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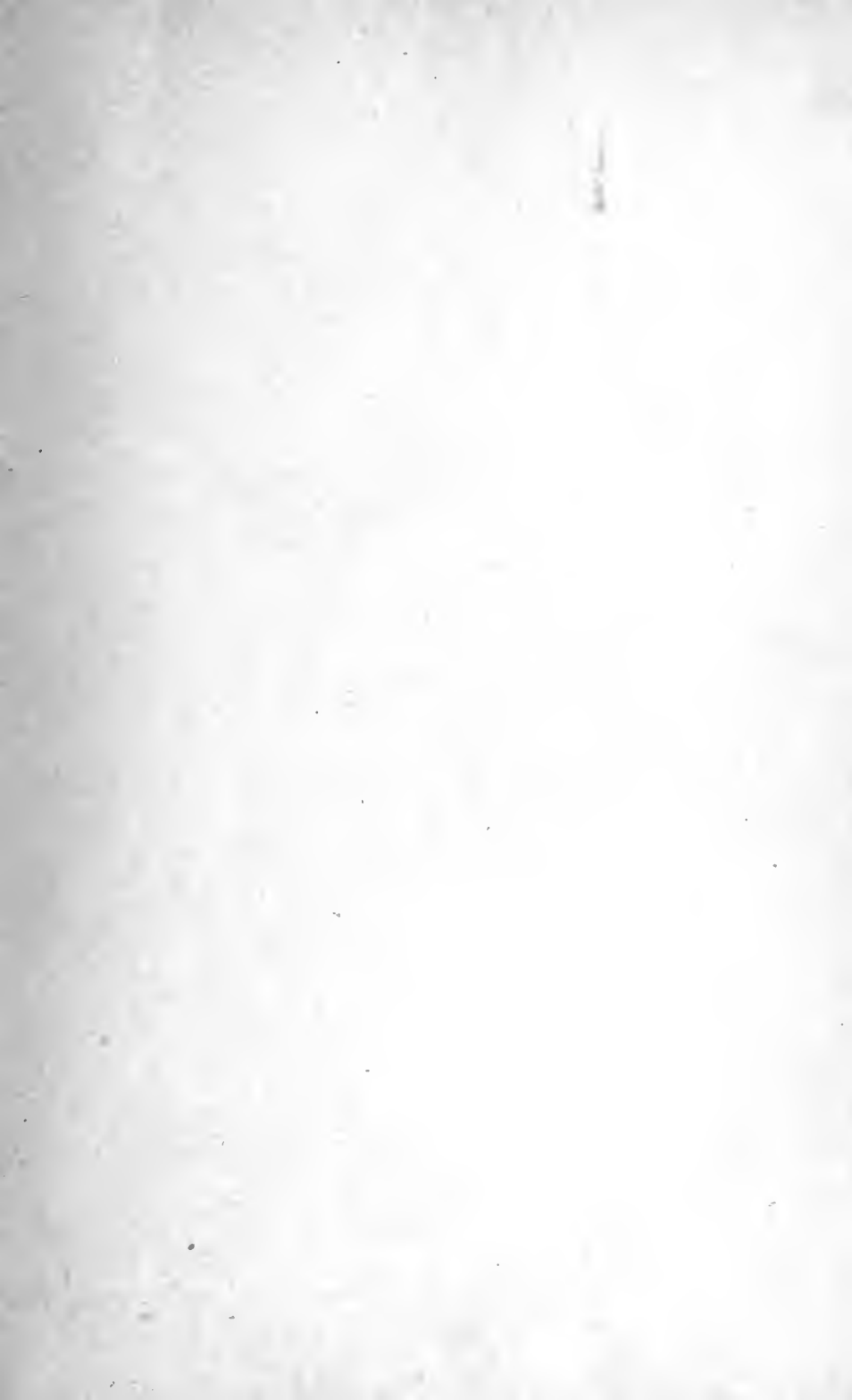
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TRINITY

A log with a student at one end
and Mark Hopkins at the other
is a college.

Garfield.



PRESS OF
PITTSBURGH PRINTING CO.

...REPLY TO THE TOAST...

TRINITY COLLEGE

AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE
PRINCETON ALUMNI ASSO-
CIATION OF WESTERN
PENNSYLVANIA.



By

eph
JOS. BUFFINGTON,

"

TRINITY, CLASS OF 1875,

UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE, PITTSBURGH.

SKETCHES BY

FREDERICK EARL JOHNSTON.

PRINTED AT REQUEST
OF THE PRESIDENT OF TRINITY
COLLEGE FOR CIRCULATION
AMONG THE ALUMNI.

LD 5201
T 111
1899

THIS LITTLE PAMPHLET IS FEELINGLY INSCRIBED
TO THE TRINITY PROFS.
AND
THE FOREBEARS OF THE TRINITY BOYS.
THEY GAVE THEM, IN YOUTH
WHAT IN MANHOOD NO MONEY
COULD BUY FOR THEM AND NO
SHERIFF SELL FROM THEM:

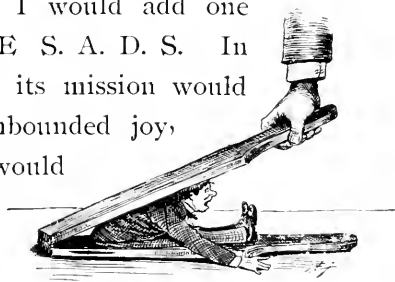
A COLLEGE COURSE.

J. A. Smith
1899

M.T. 24 S 42



R. TOASTMASTER and Gentlemen of the Princeton Alumni Association of Western Pennsylvania: From the warmth of your greeting I judge the tiger is in; indeed the depth and volume of his growl leave no room for doubt on that point and, the tiger being in, why of course, Princeton's Inn; of that I am morally, if not indeed immorally, certain; for in the words of oracular wisdom of Captain Jack Bunsby, "Whereby; why not? If so, what odds?" From your keen appreciation of this spiritual sentiment I feel encouraged to proceed and yet I cannot but express the wish that in these later times, so prolific in societies for numberless suppressing purposes, we could to them add yet another suppressor. It would be a boon to humanity at large, to say nothing of its effect on digestion in the individual. To organizations for the suppression of vice and immorality, of treating, of hazing freshmen and of cruelty to other children I would add one which should be styled THE S. A. D. S. In spite of its lugubrious name its mission would be one of deep cheer and unbounded joy, for these lachrymose letters would

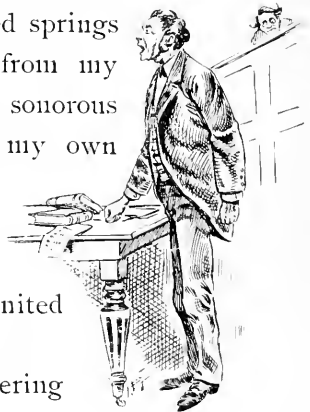




“FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF AFTER DINNER SPOUTERS.”

designate the society for the Suppression of After Dinner Spouters. Need I say in the presence of this, already harassed, assemblage that a long-suffering public would crowd its membership and its waiting list be as long as the moral law. Paradoxical as it may seem it would draw to its folds the spouter as well as the suffering spoutees, for if any man here thinks it is an enviable thing for one to sit through a long dinner and ruin his own digestion by fears and anticipations of the outcome of his forensic effort at its close, and when he finally gets on his feet, realize that he is then ruining the digestion of the other fellows who have to listen, if any such man is here and within his breast is an envious feeling, a covetous or desiring sort of a wish, to fill another man's patent leathers at this particular instant, if he imagines for a moment for example that your humble servant is riding on oiled springs and cushion tires, let him accept from my whole heart the invitation of that sonorous morning monotone which those of my own craft will recall in the nasal invitation of our worthy court crier, "Oyez, Oyez; come forth and ye shall be heard. God save the United States and this honorable court."

After some acute personal suffering





"IS TO PREPARE YOUR SPEECH, ANTE-PRANDIALIV."

from this after dinner speaking malady and close observation of the symptoms in others, my diagnosis is that the best way to avoid one phase of the trouble, to wit, harrowing one's own peace of mind and preventing the satisfactory working of one's digestive organs, is to prepare your speech, ante-prandially. This has the warrant of hornbook law, for the written must always prevail over the oral, sworn to though the latter be. I know in one way such a course seems cowardly; but it has redeeming features. I know its a mean advantage to take of a helpless stenographer, but you can experiment on her initially. She has to listen. She can't get away. She can't sit and smoke and let her thoughts wander to the stock market, the Metropolitan Opera we are to have next week, the outcome of the Quay trial or a dozen other of the delightful diversions now chasing through your brains. No; that stenographer has to drink in, attentively, appreciatively, submissively, all your eloquence. It's her business to listen. It's bread and butter and therefore life to her to listen, even if thereafter it prove death to others. But if she does listen and like T. Jefferson "still survives;" if she prove shot proof on this trial test, then you may safely train your oratorical howitzers on your audience with the reasonable assurance that there will be no need of an am-



"YOU CAN EXPERIMENT ON HER INITIALLY."

balance being on call, or of the assiduous services of Coroner Heber McDowell at the morgue or Sampson at the mortuary chapel.

Apropos of this self-same Heber, I am reminded of the talk I had with him lately on the street. If you have occasion hereafter to come within the range of his "administrative functions" you will find him a kind-hearted and considerate man in spite of the fact that his coronial duties lead him to spend most of his time sitting on his fellow men. But in justice be it said that much as he sits on them he was never known to hurt their feelings. I had occasion to do him a favor and met him shortly afterwards. He stopped me and expressed his grateful feelings. As I passed on he doubtless thought he ought to make some return, and said, "Can't I do something for you?" And a vision of him "sitting," with the aid of his twelve good men and true, and doing something for me arose before me, and I faintly gasped, "Thank you; nothing at present — not just now." Doubtless he thought me strangely unappreciative, possibly abrupt, even rude. I left him and hurried back to my place of work, for better, thought I, the modest seclusion of a third floor room of a *post office* than to be on the ground floor and fill a leading part in a *post mortem*.

But to return to the subject in hand, which, as I recall it, was the desirability of preparing your remarks before the feast. My! the comfort when it's done; the deep sense of serene, angelic peace that pervades your being as you sit at the table after having once nervously reached to your coat-tail pocket and found the precious document — like the Star Spangled Banner — “still there.” The calm that comes from knowing that however other virgins are off for oleaginous supplies, your lamp wick is ready for contact with a lucifer; the thought of your Mauser loaded and with a magazine full up; all these enable you to think with philosophic complacency of some brother orator possessed of but a broken popless pop-gun. For enjoyment, for rest, for peace of mind and soul at a dinner, give me the speech safely esconced in the caudal marsupium of a claw hammer. I know some prefer to tuck theirs in the grey matter of the cerebellum, but for me the pocket plan, first, last and meanwhile. Still others choose the extemporizing, spur-of-the-moment mode, but candor compels me to say that when the truth is out the brilliant extemporizer goes on the theory the more brilliant and extempore the speech, the more carefully it should be committed to memory. And for me that would be the acme of torture; for from blue points or



“SAFELY ENSCONCED IN THE CAUDAL MARSUPIUM OF A
CLAW-HAMMER.”

little neck claims to coffee and cigars I should have ringing through my fearful soul that sad wail which you can recall from your "inner consciousness" (Sir William Hamilton's Metaphysics, please), that wail that has been yours to vent, that is you who are married men, that speechless fear which first found expression in the mouth of an uncrowned laureate of Anglo-Saxon verse, as crossing the threshold of his then humble and unknown home and clutching the letter which his even-again-confiding wife had given him to post, and with the missive in his hand and fear of forget in his heart, he gave voice to that sentiment which has made him famous: "Lest we forget; lest we forget."



Now some one may say this is all talk, and that in fact I am glad to be talking, indeed some malevolent person might say that being, as I would have you know

I am, an honorary member of the Whig Society of Princeton, I could not help but make a speech. But that is unjust to me and unfair to that venerable body. I am here from a stern sense of duty. I am talking to-night because I have to do so, for my tag reads "R. S. V. P.," and having this



burden laid upon me I felt I must do some downright hard work and prepare a careful, scholarly effort, fit to grace, as your worthy Doctor Patton would say, "this highly interesting function of social intercourse." I felt I owed it to Princeton. When Totten your tempter came first and said, I would simply have to say a few words, I weakly yielded, feeling the inspiration of the moment, not to mention that of the In(n)cidents, with some extempore froth thrown on top to hide the emptiness of the schooner, would suffice. But when Siebeneck, your scribe, gave me a formal notification, when he enclosed a card of invitation with his pen suggestively run through the cost mark of the dinner, I realized that it conveyed to me and, "with malice aforethought then and there intended," was meant to convey to me the warning that if I got my doughnuts without dollars, I must render a *quid pro quo aliunde*. There remained for me naught save to

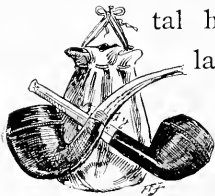
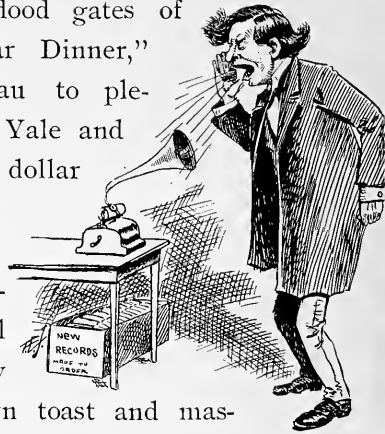
Take up the Speech man's burden,
Give ye the best I breed,
And bind my brain to labor
To serve your Tiger need.
And when my goal was nearest,
(The speech for Princeton got),
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Mark all my jokes—a naught.

But my brother collegians let no man charge Princeton with parsimony. When the orator of

the Platte opens the very flood gates of verbal vastness for a "Dollar Dinner," how generous of Old Nassau to plethorize the roomy caverns of Yale and Harvard orators with a four dollar feast for retailing to them the glories of Eli and John.

But perchance some irreverent, saturnine listener will remark about this time "Why don't he get down to his own toast and masticate it?" That is a home thrust, or in the classical slang of the Roman Arena, "Habet." But, gentlemen, that is "a way we have at Old Trinity." Because we get a chance to talk to you of our alma mater we have no idea of crowding the mourners in a recitation of her virtues. Collegiate egomania is not a Trinity malady. If you think I am slow in getting down to my text I venture you will have no occasion to complain in that regard of either John or Eli—especially Eli. And if you don't believe by the time said John and Eli are through with you that you labor under a mental hallucination in regard to the result of last fall's foot ball season, and that the Tiger was number three, neither am I a prophet or the son of one.

But I am called to respond to



the toast of Trinity and with these few preliminary "obsarves," as the Pennsylvania-German member of the Legislature said, and in answer to the imperative request from the bleachers which you used to hear when you missed a fly or failed to stop a hot grounder, I will now, "Get into the game."

They tell me that Trinity is in great company to-night; that old John Harvard, with the self-satisfied serenity which he generally carries in his clothes, is here; that old Eli Yale, with his equal serenity of self-satisfaction, has for this evening, at least, stopped telling everyone where he hails from, *et omnia cætera*, abides with you, and is going to spend a real modest evening; that the big tiger, good humored now that he is feasted, all unite to form an awe-inspiring collegiate trio. In the presence of these mighty chanticleers of the collegiate barnyard, I presume the Trinity bantam should feel outclassed, possibly if he took your estimate of yourselves and yours of him he would. But I tell you, my fellow chanticleers, that the Trinity bantam has been brought up in the Trinity barn yard on different principles, and the most marked outcome of his collegiate training is the fostering of a habit which leads him to size things from his own standpoint, and not have somebody else size them for him. The Trinity bantam ever



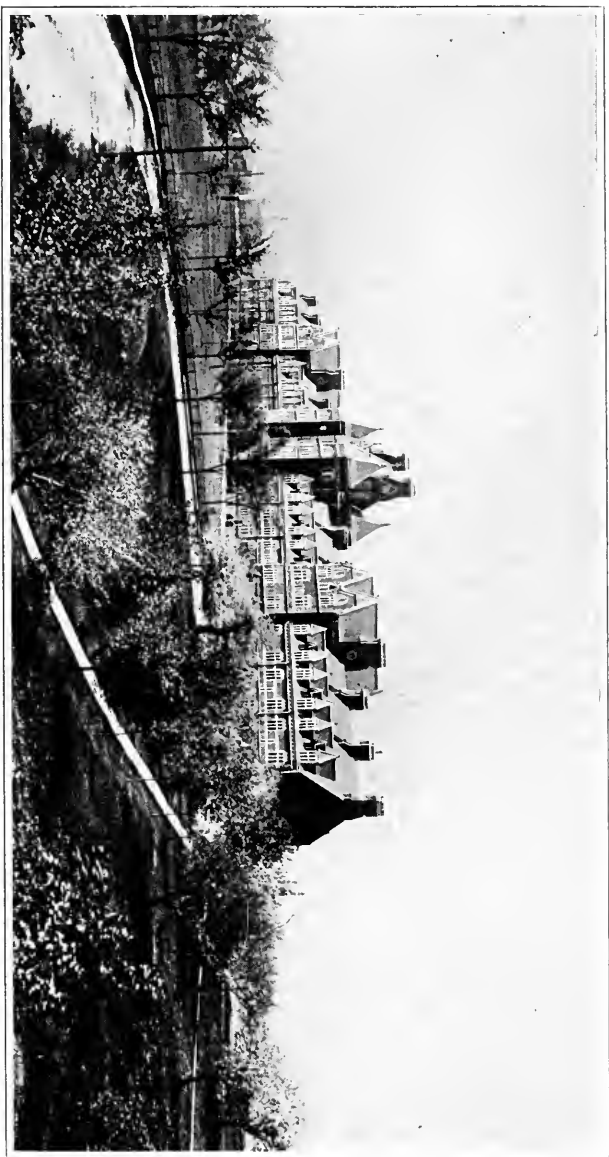
“THE LATE DAGO LAUREATE.”

feels that whatever company is fit for him to be at, he is entirely fit to be there, or as the Amherst man said in looking around a Trinity table, "You Trinity fellows seem to fill your clothes." You will therefore understand, gentlemen, the spirit in which the Trinity bantam, game from comb to spur, crows at your door, hops in, shakes his tail feathers, and with a sociable nod to the venerable John, and a good natured "Howd'ydo" to the ponderous old Elihu steps into the collegiate cock pit, makes his best bow to the tiger, says he is glad to be here, is not a whit abashed at your hugeness, is satisfied with himself and his own particular coop, feels he is up to date, no bats in his belfry, and in deference to this scholastic and erudite company informs you in the classic and patristic vernacular, which you will of course recall, of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the late Dago laureate: "*O Tiger, pulcherrimus, saffronisimus, pulsans pilam pedibus: O Johannes et Elihu, venerabilissimi; saluto vos. Felix sum edere et bibere cum vobis.*"

My fellow collegians: Before closing I pass from these thoughts of lighter vein to say a few earnest words on my toast of the evening, my alma mater. The collegiate world is a world of its own kind. Those of us who go beneath the

surface, who seek for the influences which mould and shape men in the most formative years of life, who know that when a boy finishes his college course, instead of him going through college, the college has gone through him, positively or negatively, for weal or woe: those of us who look at facts not fads, at realities not names, know that each one of these older colleges of our eastern land—and I by no means restrict my remarks to them—has an individual character as marked and defined as that of each individual home. And just as the subtle, indefinable influence of a home, whatever it be, is more keenly marked, exerted and felt, than is the influence of a great hotel, so we know that the influence and individuality of our middle-sized colleges are, in their several spheres, more marked and acute than in our great universities with their thousands. Who that has known Dartmouth has not felt the rugged sturdiness of her sons that from Webster and Rufus Choate down has made them overflow into Massachusetts, and among the overpowering numbers of Harvard grasp a disproportioned share of the prizes of the battle of life? Who that has known Williams has not felt the scholarly, gentlemanly, rounding influences that have sent from the Berkshire Hills our Garfields, our Fields, our Hopkins *et id omne genus?* Who that has appreciated the literary and reflective

“AND FROM HER NORTHA TOWERS LOOK DOWN ON MY ALMA MATER.”





IN THE COLLEGIATE BARNYARD.

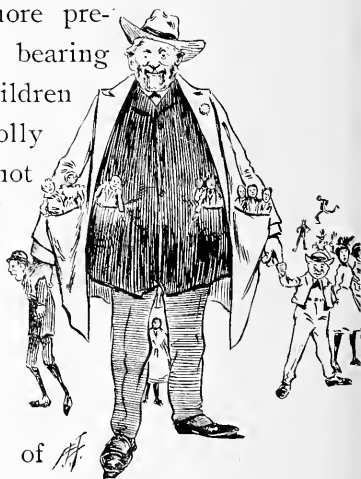
UNCLE SAM—

“Naw, on course, Brother Tiger, I’ll grant these banties don’t crow as loud as them Plymouth Rocks, but when it comes to usin’ their heads and spurs I’ll back ‘em agin’ any chicken on the farm.”

spirit that has marked Brown in the past, who that has known her students with their broad, generous and catholic training has not felt that the genius of the catholic-spirited Roger Williams yet hovered in her class rooms? Who that has known the splendid spirit of Amherst, seated in the beauties of the rural surroundings of her New England home, has not felt that a Beecher, or a Seelye was the logical and to-be-looked-for outcome of her training? Who that has thoughtfully contrasted the fewness of Bowdoin's sons with the wide range of her product has not been impressed with the training that has touched a gamut of widely different chords in the poetic imagination of a Longfellow or Hawthorne, the scholarly jurisprudence of a Chief Justice Fuller, the lion strength of a Speaker Reed? Who that has studied the colleges of old Uncle Sam has not recognized how from the limit of the three hundred to which, even in his hour of sorest need he has always restricted his West Point and Annapolis, have come, by reason of the man-moulding and character-building he there works out, the Grants, the Shermans, the Sheridans, the Farraguts, the Porters and last but not least the Deweys that have made us proud and entitled to claim them as brother and fellow *middle-college men*.

It is of one of these middle colleges, whose

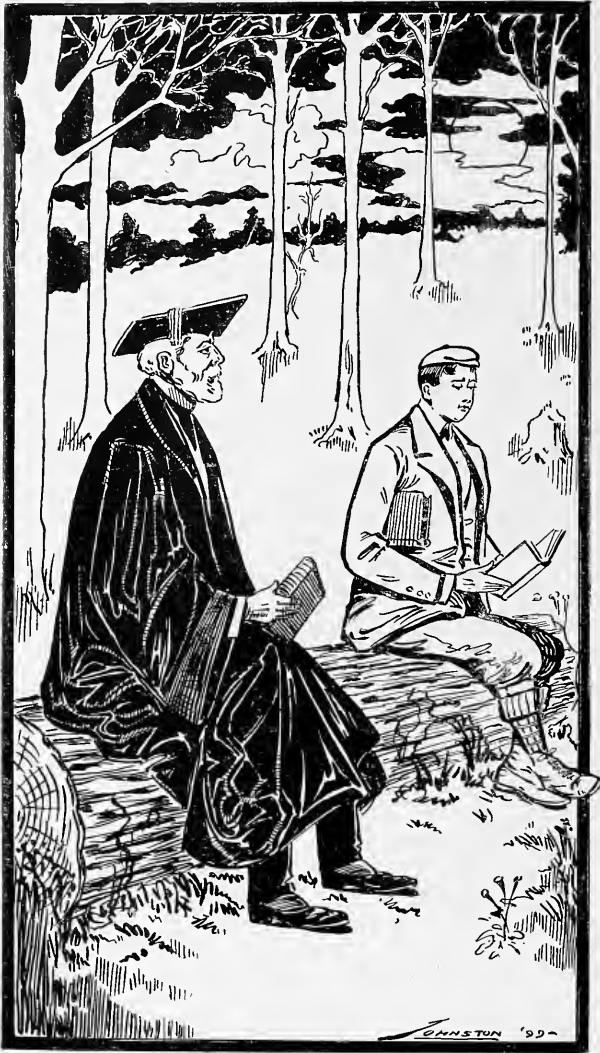
place in the world's great canvass is not large, but whose influence on those who call her mother is all potent, I would speak to-night. If you ask me what is her peculiar work and excellence, what the fruitage of her training, what the excuse for her existence, I can but answer you in the words of one of our public men and leaders, a man with no interest in or connection with my college, save that of a thoughtful man, alive to the moulding influences of American Colleges, who tersely said in discussing them, "Trinity stamps her men with individuality." Lay aside for a moment the picture of your college homes which you dearly and justly love, and bearing in mind the thought that from the door of some quiet home on a side street may come children who may be more blessed than those from the portals of the more pretentious mansion on the avenue, bearing in mind that the half dozen children in your own homes are not wholly to be pitied because they are not numbered among the hundreds of Brigham Young, I ask you to come with me to-night and from her Northam Towers look down on my alma mater. There, near the City of Hartford, one of the fairest, most cultured and refined of



New England's fairest cities, she stands, high-seated, o'er looking from her vantage point of view the broad expanse of a restful and typical New England landscape. From her stone mulioned windows is seen a matchless reach of mingled city and country, of man and nature, of hill and plain, things which in themselves suggest and foster that breadth and all-rounded character which her instinct, her teaching, her motherhood seek to give her sons. Within her walls are gathered, not so many, but those she has she draws from as many different sections of our land as any university represented here to-night. It has ever been her policy in seeking instructors not to confine herself only to those who have been trained by her or known Trinity traditions alone, but in a broad and catholic spirit she has sought and kept, not only her own sons, but in large measure graduates of other places. She seeks wherever she finds men worthy to be the makers of her sons. I think I am safe in saying that in a way peculiar to herself Trinity has above all American colleges drawn within a relatively narrow compass, the most divers and different both of students and faculty. It is this fact, joined to other influences to which I shall allude which has enabled her to put the stamp of her individual, peculiar motherhood upon her foster and

fostered sons. Here young men, representing widely scattered localities and different surroundings, trained by those who have gained their learning under many systems, by men of no one school or faith (but thank God always of some faith) such young men I say, can and never will be aught but men of individual individuality. They learn to themselves measure men, weigh opinions, reach truth, in the light, not of what may be popular, not what a great mass around them would dictate, but by their own individual standards. It is not what the college mass dictates but what the individual man himself thinks. It is not what the popular wave of the hour and the crowd may prescribe, but what the quiet reason of the individual thinks for himself. To him the college is a means, not an end. When to these potent factors we add others which alone come from a college of its location and size, we can see how these helps to individuality and the upbuilding of individual strength are accentuated. Each man may not know so many as in your thousands, but those he does know I think he learns to know better. Here men are not masses or even classes, but the individual unit, and to his instructor the student is not a mere name, a place on a bench, one of a changing kaleidoscope of numbers, but he is himself, his name,

character, life, yearnings and inspirations are known, recognized, studied, aided, moulded, made. Who can count the priceless influence on the character and lives of those who, during the four most formative and plastic years of a spirited boy, cut loose from the ties of home, fatherhood and motherhood, and not yet held by the after-coming anchors of wife and child, have the personal interest, companionship, and friendship of his college professors. Not one man in half a million in America has heard even the name of William Small, a long ago forgotten professor in the little college of William and Mary. Yet his grateful student, Jefferson, was wont to say that he owed more in the making of his life to William Small than to any other influence. He it was who during Jefferson's collegiate life moulded the mind which ten years later guided the hand that at thirty-one penned the matchless declaration which changed the world for freedom. Unselfish, thankless, forgotten work, that of such real teachers is to be sure; its story is written in no book except in the lives of those who in the heat and fire of life's daily battle are the nobler and better men because they called, and were permitted to call, such men their friends. "A log, with a student at one end, and Mark Hopkins at the other, is a college," said Gar-



"A LOG WITH A STUDENT AT ONE END—"

field. "Tell me," said Mrs. Browning to Charles Kingsley, "how you have made so much of your life?" "I had a friend," was the reply. To the friendship and warm personal interest of such men the Trinity student owes, shall I say much? I might almost say, everything.

In a wise and conservative spirit allowing electives for the later years my alma mater has clung tenaciously to those time-tried foundations which have trained and made men in the past; the classics, mathematics, English Literature, history and philosophy. If he sees fit to do so, there is permitted in the later years of the student's course, a wide range of electives which I venture to suggest that as a freshman he is too fresh to wisely select. The moderate number of her sons affords them a welcome to the homes of Hartford, and from such sources they gain that happiest possession in our intercourse of after life, comfort and ease under any surroundings. And if his taste or means do not lead him to take advantage of what I regard as a real benefit to a boy, intercourse with such cultured people, he is none the less moulded and shaped by the reflex influence of those who do and acquires that true, gentlemanly spirit which in its highest sense is part of Trinity training and life, and which I say with pride is

one of the characteristic earmarks of her sons.

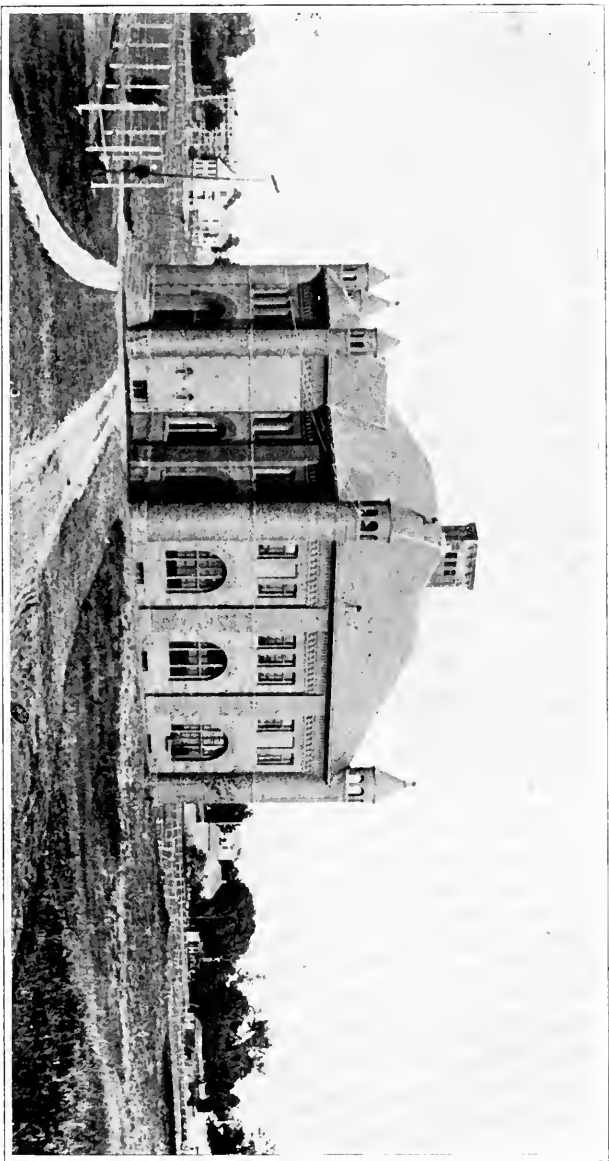
It is in such scenes and amid such influences, surroundings where mere raw money is made to feel its just worth, where manly sports are recreation not occupation, this happy blending of the teacher and the taught, of the moulded and the moulding, the Trinity man drinks in, for life is the vintage of environment, that personality and individuality which send him forth not brilliant but full developed, self-poised and able to hold aloft, unsullied, the standard of the blue and gold, full abreast with those who carry the crimson, the orange or the blue. He is full of that characteristic "Trinity sand," which in under graduate days is wont to lead the bantam on the gridiron and the diamond to measure spurs with those a dozen times his size, and though over-powering numbers may down him he will not stay downed and the game fight he makes is an earnest that he has already learned, the greater half of life's great school book—to fearlessly face any thing. Indeed his training, life, instruction, and motherhood all unite to make him, when the call for duty comes, answer "Adsum."

The Trinity way, the Trinity tradition, the Trinity man I can no better picture than to tell you briefly the story of my college men when the country's call to arms came last spring.



"WHERE MANY SPORTS ARE RECREATION NOT OCCUPATION."

There was no gush over it, but all the same the record is one for which in proportion to numbers I throw down the gauge to all comers. If the great universities sent from their graduates and under graduates the same proportion in numbers to answer the call to duty on sea and land Trinity did, each of the institutions here represented would have between six and seven hundred men in the service. I know not how many others sent, but I know Trinity's quota overflowed. I know that when our old Uncle Sam, who has a way of laying his hands on the right man at the right time, wanted to plant the New England coast with submarine engines of destruction he passed by even the technical schools, went to the Trinity laboratory, put his hand on a quiet Trinity man, put him in charge, and said do this, and he did it. Did it quietly, unostentatiously, and after it was done went back to his scholastic work without knowing or thinking it was any thing but duty. I know that when that same old Uncle Sam wanted to gain a landing foothold down yonder at Guantanamo and our Country, yes the world, was watching to see whether it would be a foothold or a failure, when he sought a man to lead the "six hundred" who were to hold the ground in that hell fire of guerrillas and Mausers, he gave the great honor not even



“ WENT TO THE TRINITY LABORATORY.”

to one of his own sons trained at West Point and Annapolis, but to a quiet, self-reliant, Trinity-trained hero, and said hold it. Have you read how when the two heroes stood on the top of the breastworks amid a storm of flying bullets, and wig-wagged messages to the ships in the offing, the Colonel in command mounted beside them and helped with the signals. You have read how the officers in the trench below begged him to come down. How he answered "I'm in no more danger than the man." Stephen Crane has given you a word-picture of the scene, the man and the words that deserve remembrance as a motto for those who lead. I will tell you that was Trinity training, Trinity sand, the acts and word of a Trinity man; Colonel Huntingdon, of the Class of 1864, in command of the Marine Corp at Guantanamo.

A glance at the Trinity roll of honor shows her sons were with Sampson and his captains helping to add to the unrivalled submarine navy of Spain which Dewey started at Manilla; with Shafter in the trenches at Santiago; with Woods and Roosevelt astride the bronchos of the Rough Riders, with Miles at Ponce; with Lawton in the Philippines, where even to-night I doubt not with the score or more of the sons of old Nassua who are there, they are singing the college songs of Home, Sweet Home. And



"I'M IN NO MORE DANGER THAN THE MAN."

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PLACED BY HIS CLASSMATES
IN MEMORY OF

CLARKE CHURCHMAN '98

SECOND LIEUTENANT
12th INFANTRY U.S.A.

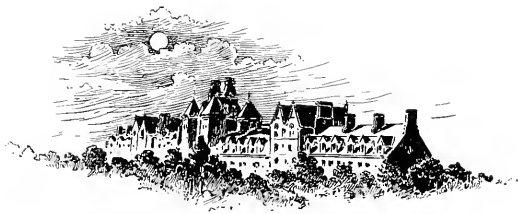
WHO FELL AT EL CANEY CUBA
JULY 1 1898

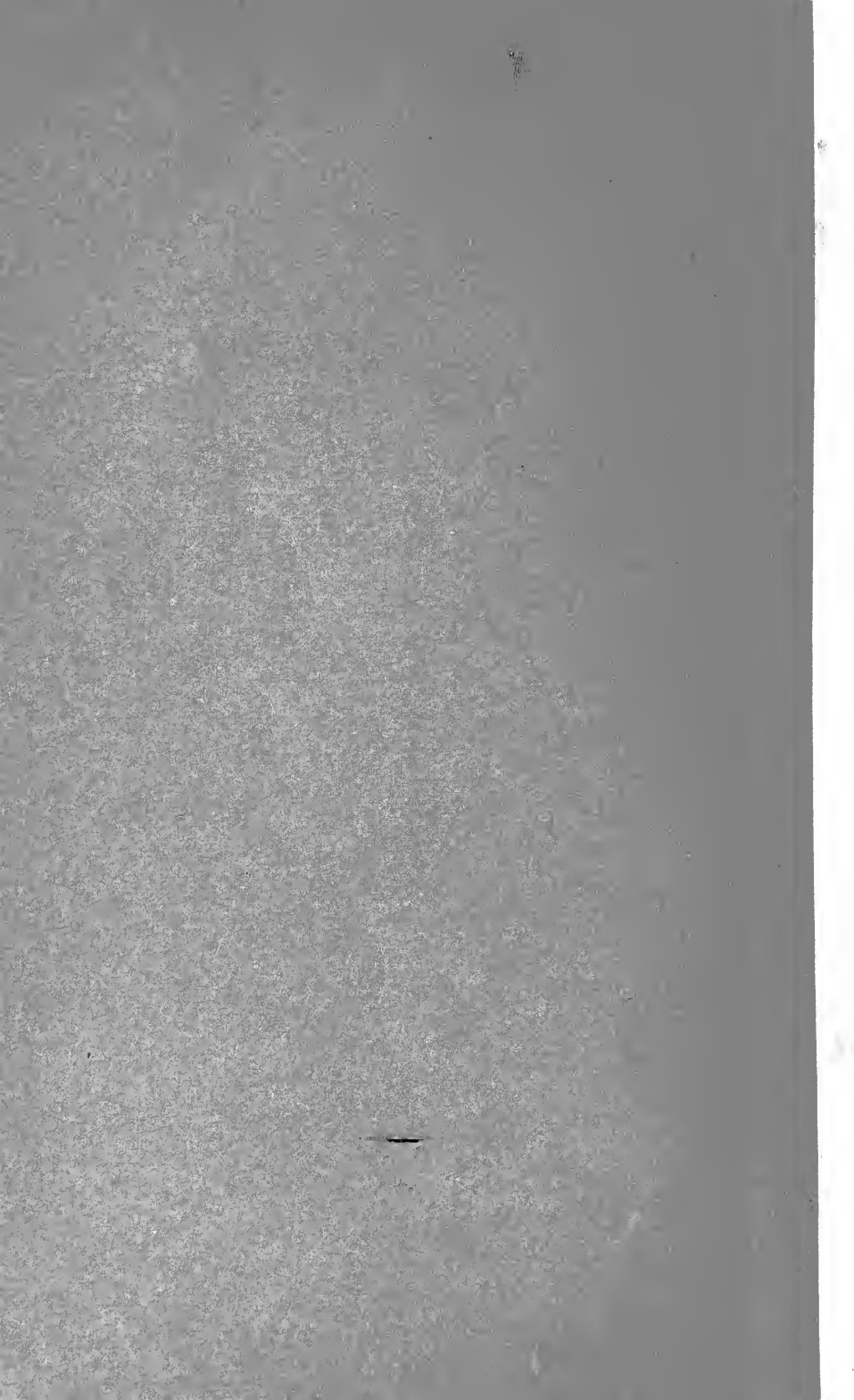
IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY

“ IN HIS DEATH PROVED FEALTY TO HER LEGEND, ‘ PRO PATRIA. ’ ”

when the other day the bodies of our dead were brought, from the fetid fever fields of the Queen of the Antilles, home to rest neath the folds of Old Glory, I know there was one at least who trained in life under the blue and gold of Trinity had in his death proved fealty to her legend "Pro Patria."

You will pardon me, Princeton friends, if loyalty to my college mother has lead me to speak at undue length. I thank you one and all that you have asked me to be with you to-night and in the midst of your rejoicing over the glories of Old Nassua in which I join, and these college songs which have stirred many sleeping memories and brought back many an absent face, you will appreciate the feeling that carries me from your own hospitable board in memory back to my own old college mother, and as my heart goes out to her and her sons with a fervor the fleeting years have only made more stable, can you question my right—my pleasure—my filial duty at this mid-night hour to voice the prayer "Floreat Trinitas, mater mihi, semper alma et benigna."





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