

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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*The Athletic Field.*



## UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT PRINCETON— OLD AND NEW

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH



*The Water-tower.*

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

Besides the systematic instruction and research which go on in all colleges and universities, there is a life and atmosphere which is characteristic to each,

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

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—that of Clio being an oblong pink ribbon pinned upon the lapel of the coat ; and that of Whig, a long and flowing mass of looped blue ribbon worn on the wrist. At last the orange for the whole college asserted its prerogative, and the society badges almost disappeared, to the sorrow, it may be added, of many an old boy, who, returning to the college, looks for them in vain. The black was combined with the orange by way of relief to monotony, although it was thought to be on historic grounds. The Princeton colors have grown spontaneously into the college life, and a recent interesting and learned disquisition by Professor Allan Marquand, of Princeton, in support of orange and blue as the veritable colors of the House of Nassau, will hardly change a custom which has been gradually but surely entwined with the life of a generation of classes and embalmed in their songs. The only way in which the colors of Princeton have had official recognition is in the action taken by the Board of

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

Although the blue and pink of Whig and Clio Halls have yielded to the orange and black, the undergraduate life still centres around those influential literary bodies. Who can wonder at the unique celebrity of the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies when he remembers that Madison, of the Class of 1771, one of the founders of Whig, was also the statesman who furnished the basis for the noble political structure represented by the American Constitution?

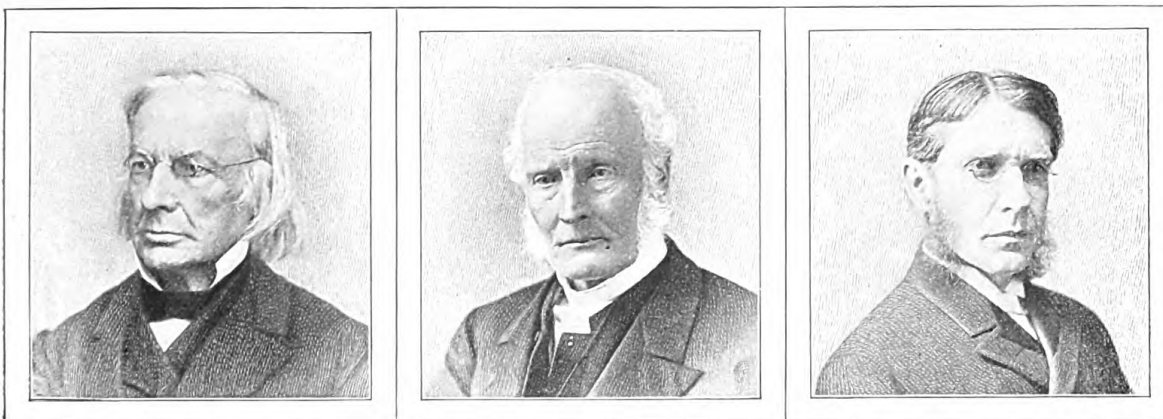
And that Paterson, of the Class of 1763, one of the founders of the other, was the chief advocate with Oliver Ellsworth, of the Class of 1766, of the maintenance of State sovereignties, which view was by the Federalist Madison fused into the existing composite plan. These two societies—secret, mysterious, and ever in dignified rivalry—have formed the pivot of higher intellectual life at Princeton for more than a century. The absence of chapters of the minor Greek societies, represented in some other universities, is a hundred times made up by these two renowned and useful or-



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

ganizations, exclusively Princetonian and absolutely without competition elsewhere. To the training in literature, oratory, debate, and parliamentary proceeding given in Whig and Clio Halls, stimulated as it is by the peculiar atmosphere of tradition and scholarship, generations of statesmen, divines, and leaders of men have justly ascribed their success.

Intense interest has always been taken by the students in the division of college honors between the members of Whig and Clio Halls. On Commencement Day, when for the first time public announcement is made of the successful competitors for the long list of fellowship prizes and scholarly distinctions, the members of the



Dr. Maclean.

Dr. McCosh.

Dr. Patton.

## THREE PRESIDENTS.

Halls group themselves respectively in the different portions of the building, and, as each name is divulged, vociferous applause, with the Princeton cheer, issues from the appropriate group. A printed discussion occurred in 1870, each Hall, through a committee, claiming historic precedence. The controversy was hot and the language used not uniformly temperate, but the success of the societies in developing talent has run parallel with the accentuation of the rivalry. Formerly the whole college, with scarcely an exception, was represented in

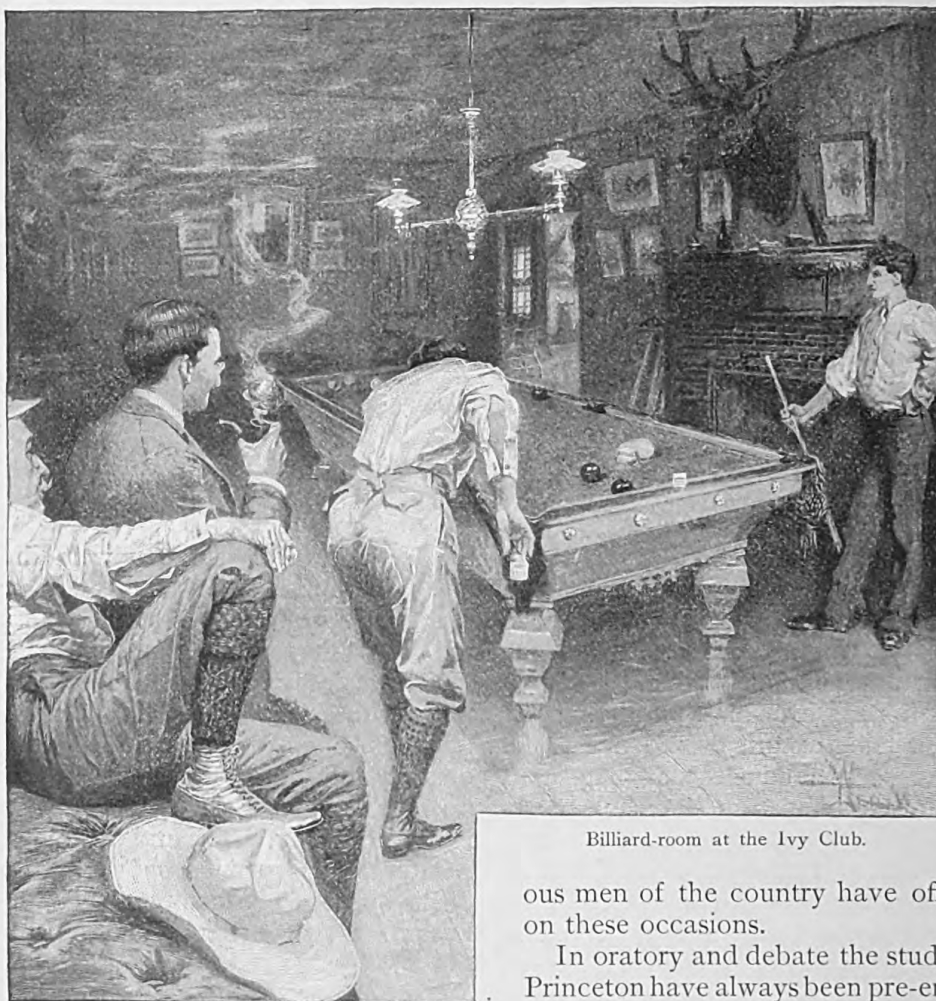
the Halls, and the students were divided into two opposing camps. It was hardly practicable for friends to continue intimate relations if they belonged to different Halls, and it was a thing unknown for a Whig to room with a Clio. Some fifty years ago a leaf from one of the Halls blew out accidentally into the Campus and was picked up by a member of the other society, who, instead of returning it, and not quite certain that it was genuine, showed it to some of his own society members. The feeling became so strong that he had to be guard-

ed in a room for nights, the society to which the paper belonged refusing apologies from the other. The Fourth of July celebration, theretofore the great annual carnival of the college, broke up that year, and it was nearly two years before the Halls were again brought into friendly competition.

It has until recently been the custom at Princeton for the two Halls to canvass each incoming class, and introduce every man into one or the other society. The practice may have been carried to an extreme, for the Committees had the habit of approaching students before they came to Princeton, waylaying them at the station,



Old President's House, now Dean's.



Billiard-room at the Ivy Club.

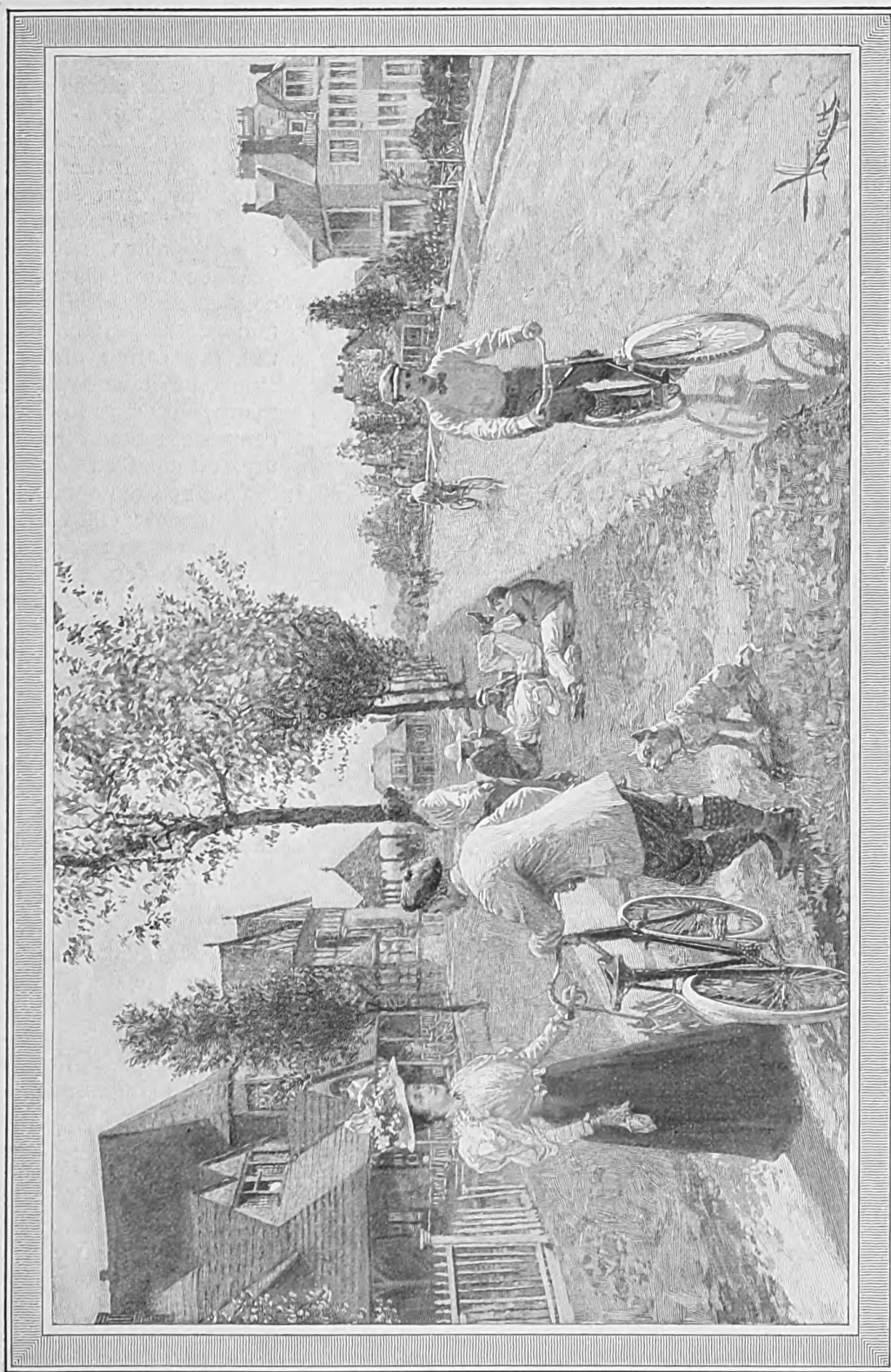
and pursuing them with every sort of suasion short of physical force. But the competition had its meritorious side. It left no indifferent men in college. The Halls, a few years ago, negotiated a treaty, under which all canvassing is prohibited, and the students are left to apply for membership, as in the higher class of clubs. It cannot be said, without qualification, that the effect is good. For the first time in the history of these venerable institutions there exists a considerable body of students who belong to neither society, and there are many who would enthusiastically hail the abrogation of the treaty, and a return to the traditional habit, which would doubtless be favorably toned by the experience of recent years.

Old Princetonians miss other customs which have passed away, as, for example, the annual oration before the two societies—one year by a Whig, and the next by a Clio, graduate. Some of the most illustri-

ous men of the country have officiated on these occasions.

In oratory and debate the students of Princeton have always been pre-eminent, a fact due largely to the Hall training. As far back as 1814 General Winfield Scott, wounded, on his way from the battle of Lundy's Lane, stopped at Princeton and was present on the stage at Commencement. Bloomfield McIlvain, the Valedictorian, a man who had become a ready debater through his Hall experience, suddenly stopped in his speech and apostrophized Scott as the patriot soldier in a panegyric which electrified both the hero and the audience, the former stating afterward that he was more appalled than if he had been confronted by a British regiment.

In literature, too, the influence of the Halls has been enormous, the periodicals and reviews issued under Princeton's graduate and undergraduate direction fully sustaining the reputation of the University in this field. The first article in the first number of the *Nassau Lit* was written fifty years ago by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., of the Class of '41. It also contained an article by



Ivy.

Tiger Inn.

Athletic Club.

Prospect Avenue, showing Club-houses.

Cap and Gown.

Cottage.

Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmänn), of the Class of '45. Youthful contributions from hordes of men since become famous are scattered over its pages.

The twin white-marble buildings, with monolith columns; purely Grecian, known as Whig and Clio Halls, are among the most beautiful on the Campus. No one

where in a small room, dense with tobacco-smoke, a "caucus" was held of one of the "parties" in Whig Hall, and where candidates for Society honors were agreed on, and measures adopted for a heated college campaign. But party spirit ran so high in the elections for "Junior Orators" that changes were made by which the candidates were, and still are, chosen by judges instead of by popular vote.

While the Halls as now conducted furnish a certain measure of club facilities, the eating clubs of Princeton have grown in many cases into social centres of more or less luxury and comfort. Princeton has no Commons. The basement of "Old North" half a century ago was used as a refectory, where the students had Commons, and where the behavior was sometimes riotous. In the college laws, "Revised, Amended, and Adopted by the Board of Trustees, September 30, 1813," it was enacted that:

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

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

An effort was made within recent times to revive the usage of Commons, and two hundred or more took their meals together under a co-operative arrangement in University Hall for two years. But the business, being in the hands of novices, was mismanaged, and resulted in failure. Students nowadays, in groups of twelve or more, organize as clubs for eating purposes. This custom has enabled many a scholar with a slender purse to earn his living by catering for such a club; and it is a noble evidence of the equality on which all men stand at Princeton, that a meritorious student of gentlemanlike tastes and manly disposition loses no caste by reason of such

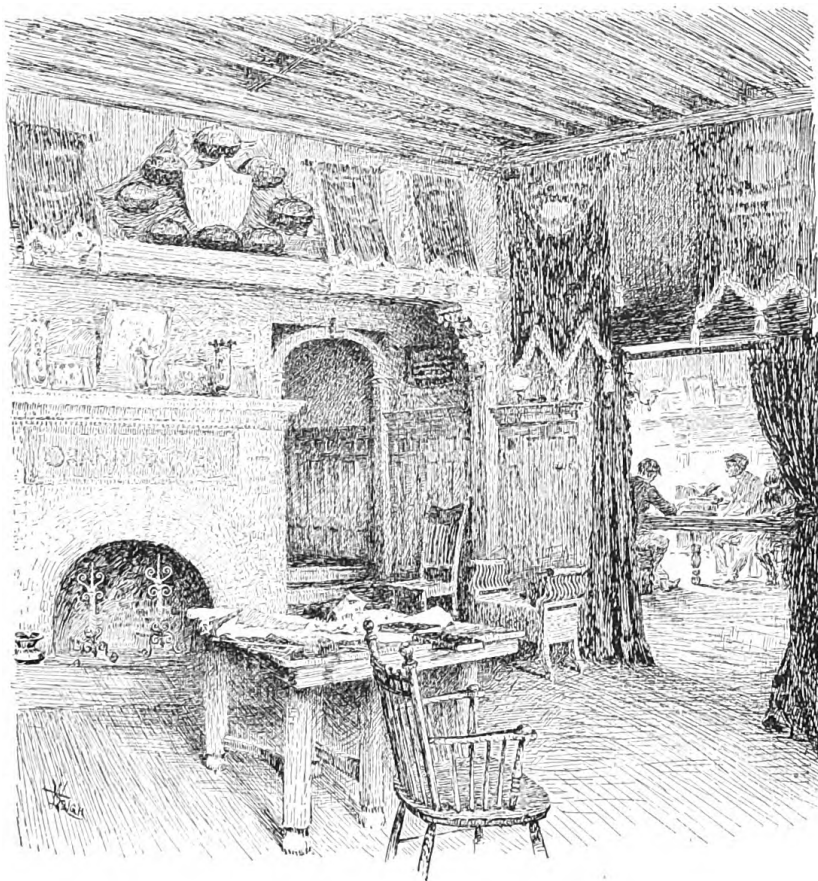


Library of Tiger Inn.

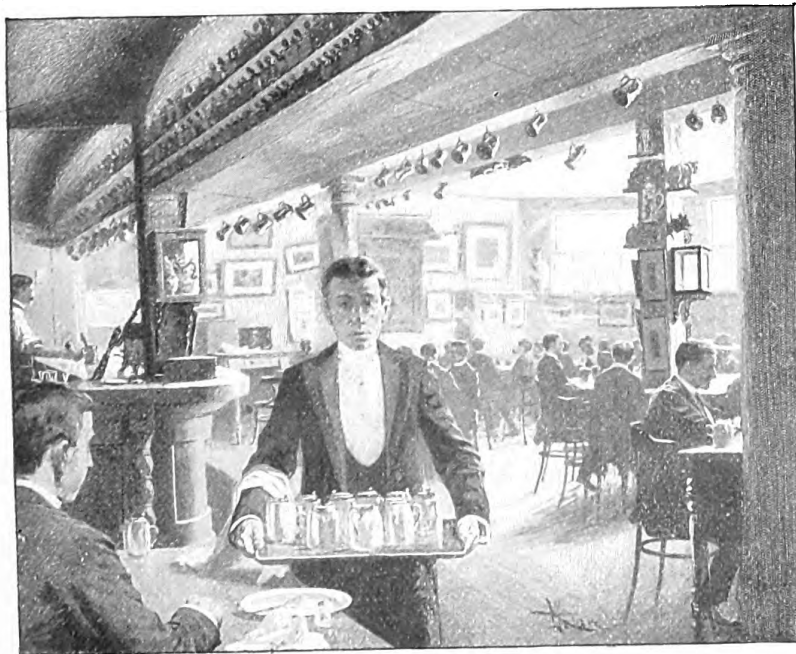
not a member can pass through their doors. One of the traditions is that a Mrs. Potter was chased by a bull, and, taking refuge on the porch of Whig Hall, tried the door in vain, the secret catch being proof against the uninitiated, but she finally succeeded in pressing through behind a member. Here was a dilemma, indeed! A woman had seen the sacred antechamber! There was but one course open; she was duly initiated and put under pledge of secrecy, and is the only woman who has seen the interior of either house.

The politics of the college formerly took their shape from the contests in the Halls. The writer well remembers being taken by student friends at night, soon after matriculation, to a secret conclave in "Jugtown,"

occupation. Indeed it is frequently the case that the student who thus defrays his expenses happens not only to be popular in the club but is often elected President of his class. Out of such combinations have developed the more attractive clubs, with their own houses, libraries, billiard-rooms, parlors, and bedrooms. The Ivy Club is the oldest of these (1878), and the members are carefully selected from the senior and junior classes, and close friendships are cemented through the companionship thus formed. The graduate members come back and hold reunions in the clubhouse from year to year. This club



Trophy-room at Athletic Club-house.

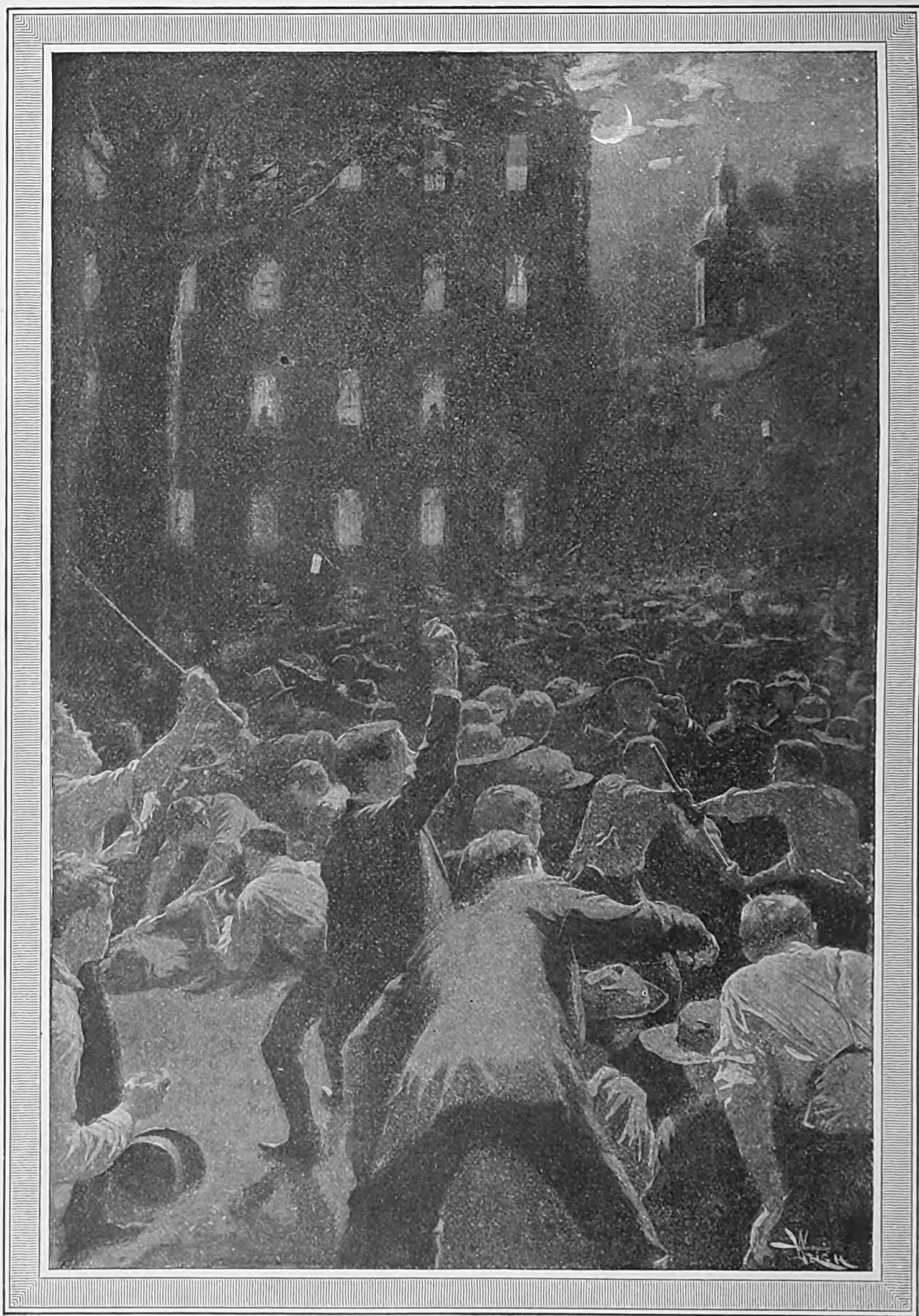


The Grill-room, Princeton Inn.

has a new and picturesque house in process of construction. Of the same

type, but more recently formed, are the University Cottage Club (1887), the Tiger Inn (1890), the Cap and Gown (1891), the Colonial (1892), the Princeton Elm (1895), and the Cannon (1895).

In the demoralized state of affairs during and after the Revolution it was not such an easy thing for a boy to get to college. Stephanus Van Rensselaer, Patroon of Rensselaerswyck (afterward Major-General and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York), was sent in the fall of 1779, at

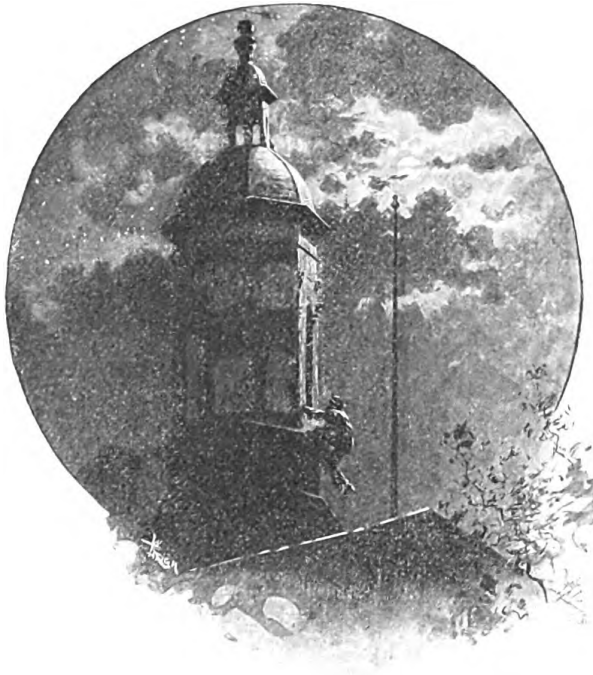


Cane Spree as it was in 1876, back of East College.

the age of fifteen, to Princeton College. Many others of his name and family have been graduated there since. But Stephanus had to be escorted, with his schoolmates, by a military guard. Princeton was reached, but education in those days was there secured almost within range of the enemy's guns and the roar of their artillery. Such was the excitement, if not the danger, that the young Pat-

roon was at last removed to Cambridge, and was graduated with honor at Harvard in 1782. Some cynical Princetonian has said that nothing less than two armies and a revolution could drive a son of "Old Nassau" to a New England college. Stephanus did not know, however, how much security a Princeton diploma carried with it. Stephen Bloomer Balch, a graduate of the college, stopped one night at a North Carolina farm-house, in the most exciting period of the war, and sought shelter. The wife of the farmer, who himself was absent, admitted him after much persuasion. In the small hours of the morning the farmer returned and roughly ordered Balch to vacate, exclaiming, "I allow no man to sleep under my roof but a Whig!" "Then let me rest in peace," said Balch, "for I was graduated at Princeton under Dr. Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence." The passport was *viséd*, and Balch had his night's repose.

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



Stealing the Clapper—"Old North."

into the air by the shock. The base of the old Triangle was the scene of many dramatic encounters. This pastime was forbidden by the faculty, but flourished in proportion to the strength of the prohibition, and apparently died of its own accord. The "cane spree" still exists, but in a modified form. It has gone through a number of curious modifications. Twenty-five years ago it was similar in many features to

the rush. The freshman class appeared at night in front of the post-office on Nassau Street, each man carrying a cane. The sophomores rushed the freshmen, each man grabbing a cane and tussling for it to the best of his ability. By 1876 it was a more formal affair. For a week or two before the eventful night each freshman would choose, or be assigned, a junior as a "second," or backer. Each sophomore had a senior, who served him in a similar capacity. These seconds would "arrange" matches between men who were believed to be of probable equal strength and ability. For days the junior would coach his freshman on



Dennis Sullivan, Fifty Years in the Employ of the College.

famous tricks—such as the “hip throw.” He was taught how to rosin his hands; how to hold them at just the proper distance from the ends, so as to retain the outside hold; how to get the cane under his body when the sophomore threw him; or how to keep his opponent from jumping on the cane with both knees. On the first fine moonlight night in September, or early October, the whole college gathered to see the series of duels, each conducted in its own little circle of cheering men, the whole occupying three or four hours. It was the most picturesque of college customs. It was held on the space back of East College. Every window on the east side was illuminated. When a cane was “won,” that is, wrenched free, the winner would hold it aloft amid mighty cheers from his classmates, and the little circle would in an in-

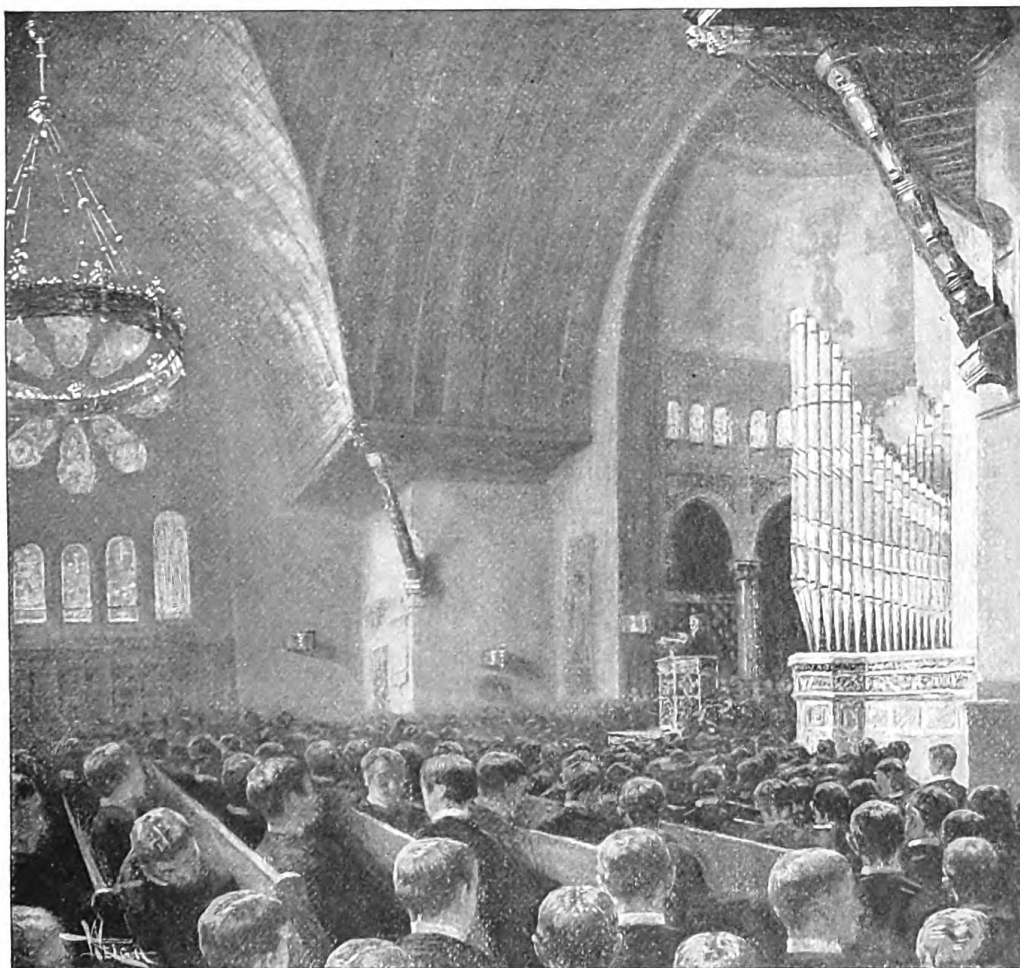
stant dissolve to gather around other contestants. Next day a count was made by each class of the number of canes won, lost, and divided, and this determined the issue of the contest for that year. The theory was that if the freshman class won the most canes it might carry them from that date. But the victory was generally a barren one, as few freshmen ever had the audacity to carry a cane before the issue of the sophomore proclamation.

Later the custom was narrowed down to three contests, heavy, middle, and light weight, each class choosing its champions, and was held back of Reunion or in front of Witherspoon. Then (by aid and advice of the faculty) it was reduced to an episode in the fall games. Last year the old custom of having three cane sprees held at night was permitted to be revived, as a



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

(Presented by the Class of '79.)



Marquand Chapel—Morning Prayers.

mark of favor from the faculty to the college in consideration of the greatly improved order maintained by the students.

A marked advance has been made by the students themselves, at Princeton, during the past few years, in the matter of dignity and the ethics of college life. Spontaneously, and without influence from faculty or alumni—an influence which generally seems to work inversely to the direction intended—they introduced and have maintained what is now known throughout the college world as the "Honor System," under which a student caught by his fellows cheating at examinations loses his social status, is disgraced, and, as a matter of fact, has to retire from the university. It needed only that one or two should be thus ostracized to discover that the mass of honorable students could successfully maintain a system of absolute fairness. So true is this, that professors sometimes leave their examination-room,

and the old-time surveillance is a dead letter. The spirit of manliness has still further permeated the student life, and brutal hazing has also disappeared during recent years, it is hoped never to return. It cannot be denied, however, that some of the impositions on freshmen used to be very funny, and there are mild forms of "guying" still in vogue which provoke a smile even from the most sedate. When a young "Verdant Green," for example, makes his first appearance, walking with his papa across the Campus, disconcerting is not a word strong enough to express his feeling as he hears a crowd of sophomores keep time to his step by saying "Right! left! right! left!" It was a son of ex-Mayor Hewitt, of New York, who, being visited in his room by a party of fellows who demanded that he should sing, said he would be willing to play on the horn. This offer being accepted, he seized a big tin horn from a shelf and, throwing up the window,

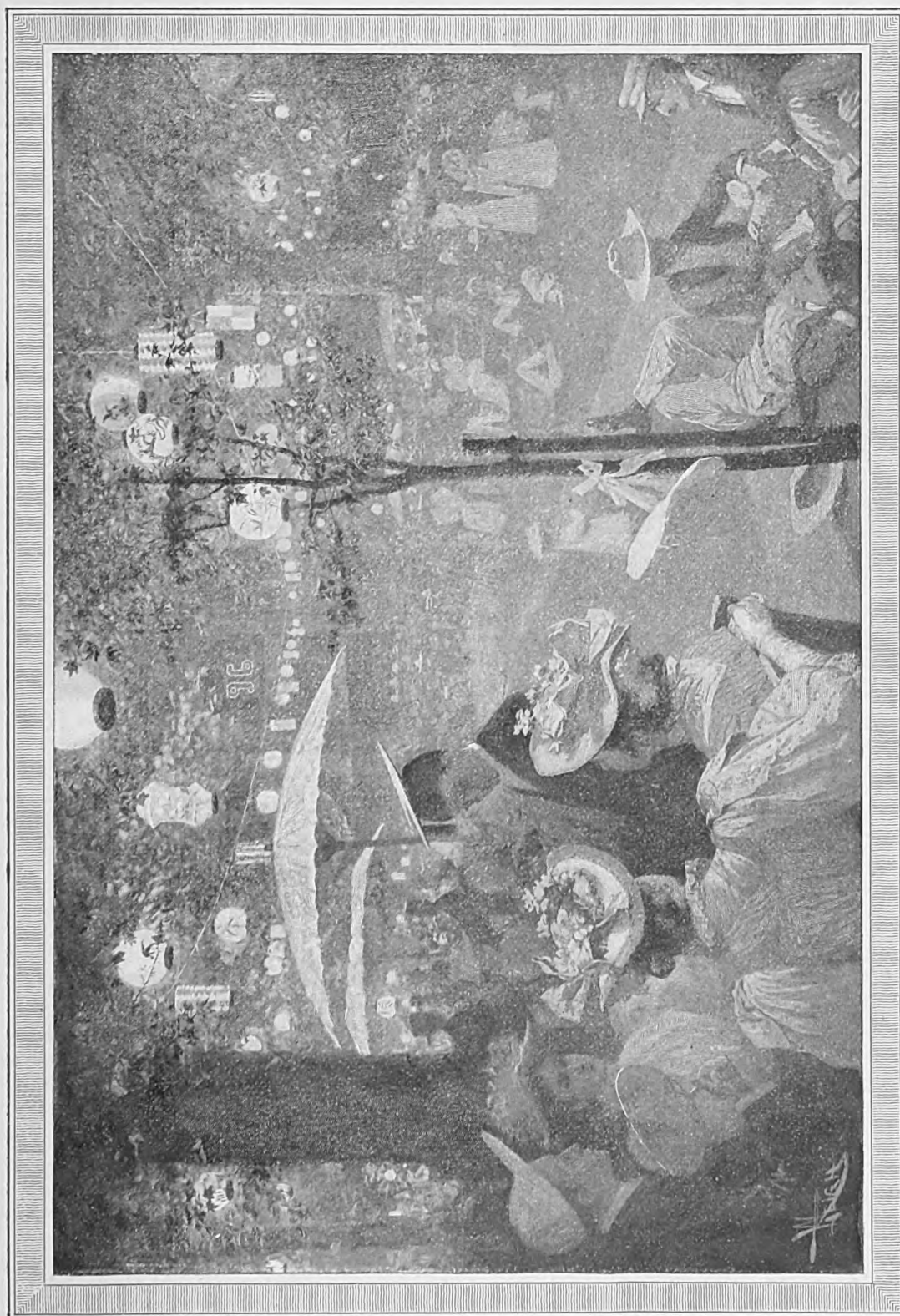


The Arnold Guyot Memorial—A Bronze Tablet by the Late Olin Warner.  
(In Marquand Chapel.)

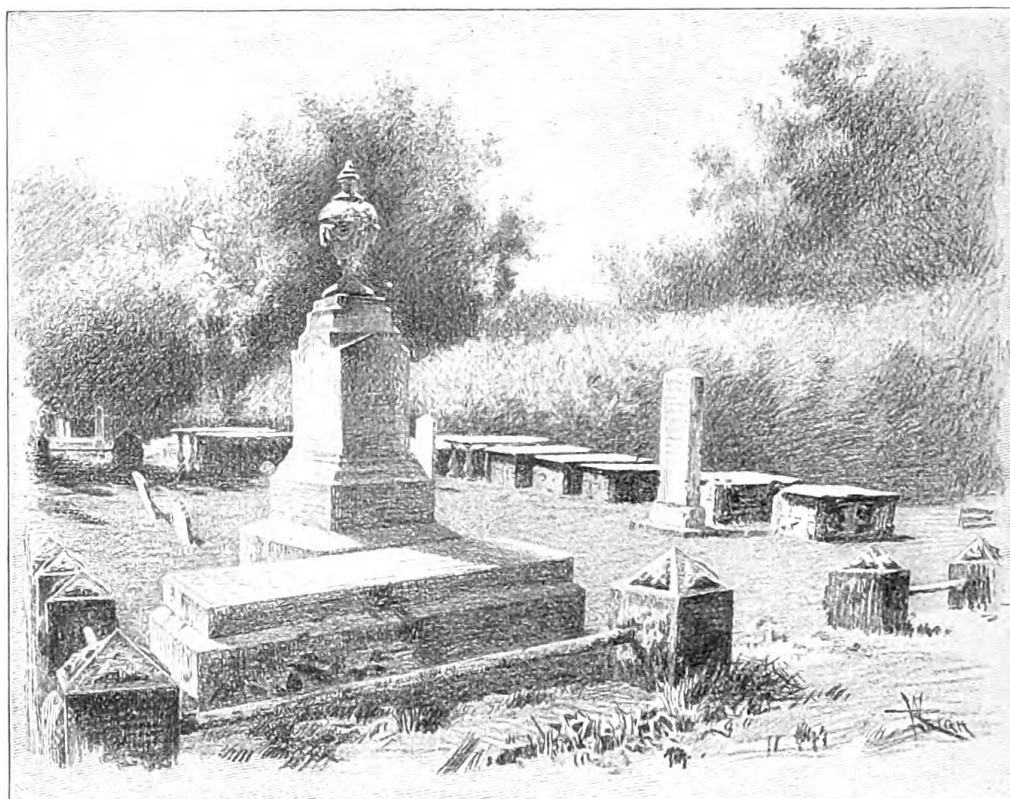
blew a blast which brought the Proctor almost before the sophomores could beat a hasty retreat. "Smoking out" was the favorite mode of torturing freshmen thirty or forty years ago, and a mysterious order known as "Hogi Mogi" was held in abject dread by unsophisticated matriculates. The name was almost all there was of it, but under this ægis many a deed of cruelty was done by masked sophomores. The popular significance of the term "sophomore," by the way, is likely to be utterly lost, if the boys of our colleges continue to transform themselves into university men. Nevertheless there are plenty of grave and reverend seigniors, ministers, judges, and scientists, who look back with pleasure to the time when they "occupied" the entries of "Old North," and behind barricades of firewood rolled hot cannon-balls up and down the brick-tiled corridors, and made night hideous by continuous ringing of the college bell. This was a common thing fifty years ago. The stealing of the bell-clapper by the Freshman Class was a later institution. The class who failed to achieve this feat was formerly considered beneath contempt. In 1886 four freshmen with skeleton keys, defying the laws both of the State and the Institution, climbed to the tower between two and three o'clock in the morning. What was their astonishment to find a light burning when they reached the top, and a night-watchman peacefully slumbering under the coveted clapper. They beat a hasty retreat, but, undaunted, they succeeded a few nights

later. The stolen property, according to usage, was melted into miniature clappers, and worn as trophies by the class.

It was in "Old North" that Professor J. Addison Alexander, the linguist, saw on the floor, just as he was about entering his room, a bomb with a smoking fuse. Without stopping to think of the danger he jumped on it and succeeded in stamping out the fire. Taking the ugly thing into his room he proceeded to cut it open, only to find it filled with innocent sawdust, and as he smiled to think how he had been "sold," a jeering cry was heard outside the door from the throats of twenty sophomores. The forced respect to professors exacted in colonial days had long before yielded to that familiarity born of independence which has done much in our free country to foster irreverence to superiors. It was enacted in the early college laws that "Every scholar shall rise up and make obeisance when the President goes in or out of the hall, or enters the pulpit on days of religious worship. Every freshman sent of an errand shall go and do it faithfully and make quick return. Every scholar in college shall keep his hat off about ten yards to the President, and five to the tutors." In the days of President Maclean, affectionately known among the students as "Johnnie," a considerable part of the enjoyment of breaking the college laws consisted in getting and keeping the old gentleman out, and leading him a dance. For he was a figure in his day. The slightest noise or indication of a rum-



Senior Singing—Commencement Week.



The Presidents' Row—Princeton Cemetery.

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

pus would bring "Old Johnnie" to the Campus, night or day. After dark he carried a lantern, and at all times appeared in immense India-rubber shoes, an old-fashioned cloak, and a beaver hat which might be described as archaic. His principal office when not teaching was that of police-superintendent of the college. There were no "Proctors" in those days, but "Dennis," the college servant, assisted "Johnnie," and used to summon the boys to appear before the Faculty after "Johnnie" had caught them. Dennis is still there and will complete this year a half century of faithful service to the college. Many of the disturbances were made by the students for the sole purpose of enticing the President to pursuit, and to hear his familiar "tut, tut!" when he secured a supposed offender. The furniture in his office was not of the most solid kind. When Henry Clay visited Princeton, and was asked by "Johnnie" to sit down in his study, he did so and the rickety chair gave way. The statesman got up and said, "Dr. Maclean, I hope the other chairs of the

institution are on a more permanent foundation." One night, when two Maltese donkeys from Commodore Stockton's field were found on the fourth floor of North College, the students asked Dr. Maclean how he thought they had got there. "Through their great anxiety," said he, "to visit some of their brethren." The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., of the Class of '41, says there was a picture of "Old Johnnie" up in the old college for a long time representing him with a policeman's baton over his shoulder. Somehow or other that old man entwined himself around the affections of the students. For forty-six years he was connected with the college as Professor and President. Long after his retirement the mere mention of his name among the Alumni would bring out a rousing cheer.

The mode of life was simpler in those days than now, but the same humor which still makes collegians so comic effervesced fifty years ago. When, for example, William Pennington, son of a former governor of New Jersey, roomed next door to

Senior Tutor Topping, it was the custom for each man to hang on the outside knob of his door the bag containing his soiled clothes for laundry. Pennington stuffed his own shirts, one day, in Tutor Topping's bag, and waited for the day when the clean linen was returned and laid out on Topping's bed. Then, knowing that a number of students were in Topping's room, Pennington knocked at his door. On entering he put on an injured air and said: "Mr. Topping, I have no objections whatever to lending you my shirts if you need them, but I must protest against your taking them without my knowledge." Topping was indignant and denied the charge. Pennington demanded an inspection. The students stood aghast. The chagrin of the Tutor and the hilarity of the boys may be imagined when Pennington stepped to the bed and picked out his own shirts marked with his name.

The boys who steal off to New York and Philadelphia by train and come back in the "owl," would hesitate to take the hazard which their forefathers had to risk seventy-five years ago when they went to Philadelphia by stage, requiring an absence of two or three days, during which their classmates would keep candles burning in their rooms and answer for their names at roll-call. In those days it would seem that the student body was less submissive to authority than now, in spite of more rigorous rules. During the latter part of President Green's administration, in 1816, the students became riotous and took possession of the college. The recitation-rooms were barred, lectures and other exercises were necessarily abandoned, and the institution was practically in a state of siege—all on account of some dissatisfaction with the management of the college.

One of the customs of late years has been for the sophs and freshmen, respectively, to placard the town with "Proclamations," or "Procs," as the boys call them, containing taunting language against the other class and inciting them to encounter. Shortly after the opening of the college these huge posters have been seen as far away from the town as five miles. The challenged class must tear them down, and rows and "rushes" are the result. The work is done secretly, for the college authorities do not deal gently with the of-

fenders. Such mischievous pranks are as nothing compared with the ancient dissipation which centred around the village taverns.

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

The singing of the Senior Class in the early summer evenings, on the steps of "Old Nassau," began about 1865. No feature of university life in any college can surpass this Princeton custom in fascinating interest. The culminating occasion is the night of "Class Day," in these latter times. Several thousand people—the students and their friends—sit and lounge on the grass under the elms and listen to the seniors as they sing their old songs together for the last time. Graduates, coming back after even fifty years of real life, unconsciously lapse into a dream of former fellowship under the influence of the scene.

A favorite mode of celebrating the Fourth of July in the olden time was throwing fire-balls composed of cotton-yarn tightly wrapped and soaked in turpentine. Buckets were placed around the cannon, and the balls were lighted and thrown aloft by hands encased in strong gloves, and again caught up and thrown again. The whole Quadrangle would be alive with flaming comets with tails of fire. The breaking of street-lamps and stealing of shop signs have been students' delight from time immemorial. One morning a sign appeared over President Maclean's study door bearing the announcement, "Oysters in Every Style." The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., tells of a two-horse wagon that was carried to the upper story of "Old North" in his day, and riotously dragged up and down the entry with shouts and violence. How it got there is a puzzle, but collegians triumph over the laws of mechanics as thoroughly as over the laws of the institution when they determine on a thing, which makes one marvel less at the achievements of the Egyptians. Horn blowing was one of the choice amusements twenty-five years ago, and the "horn

spree " became a notable college event. Its principal charm lay, of course, in the fact that it was prohibited by the Faculty. It consisted in the blowing on a horrible tin horn by every man in college. At a certain signal every window was thrown open and pandemonium seemed to reign. At night the students gathered in a body and moved in procession about the town blowing on these horns, and many were the narrow escapes from arrest and detection by " Johnnie " or Professor Giger or some other amateur policeman.

It would probably puzzle an outsider to tell what a " Nassau Rake " is. But there are hundreds of graduates who remember those prohibited publications—some with regret for having had a hand in them, and more with memories of the fun and risks attached to them. It was the custom some years ago for a mischievous group of the Sophomore Class each year to print a pamphlet of lampoons upon the freshmen and juniors. The language used was not always choice. There was not much delicacy of touch. Every foible received a notice—sometimes more biting than parliamentary. There was humor often and grossness too often. Suspension from college was the penalty for complicity in the offence of producing the " Rake ; " but this only gave a spice to the undertaking. The very nature of the publication precludes the making of extracts. But men who have become great have figured in those columns in ridiculous attitudes. One " Rake " was entitled " Typical Forms of '71, by the Class of '72," after a celebrated work by President McCosh. On the corner is the inscription, " Published by the Dublin Tract Society."

The " Rake " issued by the Class of '70 is entitled " Essays and Reviews on Subjects Consequential and Insignificant." That of the Class of '69, " The Nassau Exposition." That of '68, " The Differential Calculus of '68," and is divided into three parts—" Fundamental Principles," " Examples for Practice," and " Miscellaneous Examples." Most of these pamphlets were published with the simple title, " Nassau Rake." The " Rakes " provoked counter-publications by the Freshman Class under the name " Memorabilia Sophomorum." The editorial of the " Rake " of 1857 says : " We

have authority for supposing that even the Faculty do not cooperate as heartily with our undertaking as they could and should." So little did they co-operate that many a graduate to-day can look back on a forced " rustication " in consequence of his discovered participation. On the reverse of the title-page of the " Rake " of 1858 is printed, " Entered according to Act of Congress, etc., etc., by the Rev. Johannes Maclean, the President of the College, D.D., M.D., LL.D., A.S.S., and published for the Benefit of the Faculty."

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

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

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

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

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

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

The characteristic dress of students at Princeton has passed through many phases. There have always been, as everywhere, a shabby class and a foppish class, but the types have undergone an interesting evolution from time to time. Forty years ago the Southern type was the predominating one. It was the fashion then for the young men to wear long hair, smoothly brushed and cut straight around about the lower neck. A flexible cane with a loaded head was a common addition to a smart fellow's accoutrements. What were called "pump-soled boots," so tight as to make the wearer almost lame, were the admiration of clodhoppers who had not been initiated into the niceties of apparel. City fashions afterward had their influence, and ten years ago much attention was paid to "style." Then ensued, a few years later, a thoroughly local habit of "dressing horse," and a student was considered to be in good form only when he wore corduroys, a sweater, a blazer, or some equally outlandish outfit. Recently this custom seems to have given way to a modified form of negligee. In the winter of 1895 the prevailing costume was a golfing suit of rough tweed, with heavy corduroy waistcoat, or a sweater. An overcoat is seldom seen in Princeton. In the summer white ducks and highly colored blazers prevail. It would make a milliner mad to see the variety of amazing and original headgears, ranging from sombreros

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

"Students are enjoined to be 'cleanly,' and if any student shall be grossly negligent in this respect, it shall be the duty of the college officers to admonish him for it and see that he preserve a decent appearance.

"Every student shall possess a black gown, which shall be made agreeable to a fashion which the Faculty shall prescribe, nor shall any student appear at prayers in the hall, or at church, or in the performance of any public exercise without his gown."

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

The old cannon planted muzzle down in the centre of the Quadrangle south of "Old North," has been written and sung about to such an extent that it is as familiar as a household word. What a centre it has been of popular student life! The Yale men bewailed the destruction of their historic fence, but Goths and Vandals would be as amiable lambs to the person who would dare even to suggest the removal of the Revolutionary relic, now become a college idol. Princeton once had a fence as well as Yale. Fifty years ago the front Campus was lined with an old wooden fence, which had stood there for generations, and on which the students used to sit and smoke and tell tales, but it had to give way in the march of progress to the stately iron grill which now ornaments the front. But whenever a hostile hand has been laid on the cannon of Princeton, big or little, there has been war; and peace has never followed until the cannon was safe at rest again in its place. There has been more or less confusion about Princeton's cannons, there having been at least three, of different sizes, which have been prized as relics.

The big old cannon was left in Princeton by the British when routed by Washington,

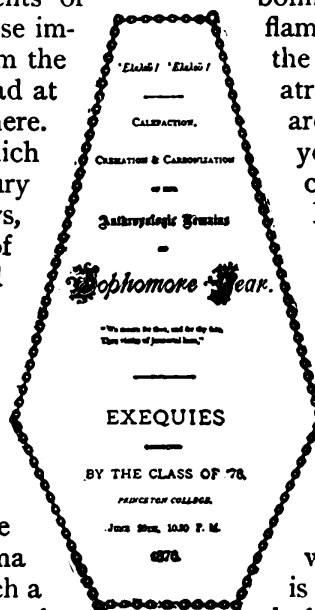
January 3, 1777. The latter could not take it when he left Princeton, because the carriage was broken. It was held by the citizens at first as a relic. In the War of 1812 the big cannon was sent to New Brunswick to defend that city. Hardly used because of its supposed impairment, it lay there on the Commons until 1836, when some Princetonians brought it back for the purpose of firing salutes on the Fourth of July. In 1838 the boys placed it on the Campus, and in 1840 it was plugged and planted in the ground, where it has remained ever since, by general consent, under the guardianship of the students. When the old cannon was brought from Jugtown (a suburb of Princeton), "Old Johnnie" was aroused as usual by the commotion, and, coming out with his lantern, undertook to break up what he thought was a row, shouting, "You are recognized! You are recognized!" which only provoked roars of laughter. Dr. McCosh probably acted from a similar instinct in later years, when, on the occurrence of disorder in the classroom, he is reported to have said: "I know you!—within one or two."

It was an entirely different cannon which in 1875 was secretly taken from Princeton to New Brunswick by students of Rutgers College under the false impression (doubtless arising from the incident just related) that it had at some former time belonged there. Then broke out the war which kept Princeton College in a fury of excitement for many days, and occupied the columns of the daily press, and almost led to bloodshed. The Princetonians repeatedly tried to recover the gun, and, failing to find it, some of the more unruly committed unpardonable depredations upon the property of Rutgers College by way of reprisal in the heat of their zeal for their Alma Mater. The feud reached such a pitch that the Faculties of both colleges had to interfere, and a joint commission was organized to try the facts and the law and to render judgment. The conclusions of this commission were unanimously in favor of the return of the cannon to Princeton, and it was brought back

in triumph with demonstrative rejoicings. At the celebration in honor of the restitution of the relic, President McCosh was called out by the students. As ever, ready to show his interest in whatever concerned the boys, the old man said: "The cannon is back; the Campus would not have been a Campus without it. I knew it would come back to us, and I told the students so. This has been the greatest war since the siege of Troy. The cannon represents fair Helen, the fellows who took it the treacherous Paris, and I see all around me the brave Agamemnons and Nestors. We have also our Atrides in the newspaper reporters, who have exaggerated and ridiculed the whole affair. But now that the war is over, the next thing is to write a history of that war. It must be written in Greek; in hexameter just as Homer wrote; and we will have it published. And if it is as good as Homer's Greek I will give the author of it a place on the commencement stage next June, and will assure him an audience to hear it read, even though it be as long as Homer's poem."

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

Around the cannon have been conducted those ceremonies which the students deem reverent and fitting at the burial of Euclid and other defunct text-books. A coffin-shaped document of ten pages, a





Witherspoon Hall.

fac-simile of whose cover is given opposite, has been found in a graduate's scrap-book. It seems to be a programme of the obsequies of the sophomore year of 1876.

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

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

the well at the Professor's house, the other end being in the earth at Philosophical Hall. Professor Henry often used the "Campus wire" in the presence of the students, although he was not given to superfluous experiments. He had an arbitrary code. If he wanted his luncheon sent over he worked his armature a few times according to the code. Mrs. Henry received the message. The students waited, and presently "Sam"

would appear bringing the precise articles ordered, on a tray covered with a napkin. This simple exhibition of what is now an everyday transaction was then a source of wonder. This occurred again and again before Morse telegraphed between Baltimore and Washington, which was in the month of May, 1844.

But perhaps the black man best known to the longest list of graduates is the now celebrated Jim Johnson. He will be found on the Campus to-day in silver spectacles and golfing stockings, and he was there fifty years ago. He has bought the cast-



Jimmy Johnson.

off clothes of the students for a half century. When the author of this paper was in college, Jim used to furnish oyster suppers, and many a good pair of trousers has passed into his shop to square an account for a feast already eaten. Jim stuttered badly, and still stutters, and the students used to give him a shilling to say "Philadelphia" and other long words, which threatened to suffocate him. Jim remembers every graduate and calls him by name, and a shade of sorrow passes over his ebony face, fringed with gray beard, if the old friend does not "come down" with a quarter.

A few years ago William H. McElroy, the littérateur, a graduate of Union College, attended a Yale-Princeton foot-ball match. As he came out he saw Jim. He didn't know him, but he guessed from the way he was covered with orange and black decorations that he was an old college favorite. So he marched up to him and said: "Hello! don't you remember Reynolds,

is part of the history of our country. He was a fugitive slave in 1843, and his real name was James Collins. He belonged to Philip Wallis, of Maryland. He was recognized after his escape by a student named Thomas, and was claimed by his master under the Fugitive Slave Law. The late William C. Alexander appeared for Jim and demanded a trial by jury under the State law. The distinguished S. Teackle Wallis, son of the claimant, supported the claim. After a trial and great excitement a verdict was rendered for the claimant and an order issued by the court handing Jim over to the marshal from Maryland. An effort was immediately made by citizens to purchase and liberate him, and the price demanded (\$550) was actually paid by Miss Theodora Prevost, a lineal descendant of President Witherspoon, and the captive set free. It is to Jim's credit that he saved enough money afterward to cancel the debt to his benefactress, and he can show the book containing the items re-

ceipted. Jim was married in 1895 for the fourth time, at the age of seventy-eight, the bride being a resident of Baltimore.

The Princeton Inn of to-day, which stands so gracefully on the wooded estate of "Morven," the hereditary seat of the Stocktons, so totally eclipses the modest Nassau Hotel that few of its fashionable guests stop to think of the part which that little hostelry has played in the old-time life of the University. Its walls are redolent of jovial suppers and its stable of



A Sunny Morning on the Campus.

of '65?" This touched Jim on the raw, and he at once replied with absolute confidence, "O ye-yes, Mr. Rey-rey-reynolds, I remember you puf-puf-puffectly, Mr. Rey-rey-reynolds." And he got his quarter just the same. The students decorated Jim with a decidedly racy name, not here to be recorded. It is softened nowadays into "James Odoriferous." His history

clandestine sleigh-rides; and those hospitable landlords, the Jolines, father and son, for nearly half a century made the ancient tavern, built in 1757, the scene of many a memorable college event. It was the stopping place for the stage-coaches between New York and Philadelphia before the railroads were known; and more than a hundred horses would stand waiting in

those days to replace the tired beasts of the incoming travellers. It was at the Nassau Hotel, in 1814, that Washington Irving and James K. Paulding stopped, and at which time was conceived and partially written the poem "The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle," attributed to Paulding, in which the various entertaining sights about a college inn were humorously depicted. Here is an extract :

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

It is needless to point out that "athletics," as nowadays understood, were then unknown at Princeton or any other American college. If that admirable vent for youthful exuberance had existed in those days, Paulding would have had no opportunity to paint that somewhat startling picture of abandonment. It has only been within the past twenty-five years that through intercollegiate contests a stimulus to healthy exercise and manly sports has been given. The result, with all its acknowledged failings, is something for every right-minded father of a family to be thankful for. That wild fellows still seek fatal amusement in debauch is undeniable. This is the earth ; not heaven. But the temptations are less than formerly and the aspirations of students are more manly. The ath-

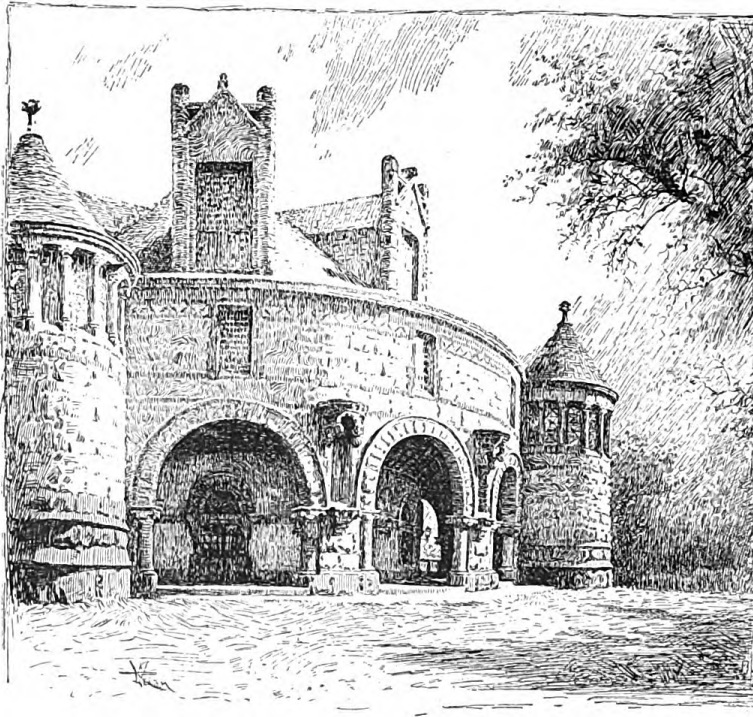


•Brown Hall, from the Archway of Dod.

letes may be more of heroes than is best, but the rank and file of college men are bigger, stronger, healthier, stouter in mind and limb, and better equipped for the after struggle than they used to be. And all this without detriment to the average scholarship. The assertion is ventured that college graduates on the whole are far better educated to-day than they were twenty-five years ago, and that the athletes are not below the others, taking the average of both.

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

In athletic sports Princeton has always been a leader, a fact which prompted a

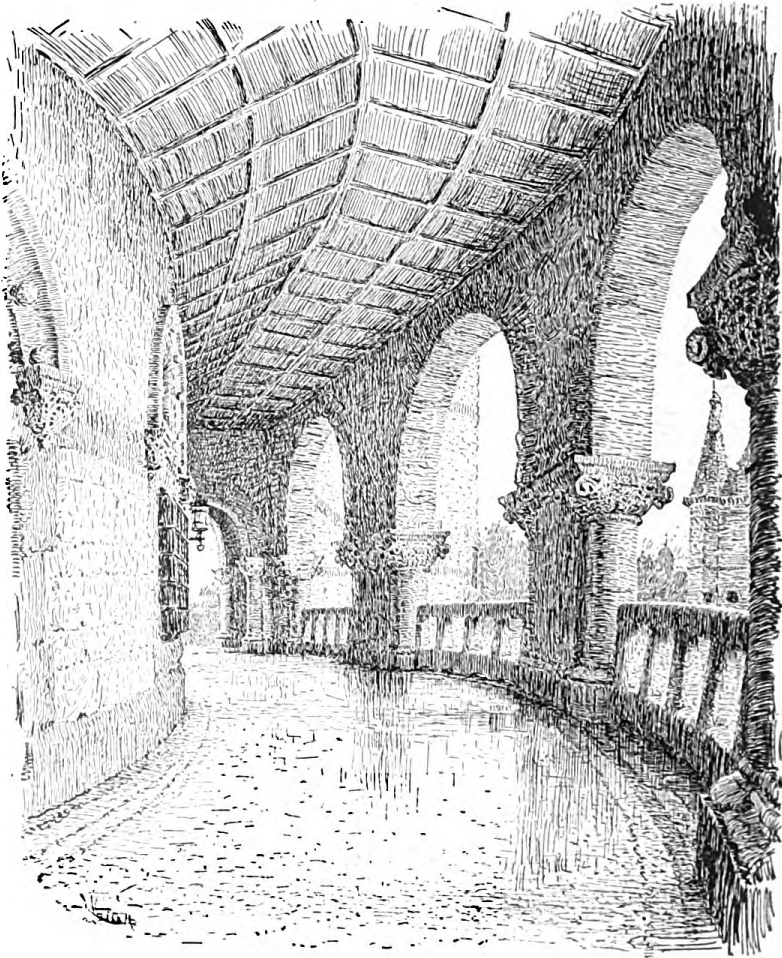


herself occasionally from her devotion to other more congenial activities.

It was a Princeton man who revised the Rugby rules of foot-ball, and adapted them for American colleges—J. Potter, of the Class of '77. Andrew James McCosh, son of the illustrious President McCosh, was Captain of the Princeton team that year. His team played the "Association" style of game during most of the season, but relinquished it to adopt Potter's new mode of play. The inter-collegiate world adopted it immediately, and the present game includes

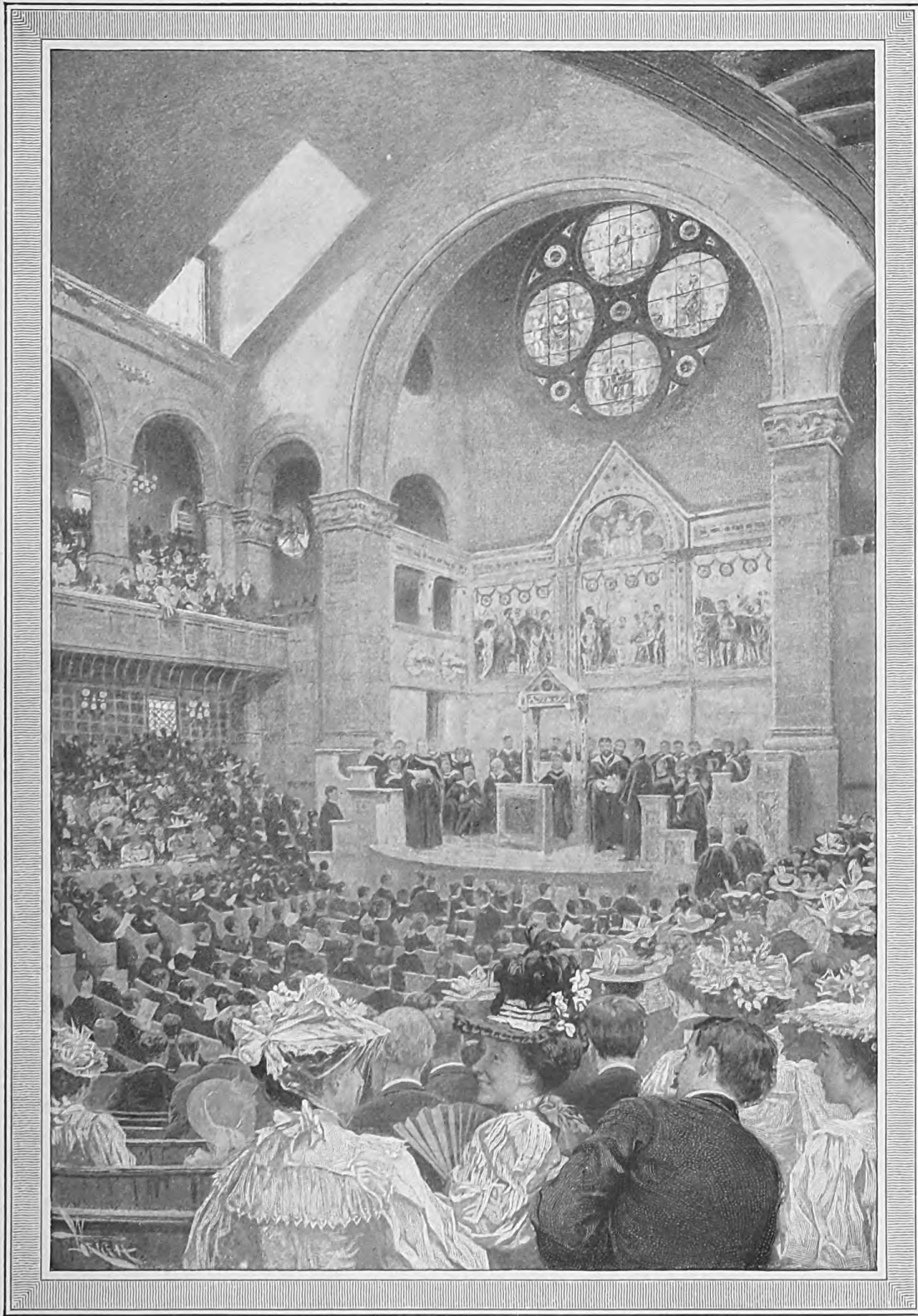
prominent Dutchman in New York to render the Holland motto "*Oranje Boven,*" *Princeton on top.* Princeton holds the only rational ground in this domain, which is, that athletics are beneficial so long as they are not permitted to interfere with scholarship.

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



W. A. Potter, Arch.

Alexander Hall, showing North Front and the Colonnade.



Commencement Day—Alexander Hall.



McCosh Walk, looking East.

most of its features. Alexander Moffat, Captain of the '83 team, was Princeton's most famous kicker. Lamar made the most celebrated run which plucked victory from defeat in the game against Yale in '86. The "curve" in pitching in base-ball, which has become universal as an essential feature, was invented and first applied in an amateur game in the fall of 1874, by J. M. Mann, of Princeton, Class of '76. The "wedge" in football, from which have developed all the mass plays now the subject of so much discussion, was invented by the Hodges, of Princeton, who learned it from studying Cæsar's "Commentaries on the Gallic War," and the same men introduced the modern system of bringing the "backs" up close to the line. A Princeton man (Smock, '79) invented the canvas jacket.

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

Class of '61, says he remembers quite distinctly when the Seventh Regiment, of New York, went to the war, and how nearly the whole college went down through the Potter Woods to the old depot by the canal at midnight to greet it as it passed through. The cheers of the boys were responded to by the Seventh with the "skyrocket," which so impressed the youthful mind that it was indulged in at first as borrowed property, and later, as time advanced, was adopted as the college cheer.

That, by the way, was a dark day in Princeton's history. About one-third of the students were from the South, and the breach made in the ranks by the war was a serious shock to the college, from which it recovered only after years, during which the institution languished. War was proclaimed about the middle of April. Then everything was excitement and commotion. The under-classmen prepared at once to cross the lines. The situation of the seniors was more serious. Were they to lose their degrees? Remaining a few days longer, most of them took special examinations, and the names of nearly all appeared

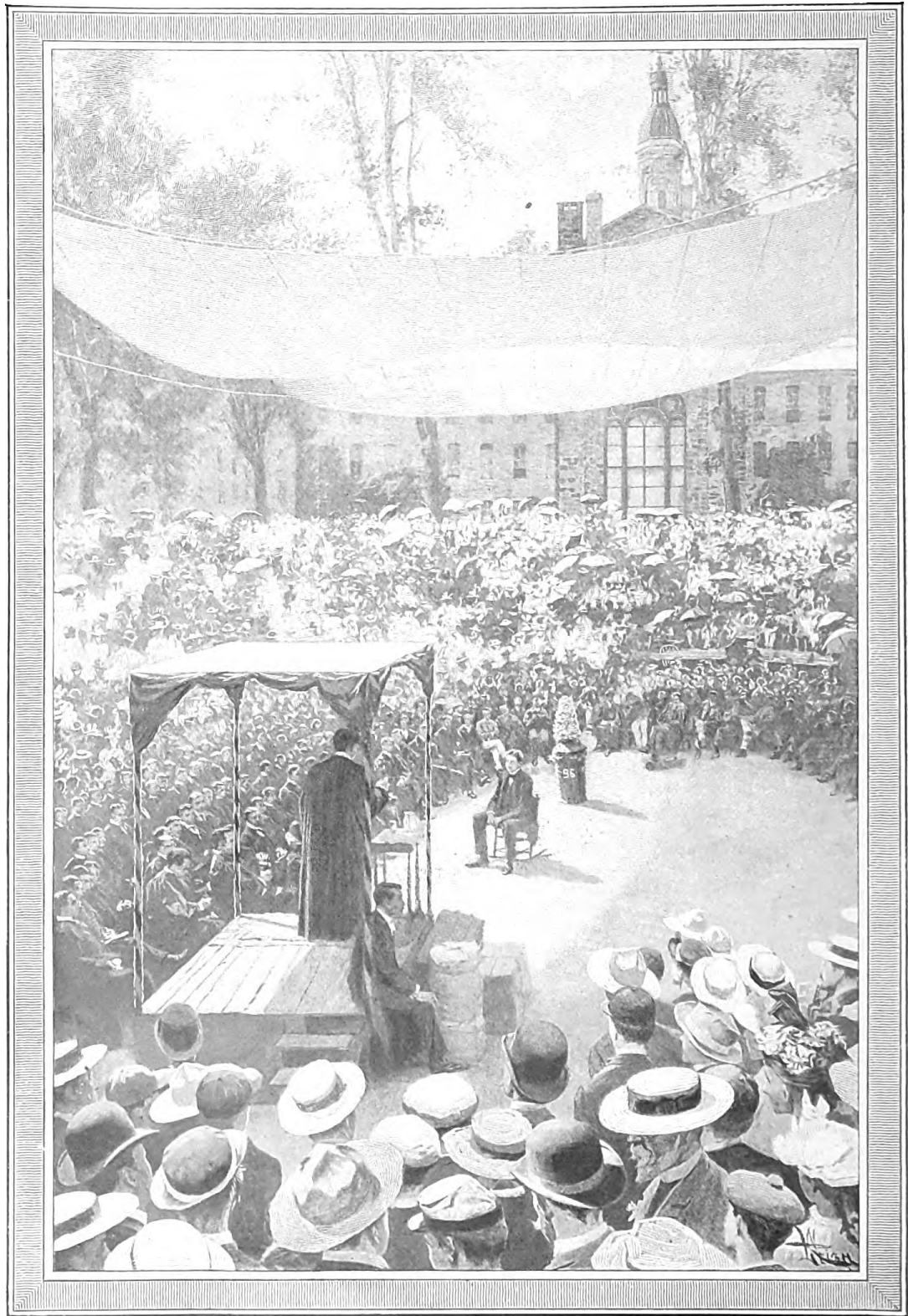
in the official circular as "not regularly examined," but they ultimately received their degrees. Their diplomas were held for delivery by different methods. Leroy H. Anderson, of the Class of '61, since Mayor of Princeton, was made the custodian of many, but alas! in some cases he was obliged to hand them to sorrowing heirs, the owners having been killed in battle. It

was a curious thing that in the military preparations which went on in Princeton, as elsewhere, in those martial days, Northern and Southern students, so soon to face each other in mortal combat, actually drilled together under the direction of the officers of the local companies. Immediately after the bombardment in Charleston Harbor the venerable Dr. Maclean, then President of the college, called the students together in the old chapel and addressed them on the situation. The old man's heart was wrung by the conflict of emotions. He



President Patton at Prospect—Southwest Piazza.

told the boys that conciliatory measures having failed, and war being inevitable, he and the other members of the Faculty were bound to espouse the cause of the Union. But he was concerned about the Southern students, and advised them all to return immediately to their homes. He assured them of his affection and his regret at parting, and promised them that they



Cannon Exercises on Class Day—the Presentation Oration.



A College Room on Top Floor of Witherspoon Hall.

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

meet again, but we will always cherish the friendly feeling which existed through our college days."

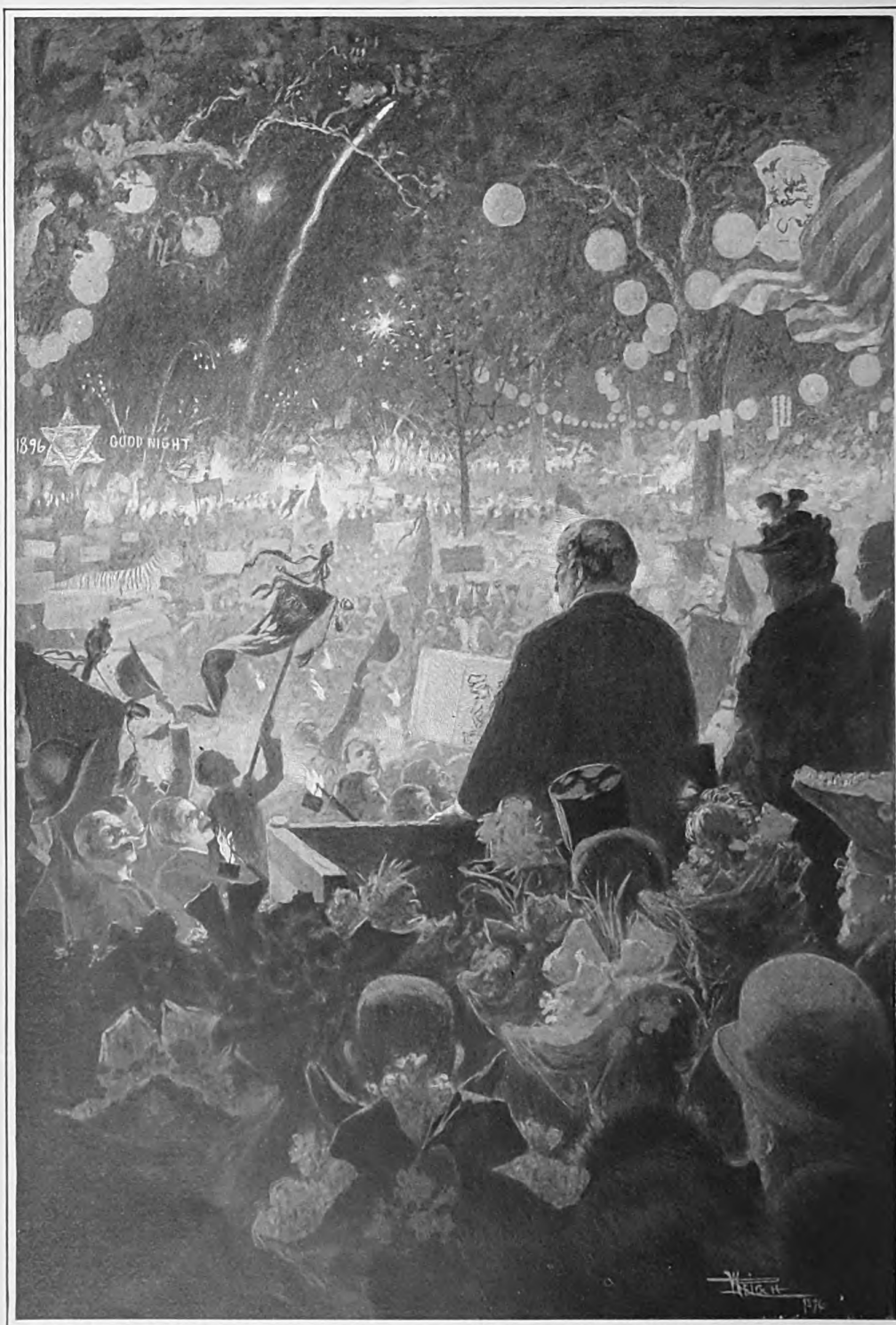
The mingling of political acrimony with fraternal attachment, and the domination of the latter sentiment while the war spirit

was actually disrupting the college body, was as pathetic as it was remarkable. The hundred or more undergraduates who left Princeton for their Southern homes were escorted to the station by the body of Northern students, and they parted in friendship, although some of them afterward met on the battle-field. When college opened in the autumn, feeling of course ran high



The Old Cannon and Murray Hall.

against Southern sympathizers. One who was outspoken was put under the pump by several students. College discipline had to be exercised and the offenders suspended. Two of these latter were sons of Governor Reeder, of Pennsylvania.



The Sesquicentennial.

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

nia. They were taken to the station in a barouche embellished with the national colors, drawn by the students, and accompanied by a long procession, preceded by a military band. The two boys, the heroes of that exciting episode, afterward entered the army and distinguished themselves. One, Frank, has been Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania; the other, Howard, has been Judge of Northampton County, and has been appointed by Governor Hastings one of the new Circuit Court Judges. At the June meeting, in 1895, of the Board of Trustees of the University, the degrees of A.B. and A.M. were conferred on the Reeder brothers.

Memories, sad as well as sweet, serious as well as ludicrous, crowd upon the mind of every son of "Old Nassau" who takes a pen to write of the happy days gone by. Many a tale could be told of the "Fantastics" who used to ride through the town in motley costumes at commencement time on horseback; of the "Sophomore Commencements," which involved suspension from college of every student detected; of the witty burlesque programmes anony-

mously issued at "Senior Speaking;" of tricks on travelling circuses, as, when the boys dragged Barnum's "Car of Jugger-naut" by night to the canal and submerged it in the raging waters; of amateur negro minstrels and dramatic shows; of the various forms of initiation, with the riding of the goat; of mock duels, in which unsophisticated freshmen were made, as they believed, to kill their man; and hundreds of characteristic student pranks, always original and often laughable. But time and space are wanting for more than a sketch. No college has a life more crammed with the mirth and humor of youthful exuberance; none is richer in historic association and sacred tradition; none more free from vicious influence and corrupting example. The atmosphere of Princeton has ever conduced to health and happiness—physical, mental, and moral. Her sons look back with pride and pleasure, not only to the solid instruction received at her hands, but to the royal times spent beneath her shades.

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

Diploma Awarded, at the New Olympian Games at Athens, to Robert Garrett, Captain of the Princeton Track Athletic Team.

