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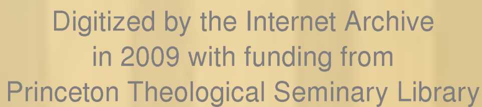
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THE SESQUICENTENNIAL.

President Cleveland Reviewing the Torch-light Procession of Alumni and Students, October 21, 1896.

Princeton—Old and New

Recollections of Undergraduate Life

By

James W. Alexander, A. M.

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Illustrated by W. R. Leigh

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List of Illustrations

The Sesquicentennial . . . . *Frontispiece*

President Cleveland Reviewing the Torch-light Procession of Alumni and Students, October 21, 1896.

The Old Cannon and Murray Hall x

FACING PAGE

Three Presidents 2

Old President's House, now Dean's 4

President Patton at Prospect — Southwest Piazza 6

Whig and Clio Halls, with Marquand Chapel in the Distance 8

Commencement Day — Alexander Hall . . . 10

Alexander Hall, showing North Front . . . 12

Alexander Hall — the Colonnade 14

Prospect Avenue, showing Club-houses . . . 16

FACING PAGE

Billiard-room at the Old Ivy Club (now Colonial) 18

Library of Tiger Inn 20

Nassau Hall, Princeton, Erected 1756 . . . 22

Cane Spree as it was in 1876, back of East College 30

A College Room on Top Floor of Witherspoon Hall 32

Witherspoon Hall 40

Brown Hall, from the Archway of Dod . . . 44

Senior Singing in front of Old North — Commencement Week 46

The Arnold Guyot Memorial — a Bronze Tablet by the Late Olin Warner 54

The Presidents' Row — Princeton Cemetery . 58

Statue of McCosh by St. Gaudens, in Marquand Chapel 62

McCosh Walk, looking East 64

Marquand Chapel — Morning Prayers . . . 66

The New University Library 68

FACING PAGE

Blair Hall 70

A Sunny Morning on the Front Campus . . 72

Cannon Exercises on Class Day — the Presentation Oration 82

Dennis Sullivan 88

Jimmy Johnson 88

The Grill-room, Princeton Inn 90

Trophy-room in Athletic Club-house . . . 94

The Old Cannon and Murray Hall.

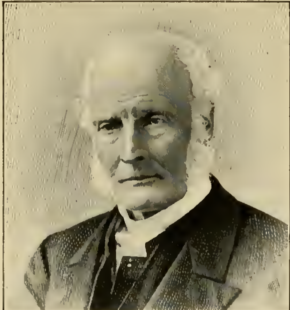
PRINCETON — OLD AND NEW

THE ingredients of that composite but intangible thing that Princeton men worship under the endearing name of "Old Nassau" are so numerous, so varied, so indescribable, that it would be next to impossible to take them apart and classify them. Famous men, contributions to learning and science, friendship, escapades, hereditary ties, historic links, songs, and thousands of characteristic incidents combine through decades and centuries to form the mystic object of our love.

Besides the systematic instruction and research which go on in all colleges and universities, there is a life and atmosphere which is characteristic to each, and which has much to do with making the well-

rounded man. Who, for example, shall measure the stimulus of pride in college colors? It is only in modern times that distinctive colors have become an accepted college usage. The crimson of Harvard is a recent thing. They used to sport the magenta, and had a college paper of that name, afterward changed to the *Crimson* when the new tint was adopted. As for Princeton, it is less than a quarter of a century since she discovered that she had a color. It was there all the time, for the Princeton orange was hers the moment the colonial governor Belcher dubbed the first college building with the name of Nassau. But for more than a century Princetonians went without colors, excepting the light blue of Whig, and the pink of Clio, Hall. It was a custom, which hundreds of living graduates remember, for the students to wear the badges of those renowned societies on all public occasions—that of Clio being an oblong pink ribbon

Dr. Maclean



Dr. McCosh.

Dr. Patton.

Three Presidents.

pinned upon the lapel of the coat; and that of Whig, a long and flowing mass of looped blue ribbon worn on the wrist. At last the orange for the whole College asserted its prerogative, and the society badges almost disappeared, to the sorrow, it may be added, of many an old boy, who, returning to the College, looks for them in vain. The black was combined with the orange by way of relief to monotony, although it was thought to be on historic grounds.

The Princeton colors have grown spontaneously into the college life, and an interesting and learned disquisition by Professor Allan Marquand, of Princeton, in support of orange and blue as the veritable colors of the house of Nassau, will hardly change a custom which has been gradually but surely intwined with the life of a generation of classes and embalmed in their songs. The only way in which the colors of Princeton have had official recognition is in the action taken by the Board of Trus-

tees adopting an academic costume which indicates the degree of the wearer and the Faculty granting it. Orange received the stamp of approval as the distinguishing color in the hoods which form a part of the costume.

Although the blue and pink of Whig and Clio Halls have yielded to the orange and black, the undergraduate life still is strongly leavened by those influential literary bodies. Who can wonder at the unique celebrity of the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies when he remembers that Madison, of the Class of 1771, one of the founders of Whig, was also the statesman who furnished the basis for the noble political structure represented by the American Constitution; and that Paterson, of the Class of 1763, one of the founders of the other, was the chief advocate with Oliver Ellsworth, of the Class of 1766, of the maintenance of State sovereignties, which view was by the Federalist

Old President's House, now Dean's.

Madison fused into the existing composite plan? These two societies—secret, mysterious, and ever in dignified rivalry—have formed the pivot of higher intellectual life at Princeton for more than a century. The absence of chapters of the minor Greek societies represented in some other universities is a hundred times made up by these two renowned and useful organizations, exclusively Princetonian and absolutely without competition elsewhere. To the training in literature, oratory, debate, and parliamentary proceeding given in Whig and Clio Halls, stimulated as it is by the peculiar atmosphere of tradition and scholarship, generations of statesmen, divines, and leaders of men have justly ascribed their success.

Intense interest has been always taken by the students in the division of college honors between the members of Whig and Clio Halls. On Commencement Day, when for the first time public announcement is

made of the successful competitors for the long list of fellowship prizes and scholarly distinctions, the members of the Halls group themselves respectively in different portions of the building, and, as each name is divulged, vociferous applause, with the Princeton cheer, issues from the appropriate group. A printed discussion occurred in 1870, each Hall, through a committee, claiming historic precedence. The controversy was hot and the language used not uniformly temperate, but the success of the societies in developing talent has run parallel with the accentuation of the rivalry.

Formerly the whole College, with scarcely an exception, was represented in the Halls, and the students were divided into two opposing camps. It was hardly practicable for friends to continue intimate relations if they belonged to different Halls, and it was a thing unknown for a Whig to room with a Clio. Some fifty years ago a leaf from one of the Halls blew out acci-

President Patton at Prospect — Southwest Piazza.

dentally into the Campus and was picked up by a member of the other society, who, instead of returning it, and not quite certain that it was genuine, showed it to some of his own society members. The feeling became so strong that he had to be guarded in a room for nights, the society to which the paper belonged refusing apologies from the other. The trouble was very detrimental to both Halls, as it caused the breaking up of the Annual Celebration on the Fourth of July, at which speeches were delivered by eight Juniors, four elected by the members of each Hall. The choice was regarded as a signal honor. The Declaration of Independence was read, the Halls alternating in choosing the "Reader." The Hall having the appointment of the Reader for 1841 had, curiously enough, selected C——, the finder of the lost paper. As soon as his conduct was known, a meeting was called by his fellow-members to expel him from the Hall; but before they could carry

this purpose into execution, a committee from the rival Hall demanded C——'s withdrawal. This produced a revulsion of feeling, and compliance was refused. The result was a failure of the Celebration. The next year the Hall which had appointed the blackballed Reader claimed the right to have its turn, because the last Reader who had served was from the other Hall. This was followed by disputes, and the Celebration was abandoned indefinitely.

A graduate who was at Princeton during this terrible commotion relates that ten or twelve years after leaving college he joined the most prominent social club in New York, and on entering the reading-room, one evening, whom should he see but C—— himself, who had become a physician of repute! The graduate — full of the old Princeton feeling, which never dies in a son of Nassau — was so shocked that it was as much as he could do to "hold himself down" and not denounce C—— then and

Whig and Clio Halls, with Marquand Chapel in the Distance.

there as unfit for the company of gentlemen. But sober second thought came to his rescue, and he contented himself with avoiding his fellow club-man.

It has been until recently the custom at Princeton for the two Halls to canvass each incoming class, and introduce every man into one or the other society. This custom, fifty years ago, used to be called "hoaxing," and still earlier "huxing." The practice may have been carried to an extreme, for the committees had the habit of approaching students before they came to Princeton, waylaying them at the station, and pursuing them with every sort of suasion short of physical force. But the competition had its meritorious side: it left no indifferent men in college. The Halls, a few years ago, negotiated a treaty, under which all canvassing is prohibited, and the students are left to apply for membership, as in the higher class of clubs. It cannot be said, without qualification, that the effect

is good. For the first time in the history of these venerable institutions there exists a considerable body of students who belong to neither society, and there are many who would enthusiastically hail the abrogation of the treaty, and a return to the traditional habit, which would doubtless be favorably toned by the experience of recent years.

Old Princetonians miss other customs which have passed away, as, for example, the annual oration before the two societies—one year by a Whig, and the next by a Clio, graduate. Some of the most illustrious men of the country have officiated on these occasions.

In oratory and debate the students of Princeton have always been preëminent, a fact due largely to the Hall training. As far back as 1814, General Winfield Scott, wounded, on his way from the battle of Lundy's Lane, stopped at Princeton and was present on the stage at Commencement. Bloomfield McIlvain, the Valedictorian, a

Commencement Day — Alexander Hall.

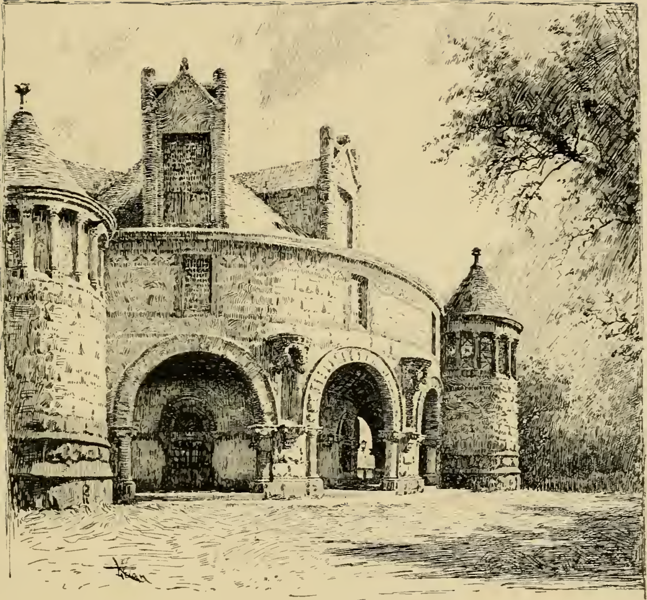
man who had become a ready debater through his Hall experience, suddenly stopped in his speech and apostrophized Scott as the patriot soldier in a panegyric which electrified both the hero and the audience, the former stating afterward that he was more appalled than if he had been confronted by a British regiment.

In literature, too, the influence of the Halls has been important, the periodicals and reviews issued under Princeton's graduate and undergraduate direction fully sustaining the reputation of the University in this field. The first article in the first number of the *Nassau Lit* was written fifty years ago by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., of the Class of '41. It also contained an article by Charles Godfrey Leland ("Hans Breitmann"), of the Class of '45. Youthful contributions from many men since become famous are scattered over its pages.

The twin white-marble buildings, with monolithic columns, purely Grecian, known

as Whig and Clio Halls, are among the most beautiful on the Campus. No one not a member can pass through their doors. One of the traditions is that a Mrs. Potter was chased by a bull, and, taking refuge on the porch of Whig Hall, tried the door in vain, the secret catch being proof against the uninitiated; but she finally succeeded in pressing through behind a member. Here was a dilemma, indeed! A woman had seen the sacred antechamber! There was but one course open: she was duly initiated and put under pledge of secrecy, and is the only woman who has seen the interior of either house.

Whether this story is true or not, there was a woman in 1777 who was fully initiated into *both* the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies, which then met in the upper story of the stone building west of North College, now called the "University Offices." At this time it was considered prudent to protect the minutes and archives



Alexander Hall, showing North Front.

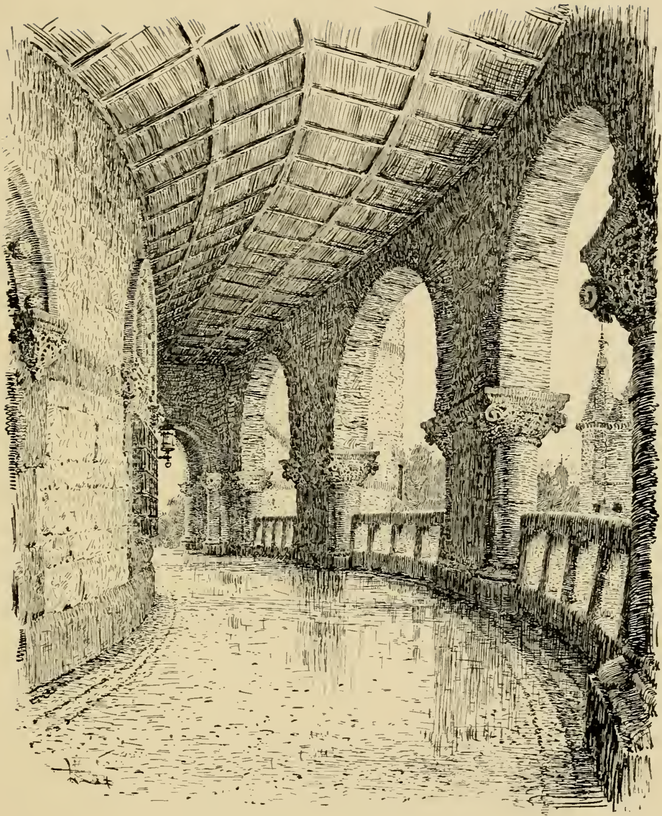
of the two societies from the British troops, and Mrs. Richard Stockton, wife of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, a lady of unusual education, great intelligence, and a poetess as well, was appointed the custodian of the treasures of both societies, and of the records of the College also. The precious deposit was safely hidden in the ground at "Morven" during the raid of the enemy's forces on that very house, and was returned after the British army was driven from the State.

The politics of the College formerly took their shape from the contests in the Halls. The writer well remembers being taken by student friends at night, soon after matriculation, to a secret conclave in "Jugtown," where in a small room, dense with tobacco-smoke, a "caucus" was held of one of the "parties" in Whig Hall, and where candidates for society honors were agreed on, and measures adopted for a heated college campaign. But party spirit ran so high in

the elections for "Junior Orators" that changes were made by which the candidates were, and still are, chosen by judges instead of by popular vote.

While the Halls as now conducted furnish a certain measure of club facilities, the eating clubs of Princeton have grown in many cases into social centres of more or less luxury and comfort. Princeton has no commons.

Half a century ago there was a refectory in a large building at the southeast corner of the front Campus, which has long since disappeared before the march of modern architecture. There was also a second refectory, at a lower charge for board, in a wooden building east of East College. The food was fair, but the service would be criticised by a fastidious club member. Boiled eggs, for example, were served in a large tin milk-pan; each student had a bowl and soup-spoon, and the eggs were broken,



Alexander Hall — the Colonnade.

in considerable numbers, into the bowl. Milk and dipped toast were also served in milk-pans. The butter was occasionally ancient, and on one such occasion a student threw a plate of butter against the wall. When the tutor asked who did it, one of the fellows told him to ask the butter, as it was old enough to speak for itself!

A tutor sat at the head of each table. The tables were long and of planed pine, with straight legs fastened to the floor by bent iron with screws. The tutor at a certain table was very bashful, and was therefore legitimate "game" for the boys. The students managed to draw out the screws from the floor, and having passed the word around, at a given signal they gently raised the table with their knees and made it move a little toward the tutor — all hands continuing to eat and talk as if nothing had happened. The tutor seemed dazed by the mysterious motion, and when the table began to press against his breast, he politely

moved his chair backward. As the table progressed he continued to back, and the students were satisfied only when they had pinned him to the wall.

This is only an illustration of the pranks of the collegians when they used to eat in common, and when their behavior sometimes became riotous. The conduct of the students at their meals became the subject of legislation in the College.

In the college laws, "Revised, Amended, and Adopted by the Board of Trustees, September 30, 1813," it was enacted that:

"No student shall leave the dining-table . . . except by permission from one of the Officers present"; and

"No student who is capable of attending on the exercises of the College shall be permitted to board out of the house."

An effort was made within recent times to revive the usage of commons, and two hundred or more took their meals together under a coöperative arrangement in Univer-

Old Ivy (now Colonial). Tiger Inn. Athletic Club. Cap and Gown. Cottage.

Prospect Avenue, showing Club-houses.

(Drawn in 1896.)

sity Hall for two years. But the business, being in the hands of novices, was mismanaged, and resulted in failure. Students nowadays, in groups of twelve or more, organize as clubs for eating purposes. This custom has enabled many a scholar with a slender purse to earn his living by catering for such a club; and it is a noble evidence of the equality on which all men stand at Princeton, that a meritorious student of gentlemanlike tastes and manly disposition loses no caste by reason of such occupation. Indeed, it has happened that a student thus defraying his expenses has been not only popular in the club, but was elected President of his class. Out of such combinations have developed the more attractive clubs, with their own houses, libraries, billiard-rooms, parlors, and bedrooms. The Ivy Club is the oldest of these (1878), and the members are carefully selected from the Senior and Junior classes, and close friendships are cemented through the companion-

ship thus formed. The graduate members come back and hold reunions in the club-house from year to year. This club has a new and picturesque house in process of construction. Of the same type, but more recently formed, are the University Cottage Club (1887), the Tiger Inn (1890), the Cap and Gown (1891), the Colonial (1892), the Princeton Elm (1895), and the Cannon (1895).

The bond of affection which ties together, not only through the college course, but through life, the members of these and other organizations is something unique. It is not to be found outside the "classic shades." The pride, the love, the jealousy, the *esprit de corps*, the ambition that a loyal university man feels when Alma Mater is concerned, partakes of the devotion evoked by country, by mother, by sweetheart, with something indescribably delicious thrown in which is peculiar to the college life. There is nothing invidious in it. One may believe his own college the dearest and best with-

Billiard-room at the Old Ivy Club (now Colonial).

out disparaging another's; but if there happens to be a substantial basis to his affectionate claim, the sentiment is none the weaker.

A most touching illustration of the love of a Princeton man for his university and his club has been recently furnished in the life and death of Dr. George K. Edwards, of Newcastle, Delaware, a graduate of the Class of '89. Edwards was the popular man of his day. No college crowd was complete if he were not present. He had a species of humor altogether original, and those who knew him — young and old — will never forget his mock seriousness when called on to make a speech at some reunion, or how he would point his finger at some imaginary victims of his oratory, and with frowning brow and piercing eye utter the words: "And, sirs!" Edwards was an intensely loyal Princetonian and Ivy Club man. He repeatedly travelled three thousand miles to attend the annual Ivy Alumni dinner. After

one of these festivals, he put twenty-five hundred dollars into the treasury of the Club. He was a consumptive, and was compelled to seek the more equable climate of the far West as a residence in later years. But ill health did not prevent "Horse" Edwards, as his intimates called him, from traversing the continent for a rally of the boys at Old Nassau. On Friday night before Commencement of 1897, the Ivy Club held its annual dinner, and it was whispered about that "Horse" was sitting on the club-house piazza, although so ill that his days might be said literally to be numbered. In fact, it was believed that he had come to Princeton to die in the midst of the scenes he loved so well. When the after-dinner speaking began, "Horse" came to the table, and laughed and cried as his old friends toasted him to the echo and sang to him in the old familiar strain:

Here 's to you, Horse Edwards!
Here 's to you, my jovial friend!

Library of Tiger Inn.

Called to his feet, he spoke in the same vein of serio-comic originality which had so often entertained student and graduate audiences; but there was a veil of sadness over it all, and pathos in the thought that the Princeton enthusiast was obviously doing his act of comradeship for the last time. The next day he was carried to the 'Varsity Field to see the base-ball game between Princeton and Yale, and his weak voice was heard once more when the cheers went up. One by one he went through the functions which returning graduates love to repeat from year to year at Commencement. But on Sunday his fading forces made it imperative that he should keep his bed, and it was plain that he was dying. He asked to be taken to his old room in East College, and there, surrounded by his classmates, and happy in the thought that his soul was to take its flight from the very Campus of Princeton, he passed serenely away. After his death it was found that he had left legacies to the

University and the Ivy Club amounting to sixty thousand dollars.

Such is the feeling with which Princeton men cling to Old Nassau. Two other American universities are older; several have more students; a few are richer in dollars and cents; but in the unpurchasable heritage of glorious tradition, in the roll of honor and the catalogue of achievement, in that spontaneous confirmation by her sons of a career of noble work which expresses itself in what is called "Princeton spirit," no man who has lived within her beloved walls or walked beneath her historic shades will yield her supremacy.

It is around "Old North" particularly that cluster the memories of the Revolution. Washington, having crossed the Delaware in 1777 and precipitated the battle of Princeton, there administered the most telling blow of the war to the British, and turned the tide of the conflict. It was within a mile

Nassau Hall, Princeton, Erected 1756.

Seized by the British in 1776; retaken by Americans at the Battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777. Here met, from June 26, 1783, to November 4, 1783, the Continental Congress.

of the College that Mercer fell, and it has long been a custom for Freshmen to make a pilgrimage to the house where he died. After the battle the enemy retreated and occupied Old North. The first shot is said by tradition to have entered the prayer hall and passed through the head of the portrait of King George the Second, on the wall. But a Frenchman writing of Princeton denies this story, and alleges that the portrait was cut out of the frame by the British and taken away to keep it out of the hands of the patriots. This he claims to have had from the lips of some who were present, so that this painting may still be in existence. Who will discover it and present it to the University? The British were afterward expelled from Old North, which was occupied by the Americans, but not until the building had been damaged, a portrait of Governor Belcher taken away, and the books of the library rifled. Some of these were afterward found in North Carolina.

In 1783 the National Congress, driven from Philadelphia by the threats of Pennsylvania soldiers, took refuge in Princeton, and held its sessions in the library-room of Nassau Hall. It was here, on July 4 of the same year, that a memorable jubilee was celebrated. Then, for the first time, Whig and Clio Halls were represented publicly by speakers, the Whig orator being Ashbel Green, of the Senior Class, afterward President of the College. James Madison, a graduate of eleven years' standing, then a Congressman, Dr. Witherspoon, and the Congress itself, were present in the audience. In the fall of the same year Ashbel Green, the Valedictorian, included in his speech a direct complimentary address to General Washington, who next day made a present of fifty guineas to the Trustees of the College, which they used in procuring a full-length portrait of Washington by the elder Peale of Philadelphia. This picture now occu-

pies, it is affirmed, the very frame which had contained the portrait of George the Second.

Old North was burned, intentionally, it was thought, in 1802, and the library destroyed, this being the second loss of the kind. A third fire occurred in 1855. The identity of the structure, however, has never been lost, the solid masonry remaining proof against the flames.

General Lafayette visited Princeton in 1829, and it was probably in Old North that Richard Stockton, known as the "Duke," and son of the signer, welcomed him as "Marquis." On being reminded that Lafayette had renounced his title, Stockton said: "Once a marquis, always a marquis. I shall address him by his title before the infamous Revolution." And he did so address him.

In the demoralized state of affairs during and after the Revolution it was not such an easy thing for a boy to get to college. Ste-

phanus Van Rensselaer, Patroon of Rensselaerswyck (afterward Major-General and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York), was sent in the fall of 1779, at the age of fifteen, to Princeton College. Many others of his name and family have been graduated there since. But Stephanus had to be escorted, with his schoolmates, by a military guard. Princeton was reached, but education in those days was there secured almost within range of the enemy's guns and the roar of their artillery. Such was the excitement, if not the danger, that the young Patroon was at last removed to Cambridge, and was graduated with honor at Harvard in 1782. Some cynical Princetonian has said that nothing less than two armies and a revolution could drive a son of Old Nassau to a New England college. Stephanus did not know, however, how much security a Princeton diploma carried with it. Stephen Bloomer Balch, a graduate of the College, stopped one night

at a North Carolina farm-house, in the most exciting period of the war, and sought shelter. The wife of the farmer, who himself was absent, admitted him after much persuasion. In the small hours of the morning the farmer returned and roughly ordered Balch to vacate, exclaiming: "I allow no man to sleep under my roof but a Whig!" "Then let me rest in peace," said Balch, "for I was graduated at Princeton under Dr. Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence." The passport was viséd, and Balch had his night's repose.

Many a college usage which has contributed its mite to make up the full conception of Princeton life to the men of its time has come and gone. The class "rush" was once a dangerous but exhilarating affair, in which masses of men were impelled against each other in solid phalanx, the forward ranks being actually lifted into the

air by the shock. The base of the old Triangle was the scene of many dramatic encounters. This pastime was forbidden by the Faculty, but flourished in proportion to the strength of the prohibition. Not many years ago it was thought that it had died of its own accord. But the annually increasing size of the Freshman Class has imbued that body with a sense of its own power, and for a year or two past the tables have been turned rather ludicrously on the once invincible Sophomores by the "infant class," who have "rushed" their traditional enemy to their hearts' content.

The "cane spree" still exists, but in a modified form. It has gone through a number of curious modifications. Twenty-five years ago it was similar in many features to the rush. The Freshman Class appeared at night in front of the post-office on Nassau Street, each man carrying a cane. The Sophomores rushed the Freshmen, each man grabbing a cane and tus-

sling for it to the best of his ability. By 1875 it was a more formal affair. For a week or two before the eventful night each Freshman would choose, or be assigned, a Junior as a "second," or backer. Each Sophomore had a Senior who served him in a similar capacity. These seconds would "arrange" matches between men who were believed to be of probable equal strength and ability. For days the Junior would coach his Freshman on famous tricks, such as the "hip throw." He was taught how to rosin his hands; how to hold them at just the proper distance from the ends, so as to retain the outside hold; how to get the cane under his body when the Sophomore threw him; or how to keep his opponent from jumping on the cane with both knees. On the first fine moonlight night in September or early October the whole College gathered to see the series of duels, each conducted in its own little circle of cheering men, the whole occupying three

or four hours. It was the most picturesque of college customs. It was held on the space back of East College. Every window on the east side was illuminated. When a cane was "won," that is, wrenched free, the winner would hold it aloft amid mighty cheers from his classmates, and the little circle would in an instant dissolve, to gather around other contestants. Next day a count was made by each class of the number of canes won, lost, and divided, and this determined the issue of the contest for that year. The theory was that if the Freshman Class won the most canes it might carry them from that date. But the victory was generally a barren one, as few Freshmen ever had the audacity to carry a cane before the issue of the Sophomore proclamation.

Later the custom was narrowed down to three contests, heavy, middle, and light weight, each class choosing its champions, and was held back of Reunion or in front

Cane Spree as it was in 1876, back of East College.

of Witherspoon. Then (by aid and advice of the Faculty) it was reduced to an episode in the fall games. In 1896 the old custom of having three cane sprees held at night was permitted to be revived, as a mark of favor from the Faculty to the College in consideration of the greatly improved order maintained by the students.

A marked advance has been made by the students themselves, at Princeton, during the past few years, in the matter of dignity and the ethics of college life. Spontaneously, and without influence from Faculty or Alumni, — an influence which generally seems to work inversely to the direction intended, — they introduced and have maintained what is now known throughout the college world as the "honor system," under which a student caught by his fellows cheating at examinations loses his social status, is disgraced, and, as a matter of fact, has to retire from the University. It needed only that one or two should be thus ostra-

cized to discover that the mass of honorable students could successfully maintain a system of absolute fairness. So true is this, that professors sometimes leave their examination-room, and the old-time surveillance is a dead letter. The spirit of manliness has still further permeated the student life, and brutal hazing has also disappeared during recent years, it is hoped never to return.

It cannot be denied, however, that some of the impositions on Freshmen used to be very funny, and there are mild forms of "guying" still in vogue which provoke a smile even from the most sedate. When a young "Verdant Green," for example, makes his first appearance, walking with his papa across the Campus, "disconcerting" is not a word strong enough to express his feeling as he hears a crowd of Sophomores keep time to his step by saying, "Right! left! right! left!" It was a son of ex-Mayor Hewitt, of New York, who, being visited in his room by a party of fellows demand-

A College Room on Top Floor of Witherspoon Hall.

ing that he should sing, said he would be willing to play on the horn. This offer being accepted, he seized a big tin horn from a shelf and, throwing up the window, blew a blast which brought the Proctor almost before the Sophomores could beat a hasty retreat. "Smoking out" was the favorite mode of torturing Freshmen thirty or forty years ago, and a mysterious order known as "Hogi Mogi" was held in abject dread by unsophisticated matriculates. The name was almost all there was of it, but under this ægis many a deed of cruelty was done by masked Sophomores. The popular significance of the term "sophomore," by the way, is likely to be utterly lost, if the boys of our colleges continue to transform themselves into university men.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of grave and reverend seigniors, ministers, judges, and scientists, who look back with pleasure to the time when they "occupied" the entries of Old North, and behind bar-

ricades of fire-wood rolled hot cannon-balls up and down the brick-tiled corridors, and made night hideous by continuous ringing of the college bell. This was a common thing fifty years ago. The long brick halls of Old North made a fine place to roll cannon-balls at night. This would bring out the tutor who lived in the building, who would try to capture the ball and stop the noise. At one time the ball was heated, and the tutor discovered this to his cost. On the next occasion the ball was rolled down cold, whereupon the tutor rushed out with a pail of water and deluged the ball, only to be discomfited by the derisive cry of "Fire!" from the students in ambush.

The stealing of the bell-clapper by the Freshman Class was a later institution. The class who failed to achieve this feat was formerly considered beneath contempt. In 1886 four Freshmen with skeleton keys, defying the laws both of the State and the insti-

tution, climbed to the tower between two and three o'clock in the morning. What was their astonishment to find a light burning when they reached the top, and a night-watchman peacefully slumbering under the coveted clapper! They beat a hasty retreat, but, undaunted, they succeeded a few nights later. The stolen property, according to usage, was melted into miniature clappers, and worn as trophies by the class.

It was in Old North that Professor J. Addison Alexander, the linguist, saw on the floor, just as he was about entering his room, a bomb with a smoking fuse. Without stopping to think of the danger, he jumped on it and succeeded in stamping out the fire. Taking the ugly thing into his room, he proceeded to cut it open, only to find it filled with innocent sawdust; and as he smiled to think how he had been "sold," a jeering cry was heard outside the door from the throats of twenty Sophomores.

The forced respect to professors exacted

in colonial days had long before yielded to that familiarity, born of independence, which has done much in our free country to foster irreverence to superiors. It was enacted in the early college laws that "every scholar shall rise up and make obeisance when the President goes in or out of the hall, or enters the pulpit on days of religious worship. Every Freshman sent of an errand shall go and do it faithfully and make quick return. Every scholar in college shall keep his hat off about ten yards to the President, and five to the tutors." In the days of President Maclean, affectionately known among the students as "Johnnie," a considerable part of the enjoyment of breaking the college laws consisted in getting and keeping the old gentleman out and leading him a dance. For he was a figure in his day. The slightest noise or indication of a rumpus would bring "Old Johnnie" to the Campus, night or day. After dark he carried a lantern, and at all times appeared in immense

india-rubber shoes, an old-fashioned cloak, and a beaver hat which might be described as archaic. His principal office when not teaching was that of police superintendent of the College. There were no "proctors" in those days, but Dennis, the college servant, assisted "Johnnie," and used to summon the boys to appear before the Faculty after "Johnnie" had caught them.

Dennis is still there, and completed in 1896 a half-century of faithful service to the College. Many of the disturbances were made by the students for the sole purpose of enticing the President to pursuit, and to hear his familiar "Tut, tut!" when he secured a supposed offender. The furniture in his office was not of the most solid kind. When Henry Clay visited Princeton and was asked by "Johnnie" to sit down in his study, he did so, and the rickety chair gave way. The statesman got up and said: "Dr. Maclean, I hope the other chairs of the institution are on a more permanent foundation." One

night, when two Maltese donkeys from Commodore Stockton's field were found on the fourth floor of North College, the students asked Dr. Maclean how he thought they had got there. "Through their great anxiety," said he, "to visit some of their brethren."

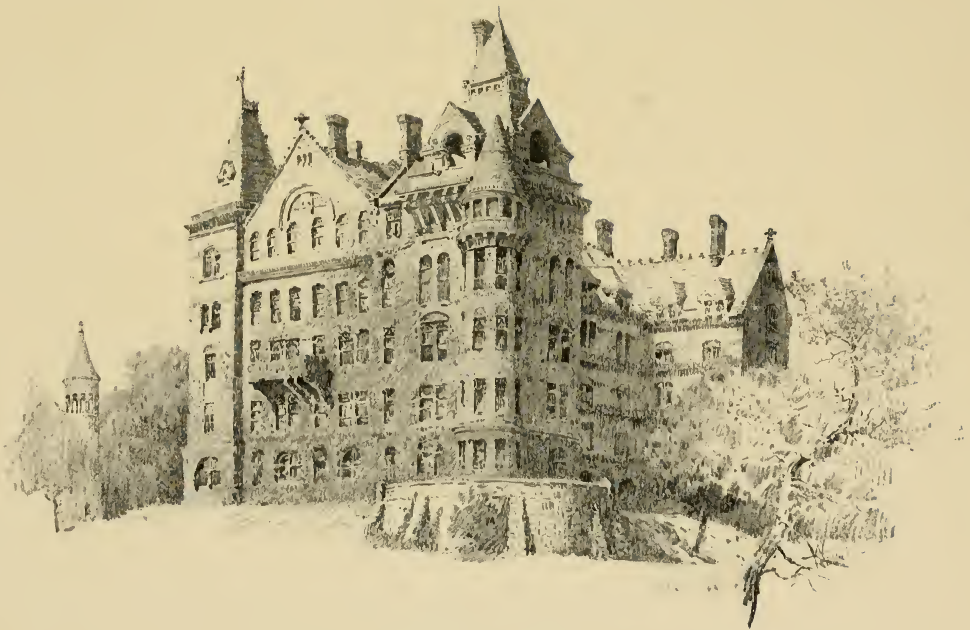
The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., of the Class of '41, says there was a picture of "Old Johnnie" up in the old College for a long time, representing him with a policeman's baton over his shoulder. Somehow or other that old man entwined himself around the affections of the students. For forty-six years he was connected with the college as professor and President. Long after his retirement the mere mention of his name among the Alumni would bring out a rousing cheer.

Professor Jaeger (1832–43), who lectured on German Literature and Natural History, was a simple-minded man, and not too familiar with English idioms. A student named Parker told him it would show

knowledge of our familiar phrases if he used the expression, "You have the wrong sow by the ear," when meaning "You are mistaken." Taking tea with President Maclean a few days later, "Johnnie's" sister, Miss Mary, who presided, asked him to take another cup. Professor Jaeger addressed her in reply as "Miss Agnes." "*I* am Miss Mary," said she; "my sister opposite you is Miss Agnes." "Ah!" said the unfortunate professor, proud to show his proficiency in English idioms, "I perceive I have the wrong sow by the ear." "Old Johnnie" was in a rage, and it was only through his invariable kindness of heart that the perpetrator of the jest was not punished.

Morning prayers were formerly held in the chapel near the break of day, and the students had to attend recitation after those exercises and before breakfast. Nowadays the boys have the luxury of coffee and rolls first, and go to chapel afterward at a ra-

tional hour. In those old days the "rouser" was sounded — the great college bell — to wake the sleepers, and the college servants blew a long, loud blast on a horn in each hallway. New students from the South would start from their slumbers, thinking the hounds were out. It used to be the custom on Sunday for the clerical professors to take turns in preaching to the boys, and as the gift of oratory does not invariably accompany the genius of scholarship, the poor fellows were often treated to dry husks instead of a nourishing spiritual meal. Nevertheless, some of the greatest preachers of the day were among the Faculty in those times. The order now is to have a series of the most gifted clergymen of the land invited to fill the college pulpit, and notwithstanding the excellence of the supply, no one is more cordially welcomed as a preacher than President Patton, whose scholarly intellect and keen but dignified wit are thoroughly appreciated by that



Witherspoon Hall.

most discriminating audience, the student body.

The mode of life was simpler in those days than now, but the same humor which still makes collegians so comic effervesced fifty years ago. When, for example, William Pennington, son of a former governor of New Jersey, roomed next door to Senior Tutor Topping, it was the custom for each man to hang on the outside knob of his door the bag containing his soiled clothes for the laundry. Pennington stuffed his own shirts, one day, in Tutor Topping's bag, and waited for the day when the clean linen was returned and laid out on Topping's bed. Then, knowing that two of the younger tutors were in Topping's room, Pennington knocked at his door. On entering he put on an embarrassed air, as if hesitating to speak in the presence of the other tutors. Topping in a lofty way said: "These gentlemen are my friends; I have no secrets from them; say what you wish."

Pennington still hemmed and hawed, but, again urged to speak, blurted out: "It is not my fault, Mr. Topping; I did not want to say anything about it now; but as you insist, I must ask you please to return the shirts I lent you, as I am in need of them." Topping's rage and horror at being thus addressed before the younger tutors, who looked up to him as a "Magnus Apollo," may be imagined. He began to upbraid Pennington, who interrupted him by saying: "It is of no use, Mr. Topping, trying to deny the fact. I see the shirts there on the bed with your own things!" The tutors stood aghast, but Pennington stepped to the bed and picked out his own shirts marked with his name.

That student genius for the comic was shown in a novel way a few years ago at Princeton, when a certain class by concerted arrangement brought into a professor's lecture-room fifty small alarm-clocks, so set that one should go off every minute during

the exercise. It requires no description to picture the result.

Students are quick to learn the peculiar characteristics of their professors. Stephen Alexander, the eminent astronomer, always lectured to the Senior Class without ever looking at his audience. The old boys will remember how he invariably addressed his remarks to the stove. He had a set of stock stories which he year after year introduced at certain fixed points in his lectures, and those who had the notes of previous classes could tell by the particular story what part of the subject had been reached.

The boys who steal off to New York and Philadelphia by train and come back in the "owl" would hesitate to take the hazard which their forefathers had to risk seventy-five years ago when they went to Philadelphia by stage, requiring an absence of two or three days, during which their classmates would keep candles burning in

their rooms and answer for their names at roll-call. In those days it would seem that the student body was less submissive to authority than now, in spite of more rigorous rules. During the latter part of President Green's administration, in 1816, the students became riotous and took possession of the College. The recitation-rooms were barred, lectures and other exercises were necessarily abandoned, and the institution was practically in a state of siege—all on account of some dissatisfaction with the management of the College.

One of the customs of late years has been for the Sophs and Freshmen, respectively, to placard the town with "Proclamations," or "Procs," as the boys call them, containing taunting language against the other class, and inciting them to encounter. Shortly after the opening of the College these huge posters have been seen as far away from the town as five miles. The challenged class must tear them down, and rows and

Brown Hall, from the Archway of Dod.

"rushes" are the result. The work is done secretly, for the college authorities do not deal gently with the offenders. Such mischievous pranks are as nothing compared with the ancient dissipations which centred around the village taverns.

On the walls of Old North graduating classes have annually planted the ivy, in each case piling up reminiscence on reminiscence, for every plant that clings to Old Nassau is the child of one that clings to some other historic house. Among them is one from Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and another from the picturesque castle at Heidelberg.

The singing of the Senior Class in the early summer evenings, on the steps of Old Nassau, began about 1865. No feature of university life in any college can surpass this Princeton custom in fascinating interest. The culminating occasion is the night of "Class Day," in these latter times. Several thousand people — the stu-

dents and their friends — sit and lounge on the grass under the elms, and listen to the Seniors as they sing their old songs together for the last time. Graduates, coming back after even fifty years of real life, unconsciously lapse into a dream of former fellowship under the influence of the scene.

A favorite mode of celebrating the Fourth of July in the olden time was throwing fire-balls composed of cotton-yarn tightly wrapped and soaked in turpentine. Buckets were placed around the cannon, and the balls were lighted and thrown aloft by hands incased in strong gloves, and again caught up and thrown again. The whole Quadrangle would be alive with flaming comets with tails of fire.

The breaking of street-lamps and stealing of shop-signs have been students' delights from time immemorial. One morning a sign appeared over President Maclean's study door bearing the announcement, "Oysters in Every Style."

Senior Singing in front of Old North — Commencement Week.

The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., tells of a two-horse wagon that was carried to the upper story of Old North in his day, and riotously dragged up and down the entry with shouts and violence. How it got there is a puzzle; but collegians triumph over the laws of mechanics as thoroughly as over the laws of the institution when they determine on a thing, which makes one marvel less at the achievements of the Egyptians. Horn-blowing was one of the choice amusements twenty-five years ago, and the "horn spree" became a notable college event. Its principal charm lay, of course, in the fact that it was prohibited by the Faculty. It consisted in the blowing on horrible tin horns by every man in college. At a certain signal every window was thrown open, and pandemonium seemed to reign. At night the students gathered in a body and moved in procession about the town, blowing on these horns, and many were the narrow escapes from arrest and

detection by "Johnnie" or Professor Giger or some other amateur policeman.

"Commencement" seems an odd term, used, as it is, for the ceremonies at the close of a college course. But at Princeton the "Commencement" exercises used to be in the latter part of September. It was a public holiday and gala occasion not only for the College but for all the country around. Lines of booths and wagons where refreshments were sold made their appearance at that time, and the town took on the aspect of a fair. The "Old Road" was a racecourse; there were playing for pennies, and dancing and fiddling, and even bull-baiting. The time was changed about 1844, and Commencement has been in June or July ever since.

It would probably puzzle an outsider to tell what a "Nassau Rake" is. But there are hundreds of graduates who remember those prohibited publications—some with regret for having had a hand in them, and more with memories of the fun and risks

attached to them. It was the custom some years ago for a mischievous group of the Sophomore Class each year to print a pamphlet of lampoons upon the Freshmen and Juniors. The language used was not always choice. There was not much delicacy of touch. Every foible received a notice—sometimes more biting than parliamentary. There was humor often and grossness too often. Suspension from college was the penalty for complicity in the offence of producing the "Rake"; but this only gave a spice to the undertaking. The very nature of the publication precludes the making of extracts. But men who have become great have figured in those columns in ridiculous attitudes. One "Rake" was entitled "Typical Forms of '71, by the Class of '72," after a celebrated work by President McCosh. On the corner is the inscription, "Published by the Dublin Tract Society."

The "Rake" issued by the Class of '70 is entitled "Essays and Reviews on Subjects

Consequential and Insignificant"; that of the Class of '69, "The Nassau Exposition"; that of '68, "The Differential Calculus of '68," and is divided into three parts—"Fundamental Principles," "Examples for Practice," and "Miscellaneous Examples." Most of these pamphlets were published with the simple title, "Nassau Rake." The "Rakes" provoked counter-publications by the Freshman Class under the name "Memorabilia Sophomorum." The editorial of the "Rake" of 1857 says: "We have authority for supposing that even the Faculty do not coöperate as heartily with our undertaking as they could and should." So little did they coöperate that many a graduate to-day can look back on a forced "rustication" in consequence of his discovered participation. On the reverse of the title-page of the "Rake" of 1858 is printed, "Entered according to Act of Congress, etc., etc., by the Rev. Johannes Maclean, the President of the College, D. D., M. D.,

LL. D., A. S. S., and published for the Benefit of the Faculty."

The "Acaleph" was a similar publication by the Junior Class. There is nothing to be proud of in these anonymous satires. But every college has had its mischief-makers, and their pranks form a part of the comprehensive college life. Time casts a haze over what is foolish or blameworthy, and takes account only of what is comic and original. The form of satire adopted by the students has differed in the course of years, but the same waggish spirit has always burst through the forced dignity of college requirements. John Allen Stuart, of the Class of '19, for example, printed a series of verses called the "Honoriad," which became famous. In this poem various fellow-students were held up to ridicule and their characteristic traits exposed. There is a tradition that on the day of the promulgation of the "Honoriad" Stuart and Abram W. Venable dined at old Mrs.

Hodge's (mother of the celebrated Dr. Charles Hodge), and when they came out of the house after dinner they indulged in a fight in the street, caused by allusions in the verses to Venable, as, for example:

> That tongue to speak did never rise
> Except, like Argus, with a hundred eyes;
> But mark a small distinction, by the by,
> Abe's eyes are *egos,* and not *oculi.*

The references were in some cases not devoid of compliment; as, for instance:

> That forehead seamed by care, that sunken cheek,
> Those premature gray hairs, and footsteps weak,
> Say that the man thus blighted in his bloom
> Is our best scholar, honest old Jack Groom.
> This man his mind could narrow to a line,
> Or any circle all his thoughts confine;
> And in deep meditation folded up,
> On mathematics breakfast, dine, and sup.
> As such he is, of him no more I 'll sing,
> He 's so respectable in everything;
> Who attacks him, like dog that gnaws a stone,
> Will howl in pain to find his grinders gone.

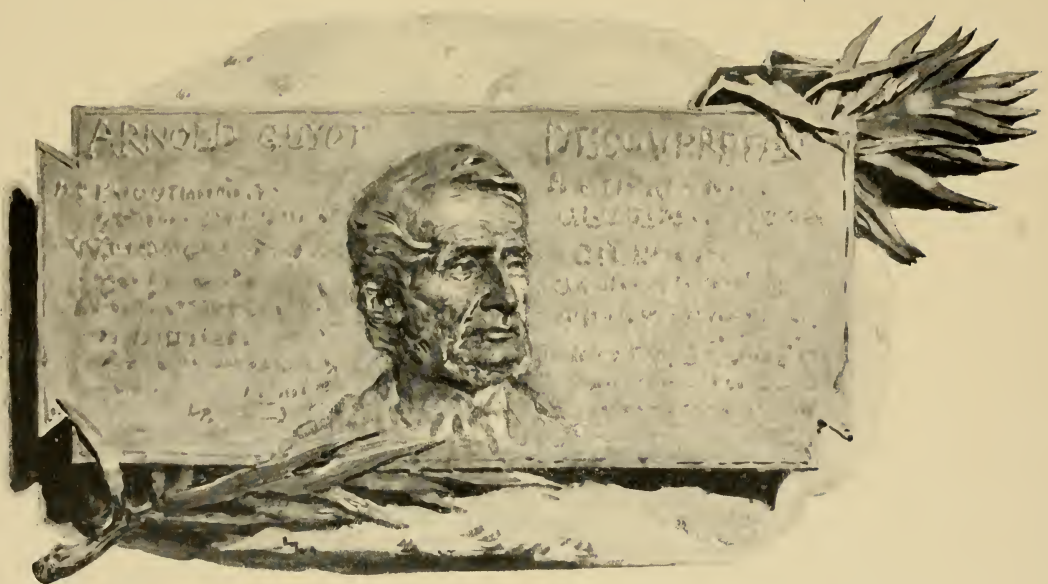
The author of the "Honoriad" was for many years editor of the Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury*, considered one of the best newspapers of the South.

In contrast with the trifling side of college doings, the career of the Philadelphian Society stands out conspicuously. It has been for nearly seventy years the religious organization of the students, corresponding with the Young Men's Christian Association elsewhere. It was founded by Brainerd Taylor. Formerly it met in a large room belonging to a student, but now occupies the beautiful building on the Campus known as Murray Hall, erected with a bequest by Hamilton Murray, of the Class of '72, who went down in the *Ville du Havre*, November 22, 1873. The influence of this vigorous organization on the Christian life of the students cannot be exaggerated.

It has been the popular prejudice that Harvard College is Unitarian; Yale, Congregational; and Princeton, Presbyterian.

One is as true as the others. That the influences of these ecclesiastical bodies are felt more or less, is undeniable. But in the case of Princeton, at least, there is no connection whatever between the University and the church. The Theological Seminary in Princeton is an entirely distinct institution. Princeton is unsectarian, but distinctly religious. The colonial governor who granted its charter would not sign it until the pledge had been made that the institution was to be decidedly and essentially free ecclesiastically, and a clause forever stamping this principle on its constitution was ingrafted in the royal charter. At the annual Commencement of 1762, an address was presented to Governor Hardy on behalf of the Trustees by Richard Stockton. In that address occurs the following language:

As the College of this Province has been favored with the patronage of each of the Gover-



The Arnold Guyot Memorial — a Bronze Tablet by the Late Olin Warner.

(In Marquand Chapel.)

nors since its institution, your Excellency will be pleased to take it under your protection. We can assure you that the general principle for preparing youth for public service in Church and State and making them useful members of Society, without concerning ourselves about their particular religious denomination, is our grand idea.

This has been the spirit of its administration ever since, and is to-day. There has always been a large proportion of students belonging to other denominations than the Presbyterian, and they have, when they chose, maintained their respectively appropriate religious organizations and attended their own church services. The St. Paul Society, an Episcopal body, has its place in the catalogue, its work, its meetings, and its public celebrations.

While Princeton is unsectarian, let none of its friends underrate the fact that its object has ever been, and still is, to cultivate

not only learning but religion. The Bible and its teachings are at the very root of its influence, and it is one of the glories of Old Nassau that it has educated a larger proportion of its men for the Christian ministry than any other American institution of its class. The list of illustrious divines who have received their learning here, among whom are some of the brightest ornaments of the Presbyterian Church, Episcopal bishops and clergymen, and dignitaries of various other denominations, is so large and so familiar that specification would be superfluous; but it is a claim that Princeton makes to every parent that the boy intrusted to its care will be brought under distinctly religious influence untainted by narrow denominationalism.

In developing so large an army of clergymen, Princeton has not neglected the domain of secular pursuits. During one hundred and fifty years she has furnished the United States with Presidents, Vice-Presi-

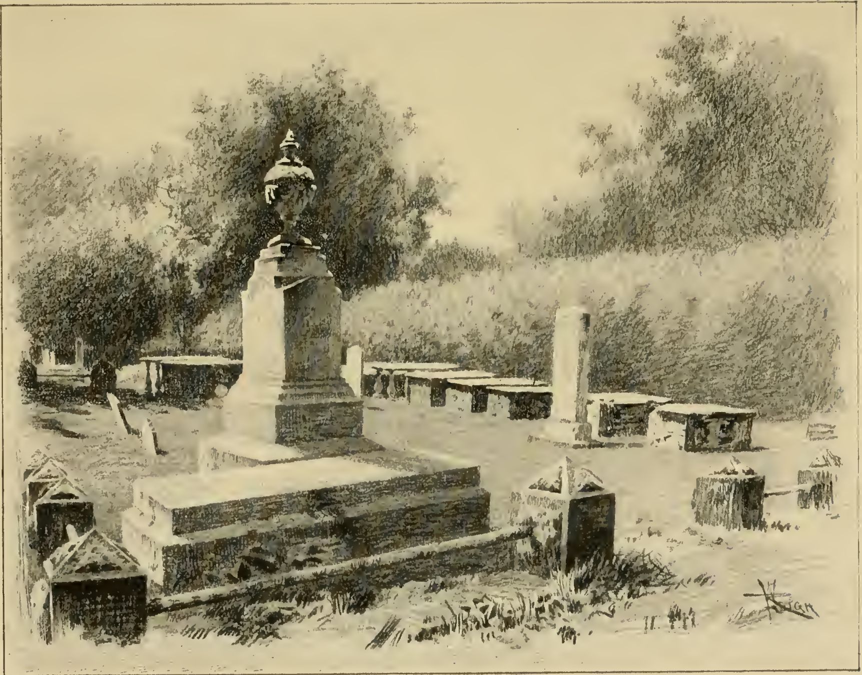
dents, cabinet officers, foreign ministers, senators, members of Congress, chief justices and associate judges of the Supreme Court, circuit and other United States judges, judges of the highest State courts, and governors of States, to the number of upward of four hundred; more, in fact, in proportion to the years of its existence, than any other university in the land, without making any allowance for the comparative number of graduates.

The pages of Princeton's history have been fairly covered with names of the great, and a catalogue of the books written by its learned men would itself be a volume.

Jonathan Edwards, already made famous by his great work on the "Freedom of the Will," and who, according to Dr. Holmes, "stamped his iron heel" at Princeton, was one of the first three presidents, all of whom were graduates of Yale, a college which had gone into operation a little earlier — although it must not be forgotten that the

forerunner of Princeton, the "Log College," was established on the old Tennent farm near Hartsville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1726.

The mortal remains of Colonel Aaron Burr, the slayer of Alexander Hamilton, rest in Princeton Cemetery, which has been called the Westminster of America. He was there interred, at his own request, at the feet of his illustrious father and grandfather, Presidents Aaron Burr and Jonathan Edwards, and near the row of oblong tombs where sleep the great departed of Princeton. A plain upright slab marks the spot, and bears the simplest inscription. Many a myth has gained currency about Burr's grave. It is not true, as intimated in Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "A Minister's Wooing," that the stone was put in place "in the night by some friendly unknown hand," or that it was, as hinted, a woman's hand. The body was brought publicly to Princeton in September, 1836, within a few days



The Presidents' Row — Princeton Cemetery.

On the right are the graves of Witherspoon, Burr, Edwards, and other Princeton Presidents. Aaron Burr, the younger, is buried at the feet of his father in the grave marked by the upright stone. Dr. McCosh's tomb is covered by the flat stone at the extreme left.

after his death, and was buried with the utmost publicity; and the ceremonies were not conducted under gloomy and mysterious circumstances at dead of night by a few men, as has been alleged. The services were in the college chapel, the discourse by President Carnahan. The Faculty and students were present, and a brass band played the "Portuguese Hymn" as a funeral dirge. The Cliosophic Society, of which Burr was a graduate member, wore the usual crape badge for a period afterward. Aaron Burr was the lowest in his class at Princeton who had the honor of a speech at Commencement.

Witherspoon, the "War President," made the country ring in his time with his patriotism. "Tusculum," his country-seat, about a mile from Princeton, was pillaged and stripped by the Hessians. He and Richard Stockton, a Princeton graduate, were both signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was Witherspoon who

called Princeton the Montpellier of America on account of its healthfulness.

All great men have their weaknesses. The Marquis de Chartell, a member of the French Academy and a major-general in the French army under the Count de Rochambeau, visited Princeton in 1781. He describes a conversation with President Witherspoon, and says: "In accosting me he spoke French, but I easily perceived that he had acquired his knowledge of that language from reading rather than conversation; which did not prevent me, however, from answering him and continuing to converse with him in French, for I saw that he was well pleased to display what he knew of it. This is an attention that costs little and is too much neglected in a foreign country." Then, after this patronizing piece of pomposity, the Marquis adds: "From him I learned that this college is a complete university." What would the Marquis, or, for that matter, Witherspoon

himself, say if he could see it to-day! In Witherspoon's appeal for American independence one finds that tone which rings all through the history of Princeton. "For my own part," he said, "of property I have some, of reputation more. That reputation is staked, that property is pledged, on the issue of this contest; and although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather that they descended thither by the hand of the executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country." Let Princeton boys study those noble words, if they would catch the "Princeton spirit."

President McCosh forms a stately figure in the history of Princeton, and the impression made by him on the public mind is too fresh to require more than a passing mention. A more majestic personality could not be conceived. He was the ideal scholar, with his magnificent head, his in-

tellectual features, his snowy hair, his imposing presence. A born commander and leader, magnetic in his influence and determined in his purpose, gifted by nature, skilled by experience and study, thoroughly versed in the science of education, a student, a philosopher, a constructor, he made a mark on Princeton and on the age in which he lived which will never be obliterated.

Under his administration Princeton leaped from a college into a university, and out of a condition of apathy into one of thrilling life and useful activity. The graduates of the twenty years of McCosh's presidency are perhaps the most ardently enthusiastic of Princeton's sons, and to the spirit injected by him into the life of the institution is due much of that incomparable zeal and loyalty which characterizes the body of Alumni to-day. What Dr. McCosh accomplished for Princeton in material enlargement, in financial improve-

Statue of McCosh by St. Gaudens, in Marquand Chapel.

(Presented by the Class of '79.)

ment, in development of the curriculum, in stimulus to learning and original research, cannot be measured, but is profoundly realized; and while he was performing his stupendous task he was doing more than one great man's work as a student, writer, and philosopher. Absolutely orthodox according to the religious standard of his church, he was not afraid to recognize scientific truths when demonstrated. "I am a Christian evolutionist," said he; and in his Bedell Lectures, when over seventy, he took up, carefully expounded, and defended the evolution theory. It was in response to words of Dr. McCosh's, in his Inaugural, about athletics, that a rousing cheer went up from the students, the immediate effect of which was the erection of the Marquand-Bonner Gymnasium—from which it would appear that the Princeton cheer is by no means *vox, et præterea nihil.*

Dr. McCosh was always fully conscious of his own talents and power. Few men achieve

much who are not. When Thackeray was in America, and was on a certain occasion speaking of his own books to a lady, she said banteringly: "Mr. Thackeray, you are the vainest man I ever met." "Yes, madam," he is said to have replied; "but you forget that I have a great deal to be vain of."

Dr. McCosh, while ordinarily peaceable, was quick to spring to the defence of what he called "my College," and many a man has found him suddenly and vigorously stopping the way when a drive at Princeton was attempted. In the good doctor's own words, he was "the last to fight, and the last to flee." A loving pupil has paved the charming path beneath the overhanging elms near "Prospect" (the President's residence, where Dr. McCosh lived), and it has become familiar to all as "McCosh Walk." All through his declining years, hardly a day passed on which the venerable scholar was not to be seen taking his exercise beneath that leafy arch. Dr. McCosh's eigh-

McCosh Walk, looking East.

tieth birthday was a memorable occasion at Princeton. He was presented with three separate silver cups, one by the Faculty, one by one hundred and fifty former students at Princeton, then instructors in different colleges, and one by the Princeton Club of New York. On the second of these were engraved some lines from Aristophanes,— a tribute to Sophocles,—of which the following is a translation:

Good fortune attend him, because, advancing down the vale of years, he busies himself with new subjects and cultivates wisdom.

This had reference, of course, to that remarkable characteristic of Dr. McCosh's later years — his liberal adoption and defence of new ideas.

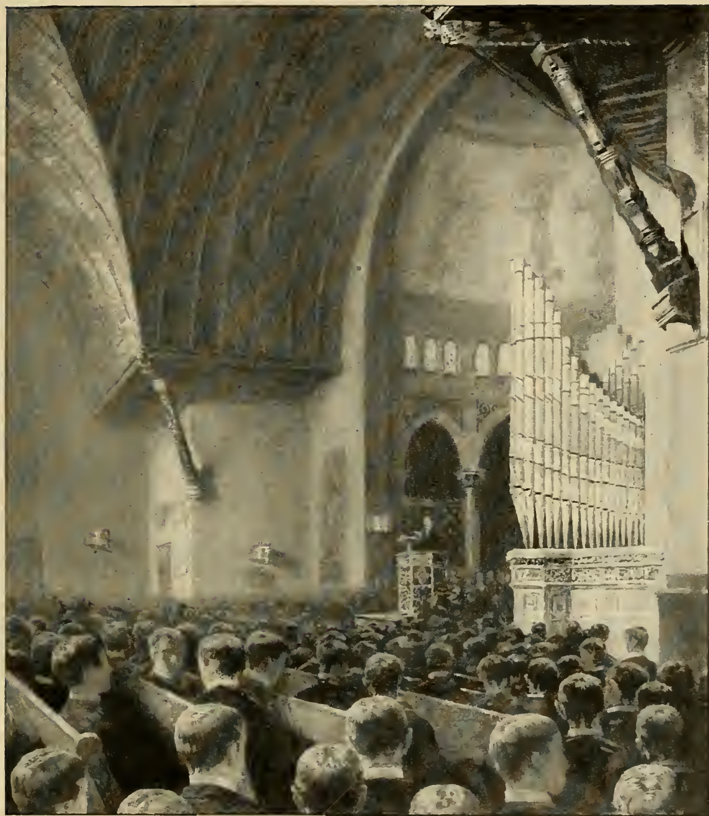
When his success was at the zenith, he had the courage to lay aside the robes of office and voluntarily transfer to the distinguished scholar who is now Princeton's President the direction of a work then

splendidly prosperous under his guiding hand. The words of his Valedictory linger pathetically in the memory of Princeton men:

> The shadows are lengthening, the day is declining. I take this step as one of duty. My age, seven years above threescore and ten, compels it, and the good of the college demands it. Farewell, hill and dale, mountain and valley, fountain and stream, river and brook. I will not forget you. In my everlasting existence I may hope to visit you and renew my ardor.

The great and good man has gone to his rest; but his labors live after him, and in the affection of his pupils he will never die.

No page on Princeton can be complete without a tribute of love and respect to President McCosh's noble wife, who was sometimes called the "mother of the students." Princeton men of Dr. McCosh's day can never forget the kindly interest and tender care of this good woman; and



Marquand Chapel — Morning Prayers.

her ministrations to the sick have been recognized by a fitting monument in the "Isabella McCosh Infirmary," a building, thoroughly equipped, where sick students receive medical attention, with all the comforts and benefits which the most approved methods of nursing and modern appliances can afford.

No wonder that Princeton men are proud of their "Campus." Nowhere in this country can such a combination be found of grassy lawns, umbrageous elms, academic buildings, secluded walks and expansive playgrounds. As a centre to the whole stands the stately Nassau Hall, on whose steps stood Washington and Witherspoon, and where the graduates rally when they come back in after years to greet their mother. Near by is the School of Science, founded by John C. Green, one of Princeton's greatest benefactors. The Marquand Chapel, facing the Campus, is

one of Richard M. Hunt's best architectural examples. The new library, probably the largest and finest in any university, and the gift of an unknown friend through Moses Taylor Pyne, is a superb example of the old English Gothic academic architecture. Witherspoon Hall and Dickinson Hall and Edwards Hall and Dod Hall and Brown Hall, and a score of other commanding buildings separated by greensward, trees, and walks, make up a matchless scene; and Blair Hall, now completed, is a rambling pile of towers and dormitories, fascinating to the appreciative eye.

An old boy of the forties or fifties, who returns for the first time since graduation, is fairly stunned by what seems like a fairy transformation at Princeton, and begins to realize, in a measure which no printed description could impart, the tremendous strides which his dear old nursing mother has taken. And the lover of Princeton feels his heart burn with happy pride as

The New University Library.

(Completed in 1898.)

he reflects that there is not a square foot of beautiful lawn or a cubic yard of monumental stone that does not represent corresponding progress in the inside development of the University. At this very time there is mapped out the skeleton of vast advance movements in the educational scheme at Princeton.

The old boy returning sees a city of imposing and spacious buildings scattered gracefully over a shady campus whose area and beauty challenge comparison. He sees pleasure-grounds for the students in profusion, and artificial facilities for swimming only equalled, if at all, in great cities. No wonder he rubs his eyes and asks himself if he is dreaming, when he recollects how in his day one had to walk a mile to the mill-dam in Stony Brook or to the canal to get a dip, and when the only athletic field was a pasture behind the old Presbyterian church—since annexed to the university grounds, and adorned with majestic

stone structures. In this field used to stand a plain brick wall about thirty feet in length and of similar height, against which the students of that day played "hand-ball," a game which has disappeared at Princeton, although its merits deserve a different fate. In this field, about 1859, was built a barn-like wooden structure, through the activity of the students themselves, which was the first college gymnasium. This was replaced in Dr. McCosh's time by the Marquand-Bonner Gymnasium, which is still in use, but is totally inadequate to the requirements of the enlarged undergraduate body, and the University looks expectantly for the generous friend who will build and equip a new one.

The habit of making princely gifts to institutions of learning had not been learned when Princeton was young. What tremendous progress could be made to-day if good morals, as we understand them now, would tolerate the raising of money by the

Blair Hall.

(Completed in 1898.)

means employed when Old North was built! Here is a copy of a ticket in a lottery, drawn in Connecticut, in 1753, for that object:

CONNECTICUT LOTTERY.

For the benefit of the College of New Jersey.

1753 Numb. 5471.

This ticket entitles the possessor to such prize as may be drawn against its number (if demanded within six months after the drawing is finished) subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

(Signed) NATHANIEL HUBBARD.

(Indorsed) MARGARET CHETWOOD.
£2 11*s*. pd.

In those days they often had to resort, besides, to the same old plan for raising funds to which Princetonians are so accustomed now; for Nassau Hall was finished up with money begged by the Rev. Samuel Davies and Gilbert Tennent, who visited the old country for the purpose. If men of

wealth and high aims would only open their eyes, they would see that in this old University, perfumed with the grace of religion and learning, sacred in patriotic memories, pledged to undying influence in the inculcation of virtue and the perfection of education, is an object for the consecration of their accumulations which no other can match or even approach in value. Millions of dollars could be at once employed at Princeton in ways which for comprehensive usefulness are without rival.

The characteristic dress of students at Princeton has passed through many phases. There have always been a shabby class and a foppish class, but the types have undergone an interesting evolution. Forty years ago the Southern type was the predominating one. It was the fashion then for the young men to wear long hair, smoothly brushed and cut straight around about the lower neck. A flexible cane with a loaded head

A Sunny Morning on the Front Campus.

was a common addition to a smart fellow's accoutrements. What were called "pump-soled boots," so tight as to make the wearer almost lame, were the admiration of clod-hoppers who had not been initiated into the niceties of apparel. City fashions afterward had their influence, and ten years ago much attention was paid to "style." Then ensued, a few years later, a thoroughly local habit of "dressing horse," and a student was considered to be in good form only when he wore corduroys, a sweater, a blazer, or some equally outlandish outfit. Recently this custom seems to have given way to a modified form of negligée. In the winter of 1895 the prevailing costume was a golfing-suit of rough tweed, with heavy corduroy waistcoat or a sweater. An overcoat is seldom seen in Princeton. In the summer white ducks prevail. It would make a milliner mad to see the variety of amazing and original head-gears, ranging from sombreros to jockey-caps, which are

nowadays displayed on occasions of athletic contests. The students who have so commendably introduced the Honor System might also adopt the spirit of the following college laws, which were enforced a hundred years ago:

> Students are enjoined to be "cleanly," and if any student shall be grossly negligent in this respect, it shall be the duty of the college Officers to admonish him for it and see that he preserve a decent appearance.
>
> Every student shall possess a black gown, which shall be made agreeable to a fashion which the Faculty shall prescribe, nor shall any student appear at prayers in the Hall, or at church, or in the performance of any public exercise without his gown.

Indeed, the practice of wearing gowns has actually been adopted by the Senior Class, but it should not be confined to them.

The time has never been when college boys did not find appropriate sobriquets

for their fellows, and the funny names given to students have sometimes stuck to them through life. A classmate of the writer — one of the most elegant and charming men, both then and afterward — was always known as "Croppy," because he was among the first to adopt the "blacking-brush" fashion of hair-cutting. A leading politician during the Tweed dynasty, while at Princeton, answered cordially to the name of "Greasy," on account of the liberal doses of oil administered daily to his curling locks. From the last *Nassau Herald* the following are selected as specimens of the nicknames there recorded as belonging to the members of the graduating class: Bung, Mother, Nigger, Shorty, Dutch, Skinny, Collars, Balaam, Poker, Pop, Sleepy, Rushy, Hag, Runt, Duckie, Deacon, Pie, Chip, Easy, Atlas, Lugs, Ass, Slim, Beef, Piano-legs, Wolf, Pork, Chappie, Fatty, Shad, Shapeless, Dog.

It is the custom nowadays to publish an-

nually not only such information as this, but the opinions of the graduating class on such questions as the favorite professor, the favorite preacher, magazine, play, newspaper, hymn, bicycle, tobacco, beer, woman's name, etc. The handsomest man is voted for, the most popular, the best all-around fellow, the best player in foot-ball, base-ball, and track athletics, the brightest, the funniest, the most awkward, and the worst "poller." In this annual publication the course of study of each man is stated, his intended occupation, religious denomination, political preference, and favorite sports. In answer to the last, one man confesses to a penchant for "loafing," while two others aver a passion for "tops" and "marbles" respectively. The boys are required to say whether they play cards or billiards, whether they smoke, chew, dance, wear glasses, have a beard, and even to acknowledge it if engaged; also whether they have been summoned before the Fac-

ulty, or been sent home, or have written verse — which last seems to be the climax of folly.

A most interesting branch of information in this annual is in regard to average expenditures. An erroneous impression that only the rich can go through a great university like Princeton is prevalent in some quarters. The contrary is emphatically the fact. A year or two ago a careful analysis was made of the outlay of students at Princeton, and it was found that seven of the first-group Seniors of the Academic Department, graduating *magna cum laude*, averaged $442.68 annually for all expenses, including tuition, and one of them averaged less than $300 during his course. The average expenses of all the students investigated were less than $500 a year, while it was found that many a fellow was able to go through the university course for less than $300, provided he obtained a scholarship; and the instances are not few where

bright men have actually earned more than enough to pay all expenses by outside tutoring, conducting eating clubs, selling books, corresponding with newspapers, editing syllabi, working during vacation, and other legitimate enterprises. While it undoubtedly costs more to be educated than it did a hundred years ago, the cost has by no means increased in proportion to the general advance of prices in other directions.

The old cannon, planted muzzle down in the centre of the Quadrangle south of Old North, has been written and sung about to such an extent that it is as familiar as a household word. What a centre it has been of popular student life! The Yale men bewailed the destruction of their historic fence; but Goths and Vandals would be as amiable lambs to the person who should dare even to suggest the removal of the Revolutionary relic, now become a college idol. Princeton once had a fence, as

well as Yale. Fifty years ago the front Campus was bordered with an old wooden fence, which had stood there for generations, and on which the students used to sit and smoke and tell tales; but it had to give way, in the march of progress, to the stately iron grille which now ornaments the front. But whenever a hostile hand has been laid on the cannon of Princeton, big or little, there has been war; and peace has never followed until the cannon was safe at rest again in its place. There has been more or less confusion about Princeton's cannons, there having been at least three, of different sizes, which have been prized as relics.

The big old cannon was left in Princeton by the British when routed by Washington, January 3, 1777. The latter could not take it away when he left Princeton, because the carriage was broken. It was held by the citizens at first as a relic. In the War of 1812 the big cannon was sent to New Brunswick to defend that city. Hardly used because

of its supposed impairment, it lay there on the Commons until 1836, when some Princetonians brought it back for the purpose of firing salutes on the Fourth of July. In 1838 the boys placed it on the Campus, and in 1841 it was plugged and planted in the ground, where it has remained ever since, by general consent, under the guardianship of the students. When the old cannon was brought from Jugtown (a suburb of Princeton), "Old Johnnie" was aroused, as usual, by the commotion, and, coming out with his lantern, undertook to break up what he thought was a row, shouting, "You are recognized! You are recognized!" which only provoked roars of laughter. Dr. McCosh probably acted from a similar instinct, in later years, when, on the occurrence of disorder in the class-room, he is reported to have said: "I know you! — within one or two."

It was an entirely different cannon which, in 1875, was secretly taken from Princeton

to New Brunswick by students of Rutgers College, under the false impression (doubtless arising from the incident just related) that it had at some former time belonged there. Then broke out the war which kept Princeton College in a fury of excitement for many days, and occupied the columns of the daily press, and almost led to bloodshed. The Princetonians repeatedly tried to recover the gun, and, failing to find it, some of the more unruly committed unpardonable depredations upon the property of Rutgers College by way of reprisal, in the heat of their zeal for their Alma Mater.

The feud reached such a pitch that the faculties of both colleges had to interfere, and a joint commission was organized to try the facts and the law, and to render judgment. The conclusions of this commission were unanimously in favor of the return of the cannon to Princeton, and it was brought back in triumph with demonstrative rejoicings. At the celebration in honor

of the restitution of the relic, President McCosh was called out by the students. As ever, ready to show his interest in whatever concerned the boys, the old man said:

"The cannon is back; the Campus would not have been a campus without it. I knew it would come back to us, and I told the students so. This has been the greatest war since the siege of Troy. The cannon represents fair Helen; the fellows who took it the treacherous Paris; and I see all around me the brave Agamemnons and Nestors. We have also our Atrides in the newspaper reporters, who have exaggerated and ridiculed the whole affair. But now that the war is over, the next thing is to write a history of that war. It must be written in Greek; in hexameter, just as Homer wrote; and we will have it published. And if it is as good as Homer's Greek I will give the author of it a place on the commencement stage next June, and will assure him an

Cannon Exercises on Class Day — the Presentation Oration.

audience to hear it read, even though it be as long as Homer's poem."

Around the cannon occur the nocturnal meetings of the students. There take place the celebrations of athletic victories, when bonfires are built which shoot their flames to the very clouds. Around the cannon is placed the Amphitheatre, where the Class Day exercises are held at graduation. Every year the Sophomores paint the cannon green in derision of the Freshman Class; and despicable indeed is the Freshman Class which does not dare to remove the paint, at the risk of destruction by the Sophomores. Many is the man who has "sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," as he spoke his "Presentation Oration" on Class Day. Every student with a weakness or a peculiarity is called out on these occasions before his class and pelted unmercifully with witty lampoons. Around the cannon have been conducted those ceremonies which the students deem reverent

and fitting at the burial of Euclid and other defunct text-books.

Half a century ago it was the custom to banish "suspended" students whose homes were distant to a farm four or five miles from Princeton, owned by a brother-in-law of President Carnahan. This was called "rustication." The friends of the culprit were forbidden to visit him, but it is needless to say that this rule was enthusiastically violated. Two fellows in the forties, whose nicknames were "Beach-Island" and "Mac," were compulsory guests at this retreat; and while a party of congenial college friends were handing over to them the cigars and other supplies they had brought to cheer them in their captivity, a narrow closet in the side of the chimney, formerly called a "catmallison," was shown to them, and the host explained that it was a custom with his boarders to cut their names on the inside of the door of this closet. On examination, it was found that the name of

Mac's father was cut there, with the date "1808," and just beneath it Mac proceeded to carve his own name. It is declared that Mac was not the only student who found his paternal ancestor's name on record there.

The famous negroes of Princeton cannot be forgotten by Princeton men. An old darky named Sambo supplied the students with shinny-sticks half a century ago. Anthony Simmons used to be the town caterer. "Buck" was the factotum of Professor Schenck along about the sixties. A black man named Peter Scudder, a veritable "Uncle Remus," used to sell pies to the students, and ice-cream at a "levy" a plate, fifty years ago, and was known as "Peter Polite." One night a Senior, whose room he entered to vend his wares, asked him: "Peter, what perquisites accrue to yourself from this nocturnal perambulation?" Peter bowed low, and with courtly

gravity said: "Will the gentleman please speak English?"

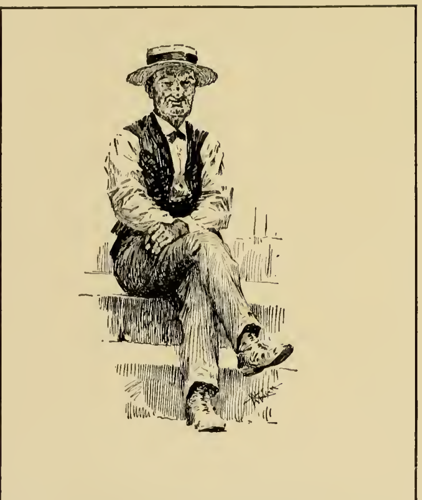
"Sam" was a servant to Professor Joseph Henry, who discovered the principle of the electric telegraph. He was a mulatto with a shock of bright-red hair, and used to sell turkeys and chickens to the students, after roasting them at the refectory kitchen, for which he was paid in cast-off clothes. One evening some of his customers complained that the turkey was tough. "I am sorry, gentlemen," said Sam; "but it was the best I could find in Commodore Stockton's flock!"

The "Campus wire," as the students called it, was the thing which excited the most wonderful speculation when Professor Henry was at Princeton. Dr. Edward Shippen, of Philadelphia, of the Class of '45, states that it ran along from Philosophical Hall by the front of North College, among the outer branches of some of the fine trees, and then round the western end to Professor Henry's house, which was west of

North College, and south of the old Library and Recitation Hall. This wire was the first in which the current was completed through the earth. It went into the well at the Professor's house, the other end being in the earth at Philosophical Hall. Professor Henry often used the "Campus wire" in the presence of the students, although he was not given to superfluous experiments. He had an arbitrary code. If he wanted his luncheon sent over, he worked his armature a few times according to the code. Mrs. Henry received the message. The students waited, and presently Sam would appear, bringing the precise articles ordered, on a tray covered with a napkin. This simple exhibition of what is now an every-day transaction was then a source of wonder. This occurred again and again before Morse telegraphed between Baltimore and Washington, which was in the month of May, 1844.

But perhaps the black man best known to the longest list of graduates is the now celebrated Jim Johnson. He will be found on the Campus to-day, in silver spectacles and golfing-stockings, and he was there fifty years ago. He has bought the cast-off clothes of the students for a half-century. When the author of this volume was in college, Jim used to furnish oyster suppers, and many a good pair of trousers has passed into his shop to square an account for a feast already eaten. Jim stuttered badly, and still stutters; and the students used to give him a shilling to say "Philadelphia" and other long words which threatened to suffocate him. Jim remembers every graduate, and calls him by name; and a shade of sorrow passes over his ebony face, fringed with gray beard, if the old friend does not "come down" with a quarter.

A few years ago William H. McElroy, the littérateur, a graduate of Union College, attended a Yale-Princeton foot-ball match.



Dennis Sullivan.

(Over Fifty Years in the Employ of the College.)

Jimmy Johnson.

(The College Apple-Man.)

As he came out he saw Jim. He did n't know him, but he guessed from the way he was covered with orange-and-black decorations that he was an old college favorite. So he marched up to him, and said: "Hello! Don't you remember Reynolds, of '65?" This touched Jim on the raw, and he at once replied, with absolute confidence: "Oh, ye-yes, Mr. Rey-rey-reynolds, I remember you puf-puf-puffectly, Mr. Rey-rey-reynolds." And he got his quarter just the same. The students decorated Jim with a decidedly racy name, not here to be recorded. It is softened nowadays into "James Odoriferous." His history is part of the history of our country. He was a fugitive slave in 1843, and his real name was James Collins. He belonged to Philip Wallis, of Maryland. He was recognized after his escape by a student named Thomas, and was claimed by his master, under the Fugitive Slave Law. The late William C. Alexander appeared for Jim,

and demanded a trial by jury under the State law. The distinguished S. Teackle Wallis, son of the claimant, supported the claim. After a trial and great excitement, a verdict was rendered for the claimant, and an order issued by the court handing Jim over to the marshal from Maryland. An effort was immediately made by citizens to purchase and liberate him, and the price demanded ($550) was actually paid by Miss Theodora Prevost, a lineal descendant of President Witherspoon, and the captive was set free. It is to Jim's credit that he saved enough money afterward to cancel the debt to his benefactress, and he can show the book containing the items receipted. Jim was married in 1895 for the fourth time, at the age of seventy-eight, the bride being a resident of Baltimore.

The Princeton Inn of to-day, which stands so gracefully on the wooded estate of "Morven," the hereditary seat of the Stocktons,

The Grill-room, Princeton Inn.

so totally eclipses the modest Nassau Hotel that few of its fashionable guests stop to think of the part which that little hostelry has played in the old-time life of the University. Its walls are redolent of jovial suppers, and its stable of clandestine sleigh-rides; and its hospitable landlords for nearly half a century made the ancient tavern, built in 1757, the scene of many a memorable college event. It was the stopping-place for the stage-coaches between New York and Philadelphia before the railroads were known; and more than a hundred horses would stand waiting, in those days, to replace the tired beasts of the incoming travellers. It was at the Nassau Hotel, in 1814, that Washington Irving and James K. Paulding stopped, and at which time was conceived and partially written the poem, "The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle," attributed to Paulding, in which the various sights about a college inn were humorously depicted. Here is an extract:

Around the table's verge was spread
Full many a wine-bewildered head
Of student learn'd from Nassau Hall,
Who, broken from scholastic thrall,
Had set him down to drink outright
Through all the livelong merry night,
And sing as loud as he could bawl;
Such is the custom of Nassau Hall.
No Latin now or heathen Greek
The Senior's double tongue can speak;
Juniors from famed Pierian fount
Had drank so deep they scarce could count
The candles on the reeling table;
While emulous Freshmen, hardly able
To drink, their stomachs were so full,
Hiccoughed, and took another pull.
    Right glad to see their merry host,
    Who never wine or wassail crost,
    They willed him join the merry throng
    And grace their revels with a song.

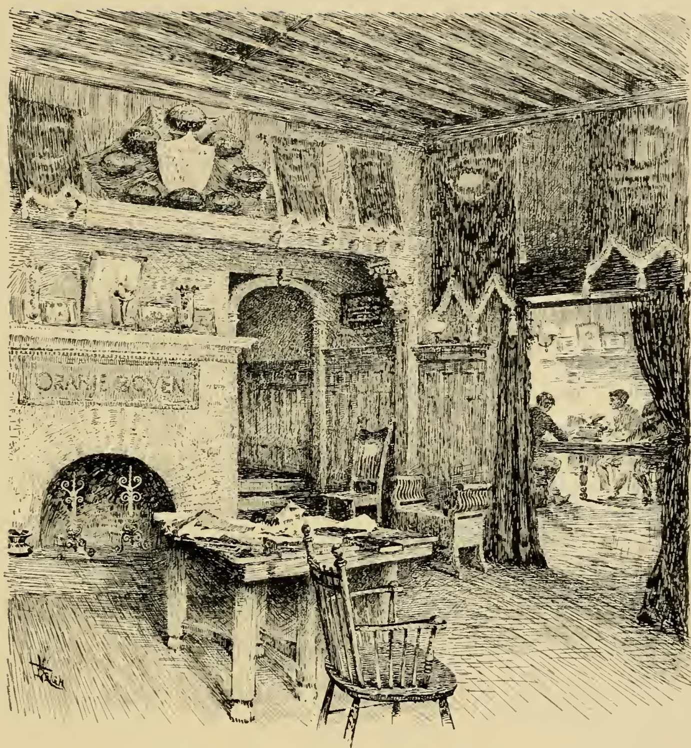
It is needless to point out that "athletics," as nowadays understood, were then unknown at Princeton or any other Ameri-

can college. If that admirable vent for youthful exuberance had existed in those days, Paulding would have had no opportunity to paint that somewhat startling picture of abandonment. It has been only within the past twenty-five years that, through intercollegiate contests, a stimulus to healthy exercise and manly sports has been given. The result, with all its acknowledged failings, is something for every right-minded father of a family to be thankful for. That wild fellows still seek fatal amusement in debauch is undeniable. This is the earth, not heaven. But the temptations are less than formerly, and the aspirations of students are more manly. The athletes may be more of heroes than is best, but the rank and file of college men are bigger, stronger, healthier, stouter in mind and limb, and better equipped for the after struggle, than they used to be ; and all this without detriment to the average scholarship. The assertion is ventured that col-

lege graduates, on the whole, are far better educated to-day than they were twenty-five years ago, and that the athletes are not below the others, taking the average of both.

The hard students are, and always have been, called "Polers." It is a term peculiar to Princeton. Polers used to be sickly-looking fellows, and the popular belief was that they generally died soon after graduation. All this has changed. The growth of athletics has developed a sturdy set of fellows even among the Polers, and it is not an uncommon thing for men who take honors in out-of-door sports to win also the prizes in scholarship.

In athletic sports Princeton has always been a leader, a fact which prompted a prominent Dutchman in New York to render the Holland motto, *Oranje boven*, "Princeton on top." Princeton holds the only rational ground in this domain, which is that athletics are beneficial so long as



Trophy-room in Athletic Club-house.

they are not permitted to interfere with scholarship.

Princeton is redolent with athletic traditions. Fifty years ago they had foot-ball, but not the Rugby game; and Judge Hagner, of Washington, who was there at that time, says: "Shinny they had, and skating-matches on the canal." The canal has been also at times the training course for boating, and Ben Nicoll and his '77 crew made themselves famous in 1874, by winning the intercollegiate Freshman race at Saratoga Lake. But this success was meteoric. Princeton only has been proficient in aquatics when she has roused herself occasionally from her devotion to other more congenial activities.

It is an interesting fact that as long ago as 1842 a "crowd" of Juniors (that was the term used in those days for a group of congenial friends) bought an-eight oared racing-boat from a club in New York, and launched it on the Delaware and Raritan

Canal. After organizing and getting their costumes, it occurred to the boys that it would be just as well to get the sanction of the Vice-President. A living member of the Class of '43 states that he was deputed to attend to the matter. He called on "Old Johnnie," who, to his surprise, showed reluctance to consent, on the ground that he feared the students would be missing recitations and prayers. The ambassador, however, was a born diplomat, and knew his man withal. He succeeded in shaking the good old man's objection by assurances that the rowing would be done after evening prayers; and then—remembering the interest that "Johnnie" took in the reading by the Junior Class of the Greek tragedies with him—he told him that they would name the boat *Medea* in his honor, and carried his point.

It was a Princeton man who revised the Rugby rules of foot-ball and adapted them for American colleges—J. Potter, of the

Class of '77. Andrew James McCosh, son of the illustrious President McCosh, was Captain of the Princeton team that year. His team played the "Association" style of game during most of the season, but relinquished it to adopt Potter's new mode of play. The intercollegiate world adopted it immediately, and the present game includes most of its features. Alexander Moffat, Captain of the '83 team, was Princeton's most famous kicker. Lamar made the celebrated run which plucked victory from defeat in the game against Yale in '85. The "curve" in pitching, in base-ball, which has become universal as an essential feature, was invented and first applied in an amateur game, in the fall of 1874, by J. M. Mann, of Princeton, Class of '76. The "wedge," in foot-ball, from which have developed all the mass plays now the subject of so much discussion, was invented by the Hodges, of Princeton, who learned it from studying Cæsar's "Commentaries on

the Gallic War"; and the same men introduced the modern system of bringing the "backs" up close to the line. A Princeton man (Smock, '79) invented the canvas jacket.

On all public occasions student enthusiasm finds expression in the well-known Princeton cheer—the "sky-rocket," as it has been called. Undergraduates of to-day may think it has come down from a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." But this would be an error. All college cheers are of modern date. Princeton's is among the oldest; nevertheless, thirty-six years ago it was unknown. Where did it come from? Who invented it? These are momentous questions, and are answered differently by different men. A member of the Class of '60 declares that the late Dr. Woolsey Johnson, of New York, of that class, first sounded the "Hooray, hooray, hooray! Tiger, siss-boom-ah, Princeton!" in one of Professor Schenck's recitations.

Alexander Porter Morse, of Washington, of the Class of '62, claims that the cheer was consecrated during what he calls the *noctes ambrosianæ* of the "McVeigh Group," between 1858 and 1861, and adduces the written testimony in his own Princeton autograph-book, where, over the literary contribution of a fellow-collegian, written in June, 1860, is found this cabalistic combination:

"*Sh-sh-boom! ! Ah-h-h-h-h!*"

But Chancellor Alexander T. McGill, of the Class of '64, says he remembers quite distinctly when the Seventh Regiment of New York went to the war, and how nearly the whole College went down through the Potter Woods to the old depot by the canal at midnight to greet it as it passed through. The cheers of the boys were responded to by the Seventh with the "sky-rocket," which so impressed the youthful mind that it was indulged in, at first as borrowed property,

and later, as time advanced, was adopted as the college cheer.

That, by the way, was a dark day in Princeton's history. About one third of the students were from the South, and the breach made in the ranks by the war was a serious shock to the College, from which it recovered only after years, during which the institution languished. War was proclaimed about the middle of April. Then everything was excitement and commotion. The under-classmen prepared at once to cross the lines. The situation of the Seniors was more serious. Were they to lose their degrees? Remaining a few days longer, most of them took special examinations, and the names of nearly all appeared in the official circular as "not regularly examined," but they ultimately received their degrees. Their diplomas were held for delivery by different methods. Leroy H. Anderson, of the Class of '61, since Mayor of Princeton, was made the custodian of

many; but, alas! in some cases he was obliged to hand them to sorrowing heirs, the owners having been killed in battle. It was a curious thing that in the military preparations which went on in Princeton, as elsewhere, in those martial days, Northern and Southern students, so soon to face each other in mortal combat, actually drilled together under the direction of the officers of the local companies. Immediately after the bombardment in Charleston harbor, the venerable Dr. Maclean, then President of the College, called the students together in the old chapel, and addressed them on the situation. The old man's heart was wrung by the conflict of emotions. He told the boys that conciliatory measures having failed, and war being inevitable, he and the other members of the Faculty were bound to espouse the cause of the Union. But he was concerned about the Southern students, and advised them all to return immediately to their homes. He assured

them of his affection and his regret at parting, and promised them that they would be followed by fervent prayers throughout the troublous times which were likely to ensue. Before the outbreak of hostilities the policy of the College was wisely that of neutrality. It favored the Peace Commission at Washington, and hoped that through mutual concessions war would be averted. Hostilities once declared, the College, of course, ranged itself on the side of the government. In the autograph-books which were circulated during the year 1861 nearly all the Southern boys added to their addresses, after the States, the ominous initials "C. S. A." They were already regarding themselves as foreigners. One student wrote: "Alas! we are no longer countrymen. My country is in arms against yours. But there will always be peace between classmates." Another wrote: "I am just about to cross the lines, and it is probable we shall never meet again; but we will always cherish the

friendly feeling which existed through our college days."

The mingling of political acrimony with fraternal attachment, and the domination of the latter sentiment while the war spirit was actually disrupting the College body, was as pathetic as it was remarkable. The hundred or more undergraduates who left Princeton for their Southern homes were escorted to the station by the body of Northern students, and they parted in friendship, although some of them afterward met on the battle-field. When College opened in the autumn, feeling, of course, ran high against Southern sympathizers. Two who were outspoken were put under the old pump and thoroughly drenched by several students. College discipline had to be exercised, and the offenders were suspended. One of these was a son of Governor Reeder, of Pennsylvania; another was Samuel B. Huey, of Philadelphia; and the third was Casey, of '64. Upon their

expulsion they were taken to the station in a barouche embellished with the national colors, drawn by the students, and accompanied by a long procession preceded by a military band. Huey returned and graduated, then entered the U. S. service, and afterward became a leading lawyer in Philadelphia. He received his degree of A. M. in due course. Howard Reeder afterward entered the army and distinguished himself, has been Judge of Northampton County, Pennsylvania, and has been appointed by Governor Hastings one of the new Circuit Court judges. At the June meeting, in 1895, of the Board of Trustees of the University, the degrees of A. B. and A. M. were conferred on Reeder.

No American University has been more on the alert than Princeton to grasp every advantageous opportunity for advance in education; but it is her pride that she refuses to be driven by modern experiment-

alists from strongholds which she believes protect principles not to be surrendered. The stand which Dr. McCosh made for religion in College will not be forgotten.

Charles Francis Adams, in his celebrated address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, attacked the study of the classics as a "college fetich." No one can measure as yet the injury done to scholarship by the practical adoption of his views in some of our great universities. Princeton has perhaps not altogether escaped the effect of the influence; but Princeton, nevertheless, made a stand, and still holds it. The degree of Bachelor of Arts at Princeton means what it was intended to mean, and the best traditions are not dishonored in the conferring of it. Princeton has not yet surrendered to the intensely practical American idea which tests everything by the utilitarian gauge. Culture and taste and learning as disconnected with what they will produce in dollars and cents have still a high place there.

Princeton's "Grand Old Man," McCosh, advanced and intrepid as he was in all reasonable ways, struck the right note when he said: "I hold that there are branches rudimentary and fundamental, which have stood the test of time, fitted to call forth the deeper and higher faculties of the mind, and opening the way to further knowledge, *which all should be required to study.* Such, in language, are the classical tongues, with certain European ones, and, above all, our own tongue, all of these with their literatures. Such, in science, are mathematics, physics, chemistry, and certain branches of natural history. Such, in philosophy, are the study of the human mind, psychology, logic, ethics, and political economy. A young man is not liberally educated who has been allowed to omit any of these, and certain of them should be required in every year of the course to keep the mind from being dissipated and wasted." "This," the New York *Tribune* said, "is, in fact, the

key-note to the course in Princeton." There are special courses, and scientific courses; but to have the time-honored badge of a liberal education, the Bachelor's degree, the student must master the fundamental studies justifying the decoration.

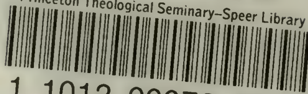
It is a fact worth noting that James Russell Lowell, the accomplished Harvard scholar and statesman, had no sympathy with the war upon the classics as "fetiches." "If the classical languages are dead," said he, "they yet speak to us with a clearer voice than any living tongue. If their language is dead, the literature it inspires is crammed with life as perhaps no other literature except Shakespeare's ever was or will be." He was outspoken for Greek, and for strong discipline in college studies.

Memories, sad as well as sweet, serious as well as ludicrous, crowd upon the mind of every son of Old Nassau who takes a pen to write of the happy days gone by. Many a

tale could be told of the "Fantastics," who used to ride through the town in motley costumes, at Commencement time, on horseback; of the "Sophomore Commencements," which involved suspension from College of every student detected; of the witty burlesque programmes anonymously issued at "Senior Speaking"; of tricks on travelling circuses, as when the boys dragged Barnum's "Car of Juggernaut" by night to the canal, and submerged it in the raging waters; of amateur negro minstrels and dramatic shows; of the various forms of initiation, with the riding of the goat; of mock duels, in which unsophisticated Freshmen were made, as they believed, to kill their man; and hundreds of characteristic student pranks, always original, and often laughable. But time and space are wanting for more than a sketch. No college has a life more crammed with the mirth and humor of youthful exuberance; none is richer in historic association and sacred tradition; none more free

from vicious influence and corrupting example. The atmosphere of Princeton has ever conduced to health and happiness, physical, mental, and moral. Her sons look back with pride and pleasure, not only to the solid instruction received at her hands, but to the royal times spent beneath her shades.

Ah, happy years! once more who would not be
 a boy!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