavy and wet; no one wanted to carry it till two proposed themselves, and were joyfully accepted. On the way to the office the ladder was dropped, and mashed toes, and was stumbled over times without number. Don’t you give them credit for perseverance? If not, this record of their trials is in vain.

The ladder was raised to the window, and was found to be too short by several feet. Jake volunteered to go up, as he was the longest

*That joke belongs exclusively to Jai Stuart. He says somebody told him that Jake perpetrated it, but I have always been inclined to believe it is one of Jai’s own best efforts.

and had every chance of getting in easier than anybody else. So up he went. He reached the top, he hoisted the window and peered in, when a scurry on the floor, a rustling among papers scared him so that he accomplished the distance to the ground in an incredibly short space of time, and rushed around the corner followed by the five.

"What's the matter?" in a low tone.

"Something's up there," said Jake frightened 'most to death.

They listened, but no one yelled thieves or murder, and all was still as death above them.

"What was it?"

"I don't know; I didn't see it, but I think it had a pistol."

"Pshaw," said Charles Henry, "It was rats, and rats don't carry pistols."

But Hendy couldn't be persuaded until they had listened for a long time, and until each one had decided the noise was caused by rats, when he again tried the window. He listened; there was no sound; the fellows below held their breath. They didn't feel quite sure it was a rat, and it would be dreadful to have one of their number caught at the outset of the undertaking, so they looked up in silence. Hendy drew himself up on the window and balanced himself for a moment, like Neese used to try to do on the horizontal bars. He was just about half way in, when suddenly down came the window right across the body of our unfortunate class-mate. A flash of lightning revealed to the eyes of those below a pair of extensive legs waving to and fro, and kicking energetically in a vain endeavor to find some foothold; at the same time Jake's musical tenor sounded disconsolately from the interior of the building imploring gaspingly for assistance. Charles Henry went up and relieved Jake from his position.

"Are you much hurt?" Berg asked, when he could get a chance between fits of laughter.

"All the-breath-knocked-out-of-me. It-might-have-killed-me."

Berg assured him that his life was not in imminent danger, and descended to be out of the road, in case any devil might be lurking within.

Nothing was heard from Jake for some time, when "a voice fell like a falling star," and if a veritable star had fallen into their midst it could not have spread more consternation and dismay through the group than did these words: "Boys," O! how mournful was the tone, "boys, they are not here."

The scene which follows beggars description. Pretty nearly every one swore. The longest winded fellow was king or director of the chorus, and all joined in with him. A whole night wasted for nothing. Not a thing to show for the immense deal of trouble. No wonder they were disheartened and raved round like a party of maniacs. They stamped on the ground, and impugned the characters of all printers and tutors, and of their ancestors for generations back. But though their ardor was considerably damped, they did not despair. I am writing a story book, and like all good little boys, all nice little heroes in story-books, they determined to try, try again.

They were up bright and early next morning. They attended chapel, cut recitation, and repaired to Sam Loose's room, right opposite Turner's, to talk over the dangers and jokes of the preceding night, and to lay their plans. Not much time was to be lost. Turner was in recitation, and it was decided to enter his room at once. They picked the lock, and showed a most dangerous and suspicious dexterity and adroitness in the trade. They found the papers, on entering the room, nicely laid on the table. They seized a few, and were escaping in good order, when the plot was almost ruined, just at its consummation, by Mi-lord's impetuosity. He seized the whole bundle, and wanted to throw them in the fire. He was forcibly dissuaded.

Next day they visited Dalrymple's room. The Duke had most considerably left the door open, so here their task was easy. The last, and most important, Fahnestock's room, yet remained. Hither they repaired, but, to their consternation, found Bart in the entry "cleaning up." All seemed lost. Jake Hendrickson alone preserved his presence of mind. He showed himself possessed of an indomitable heart. He borrowed ten cents, and dispatched Bart to town to procure for him five cents worth of licorice root! Then they began. They hammered and battered at the door, but "oak and iron did shine his hall," or something decidedly as durable. A new-fangled lock had been put on the door, and the Latin papers were given up in despair.

After this they loafed worse than ever. What jolly times they did have, and how they did pity the fellows who had to study. They drew votes as to who should take first, and it fell to Bergy. But, alas, now comes the miserable finale—they all got their papers too good. When they came back, they hurriedly and mysteriously left for home, and, after rustivating for a few weeks, came back, thoroughly resolved that in the future they would pass examinations the legitimate way.

FRESHMAN YEAR INCIDENTS.

Your historian, not having the dates of events, cannot give them in chronological order, or even in the terms in which they happened.

Our first recitation was heard by Tutor Turner. It was scarcely marked by any very brilliant display of genius. "Mr. Bergner" was the first man called up. We who had known Bergy before he came to College looked for something fine; but he and Jake Van Deventer and Fred Williamson had that morning been taking a survey of the College buildings and the town, Freshmanlike; and as a consequence, Berg began his College career ingloriously by "stumping." We were all disgusted as Freshmen will be, but waited for the next man. It was Morris; and Morris did not know where the place was, nor had he been able to find any fellow who did know. Affairs looked anything but promising for a glorious finale about four years from that time, and we gave vent to our disappointed feeling. "Mr. Atherton, please recite," and then what a "row!" Tommy never made a better recitation. He was instantly voted an honor man.

I suppose it would be as well to insert here a copy of the minutes of our class-meetings during the first term; they have been given to me by Eddy Deems.

"The first meeting of the class was held, by permission, in the 'old Sophomore class-room,' on Tuesday, Sept. 13th, 1870. Mr. Rankin was called to the chair, and appointed a committee of five on permanent organization, a committee of four on class design and motto, and a committee of three for organizing a Bass Ball Nine.

"SECOND MEETING, SEPT. 20TH, 1870.

"Mr. Dampman was called to the chair. Mr. Wiggins reported from the committee on permanent organization, which nominated the following members for officers of the class for the first term, viz:— President, J. P. Egbert; Vice President, J. S. Riggs; Secretary, E. M. Deems; Treasurer, J. T. Stuart.

"The report was accepted and the committee discharged. Upon motion, the above mentioned officers were elected by acclamation. The report of the committee on class stamp was postponed until next meeting. Committee on base ball reported progress, and was continued. A committee of three was appointed to draft rules of order. Dampman, Rankin and Patterson were appointed. The meeting then adjourned.

"THIRD MEETING, SEPT. 30TH, 1870.

"Meeting called to order by the President. Wiggins reported from the committee on class stamp: he had but one to propose, which not being agreed upon, the committee was continued. Dampman reported from committee on drafting rules of order: they proposed to the class not to have any special rules, but to be governed by parliamentary rules, and, when necessary, to consult Cushing's Manual. The

report was accepted and the committee discharged. It was moved and seconded that the class Historian be elected immediately. Lost. Meeting adjourned.

“FOURTH MEETING, OCT. 14TH, 1870.

“Called to order by the President. Wiggins reported from committee on class design, offering one which was accepted. The President stated that the principal object of the meeting was to appoint a committee of four, to unite with a committee of the same number from the other classes, for the purpose of appointing an orator from the senior class to address John C. Green, Esq., at the dedication of Dickinson Hall. The following committee was elected by ballot:—Neff, Bradford, Bergner, and Stuart. Meeting adjourned.

“FIFTH MEETING, OCT. 25TH, 1870.

“President in the chair. Two class marshals were to be appointed to attend the class at the dedication of Dickinson Hall. Van Deventer and Williamson were elected. It was determined to have the class photographed by Warren, of Boston. It being discovered that *part of our class stamp was the same as that of another class*, (what a pity!) the report of the committee on that subject, accepted at a former meeting, was reconsidered and rejected. Another committee of three—Riggs, Rubinkam and Deems—were appointed by the President. Meeting adjourned.

“Class meetings of first Session of Freshman year.

“E. M. DEEMS, Secretary.”

On the 15th of September, 1870, we had our cane spree with '73. You all remember perfectly well, how we rolled, and fought, and got choked with dust, and thought ourselves heroes. It is useless for me to describe it. Dr. McCosh was out for the first and last time. Do you remember his command? “Disperse, young men, or the bailiffs will be after you!”

In fact, the whole College faculty was out that night, and some of them were almost smashed in the rush. Lots of our boys came off well. In fact, we beat 'em. The most memorable battles were between Bradford and Fowler, and Dampman and Adams, and we licked 'em in both.

On the night of September 21st, we built our first fresh fire. And what fun it was! We stole all the fences in the neighborhood, and waked everybody up, and tolled the “dummy bell,” and enjoyed the evening hugely.

September 5th. We had another one. It was not as pleasant as the first; the novelty had begun to wear off.

October 21st. One, or some of “our boys,” succeeded in scaling North College and cutting the bell-rope. Duke, and Bennett, and Berg, and Billy Smith, slept a long time next morning.

The class nine received a challenge from the Lawrenceville school. On Saturday they started and gained their first victory, the precursor of many more. The score, on the 7th inning, was 7 to 10 in favor of Lawrenceville, and '74 came out ahead 20 to 10.

What a power is eloquence! How grand in its displays! How wonderful in its effects! And when to this "noble, god-like action" we add

"—— The front of June herself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury;
New lighted on a heaven kissing hill,"
How much more potent it becomes!

So thought the members of the Third Division, when, on one occasion, in Peabody's recitation, Wallace delivered with awful solemnity and imposing dignity,

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
His baggage checked for Troy," etc.

About this time our Freshman year boat crew began to practice little and swear much.

Dampman recovered a cane, which a Sophomore had stolen from him.

Sabbath evening, September 11th, we held our first class prayer meeting. It was largely attended, both by professors and non-professors of religion. And those who took part in the exercises seemed to realize the truth of the promise, that where two or three are gathered together in His name, He is in the midst of them.

The record-books of the College were stolen, and '74 was blamed for the theft; but, beyond suspicion, nothing was done. The whereabouts of the books was always a mystery.

Bradford won lasting honor by vanquishing a huge snob. Snobby was drunk.

One morning a placard, supposed to have originated with '73, appeared on the bulletin-tree. It ran thus:

"A party of Freshmen went out one night on a lark, and demolished the free-school furniture; stole the carriage of an estimable Princeton lady, and set fire to the President's stable."

November 5th. '73's proclamation appeared, stuck over all conceivable portions of the town:

PROCLAMATION!

In consideration of the Good Behaviour and Submissive Disposition
Hitherto Manifested by the Freshmen,

And as a Reward for the Large Number of Elegant *Staves*,
and the

Abundant Supply of Kindling Wood with which they have so freely
furnished us,

WE, THE MEMBERS OF '73, DO HEREBY PROCLAIM,
That on and after November 5th, 1870, Freshmen may Carry Canes
AT ALL HOURS.

N. B.—Don't go home and brag that you swung sticks all through the first session of Fresh year.

Commenting on this, the "Lit." said:

"Last session the Sophs issued a proclamation kindly (?) permitting Freshmen to carry canes. Taking into consideration that the

Freshmen have been carrying canes ever since they have been in College, we think that this proclamation was uncalled for, and in every degree pretty thin!"

Tom Ricketts went on the University foot-ball twenty-five, as '74's representative.

At the opening of the second session we found that eighteen fellows had left, and only one entered, Gephart.

Shaw told the President that a verse in regard to which he had been questioned was in the 38th chapter of John, 23d verse. He was so confident he was correct that he was not a little astonished at the irate rejoinder: "John hasn't thirty-eight chapters in it, sir!"

Deadly enmity changed to hate! The one desirous of spilling his brother's blood imperiling his life to save a fellow man, and that man the one at whose defenceless breast he had discharged a blank cartridge.

Frishmuth wanted Irby to go skating, but Irby couldn't find any skates, and he went along just to see Frish's graceful evolutions. He fastened on his skates and darted out into the pond, cutting all sorts of figures, and gliding around quite gleefully, much to Irby's envy.

"O, it's gay!" shouted the delighted skater, as he cut a figure more astonishing than any other, and ended with a spread eagle.

"It must be," replied Irby, ironically; "didn't that hurt?"

"Not much," said Frish, with a wry face, rubbing the bruised portion of his body.

"I bet it did."

The words had hardly escaped Irby's mouth when crack went the ice and down went Frish. How he yelled! Irby heroically darted up the bank, reached the fence, pulled off a rail, and ran back, just as Frish, frozen almost stiff, was giving up. In went the rail; Frish got hold and was pulled out.

Small-pox broke out in the college, and anxious papas and mammas telegraphed for their darlings to come home to them. The darlings went on the first train, and thus ended the second session.

In the third session Bennett left us. The Lord was a queer 'un. The rake business *did* the business. Lord, wasn't he a queer 'un! I never knew a fellow with such a mania for selling his room and the things in it. It grew to be a sort of religious duty with him. Every fellow must have at least one religious duty, you know. He has only visited Princeton once since he left, and that was to see if he couldn't sell his room again. That time he had to lie around the campus, 'cause Hankins wanted him. The Lord was unique, and on that account we missed him sadly.

How we did practice for fresh year contests. That was the biggest time for us. We used to make Potter's woods hideous with open air declamation. Old Mr. Stuart and I used to go down together, and my speech was so long that Jai always took a comfortable nap and woke up in time to criticise.

In Whig Hall, the prize men were—J. S. Riggs, first prize; J. H. Ross, second prize.

In Clio—W. D. Nicholas, first prize; W. H. Wiggins, second prize.

Our class-stamp at last put in an appearance, and was in constant requisition. The next Sabbath after its arrival, Sammy Robbins appeared in chapel with it stamped, after the manner of heraldic emblazonry, on his shirt bosom, collar and cuffs. We all thought that was carrying class veneration a little beyond the adopted standard.

Base ball nine and class had an *awful* row. Beach made an elegant speech, as the nine thought, but the class laughed at it, and Harry was determined to thrash them, individually and collectively.

I forgot to mention in connection with the first term, that Strat Leeds left us; when the nine lost a fine player, and the class a thoroughly good-hearted, genial fellow. He promised to come back; but the wicked world had too many attractions for him.

A Fresh year conundrum by Dershimer or Walt. Bruyere, I never could tell which—some fellow in the first division anyhow:

What had our Latin Tutor better do?

Fan his stock of brains, or the flame will expire!

Just before College broke up, a class-meeting was held to decide about some suitable present to Tutor Turner, as a mark of our appreciation of his gentlemanly demeanor to us during all our intercourse. After much discussion, Van Deventer moved to present him with a gold chain. The resolution was passed, and Jake appointed a committee of one to go to New York and procure the gift. After the chain had arrived and met with the entire approval of the class, a committee was appointed to take it to Turner's room, in order that no stir or excitement might be created in the College. The committee consisted of Deems as chairman, Badeau and Crawford. They waited on the Tutor, and Deems, in a neat little speech, tendered him the chain with the compliments of '74. Mr. Turner cordially thanked us; but was too much surprised to express himself fully. Deems during the same day received the following letter, which explains itself.

JUNE 26, 1871.

Gentlemen:—Your action this morning took me so much by surprise that I knew not what to say in return.

But the beautiful present the gentlemen of your class have given me demands more than a mere verbal response. Hence this note. I am profoundly grateful for this kind remembrance; the more so because I cannot feel that it is deserved.

Our intercourse both in and out of the class-room, has been, to me, very pleasant and very profitable, and, as I remarked to you a few day ago, it is with sincere regret that I part from you.

I shall always gratefully remember your kindness, and in the *chain* of recollections of my duties here, no *link* will be brighter or stronger than that which connects me with you.

Accept for yourselves, gentlemen, and for your class the assurance of my kind regard.

Very truly yours,

E. M. TURNER.

MESSRS. BADEAU, }
CRAWFORD, } Committee.
DEEMS, }

Walker and Crawford were appointed to go to New York, and have a design engraved for our commencement badges, and to hunt ribbon for the same. They had to take Loose and Stuart along to show the ways of the city, and they met with many ludicrous accidents. "Stockings" was a word which never failed to bring a smile to the face of all.

We went into Greek recitation with a piece of muslin pinned on our coats, and printed thereon the words "Where and Why?"

Commencement week came around at last, and we felt extremely large at the idea of our having reached the proud distinction of Sophomores. I think that was the longest stride we ever made. I don't believe we strutted and swelled half so much when we were upper class-men. During commencement, President Grant paid *us* a visit. He made a speech; it was a short speech. But we cheered half a dozen times during its delivery, and that made it appear longer than it really was.

We went home thoroughly delighted with College life, to relate our wonderful deeds to a circle of admiring relations, who thought us heroes, and about one hundred and ten dear little girls who thought us individually splendid.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

GREEK FIRE.

One night, about the middle of the first session, "polling" became excessively tiresome to the heroes in the following sketch, and, as a mental reaction, forth they went to concoct some plan to while away the weary hours. Round the Campus, and out into the town, they roamed, and nothing presented itself to their eager minds; their brains refused to give them an idea. Up and down Nassau street they wandered, and still the patron goddess of mischief, *quecunque sit*, refused to lend her gracious aid, though they invoked, times without number, either her or the arch-fiend, her worthy coadjutor. They couldn't think of what to do, until suddenly they came in front of Priest's window. They brought up quickly, and Fred (for it was Freddy and John Walker,) says:

"I have it!"

"Well, out with it."

"I tell you what let's do. Let us buy some fire-crackers, some big fire-crackers, those thick whollopers, young cannon, you know. Let us buy some of those and put them off in fellows' windows."

The thought pleased John exceedingly well. "All right," he said. Accordingly, the fire-crackers were purchased and off they went.

Now, it so happened that on this night David Neese was regaling some friends, with a perfect feast of reason and flow of soul. He had produced all his last and most dearly purchased treasures in the book line, and was delightedly explaining the value and purport of each. There were some of Horace's choicest Falernian, and much of those wonderful intuitive perceptions on the origin of evil, of which David was the sole author.

The third course had just been reached when the tormentors stole to the window.

"*Quod si comminus,*" scanned David, not inappropriately. Whether Fred and John understood the sentence, or caught the idea intended, I have never learned. But, at all events, they declined the invitation, and, by way of revenge on David for his imputation, they touched the cracker. Bang! it went right through the window, curtain and all. Positively David forgot to yell for two minutes, and even the imperturbable Pigeon neglected for some time to catch up an available poker and dash out of doors. Darkness there, and nothing more.

"My oh! *didn't* that make a noise?" whispered David, timorously. "I wonder if it will come again?"

"I hope they'll come again!" furiously responded the warlike Pigeon, "I want to maul 'em."

"No, don't; it wouldn't be proper."

"Of course I will; d'ye suppose people are going to make a fool of me that way for nothing?"

"Do you think it was a student?"

"Certainly it was; I wish I could have caught him," and he gnashed his teeth in impotent rage.

"I didn't think they could have been so cruel," meekly said that classmate who so immortally laid himself out on the Fairy Queen.

"Don't be afraid, I'll watch for them," replied his considerate roommate, and proceeded to tie David's head up in the wet rag which he donned nightly.

In the meantime where were the authors of this mischief? Do they content themselves with frightening poor little David almost out of his nine wits, and so enraging Pigeon that he charges at imaginary windmills all night? Not so. Come to the west end of North, and look into a room on the ground-floor. You all know the room well. It is occupied by Simp and Eme. They are busily at work on the morrow's Greek, and many and warm are their wranglings over sentences. Eme would aver it was one way, and Simp would deny it, and then much time would be lost in the dispute; more, in fact, than either was willing to put on his work. They were at the height of one of these altercations when Fred Williamson and Jake Walker arrived.

Cautiously raising himself to a level with the window-sill, Jake peered into the room.

"Now, Minor, I tell you it ain't that way," and Simp proceeded to sustain his point.

"Why, pshaw, look here," and Minor endeavored to overturn Simp's argument.

"Hand up the machine," whispered Jake, and up came the explosive compound.

Simp had just attempted to change Minor's rendition, and Minor had just replied with, "O! go way, Simp, you're a fool," when as if in fulfillment of the threatened retribution upon him who would call his brother a fool, the cracker struck him on the head, and exploded as it struck. The effect was instantaneous. The occupants of the room had been sitting on opposite sides of the table, with the lamp suspended between them, as is the fashion in college rooms. The lamp was blown out; the place was left in total darkness, and both Simp and Eme rolled on the floor.

Never a word said Simp; he just lay with his heels in the air and kicked and winked like an enormous turtle. Do I hear any one ask, was he frightened? Frightened! the word is inadequate to express his state of mind. Confused ideas of Guy Fawks, the Harvard Sophs, who had blown up a building with gun powder, his friends at home, and the Proctor floated confusingly in his mind. He reckoned up all the assassinations he had heard of and mentally pronounced this the most blood-thirsty, atrocious, diabolical of all. A thousand thoughts as to where he was hit, and conjectures as to whether he was much hurt,

swam in the stormy sea of his mental perceptions, but he could only kick and wink and give utterance to nothing.

On the other side of the room was Eme reposing, not tranquilly like Simp, but doing enough yelling for both. There issued from his throat piercing cries of "help! help! murder! I'm shot!" mingled with sentences expressive of his painful apprehensions that he was about to be scalped and his body was to be most horribly mangled. I assure you, I am not exaggerating a single bit. They were *awfully* scared; so scared they scarcely knew themselves. After awhile when Eme's thoughts became clearer, he wondered where *he* had been hit; and as if the idea was too horrible to remain pent up, he began to shout "Oh! my head! my head!" and when summoning up sufficient courage he felt the said member and failed to discover a bruise, he snatched up a poker and rushed out into the night substituting "Oh! pshaw," for "Oh! my head!" But alas, he was as unsuccessful as Pigeon, and returning to his room, he struck a match and lit his lamp as well as the broken state of the chimney would permit. There he found Simp in the state of imbecility which I have attempted to describe, staring wildly into vacaney; both legs waving mechanically, and winking and blinking with both eyes, as though in an endeavor to wink and kick his mind back into its normal condition. Minor receiving no answer to his friendly and anxious question if he was much hurt, proceeded to administer restoratives. Sundry counter-kicks and sousing with water, together with the mention of some adjectives more strengthening to speech than consoling to person, gradually recalled Simpson to consciousness.

About an hour after, I called on these worthies, in compliance with a request from Fred and John, and found them sitting one on each side of the table, with their heads between their hands, vainly endeavoring to recall some incident which would serve as a clue, Simp looked up as I entered the room; his eyes still had a vacant, meaningless stare, and it took Minor—generally, I should have said, so kind and hospitable—five minutes to say "good evening."

I feelingly inquired into the cause of their seeming depression. Not a word would they say, until after some minutes Minor broke the stillness, his voice sounding low and vengeful through the sulphur-laden air:

"I tell you now, if I ever ketch the man that fired that beastly rocket through my superlative window, I'll be superlatived if I don't murder him alive."

I tried to reason with him on the great preponderance of the punishment over the offence, and hoped he would do nothing rashly.

"I'll be superlatived if I don't help," said Simp, and he glared savagely.

They almost got the idea into their heads that I had done it, and were going to lay violent hands on me. When I had proved an alibi, I asked Minor what he thought it was.

"Blamed if I didn't think it was a comet: yes, I did."

So did Billy Sponsler.

Though it happened in Senior year, I must tell you that story about Spons, just while I think of it. The time of its happening was just after he had failed in inventing that wonderful telescope, and a short time before he had begun to translate Hesiod, and just when he imagined himself to be nightly listening to the music of the spheres, and was most enthusiastic on the subject of astronomy. Every night he would go out star-gazing; every afternoon he lectured to a chosen few in his bed-room, where we were seated before a huge black-board. And the number of movements of the heavenly bodies which he portrayed to our admiring eyes, was truly wonderful. The primitive chaotic confusion was nothing compared to this new system of revolutions. The law of gravitation was an affair altogether too antiquated to enter into his calculation.

Well, one night Jimmy Scarlet was hard at work, when in came Billy excitedly.

"Simon, I've discovered a comet!"

"Nonsense," said Simon, "you've been drinking beer." Then he rubbed his hands and laughed, and it was known he had indulged in a joke.

"No, sir; I tell you I have. I will become immortal. My name will go down to future ages."

"Yes, the mighty genius—the incomparable Bill," and again he laughed.

"Come out, Simon, till I show it to you."

And grasping Simon by the collar, out they went, and stood for about three quarters of an hour, while Billy was sweeping the heavens in vain endeavors to descry the object of his darling hope.

Suddenly "there it is!" he eagerly cried.

"Where?" said Simon.

"Why, right up there over the Seminary. Don't you see it?"

"O! you *fool!* that's only three stars close together."

"Wait till I get on my glasses,"—a long pause. "So it is," said Billy mournfully, "but it did look like a comet a little while ago."

And Billy went off to think of ghost stories to tell in Jake Van Deventer's room on the next Sunday evening.

CHAPTER II.

THE STEALING OF THE ENGINE.

It had been a day of triumph with our class in Princeton. The nine returning victorious from the ball-field, had delighted the hearts of '74 to an extent at that time rarely known. Most of what had been lost in wagers on former matches, had been won back, and the betters—Sam Loose and Jai Stuart—had not found it necessary to “hedge,” nor were either of them heard to inveigh against the vicissitudes of fortune and the playing qualities of our boys. Even Badeau had expressed himself heartily satisfied.

There was unusual quietness in recitation that afternoon. Mose and Dave and Jo Parker refrained from their hilarity to some extent, and in consequence comparative order prevailed, except when Winans and Billy Wilson got up a loud argument on the back seat, and Tom Ricketts and John Reid enlivened the hour with a few counters and guards. It was so quiet that the flies droned, buzzed, and bothered one to sleep. It was too hot to make any noise, but I expected an ebullition when evening's coolness produced some energy. In Chapel there was also unusual silence. Carson, Carter and Co. sang in milder tones than was their wont, and omitted certain voluntary scale-running and extempore quavering, with which exhibitions they were often accustomed to enliven their singing. No fellow knocked the head of his worshiping classmate against the seat, and Beach wasn't half way down the aisle before the “amen” was pronounced.

While Caius Cooke and myself were standing in the campus, discussing Caius' last homily on etiquette, vainly striving to reconcile his *idiosyncrasies* with his recitational references to politeness: and while we were lost in admiration of the Spartan-like heroism and firmness with which he performed that task, which he himself declared to be so deeply revolting to his inner nature—the receiving of disorder marks—I felt a light touch on the shoulder, such light touches as the boys are accustomed to give. Turning, I saw Jim Griggs. Now Jim is not easily excited, and withal used to conduct himself with much dignity. I don't think Jim ever hit a fellow on the back before, and I believe if any one had hit Jim familiarly on the back it would have startled him to such an extent as to cause premature stoppage in the growth of those luxuriant whiskers, which, even in Soph year, were his darling pride and the only object of his constant attention. In view of these facts, it is not strange that I marveled much at Jim's demeanor. He looked more queerly than ever I have seen him before or since. You know how guileless is the general expression of his countenance. Well, as I looked at him I was frightened. I thought, can Griggs have wandered from the paths of rectitude? His eyes flashed with a dangerous light; the mischievous expression of his

countenance was plainly indicative of the existence in his brain of some plot designed for midnight's witching hour.

"Hist," said he; "come here!" And he laid one finger alongside his nose and slowly shut one eye, which we construed to mean secrecy and attention.

"Do you want to have some fun?"

We expressed our perfect willingness to join in any scheme calculated to drive dull care away, and he led the way to his room, where we found a number of exceedingly congenial spirits—kindred spirits. There were Shaw, and Badeau, and Zach Taylor, and Sam Robbins, and Funk, and Jacobs, and several others of night-rambling propensities.

After many mysterious hints from the initiated, and after many entreaties on the part of Cookey and myself, some one informed us of the matter under consultation. Then it appeared that some villainous fireman down in Queenstown had kindly and persistently urged on Jimmy Griggs the expediency of getting up a party for the purpose of stealing the fire-engine of that place from its house and secreting it in the woods, alleging as the reason of his strange suggestion, that the Princeton fire company wanted it, and that the "Queenstown boys" did not mean to let them have it if they could in any way keep it themselves. The plan of the "Queenstown boys" was so obvious and their object in getting up this novel theft so patent, that several of the company demurred to the expedition, urging that if it was undertaken, we would all find ourselves in a trap, and that several broken heads was a treat not much to be relished, and that the sight presented to the eyes of our classmates next morning would be, to say the least of it, astonishing.

Jimmy Griggs, however, insisted that it was all right. He knew the fellows. They were nice fellows. He had known them all his life. There was no danger of any ambush. He scouted at the idea. Indeed, he argued so powerfully in favor of the spree, and painted the delights of it in such glowing colors, that I almost began to doubt whether he was holding fast allegiance to the class, and whether *he* didn't want to see us tearing like mad across fields and tumbling into ditches just for fun. But my faith in Jimmy was too strong, and I banished all fears on that score. He was so thoroughly earnest and argumentative that, if not convinced, he succeeded in persuading us to go. And agreeing to start at 10:30, steal the engine, and run her into the canal, we separated.

The hours passed slowly away. Even whist and poker lost their attractions, so all-absorbing was the interest in this new excitement. Ten o'clock came around, then ten-thirty, and at the appointed hour a crowd assembled on the Campus, unrecognizable in all conceivable sorts of disguises—old stove pipe hats, torn and worn out coats, coats turned inside out, everything and anything the most fertile brain could devise. Nevin, I remember, wore a telescope, which completely cov-

ered his fine, manly features. And now let your historian retire behind the scenes, for in truth he did little on this night but run, which action he performed to the best of his ability.

Two by two the boys filed out of the Campus gate, and took their way to the lower end of town. It was a silent party. The walk was not enlivened by song and jest; no one laughed; no one dared even talk above a whisper, for fear of detection. No one could tell in what dark corner, behind what fence, or around what tree, was concealed some myrmidon of the law. They only accomplished about half the distance when a council of war was held. It then was discovered that no one knew where the engine was, whether in a street, in a shed, locked up or exposed. It was to be hunted for as well as stolen; but as it was not any very delicate, small instrument, which a man could easily put in a very small space, not much doubt was entertained on the subject of being able to come across it. In the meantime Shaw and Badeau had got together apart from the crowd, and, after some interchange of opinions, had arrived at the conclusion that the thing was, at best, somewhat risky. They determined to contrive some plan by which they could guard themselves against the danger of surprise. They put their heads together a little longer, and then hurried back to the main body, and Shaw held forth thus:

“Now, boys, look here; I begin to believe that this is some kind of a scare which has been got up by the snobs. I think somebody's laying for us, and I think we ought to look out for 'em. Don't you think it would be the safest plan to let two fellows keep a little ahead and watch? You know they can see if the engine is where we can get it, and if any one is guarding it.”

Badeau kept adding strength to Shaw's remarks by an occasional “I do;” “certainly;” “that's the best plan;” and, fearful of any dissenting voice, off they both started, after agreeing on a signal, so that the whole party need not keep together. You have no idea of the impressive and solemn manner in which all proceedings were conducted. It was as though an enemy's country was being entered, and there was near at hand a palladium which it was of vital importance to capture. Shaw's speech was like that of some old Roman dictator, counseling prudence and caution, and as for the whole party, in view of the surmise as to a surprise, they couldn't have been more frightened if the street had been paved with torpedoes and their shoes were on fire.

The signal that the engine was all right was to be the whistling of “The Gal I left Behind me;” and, as an intimation of danger, both the scouts agreed to furnish us with a few notes of “St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,” on the same easily available instrument. While the rest were standing shivering in the street, the advance guard reconnoitered. The engine was found standing in a yard. They felt it all over, and assured themselves it was not locked; came mighty near ringing the bell; failed to discover any lurking foe, and set out on their return. For the life of them neither could think of the difference

in the tunes, and neither could tell which tune they were trying to get; they got them mixed up, and in consequence Badeau struck up "St. Patrick," and Shaw boldly waded in on "The Campbells are Coming." The effect on the fellows up street was startling. Everybody stood still, vainly endeavoring to make some distinguishable tune from the jargon of shrill notes sounding from down street. No one could tell whether a regiment of marshals was guarding the engine, or whether it was going to be an easy prey. And down street Shaw and Badeau waited, and blew till they were red in the face, till finally they rushed up street to see what was the matter, and the noise of their running, together with the anxiety and doubt already existing, impressed their comrades with the belief that the whole of Queenstown was up in arms and in hot pursuit. A general stampede was the result, and it took some time to recall the scattered forces, and then at last the main body took up the line of march.

But Shaw and Badeau, still mindful of their welfare, called a halt, and each borrowing a revolver, and procuring a couple of stones, they announced their intention of going a little distance down the road to the canal, so as to guard against any detachment of the enemy advancing from that direction, and thereby putting us between two fires. They argued that there were enough to get the engine, and they deemed that the safety of all must be secured at the cost of their own personal convenience. To this proposition every one assented but Cookey. He wanted to go along, but they wouldn't let him, and started off.

The main body slipped cautiously down street, and only found the engine after much stumbling and fumbling in the dark, and found it with all four wheels tied together with huge cables. It was no light task to get them unloosed, but we went to work in earnest, and unlimbered the machine, and were all prepared for a start. But where are the scouts? Let us go down the road and find them.

Before we go one hundred yards we find them curled up in a fence corner, not daring to speak above a whisper, and gazing fearfully at the houses, which seemed terribly large and terribly near through the darkness. Everything around was perfectly still; not a human being had shown himself; the houses were wrapped in a dead silence; not a light was to be seen anywhere. It seemed as though the village was deserted. And there Shaw and Badeau lay and waited anxiously. The time seemed to move *so* slowly, and it was cold lying there, and they began to grumble:

"Why don't they come?"

"Hist, listen," and both sprang to their feet. Suddenly there was a crash, then a rumble, a clang of a bell, a shout from the boys, and they knew the engine was coming. The advanced guard only waited to know it was rounding the corner, and then away they flew down the road to the canal, looking for an ambush! They might have stumbled into a whole army of Fenians and never seen one of them. The agility they displayed that night in getting over ground,

and the shortness of time which sufficed to put them alongside the canal, if exercised at the Caledonian games, would scarcely have failed to insure them at least one running prize.

I said every house was dark and silent; but you should have seen the change when the noise of the rolling engine broke on the air. The front wheels had scarcely touched the pavement of the street, when instantly, and as if by magic, each house was a glow of light. Not any single flickering ray of light shot out from the windows, but it actually appeared to the startled minds of our classmates as if the place was wrapped in one general conflagration. Truly, it seemed as if each inhabitant of that detestable place had heroically agreed to sacrifice his home and penates to the devouring flame, in order that light might be furnished to track "them infernal students." And out of every window and door came a head and half of a body, and out of every available hiding place came an individual, until about forty men had appeared, and they all joined in pursuit of our friends who were flying down toward the canal, tugging at the old engine. Even with this load they fairly distanced their pursuers. Like the scouts, the rest of the party never made better time. They ran splendidly; too splendidly for Sam Robbins, who, failing to keep up and afraid of being captured if left behind, got on the engine and rode. While the way lay down hill the running was easy, and all they had to do was to guide the engine, and it went fast enough of itself. But, alas! they soon came to a sandy, level bit of road, and the sand clogged the wheels. They tried to pull through it, but the pursuers were gaining on them. They dropped the engine and every fellow took to his heels. They made the bushes and hid. They heard the cries and jeers of the party pulling home the recaptured engine; heard the footsteps and saw the lanterns of some who were searching for them, and when all these sounds had subsided they slunk home cautiously through fields and along hedges. Cookey was caught around the neck, but, you know, Cookey isn't fat, and, after exhorting the fellow to let him go, and declaring dire threats of making him a target for pistol practice if he didn't, Cookey just *slid* from between his arms and took to his heels and away he did go. Not all went home either, for one, the smallest of the party, was so incautious as to walk directly into the arms of a formidable looking snob, and while he was forced to give himself up, his spirit almost vanished also. He was so *badly* frightened.

Shaw and Badeau in the meantime were still making capital time. They reached the canal, went along it at a break-neck speed, and dashed into Potter's woods. Here was the only place on the whole road at which they stopped, and they had good cause to stop; for some dim mysterious figure was seen stalking along down the road right toward them. Out came Shaw's pistol; a sharp report followed, and with a savage bellow an old cow turned and went at a swift gait up the road in front of them. In due time they reached Badeau's room. They sat down. They looked at each other.

"Oh, Lord!" said Badeau.

"Oh, Lord!" echoed Shaw.

They held some further conversation of this entertaining nature and then retired, after expressing a mutual hope that none of their companions had been hurt or captured.

But alas! how futile are human hopes! Before the Chapel bell rang next morning, a rumor had circulated through the College that an attempt had been made, during the night, to steal the Queenstown fire-engine; that the plan had almost been successful, and that a student had been captured and was now in jail awaiting his trial. How mad the initiated few were. Had they only known on the previous night that "Zachary" Taylor had fallen into the hands of evil men, how eagerly and gladly would they have rushed to the rescue. They vowed that there would have been fewer independent voters in New Jersey, had any one attempted to interfere. They expressed themselves in glowing terms; they expatiated on the meanness of allowing a classmate to rot in a dungeon, while strong arms and willing hearts could be found in abundance. You have no idea, you who didn't hear them I mean, you have no idea, how fiery eloquent they got. I remember we had Prof. Schanck in physiology that morning. Some daring soul mounted the steps leading to the chemical-room, and held forth in the strain noted above. The Professor lectured to empty seats that morning, if he lectured at all. Some fellow shrieked "'74 to the rescue;" and, with the exception of a very few brilliant examples of noble independence, we flocked down to the mayor's office, an excited crowd.

At first they wouldn't let us in; insisted that so large a crowd couldn't come in; but we came in at last. Nor was it "seventy-four" alone. Don't you remember that half the College was at our heels? We pushed up stairs, and were carried by the pressure from those below right into the august presence of the formidable magistrate of the borough.

It took many frowns and much red tape to bring the room to the requisite degree of quiet and order; it was packed so tightly that a fly would have experienced no little difficulty in reaching the floor from the ceiling.

"Bring in the prisoner," said his honor. The prisoner being already in, and the fact that if he had not been present, it would have required no little exertion to bring him in without taking the roof off, made the remark seem entirely superfluous, and we indulged in a titter; which exhibition of levity in this court of justice was followed by the loudly-bellowed admonition, "silence." We were then for the first time persuaded we were in the presence of the law's majesty. We had before had some respect for a court of justice, the majesty of the law! Was this it? We had no time for sarcastic reflections, for poor Zach stood up with his accuser.

"Which is the prisoner?" asked his honor, and the question was not uncalled for. For Zach looked the picture of innocence, and the

other fellow—look at any of them along Nassau street! Some one had volunteered to go for Counselor Lytle, and just then he arrived. How we all blessed him! We knew he could get Zach off. He sat down, and knit his brows; he got up and poised himself on one leg; he spake in deep tones; he wrote much and talked little, and looked supremely wise. His Honor hemmed and hawed, and whispered and consulted. They shook their fingers at one another, with “this is the point,” and “now, look here.” We all waited in anxious expectations. Zach was the color of his shirt. I don’t mean by the expression that he was remarkably white; because they had locked him up in a barn all night, and he didn’t look as fresh and neat as he does on ordinary occasions. Well, you all know what a Princeton trial is: how they lay down the law, and threaten to send a fellow to jail or the penitentiary; how they frown and expostulate against the tricks of students and how they finally dismiss a fellow, to appear before the court in Trenton, in case he should be needed. Bail was demanded for Zach. That was a poser; for in default of bail he would be remanded to jail. Who could swear he had enough money to meet the demands of the court?

“I vill go bail,” and we all looked to see the wealthy individual. And who do you think it was? Nobody but “old dutch,” and we all thought “Steve” a hero.

It is only necessary to add, in conclusion, that the Grand Jury in Trenton ignored the bill of indictment for theft, and Zach was never needed in the Capital of New Jersey.

CHAPTER III.

OUR BURIAL—BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAST SOLEMN RITES PERFORMED OVER THE BODIES OF THREE ILLUSTRIOUS GRECIANS.

There is no event—if we except our graduating week—no occurrence belonging so exclusively to '74, as our “burial;” and there is nothing that occurred during our history as a class of which your historian knows so little. There was no other event in which the whole class took a part, and, therefore, no other whose occurrence he would more gladly narrate; but, alas! he was not one of the favored who obtained places on the committee of arrangements.

We obtained permission from the Faculty to bury somebody, or something, and the request for a class-meeting, to determine who should go under the sod, was also granted. It was a momentous occasion. It took us a long time, and it required many remarks to decide the most important points in our deliberations. Brilliant speeches were delivered, many cheers were given, much discussion indulged in, and a great deal of tobacco disposed of, before all the ideas were sifted and the superfluous matter done away with. After about one hour's noisy consideration of the various motions made and plans proposed, the examination of questions was reduced to these two:

I. What are we to do on '72's class-day?

II. Who are to be selected for the arrangement of our plans?

It was then decided that those selected to perfect the plans should act as representatives of the class in deciding “what we were to do.”

Then we separated. And we didn't know one single thing as to what had been done by them, although they had meetings innumerable. They were the most mysterious body of fellows I have ever seen. If you asked them a question, you couldn't get any answer except a most quizzical expression of countenance, and a “wait and you'll see.” We, being participators in the fun, did not feel like waiting until we saw; wanted to be in the secret, and were justifiably angry at being treated like girls, who couldn't keep a secret. But we might growl as much as we pleased, and get as raging in temper as we might, they still kept as reticent as Packard and as quiet as Ed. Deems. It was provoking to have them know all the secrets, and we kept out in the dark. For my part I didn't know what they proposed doing, until one day Jimmy Riggs stepped up to me with such a solemn face that he actually frightened me. I immediately thought of the most dire of punishments, and that was, that the class, convinced of my inefficiency, had resolved to oust me from my responsible position as chronicler of their deeds. But, fortunately, it was not so.

“Come here,” said Jim, authoritatively, as he grasped my arm, and fairly hauled me away into an obscure corner.

“Well,” I tremblingly ventured, “what do you want?”

“I want you to take the part of one of the weeping relicts in our burial.”

When it is remembered that I didn't know whom we were going to bury, you can imagine that I slightly demurred to the request. How was I to know but that I might be required to be Jim Johnson's weeping relict, and you will readily admit that she would be a character whose assumption was not to be envied or desired. I therefore hesitated, until informed that there were to be two other weeping relicts, and that I was to act as the sorrowing survivor of Aeschylus. The two others, I was told, had accepted, and they were Bergner and Tom Ricketts. As "to the pure all things are pure," so to the distinguished all things are distinguished; and, with the promise of having companions so illustrious, and a departed husband so famous, I accepted the onerous position, not without a regret, it must be confessed, for half the class had expected to be appointed to speak, and I was in that half.

But I am anticipating events. I had forgotten to tell you that, in the interests of the class, I undertook to interview one of the committee, he who afterwards figured as Majestic Mercurius. He informed me that, before they had settled upon whom they were to put away, they met forty-one times, and these times increased by several appendixes and a number of addenda. He said that at the forty-second time they had just arrived at a faint conception of what they wanted, and what they were about. He was absent at the forty-third meeting, and at it they decided to bury J. Hart. Think how long it took them to decide on that, and how much time they wasted. They might have known that he would speedily fade out of college life, and, figuratively speaking, perish naturally. So what was the use talking of him.

Well, they did talk of him and thought of him for a long time. But there came a revulsion of feeling. Then they held seventy-five more meetings, with the usual number of appendixes and addenda. DeL. Nicoll presided. They fought, and wrangled, and came mighty near not having any burial at all, until a bright idea entered their minds, and they cried "Greck" with one breath. That was just the thing. There were so many good points and capital jokes to be worked up on that branch; so many splendid hits to be made.

Yet, after they had decided, they were as mysterious as ever. You couldn't worm a thing out of them. They would throw out enough hints to make you absolutely crazy with curiosity, but they *wouldn't* make anything certain. They were so exasperating that some of us had a notion once to drive them into resignation and appoint another committee. They forced us to become so many Tantali, and they personated the fruit. What a nice big banana Wallace was? Riggs and Whitehill, what a pair! Sponsler, what a dear, delicious peach!

They now averaged six meetings a week. And they fought worse than ever. Each one wanted an oration, and, as Jimmy Scarlet says, "it was contrary to the eternal fitness of things that all should speak." They imparted the secret to the class at last, after our stock of patience was well-nigh exhausted. Then we began to make huge preparations. We puzzled our brains in the endeavor after appro-

priate and becoming costumes. We expected lots of ladies, and, of course, we must look our best. Each one expected to be the centre of attraction. Jimmy Scarlet was appointed to make a shield for the swift-footed Achilles; and, after weeks of persistent labor, he produced, in his studio, a huge canvass emblazonment, decorated in the highest style of modern art. His work was pronounced a most splendid success, and he was deputed to carry it.

We worked steadily. No one of the other classes even imagined our scheme. We determined to astonish them by our display, and make '72 perpetually grateful to us for ending their class-day so finely. Weeks before commencement our plans were perfected, and we only waited till the time should arrive for execution.

The grave had been dug the evening before. Everything was ready, and all class-day we were in a ferment of excitement. Would the evening ever come! Promenade concert passed so slowly. The gay conversation and elegantly attired forms of the ladies lost all their attractions under the influence of our greater excitement. We didn't want to see any girls; all we wanted, was to have the hour of meeting arrive.

About half-past ten we all assembled at a stable back of Mrs. Conover's house, which had been kindly loaned to us for the occasion. We were a strange and motley group. Some were dressed in feminine attire. Others were enveloped in sheets, while huge white hats ornamented their heads and concealed their faces from the gaze of the crowd. They looked ghostly in the flickering light which shone from the torches held in the hands of a number. Some carried huge tin horns, on which they occasionally blew a blast, which waked the slumbering echoes. Had any one who was not suspecting a parade, happened to spy us, he would have probably thought us a band of witches or weird enchanters, bent on some unholy expedition, or performing some mystic rites. An ugly, skinny, raw-boned, angular, most sorry looking plug of a horse was attached to an old rickety cart, on which were placed the coffins of the three worthies whom we meant to entomb. They were piled one above the other, and clear on the top, looking impish in the ghastly glare which the torches shed, was Billy Westervelt. Billy struck a fiendish grin when we started, and persevered therein throughout the whole of our solemnities.

After much confusion, and a great deal of time had been consumed in the search for our respective places, we started. We filed out into Stockton Avenue and slowly took up our line of march for the College Campus.

In the meantime, our programmes had been widely distributed among the crowd on the Campus and all were apprised of our design, the order of the procession and our exercises. The following is the programme:

! ATTENTION !

O ANDRES ATHENAIOI !

THE FUNEBRIAL SOLEMNITIES

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE

TRAGICON ENDON

OF THE

DEMOSTHENOS, HOMEROS AND AESCHYLOS

CONDUCTED BY THE

SOPHOMORE CLASS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

OBITUAL OBSERVATIONS.

Expired in Hellas, from a deficiency in respiration, at some ambiguous period, posterior to Troja's disastrous destruction, three imperishable pioneers of Hellenic literature—Demosthenos, the model stump-speaker;—Homeros, "the man with an excited imagination;" and Aeschylus, the immortal composer of tragédious disquisitions. How hypochondriacal their geniuses, which traversed, with indescribable facility, the mazy and mysterious labyrinths of Greek construction!! How copious, sententious, ennobling, sublime, awful their productions!!! While we deplore the irreparable loss which the whole world has sustained, yet a profound and everlasting thankfulness is implanted in our hearts when we reflect that their writings, powerful testimonials of their prodigious intellects have been preserved for the delectation and edification of mankind. O, ye illustrious Argives! O, ye Zeus-born Hellenes! O, ye gracious benefactors! Though your mortal remains are mingled with Greece's soil; though your "souls have passed the melancholy flood with that grim ferryman that Poets write of, unto the kingdom of perpetual night;" though your native land no longer re-echoes your harmonious words, yet the whole universe has caught up the strain, and from *Kametchatka* to the *Cane-aries*, your names shall ever be remembered as

"Three of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

"Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowds about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow,
For three immortal Greeks are low."

LAMPAS. **!!O BASILEUS!!** LAMPAS.

A CHORIAMBIC BAND OF EUTERPE'S.

Music-Breathing Sons.

PHORMINX. [Only one in America.]

LYRE.

2 ÆOLIAN (JEWS) HARPS.

LYRE.

CITHERA.

1 BASE HORN.

CITHERA.

LAMPAS.

LAMPAS.

(Warranted to blow in Hexameter verse.)

!!THE SACRED PRIEST OF APOLLO!!

(Late of Delphi,)

BUCEPHALUS,

(Bred on the Elysian Fields,)

DRAWING THE

SEPULCHRAL CHARIOT.

LAMPAS.

LAMPAS.

THEMISTOCLES.

ATISTIDES.

EURIPIDES.

ARISTOPHANES.

LAMPAS.

LAMPAS.



Three Weeping Relicts,

THE WIDOWS DEMOSTHENOS, HOMEROS & ÆSCHYLOS.

LAMPAS.

LAMPAS.

LACRYMOSE LAMENTERERS.

(Hired for the occasion.)

THE SHIELD OF SWIFT-FOOTED ACHILLES!

(Forged by Vulcan, alias Jim Scarlet.)

LAMPAS.

LAMPAS.

Beaming,
Bearer.

Beaming,
Bearer.

Beaming,
Bearer.

Beaming,
Bearer.

LAMPAS.

LAMPAS.

Following these will be an immense train of
EUPATIDS, GELONTES, DEMURGI,
WELL-GREAVED ACHAEANS, ETC., ETC.
A Squad of HOPLITES (mounted police)
will be in attendance to preserve order.

BANNERS AND ENSIGNS,
with touching inscriptions, will
be dispersed throughout
the procession.

The following lugubrious

DIRGE!

Will be chanted by the procession "en masse."

!!HEPHTHEMIMERAL, PROCELEUSMATIC
ACATALECTIC METRE!!

SCHEME.

V V V V | V V V V | V V V V | V V V V |
V V V | — — — | — — — | V V V |

TUNE—[Homeros, O Homeros.]

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ-Α.

Thee, O Demosthenes, are we lamenting,
Sad are our hearts at thy terrible doom!
Neither thy *γὰρ* nor thy *οὐ* could preserve thee,
Stricken thou wast in thy glory and bloom,
Stricken thou wast in thy glory and bloom.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ-Β.

Homer, O Homer! for thee are we weeping,
Weeping that thou, in thy glory shouldst die!
On thy green grave with our tears we would mingle,
Here a sweet spondee and there a bright *καὶ*
Here a sweet spondee and there a bright *καὶ*

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ-Γ.

Æschylus, Æschylus, thee are we wailing,
Child of the Muses and victim of Greek!
Hushed is thy *φθμυς* by Prosody broken,
Rent is thy jewsharp, and pale is thy cheek,
Rent is thy jewsharp, and pale is thy cheek.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ-Δ.

Καμπε, Καμπε, thee are we weeping
Though thou hast left but these mangled remains;
Yet from their dust shall spring up, to thy sorrow,
Year after year, a great harvest of CANES!
Year after year, a great harvest of CANES!

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΟΠΑ.

—○—

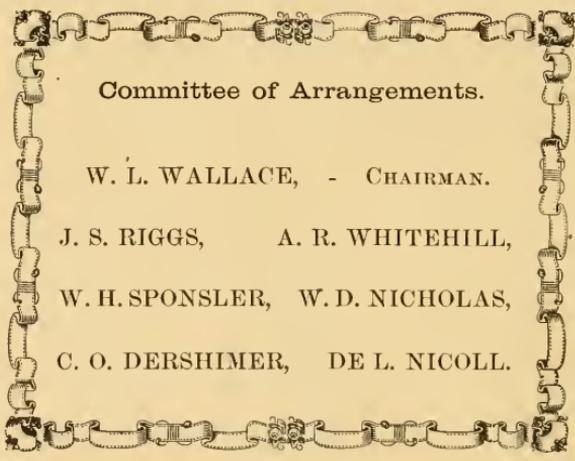
Majestic Mercurius, W. H. Sponsler.
Sweet-toned Nestor, W. H. Wiggins.
Melpomene's Child, W. F. Henney.

—○—

Exercises will commence at 10 P. M.



'74.



Committee of Arrangements.

W. L. WALLACE, - CHAIRMAN.

J. S. RIGGS, A. R. WHITEHILL,

W. H. SPONSLER, W. D. NICHOLAS,

C. O. DERSHIMER, DE L. NICOLL.

'74.

As we went down Nassau street and up through the college grounds, our cries, shrieks, groans and bugle-blasts rent the air, and produced numerous bands of small "great unwashed," who followed us, assisting materially in the cries of lamentation.

Our banners and illuminations were inscribed with fitting and appropriate designs:—"Please to translate, sir." "Take down your feet, sir." "Don't spit on the floor." "Where and why?" "What's the difference between $\chi\rho\eta$ and $\delta\epsilon\iota$?" They elicited shouts of laughter from those who were acquainted with the marked peculiarities and distinctive features of our Greek recitation.

Our worthy President seemed to be especially delighted with the clearness displayed by our talented and witty committee.

Nicoll was "Basileus;" Jo Parker had the "Base Horn;" Westervelt held the reins on the "sepulchral chariot;" Funk, Atherton, Gephart, Marquand, Bruyere, and Canfield, surrounded the "chariot," attired as, and personating, distinguished Grecians. Immediately behind the coffins came the weeping relicts of the dear departed. Ricketts was the wife of Homer, Bergner of Demosthenes, Crawford of Aeschylus. Then came the lamenters, and don't you remember how Mose and Kit yelled. A fellow who was not in their immediate vicinity can form no conception of their lung power on that night. Then came the rest of the boys, strung out as on the programme.

We arrived at the cannon, alongside of which was the common grave, and surrounded the place of interment, a sorrowful and mourning band. We wept bitter, briny tears, and gave vent to our overwhelming grief in sighs and sobs of the most heartrending nature. We pierced the air with wailing cries, and the widows uttered piercing shrieks. They refused to be comforted. Wiggins gently twined his stalwart arm about the slender, fragile form of each, and bade them take heart; he vowed he would be a husband to each of them, but Mormonism didn't suit their tastes; they were deeply insulted by the offer. So great was the grief of Mrs. Homer, and so painful the thought of her loss, that she fainted, and thus unseemly disturbed the solemnities. Somebody threw a whole bucket of water over her, and then she wanted to lick that fellow. Order was restored and the exercises proceeded.

While a band of selected choristers chanted the mournful dirge given above, the funeral pyre was lighted by the sacred Priest of Apollo, represented by Wallace. Then he read a solemn funeral service, which caused another gush of violent emotion.

Majestic Mercurius, Sponsler, was introduced, and delivered an eloquent harangue, eulogizing the dear departed, extolling their virtues, and lamenting their departure. The sweet-toned Nestor, Wiggins, followed, interrupted frequently, as had been the previous orator, with the usual sounds expressive of mourning. He dwelt largely on the irreparable loss suffered by the class, but especially on the untold calamity which had fallen upon the dearly loved help-mates of the departed sages, whose only stay and comfort they had been.

When he had finished, an interval was given for lamentation. The pyre was burning brightly, and lit up the faces of the class, and the ring of fair damsels who had assembled to witness the pageantry of death.

In a few moments Melpomene's child, Henney, ascended the bema, and, in a tone expressive of resignation under affliction, read the following

P O E M :

Kai yap! kai yap! O land of love!
 What is it that I see?
 The Sophs in mourning garb arrayed!
 Φ ε! Φ ε! alas! ah me!
 And would you ask me why we grieve?
 And how these woes befell?
 Ah! I must pray the sacred Nine
 The dreadful tale to tell!
 Ye muses from the blissful height
 Of the Aonian hill;
 Ye Nymphs that grace the woodland shades,
 And haunt the silver rill;
 O ye, to whom the laurel wreath
 And crown of Fame belong—
 Ye glories of the ages past,
 Inspire my humble song!
 For men whose names are as the stars
 In heaven's azure bright,
 Forgotten by a careless world,
 Demand our tears to-night.
 Old Homer, with his sightless eyes,
 And flowing locks of snow;
 And Æschylus, whose play of life
 Is ended here below;
 Demosthenes, who lives again
 In Westervelt, the small—
 Above the bier of such as these
 Let tears of pity fall!
 And now, before we lay their dust
 With sighs and groans away,
 It well befits us to inquire
 How came they here to-day?
 By the Ægean's silver wave,
 Peaceful, great Homer slept,
 Unmindful that above his tomb
 All Greece, in sorrow, wept.
 By Princeton's raging, dread "canawl,"
 One mighty Prof. held rule,
 Who drove the meek-eyed Sophs about
 Like boys in boarding school.
 This lordly Prof. one day announced
 To all the Sophs, most sad,
 That they, beneath his watchful care,
 Should read the Iliad.
 We read the book with aching heads,
 We sighed its pages o'er,
 And gathered our disorder marks
 From spitting on the floor.

At last there came a fatal hour,
 A joyous, dreadful time,
 When our great Prof. read off the song
 In Derby's cantering rhyme!
 This moved the world. Ægean's shore
 Gave up her mighty dead,
 And swift to Nassau's classic Halls
 Great Homer's spirit sped!
 His flashing eye, and shadowy form,
 No playful sham could be,
 As in the Greek recitation room,
 He faced Professor "C——!"
 "ὦ ἀνθρώπε," the spirit said,
 'ὦ ἀνθρώπε most vile,
 And hast thou dared λεγεῖν my song,
 In Derby's κακός style?
 And if thou hast, ὦ Καμαρε,
 Guard thee as best thou may!
 For *μα* old Ζευς, no learned lore
 Shall save thy κεφαλή.
 Then our Professor bold replied:
 Γαρὼν ὦ Ὅμερε,
 I don't ὄρω for what cause
 Your ghost appears to me.
 But why I read the Derby "Trans."
 I straight will λεγω thee;
 I wanted just to "bore" the class
 That had been "boring" me!
 "ὦ Καμαρε," the ghost replied,
 Your coming doom foreknow;
 And do not dare to βουλομαι
 Whene'r I ἐθελω!
 The Sophs shall spit tobacco-juice
 Just when and where they please;
 And if you try to baffle them,
 I'll send you back to "grease." (*Greece.*)
 And now I'll whisper in your ear
 What will your wrath revive:
 You've disagreed with '74,
 Beware of '75!
 The spirit ceased. Up sprang our Prof.,
 All trembling in his ire;
 His form was swelled to mighty bulk,
 His eyes they flashed with fire!
 "Ghost of departed Ὅμερος,
 You shall not me defy;
 Although you know the use of χρη
 I'll teach you how to δεῖ!
 With that, from Greek roots on his desk,
 (Of which there was a row,)
 He snatched up dire ἀπὸλλυμι,
 And smote a fearful blow!
 On Homer's skull the dreadful root
 Descended with a crash;
 It dislocated five front teeth,
 And sent his jaws to smash!
 It knocked his mighty clavicle
 Into a spot of grease,
 And melted all his vertebrae

As by some dire disease!
 Thus fell old Homer's ghost, at last,
 (For ghosts have bones, you know,)
 And then our Prof. looked calmly on
 The dreadful scene of woe.
 With stern command he bade us take
 The pieces all away;
 And mark the dreadful doom of those
 Who dared him disobey!
 We gathered up the dear remains,
 And brought them here to-night;
 And that is just the reason why
 You see this doleful sight.

"And yet," you ask, "what of the rest,
 For there are coffins three?"
 Ah! they are but the winding up
 Of this dark tragedy.
 Demosthenes, whene'er he heard
 Of Homer's murder drear,
 He hastened at the grave to shed
 The sympathizing tear.
 But when he saw the woeful sight
 His anger knew no bound;
 He sprang upon the Grecian Prof.
 And smote him to the ground.
 "Ἀνόρες Ἀθαλάτοι," he cries,
 And then his accents cease;
 That great and mighty orator,
 He wished him back in Greece.
 For quick the Prof. in anger shouts:
 "Why make you all this stir?"
 "Twould be as well, perhaps, to speak
 A little louder, sir!"
 The *Δεῖ* was cast. Demosthenes
 Fell dead, as thunder-riven!
 And vainly for his murdered friend
 And vengeance had he striven.
 And now a shoe-box holds his corpse
 Far from his native land,
 And o'er his grave our Princeton gun
 As sentinel shall stand.

And now, the saddest tale of all
 Our Muse in tears shall tell;
 For round the theme bright Genius weaves
 Her soft and pleasant spell.
 That little, jewelled, rosewood box,
 Which with the rest you see,
 Contains the dust of *Æschylus*,
 Who died of *Prosody*!
 Our Prof. once nailed him to the "board"
 With harsh, iambic bands,
 And drove great *Trochees* through his head,
 And *Dactyls* through his hands.
 His ankles *Spondees* firm confined;
 His slender waist around
 A network of *Di-Trochees* harsh
 Most cruelly were bound.

And why all this? Because, inspired,
 He sang a simple lay,
 And, careless of the critic's sneer,
 Held on his joyous way.
 We gathered round the black old board,
 "Λεε! Φεε! Φεε!" we cried,
 And 'midst our pitying groans and tears
 He withered up and died.
 We bore away his mangled form,
 And brought it here to rest,
 Where not a root shall him disturb,
 Or law of verse molest!

"And what of him," it may be asked,
 "Who brought us all this woe?"
 "Does he continue on the earth
 To wander to and fro!"
 Mark well our answer: While the wind
 Shall ruffle Ocean's breast;
 While night returning brings to man
 The blessed boon of rest;
 While Winter with his icy touch
 Shall crown the earth with snow;
 While speeding moments in their flight
 Shall mingle joy and woe;
 While summer with her lily hand
 Shall deck a world with flowers;
 And Autumn touch with golden tints
 The green of Beauty's bowers;
 While man shall learn in College Halls
 When *χρη* is used for *Δεε*,
 And Freshmen answer, year by year,
 The question "*Where and Why?*"
 So long, by Princeton's classic walls,
 That Prof. shall wake and sleep,
 Who murdered those, with ruthless hand,
 For whom, to-night, we weep.
Φεε, Φεε! alas! ah me! *αι! αι!*
 How still and cold they are!
 Now weep, ye Sophs! alas! farewell!
Και γαρ, και γαρ, και γαρ!

Then we wailed and wept again, slowly made our way through the sympathising crowd, and, retiring to the ball-field, divested ourselves of our funeral garments. The wild, hideous voices died away, the mourning figures appeared clad in the vesture of every day life; we repaired to the hotels and held a wake.

Thus ended our burial, universally pronounced the best Princeton had ever seen, and considered the best she would see for many years.

I had almost forgotten to speak of the grave diggers, who had all the enjoyment of preparation on the night before class day. Not having been favored with an invitation to assist, I can do nothing more than give you their names: Bergner, Scarlet, Nicholas, Nicoll, S. Cooke, Dersheimer, Peckett, Whitehill and Riggs, while old Bart rendered material service with the wheelbarrow.

SOPHOMORE YEAR INCIDENTS.

How we sang "Where, Oh! where are the verdant Freshmen!" when we came back at the beginning of Sophomore year. We sincerely pitied the poor little unfortunates who were obliged to recite to their tutors while we, advanced in mind to giants, were honored to meet Professors. We were large, extremely so.

Of course, hazing began immediately; and we nightly terrified Freshmen, made them sing songs, make speeches, smoke pipes, dance, stand on their heads in the corner and perform all sorts of entertaining and amusing feats.

I remember one night we started for a room away up in the top story of Re-union Hall. It was the darkest place you could imagine and we stumbled around uncomfortably in the ascent; but we got up at last. We found the Freshmen whom we were seeking, comfortably seated in their rooms, at least, we imagined they were; for we couldn't get in or even look in. The provident young men had, in time of peace, prepared for war, and they had a huge collection of chairs and tables and beds and sofas piled against the door. The barricade resisted all our attempts at entrance. The only satisfaction we had was stamping about out in the hall, uttering terrible threats, and avowing dread vengeance. But we couldn't persuade the Freshmen to let us in, by any promises of letting off easy, or in any way at all. So we left, pledging ourselves to administer a merited chastisement on the next night.

Next night didn't disappoint us in its due arrival, and meeting in front of the Hall, we silently and cautiously ascended the stairs. If anything, it was darker than on the preceding night. Somebody kicked the door and it came open just a little bit. The impetuous George, our fiery Jacobs, seized the opportunity and dashed into the room. We concluded not to follow him when we saw the inside. There stood an irate old gentleman, who fixed his eye on George, and George tried to get out. He couldn't; the old gentleman locked the door and put the key in his pocket. He was the father of the Freshmen. We, on the outside, had a big notion to run; but we considered that the old gent couldn't see. So we stopped and listened.

"O, you bad boy!" said the old gent.

George didn't reply to the salutation.

"O, you very bad, bad boy!" said the old gent again.

George was about to say something, but the old gent wouldn't let him.

"Don't you know you are a very bad boy?" The old gent evidently expected an affirmative answer. George didn't give it; but he began to think that he must be horribly and revoltingly wicked.

"These two boys are my sons, and you were about to torment them, you bad boy!"

I could see George through the keyhole. The bad boy looked at the *two* boys, and they laughed at him.

“Don’t you know it is very wrong to haze?” The idea had never struck George in that light. He expressed himself accordingly, and threw in, gratis, some words denoting deep contrition.

Then the old gent warmed up, and how he did give it to poor Jake, who sat there trembling. We would have broken in, but we were afraid the old gent would button-hole *us*, and we already felt that we were degraded sinners, not needing any further condemnation.

The old gent told Jake he would use his own pleasure and discretion about reporting him to the Faculty; and Jake was frightened until he reflected that his name was not known. Then imagine his horror when he saw the old gentleman in Dr. McCosh’s recitation the next day, and heard his name called for recitation! I tell you then Jake was scared; so scared he couldn’t recite with his usual brilliancy, and sat down after a very abrupt “that will do to-day, sir.”

We had our cane spree with '75. We thought we beat them, and they thought they beat us; so the affair ended amicably on all sides. John Reid performed prodigies of valor, and spoiled his fame by talking about his deeds.

About this time the “Bloods of '74” were formed. It was a society, and a mighty society. It consisted of Paton, Neff, Van Deventer, Williamson, Walker, Loose and Crawford.

They did lots of things—kindled numbers of fires, tore down lots of fences and gates, smashed lots of lamps, etc.—but their crowning feat was the publishing and placarding our proclamation to '75. They called in some fellows to assist them, and these afterwards became members. The society didn’t exist long after the issuing of the proclamation. That feat was too much for them; it took all their energy. This was the proclamation:

FRESH! FRESH!

Whereas it has seemed fit to the Guardian Angel of Nassau Hall to move our hearts with

COMPASSION

For the fresh and tender band of young hopefuls (?) who have so lately come among us; and whereas, we recognize and appreciate

THE CHEERFUL MANNER

With which they have submitted to our restrictions in all manners and forms: therefore be it resolved, that we, the Class of '74, do hereby grant

PERMISSION

To the Freshmen to carry canes, without any molestation from said class, on and after Chapel stage week. In affirmation of which we do hereby affix our hand and seal, on this the 23d day of October, A. D. 1871.

[SEAL.]

CLASS OF '74.

There was a deal of fun sticking up those placards. We stuck them every place; were getting along finely and just about through, when up went a window in East, and Badeau stuck his head out. Into that head entered the idea we were burglars. He forthwith got out his pistol and began shooting and bawling "thieves! thieves!" How we did go behind trees! And we had to stand there until Badeau had emptied all the chambers of his revolver.

We tried to get up a class cut in the first session, and made a most egregious fizzle. Some of the class were sent away for hazing, and we heroically determined to bring them back or perish with them. We would defeat the projects and decrees of the Faculty. Yes, indeed, we would. We would show them we had some spirit and spunk, and *wouldn't* be made children of. They shouldn't send us home with impunity and no one raise a dissenting voice. Hanged if they should. We raved around, and stormed and swore we would have our rights and our classmates restored. We made big calculations. Whigs and Clios met in their respective Halls, and transacted lots of business; held huge indignation meetings. We appointed a committee with a high-sounding name: The High Joint Commission for Inquiring into—we didn't know what. They met the Faculty and tried to scare them. The Faculty would not scare worth a cent. The fellows couldn't come back till the Faculty chose to let them. Then we made a great show of starting to our rooms to pack our trunks, and go home. But nobody went. Some fellows more sensible than the rest, moved that we be prudent and go back to recitation. We wouldn't do it, and got mad at the dissenters. We vowed vows of vengeance against them. We would never speak to them; never have the least particle of a thing to do with them; never. After all our threats were exhausted, we ended by sternly declaring that we wouldn't *vote for any of them for any of the class-day orations*. We considered that the crowning act of vengeance. But to make them suffer more deeply from our censure, your historian, after repeated requests, solemnly promised and assured the generous body of "Cutters," that he would write a perfectly scathing account of the reprobates, to be published in the immortal pages of our Class History and to go down to posterity as a lasting, enduring monument of their infamy and perfidy.

We fumed around for a whole day, then crawled into recitation and tried to imagine we had not endeavored to get up a cut.

Jake Walker, Billy Smith and some more fellows used to cut up in Chapel. Their conduct didn't meet with the approbation of the Faculty, and they left us for some days, to meditate in the retirement of their homes.

We had an election on November 25th, and speeches and a bon-fire in the evening. '74 was represented on the rostrum by Gov. M. Smith, of South Carolina, Maj. Gen. W. H. Sponsler, of Pennsylvania, and other distinguished gentlemen.

We got so proud of our abilities on the foot-ball field, that instead of challenging classes we used to throw down our gauntlet to the

whole College. But we were always sharp enough to wait until there were but few on the Campus; then we would go in.

Jerry Bingham, one night, unwittingly walked into a room where some Freshmen were regaling themselves. Jerry got too sociable and communicative after a while. In the course of his remarks he let slip some remarks eulogizing '74 and detracting from the merits of '75. Those then and there assembled laid violent hands on Jerry; they administered a practical lesson on the government of the tongue. They stood Jerry on his head, in the corner, with his face to the wall. He left, when released, uttering dire threats, to be put in execution when he caught them by themselves.

We had a great many fires in Soph year, and the boys were very heroic on some occasions. They used to rescue valuable furniture and carry it to safe places. They got their clothes spoiled and enjoyed themselves. Once a crowd, assembled to witness a conflagration, were highly delighted with the sight of S. Cooke and Van Deventer, hurrying out of the house and across the street, carrying in each hand—unmentionable articles of chamber furniture. Jake's spilled.

One night Williamson and another fellow were enjoying a stroll, and warbling sweetly (?) as only they could warble, when a blind was turned, the outline of a female form was plainly seen. Imagination did the rest. It must be, it couldn't be any other than some beautiful girl, charmed by the entrancing melody of their music. They stopped under her window and sang. Oh! how they sang. It was magnificently discordant. There they staid for about half an hour, and every moment the shutter came further open. They remembered the tales of romance and chivalry, and records of notes dropped by admiring females from airy balconies. They watched for the note; or, perhaps it might be a glove; or, she might lean too far over and drop herself. They waited anxiously, and whispered low endearing terms. Suddenly, open wide flew the shutter, and out came, not the fair Grecian head, crowned with a glorious circle of golden hair, which they had imagined, but the ugliest, blackest old wench you ever saw, with the most horribly woolly head you could ever imagine. Their explosion was moderate; they restrained themselves. "The Devil!" was all they said, and left.

Lyman Biddle used to tell me that he wanted me to write a long account of some night ramble, or dark spree, in which he took part, and which occurred at Lawrenceville. It must have been a terrible affair, for I never saw a man so reticent and mysterious. He used to nod, and wink, and look solemn, all in turn, in the oddest and most mystifying way. He never would tell me, but directed me constantly to some other participator. The story was either awful for him to narrate, or else he took a most prominent part in the affair, and was afraid that, on account of his proverbial modesty, he wouldn't do himself justice. Whatever was the reason, the class has undoubtedly lost the recital of a highly entertaining and diverting anecdote.

Since writing the above, I have learned the reason of Lyman's

reticence. No wonder he didn't want to tell. It was an awful crowd for one so young and fair to be with.

Briefly told, the story is this: They hired a hay-wagon from Gulick and went down to Lawrence. They got off at the school; broke into the school-room and tore it completely up; and then wakened everybody by ringing the bell. As soon as people began to move around, they mounted their wagon and drove off toward Pennington. On their way, they saw a cornfield and they set it on fire. Then satisfied with proceedings, they came home. Is it any wonder Lyman kept silent?

JUNIOR YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

OUR OARSMEN—BEING A REVIEW OF '74'S BOATING CAREER FROM FRESHMAN YEAR UP TO THIS TIME.

Seventy-four, throughout all her course, but especially in Junior year, had a boat crew. It was at a time when a gymnastic *furor* had settled upon the whole College. Dumbbells and Indian Clubs were the order of the day. Every room became a miniature gymnasium. Tape lines were daily brought into requisition, and the biceps began to be most studiously observed. Billy Westervelt, even, was seized with the mania, and, forgetting his oratorical resolve, might have been seen any day in the gymnasium, diligently hauling at the weights or describing graceful curves on the rings. Compton attended for a while quite regularly, until he hit himself several times on the head with the clubs, and then he desisted. Fatty Lewis went one day, but finding himself locked in when he wanted to go to dinner, and, on account of the detention, arriving late at that meal, he resolved that the welfare of his stomach was of more consequence than the acquisition of muscle, and never went again. Berg and Jai forewent the pleasures of loafing in their sanctum and practised daily. One unacquainted with the vacillating character of our friends, might have thought that this change for the better, this praiseworthy start in the work of reform, would be permanent, and would be followed up with greater efforts by the occupants of No. 3 North Reunion. But the principle was not deep-seated, and they relapsed into a worse state than they were in before. For, before this melancholy time, they daily promised to get new chairs, and fix their room up nice and comfortable for visitors; but from this time forward they made no promises, and got positively impudent when any one kindly remonstrated with them. And, in addition to having broken furniture, they persisted in keeping on their mantel-piece two of the most horrible, worst-looking statuettes that ever shocked the poorest æsthetic taste.

But the fellows of whom I am now writing, were men of a different stamp—they were determined on the cultivation of their muscle—and so '74 had a boat crew in Junior year. A genuine boat crew—a crew possessed of lots of strength; heavy-weights, in fact.

Not like that miserable affair in Fresh year, of which every one was captain, and in which Bradford pulled stroke, and Gordon bow. Gordon was the *worst* bow-oar you can imagine; he invariably ran into a bank in every hundred rods, or hit his head on a bridge, and rudely expetived against both banks and bridges. And that was altogether the funniest crew you ever saw, with one brilliant excep-

tion, viz: Billy Sponsler's crew in Soph year, in which Billy pulled stroke, or rather the worst combination of crabs and strokes that ever pained the sensitiveness of an oarsman.

I used to go out with both crews, and I know how they worked. They used to have harder luck than any crowd of fellows I know, especially the Fresh year crew. They would always find the railroad bridge swung back, the boat house within the aggravating distance of fifty feet, and no way of getting at it except by walking a quarter of a mile to one of the other bridges; and after arriving at that point, they were always sure to find that bridge unswung, and the fellow at supper, from which repast he would not rise until he had finished; or just as they would come down the Canal street road their eyes would be gladdened by the sight of about sixty canal boats, numerous schooners and a sprinkling of tugs, all passing that point,—and they were obliged to wait. When they would get to the boat-house and bring the boat out, they would pretty nearly upset getting in; and when the word was given "to trim boat," I have seen them all go to one side of the boat and thereby disturb the equanimity of all on board.

In addition to these obstacles and discomfitures, no one at the canal knew them; no bridge-keepers would swing open the bridges, and the keepers' children would shamefully maltreat them. I have known the little urchins to get on the bridge, and while the boys were pushing under, all lying flat on their backs in the boat to avoid striking their heads, the ragamuffins would drop sand and fine gravel down into their faces. At such times Gordon always wanted to get out and fight, but he was restrained.

And Billy's crew in Soph year was just as bad. I *never* saw a crew catch so many crabs, and fall around so much in a boat. They were continually meeting with mishaps, running into the bank and staving in the bow, or breaking an out-rigger, or unshipping the rudder. One day, late in the spring, they got bold and made a resolve that henceforth they would row with their shirts off, bare-backed. They only tried it two days; and for two weeks thereafter you couldn't go near them to touch them without being pretty nearly annihilated. Their backs were all blistered and they felt *so* sore.

But the crew I started to speak of, was like neither of these; they were made of sterner stuff. They were plucky and strong, they didn't run into banks, for Fred was a splendid steerer; they didn't burn their backs, because they were not such fools as to take off their shirts. There were Dave and Fred and Mose and Lyman and Jake and Snooze. Snooze pulled stroke and Fred pulled bow. I believe it an established rule in rowing, that the lightest man shall always be put in the bow. They went out rowing every morning; and you could always tell when they were going out, so that if you desired to see a really fine exhibition of rowing, all that was necessary was to get up early and go down to the canal.

On each evening directly after mail, up to Remmon they would saunter, one after another, and each one raise his voice in an imploring appeal to Jake to wake them in the morning. This point settled, off

they would wander, and the boat crew was forgotten until the following morning about five o'clock, when Jake's stirring voice would be heard calling his sleeping crew from their slumbers, and bidding them prepare for a row. And then the occupants of the College buildings used to pour down maledictions on Jake's head for rousing them at such an unseasonable hour. It was this rising so early, and this severe training which caused such a diminution in flesh in the persons of Buck and Mose, and made Lyman so sprightly and athletic.

One morning they got under way finely; everything was working like a charm; every fellow was doing his best; "the spruce blades bent as they sent the spray in glittering showers far astern." Not a hair was turned; not a drop of perspiration was seen; not a single labored breath had been drawn. Suddenly a canal boat hove in sight. "Can we pass it?"

"Yes, easily," said Buck; but the pesky thing swung into the middle of the channel.

"Let us go under the rope," said Fred, looking around.

Under the rope they started to go, when suddenly it tightened and caught an outrigger.

"Let us jump," said Lyman, springing up.

"Sit still," cried Fred in stentorian tones, (for his tones are stentorian, except when he tries to sing tenor).

"But we shall be drowned," shrieked Lyman.

"Hit him with an oar," yelled Mose.

All this time the boat was rocking from side to side, taking in water and threatening to go under at every lurch; and Lyman, who had risen to his feet, was plunging about most recklessly.

"If you don't sit down, I'll drown you myself," growled Dave.

But Lyman wouldn't be seated, until some one, not kindly, but forcibly, assisted him.

Reader, think of submersion under that storm-tossed sheet of raging water; think of what a damp, wet, disagreeable resting-place that would be; think of lying among the hulls of once stately canal boats, heaps of boat treasures, and remnants of defunct felines and canines, whose necks having been furnished with amulets, had been hurled

"Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world."

When you allow your mind to cognize these fearful images, can you wonder at the trepidation of our friend? Who can tell how thoughts of home and friends loomed up before him as he gazed upon the cruel, cruel water? Oh! Freddy, and Mose, and Dave, you fellows should have remembered that you could swim, but that Lyman was not a wharf-rat. You ought to have respected his feelings, and not made fun of him so meanly. They were not upset; the boat was disengaged and they proceeded on their way.

This is but a specimen of the dangers through which these intrepid navigators were obliged to pass in their arduous endeavors in the way of training. In going under a bridge, Freddy would always

imagine some one was too high, and when, with commendable generosity, he would raise his own head to tell him of it, a sharp rap against the wood would serve to remind him that self-preservation is the first law of nature.

These fellows rowed a race once with the University Crew, in which the latter gave them one minute's start. They beat the 'Varsity, but when they came in they all looked remarkably like a wornout lot of humanized porpoises.

By the law of association, a story relative to the canal comes to my mind, and although the incident occurred in Senior year, I will tell it now. It is about John—John, who roomed in North, and came from Pennsylvania—John, who sat beside Henny and talked so much in recitation—*that Rope-in.*

You all remember the excitement which was felt in Princeton on the occasion of the discovery that a crime had been committed on the borders of the canal. And you doubtless all remember how many vigilance committees were started to ferret out the author of the crime; how Spens, and Jim Scarlet, and Berg, had a chain of circumstantial evidence in which was wanting but one link, and that was the one by which the chain was to be fastened. Well, John was at the head of one of these committees, and as he in consequence took a great interest in its success, he determined to go to the scene of the murder and inquire, and, if need be, confront some person with the villainy. So, marching boldly up to the tavern at the basin, John accosted the proprietor of "ye ancient hostelry," Mr. C——.

"Good *morning*, Mr. C——," said John.

"Ugh, good morning, sir," responded Mr. C——.

"Fine morning, Mr. C——; a little *frosty*, but *fine*."

"Yes; what's the news at Princeton about that little affair down here?"

"*Well*," said John boldly, "they have their suspicions on the man that *did it*."

"They have, hey! Who do they say did it?"

"Why, they say you murdered him, Mr. C——."

"The devil they do," was the angry response to John's direct attack.

John, with a look of great surprise: "Why, didn't you, *Mr. C——?*" *

* Words in italics are to be read with a rising inflection.

CHAPTER II.

THE COTERIE.

There was another institution in Junior year, in addition to the boat club. Its originators deserve mention, and the date of its foundation ought to be noted, for though possessed of but few members, it exerted a great influence in our class, and proved very beneficial to those who were fortunate enough to gain admittance to its esoteric circle. It was "the Coterie." It was started in the winter of Junior year. The original idea of its founders was to make it a reading club, and its meetings were to be open for any disputations concerning any subject in the whole field of literature. So, you see, nothing could be argued against the wideness of its scope. I attended some of their meetings, and found them extremely interesting, although on some occasions the disputes ran high and diverged strikingly from the original subject under debate. It was founded by Billy Sponsler, Jai Stuart, Bergner, Jim Scarlet, and some other fellow whom I never met at any meetings, and who, I therefore imagine, was not a very active nor brilliant member.

Billy used to read Shakspeare and his voice used to sound grandly, and his renditions of favorite passages were excellent. The more you would talk to him, the more he would read, and so they used to poke at him and keep him reading all night long. The beauty about it was, that Billy was accommodating enough to do it, and he favored us at every request, until one night Jai made fun of him, "because he hadn't any inflection and never changed his voice up or down." What did Jai know about inflection? Billy argued, and then made fun of the up and down part of the sentence. But Jai wasn't to be put off that way, and called Billy "Boom! Boom!" for a long time afterward.

Well, after Billy had finished Shakspeare, some one else would read from another author. Then some one would get out an essay and read it, and all would pass criticisms upon it. The latter, however, was only done on special occasions, that is, the reading of the whole paper; but no fellow ever wrote a pretty sentence that did not receive the approbation and applause of all. No one performed a doubtful act or indulged in any vice to too great an extent, that he was not sharply reprimanded therefor.

During their incipency, they were quiet, peaceable, not easily moved to anger one against the other. But after awhile the novelty of the reading wore off, and they had recourse to other means of spending the meeting night. They then got up the worst little squabbles. A member couldn't make a remark, but some one would declare a word in it was wrongly used. I knew them to argue two days and a half on the meaning of one word, and they didn't settle it after all. If you pronounced a word a little doubtfully, the whole

crowd would be at you, and after agreeing together that you were wrong, they would invariably disagree as to which of themselves was right. One time, I remember, they got up a dispute on the pronunciation of "Belvedere," and even Jai couldn't settle the point, though he was "awful on pronounciation." They sent a delegation to look at the dictionary; it went, returned and reported the word as being inflected in its way. Another was started and came back disagreeing with the first, and declaring the pronounciation as *it* had previously said. Finally, they all went in a body, and found that none had been right.

Again they started an argument—Jai and Billy did; they used to start them all. They started an argument on the requisite qualities which, taken in combination, made up that rarity, a perfect gentleman. They began right after dinner, and cut recitation to settle the question. I came in after Chapel and heard them argue until supper time, when the case was adjourned over to be resumed after that meal had been disposed of. At it they went after supper, and when I called to say good-night at bed-time, Billy was laying down the law to Jai with *extreme volubility*.

The funniest thing was to hear them talk about descending to personalities in debate. They all agreed it was the last resort of defeated argument; and asserted, time without number, that it was a most despicable way to try to bully down an antagonist. And after all, they wouldn't talk five minutes, until Jim would begin to be sarcastic to Billy, dwelling on his splendid attainments, and vast store of intelligence, and inferring that it was remarkable how any one of such brilliant acquirements could hold and advocate opinions so erroneous. Jai would satirize them both in good round terms; and then they would turn on Jai, with remarks about stupid, fat people, and make fun of his feet, of which organs Jai was immensely proud; while Berg, looking calmly down from the height of his journalistic dignity, would laugh at the whole three.

Through all their meetings ran a pleasant vein of humor. Jimmy's jokes were a source of never-failing delight, and furnished lots of merriment when the hours passed slowly. It being impossible to work them out by any process of mental arithmetic known under the sun, it was customary to reduce them to writing, and illustrate them by choice sketches from Billy's ready pen, and then they were put up on the wall, in order that chance visitors might aid in deciphering them. I distinctly remember one of Jimmy's most abstruse which puzzled the minds of all for nearly a week, and almost put "Slops" into distraction; and when Jimmy was asked for the solution he had forgotten what his original remark was!

The fellow whose name I have forgotten or never heard mentioned, used to go up and stay all night with Jai when Berg was away. These two would behave shamefully. They would go over to town and get ale and take it to the room and drink it, and then sit up half the night discussing "the loves of the angels," meaning, by that poetic phrase, their own loves in the Keystone State. Occasionally Billy

would join them, and would monopolize two-thirds of the bottles. The next day he would come around swearing life was a bore; and expressing some metaphysical doubts most startling to those not acquainted with all the facts in the case.

The friendship existing among the members was very sincere. On one occasion one of them asked the hand of another in marriage, and was accepted. The terms of agreement were that they were to travel together around the world, and mutually aid one another in life's battles, and heaps more of sentiment. Wedding cards were about to be issued, when a fight occurred between the affianced pair, and the marriage was indefinitely postponed. I have never been informed whether the consummation so devoutly wished has as yet taken place.

The Coterie held together from the time of its birth, throughout both Junior and Senior years, and, I have firm reason to believe, is still existing. They occasionally did some queer things outside of their literary pursuits. Three of them went out for a stroll one afternoon, in Senior year, and only two went to chemistry lecture, of which two one fell to hiccupping, and was obliged to leave the room. One night they went to call on a learned doctor of the common law. There they were regaled, not with Horace's choicest Falernian, but with "Hankins' best," flavored with some spirited reading, by the learned lawyer, from his own compositions and orations. They were all there that night except Jimmy, and he was busily engaged in polling John Stuart Mill for the next meeting, when he hoped to annihilate somebody.

Long live the Coterie! May the influence which her members exerted while in College be but typical of better and nobler exertions to lead mankind aright in life. One is making his power felt in the State of his nativity; may the rest do likewise. May the remembrance of the good old times spent together be fresh and green in each one of their hearts, and may the members of the Coterie be welcome to each other, wherever, whenever, and however found.

JUNIOR YEAR INCIDENTS.

Upper class-men at last! The two years of patient waiting and toil were over, and we were really Juniors. Our pride was of an excusable and commendable type. We were not so meanly proud as at the beginning of Soph year. We didn't think now, as we did then, that we were the most important beings in College, and that if our existence would cease, by any means, the whole universe would feel the void. We didn't think now that we knew more than all the other classes put together; that we could receive no instructions from the Professors, because they didn't know enough to impart anything to us. In fact, we didn't now consider ourselves omniscient and omnipotent. We recognized the abilities of the class above us, and looked down at the classes below us without the least hauteur; we even permitted them to become familiar and address us by our first names, and and slap us on the back, and say "old boy," and were altogether much more condescending as Juniors than we had been as Sophomores.

We took a lively interest in the affairs of '76; watched over them tenderly as their proper and constituted collegiate guardians; fed them in their nests until they were able to fly, and warded off Sophomore hawks and Senior eagles. We hallowed for them on the ball field, and supported them in their cane spree, and gave them the benefit of our wise counsel and vast experience.

We made many splendid resolutions for Junior year. We would take notes on all lectures; we would study some, enough to maintain a creditable standing in class. But our time we meant to devote to reading. Read, how we intended to read, and what didn't we intend to read? I have seen fellows sit calmly down, and with solemn demeanor and most determined faces, map out a course of reading, the most voluminous you can imagine. One I remember was bent, had fully resolved, to read the histories of all the nations of the world from the creation down to the present time; and as each nation's chronicles were finished, he declared he was going back to read the literature of that nation in the original tongue! He actually thought he could accomplish it all in one year, and if you attempted to remonstrate with him, he would wax exceedingly wroth, and would inquire quite savagely whether or not you meant to derogate from his energy and perseverance. He would have killed himself in a short while if we hadn't taken all his books away from him and locked them up. We couldn't follow out our good resolutions; those lectures in the morning without recitations, afforded nights too temptingly devoid of any duties. Whist flourished surprisingly, and some of the boys became wonderfully proficient. The practice of Junior year gave Cooke and Bingham the College championship in Senior year. I think it was in Junior year we had so many kinds of tournaments; billiards, bowling, etc. So you see with such diversified amusements, and so many attractions

besides musty tomes and dusty pamphlets, it can't be wondered at that reading came on rather poorly.

We didn't do much running about in Junior year: the fellows made all the noise in their rooms. So we were quieter than we had been any time during the last two years. But the boys sometimes got out.

One day Eme and Orestes were strolling together over the barren wastes of Rocky Hill, hunting up some sort of mischief, as we might know from the mere fact of their companionship. Two such precious, deserving-to-be-hung rascals, as they were, would never go out prowling around in that kind of style if there was not something on which they wanted to get their all-grasping hands. It was on a Sunday, too, when they knew everybody was at church, and their homes unprotected, and that circumstance, of itself, looks suspicious. Orestes used to argue quite earnestly in his endeavor to convince me that he didn't mean anything wrong by going out, and I used to almost bring tears to O.'s eyes by being firmly set in my belief, and not to be shaken. If he didn't go for anything else, he went out of a very reprehensible spirit of curiosity. After finding out what we fellows in class were doing, or thinking of doing, he determined to change the base of his operations to Rocky Hill, and investigate that portion of the country. I venture to say that if he had gotten into a house he wouldn't have left a room unexamined. Curiosity was a passion with Orestes. Why, if S. Cooke would open a paper of tobacco, Orestes always wanted to see how much was in it, and what it looked like, and would not give Silas a moment's rest until he had taken a piece of paper and approximated the number of chews contained in a fresh paper of Sunnyside. Then Orestes wanted to know how many chews he thought it likely would be given away; whether fellows begged much tobacco from one another; if it made a fellow's teeth *very* black to use the weed, or was it something he ate, and not the tobacco at all. Upon my word, he used to put Silas through such a course of catechising that I was afraid of a fainting scene. It was awful, the way Orestes used to ask questions. He beat Shakspeare Elder all hollow. Shakspeare would have been whitewashed nine successive innings if he had taken the field against O. Yet Shakspeare was a good interrogator. But Orestes beat anybody I *ever did* see. One day, I remember distinctly, he looked at Silas for fifteen minutes, and then asked him if "he ever intended to raise a moustache!" Caius looked at *him* for about a minute, and, stroking that luxuriant down on his upper lip, exclaimed, "You *darn* fool!" He used to get Botsford raging mad by trying to see what book he was reading in recitation; distracted Bluch so he couldn't calculate, and disturbed the equable serenity of John Daniel's temperament.

But I am digressing. Eme and O. went out walking. Eme looked mischievous; there was a merry twinkle in the depths of his lustrous blue eye. They climbed fences, and hooked apples, and got chased by dogs, times without number. Presently they espied a nice, fat young gobbler, sitting on the fence.

"By gosh!" says Minor, "by gosh" I'm goin' to have that fellow!"
"You better not," says Orestes; "is it a turkey?"

Minor was too busy looking for a stone to reply, and O. asked the question until Minor was obliged to explain to him that he thought it was.

Then he found a stone. You know how gracefully Eme used to throw a snowball. Well, he threw this time with his usual precision, and came a good deal nearer damaging Orestes than striking the turkey. But he kept on throwing for about half an hour, and the turkey sat there, calmly regarding him, and evidently at a loss how to account for the human gyrations and contortions he was witnessing, until a stone, chance directed, hit the turkey in the head, and over he went.

As soon as Orestes beheld the slaughter, he dreaded the consequences, and started for home with remarkable celerity. It is positively asserted by Eme, that Orestes didn't stop until he reached his room and locked the door. And the next time they met, Eme pretty nearly suffered an attack of temporary insanity from the number of questions he was forced to answer.

The next night a jovial party assembled in Eme's room, and the turkey, having been roasted in town, was speedily disposed of. The convivial bowl circulated pretty freely, and "lemon-peels" came very nearly causing another terrible sickness. I can't tell you all we did that night. How each fellow sat up with a bone in his fist, and joked, and sang, and told stories! It was one of our many dear old experiences.

The class about this time almost had a funeral. The most of you fellows didn't know how very near you came to losing one of our most prominent and promising members. Fred Williamson pretty nearly blew his head off fooling with chemicals in the room of the Princeton Scientific Club. It was a narrow escape, and Buck remembered the lesson. He never went near any chemicals, and attended as few lectures as possible in Senior year.

Beach and Robbins, sometime in Junior year, began to exercise their fascinating wiles on the young ladies of Princeton and vicinity. They made any number of conquests. They got to be as mysterious in all their doings as Patterson. They were accustomed to dress up every night and go out. They got reckless, and pretty nearly ruined Dyke Gullick; they got so many teams and ran up such tremendous bills. They were about the only gay lotharios we had, if we except Field and Strong—and, I had almost forgotten, George. George surpassed them both. They often tried to compete successfully with him; but it was of no avail. If George wanted to go and see a girl, they must stay away. George was *so taking, so popular* with the ladies; he had a nice, pleasant, gushing style that was simply irresistible. He used to entreat them to address him as "George;" society conventionalities were so distasteful to him, and he did hate to be "mistered." I tell you, these three fellows were possessed of no ordinary attractions for the ladies, and they acted dreadfully mean

about it; they wouldn't tell you a girl's name. If you asked them—"say, Sam, who is that girl over on the other side of the street?"—two to one, the only answer you would get, would be, "That girl; O! she lives over on Rocky Hill." They used to get all kinds of delightful bows, and wouldn't let anybody share the enjoyment.

The Judge and Eme wrote an essay for our esteemed criticizer. It was a most erudite production. They both distinguished themselves on it, and got it out of the same book. Judge had his nicely copied; his manuscript was exceedingly neat, and he called Minor in to show him what he had done—to read to him his essay—and to impress upon him more deeply the idea of his brilliant rhetorical powers. The composition all through, was excellent; but the final sentence was the telling one. All the elegant tropes and huge, large-sounding words had been reserved to be brought in with powerful effect at the end. Judge read impressively; Eme listened attentively and with an expression of unbounded admiration. The delivery was finished; Judge looked up to hear the well-deserved encomiums. Eme, his countenance wearing a quizzical expression, finally said:

"Judge, wait till I get my essay."

The essay was found, and Eme read a sentence surprisingly like the Judge's.

"Now," said Eme, "now wait till I get my book and show you where I found that."

It was one Judge had borrowed from Eme.

Some fellows got out a burlesque on our final Paper in Logic. It was a capital thing, and was duly appreciated by the class and the College. The authors have always been unknown, but suspicion points to at least two who were concerned in it—Gephart and West. Whoever produced it, I extend to them the compliments of the class for their splendid sarcasm.

During all our four years the boys used to play tricks upon one another. There was not a session passed over us but that some stupendous hoax was perpetrated. Somebody was sure, at some time, to be badly frightened, or bored by some practical joke, by his classmates. The boys were all full of life, and spirits, and animation, and occasionally there would be an ebullition, and somebody fooled. All boys ought to be lively, but our boys possessed a superabundance.

You remember, in Junior year, about every other fellow in College received a circular from some bogus firm in New York, which, after setting forth the splendors and enjoyments of wealth, as contrasted with the penury and toils incident to poverty, contained an assurance that, if the firm were furnished with a certain supply of cash, it would forward to the address of the purchaser an untold amount of bank notes. Of course no one sent for any money.

About this time Robbins and Robison were rooming together, and the former used to worry and torment the latter continually. He used to do all sorts of things—mean things, too, I am sorry to say; i. e., Bull thought they were mean. If Bull wanted to have a prayer-meeting, or anything of that sort, Sam, like a naughty boy, would go and

get a crowd of fellows like Buchanan and Morris, and they would send to Hankins', get a bottle of something, and break up the meeting, drinking hot things. If Robison wanted to study, Sam wanted to improve his voice. If the Secretary wanted to read his Bible, Sam always had something interesting in one of Reynolds' entertaining productions, which he deemed would be highly instructive to the Secretary, and which he insisted upon reading aloud. Occasionally Harry Beach would come up, and screech around and act as crazy as Sam, and between them all the Secretary "did have a devil of a time." It was just like, we imagine, the harmony there is existing between a rattlesnake and a prairie-dog inhabiting the same hole. They live together, and seem to enjoy it, and we must suppose, for the sake of analogy, that it was the same way here. It would have been good fun if sometime Robison had got real mad and cleaned them all out.

Well, Harry Beach and Sam Robbins one day got hold of one of these counterfeit money circulars, and they thought they would get up a good joke on the poor, persecuted Bull, who had a harder time than one of his namesakes in a Spanish arena. They put up a circular in a nice envelope, and directed it to "Mr. Albert L. Robison, Princeton, N. J.;" then went to a couple of fellows in town, who agreed, for the fun of the thing, to represent New York detectives. The affair having been all arranged, they waited for Robison to get the letter. It was put in his box at the office, taken out in due time, opened, and he innocently thrust it into his pocket.

That night Robbins was in rather earlier than usual, and had not been seated long before Beach came in. Robison wanted to study and was going out, when they urged him to stay, representing that his society was absolutely indispensable to their happiness. The victim took a seat, and they all laughed and joked and chatted freely until the clock proclaimed the hour of ten. Sam and Harry exchanged significant glances, and Harry opened up:

"I see by the papers that there are loads of counterfeit currency floating around the country now."

"Yes," said Sam; "a good many fellows in College have received circulars from some New York firm which offers to send money to applicants."

Robison forgot all about his letter for the time, and was only reminded of it by Beach's next remark.

"I bet the Government will give it to any they catch."

"You bet they will," said Sam.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Bull; "I got a circular this morning."

"Is that so;" said Sam mournfully, "you'd better get it out of the road as soon as possible."

"By cracky! I will!" and he began searching for it.

Just then footsteps were heard coming up stairs, heavy ominous-sounding footsteps, and then came a loud knock on the door.

"Put away those letters," said Sam in a loud voice which meant "come in."

Albert Leslie tried to comply, but just then open swung the door; two strange men stood on the threshold, and Robison was caught.

"Does Albert L. Robison room here?" said the taller of the figures.

"He does; I am he," tremblingly responded our strong man.

"I am sorry, sir; but there is a rumor afloat in New York city that you are leagued with a band of counterfeiters; and I have been sent down here to work up the case. Disagreeable as the task is I must search your room and your person."

You never *did* see any one look like Robison! It was awful to gaze into his face; he gasped for air; he got ghastly white and deep red by turns. Finally he gasped out, "you-daren't-do-it. You-haven't-any authority." The officer silently turned over the lapel of his coat and there glistened the star. Then it seemed as though Robison's mighty spirit had burst; he sank back and buried his face in his hands. The mental strain must have been terrible. His strong frame shook with the violence of his emotion. The pent up grief did not find its vent in tears. To be searched like a felon! To be even suspected of so great a crime! He to be suspected! He whose whole College career had been an argument for virtue! He who wouldn't go into the cane spree because the Faculty didn't approve of it! Perhaps he was to be dragged off to prison. He would be disgraced for life; the stain of that one accusation would cling to him till death! It was awful, horrible! And while he was thinking these thoughts, Sam and Harry and the two detectives were enjoying the joke hugely; they laughed silently and warily.

The circular was found. The proof of complicity was sufficient. The detective's tones were more those of sorrow than of anger.

"I deeply regret to inform you, sir, that I will have to take you to New York with me. I trust that you may be able to clear yourself from this grave accusation. Should you wish to see your friends for the purpose of obtaining bail, it will give me great pleasure to attend to your messages. I will not submit you to the ignominy of being incarcerated in the jail of this county; but as we will remain all night, and as I cannot permit you to be unguarded, I will leave my assistant in your room. I see you have a lounge on which he can sleep. We will now retire so that you may arrange for to-morrow's journey."

They left. Robison paced the room in agony of mind. He imploringly besought Sam to telegraph for his father to come on immediately; he asked him to go and arouse Dr. McCosh to see if he could do anything in this extremity. Sam shook his head. It was too late then to telegraph, and Dr. McCosh was soundly slumbering, but he promised to do everything in his power in the morning. Then he and Beach began to suggest means of escape. They would knock down the fellow who was to sleep in the room, and then Robison could escape. They would go out and get some chloroform, and make him insensible while he slept. They would murder him, if need be.

But Robison said no; he would take his chances of trial like a man; he knew he would be cleared, because he was innocent and they couldn't convict him. Sam and Harry shook their heads; and they

got the Secretary pretty nearly crazy conjecturing as to how many years a fellow was likely to get for a crime of that description; and counting up the number of cases, within their own personal experience, of innocent fellows who had been found guilty and even hung. It was a shame to prey on a fellow's feelings that way, but they did it remorselessly, while waiting for the return of the assistant. When moment after moment passed and he still didn't come, they urged Robison to fly. But he wouldn't, and finally they all went to bed; two to sleep comfortably, and one to be tormented by hideous night-mares and to toss restlessly on his pillow all night long.

When they arose in the morning, the Secretary looked haggard and worn; and then at last they took compassion upon him, and told him it was a hoax. Phew! he was madder than he had been scared the night before. O! but he was mad! He turned the tables with remarkable celerity, and Sam and Harry found themselves more deeply involved in the fun than they had expected to be. He went to the telegraph office and telegraphed for his father himself; and when he came, the son narrated all the circumstances. Robison *pere* was madder than Robison *fils*. They together indited a letter to an attorney, and announced themselves resolved to make the conspirators pay for their fun. Robison became elated, and Sam and Harry correspondingly dejected. Robison recovered his confidence; Sam and Harry were badly frightened. They pretended they were not, but I give you my word they were. When you conversed with them about the affair, they would give a funny little scared laugh, but they didn't seem to care to be communicative. They were evidently more than annoyed at the unexpected turn affairs had taken. They looked just like our Professor of Logic used to when we wouldn't laugh at his jokes, a little *consternated*.

The unpleasantness gradually died away, and all the punishment which the disturbers of the peace received, was a reprimand from the Faculty, and an injunction to refrain from practical jokes in the future.

Our Junior orator contest took place in both Halls in the first session, and the result reported with our sessional grades. The decisions of the committees in both Whig and Clio Halls gave universal satisfaction; and all were convinced that eight better men could not have been selected to represent the Literary societies on the "J. O." stage.

The successful contestants in the Halls were:

Whig—J. S. Riggs, J. H. Ross, N. I. Rubinkam, W. H. Sponsler.

Clio—R. E. Field, H. M. Hineckley, W. D. Nicholas. W. H.

Wiggins.

The successful boys studied and wrote, and were as nervous as they could be, until *the* occasion came off. Then they got on the stage as coolly and collectedly as need be, and did splendidly. The Second Presbyterian Church was crowded, and all agreed in saying that they never had seen such an immense gathering of beautiful ladies and distinguished men, nor had ever heard a finer set of speeches. The church looked elegant; the galleries and the floor

were densely packed, the pews being almost entirely filled by ladies, and I *never* saw so many pretty females. We almost lost the speeches of our classmates looking at the girls. It was funny to hear them talk. Though I admired extremely the intellectual abilities of our speakers, I can't say that I ever considered them extraordinarily gifted with handsome features; yet, whenever any of them got up, I heard "Oh! isn't he handsome;" "I think he is perfectly elegant;" "How much character there is in *his* face;" "What a delicious mouth he has, *um-m*;" "I declare I never, in all my life, saw such a crowd of handsome gentlemen;" one even said, "Ain't they dear, delicious creatures?" I had half intended to ask her whether she meant to eat; but I refrained. Imagine chewing on Eme!

But after all, their commendations were, in one sense, well deserved. They proved themselves to be orators *par excellence*, and those who failed to get a prize, might well congratulate themselves on the strength of their antagonists, and reflect with pleasure on the ability with which they had to cope.

The order of speaking, and the subjects of the orations, were as follows:

Walter D. Nicholas, N. J.—*Gladstone*.

N. I. Rubinkam, Penna.—*The Spirit of Inquiry*.

William H. Sponsler, Penna.—*Mazzini's Ideal*.

Harry M. Hinckley, Penna.—*A Tribute to Robert Emmet*.

Richard E. Field, N. J.—*John Knox*.

James H. Ross, N. Y.—*Culture in its Relation to Practical Life*.

James S. Riggs, N. Y.—*The Relief of Lucknow and its Lessons*.

Willis H. Wiggins, N. Y.—*Antagonism*.

The next day the names of the successful competitors were announced.

James H. Ross, of N. Y., received the Maclean prize for the best written oration, and, in addition, the first Junior Orator Medal.

William H. Sponsler, of Penna., received the second Junior Orator Medal.

Walter D. Nicholas, of N. J., received the third, and

Willis H. Wiggins, of N. Y., the fourth.

The "Literary Board" was elected in the third session. The following is the list of editors, and the order in which the *Lits* appeared:

Field and Crawford edited the first number;

West and Henney the second;

Deems and Whitehill the third; and

Wiggins and Nicoll the fourth.

SENIOR YEAR.

We were all so remarkably good in Senior and Junior years that your Historian experienced an infinite deal of trouble and was obliged to rack his brains excessively to find a subject for a chapter. He could recall no midnight prowlings, no well concerted plots of mischief; and was forced to believe that the class had been more than usually moral. He, however, remembered the recitations of the two years; and thinking a review of some of them might be interesting, he wrote up a few of the reminiscences connected with them.

CHAPTER I.

HOURS WITH THE CLASSICS.

Would you rove amid the wooded groves of Helicon; would it please you to sit for awhile in her cool retreats and storied grotts? Are your world-tossed, business-vexed minds capable of grasping the depths and truths of philosophy; the beauties of poetry; the wonders of fiction? Can you forget, and leave your present avocations, and come with me back to the days of story, of romance, of mythology? Is your foot too tired already with the race of life to ascend the summit of High Olympus to visit.

—“That reputed seat eternal
Which never storms disturb nor snows invade.”

Are you still so accustomed to the literature and antiquities of Greece that you can think with pleasure on the past I would recall? If so, let us review together some hours spent in classical room No. 1.

How we enjoyed those times! Sometimes we were too wild; often very rude; and we occasionally sang, cheered, and stamped a little too uproariously; but we did all in uncaring thoughtlessness. We never intentionally struck harshly the delicate sensibilities of our kind instructor; never meaningly wounded his large, warm heart. We were generally well behaved, but oftentimes young blood would break away from all control, and then how we rioted!

On one row in regular succession came Parker, Paton, Peckett. They were the centre of a select few, who disregarded the wishes and inclinations of the limited number of individuals desiring to be benefited by the recitation. Mose was the Lucifer when any Pandemonium was instituted. When his clarion call to noisy arms was heard, woe! betide the luckless Professor. Mose's well-known “h-i-l-l-o-w,” or “oh my,” was the signal for uproar.

From the time of our first assembling, in Freshman year, down through all the successive years, even down to the eventful time of

that farewell speech, so full of forgiving love, and pitying tenderness, and intercessory promises—that last, eloquent, tear-compelling harangue—classical room, No. 1, was the stage upon which were played many dramas of unrulè.

Can't we all remember the time when Prof. C. issued an edict, purporting to come from the Faculty, to the effect, that on account of the outrageous disturbance created by means of the offending articles, no canes would be allowed inside the class-room in the future? How indignant we all were at this curtailing of our dearest Sophomoric dignity, our most glorious right! Why should the innocent be punished with the guilty? we demanded. Because Jake Wikoff, and John Walker, and Senator Wiggins, and Whitehill, and all those fellows on the back row, were continually acting fresh and dropping canes on the floor, or rattling them against the wires under the chairs,—were we all, the whole class of '74 collectively—all of us the best, bravest, most intellectual class Nassau had ever seen,—were we to be divested of our proudest distinction as Sophomores?

We were touched on our most sensitive nerve point, to speak physiologically. We determined to revolt against the decree of the Faculty. But how? Many plans were suggested, but none seemed just the one to inflict a permanent rebuke upon the honored body which watched over our welfare, and warn them from again trenching on our rights and taking away our franchises. We could find nothing exactly expressive of the violent bent of our minds, the craving nature of our disposition to revolt against authority, except downright and unexampled disobedience. Accordingly, orders were issued by the powers that be, commanding every one to procure canes for our next Greek recitation. Terrible were our threats against those who we thought would be so dead to all sense of honor and justice as to cleave unto the Faculty—against those who, we imagined, would not carry canes. Our high-minded souls revolted against them. We agreed among each other, never to associate with them, if they did not display their manhood at this trying hour. And how many plots we devised for driving them from College, or getting rid of them in some way; insidious, secret, awful plots, and dire torments (if we ever could get at them) we pondered upon. Ah, T. Boyd, and Pap, and the rest of you fellows, you can never know nor guess what angry tempests raged around you during those earlier days. Ever blessed be the kind Providence which kept from your ears even the rumors of preparation, else had your young and promising lives been chilled and withered by the frosts of fear.

But, to come back to Greek recitation, we were all to carry canes: though not all came to the next recitation provided with that emblem of civilization and refinement, and those who did carry them, hardly stayed long enough in the room to let us know they had them. Though each one was determined to assert his rights, he was remarkably careful in his endeavors to conceal his stick from all eyes. Stern and deep-toned as ever,—and it always sounded as though some one had the proverbial frog in his larynx,—came the mandate:

"Those gentlemen having canes will please leave the room, and having left their canes outside will return, or incur an absent mark."

Out the boys noisily went; and the recitation went on smoothly until Jai was "called up." Do you remember what Jai was in Greek? Literally to him its ways were dark, and its tricks were vain, and he often pronounced its construction most peculiar. Well, Jai was in the midst of one of his most striking and brilliant displays of oratorical talent, and Billy Sponsler was *endeavoring* to bring to his aid *his* wonderful stores of classical erudition, when open was flung the door, and in walked a line of solemn looking individuals headed by Mose, each one carrying an *umbrella*. Silently they filed to their seats, took them with imperturbable gravity of countenance, and sat with blandly innocent faces throughout the hour. The Faculty's words had been interpreted literally, and as no specifications had been made in regard to umbrellas the thing was not looked upon as any infraction of rules, by us at least. What the Faculty thought I have never learned.

And don't you remember the Fresh and Soph year rushes out from, and into, Dickinson Hall? What fun they were! How we used to get crushed out almost flat, and laughed at the pain! What cared we who cried "Fresh!" We enjoyed it and snapped our fingers at sage rebukers. The more disorder marks we got the more we liked it, and the more exciting it was. There wouldn't have been a speck of fun in it had we not seen Prof. C., rod in hand, administering marks innumerable to those luckless enough to have incurred his displeasure. I wonder if Billy Sponsler remembers the day when he was requested, urged, commanded to use the strength contained in that Belviderean form for the purpose of forcing a passage outward, and he got lots of straight marks opposite his name, because it was evident he was trying to keep the door-way blocked.

The most remarkable instance of resistance to authority was that of our Port Jervis friend, when he persisted in his right to leave the room after the twelve o'clock bell had rung. It was in Junior year; the class had been so disorderly as to interrupt the recitation, and the Professor determined to take the time necessary to finish it after twelve o'clock. The fellows, as usual, hallooed "time," but Botsford got mad. He rose to his feet, remarking, "I'm going."

"Sit down, sir," said the Professor.

"The twelve o'clock bell has rung," from Botsford.

"It makes no difference, sir; sit down."

Botsford was making for the door all the while, and was just about retiring from the room when there came the ominous words:

"Mr. Botsford, you will appear before the Faculty to-night, and answer for your conduct."

He took the dread summons like a man, acted like a hero for a time, and came out, well—*well*.

The poor unfortunates on the front row couldn't have any part in the fun going on all around. That glorious privilege and high dis-

trictive prerogative was reserved for the small boys who took back seats.

They could enjoy themselves, we couldn't. They could chew tobacco, and spit any place they pleased without being told they were in a parlor and it was unseemly to soil the carpet, which etiquette-founded maxim it was Bluch's misfortune to hear every recitation. Then Bluch would act mean and try to blame it on Croco or S. Cooke or O. of that name, who all sat in the rear of him, none of whom ever indulged in the use of the narcotic, I think. As to Croco and Orestes I can't state positively; but Caius never. Why one day when Cam told him his book smelt most horribly of tobacco smoke, Caius indignantly repudiated the assertion, and maligned the olfactories of the aforesaid Professor.

There were some of us who never could make a good recitation. Just as we had finished reading the text, and, with the inevitable "please to translate, sir," (sounding more like "may you be swamped," than "God speed you,") ringing in your ears, had launched out, thinking only of safe seas and fair skies; just as we were under good headway, and steering straight for "one hundred," we would fetch hard up against some ugly black branch of a tough root, or would find a perfect whirlwind of hideous derivations howling about our ears. Or *if* we had gotten nicely started, the first interruption would be the changing of some word for its synonym which did not express the delicate shade of meaning half as well as our own, we thought; that bar passed, the next grate on our keel would be,

"Take your feet down, sir;" or,

"Don't spit on the floor;" or,

"Mr. Peckett, I have already given you two disorder marks, and a few more will summon you before the Faculty."

And then a visible affection of our facial muscles, caused by a prolonged "p-h-e-w" from Mose.

And how often have we (I don't use the pronoun editorially); how often have we stood up there, after making a blundering recitation, with the only word we knew staring us in the face, and expecting to bring it out with a vim, and in such a manner as to raise our grade away up, and then hear the dismissal, welcome or not, according to individual taste, "That will do, sir."

How scared we were when called up! All frightened out of the little Greek we did know. Not all scared, however, for there were a few choice and splendid beings, whom nothing could intimidate; and if called upon to name these, I would name first of all the Trojan. Do any of you remember the Judge's sallies of wit? I really feel sorry for you if you don't. I put some of them on paper; but, alas! they have disappeared like the other unlucky annals of our college career. I put some of his puns and *bon mots* on paper, I say. I wanted to study on them. I also desired to transmit them, as a sort of sacred legacy to the class, to be preserved against the time when it might be profitable for us, as humble men in a different sphere, to recall the youthful gibes and jokes of the great one. I can't bring one of them to mind; they

are irrevocably lost to posterity. They were deep; they would have impressed you even at this length of time, and though deprived of the well-nigh indispensable adjuncts of their surroundings. If I ever find them I will publish them separately, as a splendid addition to any private library. I don't mean the Judge's alone, though they were voluminous enough, but Jim Scarlet's, and T. Boyd's, and Eme Smith's, and Dauerty's—all the sayings of all the brilliant wits we were so proud to claim. But it may be as well that Judge's have gone; for, aside from the fact that the unraveling of them would consume more time than could well be taken from the business pursuits which now engross so much of our attention, they lose all their charm when not heard from the lips of the Judge himself.

I had once an intention of contrasting Jimmy and the Judge, merely for the sake of showing the fine points of each. Jimmy's jokes were more profound; Judge had the finer delivery. Jimmy always relieved himself of his pent up wit with bent brows and anxious look, followed by a jovial guffaw, and a self-satisfied rub of the hands; on the other hand, Judge's fine, intelligent face would beam with mirth, and his whole bearing would indicate that something funny was coming. You know, I had more opportunity to observe Judge closely than some of you had. He and I were of the unfortunates who took Greek in Junior year, and I spent much time studying the Judge, polling him up. It was a good thing he was there; for John Reid will bear me out in saying that Thueydides was hard, and we wanted something to relieve the monotony.

Another splendid luminary who lit up the siege of Troy and made brilliant the glories of Athens was George, the politician. Jacobs and Henney did have the *arfullest* time in Greek, not forgetting Herman. There were not twenty fellows in the whole class who unitedly dropped so many trans leaves on the floor and shuffled around so much to pick them up; who did so much loud whispering in the way of prompting, and so much low, annoyingly low, talking in the way of continued, uninterrupted conversation, or spirited argument from the beginning of the recitation until its close. Jacobs did not get along so well in Greek as he might have done had more opportunities been afforded to inveigh against the existing government in America, and to laud the principles and aims of the Democracy. True, Themistocles might have given him a chance in the matter of public corruption, and the character of Dionysius might have furnished a fertile theme on which to base a discussion of the martial law question; but to Jakey the Greek was so enigmatical, so mixed up, that he never could find out rightly what the former did, or what the latter advocated.

There was no fellow in the class who so persistently lost the place as O. Cook; no fellow who looked so profoundly learned as Ruby; no fellow who wrote so many notes as the fellow who sent them to Deems, and got mad if they were not passed, even when in the President's recitation the Doctor got angry at what he considered a want of proper attention.

How we used to hate Greek examinations! It was such dry stuff to cram, and the examinations were so awfully long. There was the subject written on the black-board, staring you right in the face as you entered the door, and no matter where you went in the room the white letters frowned at you. And the door was all covered with paper, so a fellow couldn't catch the faintest glimpse of the board. There was no stealing of examination papers here and no getting at the thing in any way. One night before examination a party *did* enter Dickinson Hall to discover what passage was up for next day. When after an infinite deal of trouble they reached the room they found the black-board a blank, and learned too late that the subject was not written until just before the time for entering the room. Let us see what the instructions used to be: "Translate the passage *literally*. Parse all the nouns, adjectives, verbs and pronouns; give the the synonym, and exhaust the derivation of all underscored words; express the difference between $\chi\rho\eta$ and $\delta\epsilon\iota$, etc., etc. If it wasn't *ad infinitum* it was at least up to twelve or one o'clock.

But all the riot and disorder culminated in Greek Testament recitations in Senior year. In vain were teachings, in vain expostulation, in vain warnings. They were always overturned by a suppressed "Oh! *my*" from Mose, and the good effect was lost in the "inextinguishable laughter of the gods." Some of the boys, looking at our performances in the calm dispassionate light of men of the world and of business, say our carryings on were naughty, rude, unkind, and, in Senior year, horribly sacreligious. Perhaps so; but it was fun, and each man's conscience reconciled him to it. What would you have, a class of mopes? Of two evils choose the least.

CHAPTER II.

(BEING SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE LAST.)

“No negroes have ‘round, unvarnished tales,’

“Othello had a ‘round, unvarnished tale,’

“Therefore,

“Othello was not a negro.” (O. Cooke.)

“The character of Desdemona is like a sunbeam reclining on a bank of violets.” (J. S. H.)

“Poe was a great poet.” (Dersheimer.)*

What do these syllogistic and rhetorical quotations recall? Do they not transport you to Junior and Senior year, and more remotely to the days of the great bard they so finely illustrate! Please reply affirmatively to both questions. It all comes up to me, and I will suppose it does to you. There rings in my ear a fine voice, and in imagination I am led back to that well-remembered time when the love passages of Shakspeare were presented to us with so marked an effect. A humorous writer of the present century has remarked that the people of the bard's native town religiously cherish his memory “and make it profitable cherishin' it.” He scarcely need have gone away from America to find one to whom the “cherishin'” has been exceedingly profitable; and he didn't “cherish” worth much either.

The philosophers, the novelists, the poets, the statesmen, the *literateurs* of England and America, how often we heard about them, and how much we learned concerning them! For how many delightful hours have we sat under the spell of the magician who presided over us, with those splendid compendiums of literature lying on our knees, closed books, not allowed even to peep under the cover, drinking in wisdom and enlightenment by inspiration and absorption as it were. How many treatises we wrote, and how neat our manuscripts were; and how it did detract from the merits of an essay if it was rolled up, or folded, or had one little tiny wrinkle. All these thoughts come to us at the mention of our delvings and toilings in the mines of English and American literature. I had almost forgotten rhetoric—it was just as good and just as profitable as the other branches. We sat in the same seats and heard the same sounds in it as in the others. It was just as good.

But what I wanted was to recall to your attention the times and ways in which, and by which, we kicked against the traces. How we revolted; how we whistled and sang and “threw things” and made ourselves generally odious and disagreeable. I scarcely know how to bring to mind all the little grievances and petty insults we made use of, in our reckless spirit of insubordination. I would not make the endeavor did I not fall to moralizing occasionally, and, wishing for your

*I have inserted the names of these illustrious authors in order that the remembrance of the distinguished gentlemen may be ever green in the minds of all.

welfare, believe that some day good might result from musing on what we were and on what we might have been. What we were! We were the wildest, most heathenish, impudent set of rogues that ever undertook to meet a Professor. I found that my powers of descriptive narrative were signally feeble when I attempted in the last chapter to describe our pranks in the Greek recitations, and our Greek recitations were orderly compared with those now under review. From the moment of entering the room till that of leaving it there was one continual uproar. The calling of the roll was the signal for the festivities of the hour, and the gypsy revels which dazed the mind of that old Silenus, O'Shaunter, would have seemed innocent amusements if perpetrated in our class room.

Here Hendrickson usurped the place of Mose. And when Hendrickson left there was no successor rightly so called. A few aspiring souls essayed to fill his place, and but partially succeeded. In a lecture no character was mentioned but Hendrickson found his counterpart in a classmate; and the announcement of the name was a five minutes' interruption of the lecture by laughter. Some of his hits were exceedingly good; some of his likenesses extremely *apropos*, at least, so we thought then. The languishing Romeo found his counterpart in Bobby who roomed with Buchanan, and who once before figured in these pages; Falstaff was Freddy; the calculating Iago was Nick (not Michael Angelo;) Desdemona was personated by Leddy; the Judge was everybody from Proteus to Ben Butler, from Shylock to Jim Johnson.

Though in Soph year '74 was represented in '72's hazing recitation, I will pass that by with just a bare mention. John Walker on that memorable day sat on the back row, and you ought to have heard the way he screeched. He even mentioned hot-scootch as an inducement to the temperate Professor to leave the room; and Kit Carson took upon himself to inform him that it was a species of complimentary reception. Kit afterwards very much wished he hadn't stamped and halloood so *much* on that occasion. The Faculty looked on his innocent, childish mirth with marked disapproval.

Of course, there was a good boy in these recitations. You have guessed him already, I don't doubt. It was Angelo, known more familiarly in literary circles as Nick, Nick Angelo. Nick always wanted to do something, and appreciated the fun as much as anybody, and yet he didn't like to act disorderly; paradoxical, isn't it? Allow me to explain. He was a sort of Mark Antony, except that he witnessed the killing and was not gratified at a sight of the death; nor would he have received one half so much benefit from Caesar's death as he did from his life. Those complimentary speeches in regard to his essays did the business for Nick; they tickled his palate and he refrained from molesting the caterer.

Lyman, although he recited remarkably well for one of his years and scholastic training, and though he was always on hand at recitation time, and though he rarely said "unprepared," still he did not get along in this branch comfortably. I mean some one was either

hallooing at him from clear across the room, or throwing at him, or pulling his hair, or poking him with a cane, or mentioning his name at unseemly times or in disagreeable connections, or disturbing him in some way. Besides he sat on the front row and could only laugh, so he was deprived of a great part of the daily delight which kept jolly the rest of the class. The only times he seemed happy was when Berg, Beach and himself could get into a violent discussion and interrupt the progress of the recitation in that way. But you remember we were not always noisy; the volcanic eruptions were intermittent. Occasionally the recitations would pass off without any interruptions, except a harmless, and but slightly disturbing wrestling match on the back seat, or a set-to between a couple of aspiring pugilists in another part of the room. The hum of conversation was always a pleasant accompaniment to the discourse.

Once, if you remember, it was decided impossible to have us together any longer, and a division was made by alternating the members of the class. Everything worked charmingly for awhile then. Each one was separated from his neighbor with whom he was accustomed to concert diabolical schemes of mischief, and with whom he had been accustomed to converse. The boys were put so far apart they couldn't talk, and to have a new fellow next to you was like forming a new acquaintance. The class was now almost entirely quiet, and the recitations were *so* long. Soon the reaction came, and in this shape:

One day a notice was pinned on the door of Dickinson Hall, written in the hand of, and appearing to come from the pen of, our Professor of Belles Lettres. It was on the same tinted paper on which he was accustomed to pen his interesting compendium of facts and dates, and was to the effect that instead of coming separately the whole class would meet at eleven o'clock. The joke was a little too apparent, but no one thought of that, or stopped to inquire into the consequences; we were all too anxious to meet and repeat the acts and deeds of the past. So at eleven in we went and took our seats. The bell stopped ringing; the talking ceased. All the faces of the room showed expectancy, but only one seemed agitated, and that was the countenance of our Professor. Eagerly, anxiously he looked around as if dreading an outbreak; none came, and emboldened he confidently remarked,

"The members of the First division must"—the remainder of the sentence was lost. We were opposed to downright disobedience and did not wish to hear. Several times an effort was made to pronounce sentence upon the unfortunate First, but in vain. Nothing could be distinguished until the noise subsided, when again the command but half repeated was again lost. Despairing of being heard from the rostrum, rod in hand, the lecturer advanced to the seats, and addressing each one separately he managed to make himself heard and distinctly understood. There was no mistake about it, the First division must leave the room. They left their seats and started for the door, but only part succeeded in reaching the outside. You remember the

ittle hall-way which one encounters going into the chemical room? Well, it has two doors, and the fellows who reached the open air closed and held the outer door, resisting the purposely feeble attempts of those within. The Doctor went out to investigate the cause of the blockade, when the inner door being locked he found himself entrapped. Then we did have a time. We praised the ingenuity or crooked brain of the architect who had contrived that opportune passage, praised him, and lauded the deed with shouts and peals of laughter. Our glee was perfectly demoniacal. We jumped and danced, and threw hats and books, and tore up chairs, and ran about like mad. And what is more we all did it. The staid forgot their dignity and sobriety, came down to the common level, and made as much noise as the worst. I never saw the fellows in such delight before; Pap Neese laughed until the tears ran down his face, and he had to hold to his chair to keep from rolling off. Winans and Billy Westervelt each got upon a chair, and screamed most lustily. How Nick enjoyed it. Disorder marks can't be administered through two inches of board, and the essayist may defy the critic when defended by deal.

But when you overload a magnet by adding weights until the load is greater than it can bear the load drops off; and so it was with this door. Toward it, as to a centre of attraction, were drawn too many serapings; and as only two could by any possibility hold the knob, and as all the rest held them, and pulled them, the result was a most disastrous slipping away, and after a vigorous push from the other side, an opening of the door. In bounced the irate Professor. The alacrity with which the opposite side of the room was attained was simply incredible; and the eager and attentive crowd which surrounded the lecture-desk, taking down the tables from the black-board, would have favorably impressed any one who had just then entered the room. Could the Doctor have forgotten the occurrence of a moment before it would have undoubtedly given him intense satisfaction to see so many diligently studious of his branch. The outer door was now found to be open, and no one in sight, so the First speedily departed.

Order was restored, and the lesson went on. Outside, however, several schemes of worryment were being assiduously perfected—schemes which threatened a sad disturbance to our tranquillity. The first intimation we received of an attack was when in the midst of a highly interesting account of Poe's Raven the lecturer was just remarking that he made an "ex—" he suddenly stopped—"traordinary hit," was what he probably intended to say; had not the fates and the First division interposed with a scarcely literary finale, put in a practical shape. A report, seemingly loud enough and strong enough to have shattered any window not warranted snow-ball proof, and a concussion which appeared powerful enough to blow the buildings to atoms, was the cause of the interruption. The doors were blown open, smoke poured in, and the room became stiflingly filled. We innocents were compelled to pay a penalty for the fun of the guilty ones; for, with commendable grit, the lecturer stuck it out.

The smoke gradually disappeared; we were breathing more freely, when in came a broom, several stones, an old hat and older shoe, a tin kettle—projectiles unlooked for, hard to dodge, and which in striking inflicted sundry abrasions and raised numerous bumps not induced by severe mental training. But the last article which invaded the room was of a very distasteful character. All the things which had preceded it were large and formidable looking; this was only a little box. No one noticed it as it came in the room, describing graceful circles and sprinkling sparkling drops of some watery-looking liquid in its course; it was such a small bottle. It was too insignificant to take any notice of as it lay ebbing and gurgling its life away on the floor; too insignificant to take any notice of, but to smell! phew! Soon a pungent, nauseous, disagreeable odor impregnated every particle of atmosphere in the room—an odor savoring of battle fields, of bad onions and worse eggs—an odor redolent with the vilest smells known to the olfactories of the human race, sulphuretted hydrogen.

Was there another branch in which there was so much wholesale cheating at examinations? Was there a fellow in the class who *always* got his essays in on time except Nicholas? And did you ever hear read the names of the poor, lazy, dilatory fellows, and then wait after class and hear the excuses Bingham, and Groesbeck and Comp-ton would make?

I don't think any one in the class took notes as persistently and as poorly as Croco. He took notes all the time and on all imaginable and imaginary subjects, even on explanations of the next lesson; anything under the sun that a Professor said Croke used to put down. And if he didn't catch an idea he used to disturb his neighbors by making inquiries concerning it. In fact between Croke's note-taking and O. Cooke's inquisitiveness, and Henney's talking with Herman, and Bluch's tobacco and the consequent danger of our shoes, we pursued knowledge under difficulties in our section of the class. One cause of inattention and consequent ignorance of the subject in our part of the room was the eager desire which all exhibited to obtain their full share of the candy which "Joe" Parker used to bring and distribute liberally in the proportion of one caramel to the pound between two fellows. Another thing which interfered with a proper enjoyment of the Shakspearean lectures was the singular way in which some fellows forgot copies of the play. No fellow likes to take a book to class and have ten fellows around him trying to look on and fighting for the best place. That isn't conducive to attentiveness. Nor is it satisfactory to lug a huge edition of Shakspeare from one's room to the recitation and then only catch an imperfect sight of the lower left hand corner. The wild and frantic endeavors to keep possession of one's property were opposed to that mental condition necessary for a proper appreciation of the subject. And often when one of the fellows would show a degree of attention, a fixedness of eye on the printed page, when he had an appearance of application which must have been most gratifying to the instructor, at such a time a closer

view would develop the fact that his studies in English literature had reference to a time posterior by several centuries to Avon's bard, and were confined to Thackeray, Dickens, or may be to George W. H. Reynolds. Utilization of time seemed to be the problem whose solution was most earnestly sought after by both Professor and student. How many things one could do at the same time! To illustrate, Bluch always worked out original propositions in recitation time, and a certain member of the Faculty "chawed" his nails.

CHAPTER III.

PHYSICS AND ASTRONOMY.

Our Junior year recitation in the top of Dickinson Hall and our Senior year gatherings in Geological Hall! Horns, physics and fire-crackers! Chestnuts, astronomy and noise! Fires, not celestial, in all quarters of the room! Demonstrations of force not provided for by physical formula! The music of the spheres typified by jew-harps! Order never; confusion always! The displays of wit with which we used to be regaled! Who does not remember all these things?

Who was leader *here* I can't recall; everybody was more or less concerned. Back seats were greatly in demand, both because more advantageous for displays of vocal and instrumental music and because affording more easy means of exit than those further front. Projectiles of any description whatever were also much desired, judging from the amount of fighting and scrambling used in the endeavor after the possession of worm-eaten chestnuts. There were many objects in Dickinson Hall offering excellent marks for practice in throwing—the old clock, Atwood's machine and the Doctor's colored assistant. The last subject was an exceedingly good one, on account of his occasionally becoming refractory, and creating some disorder by requesting the boys to "stop that" in an exceedingly rude and gruff tone of voice. The demand not being complied with, the rage of the colored gentleman would often exceed the bounds of decency and polite behavior, interrupting the lecture temporarily.

Suppose we seat ourselves in the room and listen to the lecture, if we can, and the class, which we must; of the former we can catch but snatches, provided we are on the front row. We hear sundry incomprehensible allusions to the principles of "virtual velocity" (Compton said, "virtue of philosophy" in examination), and kindred subjects. From the latter we hear everything. The Professor picks up a long glass tube; "this, gentlemen, is a water-hammer," and is about to explain, when Jake ventures, "what-er hammer!" The lecture is interrupted by a prolonged "O!" from the class, and Yawcup is rewarded by a shower of missiles. The lecture goes on. Suddenly, whiz! comes a chestnut right past your ear; some expostulation is, of course, necessary; an animated conversation is held with Ernie Smith or Beach, and an urgent request made that they will desist, when from another corner of the room a better marksman takes you in the back of the head. That was probably Tom Rickets, but he is too far away to talk low, so you just halloo at him, and you keep hallooing till you find that an attempt was being made to administer a disorder mark. But some fellows don't get angry. Why, bless me, I have seen J. Parker "peg away" at Buchanan, and Winans and Ledwith at recitation time, and they would wink, but he *couldn't* make them even look around. I had heard it faintly rumored that they were taking notes, but no such

unnecessary articles having been seen in connection with this branch, I believe the report to have been most foully libelous. I know Berg found the *Harrisburg Telegraph* vastly more interesting than disquisitions on pulleys that wouldn't work, and experiments with old cane-bottomed chairs. When throwing at classmates became monotonous Atwood's machine afforded much amusement, and the way the glass rattled and cracked under the steady fire was enough to endanger the safety of the precious unworkable article. Notwithstanding repeated cautions as to the value of the instrument, and estimates as to the cost if broken, the boys would throw.

Amid all the noises there occasionally came brilliant flashes of sarcasm and dazzling rays of wit from the rostrum: similitudes to dogs and donkeys formed a seemingly inexhaustible store from which to bring great quelling remarks. It was extremely pleasant to be told when half way out the door that you had permission to leave the room.

Those addicted to smoking were accustomed to while away the hour with a cigarette; the literarily inclined read books and the lecture went on amid many diversified occupations. I remember on one occasion to have seen a highly interesting game of euchre played on the back seats. You couldn't hear anything, and couldn't understand anything if you did hear.

Another favorite course of amusement in Senior year was the building of bonfires, and several brilliant conflagrations used to take place in different parts of the room.

Bluch, as usual, amused himself with propositions and Sunnyside; Fred Williamson was never there; O. Cook chewed the end of his lead pencil; for the sake of the P. S. C., "Doc" Neff tried hard to understand the subject, but couldn't make any more out of it than anybody else; Ruby and "Colonel" M'Clure knitted their brows and tried to look wise; Whittlesey and Nick studied Latin together, and Croco took notes, or what he called notes. I mentioned this peculiarity in Croco in the last chapter, and I only speak of it again because his idiosyncrasies were more strikingly displayed in this branch than in any other. This is a fair sample of Croco's notes:

"Venus-of-transit-Moon-Earth disk-Sun-good-Bear big-dip." Then the above words scratched out once or twice and written over again.

Examinations were grand. Somebody could always tell you what you were going to have, and everybody made "tears."

But, blessings on his gentle memory, how we loved the dear old man! So kind and genial—as innocent as a child, yet as noble as a king. Perhaps, in after years, we will think painfully of the annoyances with which we grieved him. We not only loved him as a man, but worshiped the glorious intellect of the scholar. The good old man, may he for long, long years take delight in studying God in the heavens, till he goes beyond them to see him face to face. May his

future life be happy and untroubled as the spring-time of his youth, and may he sink to sleep in the full consciousness of his noble deeds, in the full enjoyment of his splendid powers, and in the sweet assurance of a battle nobly fought, a victory gloriously won. God bless Dr. Stephen Alexander.

SENIOR YEAR INCIDENTS.

The opening of College found almost all of us back ready to resume the arduous duties of Senior year, and fully impressed with the importance of our position as the most learned of the students, and as the guardians of the other classes' welfare. We didn't do much in Senior year in the way of boisterous conduct. All our energy was reserved for the responsible positions we were to fill. The change in circumstances completely metamorphosed us, and we became "grave old Seniors" in fact as well as name.

We used to take long rambles in the country, and thus overcome the tendency to descend from our dignity by joining in the riotous proceedings of the other classes. Once, I remember, a large party walked all over Rocky Hill, and down by Queenstown, where a nameless gentleman "lost the beer" because he couldn't throw across the canal.

On another occasion Mose and Jim went fishing. They fished all day but only caught one fish, and he wasn't much of a fish—a good sized minnow. But they brought him up to town with much parade.

We were ordered to prepare for English literature exercise a critique on a character in one of Shakspeare's plays, which character was to be named by the Professor, and which critique was to be confined strictly to the ideas and language used in his lecture to us, the critique being most nearly like the lecture to receive the highest grade. Originality was out of the question. Ed. Deems took the fullest notes in this branch, and when Prospero was given as the subject, a deputation waited on Deems and got his notes. They wrote them out in full, sent them to the printer, and had enough copies struck off to furnish each man in the class with one. These printed forms were handed in, and we were never again asked to write that kind of a critique.

Five of our boys were found to be expert enough in handling the ball to go on the University nine. Indeed we had representatives in that organization ever since Sophomore year, but never so many as now. The members from '74 were: Beach, 3 b.; Bruyere, 1 b.; Paton, c. f.; Van Deventer, r. f.; Williamson, l. f. With Paton as Captain, the nine proved its general excellence on many occasions, wresting the College championship from the competing nines, and defeating all the amateur clubs with whom they came in contact.

One day the room-mates in No. 3, North Reunion Hall, were surprised by a call from a very seedy looking German, who introduced himself by a jaw-breaking name and a most profound bow, announcing at the same time that he bore a letter of introduction from Spous. The letter ran thus:

"Berg and Jai—Here is a poor but worthy German. Do what you can for him. SROXS."

The request was complied with; Billy's friends did what they could for him. He pretended that he was a card-writer. He wouldn't

write a card for them, but showed them some he had written. They were satisfied with the chirography and the recommendation and gave him orders to the extent of one dollar apiece. Neither the German nor the cards ever appeared. But then William Henry's charity always did exhibit itself like Crawford's, "Oh! this honor, this damning honor"—at some other person's expense.

Our class-day elections came off in the second session. A great deal of interest was excited, and the contests were close. The following were chosen to serve as orators and class-day committeemen:

Master of Ceremonies—Charles H. Bergner, Pennsylvania.

Class Orator—Walter D. Nicholas, New Jersey.

Class Poet—William F. Henney, Connecticut.

Memorial Orator—Edward M. Deems, New York.

Presentation Orator—James Scarlet, Pennsylvania.

Prophet—Andrew F. West, Kentucky.

Campus Orator—Cyrus O. Dershimer, Pennsylvania,

President—Alex. R. Whitehill, Pennsylvania.

Class Historian (elected in Fresh year)—Alex. C. Crawford, Pennsylvania.

Class-day Committee—Thomas H. Atherton, Chairman; A. Cass Canfield, Joseph Parker, Jr., John W. Fielder, Jr., John T. Stuart, George S. Lewis, J. H. Van Deventer.

Herald Editors—Henry E. Mott, Edward K. Strong, James C. Pigeon, Charles F. Whittlesey.

We deliberated a long time as to what we should present to the college. A committee was appointed, and many reports heard and suggestions made. Finally a spectroscope was decided upon, and purchased.

Several of the fellows graduated at the end of the second term: Crothers, Field, Harsha, Hinckley, Hull, Mann, Robison and Bingham.

Our final examinations all passed off well, and we could not realize that we were theoretically Alumni; that in a few days we should bid farewell to college life forever. It seemed so singular that we were going to take a *long* vacation. To most of us Princeton had been a home for four years; and we were to leave it for unfamiliar scenes, to change our old associates for new and untried ones.

We enjoyed hugely the two weeks' vacation given us before commencement week. We loafed on the Campus all the time, and were heartily envied by those who were forced to study for examinations during the long, hot days. Our friends began to arrive, and our time was occupied in showing them around the College buildings and in making their visit as agreeable as possible.

Saturday, June 20th, witnessed the Caledonian games of the Princeton Athletic Club. Seventy-four carried off a majority of the prizes. Marquand, Van Deventer and Beach distinguished themselves above all other contestants.

The prize for general excellence was awarded to J. H. Van Deventer, he having won a majority of the scores.

On Sunday Dr. McCosh delivered the Baccalaureate sermon to a large audience assembled in the "First Church." The subject of his discourse was "Living for a high end," and was founded on the text, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." The sermon was listened to with intense interest, and pronounced extremely fine. The address to the graduating class contained sound advice, and was tinged with sadness at the thought of parting.

Monday our class-day opened up bright and pleasant. The day could not have been finer, and the boys awoke determined to enjoy all the pleasures incident to the occasion. The Second Presbyterian Church, in which the first part of the exercises was to be conducted, was filled some time before the hour fixed for commencing. The Class filed into the church at about a quarter before eleven o'clock, and were followed by the orators.

Dr. McCosh made a humorous speech, in which he told the young ladies to be sure never to marry a man unless he had graduated from Princeton College, and that then they might accept him and intrust to him their happiness with perfect security. If it should be a '74 man that fact was sufficient—he had nothing more to say. He then introduced the Master of Ceremonies, Chas. H. Bergner, of Pennsylvania, who delivered the salutatory address. The rest of the orators followed him in the order of the programme :

EXERCISES IN THE CHURCH.

Salutatory—Charles H. Bergner, Pennsylvania.

Class Oration—Walter D. Nichols, New Jersey.

Class Poem—William F. Henney, Connecticut.

Memorial Oration—Edward M. Deems, New York.

History of the Class—Alex. C. Crawford, Pennsylvania.

Class Ode (sung by the Class)—Words by William F. Henney, Connecticut.

Prayer—By the President of the College.

Benediction.

Then we had an intermission and some dinner, and repaired to the Campus. Our Committee had arranged tiers of seats, affording ample room for all; but the crowd was so great, and it was so impossible to keep them back that many holders of tickets were forced to stand. The exercises were once interrupted by a general scare and stampede. Some aspiring youths had climbed to the top of the seats and were perched on the boards which had been nailed along the back to prevent people slipping over. While Jimmy Scarlet was diving into his most splendid veins of sarcasm the top board broke off and several fell to the ground. Every one imagined that the seats were giving away, and was badly frightened thereat. But partly by our Presentation Orator's threats, and his menacings with a huge pistol, and partly by the exertions of the Class, order was restored, and the exercises went on.

CANNON EXERCISES.

Presentation Address—James Scarlet, Pennsylvania.

Suitable prizes were given to

Our Favorite, J. H. Ross.

The Eccentric Man, O. Cook.

The Graceful Man, R. S. Clark.

Our Statesman, M. W. Smith.

Our Reckless Man, S. R. Winans.

The Class Quartette, Morris, Stuart, Crawford, Williamson.

Class Wit, W. Mc. Dauerty.

Our Family Group, Stevens, Neese, Westervelt, Reid, Ledwith, Parker.

Prophet's Address—Andrew F. West, Kentucky.

Campus Oration—Cyrus O. Dershimer, Pennsylvania.

Address by the Class President—A. R. Whitehill, Pennsylvania.

The last speaker broke a wreath of flowers and distributed a small bouquet to each of the Class. It was commemorative of our final separation and the sundering of College ties.

The Promenade Concert came off at 8 o'clock. I won't attempt to describe it. The Campus was illuminated—all the girls looked beautiful. It was a fine night, and how could it have been anything else than pleasant.

Tuesday hadn't a great many attractions for us. Our interests centered in Wednesday's proceedings. We were represented in the gymnastic exhibition. I know three of our Class who wanted to go to it, but they *cried* so much on Monday night they really were not able to get up early enough.

Wednesday was our big day. We wanted to clutch that sheepskin and then we would be satisfied. We went in, took our seats, listened to our class-mates speak, heard with pleasure the names of the fortunate contestants for the prizes, sympathized with those who had lost, and finally heard that the names of those who were to take the title of A. B. were to be announced. How our hearts beat as we marched up to the platform and touched the roll of parchment, while our friends smiled on us, and fair admiring eyes looked down from the galleries and up from the sides of the church. Then how we strutted and swelled back to our seats and out to the Campus. We tried not to look important, tried hard, but we actually couldn't help it.

Our College course was ended. With tearful eyes, sad faces and aching hearts we prepared to bid good-bye to well-loved friends, to look for the last time on dearly remembered scenes, and to turn our backs forever on dear old Princeton. It was so hard to go. We lingered from one train to another. We bade good-bye to class-mates sorrowfully. There was no anger in any breast now. We would perhaps never meet again. I stood and saw the last train depart, then turned back and stopped to watch the fast receding cars. Evening's mantle softly fell; the old buildings stood out gloomy masses. Alone that night I trod the College walks; my echoing

footsteps alone broke the dreary stillness ; there was no sound of laughter and merriment. The place was indescribably lonely.

I felt like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but him departed.

Mechanically I turned into the buildings and knocked at the doors of the rooms where so many happy hours had been spent. No welcome voice bade me enter, and within all was still. I turned away and fully realized that Princeton had seen for the last time the class of '74.

CONCLUSION.

(AS READ ON CLASS-DAY.)

And now, class-mates, I am disposed to ask you what shall be the tenor of our parting words? Glad or sorrowful? Shall we think only of those golden visions which lure us on; those pleasant hopes which brighten the future? Shall we recall the bright day-dreams which have so often gladdened our hearts when, worn and weary, we took rest in reflection? Or shall all be tinged by the parting? Shall the fare-well trembling on the lip, the fervent hand-clasp, the tear starting unbidden to the eye, cast a sombre shadow over our lighter thoughts? Will the remembrance that we are gathered here for the last time—will the thought that “time has touched your lingering circle, Class of '74.” check the joyous heart-throb, tinge the passing hour with sorrow?

Let us think a little, class-mates, of the bubbling, boiling maelstrom—of the restless and eternal activity into which we are soon to glide from this quiet haven. Let us think of all we have to do.

It is a good thing to seek truth; a splendid thing to find it; a glorious thing to make it our own forever.

Perhaps we have not all been seeking truth. Few have found it; few have risen to those higher planes of mental activity, where wisdom is the air they breathe, and where high thoughts and noble resolves stimulate the flagging energies. Be this as it may; but let us all rejoice that we have reached this point in the ascent, not spent and weary as those Alpine travelers who seek the summit with insufficient guides, but strong and buoyant, with all the fire of youthful enthusiasm in our souls, as those who under the happiest auspices have “scaled the noblest mountain height,” and who, elated but not satiated, are striving for still wider prospects. Let us not quench the holy fire of impulse; let it rise in brilliant and high mounting flame. Those wise and kind instructors who have led us to this halcyon height stand by to take leave of us to-day, on the “misty borders of an untried land,” with high-pointing finger, and upon their lips that magic word, “Excelsior.” They say to us, let your lives be those of earnest, active work. Shirk no duty. Press on, and glorious rewards will amply repay you for years of toil.

Be your mission to wield the pen, the fame of the world sweeping thought is not dearly purchased, though the swift winged hours have found you bending to your task. Do you seek to combat error, then let this our modern Arthur, whose strong Excalibur of truth dazzles his foes, be to you an example of high genius cultivated by years of cloistered study. Press on, though the spirit flag and the

brain grow dull. Would you have your messenger-thoughts go out into the mighty universe; traverse the splendid mausoleums of history; wing through the realm of Nature—then *press on*. Science will bring her writers, philosophy her truths, art her beauties, and religion, flinging wide her jewelled gates, will show to your aspiring souls wisdom and knowledge, the purest and best.

Press on, and there is not a dream of your youthful souls, however bright; not an aspiration of your ardent hearts, however glowing, as you stand here to-day in the dew and freshness of your youth, but shall be more than realized in the harvest of your eternal satisfaction. Press on, and from your eyrie of eagle thought you may look down on monarchs.

What if temptations assail us?

Ulysses, in his wanderings, having come near the abode of the Sirens, ordered his sailors to fill their ears with wax, and lash him to a mast in order that the entrancing music might not woo them to destruction; but the Argonauts, with happier forethought, took with them Orpheus, who so charmed their souls that the Sirens sang in vain.

But, class-mates, I am wearying you; the time has come to say farewell. I do not wish that your lives may be all sunshine; that no storms may gather or angry tempests rage. But I hope that after each buffet you may be found stronger for the next. As I pierce the mists of the future and behold some of you renowned and famous, and some, alas! dragging a weary life to an unknown grave; but all striving to do right for right's sake, there comes to me, like an angel's whisper, the dear old Hebrew benediction "MIZPAH." One last hand-clasp, a fervent "God bless you, old boy," and it is over.

"Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well."

Class-mates, my task is over. I know you will look leniently on the imperfections of the work. If anything has been said to wound the feelings of any one, pray forgive me. Nothing has been written unkindly. As I close the class history and think of you all my heart goes out in love to all. As each succeeding year goes by my affection for you will steadily increase. Pardon the faults, accept the thanks for your honor, and the prayers for your successes in life, of

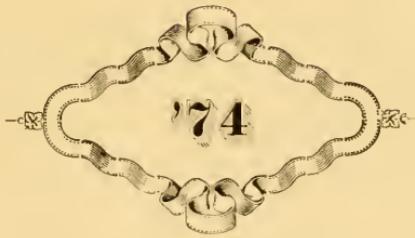
YOUR HISTORIAN.

Just as I put down my pen there comes to me the sad news of poor Hull's death. The first of our little band to go, let us rejoice in the thought that none was fitter. He came in with us in Freshman year, and before he had been with us long had won our affection and esteem by his gentleness, his talents, and his piety. Let us ever cherish our college recollections of him, bright, cheerful, genial; he was a warm friend and welcome guest wherever he went.

To the Class I express my sympathies for the loss of one who would have been so bright an ornament to his profession; and to his mourning family, whose feelings of sorrow we can approximate, I express my deep condolence in their great loss.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS.

OF



OF

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Withdrawn
U.T.S.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	Birthday.	Age.	Wt.	Ht.	Profess'n	Religion.	FAMILIARITIES.
William H. Addicks.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	March 4, 1854.....	20.....	160.....	5 9½.....	Law.....	Baptist.....	Tommy.....
Thomas H. Atherton.....	Wilkes Barre, Pa.....	June 14, 1853.....	21.....	170.....	5 8.....	Law.....	Presb.....	Sergeant, Esau, Doctor.....
Alfred K. Bates.....	Columbus, O.....	Dec. 14, 1853.....	20.....	145.....	5 8½.....	Law.....	Episcopal.....	Harry, Skinny, Spider.....
Henry C. Beach.....	Orange, N. J.....	Dec. 28, 1852.....	21.....	145.....	5 11.....	Journal.....	Lutheran.....	Berg, Charles Henry, Harris-berger.....
Charles H. Bergner.....	Harrisburg, Pa.....	Oct. 2, 1852.....	21.....	155.....	5 8½.....	Banking.....	Episcopal.....	Lynn, Cork Leg, Nicodemus, Willie.....
William L. Biddle.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Oct. 8, 1853.....	20.....	145.....	5 10.....	Law.....	Presb.....	Jerry.....
Edward D. Bingham.....	Oxford, Pa.....	Feb'y 10, 1854.....	20.....	135.....	5 7.....	Law.....	Lutheran.....	Bit, Biddy, Birthen.....
Henry C. Bittenbender.....	Bloomburg, Pa.....	June 19, 1851.....	23.....	145.....	5 7.....	Engin'g.....	Presb.....	Blucher, Crab, Blydy.....
Charles E. Blydenburgh.....	Smithtown, N. Y.....	Mar. 19, 1854.....	21.....	133.....	5 7½.....	Journal.....	do.....	Kots, Shaky.....
Edward M. Bosford.....	Port Jervis, N. Y.....	Mar. 6, 1853.....	21.....	124.....	5 9½.....	Theology.....	do.....	R. Bob, Bobb.....
Robert Boyd.....	Butler, Pa.....	Sept. 15, 1848.....	25.....	147.....	5 7½.....	Theology.....	do.....	Tom, Tolly.....
Thomas McK. Boyd.....	Washington, N. J.....	June 11, 1846.....	28.....	165.....	5 9¾.....	Law.....	do.....	Bruc, Walt.....
Walter R. Bruyere.....	Princeton, N. J.....	July 3, 1852.....	22.....	166.....	5 10½.....	Law.....	do.....	Ruck, Wrangler.....
James Buchanan.....	Morrisville, Pa.....	Sept. 1, 1851.....	22.....	155.....	5 11.....	Law.....	Presb.....	Cass.....
William M. Canfield.....	New York, N. Y.....	Feb'y 29, 1853.....	21.....	145.....	5 7.....	Law.....	do.....	Kit, Dolly Yarden, Lieutenant, Goggles.....
Augustus C. Canfield.....	Baltimore, Md.....	Sept. 2, 1851.....	22.....	130.....	5 7.....	Theology.....	do.....	Earl, Lord Burleigh, Esquimaux, Cece.....
Russel Cecil.....	McAfee, Ky.....	Oct. 1, 1853.....	20.....	140.....	5 6.....	Law.....	do.....	Cheese, "Whar's Shimp,".....
James J. Chisolm.....	Charleston, S. C.....	Dec. 8, 1852.....	21.....	158.....	5 8½.....	Theology.....	do.....	Bob, Pete, Peter, wid de big foot, waugh.....
Robert S. Clark.....	Newburgh, N. Y.....	Mar. 28, 1855.....	19.....	143.....	5 8½.....	Law.....	do.....	Podlignh, Stole, Gumptown.....
David Compton.....	New Egypt, N. J.....	Nov. 2, 1850.....	23.....	148.....	5 10.....	Theology.....	Congreg.....	Jai, Jan'1.....
John D. Cook.....	Danville, Pa.....	Sept. 12, 1848.....	25.....	131.....	5 4.....	do.....	Presb.....	Oh, 'Prestes!.....
Orestes Cook.....	Bradford, N. J.....	Sept. 7, 1851.....	22.....	147.....	5 10.....	do.....	Presb.....	Cooky, Chinus, S.....
Silas P. Cooke.....	Hackettstown, N. J.....	Jan'y 7, 1853.....	21.....	140.....	5 8½.....	Business.....	Presb.....	Snapy, Shorry, Bell, Kitty, Bowlegs.....
Alexander C. Crawford.....	Kittanning, Pa.....	Nov. 40, 1854.....	19.....	140.....	5 7.....	Law.....	do.....	Davy Crockett.....
Alfred H. Croco.....	Holmesville, O.....	Oct. 7, 1847.....	25.....	145.....	5 8.....	Theology.....	do.....
Sammuel M. Crothers.....	Springfield, O.....	June 10, 1857.....	17.....	125.....	5 9.....	Theology.....	do.....	Dan'l, P. J. (i. e., Poor Joker).....
William McC. Daurerty.....	Allegheny City, Pa.....	May 11, 1847.....	27.....	145.....	5 9.....	Theology.....	Presb.....	Doctor, Edlde, Deensy.....
Edward M. Deems.....	New York, N. Y.....	April 20, 1852.....	22.....	128.....	5 8½.....	Theology.....	Presb.....	Cod, Shimer, Little One, "C. O. Delivery".....
Cyrus O. Dershimet.....	Falls, Pa.....	Feb'y 16, 1851.....	23.....	175.....	5 11.....	Theology.....	do.....	Paul.....
John P. Egbert.....	California, Pa.....	Nov. 26, 1848.....	26.....	130.....	5 8½.....	Law.....	do.....	Shakespeare.....
Rufus C. Elder.....	Lewistown, Pa.....	Mar. 29, 1854.....	20.....	125.....	5 8½.....	Law.....	do.....	Shakespeare.....
George H. Ferris.....	Hillsdale, Mich.....	Dec. 26, 1853.....	20.....	158.....	5 10.....	Theology.....	do.....	Pantheist, Ferrons Oxide.....
Richard E. Field.....	Clinton, N. J.....	Oct. 28, 1851.....	22.....	130.....	5 8.....	Law.....	do.....	Diok, John Knox.....
John W. Fielder.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	May 28, 1853.....	21.....	138.....	5 10.....	Law.....	Methodist.....	Jai, Jack, Leech, "What's on You?".....
Henry A. Fuller.....	Wilkes Barre, Pa.....	June 15, 1855.....	19.....	130.....	5 8½.....	Law.....	Presb.....	Harry.....
Nevin U. Funk.....	Bloomburg, Pa.....	Feb'y 11, 1852.....	22.....	130.....	5 8½.....	Law.....	Presb.....	Peter, Ursus Major, Cardinal, Porpoise.....
John W. Gephart.....	Bellevue, Pa.....	May 24, 1853.....	21.....	136.....	5 9.....	Law.....	Episcopal.....	Gep, Agassiz, Politician, Gephart, Cynie.....
James L. Griggs.....	Blawenburgh, N. J.....	Dec. 16, 1851.....	22.....	135.....	5 7.....	Law.....	R. Presb.....	Jim, Grim Jigs.....
Telford Groesbeck.....	Cincinnati, O.....	Aug. 5, 1853.....	20.....	150.....	6 1.....	Law.....	Presb.....	Grows.....
William J. Harsha.....	Jacksonville, Ill.....	April 20, 1853.....	21.....	145.....	5 11.....	Theology.....	do.....	Conductor.....
William F. Henney.....	Hartford, Conn.....	Nov. 2, 1852.....	22.....	128.....	5 7½.....	Law.....	do.....	Hen, Wooten Nutmeg, Quibble.....
John A. Herman.....	New Kingston, Pa.....	Nov. 28, 1853.....	20.....	130.....	5 6.....	Law.....	do.....	Rope In, "Ye Gods".....
Harry M. Hineckley.....	Danville, Pa.....	June 2, 1850.....	24.....	140.....	5 9.....	Law.....	do.....	Hineck.....

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	Birth-day.	Age.	W.L.	H't.	Profess'n	Religion.	FAMILIARITIES.
Jacob DeWitt Hull.....	South Salem, N. Y.	Nov. 16, 1850	23	125	5 7½	Theology	Presb.	"Do it"
Henry Huston.....	LaFayette, N. J.	Nov. 26, 1853	20	170	5 11	Law.....	Methodist.	Sallie, Sarah.
Duncan C. Jackson.....	Brownsville, Pa.	Aug. 18, 1850	23	158	5 11½	Law.....	Presb.	Jack, D. C. Free Trade, Hydrastles.
George Jacobs, Jr.....	Mifflin, Pa.	Nov. 29, 1852	21	134	5 6½	Theology	Episcopal.	Janey, "Call me George,"
John W. Kaye.....	Philadelphia, Pa.	Jan'y 9, 1848	26	150	5 10	Theology	Presb.	Pencilions, Bishop, O. K. Bonquet.
William L. Ledwith.....	Brownsville, Pa.	Mar. 14, 1850	24	135	5 11½	Medicine	Episcopal.	Mrs. L. Lady, Madame.
Thomas G. Lee.....	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 11, 1851	22	150	5 10½	Business,	Episcopal.	Snoozer, Skippy.
George S. Lewis.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.	May 15, 1855	19	146	5 11	Theology	do.	John, "Fatty, Doctor, "Army"
John E. Lloyd.....	St. Asaph, N. Wales.	Nov. 14, 1849	24	165	5 8½	Medicine	do.	Poppe
Samuel B. Loose.....	Ragerstown, Md.	Aug. 10, 1852	21	139	5 9	Business.	do.	Sleepy Sam, Sam.
Francis P. Mann.....	New Albany, Ind.	April 2, 1854	20	120	5 9	Theology	do.	Frank
Alban Marquand.....	New York, N. Y.	Dec. 10, 1853	20	145	5 10½	Theology	do.	Aly
Alexander D. McClure.....	Lewisburg, Tenn.	July 9, 1850	23	156	5 9	Theology	do.	Mae, Doax, Grand Duke, Alexis.
Simon J. McPherson.....	Mumfords, N. Y.	Jan'y 19, 1850	24	170	5 9	Medicine	do.	Mae, Bobby
Robert S. Morris.....	New York, N. Y.	Oct. 20, 1852	19	135	5 8	Theology	do.	Pantheist, Barbarossa, Kilhareudes, Hank.
Henry E. Mott.....	Hillside, Mich.	Oct. 17, 1852	21	135	5 6½	Business,	do.	David, Pap, Metaphysics.
William D. Neese.....	Baltimore, Md.	Jan'y 5, 1849	25	139	5 11½	Theology	do.	Doctor, Doc.
Wallace Neff.....	Cincinnati, O.	Oct. 13, 1852	21	150	5 10	Law.....	Episcopal.	Nick, DeL.
Walter D. Nicholas.....	Mendham, N. J.	Dec. 12, 1851	22	135	5 7½	Law.....	do.	Joe, Joel, Gov, Park.
Delaney, Nicol.....	New York, N. Y.	June 24, 1854	20	160	5 10	Theology	do.	Pate, Dave, Cap, Dan'l.
Joseph Parker.....	Red Bank, N. J.	Mar. 15, 1853	20	136	5 6	Business,	do.	Pat, Billy, "Who hit Billy Patterson?"
David Paton.....	New York, N. Y.	Mar. 4, 1854	20	160	5 6	Theology	do.	Mo'z, "Chief Mulligan"
William P. Patterson.....	Philadelphia, Pa.	Oct. 6, 1848	25	151	5 8	Theology	do.	Pige
John W. Peckoff.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Nov. 25, 1852	19	132	5 11½	Medicine	Presb.	Sister, Schweiter, Choctaw.
James C. Pigeon.....	Princeton, N. J.	Sept. 13, 1854	20	136½	5 9½	Theology	do.	Ton
John G. Reid.....	Princeton, N. J.	Jan'y 19, 1854	21	138½	5 9½	Theology	do.	Jim, Kim Jiggs.
Thomas G. Ricketts.....	Troy, N. Y.	July 16, 1853	20	132½	5 6½	Law.....	Episcopal.	Duiter, Snipe.
James S. Riggs.....	Vincetown, N. J.	May 9, 1853	21	165	5 9	Theology	Presb.	Senator, Secretary, Bull.
Samuel Robbins.....	Patterson, Pa.	Jan'y 15, 1851	23	165	5 9½	Theology	do.	Radix
Albert L. Root.....	Greencastle, Ind.	Nov. 9, 1853	20	143	5 5½	Theology	do.	Judge, Jim.
James H. Ross.....	Troy, N. Y.	Aug. 21, 1851	22	160	5 9½	Law.....	do.	Ruby
Nathaniel J. Rubinkam.....	Hartsville, Pa.	Feb'y 19, 1851	23	160	5 11½	Theology	do.	Bruins
Clinton E. Savidge.....	Sunbury, Pa.	Jan'y 19, 1851	23	165	5 8½	Law.....	Methodist.	Jim, Simon, Charlotte.
James Searlet.....	Danville, Pa.	Dec. 24, 1849	24	148½	5 8½	Theology	do.	Scotty, Capt. of Meeces.
Alexander Seofland.....	Yonkers, N. Y.	April 1, 1848	26	160	5 8½	Theology	Presb.	
William T. Scott.....	Columbville, O.	Dec. 23, 1850	23	160	5 11	Law.....	U. Presb.	Mrs Gunnybags, Pea Green, Piggy, Eme.
Minor W. Smith.....	Gleason Springs, S. C.	Mar. 24, 1853	21	140	5 8½	Medicine	Episcopal.	Billy
William M. Smith.....	Patterson, N. J.	June 4, 1854	20	147	5 8½	Law.....	Presb.	Billy, Spouse, Scipio, Responsible.
William H. Sponsler.....	New Bloomfield, Pa.	Feb'y 16, 1853	23	165	5 11	Business,	do.	Granny, Deacon, Twin.
Edmund L. Stevas.....	Cranbury, N. J.	Aug. 16, 1851	22	137	5 10	Law.....	do.	Deacon, Doctor, Elder, Strongy.
Edward K. Strong.....	Kalamazoo, Mich.	Sept. 2, 1852	21	132	5 6	Law.....	do.	Jai, Cow.
John T. Stuart.....	Carlisle, Pa.	May 23, 1851	23	138	5 7½	Law.....	do.	

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	Birthday.	Age.	W't.	H'L.	Profess'n	Religion.	FAMILIARITIES.
Henry B. Taylor.....	Newark, N. J.....	June 3, 1854.....	20.....	5 6½.....	Law.....	Presb.....	Commodore, General Zackery.....	
Charles D. Thompson.....	Newton, N. J.....	June 28, 1853.....	21.....	5 8.....	Law.....	.do.....	Tommy.....	
Jacob H. VanDeventer.....	Plainfield, N. J.....	July 12, 1852.....	21.....	5 11½.....	Law.....	.do.....	Jack, Famine, Skinny.....	
Harry Walker.....	Erie, Pa.....	Aug. 15, 1853.....	20.....	5 10½.....	Law.....	Episcopal.....	Jack, Toodies, Baldy, Noah, Spouse.....	
Edward L. Warren.....	Louisville, Ky.....	July 20, 1852.....	21.....	5 3½.....	Theology.....	Presb.....	"Warrenus".....	
Walter O. Wells.....	Oxford, O.....	Feb'y 22, 1853.....	21.....	5 6.....	Business.....	Presb.....	Pantheist, "Go West," "Prophet".....	
Andrew F. West.....	Cincinnati, O.....	May 17, 1853.....	21.....	5 11.....	Theology.....	.do.....	Billy, "Godsend," Old Hoss, Infantus.....	
William G. Westervelt.....	Newburgh, N. Y.....	Feb'y 26, 1851.....	23.....	5 3½.....	Theology.....	.do.....	Peter, John.....	
William R. Wherry.....	Beaver Falls, Pa.....	June 12, 1854.....	20.....	147.....	Law.....	.do.....	Judge, Toady, Boswell.....	
Alexander R. Whitehill.....	Beaver Falls, Pa.....	Aug. 4, 1850.....	23.....	140.....	Law.....	Episcopal.....	Major, Southern Planter, Dr. Johnson.....	
Charles F. Whittlesy.....	Winchester, Va.....	Aug. 19, 1855.....	18.....	165.....	Law.....	Presb.....	Senator.....	
Wills H. Wiggins.....	Otisville, N. Y.....	Oct. 20, 1851.....	22.....	173.....	Law.....	.do.....	Jack, Doctor, Mike, Darlin.....	
Harry H. Wilkoff.....	Trenton, N. J.....	Oct. 29, 1853.....	20.....	136.....	Law.....	Episcopal.....	Ruek, Calves.....	
Fred. B. Williamson.....	Elizabeth, N. J.....	Dec. 22, 1856.....	18.....	150.....	Medicine.....	Presb.....	Alphabet.....	
Alex. B. C. Wilson.....	Masontown, Pa.....	Mar. 9, 1852.....	22.....	150.....	Law.....	.do.....	Billy, Little One.....	
William T. Wilson.....	Logansport, Ind.....	Jan'y 4, 1854.....	20.....	110.....	Law.....	.do.....	Pantheist, Sam.....	
Samuel R. Whans.....	Lyonas Farms, N. J.....	Mar. 1, 1855.....	19.....	147.....	Law.....	.do.....		

SUMMARY.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENUMERATION.

Pennsylvania	33
New Jersey.....	22
New York.....	19
Ohio	8
Maryland	4
Michigan	3
Illinois	2
Indiana.....	2
Kentucky.....	2
South Carolina.....	2
California.....	1
Connecticut	1
New Hampshire.....	1
Tennessee.....	1
Virginia.....	1
Wales	1

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DENOMINATIONAL PREFERENCES.

Presbyterian	73
Episcopalian.....	12
Methodist	4
Reformed Presbyterian.....	3
Lutheran	2
United Presbyterian.....	1
Congregationalist.....	1
Baptist.....	1
Heterodox.....	6

Grand Total.....103

PROSPECTIVE OCCUPATION.

Law.....	36
Theology.....	31
Business	7
Medicine.....	5
Journalism	2
Banking	1
Engineering.....	1
Dubious	20

Aggregate age, 2,248 ys. 3 mos. 26 d's
 Average age.....22 yrs. 16 days.
 Class Birthday.....June 6th, 1852.
 Aggregate weight.....14,086½ lbs.
 Average weight.....138 1-10th lbs.
 Aggregate height.....573 ft. ¾ in.
 Average height.....5 ft. 7½ in.

In 1857 was born.....	1
In 1855 were ".....	6
In 1854 ".....	15
In 1853 ".....	26
In 1852 ".....	17
In 1851 ".....	16
In 1860 ".....	10
In 1849 ".....	4
In 1848 ".....	5
In 1847 ".....	2
In 1846 was ".....	1
Favored year.....	1853

In January were born.....	9
In February ".....	8
In March ".....	11
In April ".....	4
In May ".....	7
In June ".....	10
In July ".....	6
In August ".....	9
In Septemb. ".....	8
In October ".....	11
In Novemb. ".....	10
In Decemb. ".....	10

Favored Months, March and Oct.

EX-MEMBERS.

ANDERSON.	KERR.
BADÉAU.	KOE.
BENNETT.	LEEDS.
BLANEY.	LOGAN.
BRADFORD.	MICHAEL.
CARSON.	MILBURN.
CARTER.	MOORE.
CHIDSEY.	OSBORNE.
CLARK.	RANKIN.
COMEGYS.	ROBINSON.
DAMPMAN.	SAULSBURY.
DICKEY.	SAYER.
EDEN.	SCOTT.
FINLAY.	SHAW.
FORMAN.	H. SIMPSON.
FRISMUTH.	S. SIMPSON.
GORDON.	H. SMITH.
GRAHAM.	E. STEWART.
HAMEL.	SUTON.
HENDRICKSON.	WALLACE.
IRBY.	YAMADA.
IRVING.	YAMAOKA.

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