



REMINISCENCES
OF
PRINCETON COLLEGE
1845—1848

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CLASS OF 1848
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PREFATORY NOTE

These Reminiscences are due to a suggestion of the Editor of the General Catalogue. Professor Collins requested me, as one of the older alumni, to send him my recollections of Princeton while I was a student. When they were written, some of my friends were sufficiently interested to want copies; and the opinion was expressed by one, whose knowledge and experience give weight to his opinions, that some of the alumni might be interested in these memorials of Princeton in the late forties, in "these old forgotten things, and battles long ago".

When my brother and myself were admitted to the Sophomore Class of Princeton in 1845, the College Year commenced in mid-summer. The first term began in the second week of August. There were two vacations in the College Year, with six weeks vacation in summer and six in winter. It was said, that this division of the year was made to accommodate the Southern students, who then numbered about one-third of the whole number of students. It enabled the students from the South to visit their homes in the cooler season, and then spend mid-summer in the more bracing air of the north. I never experienced any inconvenience from studying in August. The thick stone walls of the college buildings kept the air of the rooms free from sultriness and sleep at night was refreshing.

The examination for admission to the College was held in the President's study,—a room in the house which is now the Dean's where the weekly meetings also of the Faculty were held. It was oral, and was on the Latin, Greek and Algebra studied in the Freshman year.

The recitation rooms of the Freshman and Sophomore classes were in the basement of a stone building that stood directly in the rear of the President's house, facing the front campus. The basement was only two or three feet below the surface of the ground, and well lighted and ventilated. The first story, which was reached by a

high flight of stone steps, was used by the Junior class, and the second story was the College Library. In the basement of a similar building, across the front campus, was the Refectory. And the first story was the Lecture Room of the Senior class for Physics Chemistry.

THE PROFESSORS

ALBERT B. DOD

The chief event in the first term was the death of Professor Albert B. Dod. His character and popularity among the students, as well as the antecedent circumstances of his death made this event unusually impressive. Professor Dod was of middle height, well formed, with an intellectual face, the most striking feature of which was his eyes. These were large and dark with plenty of dormant fire. Indeed, while greatly admired, respect was mingled with fear,—fear of his sarcasm, which came down on the offender like a lash. He always wore a frock coat buttoned, which gave a slightly military air to his bearing. The slight stoop of his head suggested the habitual student. He was all that and had been from boyhood.

He was the best preacher in the Faculty. This was the opinion of Dr. James W. Alexander, who before he went to New York, while a Professor in the college, was his only rival. He was as a preacher direct, practical and incisive. He made a greater use of irony than most preachers do. His delivery was quiet, and even the finest passages were spoken with calmness, but with evidences of reserved power.

He only preached once in the College Chapel during the fall before he died. His text was “Rejoice, O Young Man, in Thy Youth, &c.” He described in the sermon young men drinking. At length, one of them sinks down insensible, overcome with liquor, and his companions carry him home on a shutter. As he reached this point, he remarked, making a slight pause, and with a tone and manner which expressed many blended feelings. “He is happy now.”

Professor Dod was also an eloquent talker, was at home in a wide range of subjects besides Mathematics, of which he was Professor. He had from boyhood neglected exercise, and in the fall of '45 he began to try to repair the error. Just then an event happened, which contributed to sap his strength.

A student named Boudinot, a relative of Mrs. Dod, went out shooting with a companion, and accidentally shot himself. The wound was in his head, and ultimately proved fatal. He was taken to Professor Dod's house, and Professor Dod became his most constant attendant, watching assiduously by his bedside, and removing the portions of brain that oozed out from the fractured skull. Each day he wrote a long and graphic account of the condition of the patient to a lady, a relative of the dying boy. After his death, he himself was taken sick.

When this occurred, the interest of Faculty and students and townspeople was so great that daily bulletins of his condition were issued. In this way it may be said that both town and college watched by his bedside. There were touching interviews between him and Dr. Charles Hodge, a lifelong friend. In some of these interviews, Professor Dod lamented that the study of the books of certain thinkers had cost him the loss of half his life. Dr. Hodge at the funeral of Professor Dod repeated this statement, and summed up the general character of these writers under the designation "New Schoolism". It was an unfortunate phrase. The Presbyterian Church was at that time divided into New and Old School, and some ministers of the New School thought the reference was to them, and found fault with Dr. Hodge for introducing controversial matters in a funeral sermon. But Dr. Hodge denied having any reference to the New School. He probably referred to the German successors of Kant, the great German metaphysician, who as his followers say woke Europe from her dogmatic slumbers.

Dr. MacLean, the Vice-President, and Professor Dod had not always agreed in the faculty meetings. Dr. MacLean hated innovations, and Professor Dod was not averse to them. At the Professor's death, there was an interchange of assurances of mutual esteem and affection notwithstanding their occasional disagreements. Tender messages were sent to his aged mother, who was living in New Brunswick, and to his sisters.

His medical treatment was what was then customary in Princeton, and included profuse bleeding. He died in middle life, leaving a widow and a family of seven children without means. A feeling of personal loss was quite general. It was felt that not only his family

and the college had met with a loss, but even the whole community and country. His friends and admirers were found all over the union, and were not confined to his own church. It was felt that he was fitted to produce works of permanent value to the church and society. A few reviews, which attracted much attention at the time, were all the contributions he made to literature during his life.

E. M. TOPPING

In Greek we were taught, during the Sophomore year by Adjunct Professor Topping, who was a close friend of Professor Dod. He was a very exact and thorough instructor. He would strive in translating a passage, for instance in the Iliad, to find terms, which would not only give a meaning, but which would give also the mood of the speaker. He would sometimes pause long on a passage, reproducing the situation, and suggesting one synonym after another to express the precise shade of meaning. To some it was interesting, and of permanent value, but not to all the students. I think that Professor Topping was not altogether a man after Dr. MacLean's heart. The Doctor once remarked in my presence that Professor Topping was doing work that belonged to him. This implied that Professor Topping was not doing his own work. At any rate, Professor Topping left college at the close of the year, and took charge of a classical school in Baltimore, where his passion for accuracy, and a slight nervous irritability interfered with his financial success.

JOHN MACLEAN, VICE-PRESIDENT

The member of the faculty that was most popular among the students, was, by all odds, Dr. MacLean. The reason of this was because he was a magnanimous warm hearted man, the friend of every one that was in trouble, even if the trouble was a crop of wild oats.

His character was so well known and he was so popular in the South, that it was said of him during the Civil War, that he could have gone any where in the Confederacy unchallenged.

It was said that he was born in North College, where his father a noted Scotch scientist had apartments. It was believed by the students that he never took off his clothes during term time. He

wore during cool weather a loose fur lined overcoat, which it was said had been brought from Russia by his uncle, Commodore Bainbridge, and presented to him. Another tradition was that when the outer cloth of the coat was worn out, it would be renewed, and when the fur was the worse for wear, it would be renewed. And that these alternate renewals had taken place several times, promising an immortality to the coat, similar to that of the deacon's one horse shay.

He was, although well on in years, the most active member of the faculty in detecting disorder. He would prowel around on dark nights, lurking behind trees, or around the corners of buildings, and suddenly flash the light of the dark lantern he carried on the faces of the roysterers, everyone of whom he knew. He said that, when he was a young man, he could give a student quite a number of yards start, between North College and the street, and yet catch him before he reached the fence of the front campus.

He liked his detective work. This was the declaration to me of Professor Hope. And he added that Dr. MacLean said he did not, but he did. He triumphed in matching his ingenuity in detecting against the ingenuity of the students in concealing lawless pranks. But when guilt was brought home to the evil doers, and the criminals were brought up for sentence, he would intercede for them, so that they might escape with a reprimand, or rustication for a week at a neighboring farm house. Even when the culprits endeavored to cover their tracks by lying, he still made excuses for them. He went to Old Testament history to find extenuations. He said, "Abraham lied, and Isaac lied, and Jacob lied, and David lied, and what can you expect from boys whose principles are not yet fixed, when they find themselves in a tight place".

But he did not devote all his days and nights to detective work. He was a good scholar, and had contributed learned articles to reviews. And Dr. McCosh, in his Inaugural, when he succeeded Dr. MacLean in the Presidency of the College, said that there was not a department of the college, which Dr. MacLean could not fill with credit.

The following incidents are here not out of place. On the night of the Senior ball of the Class '47, about 12 o'clock, my brother and

I were sitting in our room on the ground floor of W. C., when we heard a dull sound like a thud at the hall door. We hurried out, and found a young man lying on the flat stone before the door, evidently in great distress. He had fallen out of the window at the end of the second story hall. He had come from the ball,—he was in evening dress,—and had gone to his room for some purpose, and on coming down stairs thought he had reached the front door, when he had reached the front window of the second story. He fell through the opening, the window having been taken out. His leg was broken. I hurried over to Dr. MacLean's, found him in his study, and related what had happened. He told me to bring the young man to his house. I ran back, and my brother, taking the sufferer in his arms and adjusting the broken leg as well as possible to avoid pain, carried him over to Dr. MacLean's study and laid him on a lounge. A doctor was sent for immediately. The leg was set, but it was six weeks before it could be used, during which time the patient was tenderly cared for by Dr. MacLean's maiden sister, Miss Mary, who presided over his household.

During the Sesqui-Centennial exercises, on the afternoon of President Cleveland's reception at Prospect, I went to the cemetery. I strolled among the tombs, reading the names of men and women, whom I had known fifty years before in Princeton. And on not one of the tombs did I find any flowers, except on Dr. MacLean's. On the old bachelor's tomb, to whom Princeton College was wife and child, some one to whom his memory was dear, had placed flowers, a memorial of love.

JOSEPH HENRY

As the death of Professor Dod, in my first year in college inflicted a loss on the college, which could not be repaired, so during my last year, the college met with a similar loss in the resignation by Professor Henry of his Professorship. He had been appointed Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. Professor Henry did not remove immediately to Washington on his election. Our class therefore had his lectures on Physics.

In connection with the Smithsonian Institute, which he planned and afterwards organized, the following incident is not without in-

terest to me. One morning, immediately after the study hour had begun, an attendant of the college came to my room and said Professor Henry wished to see me. I found him in his study. He said he wished me to write, while he dictated. I sat down and wrote the whole day, with the exception of a few minutes for lunch. And when I had finished, the sheets contained the plan of the Smithsonian Institute. I went to my room in the twilight a tired young man, but with several dollars in my pocket, which were not there in the morning.

Professor Henry was a large man, standing very erect, to which a slight tendency to corpulency inclined him all the more. In ordinary intercourse, his bearing was marked by affability and dignity, with a slight stateliness in his manner, which was accentuated by his size. It was said of him by Judge Field, that when any one was jocose when he was present, his laughter began after the others present, as he had stopped to analyze the jest. The salaries of the Professors at that time were so low, that it was said Mrs. Henry made his suits.

In the lecture room, there was much in his bearing that showed that he was a man of power. In speaking there was often an implication of self restraint, that he was holding himself in, that he was using the curb. There was a nervous tension, which showed itself in his quick glances, and in the tones of his voice, although these were always conversational. And when the attention of any student flagged, he brought down the rattan cane that he used in the lecture room with an impatient whack on the high table before him, and with a vigor that showed that there was plenty more nervous energy behind the arm that wielded the cane. If the whack came, when the nerves were tense while writing, it was like an electric shock.

His mode of lecturing was different in some respects from other lecturers on scientific subjects. Before he took up his special subject, he gave the class a lecture on Inductive Reasoning. He defined and explained the meaning of the terms,—fact, observation, experiment, hypothesis, inductive inference, verification, theory and law. When he took up any department of Physics,—a full syllabus of the lecture having been put on the black board by one of the class,—he reproduced the first steps in the history of the science, and connected each step in the progress of its discovery with the logical

act which led to it. So that each lecture illustrated an act of reasoning as well as gave instruction in Physics.

He would, in the beginning, group together the facts, which the Physicist was considering,—often reproducing them,—and then give the hypothesis, which they suggested to the mind of the investigator as the probable explanation of them. Then he would proceed to test this hypothesis by experiments, which he would give, varying the conditions while still retaining the invariable antecedent. And in like manner he would illustrate the other logical operations until the law was reached, and the investigator was enabled by the possession of the law to predict phenomena. And this he did with each branch of Physics as he traced its history. He required the students to take notes on his lectures, to write them up fully in blank books, and submit them to him to be graded. No textbook was used.

It was to me a most instructive and mind-quickening method. It gave not merely a congeries of physical facts, but truths as connected with the inductive process to which their discovery was due. And the method was capable of application to many of the circumstances of practical life.

As I thought of this, I regretted that this instruction was not given to the class earlier in the course, and the studies, which required purely abstract thought, like mental Philosophy and Ethics, unaided by diagrams or experiments, given later in the College Curriculum. I understood at the time that Professor Henry thought that Physics should be given in the Senior year; and that students should come to the study with minds somewhat trained. The more the training, of course, the better for the student. But in this opinion, I believe Professor Henry, great a man as he was, was mistaken. Most educators now think so. Princeton now requires a part of the knowledge, which Professor Henry gave us for admission and continues the study of Physics in the Freshman class. Even the elementary conceptions of Inductive Logic, which he gave us in beginning his lectures, are now given to the Freshman class of Princeton University, with ample illustrations and exercises, thus placing the reason at the outset of the course of study in a proper attitude to all subsequent subjects in which the reason is exercised, and making all such subjects more fruitful as mental disciplines.

Whoever suggested that such a book should be placed in the hands of Freshmen was an enlightened educator.

All of the professors were characterized by what has always been a quality of Princeton,—unpretending thoroughness. They differed, of course, in their aptness to teach,—in the power of lucid exposition, in the ability to place themselves in imagination in the position of the learner. Occasionally one or more of them forgot that children in knowledge can only take one step at a time, and that a short one.

All of the professors or almost all were specialists in their departments, and their hearts were in their work. They were just and impartial in their intercourse with the students, and tolerant of the freakishness and waywardness of youth.

Yet, for all that, the spirit of the college looked backward, not forward. Its critics said that it was timid and an opportunist. There was that much truth in the criticism, that Princeton left the task of making experiments in education to other colleges. This was its position when I was a student. But when progress became inevitable and Princeton moved, her friends say that she put herself at the head of the progressive movement in education in this country. And her critics are either silent or converted into friends.

THE CURRICULUM

Princeton College, in the late forties, was as it had always been a great school of Christian learning, where the minds of successive generations of youth had been trained, and their characters formed. Its graduates were to be found in all walks of honorable life at home and some of them abroad. Its curriculum possessed the great essential studies of a sound education,—languages, mathematics and philosophy. If there were gaps in its curriculum, according to present-day standards, they were not peculiar to Princeton. They were to be found in the courses of study in other colleges; they were due to the state of education at that time in the country.

It was natural in colleges founded by clergymen, who belonged to conservative churches, that Trustees and Faculties should challenge the modern sciences, and ask their advocates to show cause why they should be allowed a place in the circle of the long established sciences, and kinship with them. Some of these sciences had been used as a means of assailing what was then understood to be the chronology of the Bible; and others seemed but little fitted, in the eyes of these grave men, to be used in education.

As one places the catalogues of '48 and of 1912 side by side, there are two reflections that will be suggested. One is, how greatly the course of study has been secularized. The old college of fifty years ago, which still bore traces of its church origin, and was a fortress of conservatism, has new tenants. The unworldliness of the old college has not been effaced, but relatively it is not so much in evidence. The old curriculum is included in the new, but the ampler development of modern society has caused the introduction of many new subjects, some of which like Art and Politics would have been thought unsuitable by the men of the old régime. It is now a definite purpose that the sons of Princeton should not only be strong, but accomplished. Whatever has permanent interest to mankind has now interest to Princeton. This is shown also in Princeton's distribution of honorary degrees. What is said of wisdom in Proverbs

viii. 31st, that her delight is with the sons of men, may now be said of Princeton; her delight is with the *sons* of men.

Another reflection, which is suggested by a comparison of the catalogues of '48 and 1912, is that many of the studies of '48 are now among the subjects required for admission to the University in 1912. Thus room has been made for the advanced study of these subjects, and for many important subjects such as,—English Literature, Civics, Anthropology, Botany, Geology, and Political Economy, which either had no place in the old curriculum, or were dismissed in two or three lectures.

Of course, the problem of the relation of college studies to the studies of Professional Schools is by no means solved. The large number of students, that enter the Scientific Departments of Universities and Technical Schools, shows that many parents are unwilling that their sons should begin their life work as late as their twenty-sixth or seventh, or eighth year, when that work is itself a Post Graduate Course requiring from two to five years to master.

CLASSMATES

CASPER WISTAR HODGE

The two youngest members of the class of '48 were C. W. Hodge and Alfred Young. Both had entered college, when they were about fourteen years of age,—the latter before he was fourteen. Yet Hodge was Latin Salutatorian, and his average grade for the whole course was 99. He was modest but not diffident; sedate in manner, sparing of speech and occupied apparently altogether with his studies. He had no associates in the class. This was possibly due in part to the fact that he lived in town, and at some little distance from the college.

He was mature above his years; and indeed, how could he help but be, having Dr. Charles Hodge for his father, and Dr. Addison Alexander for his tutor. His nature resembled a deep and quiet stream. Young as he was, he had learned the secret of success,—concentration. He afterwards became a distinguished Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. Possibly his concentration on a few subjects narrowed his views, and limited his sympathies. In his mature life he was more conservative than his father. He found much in the tendencies of modern life to condemn. The success, which he achieved as a student and as a Professor, followed him in his business ventures, to which he probably gave but little attention. When he died he left his family a competence.

JOHN EDWARDS

John Edwards was the English Salutatorian with an average grade of 98.8, only two tenths below Hodge's. Edwards was a large young man, with a vigorous mind, and an energetic manner. He was a man of few words, which were always to the point, and sometimes brusque. His bearing and manners betokened a strong nature, but regardless of the little conventions of life. He labored as a missionary among the Western Indians.

WILLIAM C. CATTELL

W. C. Cattell was somewhat below the middle height, and stoutly built. His manners were popular and his bearing free and easy. His ready laugh and word made him acceptable to any group of students he joined. Judging by his demeanor, one would say that he loved laughter better than study; he was apparently so free from preoccupation. But those, who thought that his nature was of a gay and festive order, did not look beneath the surface. He was in reality a close and an ambitious student, and attained a high grade in the class. He cultivated the acquaintance of students like Cameron of '47 and Emerson of '49,—men that he could use. Then he put them forward, where they would meet opposition, the consequences of which they inherited, but which he escaped. Cameron after a while woke up to a knowledge of the use that had been made of him and resented it.

Thus early Cattell began to practice that most useful gift,—the art of managing men, and he kept in the practice during his life. He measured men by their success in managing men. To ascribe this power to a man was in his judgment a eulogy, while the want of this power crippled a man in the race of life.

A large part of his active life was spent in offices, to the administrative duties of which his nature took kindly.

HENRY COOPER PITNEY

H. C. Pitney joined the class of '48 at the beginning of the Junior year. He was a large young man, and one of the strongest in every respect in the class. His distinguishing characteristics as a student were force, independence and loyalty to friends, and these qualities were shown on every suitable occasion in after life.

His independence and loyalty to his friends placed him in a false position on one occasion. The circumstances were these: At the final examination in Mathematics in the Junior year, someone had obtained a copy of the questions. A group of students went in to the examination with the problems worked out. The cheat was detected by the examiner, Professor Stephen Alexander, and another examination was ordered. Some rebelled against the order. They said that the class had taken the regular examination, and it was

unjust to exact another. Permission to hold a meeting of the class was obtained. Most of the leaders of the class that spoke, held that the Faculty was perfectly within their rights, and said that they would attend the additional examination. As Edwards put it, the Faculty had a right to order as many examinations as they pleased. Pitney from a feeling of comradeship, and some others did not attend the second examination. Many years afterwards, he told me that that escapade lowered his grade ten units. Yet notwithstanding this mishap, his average grade for the whole course was 92.3. He was an excellent student, and one of the Commencement speakers. At the 50th anniversary of the graduation of the Class, he was selected to represent the Class. And Mr. Joline of New York, who was Toastmaster, in introducing him spoke of him as a great authority in Equity Law. He was for many years one of the Vice-Chancellors of the State.

JAMES McMULLIN CROWELL

An interest attaches itself to the name of James Crowell, because he is an example and an encouragement to every young man, who shows no special aptitudes. He showed no gifts above mediocrity, except fluency, and possibly industry, and yet his life was one of marked success and usefulness. It was the harmonious union of his gifts, the strength which each imparted to the other gifts that were associated with it, that was the secret of his success. As in the fable of the rods, each rod was weak, and could be easily broken, but when laid side by side with others, and tightly bound together, the bundle was strong, and could not be broken. In Crowell's case the bond that bound his powers together was industry.

Crowell was a patient and an industrious student, impartially giving the allotted time to each subject of study, unseduced by the charms of good fellowship or literature. His final average was consequently high. He entered the ministry, and after a few years in a rural parish, he was called to be pastor of one of the principal churches in Philadelphia. Here he remained many years, and had a successful pastorate.

He was a serious and an attractive speaker. His flow of language was easy and abundant. His voice was pleasant to listen to, and sympathetic. A little after he became pastor of this church, he was

elected a Trustee of Princeton College, the only member of the class that attained that honor. When he resigned the pastorate of his church, he also resigned as Trustee in Princeton. During his latter years he was Secretary of the American Sunday School Union. His was a useful and an honored life. His years were given to commending the truths of religion to the hearts and minds of thousands, and in carrying its consolations to the distressed in mind and body.

ISAAC CHAUNCEY WYMAN

The only member of the Class of '48 that will be mentioned a few years hence, and that on account of his connection with the Graduate School, is Wyman. He was, when a student, a tall and slender young man, very shy, shrinking from acquaintanceship rather than seeking it. He, therefore, had hardly any friends. The only one that made any progress with him was Pitney. He was a fair student. I can scarcely be said to have known him. He was a Clio, and a difference of halls, was in our day an inseparable barrier to any more intimate relation than a speaking acquaintance. On the subject of Wyman's peculiarities there is in Judge Pitney's letter to me, which is in the possession of the Editor of the General Catalogue, information at first hand, which may be of interest.

The following facts, which were given to me by an intelligent resident of Salem, who often saw Wyman, and was also acquainted with his public reputation, may in this connection be worth preserving.

The family of Wyman, both on his father's and mother's side were extensive landholders in the region between Salem and Marblehead, and he inherited real estate. He lived in a two-story frame house a little out of Salem, on the road to Marblehead. His household consisted of himself and housekeeper,—an elderly and quite plain woman, who milked the cow, and attended to all chores outside the house as well as everything within. He was very neat in his dress, very polite, never went into society, or visited any one, or received visitors at his house. There were a few business men in Salem with whom he was intimate. He was away from home a good deal looking after his real estate. He was never known to give a dollar to anyone or object of any kind.

Did he like Johns Hopkins make a virtue of penuriousness, because he purposed to consecrate his accumulations to some such object as the Graduate School?

In thinking of the Class of '48 and of my classmates, I am impressed with the greater tolerance of the Faculty at that time with delinquent students. I cannot recall the name of a single student, who if his conduct was correct, and if he attended regularly the recitations and lectures, was dropped from the class. I do not say that none was dropped for deficient scholarship, but that I never heard of such an instance.

In the final circular, which contains the names of all members of the class, who have grades above 70, only fifty of such names are given. Seventy-five students were graduated. So that there were twenty-five whose grades were below 70, or who might be otherwise designated.

I thought at the time that there were evidences of a different view on the subject of such students, from that which is now taken by the Faculties of all our Colleges and Universities. Whether the following considerations had any weight with the Faculty of Princeton, I do not know, but they may have for they are obvious. The low-grade students, who were retained in their classes, were in an intellectual atmosphere, and imbibed a certain amount of knowledge and culture by a kind of intellectual absorption. They were, also, while they remained in college, members of a community, where the social distinctions of the world, such as wealth, honorable descent, and social position had a diminished influence; but where intellect and character were fully recognized. They were accustomed, too, to see in their professors, whom they respected, religion and learning associated, and they became accustomed to think that they should always be, that knowledge should always be joined to religion and religion to knowledge.

If the delinquent students were readers, if the lure that drew them away from their textbooks was literature, if they had fallen under the dominion of the great masters of thought and style of English Literature, "those dead but sceptered sovereigns, whose spirits still rule us from their urns", then some of them maintained,—heretics as they were,—that their gain was greater than their loss, that for

their work in life, if lawyers, or ministers, or men of leisure, that they carried away in their knowledge of literature more than they left behind. They carried home with them, also, as their more studious classmates the memory of college friendships, and cherished associations, which made Princeton in Lowell's phrase, one of the "Meccas of the mind"; and the love and reverence they felt for Princeton was transmitted to those who came after them.

The Civil War made havoc of the Class of '48. It began a little less than thirteen years after the class had left college. Those of its members, who entered the professions, had taken their degrees, and established themselves in their professions. All of the members of the Class of '48 as young men shared more or less the new thought of their localities. They had acquired a local prominence, so that when the war came, they could not escape leadership, if they would. Many of them entered the opposing armies, and a number lost their lives by wounds or sickness. The one who attained the highest rank in the army was Wm. Worth Belknap. He became a Major-General, and after the war was Secretary of War from 1869 to 1876.

COLLEGE LIFE

The day began at 6.30 with the clamorous ringing of the "rouser" as the College bell was called. Woe to the students who turned over in their beds for another sleep. The next morning they probably heard no bell and visions of an interview with the Faculty loomed before their eyes, which straightway became a reality. But most of the students tumbled out of bed, and some of them, so anxious were they not to miss the morning prayers went half dressed. They put on their trousers and shoes, and throwing a dressing gown around their shoulders, hastened to the chapel.

After prayers the members of the two lower classes attended a 7 o'clock recitation. The Juniors and Seniors might go to bed again, which some of them did. The other recitation hours were 11 and 4, at each of which the bell rang. After the last recitation, there was chapel again at 5. After chapel most of the students spent the intervening time to supper in the open air, usually in walking.

The roll of the college was called twice every day, once at each chapel service. Three times every day your room was visited by a Tutor or Adjunct Professor. At 9, 2 and 8 P.M., the beginning of each study hour, the door of your room was opened by him without knocking, to see if you were in your rooms. To be out on the campus or in the street after 9 P.M. without a good reason was disorderly. On Sunday, worship in the chapel at 11 o'clock was attended by all the students. The Professors, who were clergymen, preached in turn. Bible class was in the afternoon. Speeches were delivered in the chapel by the Seniors to which the public was admitted. The bright dresses of the ladies made a contrast with the sober garments of the Professors and students. The new chapel, the predecessor of Marquand, was then not finished.

There was at that time a serious attempt made to supervise the daily life of the student. Each student was individualized and the oversight in some degree adjusted to the known character of the student. Dr. MacLean in '82, when I talked with him, lamented the

growth of the college since Dr. McCosh had come, because this supervision was no longer possible.

During Commencement week, the President gave a reception to the Senior Class, and their friends, and to the Faculty,—the only social function of the college year. On the afternoon of the day before Commencement, an Alumnus, chosen alternately by each Hall, delivered an oration. In the evening the eight Junior orators,—four from each Hall,—spoke. During the week the Senior ball was given. Commencement Day was a local holiday, with the usual accompaniments of a holiday.

No distinctive dress or cap was used by the students. A negligee dress while on the campus, or around the college buildings, was the vogue. Almost any article of dress, however well worn, could be used. When they went into town, or for their evening walk, they spruced up a little. This was true of the many. We always had some precisians in dress. On Sunday, neatness was the order of the day with all.

Life in college was democratic, real and manly, dashed occasionally with a thrill of sentiment. These years were to many among the happiest years of their lives. To some the development of their intellectual powers, the increase of knowledge, and the birth of new feelings, brought a better knowledge of themselves, and a new view of life. They then seemed for the first to become acquainted with themselves, and they began to listen to the voices which were calling to them from the future.

REFECTORIES

There were two refectories, or a refectory and a poor house, as the cheaper one was called. The poor house was a long narrow frame building, that stood on the Southeast corner of what was then William Street and the Prospect driveway. A vestibule opened into a long dining room, with windows on each side, and a passage way leading from end to end. On each side of this the tables were arranged. The food was plain but abundant. The service and table furniture were also plain. The students were always orderly at meals. The only accompaniment of the business of the hour, was friendly and quiet chat. The price of board was \$2.25 a week.

The other dining hall was in the basement of the building east of North College, the first story of which was used for the Senior lectures. It was called The Refectory. Here the board was thought to be better. It was frequented by the richer students. Here there was an occasional ripple of disorder, plates with their contents were sometimes turned up side down, and sometimes broken as a gentle criticism by the students of their fare. The board was \$3.25 or \$3.50 per week. Both of these refectories were conducted by the college with the design of keeping down the price of board in town.

Quite a number of students boarded in town. And a still larger number boarded in clubs. These were informal associations of students, numbering about twelve, who provided their own provisions, and each paid the housekeeper, who cooked the food, twenty-five cents a week. A purveyor, who took charge of the business of the club, received his board free. In this way the cost of board could be regulated as the members of the club wished, or their means made necessary.

SPORTS

There were no organized athletics in Princeton, while I was there. Occasionally there would be a game of shinny in the rear campus, and still more seldom a game of baseball. Walking between evening chapel and supper was the favorite exercise. And while a few students might be found, who set their faces in different directions, the favorite walk was to Jugtown. And by an odd coincidence, some of the young ladies of the town occasionally chose that hour and place for their evening stroll. On Saturday afternoons, when the students had more time, longer tramps were essayed.

My brother and myself had resources in the way of exercise, which the other students did not possess. He had taken lessons in boxing and fencing, and I had profited somewhat by his skill. So that whenever we had leisure, or the day was stormy, we would have a bout with either gloves or the foils, and sometimes there would be a spectator or two.

One day during our Junior year a fencing master, a German, came to Princeton. He was sent to our room. The fencing lessons were resumed, pupils obtained for the teacher, and exhibitions were

given. But fencing never became popular, and the interest after a while died out.

HAZING AND OTHER IRREGULARITIES

There was no organized hazing of the Freshman class by the Sophomores while I was in Princeton. The number at that time in the Freshman class was insignificant. When I entered college it amounted to about a baker's dozen. When I graduated the number had crept up to twenty. The Sophomore class treated the Freshman class as they did the other classes. There was no compelling the class to wear a distinctive article of dress, no imposition on them of humiliating stunts, or compelling them to step off the side walk into the street, when they met higher classmen. If anything, there was a slight disposition to move such rude courtesies a peg higher, and for the Juniors to play the petty tyrants with the Sophomores. But the latter were numerous enough and strong enough to take care of themselves.

But although there was no class persecution, there was hazing of individuals, but the victims were not confined to the Freshman class, nor was the hazing done by Sophomores. Such cases when they occurred were punished, if the perpetrators were detected, as other acts of disorder. These were such as injuries to the property of the college or townspeople. For instance: Professor Hope, who was then living in the house west of North College, woke up one morning and found that his cow had been painted during the night, and the words "mixed metaphor",—he was Professor of Rhetoric,—had been chalked in many places on his house and fences.

There was a fire, too, while I was a student, and students were the incendiaries. Some out buildings, which had become offensive to them, were set on fire and consumed.

An ungracious act, altogether too common, was for the students when any sightseers, who had anything of a rustic, or otherwise noticeable appearance, strayed into the rear campus, to throw up their windows, and begin to chaff them. The visitors would stop, look around them, and from college building to college building in their bewilderment, then turn and leave hastily, as though detected

in trespassing. I never saw any, who had sufficient self-possession and independence to continue their walk.

A favorite mode of relieving nervous tension, after the afternoon recitation, was the shuffling of feet and stamping at afternoon chapel, when the roll was called. The form of the chapel lent itself readily to such an abuse. It was the room in North College directly opposite the main entrance. Right over the entrance was a gallery, and opposite was a high platform, on which was the pulpit, with large windows on each side. On this high platform stood the tutor or adjunct professor, who called the roll. He was so high up, that he could not see beneath the gallery. The roll call was therefore accompanied by a continual chorus of stamping to prevent the answers of the students, when their names were called, from being heard. Especially was this instrumental accompaniment loud from the Juniors, when the roll of the Sophomores was called.

But the Saturnalia of riotous disorder was called a barring out. This was an event, which had to be carefully planned beforehand, and tactfully executed. Stout boards or small sticks of cord wood were accumulated in the rooms of North College and secreted. Then some evening, just before the tutors and adjunct professors had returned to their rooms, the doors of North College would be slammed to and braced, the bell would be set ringing as though it was rung by a tipsy bellman, and shouts would be raised by the students within, who were in the plot.

Almost immediately, as if by magic, the building would be surrounded by students drawn by curiosity to see the fun. Dr. MacLean and the Adjunct Professors and Tutors would appear, and the assault of the beleaguered fortress would begin. It was in caricature Locksley and the Black Knight assaulting Front de Boeuf's castle. And as in that case, the assailants would finally prevail. They would select some door, and bend all their energies to bursting it open, while the rioters within would strive to strengthen their defences.

During the first and only barring out that I witnessed, my brother and myself were sitting quietly in our room, which was then in North College, when a classmate came to the room and asked us to come to his room, which was next the door assailed, and see the fun. We went to his room, where quite a crowd was assembled. We had not

been there long and had just got a glimpse of the situation around the college door, when it gave way and Professor Giger appeared at the door of the room we were in, his clothes whitened either with flour or lime, and soiled as though he had been rolled on the ground, his face flushed, and named in succession the names of the students in the room, our names among the number.

After all had quieted down, we went over to Professor Henry's study, and told him how we came to be in the room in which Giger found us; and that was the last we heard of the matter. But it was not so with all. Major Lee as he was called, on account of his military bearing, a classmate, who roomed next to us, was caught in a compromising position, and knew that he would be suspended. When we went to his room to sympathize with him, we found him reading the Prayer Book. After he left college, we heard that he was shot in a street fight in the South. That reckless and generous nature was soon at rest.

A SOPHOMORE COMMENCEMENT

Towards the end of the Sophomore year, our class resolved to have a Sophomore Commencement. All the class were in favor of it. Hodge was excused because he lived in town, and Cattell because his brother Thomas was an Adjunct Professor in the college. Dr. MacLean soon got wind of it, and one day came into the class room and forbade it. But while walking out of the room he added, "some of the last Sophomore class after their Commencement got drunk and were disorderly. And the Faculty are resolved that there shall not be a repetition." These words furnished us with our cue. We, too, resolved that there should not be a repetition. Some of the prospective speakers prepared a paper in which the members of the class pledged themselves to abstain from all intoxicating liquors during the day and evening of the Commencement. And made their taking part in the affair depend on all signing it. All signed it.

The Commencement took place in the Academy, a frame building on Washington Road. The room was lit with tallow candles, so in more senses than one, it was not a very brilliant affair. The Seniors had circulated a satirical program the day before. Dr. MacLean came after we were under way and obtained a copy of ours. The

audience of students was orderly, and there was occasionally faint applause, with now and then the word "louder".

After the exercises were over, a line was formed, and we marched to the hotel, where we took our places in a row around the long dining room, and ate sandwiches and replied briefly to sentiments that were offered. We then separated, and went to our rooms. All the members of the class kept their pledge. After I gained my room, and the excitement was all over, I felt like a man that had fallen down stairs.

Nothing was done about it by the Faculty, during the few remaining days of the college year. But when the college reopened, the speakers were summoned before the Faculty. When questioned in regard to the Commencement, we all had the same defense. We said that we agreed perfectly with Dr. MacLean and the Faculty,—that we like them had resolved that there should not be another disorderly Sophomore Commencement, but a sober orderly exemplary one, and such a commencement we had given them. Dr. MacLean tried to point out the difference between the Faculty's idea and ours, but we could not see it. We only said that we thought, if we gave them such a commencement as we did, they would not find fault. Nothing was done with us. That was the last Sophomore Commencement that I ever heard of, or at least that was held in Princeton.

WHIG AND CLIO HALLS

The two Halls did yeoman service in the cause of education in my time, and supplemented the curriculum of the College. I think the Faculty leaned on them in some things.

Their founders had admirably enlisted a principle, which has contributed greatly to the prosperity and growth of Anglo-Saxon commonwealths,—a principle which has made English colonies a success, while the colonies of other countries, subjected to government control have been failures. It is the principle of individual liberty and self-government. The possession and exercise of this liberty in the Halls, to which secrecy lent a zest, made work agreeable because it was self-imposed, and the work of the Halls made them no insignificant vestibules of the great world, which their

members were so soon to enter. But these advantages were chiefly possessed by those who made use of their opportunities. All of the College students were then members of either one or the other Hall.

There was a serious quarrel between the two Halls during my Junior Year. It arose in this way. A member of Whig Hall was observed near Clio Hall, while its members were in session, and Clio charged him with eavesdropping. After a few notes were interchanged, Clio refused an answer to Whig Hall's communications. Whig Hall then retaliated by posting Clio in language borrowed from the duelling code. Clio retaliated by refusing to speak to Whigs. Things looked squally for a time. The Faculty took it up. A committee was appointed consisting of one graduate, a member of the Faculty, and a member of Whig Hall. Whig Hall finally withdrew the offensive paper, and amity was restored.

W. W. LORD

There was one man, who was much in evidence in Princeton during the six years of my student life, and who also, at one time, was connected with the College. It was W. W. Lord. He belonged to a prominent Presbyterian family, being a younger brother of Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, N. Y. He had published a small volume of poems, which were regarded by good judges as giving evidences of poetic power. Dr. James W. Alexander once said to me, that there were lines in Lord's poems, that reminded him of Milton. Professor Dod was one of his admirers, and an intimate friend, and by his influence Lord was appointed a Fellow of the College.

To one who met and talked with Lord for the first time, he seemed altogether an extraordinary man. He had an oracular way of speaking, often putting his ideas in a figurative form. For instance, he once said, after he entered the Episcopal Church, when I was present, "They say that the Church of the Middle Ages was dead. If she was dead, she grew in her grave." And on another occasion, he called pride, lust and hate the sucking devils of the breast.

I sometimes met him at the houses of the Princeton residents, and occasionally walked with him. He was about five years my senior, and better read, and could reproduce the scenes and characters of his favorite authors with vividness. But after a while the glamour sensibly waned. I began to discover that he was opinionated, and masterful, and that his general statements were sometimes inaccurate. Once at Dr. Hodge's house, he made some sweeping statement about the Reformation. Dr. Hodge contradicted him, and in a grave tone added, "It is a solemn thing to falsify history".

If Lord was seriously opposed, or offended—and he was easily offended—he kept no terms with the person he was talking to. One of his favorite weapons was ridicule. He did not restrain himself even before ladies, whose presence acted as a restraint on his opponents. His encounter with Dr. Torrey, a Professor in the College, and

a much older man, at an evening entertainment, furnished matter for gossip in Princeton for some time.

Candor compels me to say that a number of the Princeton Professors regarded him as superficial and pretentious. Dr. MacLean was neither in sympathy with his spirit or his opinions. Professor Hope told me that, when Lord went to Amherst College, as Assistant Professor of Mental Philosophy, he made a failure of it.

And yet Dr. Hodge, true to his friendship for Professor Dod—Lord's friend—appeared with him before the Diocesan Committee of New Jersey, when Lord made application for admission to orders in the Episcopal Church, to certify to his character. Mrs. Patterson, the wife of the Episcopal Minister in Princeton, was pleased with this, and when she met Dr. Hodge, she said, "Dr. Hodge, you should be made a Bishop". "Madam," Dr. Hodge answered, "I am one."

Lord went South after he was ordained, but he never rose to any high position in the Episcopal Church, which is what might have been expected. A man so tactless and passionate, in the office of a bishop, would have been the bull in the china shop. He was in Vicksburg during the siege of that city by Grant, and daily harangued the people. When Vicksburg surrendered, Grant offered to send him to his brother, Judge Lord of St. Louis, whom Grant knew. Lord declined the offer and preferred to remain within the Confederacy. When, Sherman was on his march north from Savannah, he passed through the village in which Lord had found refuge.

After the war, he came North, and was rector of the Episcopal Church in Cooperstown, N. Y. If he published anything after his book of poetry, I am ignorant of it. Towards the close of his life, he tried to persuade Mrs. Edwin A. Stevens of Hoboken,—the Miss Martha B. Dod of some 60 years before, of whom in the old days he had been a suitor, to become responsible for the cost of publishing a book he had written. But the proposition was declined. Lord died at a hotel in New York City in 1907, aged 88.

THE STUDENTS AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE

There were in Princeton in my day three distinct social sets, between which there was but little intercourse. There was, first, a group of wealthy families made up of Commodore Stockton's family, and the family of his son John Stockton, the three Potter families, the family of ex-Governor Thomson, whose widow was afterwards a benefactress of the Graduate School and a few others. Most of these families had intermarried at some time in their history. They were all Episcopalians. They lived in spacious houses, sometimes with extensive grounds attached, of which Prospect and Morven are, or rather were, examples.

This class, which may be called the leisure class or the aristocrats, differed from the next class, the professors, in wealth, in style of living, in their standards, and aims. Sometimes a man belonging to this class would marry the daughter of a Professor, accepting the dower of beauty in place of any other. And sometimes the daughter of an aristocrat would look with favorable eyes on a young Professor, or promising graduate. Her parents, in their remonstrance with her, might say "we don't know where this young man has come from". But the daughter was sure she knew where the young man was going, and wanted to go with him;* and so there would sometimes be a wedding.

Among the second class, the Professors, there was but little sociability. The families of course exchanged visits. But the preoccupation of the professors in their work, and their scanty incomes precluded an interchange of entertainments. In this class, while good family was valued, yet personal ability and good character were valued more.

There is one exception to be made to the statement as to the lack of sociability among the Professors. It was the family of Dr. Torrey. Mrs. Torrey, who had three attractive daughters, gave entertainments occasionally. At one of them Dr. Samuel Miller of

* Said of Philip Henry the father of Matthew Henry.

the Theological Seminary was present. Charades were given. Dr. Miller was shocked. He felt that he had been invited to a play, and left the house without ceremony. The conflict between a sense of duty and politeness was brief. Conscience had its way.

Dr. Miller's manners had been formed in the school of Chesterfield. He was called the Chesterfield of the American clergy. His courtesy was elaborate but genuine. It was a glimpse of old world manners to see him bow to ladies on the street. However cold and windy the day, his hat was raised exposing his bald head to the wind, and his bow was deliberate and profound. But his goodness was as manifest as his courtesy, and impressed and attracted even worldlings.

But there were a number of intelligent families in Princeton, who were reckoned socially with the Professors, who had occasional entertainments, musical or social. They were those who had been attracted to Princeton as a desirable place of residence, or families who had sons in college. In these families there were ladies interested in literature and music, and more than one highly educated. They, together with the Professors and professional people in town,—Doctors, Lawyers and Ministers made up the second class.

The third class was made up of the storekeepers and master mechanics. The last two classes met in church work, and had more or less to do with one another in business, and the local politics of the town. But they did not interchange visits, and very rarely intermarried.

The feeling between the students and shopkeepers was cordial. The door knobs which were wrenched off, or signs displaced, while I was a student were a negligible quantity. The students as a whole found their college life with its lessons, and Halls and comradeship sufficient, and did not go into society in town. A few students brought letters of introduction to town families, the presentation of which was followed by invitations to dinner. And some students introduced in other ways, became visitors in the town. Acquaintanceship in some cases led to more serious feelings, and some of the college graduates returned, and took Princeton girls home as wives. But it passed into a proverb, what effect crossing Stony Brook had on the memories and affections of some men, even when

there had been mutual attraction between them, and the companions of their idle hours.

My brother and myself taught during our Senior year, each an hour a day, in a young ladies' school in town. And this led to an acquaintance with the parents of the young ladies. During the three years of our seminary life, we also gave lessons in families in town, and we became visitors in some of their homes. And we were as well acquainted with the people of Princeton at that time, as almost any students, whose families were not residents.

CONCLUSION

Princeton has so greatly changed that if a graduate of fifty or sixty years standing, who had not visited Princeton in the interval, should be set down on the campus, in the midst of the new Halls, he would not know where he was. The changes are so great that the surroundings would be unrecognizable. Only three of the old College buildings are left,—relics of an earlier generation. But these relics, in their simple outlines, are in keeping with the singleness of aim, and strength of purpose of the characters of their founders, and of the great church with which they were in sympathy, and with the characters of the Faculty and Trustees to which the fortunes of the College were entrusted. As that church has always looked out for the things that are most worth while, so did the Faculty and Trustees of Princeton in the late forties. Beauty or majesty of proportions were then not considered prime assets.

As one wanders amid the new Halls, which possess both beauty and majesty, he realizes that the men, whose hands are now on the helm of affairs also look out for the things that are most worth while, that while of old the fortunes of its friends were numbered by tens of thousands, the fortunes of its friends now are numbered by millions. And all feelings of regret for the Princeton of past times, pictures of which live in the memories of a few, are excluded by exultation in the evidences of life and growth, which are seen on every hand. The changes, which he sees, are the changes which appear when a higher form of free progressive and exulting life manifests itself.

And all the growth of Princeton and a still more varied development will be needed, if Princeton is to hold her place as a national university, if her graduates are to be fitted for leadership in developing the manifold interests of modern society, and if Princeton shall continue in the future as she has in the past, to send out men with intellects and characters fitted to safeguard and adapt the institutions of religion and the state to the growing needs of the country. For

seldom in the history of mankind have the forces of the enemies of religion and our political institutions, and of our business prosperity been more numerous, or better organized or more active. They are found in every community, and therefore their battle line may be said to extend from ocean to ocean, with fortresses at each wing, and not a few scattered along the line. In the conflicts, which are inevitable, the graduates of Princeton must acquit themselves like men.



