The STORY OF HARVARD

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

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THE STORY OF HARVARD

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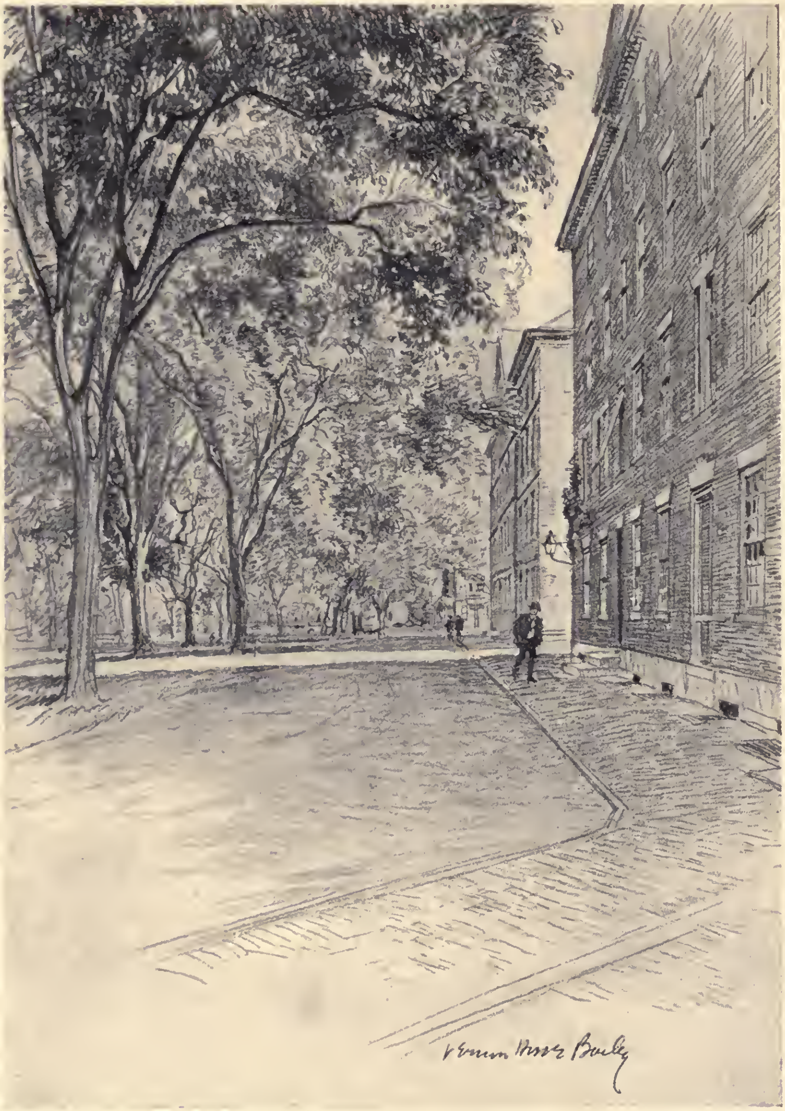
Vernon Howe Bailey

Hollis Hall and Stoughton Hall. *Frontispiece*

THE STORY OF HARVARD

BY
ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
VERNON HOWE BAILEY

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PREFACE

From Benjamin Peirce's *History of Harvard* and from President Quincy's *History of Harvard* I have drawn much of the material for the earlier chapters of this book. For that contained in later chapters I acknowledge indebtedness particularly to Josiah Quincy's *Figures of the Past*, Dr. A. P. Peabody's *Harvard Reminiscences*, *Harvard Memorial Biographies*, and Mr. William Roscoe Thayer's admirable *History and Customs of Harvard University*. The selections from J. R. Lowell's works are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of his works. Acknowledgment is also due to Harper and Brothers for extracts from *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, and to Little, Brown, and Company for the extracts from Francis Parkman's letters and from Josiah Quincy's *Figures of the Past*.

A. S. P.

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THE
STORY OF HARVARD

CHAPTER I

PAST AND PRESENT

LET us conceive of a Harvard graduate of twenty years ago, now revisiting his college for the first time, with no knowledge of the changes which it has undergone since his day. What would be his impressions? He would probably feel at first as if he were seeing a few old landmarks embedded in a new setting. The old Cambridge and the old Boston are transformed. Conveyed through a tunnel from Boston Common to Harvard Square in eight minutes, the returning patriarch emerges upon a college yard that he hardly knows. The wooden fence has disappeared; a high iron fence and handsome brick gateways have replaced that simple barrier, and exact of him as he enters a sense of uneasy formality. He is cheered by the sight of Grays and Boylston, the homely old familiars of his youth, standing shoulder to shoulder in front of him; and when he passes them he finds the buildings of the old quadrangle unchanged. But the quadrangle itself, with its elms all lopped to the shape of candelabra and its meager young red oaks, has a bare aspect that chills his spirits.

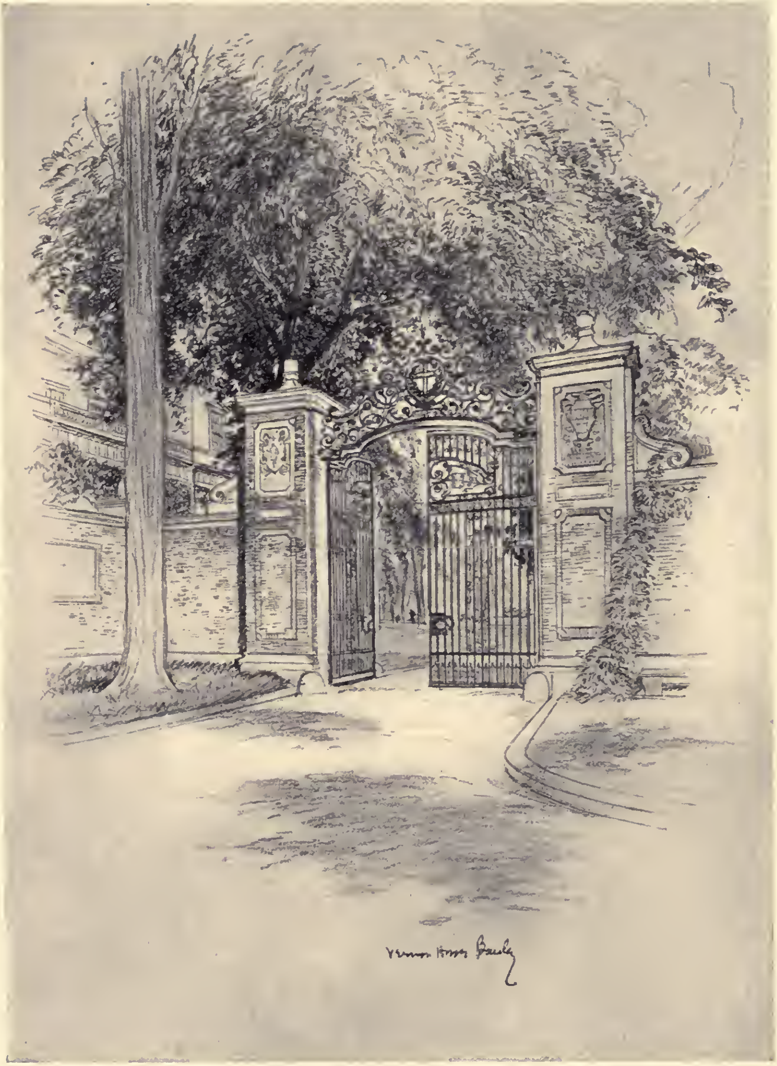
The friendly pump, souvenir of more primitive days, has disappeared from in front of Hollis. A glimpse through an open window in Holworthy entices him; he climbs the stairs to the room that he used to occupy. The senior who welcomes him is hospitable and interested; the graduate is impressed by the luxury and comfort of the quarters. The pictures and the furniture suggest to him that the æsthetic sense of the undergraduate is more discriminating now than it used to be. The variety of medals and " shingles " upon the walls convinces him that the social life is more varied. The shower-bath that has been installed in what was once the " coal closet " informs him that a crude way of living is no longer tolerated. Unwilling to pay homage to the present at the expense of the past, he remembers with a manly pride the tin hat tub which it was his custom to drag from under the bed every morning. The room may have been of a frosty temperature, the water may have been icy cold; but the graduate is of the opinion that to squat shivering in the hat tub was a tonic for virility such as the young hedonist who steams and streams in his warm shower can never know.

Looking out of the window, he laments the fact that the low wire fences to protect the grass plots have been removed. In his day they afforded pleasant opportunities for practise in walking the tight-wire. The graduate himself acquired proficiency in that art; he tells the polite senior how once he made a wager that he could strip himself naked on the wire and then dress again without touching foot to the ground, and how, having chosen an early morning hour that would not expose him to public scandal, he successfully performed the feat. Something in the senior's polite manner of receiving this anecdote causes him to feel that Harvard men nowadays would regard such diversions as fit only to be practised at a fresh-water college.

The graduate fears that the courteous and hospitable senior is getting bored, and so he takes his departure. If the quadrangle has altered in minor ways, the yard to the east of the quadrangle has altered a great deal. Along Quincy Street, flanking Sever on either side, is a series of new buildings.

The graduate looks in vain for Shaler's picturesque old house — just as, alas, he looks in vain for picturesque old Shaler. He looks in vain for the President's ugly old house; he sees instead a handsome new mansion. He looks in vain for Gore Hall, the library; it has been torn down, to give place to a much larger and finer library under another name. The graduate thinks it is right and fitting thus to honor the memory of the young Harvard man for whom the building is given; but he also thinks that it is rather rough on old Christopher Gore, who by his bequest of a hundred thousand dollars seventy years ago had become Harvard's most munificent benefactor. However, the senior has informed the graduate that Christopher Gore is to be compensated by having one of the new freshman dormitories named after him.

"Freshman dormitories" — that is a new idea to the graduate. The senior who has outlined the scheme to him has expressed the skepticism to be expected of a conservative senior. He has admitted, however, that since it is one of President Lowell's pet ideas, it may turn out all right; he confesses that President Lowell has so far "made good." (An expression, by the way, that annoys the graduate exceedingly.) His explanation of the


Vernon Howe Bailey

The Johnston West Gate

proposed scheme has interested the graduate; apparently there are to be three or four dormitories somewhere down by the river in which all freshmen are to be segregated; the rich and the poor are to live together, eat together, play together — if not spontaneously, why then by compulsion. The graduate thinks that in his day no such artificial spurs to democratic conduct were required, but he concedes, after a visit to the Gold Coast, that it may be different now.

The Gold Coast he finds to be a section of Mount Auburn Street that has of late years been built up with luxurious and high-priced dormitories. By a fortunate chance, the class baby of the graduate's class, who lives in Claverly Hall, emerges just as he is passing that building. So the class baby takes the elderly gentleman — who is a friend of his as well as of his father's — in charge, pilots him on a tour of these habitations of the rich, shows him the swimming-tanks, the squash courts, offers him tea, and has in several of the most civilized young persons imaginable to meet him.

When the graduate expresses a desire to see some of the athletic activities, he is escorted to Soldier's Field. There the huge Stadium, looming in the midst of spacious playing-grounds, excites his wonder. Within its horse-shoe, the Varsity football squad is practising; outside, on various gridirons, the members of scrub and class elevens are trampling about, busily grinding one another into the earth. With pleasure and surprise the graduate notes that one of these filthy-faced participants is the senior who had entertained him in Holworthy. The graduate feels that young men who have warm shower-baths in their rooms are likely to be particularly benefited if they eat their peck of dirt while still young. He regrets that the class baby does not play football. The graduate invites him and two of his friends to dine — wondering, as he does so, whether he ought to offer them champagne. He decides hastily that it will be expected, when the class baby in accepting the invitation amends it by suggesting that they go after dinner to see a show, and says that he will run them all in to Boston in his motor.

After appointing the rendezvous, the graduate strolls off alone to revisit the scenes for which he has a particular affection. He is pleased to find that the Gymnasium has grown to more than double its former size. With what lies behind it he is profoundly impressed, but his emotions are not wholly those of pleasure. Holmes Field and Jarvis

Field, those arenas of athletic triumph or defeat, in football, base-ball, tennis and track, have been so built upon as to be unrecognizable. No vestige of the wooden bleachers whence rose the cheers of thousands now remains. Old John the Orangeman and his donkey have passed on — farther than from Holmes to Soldier's Field. The ancient silk hat garnished with a crimson bandage no longer goes nodding in front of the stands; no more is the amiable simian countenance turned upward to the customer; none of the present college generations have heard the mumbled greeting — "Aye, frind; yis, frind."

The graduate turns aside and walks along quiet streets on which professors live in their modest houses. They offer a singular contrast to the arid splendors of the Gold Coast; with their trees and shrubbery they recall the Cambridge that he knew. But on the little side streets, inhabited no doubt by instructors and tutors and assistants, the houses seem small and dingy; the graduate regrets the obvious disparity in the way of living imposed on some officers of the college and that enjoyed by some of the undergraduates. For at the undergraduate time of life dignity in externals is especially impressive; the young man accustomed to luxury is not likely to detect worth in shabbiness. The freshman whose boots are blacked and whose fire is lighted before he gets out of bed will probably be more attentive to a lecturer who wears dove-colored spats and a fancy waistcoat than to one whose trousers show horizontal creases and whose coat droops from the shoulders. It is the opinion of the graduate that if the pay of all the lesser officers of the university could be doubled or tripled, there would be a higher average of scholarship along the Gold Coast than now exists, and that fewer of those who have put into its ports would be prematurely banished to cruise the high seas. But the graduate's theory is not likely to be tested; possibly the institution of freshman dormitories will produce one of the results that he would like to see — not by improving the condition of the minor officers of the college, but by reducing the utterly false notions of personal dignity that are now entertained by many sons of multimillionaires.

Engaged in these reflections, the graduate finds that he has reached that sequestered nook of Harvard University in which the divinity students are congregated. The Divinity School, with its little chapel and dormitory and lecture hall, is now a quaintly unimportant corner of the university —

so at least the graduate thinks when he remembers that Harvard College was originally and primarily a divinity school.

So at least he thinks until he spies beyond, in what used to be a section of Norton's Woods, a very beautiful, very large, very imposing and obviously ecclesiastical building — Norman-Gothic, of gray stone, with a lofty central tower. To a passing postman he appeals for information. "The Andover Theological School," says the postman. "Now run in connection with the Harvard Divinity School."

An interesting reversion, thinks the graduate — for in 1808, the Calvinists, outraged by the growth of Unitarianism at Harvard, forsook Cambridge and established their own theological school at Andover. Just one hundred years later, back they come and rear this noble fane at Harvard's doors — not in mocking triumph, but lending their strength and their aid to what seems a humble and shrunken little school of divinity.

As the graduate has now had enough of sight-seeing, he sits down on the steps of Divinity Chapel and lets his mind dwell upon the early days of the college. These acres were then a jungle of whortleberry bushes. Much of Cambridge, all of what is now Cambridgeport, was a treeless, marshy waste.

The undergraduates over whom Dunster and then Chauncy presided were very young. They entered college at the age of twelve or thirteen — already devoted, most of them, to the ministry. Theology was the subject of universal interest to the community; the theologians were the important and influential persons.

The graduate musing on the steps of Divinity finds it hard to visualize and comprehend the people of those days. Their apparent lack of human sentiment, their callousness to affection, their insensibility to suffering and tragedy seem to him characteristic of the Chinese rather than the Anglo-Saxon race. Even in the households which were as happy as Calvinistic households could well be, the visitations of death appear scarcely to have disturbed the tranquillity of those who survived. The readiness of persons and families to adapt themselves to bereavement and make the best of it strikes the tender-hearted graduate as amazing. He remembers that the conduct of Robert Harvard, father of John, in waiting a year and a half after the death of his first wife before contracting a second marriage was noted as exceptional. Robert Harvard's widow, John Harvard's mother, was less patient; she married John Elletson five months after Robert

Harvard died; she married Richard Yearwood ten months after Elletson's death. John Harvard's widow had been his widow hardly a year when she married Thomas Allen. The graduate, who has dipped somewhat into diaries and letters of the time, has been struck by the fact that the loss of children seemed to cause their parents only a passing pang. The frequent mortality in Cotton Mather's offspring failed to detach that self-centered fanatic for any considerable interval from the contemplation of his own spiritual experiences. Even so late as the middle of the eighteenth century, President Stiles of Yale hardly paused from his nightly astronomical observations to be present at the death of his infant son; his record of that event would indicate that he regarded it as one of the minor incidents of life.

Such sternness of soul was perhaps required of the men who were to build up New England. And though among the early presidents of Harvard were many gentler spirits, the atmosphere of the time was not favorable to progress in the humanities. Discipline was severe without being just, duty was narrowly defined, individualism was repressed. Harvard College had its beginning in a period of reaction towards mediævalism in thought and monasticism in conduct.

Her ideals of education were utterly divorced from those which had flowered in the Elizabethan age. So long as they prevailed, no great thinker or writer or poet could issue from her walls. Not until she had freed herself from the tyranny of the theocracy and embraced with the ardor of emancipated youth the liberal doctrines of the Revolution did she begin to feel and to reveal her powers. From having been, as it were, the devout watcher by the corpse of learning, tending the lights at head and feet, she has come forth to find herself in the presence of the living; instead of guarding dry bones and dust, she is quickening sensibility, inspiring sentiment, and stirring imagination.

The graduate has completed his meditations; he rises from the steps of Divinity and goes to meet the class baby and his friends.

CHAPTER II

THE BEGINNING AND THE FIRST PRESIDENT

IN 1636 the Massachusetts Bay settlement extended for about thirty miles along the seacoast and less than twenty miles inland. West and north and south of this small area stretched a wilderness, inhabited by hostile Indians. The people of the settlement were few in number and scattered. There were perhaps five thousand families. They had the Indians to fight or to pacify, a living to get from the soil, houses to build, and forests to clear. With all their toil and activity, with all the need for co-operation in facing their problems and perils, and in spite of the fact that they had exiled themselves in a desire for perfect religious freedom, they found both time and inclination to engage in theological controversy with one another and to view one another with bitterness and suspicion. Infant baptism and the Antinomian theory were prolific causes of strife and dissension. Theology constituted their only intellectual interest; zealots and fanatics as they were, there was no unanimity in their non-conformity.

But by one sentiment they were united — the love of learning. Long before there was any promise of prosperity, while they were still struggling in such poverty as few other pioneers have ever known, they were contributing freely from their scanty resources to keep alive the institution which remains to-day the first and greatest creation of the Puritans.

In the autumn of 1636, six years after the first settlement of Boston, the General Court of Massachusetts Bay Colony voted to grant four hundred pounds for the founding of a public "school or college." Two hundred pounds was to be paid the next year, and the remainder of the amount when the building was finished. This was the first occasion, it is said, on which a community through its representatives voted a sum of money to establish an institution of learning. Twelve of the principal magistrates and ministers of the colony, among them Governor Winthrop and Deputy Governor Dudley, were appointed to carry through the project.

They decided that the college should be at Newtowne — “ a place very pleasant and accommodate.” In 1638, the year of the opening of the college, the name of this place was changed to Cambridge, many of the leading men of the colony being graduates of the old English university. Thus, before the college itself had received a name, it had given one to the town.

In 1637, John Harvard, a young non-conformist minister who had graduated two years earlier at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, came over and settled in Charlestown. His life there was short; he died of consumption the next year. Apparently the plans for the college had awakened his interest and enthusiasm, for he left it half his estate — 779 pounds, seventeen shillings and twopence — and also his library of 320 volumes. We may justly estimate the importance of this bequest if we consider that eight hundred pounds in those days would be equivalent in value to about thirty thousand dollars now.

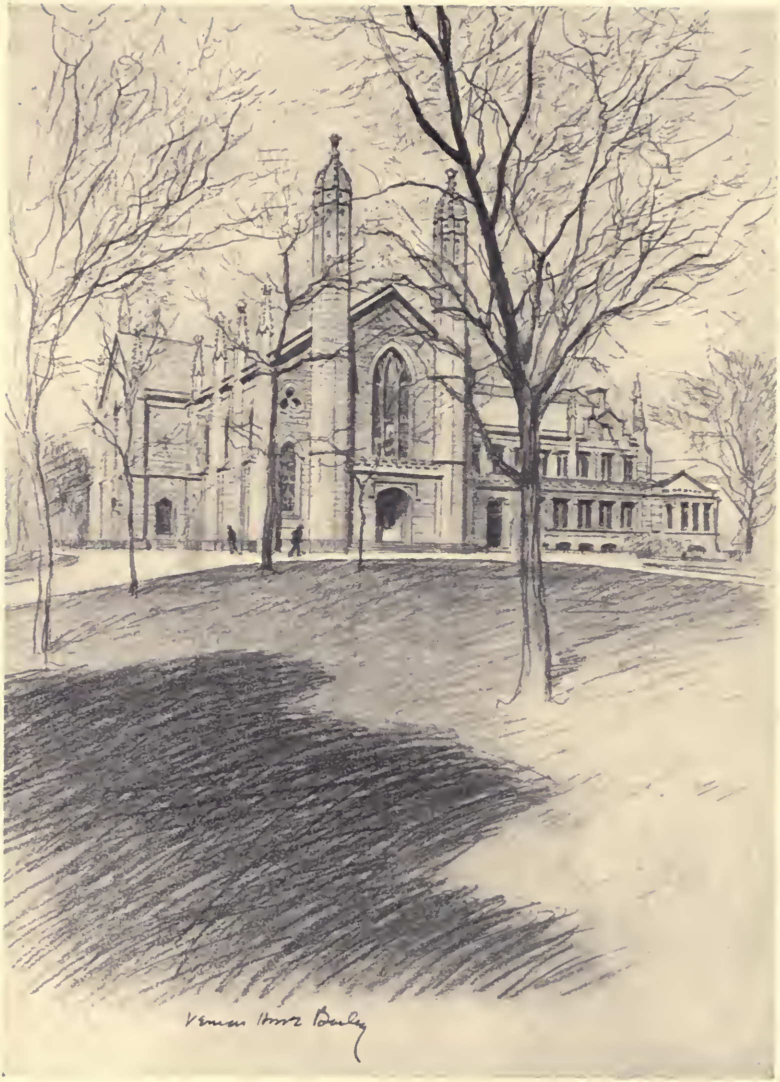
John Harvard’s unexpected and munificent bequest stimulated others to give freely. A list of some of the contributions is rather touching; it includes such items as a number of sheep, a quantity of cotton cloth worth nine shillings, a pewter flagon worth ten shillings, a fruit dish, a sugar spoon, a "silver-tipt" jug, one "great salt," and one small "trencher-salt."

It was John Harvard's bequest that made the establishment of the college secure, and it was a just appreciation of this fact that led the founders to perpetuate his name. In March, 1639, it was voted that the college should henceforth be known as Harvard College.

Although the exact site of the original college building is more or less uncertain, it was probably somewhere within the limits of the present Grays Hall. The building was primitive and poorly constructed. On the first floor were the hall, which was used for religious and literary exercises and for "commons," and the kitchen and buttery. The upper floors were given over to chambers; each chamber had partitioned off in it two or three studies about six feet square. Some of the chambers were calked and daubed with clay, others were ceiled with cedar, others were lathed, plastered, and whitened. The building was clapboarded and shingled, but was far from weatherproof; the windows were more successful in admitting air than light, for only a portion of each sash was glazed, oiled paper being used in the rest. In cold weather the small studies in the chambers were frigid, and the students all resorted with their books to the hall, where a fire was maintained " at the expense of those who used it " — which probably means that those who did not contribute were not allowed to have places near it. In this room on cold nights the boys did their studying by the light of " the public candle."

The pursuit of learning under such conditions was severe enough; it was rendered almost intolerable by the character of the first master or professor. With all the munificence, devotion, and public spirit that attended the founding of Harvard College, its opening was not auspicious. The Rev. Nathaniel Eaton, appointed in 1637 the executive head, was utterly unfit for the post — although the General Court had such a high opinion of his capacities that they granted him five hundred acres of land on the condition of his remaining permanently with the college. He was both dishonest and violent; with the assistance of his wife, who acted as housekeeper and stewardess of the college, he cheated the students, and with his own hands he ill-used them. Moreover, he did not confine his cruel practises to undergraduates alone. He quarreled with his usher, Nathaniel Briscoe, got two men to hold him, and then beat him over the head and shoulders with a club. Briscoe, thinking that he was to be murdered, began to pray, whereupon Eaton gave him some extra blows for taking the name of God in vain. The General Court, which had hitherto thought so highly of the master, dismissed him from office, fined him sixty-six pounds, and ordered him to pay Briscoe thirty pounds. An examination into the complaints made by the students followed; Eaton's wife made an abject and curious confession, admitting, among other things, that she had let the negro servitor sleep in John Wilson's bed. For this and other offenses she was severely censured; and then she and her husband, having been excommunicated by the church, took their departure from the colony. They went to Virginia and then to England, where Eaton showed no improvement in either character or temper. After the restoration of Charles II, he conformed to the Church of England, obtained a living, and proceeded to persecute his former brethren with zeal and vindictiveness. In spite of his time-serving propensity he did not prosper; he was finally committed to prison for debt, and there ended his days.

This lamentable conduct on the part of the first executive did not discourage faith in the new insti-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Gore Hall

tution. People continued to make gifts to it, and in 1640 the General Court granted the college the revenue of the ferry between Charlestown and Boston, amounting to about sixty pounds a year. The first printing-press north of Mexico, and for many years the only one in British America, was set up at the college; the first work from the American press was the "Freeman's Oath," issued in 1639.

No one was appointed to succeed Eaton until August 27, 1640, when the Rev. Henry Dunster, who had recently arrived from England, was elected president under that title. He had come over from Lancashire at the age of thirty-six with his wife and children to escape persecution for non-conformity. There is much that is wistful and appealing in the life of the young, light-haired first president. Ardent and enthusiastic, an idealist who knew no compromises, generous of nature, tolerant of others but inflexible towards himself, Henry Dunster was the truest type of man to govern the destinies of a college. He impoverished himself and wore himself out in the service of Harvard. Poor man though he was, he gave the college a hundred acres of land and contributed the greater part of the funds for building a house for the president; he secured liberal donations, besought the General Court for appropriations for improvements, and was himself teacher, preacher, and administrator. His salary was small and variable. In a letter to Governor Winthrop in 1643 he referred with resignation to " abatements that I have suffered, from 60 pounds to 50 pounds, from 50 pounds to 45 pounds, and from 45 pounds to 30 pounds, which is now my rent from the ferry. I was and am willing, considering the poverty of the country, to descend to the lowest step, if there can be nothing comfortably allowed." Although his own living was so precarious, Dunster was quite successful in collecting money for the college; during his term as president, the donations amounted to at least one thousand pounds, besides annuities and grants of land.

Unfortunately doubts as to the validity of infant baptism overtook him and so preyed upon his mind that at last he felt compelled to give them utterance; in the opinion of the influential persons of the community, this heresy terminated his usefulness. Cotton Mather wrote with sanctimonious regret that " he fell into the briers of Antipædobaptism." Another devout person declared that " scruples and suggestions had been injected into him by Mr. Dunster's discourses," that he no longer dared trust himself within reach of their " venom and poison," and that it was " not hard to discern that they came from the Evil One."

So in October, 1654, after fourteen years of unselfish and devoted service, Dunster was compelled to resign from the college. In November he submitted to the General Court " Considerations " which might induce them to let him remain a little longer in the president's house; they have a curious simplicity and pathos.

" 1. The time of the year is unseasonable, being now very near the shortest day and the depth of winter.

" 2. The place unto which I go is unknown to me and my family, and the ways and means of subsistence to one of my talents and parts, or for the containing or conserving of my goods, or disposing of my cattle, accustomed to my place of residence.

" 3. The place from which I go hath fire, fuel, and all provisions for man and beast laid in for the winter. To remove some things will be to destroy them; to remove others, as books and household goods, to damage them greatly. The house I have builded, upon very damageful conditions to myself, out of love for the college. . . .

" 4. The persons, all besides myself, are women and children. . . . My wife is sick, and my youngest child entirely so, and hath been for months, so that we dare not carry him out of doors."

The General Court was sufficiently touched to let him remain until March — not a much more seasonable time for moving in those days. The reader of this homeless and penniless man's appeal may reflect somewhat ironically upon the luxurious dormitory at Harvard which bears Dunster's name.

The deposed president went to Scituate and became minister of the church there; his financial condition was still so straitened that the Corporation of Harvard College, which had recognized the value of his services even while finding it necessary to ask for his resignation, appealed to the General Court to settle one hundred pounds on him to compensate him for losses that he had sustained. The General Court, however, neither felt under any obligation to do this nor was disposed to be generous. Four years after leaving Cambridge, Dunster died in poverty.

There were nine members of the first class that graduated from Harvard College — the class of 1642. Most of them became ministers. Benjamin Woodbridge, the first scholar of the class, returned to England and might have been Canon of Windsor if he had been willing to conform to the Church of

England, but he would not. John Bulkley, son of the first minister at Concord, also went to England. He, too, became a minister, but was ejected from his parish in 1662. He then took up the practise of medicine in London — with considerable success. William Hubbard became minister at Ipswich, John Wilson at Medfield, and Nathaniel Brewster on Long Island. Samuel Bellingham and Henry Saltonstall took degrees in medicine in Europe. Of Tobias Barnard nothing is recorded.

By far the most interesting and picturesque member of the class was George Downing — though he was not a man of whom the college can be proud. The ministry had no attractions for him; he entered the English Army and was scout-master general in Scotland. Afterwards he was in high favor with Cromwell, but with the Restoration he became a turncoat, had the merit of betraying several of the regicides, and was knighted in consequence. For this he was made a byword in New England; any man who betrayed his trust was spoken of as "an arrant George Downing." Samuel Pepys in his diary, March 12, 1662, wrote:

"This morning we have news that Sir G. Downing — like a perfidious rogue, though the action is good and of service to the King, yet he cannot with a good conscience do it, — hath taken Okey, Corbet, and Barkstead at Delft in Holland, and sent them home in the *Blackmore*." Five days later, mentioning the arrival of the prisoners, Pepys has this passage: "The captain tells me, the Dutch were a good while before they could be persuaded to let them go, they being taken prisoners in their land. But Sir G. Downing would not be answered so, though all the world takes notice of him for a most ungrateful villain for his pains."

Pepys, however, had always a warm feeling for success; and it was characteristic of him that in five years he should be writing:

"The new commissioners of the treasury have chosen Sir G. Downing for their secretary; and I think in my conscience they have done a great thing in it; for he is active and a man of business, and values himself upon having things do well under his hand; so that I am mightily pleased in their choice."

And again: "Met with Sir G. Downing, and walked with him an hour, talking of business and how the late war was managed, there being nobody to take care of it, and he telling, when he was in Holland, what he offered the King to do if he might have power, and then, upon the least word, perhaps of a woman, to the King, he was contradicted again, and particularly to the loss of all that we lost in Guinea. He told me that he had so good spies that he hath had the keys taken out of De Witt's pocket when he was abed, and his closet opened and papers brought to him and left in his hands for an hour, and carried back and laid in the place again, and the keys put into his pocket again. He says he hath always had their most private debates, that have been but between two or three of the chief of them, brought to him in an hour after, and an hour after that hath sent word thereof to the King."

Whether or not Harvard derived any benefit in England through the influential offices of this rascally earliest graduate does not appear. It is at least to be remembered to his credit that forty years after his graduation he contributed a substantial sum of money to the building of the old Harvard Hall; he must have had some feeling of affection for his needy young Alma Mater.

CHAPTER III

HARVARD IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

SEVEN years after its founding, Harvard College adopted the seal and coat of arms which it now bears — three books spread open upon a shield and displaying the word Veritas. In 1650 the college became by act of the General Court a corporation, consisting of a president, five fellows, and a treasurer; in them all the property of the institution was to be vested, and by them, under the supervision of the overseers, its affairs were to be directed. This charter of 1650 is still the basis of the legal existence and organization of the university.

The requirements for admission at this time seem at first glance to have been severely classical. " When any scholar is able to understand Tully or such like classical Latine author extempore, and make and speake true Latine in verse and prose, *suo ut aiunt Marte*, and decline perfectly the paradigms of nounes and verbes in the Greek tongue; Let him then, and not before, be capable of admis-

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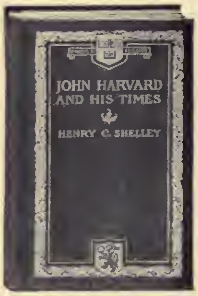

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sion into the College." But although these requirements in Latin sound in one way rather formidable, and although the students were expected to recite at all times in Latin, the college course was in most respects very elementary. Its primary aim was to prepare students for the ministry. Besides Latin and Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac were the prescribed languages; logic, ethics, arithmetic, geometry, physics, metaphysics, politics, and divinity were also prescribed. The young man who went forth with more than a smattering in all these subjects was no doubt exceptional. Examinations were held frequently, especially before Commencement. The Commencement exercises, which from the very beginning were attended by the governor and all the chief men of the colony, consisted of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew orations, and of disputations upon theses. In spite of being dedicated to such forbidding displays of scholarship, Commencement came to be often a time of disorder and at various periods was made a subject of special legislation.

Besides the frequent examinations, just before Commencement, there were held once a month public declamations in Latin and Greek, and logical and philosophical disputations. For three weeks in June students who had been in the college two years or more were subjected to a daily, four-hour, oral examination. During this period, visitors were made welcome in the classes and given the privilege of questioning the students. The learned bores of the colony greatly enjoyed this opportunity of publicly harrying the undergraduates.

In the early days of the college there were no professors; the president was assisted in imparting instruction by two or three graduate students, "bachelors in residence." A bachelor in residence was called a Sir. Thus, in 1643 Sir Bulkley and Sir Downing were appointed "for the present help of the President," and received a salary of four pounds a year. Bulkley in 1645 went to England and gave the college an acre of land covering the site of Gore Hall. Samuel Mather, of the class of 1643, became a Sir and acquired great popularity. "Such was the love of all the scholars to him that not only when he read his last Philosophy Lecture in the College Hall they heard him in tears, because of its being his last, but also when he went away from the College, they put on the tokens of mourning in their very garments for it." Mitchell, of the class of 1647, remained a tutor in the college for several years. In 1650 he married a young widow and ordered from the college commons "a supper on his wedding night." It was he who perceived that President Dunster's ideas "were from the Evil One."

Throughout the college year, tasks or duties were assigned for practically every hour of the day, and the rules regulating conduct were strict. The college laws of 1650 forbade the students to use tobacco "unless permitted by the president with the consent of parents or guardians, and a good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner." They also prohibited the joining of any military band "unless of known gravity, and of approved, sober, and virtuous conversation."

There were, however, occasional quite shocking outbreaks on the part of individual students. James Ward, of the class of 1645, son of a clergyman, and Joseph Weld, son of another clergyman, burglarized two houses. "Being found out," writes Governor Winthrop, "they were ordered by the governors of the College to be there whipped, which was performed by the president himself — yet they were about 20 years of age. . . . We had yet no particular punishment for burglary."

The Rev. Charles Chauncy, an elderly clergyman of Scituate, succeeded President Dunster. He had nothing of the martyr spirit of his predecessor; he was quite willing to refrain from pressing unwelcome views upon people. So far from sharing Dunster's inconvenient ideas about infant baptism, he went too enthusiastically to the other extreme to please the community; "it was his judgment not only to admit infants to baptism, but to wash or dip them all over." It was represented to him that if he continued to disseminate that doctrine, he could not be made president of Harvard; whereupon he cheerfully agreed to desist from such an unwise contention.

His weakness was of conviction perhaps rather than of character; at any rate he seems to have been an excellent president. His administration was beset with difficulties, and he struggled with them manfully and on the whole efficiently. The financial condition of the college was precarious; the General Court, to which Chauncy appealed time and again, was not disposed to make any liberal grants towards its relief. As had been the case with Dunster, Chauncy's salary was paid chiefly in transfers of taxes; he had to collect the taxes himself, and then, as they were usually paid in Indian corn or other produce, he had to convert them into cash, usually losing a considerable part of their value in the transaction.

The conversion and education of the Indians was much on the minds of the pious settlers. The press of Harvard College was kept busy turning out tracts for their enlightenment. A Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among them, which had its headquarters in England, was prevailed upon to contribute a sum of money for a college building to be known as the Indian College. This building was finished in 1665, but the aborigines made very little use of it. A few Indians were admitted to Harvard, but only one ever graduated, and he shortly afterwards died of consumption. The Indian College was soon required for other purposes than those for which it was built.

Both it and the original building — the first Harvard Hall — were poorly constructed; before the end of Chauncy's term they had become almost unfit for occupation. Partly because of this, partly because of the apathy of the General Court towards the welfare of the college, the number of students declined, the total funds of the institution amounted to only a thousand pounds, and its future was dark. The venerable president did not lose heart; he went about trying to awaken interest and enthusiasm.

His efforts were successful; and soon the different towns were contributing funds to stay the decline. The town of Portsmouth was the first to come forward; it pledged sixty pounds a year for seven years. Other places and people emulated this public spirit, and eventually the subscriptions which came in were sufficient for the building of a new Harvard Hall. But this was not finished until 1682 — ten years after Chauncy's death.

President Chauncy set his students a good example of industry; he rose every morning at four o'clock and was busily occupied every day until his death, at the age of eighty-two.

" The fellows of the College once leading this venerable old man to preach a sermon on a winter day, they, out of affection to him, to discourage him from so difficult an undertaking, told him, ' Sir, you'll certainly die in the pulpit;' but he, laying hold on what they said as if they had offered him the greatest encouragement in the world, pressed the more vigorously through the snowdrift, and said, ' How glad should I be if what you say might prove true! ' "

It is pleasant to find that the old gentleman retained to the end certain youthful prejudices as well as pious enthusiasms; he frequently inveighed from the pulpit against the enormity of long hair.

Upon Chauncy's death in 1672, the Rev. Leonard Hoar, a graduate of the class of 1650, was chosen president. Although his administration was brief and unsuccessful, he deserved a better fate; his writings show him to have been far more broad-minded than most of his contemporaries and in many ways ahead of his time. He wanted "a large, well-sheltered garden and orchard, for students addicted to planting; an ergasterium for mechanic fancies; and a laboratory chemical for those philosophers that by their senses would culture their understandings. . . . For readings or notions only are but husky provender." He was endowed with the rarest of all qualities among the members of his race and generation — a kindly humor. Thus, after giving a scapegrace nephew who was a freshman some excellent advice, he ended his letter as follows:

"Touching the other items about your studies, either mind them or mend them and follow better, so we shall be friends and rejoice in each other; but if you will neither, then, though I am no prophet, yet I will foretell you the certain issue of all, viz., that in a very few years be over, with inconceivable indignation you will call yourself fool and caitiff, and then, when it is to no purpose, me, what I now subscribe myself, your faithful friend and loving uncle."

One of such a temper must have found very distasteful some of the duties that his position imposed upon him. Samuel Sewall's Diary gives an interesting glimpse of college discipline.

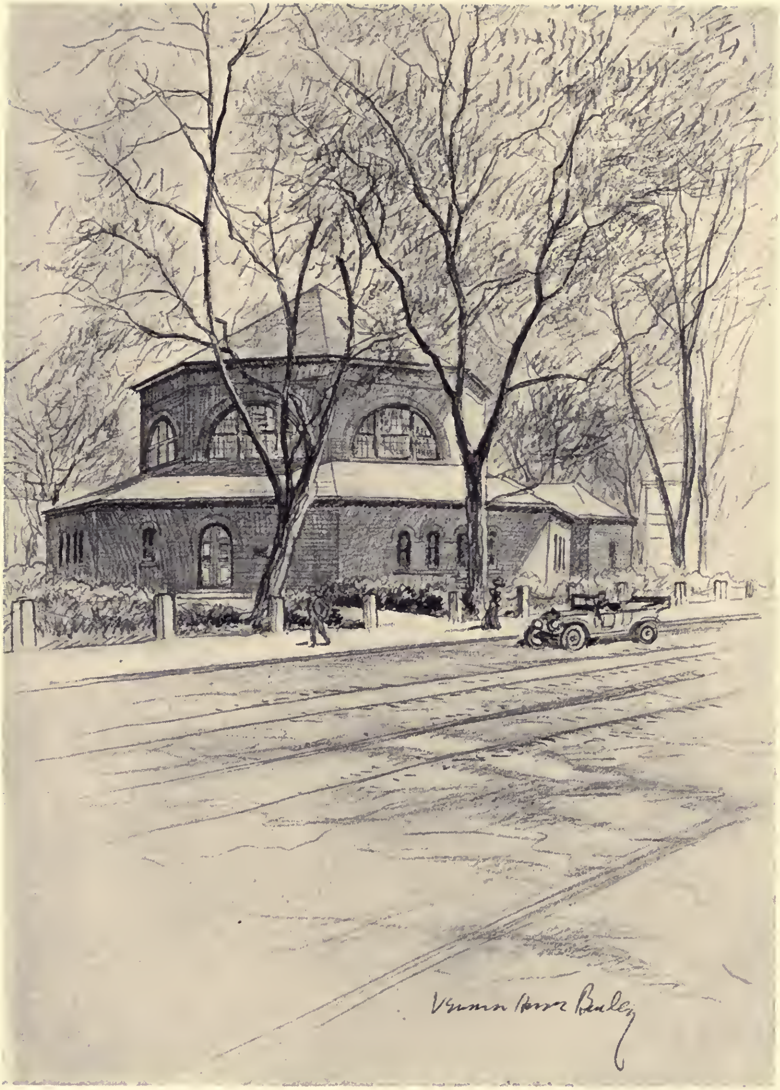
"June 15, 1674, Thomas Sargeant was examined by the Corporation finally. The advice of Mr. Danforth, Mr. Stoughton, Mr. Thacher, Mr. Mather was taken. This was his sentence:

"That being convicted of speaking blasphemous words concerning the H. G." — certainly no irreverence was intended in the abbreviation! — "he should be therefore publicly whipped before all the scholars.

"That he should be suspended as to taking his degree of Bachelor.

"Sit alone by himself in the Hall, uncovered at meals, during the pleasure of the President and Fellows, and be in all things obedient, doing what exercise was appointed him by the President, or else be finally expelled from the college.

"The first was presently put in execution in the Library before the scholars. He kneeled down, and the instrument, Goodman Hely, attended the President's word as to the performance of his part in the work. Prayer was had before and after by the President. July 1, 1674."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Corporal punishment was not uncommon in those days, and remained in force as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, though it was not often inflicted after 1700. Whether President Hoar resorted to it too readily or whether he gave the students other grounds of resentment, he became most unpopular — so unpopular that after a couple of years the undergraduates left the college in a body. There is some reason to suspect that the Rev. Urian Oakes, who was a member of the Corporation and had himself wanted to be president, had a hand in fomenting the trouble. If this was the fact, his machinations were only too successful; Hoar resigned in 1675, broken in health and spirit, and did not long survive the disgrace.

Oakes then received the appointment that he coveted, but his enjoyment of authority was also brief, and his administration was colorless.

John Rogers, who bore a great reputation for piety, succeeded him, but only for a year. Of his incumbency the credulous Cotton Mather relates the following anecdote:

" It was his custom to be somewhat long in his daily prayers with the scholars in the College Hall. But one day, without being able to give reason of it, he was not so long, it may be by half, as he used to be. Heaven knew the reason. The scholars, returning to their chambers, found one of them on fire; and the fire had proceeded so far that if the devotion had held three minutes longer, the College had been irrecoverably laid in ashes, which now was happily preserved."

In 1685 the Rev. Increase Mather became president, and Harvard College was thrust prominently into politics. Mather was a many-sided person, of zeal and ability, a leader in the affairs of the colony, as well as a theologian. He was, however, self-seeking, had a sharp eye always to his own advantage and advancement, and stubbornly resisted any encroachment on what he chose to regard as his prerogatives. He had also some of the superstitious, puling quality that was one of the numerous contemptible traits of his son Cotton. With all his defects, he did on the whole render Harvard College and Massachusetts a considerable service. When Charles II had called on Massachusetts to surrender its charter, Mather had been stanch and outspoken in opposition. The charter was not surrendered, but it was annulled; first Dudley and then Andros governed the colony so tyrannically that at last Mather was sent to England to lay the grievances of the people before the king. He spent four years in England — with so much personal satisfaction and enjoyment that he was forever after laying plans to get back there — and finally he obtained a new charter for the colony from King William. This charter was in most essentials the negation of all that Mather had been sent to obtain; it practically abolished the power of the theocracy which had hitherto ruled Massachusetts. But Mather was diplomat enough to see that it was the best that could be had, and to introduce all the compensations possible. He secured the appointment of Sir William Phips as first governor, confident of his influence over him. In fact, when Mather returned in 1692 with the new governor and the new charter, it was not as one who had been worsted at every point, but as one who had triumphed over obstacles and was sure of a welcome.

The new charter made freehold and property instead of church membership the qualification for electing and being elected to office. The establishment of a religious faith was no longer to be the end and aim of civil government. The clergy were shorn of their temporal power. They were not disposed to be placated by Mather's representations that their loss was merely nominal.

He remained a man of influence in the community, but no doubt the coolness of those who had been his warm friends and admirers was one of the causes of his consuming desire to return to England. His duties as president of Harvard did not afford him complete satisfaction. The laws of the college required the president to expound chapters from the Old and New Testaments to the students twice a day. To Mather, who chose to live in Boston, where he could be in the midst of political activity and theological controversy, and who steadfastly refused to heed the recommendations of the General Court and take up his residence at the college, this duty was extremely irksome — so irksome that he quite consistently neglected it. Aside from the inconvenience of fulfilling it, it seemed to him a degradation of his talents and scholarship. In a letter to William Stoughton, who succeeded Phips as governor, he refers contemptuously to the undergraduates as " forty or fifty children, few of them capable of edification by such exercises."

With the granting of a new charter to the colony, a new charter for Harvard College seemed to be required. That granted by the General Court in 1692 was disallowed by the king, for the reason that it did not provide for the right of visitation by the Crown or the Crown's representatives. Mather immediately cherished hopes of being sent to England to adjust the difficulty about the college charter. He made public from time to time the fact that he was receiving intimations and assurances from on high of a great work that he had to do in England. His diary teems with such passages as the following:

"Sept. 3, 1693. . . . Also saying to the Lord that some workings of his Providence seemed to intimate that I must be returned to England again and saying, 'Lord, if it will be more to your glory that I should go to England than for me to continue here in this land, then let me go; otherwise not,' I was inexpressibly melted, and that for a considerable time, and a stirring suggestion, that to England I must go. In this there was something extraordinary, either divine or angelical."

"Oct. 29th. I was much melted with the apprehension of returning to England again; strongly persuaded it would be so; and that God was about to do some great thing there, so that I should have a great opportunity again to do service to his name."

"Dec. 30th. Meltings before the Lord this day when praying, desiring being returned to England again."

"April 19th, 1694. My heart was marvellously melted with the persuasion that I should glorify Christ in England."

With all these meltings and with all Mather's active scheming to bring about such a divine end, he did not convince the General Court of the necessity for the mission. Cotton Mather, most officious of busybodies, seconded his father's efforts, but to no purpose. In 1697 the General Court granted another charter, which was no more acceptable to President Mather than the one of 1692 had been to the king. More than ever did it seem to him desirable that he should be sent to England to obtain a royal charter for the college. If he could accomplish that, he could remain in England the rest of his life, and his son Cotton could no doubt succeed him in the presidency.

The General Court grew weary of his importunity. April 16th, 1700, Cotton Mather wrote in his diary:

" I am going to relate one of the most astonishing things that ever befell in all the time of my pilgrimage.

" A particular faith had been unaccountably produced in my father's heart, and in my own, that God will carry him unto England, and there give him a short but great opportunity to glorify the Lord Jesus Christ before his entrance into the heavenly Kingdom. There appears no probability of my father's going thither but in an agency to obtain a charter for the College. This matter having been for several years upon the point of being carried in the General Assembly, hath strangely miscarried when it hath come to the birth. It is now again before the Assembly, in circumstances wherein if it succeed not, it is never like to be revived and resumed any more. . . . Now all on a sudden I felt an inexpressible force to fall on my mind, an *afflatus*, which cannot be described in words; *none knows it but he that has it*. . . . It was told me that the Lord Jesus Christ loved my father and loved me, and that he took delight in us, as in two of his faithful servants, and that he had not permitted us to be deceived in our *particular faith*, but that my father should be carried into England, and there glorify the Lord Jesus Christ before his passing into glory.

"And now what shall I say! When the affair of my father's agency after this came to a turning point in the Court, it strangely miscarried! All came to nothing! Some of the Tories had so wrought upon the Governor that, though he had first moved this matter and had given us both directions and promises about it, yet he now (not without base unhandsomeness) deferred it. The Lieutenant Governor, who had formerly been for it, now (not without great ebullition of unaccountable prejudice and ingratitude) appeared, with all the little tricks imaginable, to confound it. It had for all this been carried, had not some of the Council been inconveniently called off and absent. But now the whole affair of the College was left unto the management of the Earl of Bellamont, so that all expectation of a voyage for my father unto England, on any such occasion, is utterly at an end.

" What shall I make of this wonderful matter? Wait! Wait! "

But waiting did not give the pious son any fresh inspiration. He never saw anything but " base unhandsomeness," " unaccountable prejudice," and " ingratitude " in the motives of those who denied his father the coveted trip to England. And although he was himself a member of the Corporation of Harvard College, from this time on his affection for the institution was at best intermittent and fluctuated with his prospects of being chosen president.

The college was prospering; one event that made Increase Mather's administration notable was the gift by William Stoughton, lieutenant-governor and chief justice, of a brick building, which stood for about eighty years. This was the first Stoughton Hall. Stoughton, the "hanging judge" of the witchcraft trials, must always remain a dark and sinister figure. Few episodes in New England annals are more dramatic than that when Samuel Sewall rose and stood in his pew in the Old South Meeting-house while his confession of sorrow for the part he had taken in those monstrous and insane cruelties was read from the pulpit. But Stoughton, who with Cotton Mather had been the most relentless persecutor, sat grim and silent. He had nothing to confess, for he regretted nothing. But he was all through his life a good friend of Harvard College.

CHAPTER IV

LEVERETT AND WADSWORTH

IN 1701, since Increase Mather obstinately refused to take up his residence at the college and perform the duties of president in accordance with the General Court's conception of them, the legislature lost patience and requested his resignation. He gave it, not unwillingly; he saw now that the mission to England would never come to pass, he found administrative labors uncongenial, and he had hopes that his son would be appointed to succeed him. But the Mathers, though eminent, were not too popular; to the Calvinistic party, which had hitherto been in power, a strong opposition was developing; and the General Court, unwilling to make Cotton Mather president and yet not quite ready to assume his enmity, temporized. Instead of appointing a president, the General Court asked the Rev. Samuel Willard, one of the Corporation, to take charge as vice-president. He served under this title for six years, during which period Cotton Mather exhibited considerable restlessness.

The revolt against Calvinistic authority acquired greater strength, and in 1707 John Leverett, a layman, was chosen president of Harvard College. He had been a tutor in the college, and his liberal views were extremely obnoxious to the Mathers. Both Cotton Mather and his father assailed Governor Dudley violently for putting Leverett forward; Dudley bore their abuse with creditable dignity and good temper. In the bitterness of his resentment, Cotton Mather, though remaining a member of the Corporation, tried in various petty ways to thwart the plans for the college and to divert donations intended for Harvard to Yale College, which had recently been founded. In Yale he saw an institution that promised more rigid adherence to orthodox Calvinism; he expressed a devout dread lest " the dear infant should be strangled in the birth."

Leverett was an excellent president — able, active, and broad-minded. Under his administration the college became a place where a liberal education might be secured. Hitherto, it had been primarily a divinity school; more than half its graduates were clergymen; its teachings were deeply tinged with the dark theology of the time. Now the number of tutors was increased and the importance of studies other than those bearing directly upon a theological education was recognized. In consequence, the number of students was so augmented that notwithstanding the building of the first Stoughton Hall less than twenty years before, a new building was required. The General Court appropriated thirty-five hundred pounds to provide this, and "a fair and goodly house of brick" was built in 1720 and called Massachusetts Hall. It still stands, the earliest of the present college buildings.

During Leverett's administration, the first catalogue of books in the library was printed; it showed thirty-five hundred volumes — two-thirds of them theological works, most of the others in Latin. Bacon, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton were on the list; but Dryden, Addison, Pope, Swift, and many others now regarded as classics did not have a place. It is to be said that the productions of these authors were at that time so recent as not fairly to have established their title to permanence.

An entry in Leverett's Diary gives a glimpse of the college discipline: "A. was publickly admonish'd in the College Hall, and there confessed his Sinful Excess and his enormous profanation of the Holy Name of Almighty God. And he demeaned himself so that the Presid^{t} and Fellows conceived great hopes that he will not be lost."

The prayers at which these public confessions and admonitions were made were held at six o'clock in the morning. After prayers there were recitations until breakfast, which was at half-past seven.

Leverett, for all his tact and wisdom, did not have an untroubled administration. Governor Dudley, who had been one of the advocates of his election, wished to have his son Paul made treasurer of the college. His wish was not gratified, and the disappointment rankled in both father and son; for some time afterwards the two Dudleys were mischief-makers. They even encouraged one Pierpont, who had failed to get his decree, to prosecute the tutor who had flunked him and to appeal from the decision of the Corporation to the courts of common law. The courts sustained the college and dismissed the appeal.

At this period the disorders at Commencement became so riotous that an act was passed "for reforming the extravagancys of Commencement." It provided "that henceforth no preparation nor provision of either Plumb Cake, or Roasted, Boyled, or Baked Meates or Pyes of any kind shall be made by any Commencer," and that none should have "any distilled Lyquours in his Chamber or any composition therewith," under penalty of a fine of twenty shillings and the forfeiture of the "prohibited Provisions." Acts were also passed "for preventing the Excesses, Immoralities, and Disorders of the Commencements." The Overseers recommended to the Corporation an act "to restrain unsuitable and unseasonable dancing in the College" and to prevent "the great disturbances occasioned by tumultuous and indecent noyses."

These legislative attempts seem to have effected a very temporary improvement. At any rate some twenty years later three troubled fathers who had sons about to graduate offered to give the college one thousand pounds "if a trial was made of Commencements this year in a more private manner." The Corporation wished to accept this offer, but the Overseers — whose character must have changed since the time when they urged more drastic legislation — declined it.

In Leverett's last years there was discord between the House of Representatives and the Corporation, which to some extent represented the aristocratic, royal government. The House made a vain attempt to alter the make-up of the Corporation. Leverett found himself in the uncomfortable position of having to oppose first one group of supporters, and then another. He and his family were dependent chiefly on grants from the General Court; these amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds annually. The cost of living had increased, and inflation had depreciated the currency. Under such stress of circumstances, it might have been politic for Leverett to make concessions to the General Court and to uphold them in their differences with the Corporation. He was never governed by motives of self-interest, however; in 1724 he died bankrupt, and his children had to sell the mansion house of Governor Leverett, which had descended to them from their great-grandfather.

Excellent president though Leverett was, the chief laudations of the historian of this period are not lavished upon him. Benjamin Peirce, the recorder of these early days, indulged his enthusiasm in the following marveling words: "The College had already begun to engage the attention of one of the most extraordinary families that Providence ever raised up for the benefit of the human race. It is scarcely necessary to say that I allude to the family of Hollis."

The benefactions of this family began in 1719 with an invoice of twelve casks of nails and one of cutlery from Thomas Hollis, a London merchant. For the next nine years he made frequent and liberal gifts, sometimes of money, sometimes of books or other articles; in all he gave the college about two thousand pounds. He founded ten scholarships and begged the Corporation to beware of recommending for them " rakes or dunces."

Thomas Hollis was about sixty years old when he first began to make gifts to Harvard College. He had formed a friendship by correspondence with Benjamin Colman, a tutor in the college and member of the Corporation, and in consequence of it " the main course of his bounty was directed towards New England, and particularly to Harvard College."

There were reasons why he should not have felt favorably disposed towards Harvard. He was a Baptist — a member of a sect that was abhorred by some of the college authorities and disliked by most of them. Hollis was well aware of the unfriendly attitude that prevailed in New England towards members of his denomination, and gave the college much wise advice as well as books and money. In making a gift to the library he wrote: " If there happen to be some books not quite orthodox, in search after truth with an honest design, don't be afraid of them. . . . ' Thus saith Aristotle,' ' Thus saith Calvin,' will not now pass for proof in our London disputations." The largest settlements of Baptists were in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. "If any from those parts," he urged, "should now or hereafter make application to your college, I beseech the College to show kindness to such, and stretch their charity a little. It is what I wish the Baptists to do, though I have no great expectation."

The New England mind of the period was, however, not capable of entertaining tolerant views or even of appreciating generosity of nature as well as of purse. When Hollis, among his other benefactions, founded a professorship of divinity, which he expressly stipulated was to be non-sectarian, the Overseers took measures of a devious nature to frustrate his design and to exclude Baptists from ever occupying the chair that he had established. He saw clearly enough the object at which they aimed and which they tried by tortuous subterfuges to conceal, and contented himself with administering a mild reproof.

Even after such treatment at the hands of his beneficiaries, Hollis continued to assist the college. He had confidence in Leverett, and in Benjamin Colman, with whom he continued to carry on an interesting and pithy correspondence. Indeed, there is no one among the early Harvard worthies who appears through what is recorded and through his own written words in a more attractive light than this elderly patron overseas. When, on the accession of George II, the Corporation felt moved to send an address to the king, brimming with pious expressions and assurances, they asked Thomas Hollis to have it presented. He wrote in reply:

"I have showed your address to sundry persons, who say your compliments to our court now are fifty if not one hundred years too ancient for our present polite style and court. . . . What have courts to do to study Old Testament phrases and prophecies?"

A request for his portrait drew a slightly satirical response. He wrote to Colman:

"I have been prevailed on at your instance to sit the first time for my picture, a present to your Hall. I doubt not that they are pleased with my monies, but I have some reason to think that some among you will not be pleased to see the shade of a Baptist hung there, unless you get a previous order to admit it, and forbidding any indecencies to it."

Eventually he sent his "shade" and wrote:

"Perhaps some among you will be pleased with the picture for the painter's performance, though others may secretly despise it because of the particular principle of the original."

A kindly, modest, generous gentleman was Thomas Hollis; he shines all the brighter by contrast with the Mathers of the time. And his son and his son's sons inherited his friendship for Harvard College and his generous disposition.

Upon Leverett's death in 1724, the Corporation chose the Rev. Joseph Sewall to succeed him. Cotton Mather, who had lived on in expectancy, was moved to a fresh outburst of wrath:

" I am informed that yesterday the Six men who call themselves the Corporation of the College met and, contrary to the epidemical expectation of the country, chose a modest young man, of whose piety (and little else) everyone gives a laudable character.

" I always foretold these two things of the Corporation: first, that if it were possible for them to steer clear of me, they will do so; secondly, that if it were possible for them to act foolishly, they will do so.

" The perpetual envy with which my essays to serve the Kingdom of God are treated among them, and the dread that Satan has of my beating up his quarters at the College led me into the former sentiment; the marvellous indiscretion with which the affairs of the College are managed led me into the latter."

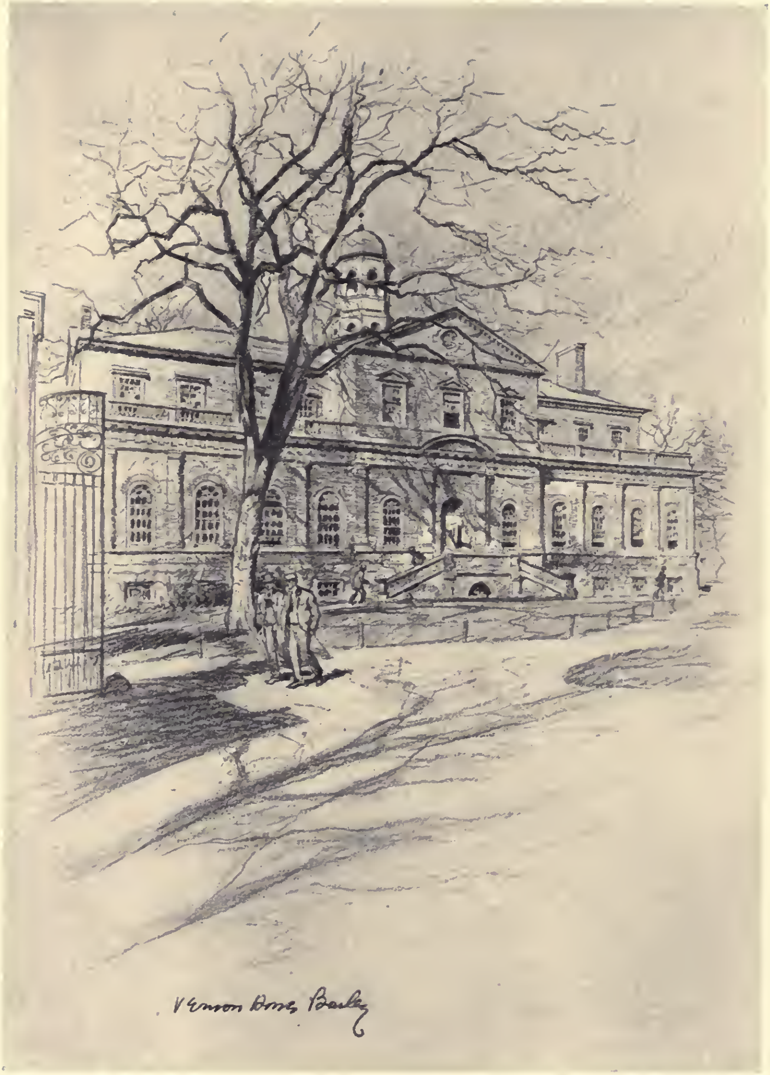
Sewall felt unable to accept so ill-paid an office, and Cotton Mather's hopes of a chance to beat up Satan's quarters in the college were roused once more. But with the election of Benjamin Colman they were finally extinguished; in a last outcry of disgust, Mather exhibited his immeasurable egotism:

"The Corporation of the miserable College do again on a fresh opportunity treat me with their accustomed indignity."

Simply because they had failed to make him president!

Colman followed Sewall's example and declared that he could not undertake the office unless a proper salary was fixed by the General Court. In the depreciated state of the currency, the president's salary of one hundred and fifty pounds a year was, as Leverett had found, too little to provide a living. But the General Court refused to have its hand forced, and Colman therefore declined the election.

Next the Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth was offered the honor, and accepted it. Thereupon the General Court, which had not been amenable to suggestion or entreaty, did bestir itself to make some better


Vernon Howe Bailey

Harvard Hall

provision for the president. It undertook to build a house for him — of which the present Wadsworth House is a survival and amplification — and it increased his salary to four hundred pounds a year. Unfortunately the continued depreciation of the currency was proportionate to this increase, so that the measures for the president's relief were not particularly effective. The house that was begun for him was not finished; Wadsworth had to move into it when it was incomplete.

The thirteen years of Wadsworth's administration were not especially noteworthy. Before this time the tutors had acted in all matters of discipline on their own personal authority; each man had dealt with each individual case as it came before him. Under Wadsworth, however, they began to administer discipline and punishment as a board, no longer individually. The change was necessitated by the growing disorders of the time. A reaction from the strict Puritanism of the earlier years was taking place, and the students were making the most of it. The Commencements were more lively than ever, and more than ever disturbing to the sober element of the community.

In 1734 the president and fellows of the Corporation issued some severe regulations in an attempt to enforce upon the undergraduates a more religious and studious life.

"All the scholars shall, at sunset in the evening preceding the Lord's Day, retire to their chambers and not unnecessarily leave them; and all disorders on said evening shall be punished as violations of the Sabbath are. . . . And whosoever shall profane said day — the Sabbath — by unnecessary business, or visiting, walking on the Common, or in the streets or fields, in the town of Cambridge, or by any sort of diversion before sunset, or that in the evening of the Lord's Day shall behave himself disorderly, or any way unbecoming the season, shall be fined not exceeding ten shillings.

"That the scholars may furnish themselves with useful learning, they shall keep in their respective chambers, and diligently follow their studies; except half an hour at breakfast; at dinner from twelve to two; and after evening prayers till nine of the clock. To that end, the Tutors shall frequently visit their chambers after nine o'clock in the evening and at other studying times, to quicken them to their business."

It does not seem as if, under such a system of vigilance and visitation, the students could fall into very dissolute ways. But a few years later, George Whitefield, an evangelist who was stirring up New England, visited Harvard College and expressed his displeasure at the dissipated habits of the young men. He declared that the conditions at Oxford were no worse — a charge so damaging that it greatly disturbed and incensed the college authorities.

CHAPTER V

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

IN 1737 the Reverend Edward Holyoke of Marblehead was elected to succeed Wadsworth and entered upon an administration of more than thirty years. During that period, stirring events were taking place in the world outside which affected the tranquillity of the college. In 1745 and 1756 the wars with France drew to the frontier many young men who would otherwise have been at their books. The provincial debt created by these wars was enormous and resulted as usual in an issue of paper money and general financial embarrassment. These causes reduced the number of students at Harvard; moreover, sectarian jealousies were instrumental in affecting temporarily the prosperity of the college. And finally, at the end of Holyoke's administration, came the preliminary rumblings of the Revolution.

One of the first matters that Holyoke had to deal with was the misconduct of Isaac Greenwood, the first Hollis professor of mathematics. Hollis, who had known Greenwood in England, was not enthusiastic over his appointment, but refrained from prejudicing the Corporation against him. Before long Greenwood's intemperate habits were subjecting him to repeated admonishment, and at last, in 1738, since all his efforts to reform proved vain, he was dismissed from the college. Shortly afterwards the same fate overtook Nathan Prince, who was not only a tutor, but also a member of the Corporation.

Possibly this behavior on the part of two members of the government was significant of a general laxness of conduct. At any rate, in 1740 a committee was appointed to inquire into the state of the college. From time to time this committee brought in certain recommendations, and pointed out certain evils, as " the costly habits of many of the scholars, their wearing gold or silver lace, or brocades, silk nightgowns, etc., as tending to discourage persons from giving their children a college education."

The practises of the seniors on the day when they met to choose their class officers drew a word of admonition which carried the wisdom of Dogberry: " It is usual for each scholar to bring a bottle of wine with him, which practice the Committee apprehend has a natural tendency to produce disorders."

At the same time, the authorities showed a disposition to modify the severity of some of the old laws. Thus, in 1759, it was voted that "it shall be no offence if any scholar shall, at Commencement, make and entertain guests at his chamber with punch." Two years later a still further concession was made: the limitation, "at Commencement," was removed, and it was announced that the scholars might "in a sober manner" entertain strangers and each other with punch, — "which, as it is now usually made, is no intoxicating liquor."

This was certainly a naive admission, and likewise worthy of Dogberry; it cannot be supposed that the undergraduates of Harvard have ever had a uniform and strictly temperance receipt for making punch.

The fines for misconduct were as follows:

	s.	d.
Absence from prayers		2
Tardiness at prayers		1
Absence from public worship		9
Tardiness at public worship		3
Ill behavior at public worship, not exceeding		9
Neglect to repeat the sermon		9

	s.	d.
Absence from professor's public lecture		4
Profanation of the Lord's Day, not exceeding	3	
Tarrying out of town without leave, not exceeding	1	3 *per diem.*
Going out of college without proper garb, not exceeding		6
Frequenting taverns, not exceeding	1	6
Profane cursing, not exceeding	2	6
Playing cards, not exceeding	5	
Selling and exchanging without leave	1	6
Lying, not exceeding	1	6
Drunkenness, not exceeding	1	6
Going upon the top of the college	1	6
Tumultuous noises	1	6
“ “ 2d offence	3	
Refusing to give evidence	3	
Rudeness at meals	1	
Keeping guns, and going skating	1	
Fighting, or hurting persons, not exceeding	1	6

Card-playing was apparently regarded as more than three times as bad as lying, profanity was nearly twice as bad as drunkenness, and fighting was only half as objectionable to the authorities as refusing to “peach” on one's friends.

In spite of the not altogether prosperous condition of the college, several buildings were added during Holyoke's administration. In 1737 Madam Holden, the widow of a London merchant, and her daughters gave four hundred pounds for the building of the chapel which bears Holden's name. It was soon devoted to other purposes than those of worship. In 1762 the Overseers presented a petition to the General Court, pointing out that nearly a hundred of the undergraduates had to take rooms in private houses, and asking for an appropriation to build a new dormitory. Massachusetts Hall could receive only sixty-four students; a building at least one-third larger than that was therefore required. In accordance with this petition, the House granted two thousand pounds out of the public treasury, and the building thus erected was named Hollis Hall.

Shortly after performing this friendly and generous act, the General Court was driven out of Boston by an epidemic of smallpox. On January 16, 1764, it was adjourned to Cambridge and went into session in the old Harvard Hall. The college library, on the second floor of the building, was occupied by the governor and the council; the hall below by the representatives. On the night of January 24 fire destroyed the building with all its contents — library, philosophical apparatus, and personal belongings. How important a calamity this was may be inferred from the account given in the *Massachusetts Gazette* for February 2, 1764.

"Cambridge, January 25, 1764.

"Last night Harvard College suffered the most ruinous loss it ever met with since its foundation. In the middle of a very tempestuous night, a severe cold storm of snow, attended with high wind, we were awakened by the alarm of fire. Harvard Hall, the only one of our ancient buildings which still remained, and the repository of our most valuable treasures, the public Library and Philosophical Apparatus, was seen in flames. As it was a time of vacation, in which the students were all dispersed, not a single person was left in any of the Colleges, except two or three in that part of Massachusetts most distant from Harvard, where the fire could not be perceived till the whole surrounding air began to be illuminated by it. When it was discovered from the town, it had risen to a degree of violence that defied all opposition. It is conjectured to have begun in a beam under the hearth in the Library, where a fire had been kept for the use of the General Court, now residing and sitting here, by reason of the smallpox at Boston; from thence it burst out into the Library. The books easily submitted to the fury of the flame, which, with a rapid and irresistible progress, made its way into the apparatus chamber, and spread through the whole building. In a very short time this venerable monument of the piety of our ancestors was turned into a heap of ruins. The other Colleges, Stoughton Hall and Massachusetts Hall, were in the utmost hazard of sharing the same fate. The wind driving the flaming cinders directly upon their roofs, they blazed out several times in different places; nor could they have been saved by all the help the town could offer, had it not been for the assistance of the gentlemen of the General Court, among whom his Excellency the Governor was very active; who, notwithstanding the extreme rigor of the season, exerted themselves in supplying the town engine with water, which they were obliged to fetch at last from a distance, two of the College pumps being then rendered useless. Even the new and beautiful Hollis Hall, though it was on the windward side, hardly escaped. It stood so near to Harvard that the flames actually seized it, and, if they had not been immediately suppressed, must have carried it.

" But by the blessing of God on the vigorous efforts of the assistants, the ruin was confined to

Harvard Hall; and there, besides the destruction of the private property of those who had chambers in it, the public loss is very great, perhaps irreparable. The Library and the apparatus, which for many years had been growing, and were now judged to be the best furnished in America are annihilated."

The library thus destroyed contained five thousand volumes. Of the three hundred and twenty that John Harvard had bequeathed, only one was saved — "The Christian Warfare Against the Devill, World, and Flesh." The intrinsic value of the books and the "philosophical apparatus" has been many times replaced, but we must even now feel a sentimental regret for the loss of practically all that identified the college with the personality of its earliest benefactor.

Prompted possibly by some sense of responsibility for the disaster, the General Court at once voted a sum of money for rebuilding. The Overseers appointed a Committee of Correspondence to obtain contributions from England as well as from the colonies for the purchase of books. Subscriptions were immediate and liberal. Thomas Hollis, a great-nephew of the first benefactor of that name, was the largest contributor.

Harvard Hall, rebuilt, was finished in 1766; it stands on the site of the burned building. The library occupied the western half of the upper story; the eastern half was divided into rooms for the philosophical department and for a museum of natural and artificial curiosities. On the lower floor, the eastern half was used for commons, the western for prayers. The total cost of the building was about sixty-nine hundred pounds.

Massachusetts Hall and Hollis Hall soon proved inadequate to house all the students. Therefore, in June, 1765, the General Court passed an act " for raising by Lottery the sum of 3200 pounds, for building another Hall for the Students of Harvard College to dwell in." This was the first attempt to secure money for the institution by a method which became for some years popular. The preamble to the act stated " that the buildings belonging to Harvard College are greatly insufficient for lodging the Students of the said College, and will become much more so when Stoughton Hall shall be pulled down, as by its present ruinous state it appears it soon must be. And whereas there is no Fund for erecting such Buildings, and considering the great Expense which the General Court has lately been at in building Hollis Hall, and also in rebuilding Harvard College, it cannot be expected that any further provision for the College should be made out of the Public Treasury; so that no other resort is left but to private Benefactions, which it is conceived will be best excited by means of a Lottery."

Shares in this attractive enterprise were readily disposed of, and in a short time the proceeds enabled the college to build another brick dormitory near Hollis Hall. By the time that it was finished, the dilapidated old Stoughton Hall was ready to be demolished, and the new building received the old building's name.

Some of the more important text-books used in the courses at this time were Virgil's Æneid, Cicero's Orations, Homer, the Greek Testament, Euclid's Geometry, Watts's Logic, and Locke's "On the Human Understanding." The committee on the state of the college made various recommendations for broadening the instruction; the most important was that the tutors, instead of teaching more than one subject or group of subjects, should henceforth specialize in one.

On account of the unsatisfactory food to be had at the commons, many of the students preferred to board at private houses. This was displeasing to the Overseers, who in 1757 suggested to the Corporation "that it would very much contribute to the health of that society," — the undergraduates, — "facilitate their studies, and prevent extravagant expense, if the scholars were restrained from dieting in private families." They recommended, as a concession and inducement, "that there should be pudding three times a week, and on those days their meat should be lessened." Not until 1765, however, did the Corporation impose these recommendations upon the college.

The students did not submit to them meekly. There were "great disorders, tending to subvert all government." That delightful historian, Benjamin Peirce, writing some time later, yet at a period when uprisings against the quality of food were frequent, makes an impassioned defence of the commons: "Their beneficial effects are extended beyond the walls of the College. To a great degree, the Commons, it is believed, regulate the price and quality of board even in private families, and thus secure in the town a general style of living at once economical and favorable to health and to study. But the very circumstance which is their chief recommendation is the occasion also of all the odium which they have to encounter; that simplicity which makes the fare cheap and wholesome and philosophical renders it also unsatisfactory to dainty palates; and the occasional appearance of some unlucky meat or other food is a signal for a general outcry against the provisions."

In 1746 " breakfast was two sizings of bread and a cue of beer," and " evening Commons were a Pye." " As to the Commons," wrote an old gentleman of the class of 1759, " there were in the morning none while I was in College " — the students had then formed the habit of breakfasting at private houses. — " At dinner we had, of rather ordinary quality, a sufficiency of meat of some kind, either baked or boiled; and at supper we had either a pint of milk and half a biscuit, or a meat pye or some other kind. We were allowed at dinner a cue of beer, which was a half-pint, and a sizing of bread, which I cannot describe to you. It was quite sufficient for one dinner." Each student carried to the dining-room his own knife and fork, and when he had dined wiped them on the table-cloth. In 1764 it was decided " that it would be much for the interest of the Scholars to be prevented breakfasting in the townspeople's houses; " and breakfast at the commons was made compulsory.

About one adjunct to the commons, Peirce has a dithyrambic passage: " The Buttery removed all just occasion for resorting to the different marts of luxury, intemperance, and ruin. This was a kind of supplement to the Commons, and offered for sale to the Students, at a moderate advance on the cost, wines, liquors, groceries, stationery, and in general such articles as it was proper and necessary for them to have occasionally."

That so meritorious an institution should have been permitted to pass out of existence the modern undergraduate must regret. The Co-operative store, though filling a useful function in undergraduate life, does not supply even "at a moderate advance on the cost" all the essentials that were furnished by the buttery, nor can it be said in any sense to compete successfully with "the different marts of luxury, intemperance, and ruin."

Besides fulfilling the useful purposes above described, the buttery was an office where records were kept of absences from the college. The students of the present day would no doubt find the introduction of a grog shop into the office of the recorder delightfully incongruous, but in the middle of the eighteenth century such a juxtaposition apparently excited no wonder. The butler, who was a college graduate and received a salary of sixty pounds a year, dispensed the potables, kept the records, rang the bell, and saw that the hall was kept clean and in good order. He was bar-keeper, stationer, recorder, bell-ringer and janitor, all in one.

The price of board at the commons was between seven and eight shillings a week. A committee appointed in 1766 to investigate the disorders found "that there has been great neglect in the Steward in the quality of the Butter provided by him for many weeks past," but that "the act of the Students in leaving the Hall in a body and showing contempt of the Tutors was altogether unwarrantable and of most dangerous tendency." The students were somewhat impressed by the committee's recommendations and censure; but in 1768 disorders again broke out. The committee reported "that a combination had been entered into by a great number of the students against the government; that in consequence great excesses had been perpetrated; that on one Saturday night brickbats were thrown into the windows of Mr. Willard the Tutor's room, endangering the lives of three of the Tutors there assembled, and that for this audacious act four Students, who were discovered to have committed it, were expelled." Later, although President Holyoke protested, the Corporation and Overseers reinstated them, because "many who have been great friends and benefactors to the Society have condescended to intercede in their behalf."

"A Description of a Number of Tyrannical Pedagogues," by a student who signed himself *Clementiae Amator*, was published in 1769. The opening invocation,

"Begin, O Muse! and let your themes be these:
Tutors forever should their pupils please,"

expresses a perennial undergraduate sentiment. The poet laments that at Harvard this is not the case:

"The tutors now instead of being free,
Humane and generous as they ought to be,
An awful distance, dictatorial, keep,
And mulcts and frowns on all their pupils heap."

Then follows the description of one:

"Before his pupils he will scowl and flout,
And with importance turn his chair about,
There strut and then display a lofty crest,
To strike a terror into every breast."

Another

"spits his venom with sarcastick wit
And grins in laughter at the object hit."

And of yet another the poet complains,

" Instead of acting with an open soul
He peeps unmanly into every hole,
And sometimes listens at his pupil's door,
Then runs back tiptoe as he came before."

Finally the lover of mercy exhorts his brethren:

" I would advise the sons of Harvard then
To let them know that they are sons of men,
Not brutes, as they would to the world display
By their ill usage and unmanly way;
Then cast contempt upon the demigods,
Their frowns, their mulcts, their favors and their
nods."

The indignant lines possibly fomented the uprising which took place when the faculty announced that excuses for absence would not be received unless offered beforehand. The students met under a tree which they called the Tree of Liberty, and declared the faculty's rule "unconstitutional." They then proceeded to smash windows and break furniture; several rioters were expelled. The senior class were so aggrieved at this that they asked the president to transfer them to Yale in order that they might get their degrees at that institution; the other classes asked to be discharged. Neither request was granted, and at last the revolutionists accepted the "unconstitutional" legislation.

Some of the rules and prohibitions of the period were as follows:

"No Freshman shall wear his hat in the College Yard, unless it rains, hails, or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both his hands full.

"No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on.

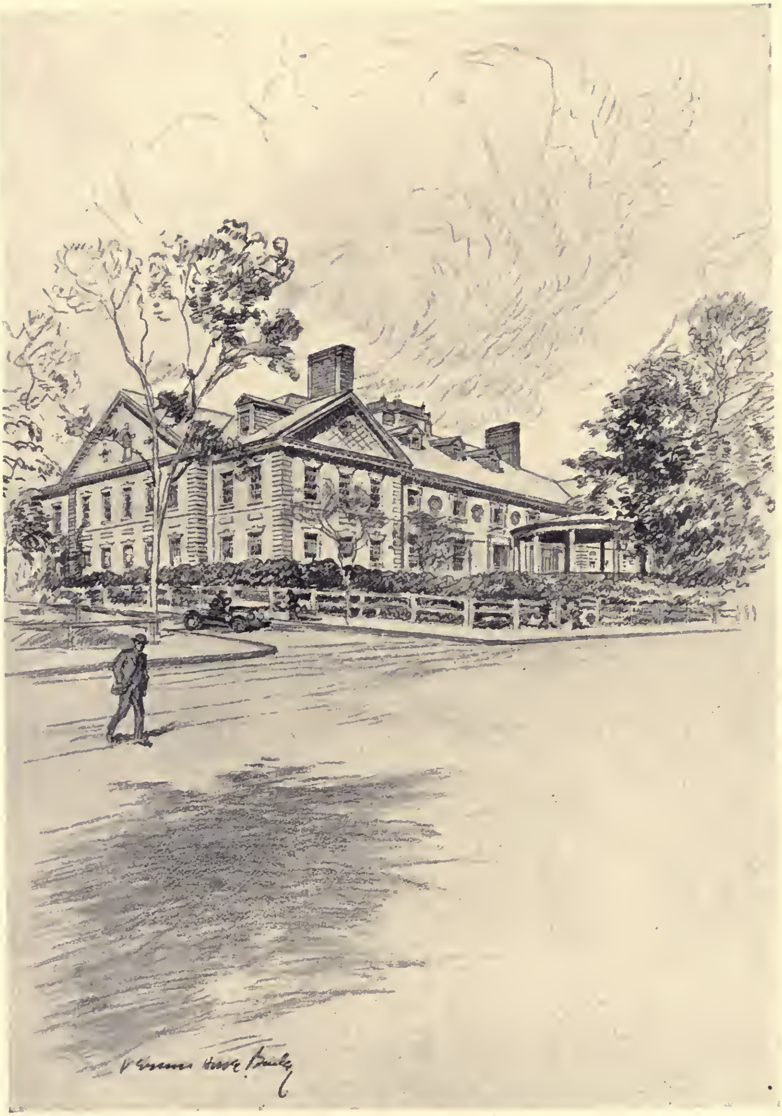
"All Freshmen . . . shall be obliged to go on errands for any of their Seniors, graduates or undergraduates, at any time, except in studying hours, or after nine o'clock in the evening.

"When any person knocks at a Freshman's door except in studying time, he shall immediately open the door without inquiring who is there.

"The Freshmen shall furnish batts, balls and footballs for the use of the students, to be kept in the Buttery.

"The Sophomores shall publish these customs to the Freshmen in the Chapel, whenever ordered by any in the Government of the College, at which time the Freshmen are required to keep their places in their seats and attend with decency to the reading."

The class of 1798 was the first freshman class to be emancipated from this condition of servitude. Joseph Story, who was then in college, was one of


Vernon Howe Bailey

The Union

the leaders in bringing about the reform. He took an unprecedented step when he invited his fag into his room and made him his friend.

Harvard was not an especially democratic institution in those days — far less so than at present. Both the college authorities and the undergraduates themselves showed a great regard for rank; students were placed in class according to the rank of their parents. "Scholars were often enraged beyond bounds for their disappointment in their place," writes a graduate of the period. "Often it was some time before a class could settle down to an acquiescence in their allotment. The highest and the lowest in the class were often ascertained more easily than the intermediate members where there was room for uncertainty whose claim was best, and where partiality no doubt was sometimes indulged. The higher part of the class had generally the most influential friends, and they commonly had the best chambers in College assigned to them. They had also a right to help themselves first at table in Commons. The freshman class was placed within six or nine months after their admission. The official notice of this was given by having their names written in a large German text, in a handsome style, and placed in a conspicuous part of the College Buttery, where the names of the four classes of undergraduates were kept suspended until they left College. If a scholar was expelled, his name was taken from its place; or if he was degraded — which was considered the next highest punishment to expulsion — it was moved accordingly. As soon as the freshmen were apprised of their places, each one took his station according to the new arrangement at recitation, and at Commons, and in the Chapel, and on all other occasions. And this arrangement was never afterward altered either in College or in the Catalogue, however the rank of the parents might be varied." Fortunately this snobbish custom was soon to be abolished; in 1772 the students were placed in alphabetical order.

However aristocratic in its manners and customs Harvard College may have been at this time, revolutionary ideas were in the air there as elsewhere. Among the public disputations at the Commencement of the class of 1740 we find the following:

"Whether it be lawful to resist the Supream Magistrate, if the Common Wealth cannot otherwise be preserved.

"Affirm'd by Samuel Adams."

CHAPTER VI

THE REVOLUTION: HARVARD IN EXILE

PRESIDENT HOLYOKE died in 1769; during the last few months of his life the college was the center of political strife and ferment. In 1768 the students of the senior class had unanimously voted to take their degrees "in the manufactures of this country," and at Commencement in July they all appeared in clothes of American manufacture. The contumacy of the colony had exasperated the British government, which now proceeded to coercive measures. In November, 1768, two British regiments of infantry and a part of a regiment of artillery were landed in Boston. A military guard was stationed in State Street; cannon were pointed at the door of the State House. The feelings of the legislature and of the people were outraged; and when it became apparent that this military rigor was not to be relaxed, the House of Representatives declared to Governor Bernard that "an armament by sea and land investing this metropolis, and a military guard, with cannon pointed at the very door of the State House where this Assembly is held, is inconsistent with that dignity, as well as that freedom, with which we have a right to deliberate, consult, and determine."

The royalist governor was not particularly accessible to such a protest, but when it was repeated in even more pressing terms, he replied that although he had no authority to remove the troops, he would immediately adjourn the legislature to Cambridge.

So in May, 1769, the General Court took possession of Harvard College, to the great excitement of the students, by act of sovereign authority. It went into session in Holden Chapel and remained in session until after Commencement; on that day the House of Representatives dined with the Corporation in the college hall. In the spring of this same year, the students formed a military organization, which they called the Marti-Mercurian Band. They held frequent drills and had a striking uniform — blue coats faced with white, nankeen breeches, white stockings, top-boots, and cocked hats.

The Rev. Samuel Locke of Sherburn was chosen president in December, 1769; his administration was short and ineffectual. In those stirring days, the young men at Harvard found it hard to fix their attention on their books; the most determined president and faculty probably could not have curbed their restless spirit. They lived in the midst of distracting and agitating influences. The legislature continued to meet in the college halls; in March, 1770, Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, Governor Bernard being absent in Europe, prorogued the General Court from Boston to Harvard College. There it remained until the last week in April. Then Hutchinson caused writs to be issued convening the General Court in May again at Harvard College. The Corporation now protested and expressed "their deep concern at the precedent, and the inconvenience already introduced."

Indeed the undergraduates must have chafed more and more at their lessons and recitations, must often have shirked them and slipped into Holden Chapel instead, where they might hear Samuel Adams and James Otis and gaze with admiration upon the resplendent and majestic figure of John Hancock. The debates and the oratory of those days may not have qualified the students particularly for their degrees, but probably no classes since that time have left Harvard with a clearer understanding of the great contemporaneous problems or a more vivid interest in the affairs of state. The Rev. Andrew Eliot wrote to Thomas Hollis:

"The removal of the General Court to Cambridge hinders the scholars in their studies. The young gentlemen are already taken up with politics. They have caught the spirit of the times. Their declamations and forensic disputes breathe the spirit of liberty."

The protest of the Corporation did not go unheeded. Instead of exercising their sovereign authority, the governor and council made a formal application for the use of the college halls on the day of the general election. The Corporation, "on due consideration of the circumstances of the case," granted the request. To show their further scrupulous regard for the rights of the college, the House of Representatives, meeting on May 30, declared "that they did not choose to enter the chapel of the College without the concurrence of those with whom the property and care of it is betrusted." In reply, the Corporation at once passed a vote "signifying their consent to oblige the House, in such a case of necessity."

The sympathies of the Corporation and the college were strongly with the popular cause. Nevertheless, when Hutchinson received his appointment from the Crown as governor, the Corporation gave a dinner in his honor at the college and congratulated him upon his commission. Hutchinson replied to the congratulatory address, which, he said, "expresses so much piety and loyalty to the King" — a sentiment that the most careful reading fails to detect — and declared his earnest desire to "encourage this ancient seat of learning." An alumnus of the college, he was popular with the undergraduates; on the occasion of one of his visits, a choir of students sang an anthem in this strain: "Lo! thus shall the man be blessed who fears the Lord! For thus saith the Lord, From henceforth, behold! all nations shall call thee blessed; for thy rulers shall be of thy own kindred, your nobles shall be of yourselves, and thy Governor shall proceed from the midst of thee."

Feeling perhaps that the courtesy which they had shown Hutchinson might be misinterpreted, or else repenting it and desiring to affront him, the Corporation now conferred an unprecedented honor on John Hancock, who, of all the patriots of the day, was most obnoxious to the governor. They voted formally that he "be invited to dine in the Hall whenever there is a public entertainment there, and to sit with the governors of the College." Their enthusiasm for this popular hero carried them further; desiring to heap honors upon him, impressed by his wealth, and overlooking his prodigality, they elected him Treasurer of Harvard. A more unfortunate choice they could not possibly have made.

At the end of 1773, President Locke resigned, and was succeeded by the Rev. Samuel Langdon of Portsmouth, an ardent member of the patriot party. The prevailing sentiment was so strongly revolutionary that no one who held loyalist views could have been considered for the presidency of the college. Yet even then there were a few Tories among the undergraduates, who advertised their convictions and their loyalty by bringing "India tea" into the commons and drinking the detested stuff — a practise that provoked frequent disorders.

Immediately after the fight at Lexington, April 19, 1775, the militia of Massachusetts and the neighboring colonies began to concentrate in Cambridge for the siege of Boston. The students were obliged to leave the college and go home — which it may be believed under such circumstances they did most unwillingly. Some of the buildings were turned into barracks for the troops, and officers were quartered in the president's house. The books were removed from the library in Harvard Hall to Andover.

On July 2, Washington arrived in Cambridge and took command of the American Army. On July 31, the Corporation of Harvard College met at Fowle's Tavern in Watertown and voted that since " on account of the confusion and distress of the times " a public Commencement was impracticable, degrees should be conferred by general diploma. A few weeks later the Overseers voted " that the education of the scholars of Harvard College cannot be carried on at Cambridge while the war in which we have been forced to engage for the defence of our liberties shall continue: and therefore that it is necessary some other place shall be speedily appointed for that purpose." Concord was chosen, and there in September the college opened its temporary quarters.

Both branches of the legislature now passed a vote " recommending to the Corporation and Overseers not to appoint persons as governors and instructors but such whose political principle they can confide in, and also to inquire into the principles of such as are now in office and dismiss those who by their past or present conduct appear to be unfriendly to the liberties and privileges of the Colonies." The principles of all the officers of instruction and government appeared upon inspection to be sufficiently correct.

The British troops evacuated Boston on March 17, 1776. On April 3 the Corporation and Overseers met at Watertown and voted that the degree of LL. D. be conferred on George Washington as an "expression of the gratitude of this College for his eminent services in the cause of his country and to this society." Washington was the first person to receive the degree of LL. D. from Harvard. On the day that they passed this vote, the Corporation appealed to the Council and House of Representatives to make good the damages sustained by the college during the occupation of its buildings by the American army. Immediate compensation was requested in order that the students might return to Cambridge as soon as possible. The students themselves, who were most discontented with their quarters in Concord, likewise petitioned the legislature. Although the question of damages remained unsettled, the students reassembled in Cambridge on June 21, 1776, after an absence of about fourteen months.

After the actual outbreak of the Revolution, there seems to have been in the college but one British sympathizer. This individual had absented himself from the college during its sojourn at Concord; now he applied for re-admission and was refused, on the ground that he "had been found guilty, and imprisoned by the General Court for frequent clamoring, in the most impudent, insulting and abusive language, against the American Congress, the General Court of the Colony, and others who are and have been exerting themselves to save the country from misery and ruin."

For nearly sixteen months after the return of the college to Cambridge, the damages to the buildings remained unestimated and unrepaired. In October, 1777, the Overseers appointed a committee to confer with a committee of the General Court about the matter; but now fresh difficulties arose.

Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga on October 17. His army was ordered to Cambridge, to remain there until it could be transported to Europe. General Heath, who had been charged with the duty of providing for the troops, could not find quarters for them all in Cambridge and applied to the Corporation for possession of one or more of the college buildings in which to house the British officers. He also made a similar application to the Council of the Province, who laid it before the Overseers. The Overseers advised the Corporation to consent "that one or more buildings might be allowed to the said officers, until they could be accommodated elsewhere, upon full security given that all damages accruing to the buildings, by fire or otherwise, should be repaired."

The Corporation felt that the Overseers were unduly impressed with the necessity for such measures as they recommended, and consented only that "the house they had lately purchased for the residence of the students should be employed for that purpose, containing twelve rooms, upon reasonable terms, if the object could not otherwise be accomplished."

This cautious offer did not satisfy General Heath at all. On November 19 he peremptorily directed the governors of the college to remove the students and their possessions as soon as possible and to prepare to receive the officers of Burgoyne's army. The Overseers again advised the Corporation to comply with his demands. Accordingly, about the first of December, the students were dismissed and instructed not to return until the first Wednesday in February.

Nevertheless the Corporation really did prevail in the dispute. Burgoyne's troops had arrived in Cambridge early in November and were quartered in barracks on Prospect Hill and Winter Hill. The officers had been lodged in private houses; and the college building to which Burgoyne himself and some of his staff were now transferred was that house which the Corporation had offered — Apthorp House, as it is known to-day. The students returned at the beginning of February, as had been appointed, and in May the library was replaced in Harvard Hall after an absence of more than two years.

Burgoyne's army was shipped back to England in November. Its presence in the little town of Cambridge had been a serious embarrassment to the college. The usual public Commencement had to be omitted that year, owing to "the want of necessary accommodations, the houses being crowded with British officers."

In 1779 the convention to frame a constitution for Massachusetts drew up three articles confirming the ancient rights, privileges, and government of Harvard College. This section in the constitution of Massachusetts is entitled "The University."

Langdon resigned the presidency in 1780. He had not been wholly successful; in a period overshadowed by such grave difficulties no man could have been wholly successful. Langdon had unfortunately lost the confidence of a number of the students and of some men connected with the government of the college. There seems to have been an intrigue against him; a meeting of the three upper classes was called and a memorial to the Corporation drawn up, charging Langdon with "impiety, heterodoxy, unfitness for the office of preacher of the Christian religion, and still more for that of President." In spite of the offensively canting and hypocritical cast of these resolutions, they were passed unanimously — a fact discreditable enough to the whole undergraduate body.

Twelve students were appointed to wait upon Langdon and invite him to resign. The interview took place on a Saturday; until he read the resolutions which were now presented to him, he had been quite unaware of the extent of his unpopularity. He was deeply wounded. The following Monday he addressed the students after morning prayers, announced to them that he would resign in accordance with their desire, and added with emotion that he and his family would then be thrown destitute on the world. The students were moved to some degree of compassion; the three upper classes held another meeting, rescinded the resolutions that had reflected on Langdon's piety, and stated merely that they believed him to be unfit for the office of president.

Langdon's subsequent career warrants the belief that he was the victim in some measure of undergraduate caprice. He became pastor of a church near Portsmouth, was chosen in 1788 a delegate to the state convention, and played an influential part in bringing about the acceptance of the Federal Constitution.

The embarrassments of Harvard during the Revolution were greatly increased by the conduct of the treasurer, John Hancock. An aristocrat of wealth and boundless "patriotism," he was the most popular man in Massachusetts; his election to the office of treasurer in 1773 was thought to be a glorious stroke of policy on the part of the Harvard authorities. He had made over to the college five hundred pounds from his uncle's estate; it was well known that the elder Hancock had intended to make this gift to the college, but had died without doing it. John Hancock's act in carrying out the expressed desire of his uncle, whose entire fortune he inherited, was extolled in the highest terms as a mark of rare nobility; the gift redounded to the credit of the nephew rather than of the uncle, and no condescendingly generous rich man was ever bespattered with more fulsome laudation.

After Hancock had held the office of treasurer for about a year, during which he had persistently ignored all its duties, the Corporation became uneasy. From November, 1774, to April, 1775, through President Langdon, they kept entreating him for a statement and settlement of accounts. To most of these appeals he vouchsafed no reply whatever. When, however, they deferentially suggested that he deliver the books and papers of the college to a committee, he showed great resentment and practically defied the Corporation to remove him. This they did not dare to do; Harvard College could not afford to incur John Hancock's displeasure; his following throughout the country was altogether too large and powerful.

In April, 1775, without having made the accounting that had been asked for, he went to Philadelphia. There he was elected President of the Continental Congress, and there he continued to ignore the appeals of Harvard and Langdon's supplications. At last the Corporation ventured to suggest in the most delicate and flattering way possible that with his vast and weighty public duties, he must find the office of treasurer of the college irksome; but he would not take the hint. Instead, in May, 1776, he proceeded to an amazing step; he had all the papers, bonds, and notes of the college brought from Cambridge and delivered to him in Philadelphia. After getting these safely into his possession, he declined more firmly than ever to make a settlement.

The Overseers then took a hand in the matter and dispatched messages to him, without eliciting any response. After about six months of futile pleading with him, the Corporation sent a special messenger to Philadelphia to bring back the papers and an accounting. The messenger was successful to this extent: he returned with bonds and notes to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds, but he had been unable to obtain any accounting or statement of the balance that remained in the treasurer's hands. In March, 1777, the Overseers advised the Corporation to elect another treasurer. This put the Corporation into a great flutter. They held three meetings, preparing a twenty-eight page letter to Hancock, in the hope that it would mollify any resentment that he might entertain on account of their ungraciousness, and also in the hope that it might induce him to resign. This letter he never answered. So, in July, 1777, the Corporation screwed up their courage and elected Ebenezer Storer treasurer in place of John Hancock.

This action angered Hancock so much that the Corporation were quite terrified. His political influence with the legislature, on whose bounty the college depended for the support of its president and professors, and his vindictiveness of temper, made him a dangerous person to affront. Therefore the Corporation took steps to conciliate him. In January, 1778, they passed a vote, requesting him " to permit his portrait to be drawn at the expense of the Corporation, and placed in the philosophy chamber, by that of his uncle." Hancock had not the graciousness to reply.

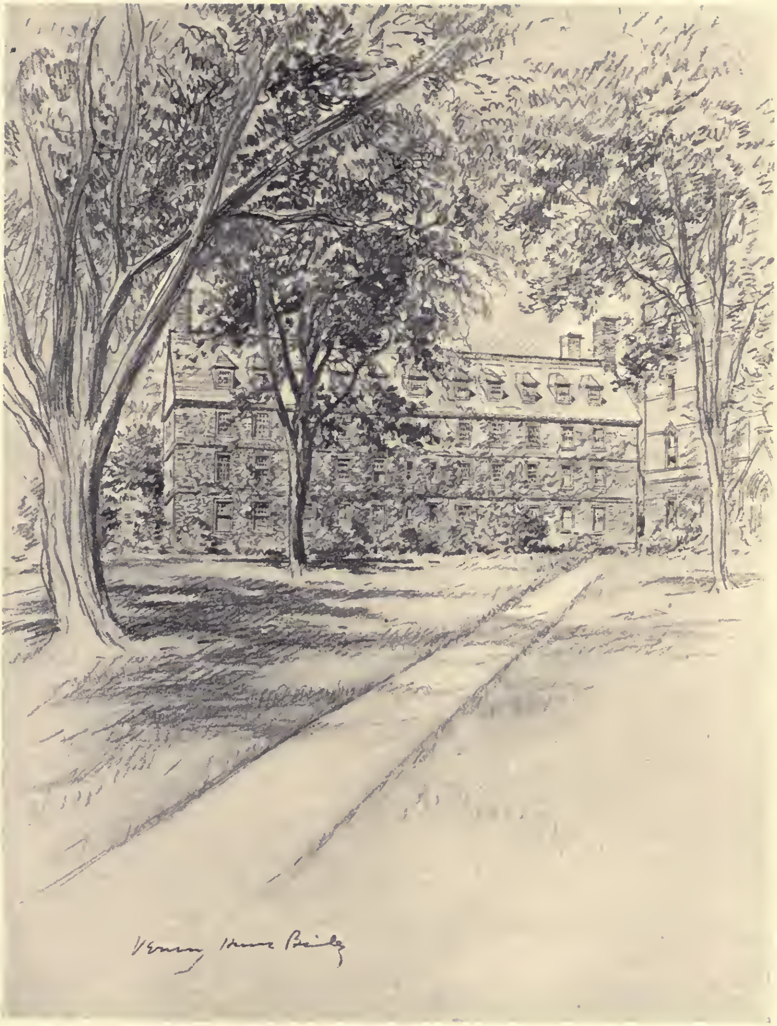
Throughout the year 1778 both Overseers and Corporation tried all their persuasive arts on Hancock; they wanted to obtain a settlement from him, and at the same time not to give him further offence. In February, 1779, they got to the point of threatening to bring suit. This drew from Hancock the announcement that as soon as the General Assembly should adjourn, he would settle his accounts. The General Assembly adjourned, and he did not settle his accounts. A motion in the Board of Overseers to bring suit against him was rejected. As he was in the height of his popularity and power, the majority of the Board did not dare to attack him.

He was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1780. The Corporation continued to pursue their pusillanimous course by making a complimentary address to the chief magistrate and expressing "their happiness that a gentleman is placed at the head of the General Court and of the Overseers who has given such substantial evidence of his love of letters and affection to the College by the generous and repeated benefactions with which he hath endowed it." If the college authorities entertained any expectations that the governor's conscience would be stirred by this undeserved tribute, they were disappointed. In March, 1781, Hancock took his seat, *ex officio*, as president of the Overseers, but left his accounts still unsettled.

Two years later the committee on Treasurer Storer's accounts had the hardihood to state at a meeting over which Hancock presided that "it is not yet known what sums the late Treasurer had received and paid, his accounts being still unsettled." Hancock was silent. Soon after that, the Overseers met again, and, finding that Hancock was absent, unanimously voted that at their next meeting they should come to a final resolution respecting the measures necessary to effect a settlement of the late treasurer's accounts. At the next meeting Hancock presided, and nobody ventured to bring up the subject.

After having been elected governor five times in succession, Hancock, in January, 1785, announced his intention to resign — which he did in February. In this interval he made a statement of accounts, showing that there was due from him to the college ten hundred and fifty-four pounds. From that time until Hancock's death in 1793, Harvard College struggled vainly to get this money. Some years after his death, his heirs reluctantly discharged the debt, but could not be persuaded to pay interest on it.

From the foundation of the college to the year 1707, the payments from the public treasury to those who held the office of president never exceeded and probably never equalled one hundred pounds a year. During Leverett's presidency, the grant did not average one hundred and eighty pounds a year. Wadsworth received four hundred pounds a year — forty pounds from the rents of Massachusetts Hall. Holyoke received uncertain annual grants.



Massachusetts Hall

In 1777 the college funds were invested in Continental and state paper, which continued to deteriorate in value, so that by 1786 the college had lost more than half its capital.

The damage done to the college buildings by the American troops in 1775 was estimated at four hundred and forty-eight pounds; this sum was allowed and paid by the General Court, but in depreciated currency which was worth exactly one quarter of the claim. During the Revolutionary period, the president derived his support from the rents of Massachusetts Hall — now sixty pounds — from an annual grant of two hundred pounds from the General Court, and from fees; his total income was about three hundred pounds. Each professor received about two hundred pounds annually.

The Reverend Joseph Willard was elected president in 1781. More than eighteen months elapsed after his inauguration, and no grant was made either to him or to the professors, who by that time were in serious financial difficulties. The Corporation appealed then to the legislature, which granted the president one hundred and fifty pounds and the professors about one hundred pounds each, but intimated that such patronage of the college must soon cease. This grant by no means relieved the professors from all financial embarrassment; the Corporation therefore made loans to them, in the expectation of being reimbursed by the legislature. For two years the Corporation continued to make loans to its needy officers; then the legislature made its last grant. By 1792 the loans amounted to three thousand pounds. As the State was then more prosperous, the Corporation appealed to the General Court for indemnification. The General Court ignored the appeal, and the Corporation cancelled the indebtedness of the professors and submitted to the loss. During all this period the wise judgment of the treasurer, Ebenezer Storer, and of James Bowdoin and John Lowell, two members of the Corporation, served Harvard well, and together with gifts from without, enabled her to restore her shattered fortunes.

CHAPTER VII

THE PERIOD OF READJUSTMENT

THE success of the patriot cause greatly improved the financial standing of Harvard College. The funds of the college had been invested chiefly in Continental and Massachusetts certificates; the life of the college had been virtually pledged to the struggle for independence. In 1793 the appreciation in the securities of the college was such that its total endowment amounted to one hundred and eighty thousand dollars as contrasted with an endowment of about eighty thousand dollars, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. By 1800 the endowment had been raised to nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The college no longer needed to appeal to the State for regular support; it had entered upon the era of prosperity which has continued and increased to the present day.

Medical professorships — the foundation of the Medical School — were established in 1782. Not until 1814, however, was any other special provision made for the students of medicine. Then Holden Chapel, which had already been put to many varied and temporal uses, was set apart for medical lectures; " and costly wax preparations were purchased to supersede the necessity of dissecting human subjects."

The Phi Beta Kappa Society, which was founded at William and Mary College in Virginia, was established at Harvard in 1781. Its objects were " the promotion of literature and friendly intercourse among scholars." Worthy as such a purpose might appear, it did not win universal commendation, and a number of students presented a petition to the authorities, complaining against the society. A committee of Overseers, headed by John Hancock, proceeded to investigate, and reported that " there is an institution in the University, with the nature of which the Government is not acquainted, which tends to make a discrimination among the students." This report was not acted upon; and the scholarly society was permitted to survive.

In 1786, to lessen the expense of dress, a uniform was prescribed, the color and form of which were minutely set forth. The classes were distinguished by means of frogs on the cuffs and button-holes;

silk was prohibited, and home manufactures were recommended. The idea was unpopular and had to be enforced with severe penalties; in 1797 it had become so obnoxious and difficult of enforcement that it was radically modified, and soon abandoned.

Washington visited the college in 1790; no picturesque account of the occasion is preserved. He received an address from the Corporation and in reply expressed his hope that "the Muses may long enjoy a tranquil residence within the walls of this University."

From 1789 to 1793, Number 8, Hollis Hall, was occupied by Charles Angier, concerning whom Mr. John Holmes, the too little known brother of Dr. Holmes, has a pleasing passage:

"He conceived the grand idea of a perpetual entertainment and a standing invitation. The legend says, 'His table was always supplied with wine, brandy, and crackers, of which his friends were at liberty to partake at any time.' We take upon us, in the absence of historical evidence, to vouch for the constancy of Mr. Angier's friends. No better goal of pilgrimage for a graduate of convivial turn can be imagined. The shrine is gone, but the flavor of a transcendent hospitality will always pervade Number 8."

Joseph Story and William Ellery Channing were members of the class of 1798, and through their eyes we have been given a glimpse of the college life of the time. Amusements, books, resources were few. "Two ships only plied as regular packets between Boston and London, one in the spring and one in the autumn, and their arrival was an era in our college life. They brought books and periodicals from England."

The social life of the undergraduates was restricted: "different classes were almost strangers to each other. The students had no connection whatever with the inhabitants of Cambridge by private social visits. There was none between the families of the president and professors of the College and the students. . . . A free and easy intercourse with them (the professors) would have been thought somewhat obtrusive on one side and on the other would have exposed the student to the imputation of being what in technical language was called a 'fisherman' — a rank and noxious character in college annals. . . . Invitations to social parties in Boston rarely extended to college circles."

Yet a little anecdote has come down to show that the professors of those days could be kindly and human. Washington Allston, who was then an undergraduate, was as clever at mathematics as he was with his pencil, and at his room Channing stopped one day to get help on a problem that puzzled him. Allston furnished him with the solution, and Channing was so amused by it that he audaciously presented it at the recitation. "It consisted of pyramids of figures heaped upon one another's shoulders in various attitudes, each of which was a slightly caricatured portrait of the professors and tutors."

It is not quite clear how even the accomplished Allston could give a portrait value to mathematical symbols, but we must take the chronicler's word for it, and for the fact that the professor laughed heartily over the caricature and permitted the class to share his amusement.

Channing and Story were both members of the Speaking Club — afterwards called the Institute of 1770, under which name it still exists. The principal aim of this society at that time was improvement in elocution and oratory. The members were chosen from the sophomore and junior classes, twelve or fifteen from each. They met in the evening "at some retired room," and took turns in declaiming. Each orator, after his performance, was subjected to frank criticism.

The Hasty Pudding Club, which was organized in 1795 with about twenty members from the junior class, was a literary society, and admission to it was partly on a basis of scholarship. Meetings were held on Saturday evenings; the members ate hasty pudding and molasses and closed the exercises by singing a hymn. The Porcellian Club, which had come into existence a few years earlier, was from the beginning " of a more luxurious and convivial cast."

Story writes that in 1798 " badges of loyalty to our own government and of hatred to France were everywhere worn in New England, and the cockade was a signal of patriotic devotion to ' Adams and liberty.' It was impossible that the academical walls could escape the common contagion." One hundred and seventy Harvard students — practically the entire undergraduate body — offered an address to President Adams, which was drawn up by Channing and began as follows:

" Sir: We flatter ourselves you will not be displeased at hearing that the walls of your native seminary are now inhabited by youth possessing sentiments congenial with your own." It ended with the solemn offer of " the unwasted ardor and unimpaired energies of our youth to the service of our country."

Shortly after composing this impassioned address, Channing was chosen to give at Commencement an oration on "The Present Age." The subject appealed to his excited soul; but when the president told him that in treating it he must avoid all political discussion, Channing felt outraged, and declared that under such conditions he would deliver no oration — even though the refusal should cost him his degree. His incensed and sympathetic classmates applauded his determination.

"I could join you, my friend," wrote one of them, "in offering an unfeigned tear to the *manes* of those joys which are forever fled; but indignation has dried up the source from which that tear must flow. The government of College have completed the climax of their despotism. They have obtained an *arrêt*, which from its features I could swear is the offspring of the French Directory. Although they pretend to be firm friends to American liberty and independence, their embargo on politics, which has subjected you to so many inconveniences, is strong proof to me that they are *Jacobins*, or at best *pretended patriots*, who have not courage to defend the rights of their country.

"William, should you be deprived of a degree for not performing at Commencement, every friend of liberty must consider it as a glorious sacrifice on the altar of your country."

President Willard allowed the ferment to go on for a fortnight; then he sent for Channing and in a conciliatory spirit made concessions that were sufficient to placate the proud young orator. At the same time, Channing was not permitted to express himself as freely as he wished. The restriction weighed so heavily on him that towards the close of his oration he glanced towards President Willard and then, turning to the audience, exclaimed: "But that I am forbid, I could a tale unfold which would harrow up your souls!" This melodramatic outburst was received with "unbounded applause;" and after he left the stage, the audience cheered him for many minutes.

"The students who boarded in Commons," wrote Professor Sidney Willard of the class of 1798, "were obliged to go to the kitchen door with their bowls or pitchers for their suppers, where they received their modicum of milk or chocolate in their vessel, held in one hand, and their piece of bread in the other, and repaired to their rooms to take their solitary repast. There were suspicions at times that the milk was diluted by a mixture of a very common tasteless fluid, which led a sagacious Yankee student to put the matter to the test by asking the simple carrier-boy why his mother did not mix the milk with warm water instead of cold. 'She does,' replied the honest youth.'

There were more harmful adulterations than this. In 1791, in order to prevent an examination from being held, some students poured a quantity of tartar emetic into the kitchen boilers before breakfast. Coffee was made from the water in the boilers, and at breakfast practically every one was taken violently sick. The conspirators were sickest of all, for they had drunk most heartily, in order to divert suspicion from themselves. One of them had been seen, however, while committing his infamous act, others were questioned and confessed, and finally all were rusticated for several weeks.

President Willard died in 1804; Samuel Webber succeeded him. In the same year the Boylston Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory was established, and John Quincy Adams elected the first professor. Stoughton Hall was built in 1805 from the proceeds of the lotteries that had been conducted for a number of years; and in 1813 Holworthy Hall was completed, the funds for it having been raised by the same questionable measures. An article in a Boston newspaper of 1795 shows to what insidious practices the college authorities resorted:

"So great is the demand for Tickets in the 2d Class of Harvard College Lottery that it has become doubtful whether there will be any to dispose of, for several days previous to the 9th of April next, on which day the Lottery is *positively* to commence drawing. The spirit which animated the *first settlers* of this country, to promote useful knowledge, has, if possible, encreased with the *present generations;* and this is the evidence, That there is scarcely a single one in the community, either male or female, who is not more or less interested in the College Lottery.

"The lisping babe cries, 'Papa, care for me,
Pray buy a Ticket — and in time you'll see
The pleasing benefit thy son will find
In Learning faithfully to serve mankind.'"

Holworthy Hall derived its name from Sir Matthew Holworthy, who with a bequest of one thousand pounds had achieved the distinction of making the largest single gift to Harvard in the seventeenth century. With the building of more dormitories, the need of resident officers to keep order and watch over the undergraduates seemed to make itself felt; and in 1805 proctors came into being. In the same year an even more important development took place; by the election of the Rev. Henry Ware, a Unitarian, to the Hollis Professorship of Divinity, Harvard College showed its sympathy with liberal theological views and alienated the confidence and support of the Calvinistic leaders. Mr. Ware was a methodical gentleman; he had a sermon for every Sunday of the four college years. Thus every undergraduate heard every sermon in his repertory, and nobody heard the same sermon twice. Under Mr. Ware's leadership, Harvard became a distinctively Unitarian college and did not alter its character in this respect for more than half a century.

The Rev. John Thornton Kirkland succeeded President Webber in 1810. He was the son of a missionary to the Oneida Indians; he had entered college at the age of fifteen, but withdrew the next year to enlist in the army raised to suppress Shays' Rebellion. Of President Kirkland, Lowell has given an attractive picture: "This life was good enough for him, and the next not too good. The gentlemanlike pervaded even his prayers. His were not the manners of a man of the world, nor of a man of the other world either; but both met in him to balance each other in a beautiful equilibrium.

Praying, he leaned forward on the pulpit cushion, as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself — without irreverence — on terms of friendly but courteous familiarity with heaven."

He was a plump, cheery, pleasant-faced gentleman. Prescott, writing of the oral entrance examinations, which terrified him, records gratefully the fact that President Kirkland sent in to the candidates a "good dish of pears" and treated them "very much like gentlemen." He was something of a wit, and one at least of his aphorisms, which has the Johnsonian flavor, has earned its place in the list of familiar quotations: "The chief value of statistics is to confute other statistics."

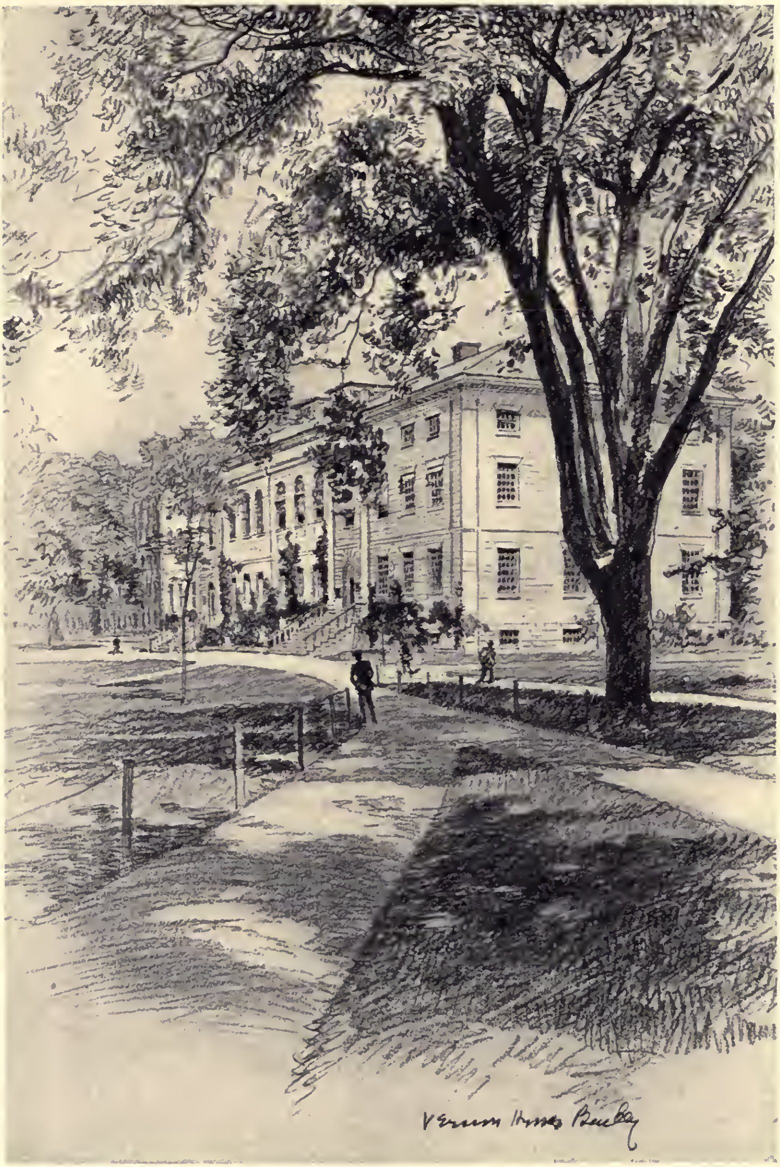
Lowell records a pleasant anecdote of him: "Hearing that Porter's flip — which was exemplary — had too great an attraction for the collegians, he resolved to investigate the matter himself. Accordingly, entering the old inn one day, he called for a mug of it, and having drunk it, said, 'And so, Mr. Porter, the young gentlemen come to drink your flip, do they?' 'Yes, sir — sometimes.' 'Ah, well, I should think they would. Good day, Mr. Porter,' and departed, saying nothing more; for he always wisely allowed for the existence of a certain amount of human nature in ingenuous youth."

There seems little doubt that potations among the college youths were both general and generous. Lowell tells of the Harvard Washington Corps, — the successor of the Marti-Mercurian Band, — "whose gyrating banner, inscribed *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, on the evening of training-days, was an accurate dynamometer of Willard's punch or Porter's flip. It was they who, after being royally entertained by a maiden lady of the town, entered in their orderly book a vote that Miss Blank was a gentleman. I see them now, returning from the imminent deadly breach of the law of Rechab, unable to form other than the serpentine line of beauty, while their officers, brotherly rather than imperious, instead of reprimanding, tearfully embraced the more eccentric wanderers from military precision."

The Harvard Washington Corps was composed of juniors and seniors, but officered by seniors only. To hold a command was a great distinction. The uniform required the officers to appear in tights, and the first question asked about any candidate for promotion was: "How is the man off for a leg?"

President Kirkland's administration was noteworthy not only for the building of Holworthy, University, and Divinity Halls, but also for the founding of the Law School, which was established in 1817. In spite of the losses that the commerce of New England endured during and after the War of 1812, the prosperity of Harvard College maintained a steady growth in this period. The salaries of the professors were increased; the grounds surrounding the buildings were planted with trees and shrubbery; the place acquired a greater air of dignity.

Edward Everett, of the class of 1811, described the Yard as it was when he was a freshman, before the improvements made in Kirkland's administration: " A low, unpainted, board fence ran along the south of Massachusetts and east of Hollis and Stoughton, at a distance of two or three rods, forming an enclosure of the shabbiest kind. The College woodyard was advantageously posted on the site of University Hall; and farther to the northeast stretched an indefinite extent of wild pasture and whortleberry swamp, the depths of which were rarely penetrated by the most adventurous freshman." Cambridgeport was so bare of trees and houses that from some windows in the college buildings the houses on Mount Vernon Street in Boston, above what is now Louisburg Square, could be seen.


Vernon Howe Bailey

University Hall

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, the curriculum, although it had been somewhat relieved of its early theological trend, remained extraordinarily limited. It consisted of Latin, Greek, mathematics, English composition, philosophy, theology, and either Hebrew or French, as the students might elect. No other subjects were studied. Except for French, there was no opportunity given the student to learn any modern language. There was no instruction in history or in economics, in chemistry, geology, or botany. But an interest in all these matters was awakening in America, and Harvard College could not afford to be backward in meeting it. The influence of some professors who had studied in Europe supplied also a beneficial impetus from within.

In consequence, the college was soon brought into more direct relation with life and with its contemporaneous problems, and the undergraduates were given an opportunity to obtain at least the elements of an education that was not aridly classical. But notwithstanding this progress, in which Harvard led every other college of the period, education there as elsewhere was still far from breaking away from the classical convention that had been imposed by the founders.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN ERA

IN 1825 the Corporation and the Overseers passed a new code of laws, under which the governing body was named the "Faculty of the University," and the university was divided into departments. The students were given greater freedom and a wider choice of studies, and were no longer required to board at the commons.

This liberalizing of the college was largely the work of Professor George Ticknor, a graduate of Dartmouth, who had studied for some years in Europe and brought to Cambridge an idea of broader culture than had hitherto existed in that community. But the traditions and influence of foreign scholarship which he represented met with opposition from the other professors, even from the liberally minded president, and in Ticknor's own eyes his efforts failed. After fifteen years of service he resigned in discouragement; Harvard seemed to him incurably provincial. As one of his friends wrote:

" it was the college of Boston and Salem, not of the Commonwealth."

Nevertheless, under Kirkland, Ticknor had been the pioneer; in the ensuing years, when the old professors dropped off, they were usually succeeded by men who had studied abroad, and who shared Ticknor's views.

And Ticknor had in after years the satisfaction of knowing that he had been the first to stimulate Prescott in those studies which were later to bring him fame as a historian. The first part of Prescott's college life did not augur a brilliant career as a scholar. He entered Harvard as a sophomore in 1811, a lively and humorous youth with a bright mind, but by no means given to study. He had a fondness for making resolutions and confiding them to friends and acquaintances.

" These resolutions related often to the number of hours, nay, the number of minutes per day to be appropriated to each particular exercise or study; the number of recitations and public prayers per week that he would not fail to attend; the number of times per week that he would not exceed in attending balls, theatrical entertainments in Boston, etc. . . . He would be sure not to run one minute *over*, however he might sometimes fall *short* of the full time for learning a particular lesson, which he used to con with his watch before him, lest by any inadvertence he might cheat himself into too much study. On the same principle he was careful never to attend any *greater* number of college exercises nor any *less* number of evening diversions in Boston than he had bargained for with himself."

In his junior year, one day after dinner at the commons, there was a disturbance just as he was going out of the room. He turned to see what was happening and was struck in the eye by a hard piece of bread. The blindness and the suffering that he endured the rest of his life are well known. The injury seemed to sober him and to mark a turning point in his character and in his habits. His gay and humorous spirit did not forsake him; he still gave way to bursts of wild merriment, — as when in an amateur rehearsal of "Julius Caesar," at the words, "thou meek and bleeding piece of earth," addressed to the prostrate friend who took that part, he roared with laughter and broke up the performance, — but he worked with a determination that he had never shown before. Mathematics he could not grasp; so, for a time, he committed to memory every prescribed demonstration — every symbol and letter — and gave perfect recitations daily. This laborious method became as irksome as it was foolish; he went to the professor and told him the truth. He explained that if necessary he was willing to go on committing to memory, but that there was no use in it, for he really could not understand the subject at all, and that he thought he could employ his time more profitably. The professor good-naturedly let him off from further recitations, but continued to require his presence in the class-room. In his other studies Prescott did so well that he was elected into Phi Beta Kappa, and at graduation he delivered a poem in Latin.

Prescott had been out of Harvard three years when Emerson entered college. Emerson did not cut much of a figure. Singing in the Yard was a popular diversion; and early in his freshman year Emerson, wishing to have a share in this amusement, went to the singing-master, who said to him: "Chord."

"So I made some kind of a noise," said Emerson, "and the singing-master said: 'That will do, sir. You need not come again.'"

The experience seems to have been rather typical of the sage's undergraduate career. One of his classmates recorded in his journal: "I went to the chapel to hear Emerson's dissertation; a very good one, but rather too long to give much pleasure to the hearers." He was made class poet, but only after seven others had been successively elected and had successively declined the honor. His class appears to have been an unusually turbulent one, even for those roistering days, and Emerson doubtless felt himself not in sympathy with the prevailing spirit.

On November 18, 1818, his classmate, Josiah Quincy, pasted a dry twig on the leaf of his journal and made this entry: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. This twig was my badge; all the class tore them from the Rebellion Tree and agreed to wear them in their bosoms."

The freshmen and sophomores dined in two large halls separated by folding doors, which were usually locked. One Sunday evening the doors were accidentally left open; a sophomore shied a plate in among the freshmen, and a battle, in which much crockery was smashed, resulted. Five of the sophomores were suspended. The rest of the class escorted them out of the town, cheering them as they went, then, returning to the college yard, assembled round the Rebellion Tree.

President Kirkland sent for the three ringleaders, — Adams, Otis and Quincy, — advised them to leave town, and forbade them " at their peril " to return to the tree.

So they promptly went back to the tree and Adams harangued the crowd, ending as follows: " Gentlemen, we have been commanded, at our peril, not to return to the Rebellion Tree; at our peril we do return! "

There was immense applause and the class voted to remain in rebellious session all day and absent themselves from all college exercises. In consequence, there were a number of rustications and suspensions, and after a while the rebellion wore itself out.

A few notes from the undergraduate career of Stephen Salisbury, of the class of 1817, give an idea of the simplicity of life and the formality of manners of the period. He paid six cents for a football. His father wrote to him: "Your Scates shall be sent to you, but you must not scate on any Ponds or Rivers nor neglect your studies for any Amusements." His mother begged him to skip rope in his room when it was too stormy to go for a walk.

At his Commencement, his parents issued a number of invitations in this style: " Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Salisbury request the honor of ——'s company at Dinner at the Rooms of their Son, at Mr.

Hearsey's, in Cambridge, on Commencement Day." A typical reply was the following: "With their respectfull acknowledgments to Mr. & Mrs. Salisbury, Mr. & Mrs. Lincoln regret that indispensable avocations must deprive them of the satisfaction of participating personally with Mr. Salisbury & his friends the pleasures of a Commencement which will place on the theatre of the world their promising son."

The commons in University Hall, conducted by one Cooley, occasioned much dissatisfaction. Thus an epicure of the class of 1824 records in his diary:

"16 Nov. 1820. We have lately had very bad commons, but more especially this day. I hope they will soon be better. Several have gone out to board.

"28 Nov. At noon commons we have a great plenty of roast goose. Probably every one in the hall (which amounted to eight or ten) might have been bought for a dollar. Indeed I never saw such tough, raw-boned, shocking, ill-looking animals ever placed upon a table. I hope something better will come on to-morrow.

"29 Nov. Commons still remains very bad. At supper the bread was mere dough; that is, it was not half baked. I have not eaten in commons for a week past one dollar's worth of anything whatever.

"26 June. In commons Mr. Cooley gave a turtle soup to the four classes to-day, having invited the chief of those who boarded out. But whether it was turtle soup or not I am unable to say, as I never ate any. At least no one appeared to like it, and, as for myself, I never dined so poorly in my life.

"29 June. Mr. Cooley has put up an advertisement on the University board, stating that he has now employed cooks superior to any in the United States. This, however, is only to keep the students in commons."

Thus did an originally sanguine, hopeful nature become the abode of cynicism and distrust.

Going to the theater was punishable with a fine of ten dollars, and going to a party in Boston made the student liable to a fine of five dollars. These penalties seem not to have been often inflicted, but indulgence in such pleasures in the winter months carried with it certain hardships.

"The difficulty of getting a light with numb fingers on a cold night was a petty misery of life," wrote Quincy. "In vain were the flint and steel clashed together; too often it happened that no available spark was the result. The tinder, which we made from old shirts, would absorb dampness in spite of all precautions to keep it dry. Sometimes after shivering for half an hour, during our efforts to kindle it, we were forced to go to bed in the dark in a condition of great discomfort, and feeling that we had purchased our amusement at an extravagant cost."

The college owned a little fire-engine, " scarcely fit to water a flower bed," and the undergraduates enjoyed the privilege of trundling out this machine whenever there was an alarm of fire. The captain of the engine company was appointed by the president, but the minor offices were elective. " No sooner did the fire bell ring than we got into all sorts of horrible and grotesque garments. Hats in the last stages of dilapidation and strange ancestral coats were carefully kept for those occasions. Feeling that we were pretty well disguised by costume and darkness, there seemed nothing to hinder that lawless abandonment to a frolic which is so delightful to unregenerate man when youthful blood bubbles in his veins. I cannot remember that we ever rendered the slightest assistance in extinguishing a fire; indeed, there were so many good reasons for stopping on the way that we commonly arrived after it was out. And then, if we were tired, we had an impudent way of leaving the tub upon the ground, well knowing that the government would send for their property the next day."

The students made it their custom upon returning from a fire to regale themselves with "black-strap" — an intoxicating compound in which rum and molasses were the principal ingredients. "It finally broke up the engine company, and this was perhaps the only good thing which ever came of it. For matters at last reached a crisis; the government came to their senses, sold the engine, and broke up the association. But to take the edge off the cruelty of this necessary act, it was decided that the company should be allowed a final meeting. And so we celebrated the obsequies of the old machine with an oration and a poem — following up these exercises with other proceedings of which a detailed account is unnecessary."

With no athletics in which to vent their energy, it is no wonder that the students were often restless and riotous. They entered college usually at the age of fifteen, sometimes, as in the case of Motley, at the age of thirteen. Study was not merely difficult; it was attended often by severe bodily discomfort. In winter the college rooms were wretchedly cold.

Harrison Gray Otis kept two lumps of anthracite on his mantelpiece as curiosities. Not for many years did coal come into use. “ Our light came from dipped candles, with very broad bases, and gradually narrowing to the top. These required the constant use of snuffers — a circumstance which hindered application to an extent that in these days of kerosene and gas can scarcely be appreciated. The dual brain with which mankind are furnished seemed to us to show intelligent design. One brain was clearly required to do the studying, while it was the business of the other to watch the candles and look after the snuffers.”

The college owned a sloop, the *Harvard*, which made an annual voyage to Maine to bring back wood from some timber lands that the college had there acquired. This practice continued until the eminent mathematician, Nathaniel Bowditch, demonstrated to the authorities that it would be cheaper for them to buy firewood from the nearest and dearest dealer than to send their own sloop to their own timber lands for it.

The Med. Fac. Society, which was until a few years ago a celebrated and sometimes a notorious organization, originated in Hollis 13, in 1818. Four members of the class of 1820 were the founders. It was from the beginning devoted to pranks and mischief. " Frequent meetings were called by the President to carry out the object of the institution," writes John Holmes. " They were always held in some student's room in the afternoon. The room was made as dark as possible and brilliantly lighted. The ' Faculty ' sat around a long table in some singular and antique costumes, almost all in large wigs and breeches with knee buckles. . . . The President wore the academic square cap, perhaps of abnormal size. The table at which he presided was covered with specimens of anatomy, collected by the ' Faculty ' themselves or under their inspection. The candidate for membership was examined with reference to these." He was also made to do " stunts " — obliged to swim on the floor, etc. Two tall " gendarmes," armed with musket and bayonet, prodded him to the performance of his duties.

The Med. Fac. meetings were suppressed in 1824, and its anatomical collection dispersed, but the secret activities of the society continued for about eighty years, provoking sometimes wrath and sometimes mirth. It conferred honorary degrees on the Siamese Twins, the Sea Serpent, and Alexander I of Russia. The Czar, taking the distinction seriously, reciprocated by sending a very fine case of surgical instruments, which was appropriated by the Corporation for the use of the medical professors. An old catalogue of the society names the professorships bestowed on its members — Professorships Bugologiae, Craniologiae, Vitae et Mortis, and Intelligentiae Generalis being among them.

Another convivial organization of this period was the Navy Club. In the spring its marquee, "the good ship Harvard," was erected near Divinity Hall; the floor was divided into a quarter and a main deck, each under the command of an admiral. At the boatswain's whistle, the club was accustomed to form in line in front of Holworthy and proceed to its "ship," where it was understood to indulge in some very peculiar naval manoeuvres.

The class of 1821 — the boisterous class which had made Emerson their eighth choice as poet — marched on their graduating day to Porter's Tavern, where they sat down at two o'clock to "a fine dinner." Caleb Cushing gave for a toast: "The bonds of friendship, which always tighten when they are wet." After this inspired sentiment the feast waxed merry. "When we had all drunk our skins full, we marched round to all the professors' houses, danced round the Rebellion and Liberty

Trees, and then returned to the hall. A great many of the class were half-seas over, and I had the pleasure of supporting one of them. This was as hard work as I ever desire to do. Many ladies came to witness our dancing and were much scandalized by the elevation of spirit which some exhibited. We parted with more grief than any class I ever saw, every one of us being drowned in tears."

In President Kirkland's administration undergraduates were required to wear a uniform of black. In 1829 a concession was made; the waistcoat had to be either black or white. Charles Sumner persisted in wearing one of buff color and was disciplined several times for this disobedience; he insisted that it was nearly white enough to come under the rule, and at last the Parietal Board yielded to him in the controversy. Seventeen years later, when he delivered his oration before the Phi Beta Kappa, he wore a buff waistcoat. Sumner's college bills, including tuition, rent, and care of room, fuel, books, and fees, amounted to about eight hundred dollars for four years. Two hundred dollars a year probably represented the average scale of expenditure among the students of the period.

Rebellions were of frequent occurrence; in April, 1823, there was a curious uprising among the seniors.

The names are shrouded in mystery, but this is the story: X. was about to graduate at the head of the class. Z. was believed — on what grounds does not appear — to have told the faculty that X., who was a student receiving college aid, had spent in dissipation the funds that had been bestowed on him. X., on being questioned, denied this, but the authorities deprived him of further pecuniary assistance and of all academic honors. The class, indignant and sympathizing with X., hissed Z. on his appearance in chapel. On account of this demonstration, X., though he had not promoted it in any way, was expelled. The next day, when Z. appeared in chapel, his classmates rushed upon him and threw him out. They did this on two succeeding occasions; then Z. found it advisable to withdraw from Cambridge. But because of their disorderly and indignant proceedings, thirty-seven seniors were expelled. Twenty years later they were granted their degrees.

Class Day was celebrated very informally. Thus George Whitney, of the class of 1824, wrote in his diary: "Tuesday, 13 July. We part to-day. After Commons, according to previous appointment we had a good prayer from Burnap in the Senior Hall. We spent an hour or two after this in calling on each other and bidding good-by to many who would not even meet us at Commencement. At half-past ten the class went in procession to the Chapel and heard a very beautiful valedictory oration from Newell and poem from George Lunt."

Whitney attended the Class Day exercises in 1829, when Oliver Wendell Holmes read the poem. "He is both young and small in distinction from most others," Whitney wrote, "and on these circumstances he contrived to cut some good jokes. His poem was very happy and abounded in wit. Instead of a spiritual muse, he invoked for his goddess the ladies present and in so doing he sang very amusingly of 'his hapless amour with too tall a maid.'"

In 1824 Lafayette visited Harvard. The streets were decorated, he passed under triumphal arches on his way from Boston, and the crowds gave him such an ovation that he was several hours late when he at last arrived at the college. President Kirkland met him at the gate. When Edward Everett in his oration spoke of "the noble conduct of our guest in procuring a ship for his own transportation, at a time when all America was too poor to offer him a passage to her shores," he moved the audience to tears.

CHAPTER IX

HARVARD UNDER QUINCY

KIRKLAND resigned the presidency in 1829 on account of ill health, and was succeeded by Josiah Quincy, who had been for three terms mayor of Boston. In Quincy's able and progressive administration, the Law School was reorganized and given a home of its own, — in Dane Hall, — and the Astronomical Observatory was established. But perhaps Quincy's most important service to Harvard was in repressing the spirit and habit of lawlessness which his lenient predecessors had too long tolerated. At this day it seems strange that the president of the college should have felt compelled to assert that students should be held amenable to civil authority for offences against the law, " even though committed within academic precincts."

But we have the testimony of Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, then a tutor in Harvard: " The habits of the students were rude, and outrages involving not only large destruction of property, but peril of life —

as, for instance, the blowing up of public rooms in inhabited buildings — were occurring every year. Mr. Quincy was sustained by the Governing Boards, but encountered an untold amount of hostility and obloquy from the students, their friends, and the outside public. He persevered, and gradually won over the best public opinion to his view. While the detestable practice of hazing was rife, crimes that were worthy of the penitentiary were of frequent occurrence, resulting in some cases in driving a persecuted freshman from college; in many instances, in serious and lasting injury; and once, at least, in fatal illness. The usual college penalty punished the parents alone. The suspended student was escorted in triumph on his departure and his return, and was the hero of his class for the residue of his college life."

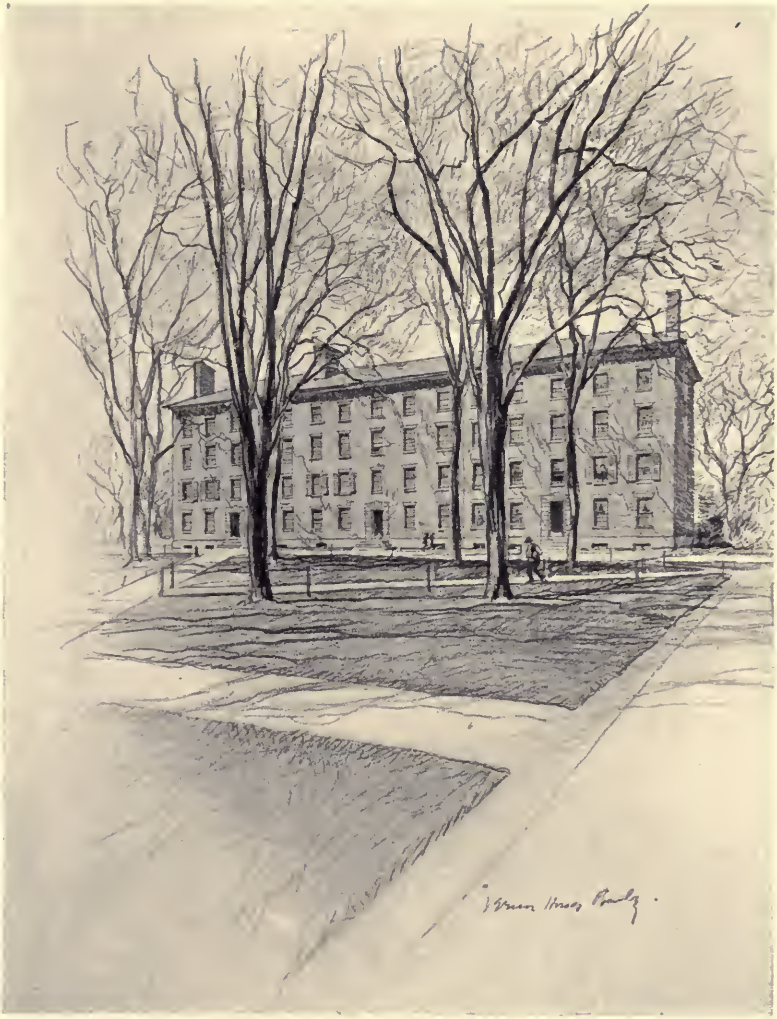
The Great Rebellion, as the undergraduate revolt of 1834 was called, illustrated the disorderly tendencies with which Quincy had to cope. It began on May 19; a freshman, a Southerner, refused to recite in Greek when called on by the instructor, one Dunkin. He not only refused to recite; he was insolent. President Quincy summoned him and told him that he must apologize. The young Southerner declared that he would rather withdraw from the university; Quincy gave him the opportunity to make that choice, and he withdrew. As he had been well liked by upper classmen as well as by freshmen, a popular movement to avenge him was set on foot. Mobs tore Dunkin's room to pieces, smashed his furniture, and broke his windows. They set off torpedoes in chapel and promoted an almost continuous disorder in recitations. Finally all the sophomores but three went on strike and were sent home. The juniors wore crape on their left arms and burned Quincy in effigy. Rioting was incessant, the breaking of windows and the smashing of furniture continued. Legal proceedings for assault and trespass were brought against some of the ringleaders. For the eight weeks from the 19th of May to the end of the college year, the university work was practically discontinued, "the students being occupied with their various class meetings and the instructors attending the frequent sessions of the Faculty." In after years many of those who were suspended for their foolishness received their degrees.

President Quincy was abrupt and rather harsh in manner and seldom remembered a student's name. But his feeling towards the undergraduates was kindly, and he took endless pains, even in small details, to improve their conditions. He compelled the contractor of the commons to furnish better food; he even imported tableware, porcelain, and silver, stamped with the college arms, for use in the commons. He was cordial and hospitable in welcoming the students to his house; his popularity increased as the students came to know him.

When Andrew Jackson visited the college, President Quincy was much distressed at having to confer the degree of LL. D. on him; indeed all the faculty abhorred Jackson. " Preparations for a public funeral — certainly for his — could not have been made less cheerfully than ours for his welcome," writes Dr. Peabody. However, the affair went off not so badly; the first scholar of the class delivered a Latin address; President Quincy conferred the degree in elegant Latin; the general replied, " probably in English," but in so low a tone that no one could hear what he said; and he was then escorted to the president's house, to a reception. " His whole bearing, in the Chapel and in the drawing-room, by its blended majesty and benignity, won *for the time* the reverence and admiration of all who saw him." The qualifying clause suggests that Dr. Peabody certainly and President Quincy probably reverted to their original views of Old Hickory.

Dr. John Snelling Popkin was the professor of Greek under Quincy. " Who that ever saw him," writes Lowell, " can forget him, in his old age, like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly, with great silver spectacles of the heroic period, such as scarce twelve noses of these degenerate days could bear? . . . The son of an officer of distinction in the Revolutionary War, he mounted the pulpit with the erect port of a soldier and carried his cane more in the fashion of a weapon than a staff, but with the point lowered, in token of surrender to the peaceful proprieties of his calling. Yet sometimes the martial instincts would burst the cerements of black coat and clerical neck-cloth, as once, when the students had got into a fight upon the training-field, and the licentious soldiery, furious with rum, had driven them at point of bayonet to the college gates, and even threatened to lift their arms against the Muses' bower. Then, like Major Goffe at Deerfield, suddenly appeared the gray-haired professor, all his father resurgent in him, and shouted: ' Now, my lads, stand your ground, you're in the right now! Don't let one of them set foot within the College grounds! ' "

He liked to smoke, but " knowing that the animal appetites ever hold one hand behind them for



Holworthy Hall

Satan to drop a bribe in," he would never have two cigars in his rooms at once, but walked daily to the tobacconist's to purchase his single article of dissipation. " Nor would he trust himself with two on Saturdays, preferring (since he could not violate the Sabbath even by that infinitesimal traffic) to depend on Providential ravens, which were seldom wanting in the shape of some black-coated friend who knew his need and honored the scruple that occasioned it."

For many years he lived on the second floor of Holworthy, " the venerable Goody Morse cooking his food, bringing it to him at the regular college hours, and taking the most assiduous care for his comfort." But finally, when he had to provide a home in Cambridge for a widowed sister and two nieces, he abandoned his comfortable bachelor's lodgings, and took a house next door to a classmate and lifelong friend. The two men used to hold long conversations over the dividing fence, but neither of them ever entered the other's house. Dr. Peabody dwells on Popkin affectionately in his reminiscences:

" In his recitation room Dr. Popkin sat by a table rather than behind it, and grasped his right leg, generally with both hands, lifting it as if he were making attempts to shoulder it, and more nearly accomplishing that feat daily than an ordinary gymnast would after a year's special training. As chairman of the parietal government, he regarded it as his official duty to preserve order in the college yard; but he was the frequent cause of disorder, for nothing so amused the students as to see him in full chase after an offender or dancing round a bonfire; while it was well understood that as a detective he was almost always at fault. . . . Yet the students held him in reverence and at the same time liked him. His were the only windows of parietal officers that were never broken."

Although showing him this distinguished consideration, the undergraduates made him at times the victim of rude practical jokes. "Once while Dr. Popkin was groping on the floor in quest of smothered fire, in a room that had been shattered by an explosion of gunpowder, a bucket of water was thrown on him." The students might take liberties with him, but he stood on his dignity with others; on overhearing a young man "of jaunty, dapper, unacademic aspect" utter his nickname, he exclaimed: "What right have you, sir, to call me Old Pop? You were never a member of Harvard College."

Dr. Jonathan Barber was the instructor in elocution. " His great glory was the invention of a hollow sphere, six feet in diameter, made of some six or eight bamboo rods, which were its meridians, and were crossed by an equator, by at least two great circles besides, and by an adequate number of small circles corresponding to parallels of latitude. In this sphere the students stood to declaim, and the circles by their various altitudes and intersections determined the gestures appropriate to each specific mood of feeling or form of mental action." The merits of the contrivance were not appreciated; it was discovered one morning suspended from a barber's pole, and shortly after that affront Dr. Barber abandoned his college work in elocution and went about the country lecturing on phrenology. The barber's pole was that in front of the shop that Lowell remembered so pleasantly:

" The barber's shop was a museum, scarce second to the larger one of Greenwood in the metropolis. The boy who was to be clipped there was always accompanied to the sacrifice by troops of friends, who thus inspected the curiosities *gratis*. While the watchful eye of R. wandered to keep in check these rather unscrupulous explorers, the unpausing shears would sometimes overstep the boundaries of strict tonsorial prescription, and make a notch through which the phrenological developments could be distinctly seen. As Michael Angelo's design was modified by the shape of his block, so R., rigid in artistic proprieties, would contrive to give an appearance of design to this aberration by making it the key-note to his work, and reducing the whole head to an appearance of premature baldness. What a charming place it was, — how full of wonder and delight! The sunny little room, fronting southwest upon the Common, rang with canaries and Java sparrows, nor were the familiar notes of robin, thrush and bobolink wanting. A large white cockatoo harangued vaguely, at intervals, in what we believed (on R.'s authority) to be the Hottentot language."

Dr. Peabody has left a picturesque account of the student's manner of life at this period:

"The feather bed — mattresses not having come into general use — was regarded as a valuable chattel; but ten dollars would have been a fair auction price for all the other contents of an average room, which were a pine bedstead, washstand, table, and desk, a cheap rocking-chair and from two to four other chairs of the plainest fashion. I doubt whether any fellow student of mine owned a carpet. A second-hand furniture dealer had a few defaced and threadbare carpets, which he leased at an extravagant price to certain Southern members of the Senior class; but even Southerners, though reputed to be fabulously rich, did not aspire to this luxury till the Senior year. Coal was just coming into use, and hardly found its way into the college. The students' rooms — several of the recitation rooms as well — were heated by open wood-fires. Almost every room had, too, among its *transmittenda* a cannon-ball supposed to have been derived from the arsenal, which on very cold days was heated to a red heat and placed as calorific radiant on a skillet or on some extemporized metallic stand; while at other seasons it was often utilized by being rolled downstairs at such time as might most nearly bisect a proctor's night-sleep. Friction-matches — according to Faraday the most useful invention of our age — were not yet. Coals were carefully buried in ashes over night to start the morning fire; while in summer the evening lamp could be lighted only by the awkward and often baffling process of striking fire with flint, steel, and tinder box.

"The student's life was hard. Morning prayers were in summer at six; in winter, about half an hour before sunrise in a bitterly cold chapel. Thence half of each class passed into the several recitation rooms in the same building — University Hall — and three quarters of an hour later the bell rang for a second set of recitations, including the remaining half of the students. Then came breakfast, which in the College commons consisted solely of coffee, hot rolls, and butter, except when the members of a mess had succeeded in pinning to the nether surface of the table, by a two-pronged fork, some slices of meat from the previous day's dinner. Between ten and twelve every student attended another recitation or a lecture. Dinner was at half-past twelve, — a meal not deficient in quantity, but by no means appetizing to those who had come from neat homes and well ordered tables. There was another recitation in the afternoon, except on Saturday; then evening prayers at six, or in winter at early twilight; then the evening meal, plain as the breakfast, with tea instead of coffee, and cold bread, of the consistency of wool, for the hot rolls. After tea the dormitories rang with song and merriment till the study bell, at eight in winter, at nine in summer, sounded the curfew for fun and frolic, proclaiming dead silence throughout the college premises.

" On Sundays all were required to be in residence, not excepting even those whose homes were in

Boston; and all were required to attend worship twice each day at the college chapel. On Saturday alone was there permission to leave Cambridge, absence from town at any other time being a punishable offence. This weekly liberty was taken by almost every member of college, Boston being the universal resort; though seldom otherwise than on foot, the only public conveyance then being a two-horse stage-coach, which ran twice a day."

Commons, which had occupied rooms in Harvard Hall, were transferred in 1815 to University. In Harvard Hall, officers and graduates sat at a table on a dais at the head of each room; seniors and sophomores occupied the main floor of one room, juniors and freshmen the main floor of the other. " By this arrangement each pair of adjacent classes, always supposed to hold relations of mutual antagonism, were fed apart, and had different doors of entrance and egress." The kitchen in the basement of University was the largest in New England, and an object of curiosity and interest to visitors. " The students felt in large part remunerated for coarse fare and rude service by their connection with a feeding place that possessed what seemed to them world-wide celebrity. They were not the only dependents upon the college kitchen, but shared its viands with a half-score or more of swine, whose sties were close in the rear of the building, and with rats of abnormal size that had free quarters with the pigs."

Two or three of the professors took in boarders at three dollars a week — wealthy Southerners presumably. These boarders were objects of suspicion to their classmates; if one of them received any college honor, "it was uniformly ascribed to undue influence, catered for on the one side and exerted on the other, in consequence of this domestic arrangement."

The students were invariably hostile to the faculty. "If a student went unsummoned to a teacher's room, it was almost always by night. It was regarded as a high crime by his class for a student to enter a recitation room before the ringing of the bell, or to remain to ask a question of the instructor; and even one who was uniformly first in the class-room would have had his way to Coventry made easy. In case of a general disturbance, the entire Faculty were on the chase for offenders — a chase seldom successful; while their unskilled manoeuvres in this uncongenial service were wont to elicit, not so much silent admiration, as shouts of laughter and applause.

"The recitations were mere hearings of lessons, without comment or collateral instruction. They were generally heard in quarter sections of a class, the entire class containing from fifty to sixty members. The custom was to call on every student in the section at every recitation."

At this time the college yard was unenclosed and extended only a few feet behind University Hall — only far enough in fact to afford quarters for the pigs. The chapel exercises were held in University Hall, and at them as at the commons, seniors and sophomores were kept apart from juniors and freshmen. In front of the pulpit was a stage, for the chapel room was also the room for public declamations and exhibitions. At daily prayers a professor kept watch over the congregation from a sort of raised sentry box and noted down the name of any one guilty of a misdemeanor.

The entrance examinations — all oral — began at six o'clock in the morning and lasted all day, with but a half-hour intermission for luncheon. "Each of the thirteen College officers took a section and passed it to the next, and so on until it had gone the entire round." It may well be believed that this matriculation day was not a time of festivities; but it was far otherwise with Commencement Day.

"The entire Common, then an unenclosed dust plain, was completely covered on Commencement Day and the night preceding and following it with drinking stands, dancing booths, mountebank shows and gambling tables; and I have never heard such a horrid din, tumult, and jargon of oath, shout, scream, fiddle, quarrelling and drunkenness as on those two nights. By such summary methods as but few other men could have employed, Mr. Quincy at the outset of his presidency swept the Common clear; and during his entire administration the public days of the College were kept free from rowdyism. . . .

" Pious citizens of Boston [before 1776] used to send their slaves to Commencement for their religious instruction and edification. But the negroes soon found that they could spend their holidays more to their satisfaction, if not more to the good of their souls, on the outside than in the interior of the meeting-house. At length Commencement came to be the great gala day of the year for the colored people in and about Boston, who were by no means such quiet and orderly citizens as their representatives now are, while their comparative number was much greater."

In 1836 the Rev. John Pierce entered this observation in his diary: " Be it noted that this is the first

Commencement I ever attended in Cambridge in which I saw not a single person drunk in the Hall or out of it. . . . There were the fewest present I ever remember."

Class Day, which, as we have seen, had only a few years before been a day of innocent literary exercises, had also become an occasion for disorderly revelry. The class of 1834 treated all comers to iced punch. "In 1836," writes Lowell, "the College janitor, in vain protesting, yet not without hilarious collusion on his own part, was borne in wavering triumph on a door, the chance-selected symbol of his office." Of these first Class Day orgies, Lowell writes: "Crowds gathered to witness these anarchic ceremonies. The windows which commanded the scene were bursting with heads, and in as much request as formerly those which gave a near view of the ghastly tree at Tyburn."

But in 1838, the year when Lowell was rusticating at Concord and so was unable to read his class poem, there was a reform; from that time on drunkenness ceased to be the most distinguishing feature of Class Day. For a number of years each class planted an ivy shoot on Class Day, and the orator delivered his oration over it. But as the ivy always died, the custom of planting it was abandoned altogether;

and the Ivy Oration, though not discontinued, acquired what was in the circumstances an appropriately humorous character, and was assigned to the reputed wit of the class.

The long vacation was in the winter, and continued to be until 1869. Professor Ticknor in 1825 wrote: "The longest vacation should happen in the hot season, when insubordination and misconduct are now most frequent, partly from the indolence produced by the season. There is a reason against this, I know — the poverty of many students who keep school for a part of their subsistence."

One of the greatest hot weather excitements occurred in August, 1834. A Protestant mob had burned down a Roman Catholic chapel in Charlestown. The rumor spread through Cambridge that in retaliation the Papists meant to set fire to the Harvard Library. Students and graduates gathered to defend it, and sentinels stationed themselves with muskets at the windows. Night came on, and a horseman galloped up to announce that one thousand armed Irishmen were marching to Cambridge. Excitement and precautions were redoubled — but it was no doubt the horseman's little joke; the column of armed and angered Fenians never appeared.

The most memorable event of Quincy's administration was the bicentennial celebration of the founding of the college, which was held on September 8, 1836. A pavilion one hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and twenty was built in front of University Hall and covered with white canvas. Its pillars were wreathed with evergreens and flowers; streamers of blue and white floated down from the top of the tent. All the college buildings were decorated in a similar manner. Early in the morning the roads from Boston to Cambridge were the scene of unusual activity. The townspeople turned out along the way, booths were set up, coaches and carriages rolled by continuously. At nine o'clock the alumni and invited guests, to the number of fifteen hundred, assembled in University Hall. At ten o'clock the procession formed, headed by one member of the class of 1774. It passed through the gate between Massachusetts Hall and Harvard Hall and entered the Congregational Church. There "Fair Harvard," written for the occasion by the Rev. Samuel Gilman of Charleston, South Carolina, was sung for the first time. President Quincy made a two-hour address, which was followed by a prayer, hymn, and benediction. Then the procession marched through the common, back into the yard, and entered the pavilion. Here Edward Everett presided at the dinner and delivered a characteristic and abundant oration, overflowing with classical allusions. Forty toasts were proposed, each one in the stately language of the period, and nearly as many speeches, among them one by Daniel Webster, were delivered — all of a considerable length and not one with the slightest trace of humor. In fact, the speech-making lasted until eight o'clock in the evening.

Pedantry was in the air of Cambridge in those days; such words as " the feast of reason and the flow of soul " really seemed to the people of the time to express very happily an agreeable idea; and an occasion which to an audience of the present would have been a monumental affliction held our solemn forefathers rapt and attentive and provided them with a lifelong, pleasant memory.

CHAPTER X

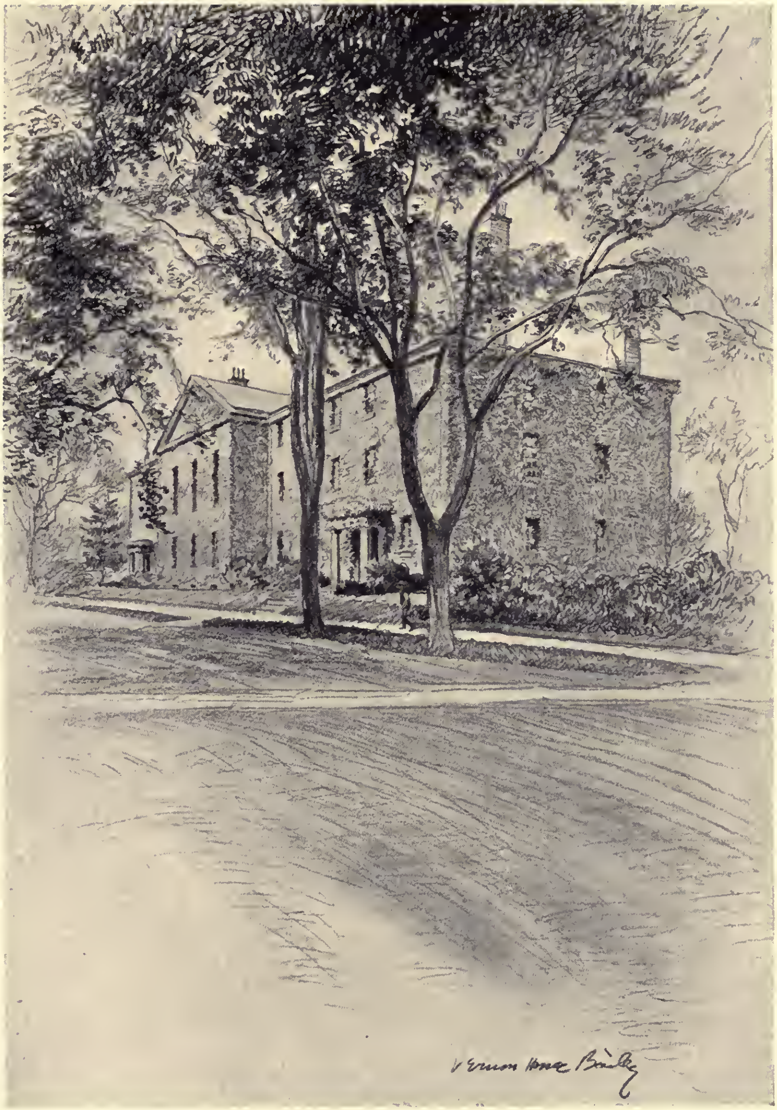
ANTE-BELLUM DAYS

IN President Quincy's administration, sharp restrictions were still imposed upon the undergraduate's freedom. The college rules of 1832 ordained that "no student shall be absent from the University a night in term time, or go out of the town of Cambridge at any time . . . without permission from the President," and that "every student is required on the Lord's Day and the evening preceding to abstain from visiting and from receiving visits, from unnecessary walking, and from using any diversion, and from all behavior inconsistent with the sacred season." With these and with other cramping regulations, and with practically no athletics to absorb nervous and physical energy, college life often seemed irksome; frequent outbursts of disorder and drunkenness were the methods by which undergraduates sought relief from monotony.

Some letters written by Francis Parkman, of the class of '44, portray the diversions of a young gentleman of the period:

"Here I am, down in Divinity Hall (!) enjoying to my heart's content that *otium cum dignitate* which you so affectionately admire. . . . Do you not envy me my literary ease? — a sea-coal fire — a dressing-gown — slippers — a favorite author; — all set off by an occasional bottle of champagne, or a bowl of stewed oysters at Washburn's? This is the cream of existence. To lie abed in the morning, till the sun has half melted away the trees and castles on the window-panes, and Nigger Lewis's fire is almost burnt out, listening meanwhile to the steps of the starved Divinities as they rush shivering and panting to their prayers and recitations — then to get up to a fashionable breakfast at eleven — then go to lecture — find it a little too late, and adjourn to Joe Peabody's room for a novel, conversation, and a morning glass of madeira." One hardly recognizes in this sybarite the hero of the Oregon Trail!

Again: "Joe got up one of his old-fashioned suppers, on a scale of double magnificence, inviting thereunto every specimen of the class of '44 that lingered within an accessible distance. . . . The spree was worthy of the entertainment. None got drunk,


Vernon Howe Bailey

Divinity Hall

but all got jolly; and Joe's champagne disappeared first; then his madeira; and his whiskey punch would have followed suit, if its copious supplies had not prevented. . . . . The whole ended with smashing a dozen bottles against the Washington (elm?) and a war-dance with scalp yells in the middle of the common, in the course of which several night-capped heads appeared at the opened windows of the astonished neighbors."

Champagne, madeira, whiskey punch, and only an air of jollity! But another passage recording an incident of Parkman's freshman year convinces us that these young men were not superhuman:

"It was a very hot night. We had opened our windows in search of air when there was a knock on the door and ten or twelve seniors came in. It was an immensely impressive circumstance. We regarded the seniors with awe and reverence. Still it was not above their dignity to haze a couple of harmless and callow freshmen. They closed the windows and took out cigars and began to smoke their cigars to smoke us out. We bore it for a while; then the air became thick, and we began to think we had had enough of it. Suddenly one of the seniors sprang up and rushed to the door and asked for the key. The door was opened; he went out, left his supper on the doorstep, and went to his room, followed by all the rest."

In 1843 a small gymnasium was provided for the use of the students, — the first official recognition of the importance of physical exercise. Athletics began to play an important part in the college life, but even through the fifties it was a very informal and unorganized kind of athletics. A crude sort of football was played on the Delta, where Memorial Hall now stands. Robert Gould Shaw at the beginning of his freshman year, in 1856, described one of the contests:

" Last Monday we had our six annual football games, Freshmen kicking against Sophomores. In the last three games the Juniors help the Freshmen, and the Seniors help the Sophomores. We beat the third game alone, a thing which has happened only three times since the University was founded. The Sophomores generally beat all six games because they know the ground and know each other. As I think a description of the whole affair would amuse you, I will give it to you.

" At half past six we went to the Delta, and in a few minutes the whole Sophomore class streamed into the field at one end, and about as large a class of Freshmen into the other, and stood opposite each other about a hundred yards apart, like two hostile armies. There we stood cheering and getting up our courage until the ball was brought. It was received with great cheering and hurrahing, and handed over to the Sophomores, who had the first kick by rights. After they had kicked once, they waited until our champion, [Caspar] Crowninshield, had one kick, and then rushed in.

"They knew that we were a large class and had a good many big fellows, so they determined to frighten us by hard fighting; and if anything was calculated to frighten fellows not used to it, it was the way in which they came upon us. They rushed down in a body, and, hardly looking for the ball, the greater part of them turned their attention to knocking down as many as they could, and kicked the ball when they happened to come across it. It was a regular battle, with fifty to seventy men on each side. It resembled more my idea of the hand-to-hand fighting of the ancients than anything else. After the first game, few had their own hats on, few a whole shirt. In the beginning I rushed into the middle with the crowd, but after that I kept among fellows of my own size on the outskirts. My experience in the middle was this: before I had been there more than a second, I had got three fearful raps on the head, and was knocked down, and they all ran over me after the ball, which had been kicked to another part of the field. Then I picked myself up, as did a great many other fellows lying about me, and looked for my hat among about twenty others and a good many rags. I found it some time afterwards serving as football to a Sophomore during the *entr' acte*. That was Monday, and to-day is Friday, but my head is not entirely well yet. I got a good many blows which I didn't feel at all till the next day. A good many of our fellows were more badly hurt, because they had pluck enough to go into the thick of it each time; once was enough for me. It was fine to see how little some of them cared for the blows they got. After the Juniors and Seniors came in, there must have been two hundred on the ground. Of the last three games, we beat one and one was voted a drawn game. This is a much more important thing than one would think, because it is an established custom; and our having beaten is a great glory, and gives the other classes a much higher opinion of us than they would otherwise have. They talked about it quite amicably the next day. Several of the Sophomores and Seniors, who were both opposed to us, came over to our side that same evening and congratulated us upon having beaten them, because it was such an unusual thing. Now we play football every evening, but all the classes mix up, and there is little or no fighting."

In 1845 President Quincy resigned after what had been in many ways the most memorable and progressive administration that any president had given to Harvard University. His successor was Edward Everett, who held the office for only three years. The admired orator of the period was not well qualified to fulfil the president's duties. His ideas of discipline were those of the pedagogue of the primary school, his sense of personal dignity was too acute, his lack of humor and of human understanding was conspicuous.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of the class of '52, has recalled an illuminating instance of President Everett's insistence upon petty formalities. Mr. Choate was a freshman of only one week's standing when he received a summons from the president's secretary. "Mr. Choate," said the secretary, "the president has directed me to inform you that he observes with great regret that you passed him in Harvard Square yesterday without touching your hat. He trusts that this offence will never be repeated."

There is a delightfully naive account by Dr. Andrew P. Peabody of the lecture on Washington with which Everett toured the country; for the humorous light that it throws upon the taste of the period as well as upon two of Harvard's worthies, it may be introduced into these pages:

" That lecture was the most marvellous masterwork of rhetorical art and skill of which I ever had any knowledge. Washington's character, in its massive simplicity and perfectness, afforded very little hold for popular eloquence. Mr. Everett, fully aware of this, grouped around the honored name a vast number and an immense diversity of men, incidents, objects of admiration in nature and curiosity in art, scientific facts, classical allusions, myths of the gods of Greece, — the greater part of them not in themselves illustrative of his theme, but all of them pressed into its service and forced into an adaptation that was made at the time to appear natural and obvious. A catalogue of the materials used in that lecture would seem as heterogeneous as the contents of a country variety shop, and a man of ordinary genius would have won only ridicule in the attempt to bring them together. But Mr. Everett compressed them into perfect and amazing unity, and rendered them all subsidiary to the name and fame of Washington; while, when the lecture was over, it was impossible to recollect what bearing on the character of our first President was assigned to the greater part of them. I first heard the lecture in Boston. A few weeks afterward he delivered it in Portsmouth, N. H., where I then lived and shared with the friend at whose house he stayed the charge and pleasure of his hospitable reception. We took him to the family mansion where Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary, was born, and where Washington, on his Northern tour during his presidency, was a guest, and introduced him there to an old lady, Mr. Lear's niece, who had in her parlor the very sofa on which Washington had sat, holding her on his knee, and a sampler which she had wrought with a long lock of his white hair which he gave her. Mr. Everett, without seeking time for special preparation, so worked the Lear house, its occupant, and its furniture into the appropriate part of his lecture that the whole story seemed absolutely inseparable from what preceded and what followed, and as if it had been written in its place in the beginning. A short time afterward I went to Brunswick to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address, and he was going to deliver his Washington lecture in the evening. I was his fellow guest at the house of his cousin, Hon. Ebenezer Everett. It was incidentally said at table that ‘all Bath’ was coming up to hear him, arrangements having been made for a special train. A short time previously the wife of a Bath ship-master disabled by paralysis, — though herself in a condition that might have excused her from active duty, — had taken command of her husband’s ship, in the harbor of San Francisco, and brought it home in good order to Bath. That story Mr. Everett incorporated into his lecture, entering with the utmost delicacy into the circumstances that rendered the achievement the more heroic and noteworthy; and there was no portion of the lecture which seemed more closely adapted to the subject or which the hearers would have missed more had they heard the discourse again elsewhere. Yet, when Mr. Everett had gone to his room, we found it impossible to recall the process by which he had dovetailed this story into his lecture, or the precise bearing which it had on the merit and fame of Washington.”

Dr. Peabody remained for many years to delight, entertain, and instruct the youth of Harvard; but Edward Everett seemed to excite irritation and levity rather than respect, and in 1849 he resigned the presidency of the college.

Jared Sparks, the author and editor of voluminous biography, succeeded him. He was not a man under whose leadership a university would be likely to make any notable advance; but he was a substantial scholar and a kindly human being. The other college authorities were disposed to maintain the severe standards of discipline set by his predecessor, under whom "the omission of a necktie in the early darkness of morning prayers incurred for the offender an admonition from the chairman of the parietal board; the throwing of a snowball was reported to the faculty; the question was raised whether the making of the snowball without throwing it did not deserve censure; and the blowing of a horn was a capital crime."

But President Sparks often intervened to protect the students from the extremes of such harsh doctrine. "Oh, let the boys alone; they will take care of themselves," was his frequent admonition to an over-zealous officer.

The chapel was the theater of ingenious and secret undergraduate activities. To prevent the bell from being rung was the ambition of many college generations. It was turned up and filled with water, which froze; sulphuric acid was poured into it; the rope was cut; the keyholes of the locked chapel doors were plugged up with wax; on one occasion the bell-tongue was removed, the doors leading to the belfry were screwed up, and the heads of the screws were filed off. But the resourceful janitor broke his way in and punctually rang the bell by beating it with a hammer. In the matter of bell ringing, the college authorities always triumphed. But in Sparks's administration the Bible was successfully stolen from the chapel and sent by express to the Librarian of Yale, who returned it to Harvard. On the fly leaf was written: "*Hoc Biblum raptum vi a pulpite Harvard Coll. Chapelli facultati Yali ab Harv. Coll. undergraduatibus donatur. Coveres servamus in usum Chessboardi. Pro Helter Skelter Club.*"

Notwithstanding Sparks's amiability, he had a certain stubbornness and clung to his prejudices. He had no admiration for Kossuth, who was engaged in a triumphant tour of the country and was making for Cambridge. The faculty wished to do special honor to the Hungarian patriot, and as he would be on hand for the usual spring "exhibition," they voted to hold it in the First Parish Church, where Commencements were held, instead of in the small college chapel. President Sparks said: " It is for you, gentlemen, to hold the exhibition where you please. I shall go to the chapel in my cap and gown at the usual hour." The faculty reconsidered their vote; and the projected Kossuth celebration fell flat.

On account of physical infirmity President Sparks resigned in 1853; James Walker, professor of natural religion and moral philosophy, was elected in his place. In matters of discipline he was even more tolerant than Sparks had been, and he succeeded in eliminating the absurd code that had prevailed under Everett. He was a celebrated preacher; his chief claim to distinction lay in his sermons. He resigned in 1860; Cornelius C. Felton, the most eminent Greek scholar of the university, succeeded him, but died in less than two years. Then came Thomas Hill, professor of mathematics; his term likewise was short, for he retired in 1868.

A letter written by Lowell to President Hill in 1863 gives a criticism of the college yard at this period:

". . . Something ought to be done about the trees in the college yard. That is my thesis, and my corollary is that you are the man to do it. They remind me always of a young author's first volume of poems. There are too many of 'em and too many of one kind. If they were not planted in such formal rows, they would typify very well John Bull's notion of 'our democracy,' where every tree is its neighbor's enemy, and all turn out scrubs in the end, because none can develop fairly. Then there is scarce anything but American elms. I have nothing to say against the tree in itself. I have some myself whose trunks I look on as the most precious baggage I am responsible for in the journey of life, but planted as they are in the yard, there's no chance for one in ten. If our buildings so nobly dispute architectural pre-eminence with cotton mills, perhaps it is all right that the trees should become spindles, but I think Hesiod (who knew something of country matters) was clearly right in his half being better than the whole, and nowhere more so than in the matter of trees. There are two English beeches in the yard which would become noble trees if the elms would let 'em alone. As it is, they are in danger of starving. Now, as you are our Kubernetes, I want you to take the 'elm in hand. We want more variety, more grouping. We want to learn that one fine tree is worth more than any mob of second rate ones. We want to take a leaf out of Chaucer's book and understand that in a stately grove every tree must 'stand well from his fellow apart.' A doom hangs over us in the matter of architecture, but if we will only let a tree alone it will build itself with a nobleness of proportion and grace of detail that Giotto himself might have envied. Nor should the pruning as now be entrusted to men who get all they cut off, and whose whole notion of pruning accordingly is, 'axe and it shall be given unto you.' Do, pray, take this matter into your own hands — for you know how to love a tree — and give us a modern instance of a wise saw. Be remembered among your other good things as the president that planted the groups of evergreens for the wind to dream of the sea in all summer and for the snowflakes to roost on in winter."

The last adjuration failed to move Dr. Hill; no groups of evergreens have flourished in the yard. And curiously enough the president whom future generations will connect with tree-planting is he who bears the name of Lowell.

Yet President Hill deserves to rank as one of the progressives — to use a word that had not then achieved currency. It was in his administration that the idea of elective studies was first vigorously advocated in Harvard College. It remained for his successor to give the principle its widest application.

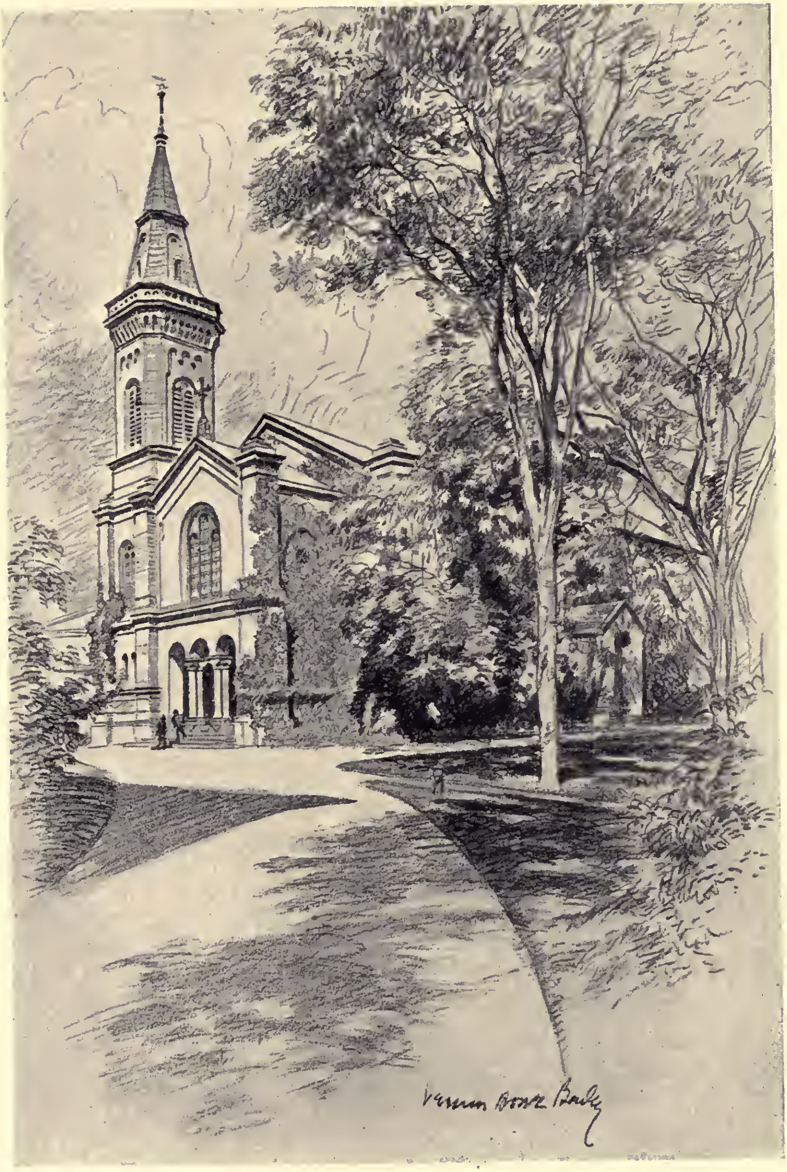
CHAPTER XI

HARVARD IN THE WAR

THE South had always been friendly to Harvard, and before the struggle over slavery became acute, Harvard was sympathetic with the South. To Harvard came some of the best representatives of the Southern aristocracy. The idea of slave-holding as expressed by these young men was patriarchal rather than iniquitous. Harvard undergraduates, Harvard professors accepted the existence of slavery in the South without particularly questioning the justice or wisdom or desirability of it. Their feeling was that it was an economic necessity, and that the rights of property must be respected.

The Abolitionists had no following at Harvard. Lowell, graduating in 1838, sent his class poem in from Concord, where he had been rusticated for neglect of studies; it ridiculed the Abolitionists, and the ridicule was popular. Wendell Phillips, while he was in college and even while he was in the Law School, had not been inflamed and inspired by their propaganda. Sumner in 1848 made speeches for the Free Soil party throughout Massachusetts, and came to Cambridge; there he was hissed. Lowell was a late convert to the Free Soil cause; but Ticknor, Everett, Sparks, Felton, Motley, Parkman, and Dana were among the distinguished Harvard men who stood firmly on the other side. The professors in the Law School defended the Fugitive Slave Law, and out of the hundred students under them, only six were opposed to it.

Nevertheless, as the crisis of Secession drew near, the Union sentiment of the college swept away conservative inclinations. In 1861 all the Southerners went home. In April, on the day after Lincoln made his appeal for volunteers, the seniors raised a transparency on a tree in front of Holworthy. One side bore the legend, " The Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws," the other, " Harvard For War." The undergraduates assembled and cheered; that evening rockets were set off; the next morning from every window in Massachusetts Hall, then a sophomore dormitory, a flag was flying. Governor Andrew called on Harvard for volunteers to guard the arsenal at Watertown. Military drills were held daily on the Delta; students


Vernon Howe Bailey

Appleton Chapel

rushed to enroll themselves in volunteer companies for defence. For a time the authorities attempted to check the martial enthusiasm; but when the magnitude of the struggle became apparent, they withdrew their opposition. Eighty-one men were graduated in the class of '61; fifty-one of them bore arms for the Union. The rooms in the college yard were scenes of grave debate between young men earnestly seeking to decide where their duty lay. Often it happened that of two room-mates, one went to the war, the other stayed behind. There were sword-presentations to those who departed: sometimes the young soldier, returning on furlough, brightened the yard with his holiday uniform; on Class Day and Commencement there would be a sprinkling of undergraduates and recent graduates who were already seasoned veterans of the war.

Thirteen hundred and eleven Harvard men served in the Union army and navy. One hundred and sixty-seven were killed or died of disease. Two hundred and fifty-seven Harvard men fought on the Confederate side; sixty-four of them were killed or died of disease.

The story of Harvard College is in a sense the story of her sons; the brightest and the most touching page in her history is that which records their services in the Civil War. Therefore I will make no apology for sketching here a few of those whose deeds and whose death cast a luster on the university they loved.

Everett Peabody was one of the leading scholars of the class of '49; he was also a big, athletic fellow, full of animal spirits, brimming with energy, fond of pranks; he was rusticated for making a bonfire on the steps of University Hall. In spite of this he was graduated with honors and had a part at Commencement. He went West, became an engineer, and built railroads in Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri; before he was thirty he was regarded as the best field engineer in all that country. He lived chiefly in a " boarding car " at the unfinished extremity of a new railroad track; he was in the habit of dating his letters home from "Boarding Cars."

" The aforesaid cars," he wrote in a letter that showed his characteristic liveliness of spirit, " are now on an embankment about forty feet high, and the snow stretches away to the north and south. The trees are black and dreary looking, and the wind goes howling by. Bitter cold it is, too, outside. But I have finished my frugal repast of bread and butter and do not purpose exposing my cherished nose to the night air again. Vague reminiscences come back to me of ancient sleigh-rides, of pretty faces snuggling close to your side, of muffs held up before faces to keep off the wind, and gentle words. There is fun enough, and wit and nonsense enough, out here; but after all it is hard and angular and lacks entirely the refining influence which womankind infuses into man's life. But the weird sisters weave, and Atropos sits ready. Let her sit."

In the spring of 1861 Peabody took an active part in the convention that kept Missouri in the Union. Soon after that he was commissioned colonel of the 13th Missouri Infantry. He wrote to his brother: "Good-by, old fellow. I have a sort of presentiment I shall go under. If I do, it shall be in a manner that the old family shall feel proud of it."

Within a month the ill-fated regiment encountered a vastly superior force at Lexington, Missouri; and after stubbornly holding its position in an eight-day fight, it was at last surrounded and captured. Peabody was wounded in the foot. A couple of months later he was exchanged, and, still on crutches, set about reorganizing his regiment, which now became the 25th Missouri. In a letter written at this time he says: "I am a nondescript animal, which I call a triped, as yet, but I trust in a short time to be on foot once more. — You in Massachusetts, who see your men going off thoroughly equipped and prepared for the service, can hardly conceive the destitution and ragged condition of the Missouri volunteers. If I had a whole pair of breeches in my regiment at Lexington, I don't know it; but I learned there that bravery did not depend on good clothes."

In March, 1862, he was in command of the leading brigade in General Prentiss's division, at Shiloh. Just before the battle, he felt that the army was in danger of being surprised, and asked Prentiss for permission to send out a scouting party. Prentiss delayed answering and finally ignored the request; Peabody therefore sent out a scouting party on his own responsibility. This party met the Confederate column advancing, just as Peabody had feared, and fell back, skirmishing. Peabody had his brigade in line to receive the attack; the rest of the division was unprepared and was thrown into confusion. Had Peabody instead of Prentiss held the division command, the ultimate victory of the Union troops might have been less dearly bought. The right of the division was captured *en masse;*

Peabody rode gallantly to the front to rally his brigade against the overwhelming attack, was shot through the head, and killed instantly.

Wilder Dwight, of the class of '53, was an earnest and somewhat introspective youth. He kept a diary in college. "I am somewhat of a 'dig,' I suppose," he reflected in his freshman year; "and though the character is rather an ignominious one in college, it is in so good repute elsewhere and among wiser persons than freshmen or even sophomores that I shall endeavor always to deserve the title. Natural geniuses, that is, lazy good scholars, are few and far between. I shall, therefore, estimate myself as a very common sort of a person; and as I desire to excel, I shall choose the way which seems to promise success." This serious-minded young moralist, whose diary is filled with abstracts of sermons and reflections induced by them, wonderfully escaped developing into a prig. After graduation, he went through the Law School, then spent more than a year in study abroad, and after that established himself as a lawyer in Boston. Soon he was known as one of the ablest of the younger men practising at the bar.

At the outbreak of the war, Dwight determined to raise a regiment. He got subscriptions to guarantee necessary expenses; he went to Washington and obtained from the Secretary of War the special authority required for enlistment. The regiment that he helped to recruit was the Second Massachusetts, which, officered very largely by Harvard men, went through some of the most desperate fighting of the war. From that time on, as his mother wrote, "his history was that of the regiment." He was commissioned major; in June, 1862, he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel. He was an admirable officer in camp and on the field; he looked after the health and comfort of his men and was indefatigable in his kindness to them. His fiery-hearted zeal for accomplishment, for action, underwent severe trials; the regiment was attached to the Army of the Potomac under McClellan; Dwight chafed at the enforced idleness. "I had rather lose my life to-morrow *in a victory* than save it for fifty years without one!" he wrote. And again: "I presume I love life and home and friends as much as any one; but I should sooner give them all up to-morrow than to have our regiment go home empty. . . . If you have any prayers to give, give them all to the supplication that the Second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers may find a field whereon to write a record of itself. Do not spend your days in weakly fearing or regretting this or that life, — lives whose whole sweetness and value depend upon their opportunities, not upon their length."

But there was to be no lack of opportunities for the Second Massachusetts. Soon it was in the thick of the fighting. It covered Banks's retreat in May, 1862; Dwight, lingering to assist two wounded soldiers, fell into the enemy's hands. After a week he was paroled. His regiment had given him up for dead; when his men saw him approaching, they rushed forward and welcomed him with joyous enthusiasm. He told them who of their comrades were in prison in Winchester, and who were wounded. Then he said triumphantly: "And now do you want to know what the Rebels think of the Massachusetts Second? 'Who was it ambuscaded us near Bartonsville?' a cavalry officer asked me. 'That was the Massachusetts Second,' I replied. An officer of Rebel infantry asked me who it was that was at the run near Bartonsville. 'That was the Massachusetts Second,' said I. 'Whose,' asked another officer, 'was the battery so splendidly served, and the line of sharpshooters behind the stone wall, who picked off every officer of ours who showed himself?' 'That was the Massachusetts Second,' said I. On the whole, the Rebels came to the conclusion that they had been fighting the Massachusetts Second, and that they did not care to do it again in the dark."

Under parole, he chafed at being out of action. In the battle of Cedar Mountain his regiment was engaged and sustained heavy losses; Dwight's mortification over his absence was keen. But that day his exchange was effected, and he joined his men in time to take part in Pope's inglorious retreat. He wrote bitterly: "We want *soldiers*, *soldiers*, and a *general in command*. Please notice the words, all of them."

At the battle of Antietam, the regiment was drawn up under the shelter of a fence; Dwight walked along it, directing the men to keep their heads down out of reach of the enemy's fire. Soon he fell mortally wounded. His regiment was ordered to retreat, and men were detailed to carry him, but his pain was so intense that he could not be moved; he was left lying where he fell. A little later, young Rupert Saddler, a private of his command, crept out to him at great risk. Afterwards Saddler wrote this statement: "I saw a man with his head lying on a rail. I felt that it was the Colonel, and I hurried to him. I gave him a drink of water, and asked him where he was wounded. He said his thigh-bone was shattered. I saw his arm was bleeding. I asked, was it serious? He said, 'It's a pretty little wound.' I saw two of our men coming, and I called them over. The Rebels saw them and began firing. Colonel Dwight wanted us to go back to the regiment. Said he, 'Rupert, if you live, I want you to be a good boy.' I wanted to bind up his wounds, but he said it was no use. He gave me a paper he had been trying to write on, and the pencil; the paper was covered with his blood."

It was a note to his mother, sending her his love and saying good-by.

Saddler and the two other men lifted him and carried him, under fire, into a corn-field. General Gordon rode up to him, and Dwight saluted. Bullets were whistling overhead. "I must have you removed from here," said General Gordon. "Never mind me," Dwight answered. "Only whip them." He was carried to the field hospital and then to Boonesborough, where he died.

Charles Russell Lowell followed Wilder Dwight at Harvard by a year. Born in 1835, he was one of the youngest men in the class of '54. He was a man such as appears in a college once or twice in a generation. He was the first scholar of the class throughout his college course. Ardent in mind and temper, handsome, athletic, he was distinguished not only by his love of learning, but also by his ruggedness of character, his moral steadiness and strength. In every way he appears to have been the acknowledged leader of the class. As a scholar he showed the greatest versatility and the most enthusiastic acquisitiveness; he mastered languages and sciences with equal zeal. In his valedictory oration on "The Reverence Due from Old Men to Young," there is a passage that shows the quality of his thought and expression, even at the age of nineteen:

"Mere action is no proof of progress; we make it our boast *how much* we do, and then grow blind to *what* we do. Action here is the Minotaur which claims and devours our youths. Athens bewailed the seven who yearly left her shore; with us scarce seven remain, and we urge the victims to their fate.

"Apollonius of Tyana tells us in his Travels that he saw 'a youth, one of the blackest of the Indians, who had between his eyebrows a shining moon. Another youth named Memnon, the pupil of Herodes the Sophist, had this moon when he was young; but as he approached to man's estate, its light grew fainter and fainter, and finally vanished.' The world should see with reverence on each youth's brow, as a shining moon, his fresh ideal. It should remember that he is already in the hands of a sophist more dangerous than Herodes, for that sophist is himself. It should watch, lest, from too early and exclusive action, the moon on his brow, growing fainter and fainter, should finally vanish, and, sadder than all, should leave in vanishing no sense of loss."

Although thus deprecating the young man's eagerness for action, Lowell himself exhibited the characteristic that he deplored. Immediately after graduation he entered the iron mill of the Ames Company at Chicopee, Massachusetts, as a common workman. Already he had ideas for improving the condition of laboring men, and he was not unwilling to make a first-hand study of it. A year later he went to take an important executive position with the Trenton Iron Company of New Jersey. He had been there but a short time when he was attacked by hemorrhage of the lungs. He had to abandon his work and his hopes; for two years he travelled abroad for his health. When he came back in 1858, he was still too unwell to resume his former occupation; he went West and became treasurer of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad. In the two years that he was in Burlington his health improved, and his reputation for efficiency was established. In 1860 he was invited to undertake the management of the Mount Savage Iron Works at Cumberland, Maryland, and accepted the offer, seeing in it an opportunity ultimately to put into practice his plans for improving the lot of the workingman.

But on April 20, 1861, Lowell got the news of the attack made the day before in Baltimore on the Sixth Massachusetts. He resigned the management of the iron works and applied for the commission of second lieutenant in the regular army. Of this application he said: "Military science I have absolutely none, military talent I am too ignorant yet to recognize; but my education and experience in business and in the working of men may, if wanted, be made available at once in the regular army. Of course I am too old to be tickled with a uniform." — He was only twenty-six!

In June he wrote that he would not think of becoming a soldier, "were it not for a muddled and twisted idea that somehow or other this fight is going to be one in which decent men ought to engage for the sake of *humanity*." He was commissioned, not second lieutenant, but captain, in the Third, afterwards the Sixth, U. S. Cavalry. During the summer he was engaged in recruiting in different parts of the country. The regiment spent the autumn and winter in drilling and preparing for the field. Lowell felt that he had as much to learn as any of the raw recruits; he worked zealously. His colonel pronounced him the best officer appointed from civil life that he had ever known and gave him command of a squadron.

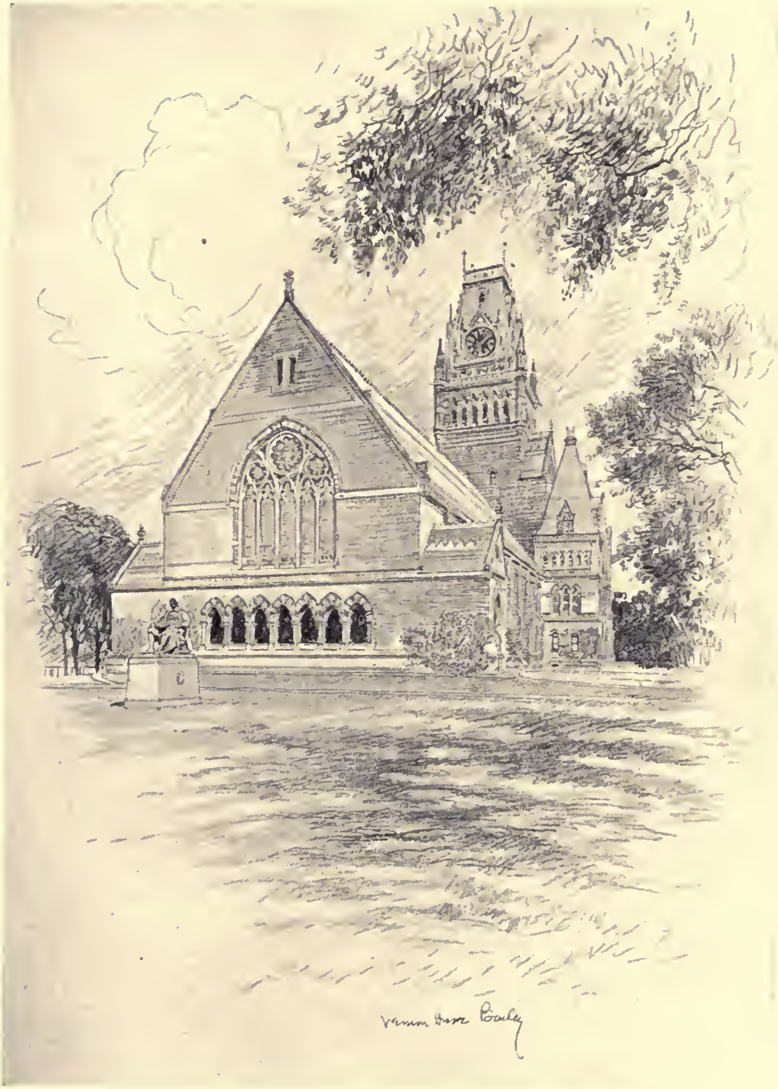
In March, 1862, the regiment joined the Army of the Potomac. Lowell's younger brother, James Jackson Lowell, who was the first scholar in the class of '58, and, like Charles, generous, warm-hearted, and beloved, was also in McClellan's army — first lieutenant in the 19th Massachusetts Infantry. He was mortally wounded on June 30 at the battle of Glendale, and died on the Fourth of July. Charles Lowell wrote: "The little fellow was very happy; he thought the war would soon be over, that everything was going right."

That summer Lowell was detailed as an aide to McClellan; at Antietam, bearing orders for Sedgwick's division and meeting it as it was retreating in confusion, he rode along the line, drove back and rallied the men, and checked what threatened to be a rout. For the gallantry and the quality of leadership that he thus exhibited, McClellan chose him to present to the President the trophies of the campaign; and Lowell bore to Washington the thirty-nine colors taken from the enemy.

In the autumn he was ordered to report to Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, to organize the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, of which he was appointed colonel. The work of organization kept him in Boston until the spring of 1863. The appointment of Robert Gould Shaw to command the 54th Massachusetts, the negro regiment, deprived him of one of his best officers, but he heartily approved the appointment. "It is very important that the regiment should be started soberly and not spoilt by too much fanaticism," he wrote. "Shaw is not a fanatic." About this time Lowell became engaged to Shaw's sister, whom he married in the autumn.

While he was organizing the Second Cavalry, a serious mutiny broke out at the barracks; the men attacked their officers with drawn swords. Lowell shot and killed the ringleader in the act of slashing at a lieutenant. He immediately reported to the Governor, who said: "I need nothing more; Colonel Lowell is as humane as he is brave."

In May he left Boston with his regiment and went to Virginia, where for some time he endeavored to


Vernon Howe Bailey

Memorial Hall

check the incursions of Mosby and his troopers. Mosby wrote afterwards that of all the Federal commanders opposed to him Colonel Lowell was the one for whom he had the highest respect.

Passages from letters written at this period reveal the young commander's growing maturity:

"A man is meant to act and to undertake, to try to succeed in his undertakings, to take all means which he thinks necessary to success: but he must not let his undertakings look too large and make a slave of him. Still less must he let the means. He must keep free and grow *integrally*.

"I feel every day, more and more, that a man has no right to himself at all; that, indeed, he can do nothing useful unless he recognizes this clearly. We were counting over the 'satisfactory' people of our acquaintance the other day, and very few they were. It seems to me that this change in public affairs [the war] has entirely changed my standard, and that men whom ten years ago I should have almost accepted as satisfactory now show lamentably deficient. Men do not yet seem to have risen with the occasion; and the perpetual perception of this is uncomfortable. It is painful here to see how sadly personal motives interfere with most of our officers' usefulness. *After* the war how much there will be to do, and how little opportunity a fellow in the field has to prepare himself for the sort of doing that will be required! It makes me quite sad sometimes; but then I reflect that the great secret of *doing*, after all, is in seeing what *is* to be done.

" Yesterday we took a little fellow only sixteen years old. He had joined one of these gangs [bushwhackers] to avoid the conscription, which is very sweeping. He told us all he knew about the company to which he belonged; but he was such a babe that it seemed *mean* to question him."

In July, 1864, Lowell was given the command of a brigade containing, besides his own regiment, representatives of every cavalry regiment in the service. With this patchwork following, which he soon welded with wonderful skill into a strong fighting organization, he joined Sheridan's Army of the Shenandoah. On August 16, Sheridan began to retire down the Valley, Lowell's brigade protecting his rear; and from the sixteenth till the thirty-first the brigade was fighting every day. On the twenty-sixth Lowell led a brilliant attack, in which his Massachusetts regiment captured seventy-four men. Sheridan then showed his admiration of Lowell's leadership by appointing him to the command of the

Reserve Brigade, the best cavalry brigade in the service. It consisted of three regiments of regular cavalry, one of artillery, and Lowell's own volunteer regiment — the regiment that had mutinied at the outset and that his skilful handling had now brought to this perfection.

At Winchester on September 19, Lowell with a captain and four men charged a Confederate gun and captured it — though the gun was fired, the horses of the two officers killed, and the captain's arm torn off. "A little more spunk," said Lowell in commenting on the incident, "and we should have had all their colors."

Thirteen horses were shot under him in as many weeks. But he was more than the daring and dashing cavalryman. "In whatever position Lowell was placed," said a fellow officer, "it always seemed to those around him that he was made for just that work." So it had been in college, where he had mastered languages and sciences with equal ease and equal zeal. He was young, and he looked even younger than he was. But his men, who had now learned to know him, adored him and followed him with enthusiasm and with confidence.

He wrote of Sheridan: "I like him immensely. Whether he succeeds or fails, he is the first general

I have seen who puts as much heart and time and thought into his work as if he were doing it for his own exclusive profit. He works like a mill-owner or an iron-master, not like a soldier. Never sleeps, never worries, is never cross, but isn't afraid to come down on a man who deserves it."

His own ripening ideals appear in a letter that he wrote to Major Henry L. Higginson, then disabled: "I hope that you have outgrown all foolish ambitions, and are now content to become a 'useful citizen.' . . . *Don't* grow rich; if you once begin, you will find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen. . . . There, what a stale sermon I'm preaching! But being a soldier, it does seem to me that I should like nothing so well as being a useful citizen. Well, trying to be one, I mean. I shall stay in the service, of course, till the war is over, or till I'm disabled; but then I look forward to a pleasanter career. I believe I have lost *all* my ambitions. I don't think I would turn my hand to be a distinguished chemist or a famous mathematician. *All* I now care about is to be a useful citizen, with money enough to buy bread and firewood, and to teach my children to ride on horseback and look strangers in the face,—especially Southern strangers!"

On October 15, Sheridan left his army intrenched near Cedar Creek and went to visit Front Royal and other points in the Valley. In the dawn of the nineteenth, the Confederates surprised the left of the line and drove it headlong down the Valley — until at noon Sheridan came galloping from Winchester. Meanwhile Lowell had led his Reserve Brigade from the right of the field to the left, a distance of three miles, and was covering the retreat. He established himself at the extreme left and maintained his position against a greatly superior force. Riding back and forth along the line of his skirmishers, he was a conspicuous mark for the sharpshooters on the roofs of the village. At one o'clock a spent ball struck him in the right breast, over his bad lung, and though the bullet did not break the skin, the blow caused internal hemorrhage and deprived him of breath and voice. For an hour and a half he lay on the ground. Then came Sheridan's order to begin an advance all along the line — the advance that was destined to give the Union troops the victory. "I feel well now," Lowell whispered, and insisted on being helped into his saddle that he might take part in the charge. He gave his orders through a member of his staff; his brigade swept forward into the thickest of the fight, he at the head of it, and in a few moments he fell mortally wounded. He lived long enough to know that the Union troops had won the battle — not long enough to receive his commission as brigadier-general, signed the day he died.

Less illustrious, yet no less heroic is the story of Charles Brooks Brown, of the class of '56. He was one of eleven children; the family, who lived in Cambridge, were in humble circumstances. He worked his way through college — kept school in winter, acted as monitor, wrote sermons or theological discourses for religious newspapers, novelettes for weekly papers, conundrums for prize offers. After graduation, he studied law and then went to Springfield, Illinois, to practise. There he became known to Abraham Lincoln; he made speeches for Lincoln in the campaign of 1858. It was chiefly because of what Brown told him of the place that Lincoln decided to send his son to Harvard.

After a year and a half in Springfield, Brown came back to Boston. On the morning of April 17, 1861, he left his home in Cambridge to go to his office, but learning that a Cambridge company of volunteers was starting for the South that day, he joined them. That night he was on a steamer bound for Fortress Monroe — a private in the Third Massachusetts. He served with his company at Fortress

Monroe during the three months' campaign, received his discharge July 22, 1861, and came home.

But after Bull Run he could stay at home no longer. He looked about for a regiment likely soon to get into action, and in August enlisted as a private in the Nineteenth Massachusetts. He soon became a sergeant.

He had chosen his regiment well, for the Nineteenth Massachusetts saw plenty of fighting. At the battle of Fair Oaks in June, 1862, Brown was wounded in the leg. He fought on for some time after being struck; then, using his gun as a crutch, he hobbled from the field. He was sent to the U. S. General Hospital at David's Island, New York, and was detained there until October 15. In November he rejoined his regiment, shortly before the battle of Fredericksburg. The regiment had been presented with a new stand of colors, to replace those that had been sent home stripped and torn by bullets. At Fredericksburg the new colors had fourteen holes shot through them, and were carried by eleven different men, nine of whom were killed or wounded within an hour. Brown was the seventh man to seize them, was wounded in the head, refused to give up the colors, and rushing out in advance of the line, staggered and fell, driving the color-lance into the earth. The wound that to his comrades had seemed mortal proved not to be serious, and in a few days he was on duty again.

The next spring, though he was, as he wrote, "in full enjoyment of the blessings of fever and ague and rheumatism," he refused to accept the surgeon's advice and go on the sick list. At the battle of Chancellorsville he volunteered for dangerous service and performed it. After the battle, against his protestations, he was sent to the hospital at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. He was restless at being absent from the regiment, but he wrote to congratulate a brother on not being drafted, for he thought that in sending three sons to the war the family were doing their share.

In November, 1863, he rejoined his regiment. In December he had to decide whether or not to reenlist. He had been in practically continuous service since the very outbreak of the war, had been twice wounded, was broken in health, and was a soldier in a regiment of such gallant reputation that it was always sure to be sent into the thickest of the fight. With his ability, education, and opportunities, Brown could easily have obtained a commission in another regiment; he could easily have obtained an honorable discharge. But he resolved to stay with the regiment until the end of the war and to win a commission in it or not at all. So he re-enlisted in the ranks.

Just as the campaign in the Wilderness began, he received an appointment as first lieutenant; he put the document in his pocket, and still as a private went into the bloody fighting of that terrible campaign. On May 12, 1864, leading his company in Hancock's charge, at Spottsylvania Court-House, he was struck by a shell.

He knew that his wounds were mortal; he drew from his pocket his unused commission as lieutenant, now stained with his blood, and a photograph of the girl to whom he had become engaged during his month's furlough after re-enlistment; he asked the comrades who came up to send them home with the news of his death. His brother James was wounded in the same battle and died the same day. The girl to whom Brown was engaged was prostrated, fell ill of consumption, and died six months later with his name on her lips.

Strong Vincent, '59, of Erie, Pennsylvania, was big, handsome, and popular — one of the marshals of his class. After graduation, he read law in Erie. At the first call for volunteers he enlisted in the Wayne Guards and married immediately the girl to whom for some time he had been engaged. His wife accompanied him to Pittsburg, where the Wayne Guards remained during the three months of their enlistment. Then Vincent assisted in raising the Eighty-third Pennsylvania and was made lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. He was dangerously ill when the battle of Gaines' Mills began, in which more than half his regiment were killed or wounded. The colonel and the major were both killed. Hearing this, Vincent rose from his bed, mounted a horse, and put himself at the head of his men. His example inspired them, but soon he reeled from his horse; he was put into an ambulance and then sent on a sick-transport down the James River and up to New York. Finally he was taken home to Erie; but on October 1 he rejoined his regiment as its colonel. At Fredericksburg he was in command of a brigade. He was made president of a general court-martial, and was offered the position of judge-advocate general of the Army of the Potomac, but he declined the honor, preferring active service with the troops.

At Gettysburg, again commanding a brigade, he was sent to seize Little Round Top, and to hold it and the ravine between it and Big Round Top. His disposition of his troops was most skilful.

Standing on a huge boulder from which he might survey and direct operations, a target for all the guns of the attacking force, he was mortally wounded. The appointment of brigadier-general was sent to him the next day, but did not reach him before he died.

Edward Gardner Abbott and Henry Livermore Abbott, brothers and members of the class of 1860, both met chivalrous deaths. Edward Abbott, captain in the Second Massachusetts, was killed at Cedar Mountain while exposing himself in order to steady his men. Henry Abbott, second lieutenant in the Twentieth Massachusetts, was shot through the arm at Glendale, but went on fighting, and fought through the next day at Malvern Hill. With his company of sixty men he led his regiment when it cleared the main street of Fredericksburg; thirty-five of his sixty fell under the Confederates' terrific fire. At Gettysburg the Twentieth again lost heavily; at the end of the battle Abbott, then major, found himself in command. In the battle of the Wilderness he was mortally wounded; dying, he directed that all the money he left should be used for the relief of widows and orphans of the regiment.

Robert Gould Shaw, also of the class of '60, had grown up a rather timid, very sensitive and affectionate boy. He was fond of music and of sketching. In college he was an active member of the Pierian Sodality, an organization devoted to music. He took no rank as a scholar — never stood in the first half of his class.

In April, 1861, he marched with the Seventh New York to Washington. The call for the Seventh was for only thirty days; at the end of that time he applied for and obtained a commission as second lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts. Almost immediately he saw hard fighting. Of the battle of Cedar Mountain he wrote: "Goodwin, Cary, Choate, and Stephen Perkins [all college mates] were all quite ill, but would not stay away from the fight. Choate was the only one of the four not killed. Goodwin couldn't keep up with the regiment; but I saw him toiling up the hill at some distance behind with the assistance of his servant. He hardly reached the front when he was killed. All our officers behaved nobly. Those who ought to have stayed away didn't. It was splendid to see those sick fellows walk straight up into the shower of bullets as if it were so much rain; men who, until this year, had lived lives of perfect ease and luxury."

After the battle of Antietam, having gone about among the wounded, he wrote: "There are so many young boys and old men among the Rebels that it seems hardly possible that they can have come of their own accord to fight us; and it makes you pity them all the more as they lie moaning on the field." And later he wrote: "This life gradually makes us feel that, so far as a man himself is concerned, he may as well die now as a few years hence; but I never see one killed without thinking of the people he leaves at home; that is the sad part of it."

January 30, 1863, Governor Andrew wrote to him as follows: "I am about to organize in Massachusetts a colored regiment as part of the volunteer quota of this State, — the commissioned officers to be white men. I have to-day written to your father, expressing to him my sense of the importance of this undertaking and requesting him to forward to you this letter, in which I offer you the commission of colonel over it. The lieutenant-colonelcy I have offered to Captain Hallowell of the 20th Massachusetts regiment. It is important to the organization of this regiment that I should receive your reply to this offer at the earliest day consistent with your ability to arrive at a deliberate conclusion on the subject."

Shaw hesitated; he distrusted his abilities, he liked the service with the Second Massachusetts among officers and men who were his friends, and he was no doubt reluctant to leave it for the command of colored troops and the social ostracism to which such an exchange would subject him in some quarters. But the governor's request seemed to impose on him a duty; he accepted the commission, went to Boston, and threw himself heart and soul into the work of organizing and drilling the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. On May 2, he was married; on May 28 he sailed from Boston with his regiment, and his bride of a little more than three weeks never saw him again.

With him went as second lieutenant young Cabot Jackson Russel, of the class of '65. The first act in which the negro regiment had to participate after landing on Port Royal Island was the burning of the defenceless town of Darien, Georgia. Shaw obeyed the orders of his superior commanding officer in this matter most unwillingly, and young Russel wrote: "This is not the sort of work I came for, nor do I believe it good work, but it is not for me to criticize."

On Saturday, July 18, General Strong, commanding the Union troops in front of Fort Wagner, offered

Shaw the post of honor in the suicidal assault. Now this is what Shaw and his regiment had passed through in the two preceding days: Thursday, July 16, they were engaged in a fight on James Island — the first fighting that they had been in — and beat back the enemy gallantly. That evening at nine o'clock they left James Island and marched to Cole's Island, which they reached at four in the morning; it rained, thundered, and lightened all night. Upon their arrival at Cole's Island they lay round all day — a day that Shaw described in his last letter: "There is hardly any water to be got here, and the sun and sand are dazzling and roasting us." They had no food except the hardtack and coffee in their haversacks. From eleven o'clock Friday night until four o'clock Saturday morning, again under a pelting rain, they were being put on board a transport from a boat that took out about fifty at a time. They breakfasted on what was left of their hardtack, and they had no other food all that day. The transport left Cole's Island at six in the morning and landed the troops at Pawnee Landing at half-past nine. Thence they marched to the point opposite Morris Island, arriving at about two in the afternoon. A steamer took them across the inlet; they reached General Strong's headquarters at six o'clock. Immediately General Strong offered them the brunt of the attack.

Shaw was not twenty-six years old. But he was no longer the timid youth who had shrunk from the football scrimmages on the Delta. He formed his regiment in line of battle, and when at half-past seven the order was given, he led the charge. A hundred yards from the fort, the negroes faltered under the scathing fire; but Shaw, waving his sword and shouting, "Forward, Fifty-fourth!" rallied them, and they followed him devotedly. He was himself one of the first to scale the walls. On the ramparts he was shot dead and fell inside the fort.

Brigadier-General Haygood, the Confederate commander, made this statement: "I knew Colonel Shaw before the war, and then esteemed him. Had he been in command of white troops, I should have given him an honorable burial. As it is, I shall bury him in the common trench, with the negroes that fell with him."

This was done; and the Confederate general thus provided for the body of his former friend what Thomas Hughes justly termed "the grandest sepulchre earned by any soldier of the century."

Robert Shaw was not the only white officer who earned that burial. Here are the words in which one who knew Cabot Russel described his end:

"The darkness of night hung over the sufferings of that sacrifice where the noblest and the best, appointed to lead black soldiers to death and prove that they were men, had obeyed the order. When our troops fell back from an assault in which they were not supported, hundreds of dead and wounded marked how far they had gone. Among those who did not return was Captain Russel. A ball struck him in the shoulder and he fell. Captain Simpkins offered to carry him off. But the boy had become a veteran in a moment, and the answer was, 'No, but you may straighten me out.' As his friend, true to the end, was rendering this last service, a bullet pierced his heart, and his dead body fell over the dying."

Then some of Russel's soldiers wished to bear him from the field. But the young officer's last order was: "Do not touch me; move on, men, follow your colors."

So they left him. He was not quite nineteen.

On July 21, 1865, Commemoration Day was celebrated at Harvard College in honor of those students and graduates who had served in the war. General Meade was present and received the degree of LL. D. Among the younger men of Harvard who were there was Major-General William Francis Bartlett, of the class of '62. He had lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown; a few months later, returning to the front at the head of the regiment of which he had been made colonel, he had ridden down Broadway with his crutch strapped to his back; he had been wounded at Port Hudson and in the Wilderness and before Petersburg; and now at the gathering before which Lowell read his Commemoration Ode, the president called upon him in these words: "I introduce to you Major-General William Francis Bartlett, — his heart is left."

CHAPTER XII

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S ADMINISTRATION

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT was chosen President of Harvard by the Corporation in September, 1868, when he was thirty-four years old. The votaries of a classical education distrusted the young professor of chemistry; the Overseers felt that an older man was needed, and twice vetoed the election. But the Corporation stood firm, and in May, 1869, the Overseers accepted their choice.

In his inaugural address, the young president did not conciliate those who had opposed him. It was a departure from the usual suave and colorless disquisition produced for such an occasion; there was in it none of the harmless pedantry or platitudinous verbiage which in the middle of the century was wont to pass as denoting scholarship. The crisp and pungent declarations of the new president startled many of his hearers. "The endless controversies whether language, philosophy, mathematics, or science supply the best mental training, whether general education should be chiefly literary or chiefly scientific, have no practical lesson for us to-day. This University recognizes no real antagonism between literature and science, and consents to no such narrow alternatives as mathematics or classics, science or metaphysics. We would have them all, and at their best."

That speech was the memorable utterance of a strong, sane optimist, a clear-thinking, courageous leader. It was in no idle spirit of vaunting prophecy that he declared, "The future of the University will not be unworthy of its past."

During the last fifty years the material growth in America has been in all ways incalculable. Hamlets have become cities, deserts have been made fertile, the forests that once seemed a forbidding barrier to progress now have to be cherished in the name of progress, the web of industry is spun in places and across spaces that must have seemed unconquerable to the men of half a century ago. That Harvard University should have grown with the times was inevitable; but its growth has been greater than that of almost any standard for comparison. Playgrounds have been usurped for buildings, and wider playgrounds have been laid out; students and officers have increased many times in number, resources have been augmented enormously, wealth has been poured into Harvard's lap; in 1869 her capital was about two and a quarter millions; now her income is about two and a quarter millions.

With all that, Harvard is not a rich university — in the sense, at least, of having a comfortable surplus after all legitimate needs are provided for. She spends worthily every year all that she has, and she always needs more. Her professors and instructors are not highly paid. If they have no other sources of revenue than their salaries, they must live with a careful eye to the present and an anxious one to the future. Perhaps President Eliot was never deeply moved by their pecuniary difficulties. To his ascetic and devoted spirit, asceticism and devotion were required of the teachers of youth, and it mattered little if they were prescribed by poverty instead of being elective. The cost to Harvard of each student's education is not covered by the student's tuition fee. This fact is, in one way, a burden that the teachers must bear, and for the most part they bear it cheerfully.

It is the teachers, not the buildings or the athletic victories, that make a college; and at no time since President Eliot took charge of the university has

Harvard had cause to fear for her primacy in scholarship. The names of Agassiz and Gray and Shaler, of Norton and Child and Lowell, of Goodwin and Lane and James, of Dunbar and Hill dim the luster of many others that are minor only because of the distinguished juxtaposition that they enjoy. And it is to President Eliot's genius for securing the best — and eliminating the second-rate — that Harvard owes a teaching staff inferior to none in the English-speaking world.

The Law School and the Medical School had been pursuing their comfortable and independent courses. Each institution had its own treasury, in consequence felt self-sufficient, and was as indisposed as it was unaccustomed to receive interference from any outside authority. When President Eliot made it manifest that he proposed to take these organizations under his control, their officers were indignant and dismayed.

But within three years the Medical School had turned its finances over to the college treasurer, and had submitted to a complete revision of its courses and to an alteration of its term time and vacation. Henceforth, it was a docile member of President's Eliot's empire.

So too with the Law School. Here instruction had been irregular and desultory, no examinations were held, and even the good instructors were handicapped by the lack of system. President Eliot found in the new dean, Professor Langdell, an able and enthusiastic coadjutor. The funds were turned over to the common treasury; students were obliged to live in Cambridge, to attend recitations regularly, and to undergo examinations; the standard of instruction was raised and the method of it altered. Since its reorganization, the Law School has been one of the most flourishing and important departments of the university.

The other schools are all, to a greater or less degree, monuments to President Eliot; and by the college itself his influence has been as directly felt. The elective system, although it had been introduced in a qualified form many years before he took office, will always be, for Harvard men, associated with Eliot's name. Its scope was broadened, new courses were continually being established, the methods of instruction were revised and improved — the aim constantly being to make the student think for himself and of his own independent interest pursue the truth to its original sources. This ideal of education was admirably adapted to the needs of those undergraduates who were not immature, indolent, or indifferent, and who came to Harvard meaning to work as well as to play. For the more irresponsible members of the college society, it was perhaps less fruitful than the old-fashioned daily recitations and prescribed curriculum might have been. A certain number in every class became proficient in selecting courses that exacted the minimum amount of effort for a passing mark; for many years the visitor to Harvard was sure to express surprise at the number of young men who elected to study Semitic; and there were courses in Fine Arts and Geology which were taken — quite plausibly too — with the idea that to sit under the distinguished professors who gave them was, without making further effort, to acquire a liberal education. That there was considerable abuse of the privileges and opportunities conferred by the elective system there is no doubt; and the present administration is undertaking to prevent this by curtailing the freedom of choice in the first year and by requiring of each student a coherent plan of studies instead of permitting him to nibble here and there. The effort is to make every undergraduate, as President Lowell has said, "know a little of everything and one thing well."

President Eliot's large-minded liberality affected the system of discipline as well as that of instruction.

In 1886, chapel attendance was made voluntary, and in other respects much freedom of movement was permitted to the student who maintained a good standing in his work.

In May, 1865, at a meeting of graduates held in Boston, a committee had been appointed to report on the subject of a permanent memorial commemorating the Harvard men who had fought and died for the Union. This committee reported that a building in which statues, portraits, and commemorative tablets might be placed and which would be a " suitable theatre or auditorium for the literary festivals of the College " should be constructed. Funds were quickly raised, and on October 6, 1870, the cornerstone of Memorial Hall was laid, but not until Commencement, 1874, was the building ready for occupancy. Its great dining-hall and its kitchens have furnished a satisfactory solution of the problem of commons which had vexed so many administrations. Its lofty, vaulted transept with the stained-glass windows and the marble tablets whereon are recorded one hundred and thirty-six names — recent researches show that there should be one hundred and sixty-seven — is the threshold that the senior crosses on Commencement Day to pass out into the world. Its auditorium, Sanders Theatre, has been the scene of many distinguished gatherings and has heard the voices of many illustrious men. Perhaps the most memorable occasion that Sanders Theatre has known was that which marked the climax of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard College.

The celebration lasted for three days, November 6, 7, and 8, 1886. The first day, Saturday, was Undergraduates' Day; the programme provided for undergraduate literary exercises in the morning, athletic sports in the afternoon, and a torchlight procession in the evening. The first two features of this programme were successfully carried out, but the torchlight procession had to be postponed on account of rain until the evening of the last day. It had somewhat the character of a pageant. On a dray was a model of the Harvard statue, supported by burlesque representations of a butcher, a cooper, and a grocer — these having been the father and two step-fathers of John Harvard, who had eventually received their accumulated fortunes. The group was labeled: "Johnnie Harvard's Pa's." An old printing-press was carried on a wagon and served by an Indian. Then came a squad of Puritans, with sugar-loaf hats and knee-breeches; after them the old Washington Corps, with blue, swallow-tailed coats and white small-clothes. There were various impersonators of old Harvard worthies, — Hollis, Stoughton, Holworthy, and others. The ancient Navy Club, " in which the laziest man was high admiral," was represented; " this supreme sluggard," as the historian of the occasion calls him, lay on a red divan, dressed in admiral's uniform. The procession paraded for two hours and finally ended at Holmes Field, where there was a display of fireworks — the climax being a representation of John Harvard standing inside a gorgeous temple.

The second day of the celebration, Sunday, was Foundation Day, the anniversary of the passage of the vote by the General Court granting four hundred pounds for the establishment of the college. Commemoration exercises were held in Appleton Chapel.

On the morning of Monday, the eighth, Alumni Day, two thousand graduates assembled in the yard. President Cleveland arrived, escorted by the Lancers. His carriage drove up to Gore Hall, where the chief marshal and President Eliot received him. The church bells rang and batteries on the Common fired a salute. Then the procession formed and marched to Sanders Theatre. Lowell was the orator of the occasion, and Holmes the poet. In his address, Lowell, one of the conservatives, questioned the wisdom of the elective system, humorously: "Is it indeed so self-evident a proposition as it seems to many, that 'You may' is as wholesome a lesson for youth as 'You must?' Is it so good a fore-schooling for Life, which will be a teacher of quite other mood, making us learn, rod in hand, precisely those lessons we should not have chosen? I have, to be sure, heard the late President Quincy (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) say that if a young man came hither and did nothing more than rub his shoulders against the College buildings for four years, he would imbibe some tincture of sound learning by an involuntary process of absorption. The founders of the College also believed in some impulsions towards science communicated *a tergo*, but of sharper virtue, and accordingly armed their president with that *ductor dubitantium* which was wielded to such good purpose by the Reverend James Bowyer at Christ's Hospital in the days of Coleridge and Lamb. They believed with the old poet that whipping was 'a wild benefit of nature,' and could they have read Wordsworth's exquisite stanza,

"'One impulse from a vernal wood
Can teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can,'

they would have struck out 'vernal' and inserted 'birchen' on the margin."

That this passage met with approval deeper than that of laughter in some of the audience cannot be doubted; but the greatest applause came when the orator welcomed Dr. Mandell Creighton, "who brings the message of John Harvard's College, Emmanuel. The welcome we give him could not be warmer than that which we offer to his colleagues; but we cannot help feeling that in pressing his hand our own instinctively closes a little more tightly, as with a sense of nearer kindred."

After the oration and the poem and the conferring of honorary degrees, there was an Alumni banquet in Memorial Hall. The speech-making was of a somewhat livelier character than that which had distinguished the bicentennial celebration. President Cleveland expressed his congratulations, ambassadors from other institutions paid their tributes, and Dr. Creighton made a happy response to Lowell's compliment of the morning when he said: "Ten years ago Emmanuel College celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of its foundation in some such way as you are doing to-day. On that occasion two distinguished alumni of Harvard — Professor Lowell and Professor Norton — no less by the dignity of their presence than by the eloquence of their speech almost succeeded in converting our festival into a celebration of Harvard College in its ancestral soil of England."

CHAPTER XIII

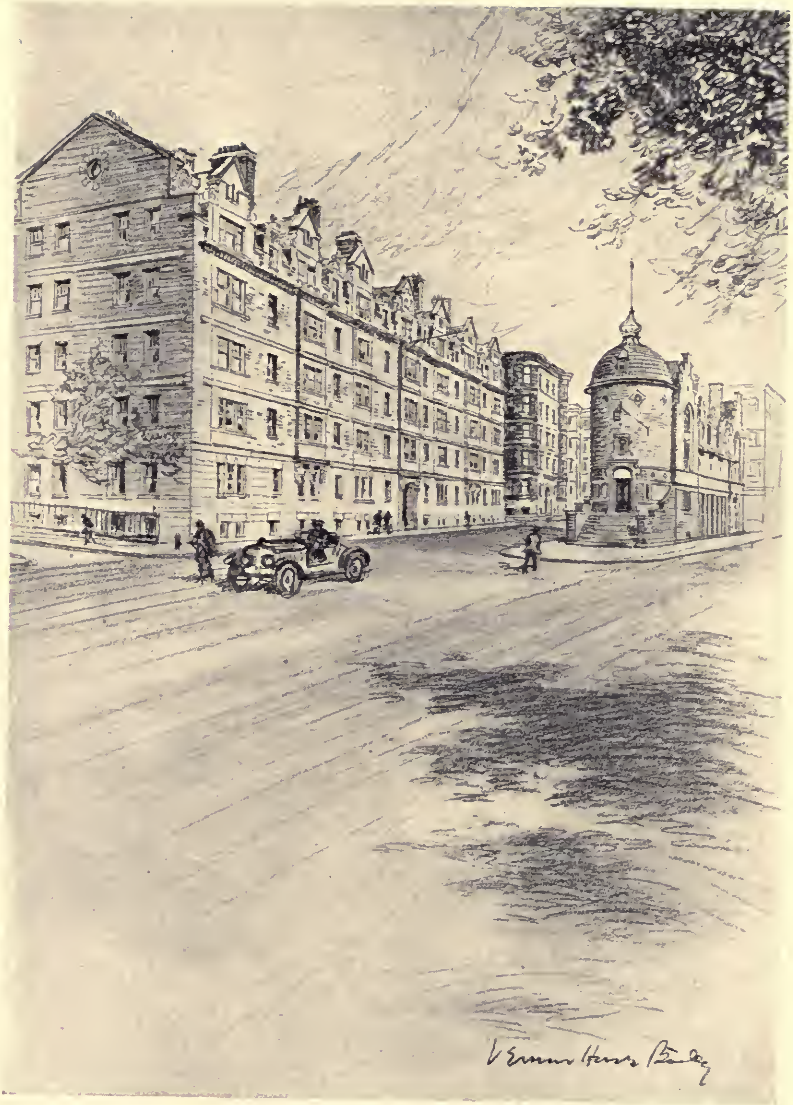
UNDERGRADUATE ACTIVITIES

WITH the increase in freedom that marked President Eliot's administration there was an increase in the variety of activities attractive to undergraduates. In the first half of the century, the competitive spirit had found almost no outlet except in scholarship; social intercourse with the world outside the college walls had hardly existed; there had been no athletics; and there had been few students with purses well enough filled to command luxuries.

Undergraduate activities of the recent and contemporary generations may be classified as threefold — literary, social, and athletic.

A hundred years ago literary avocations were more generally associated with the name of culture than they are to-day; the students of Harvard, trained to express themselves in the classical and orotund style of the period, desired to see, and to have their friends see, their compositions in print. So, notwithstanding the smallness of the public that could be counted on to support it, the *Lyceum*, a monthly periodical, was launched in 1810. Edward Everett and Samuel Gilman, the author of "Fair Harvard," were among its editors. It lasted less than a year; it perished with this admonition from the disillusioned editors: "The legacy which we leave to our collegiate posterity is our advice that they enjoy all those exquisite pleasures which literary seclusion affords, but that they do not strive to communicate them to others."

Four college generations seem to have been impressed by the solemnity of the warning; but in 1827 the *Register* was founded; its early demise offered little encouragement to the sanguine souls who three years later started the *Collegian*. Although Holmes contributed several excellent pieces to this publication, among them "The Height of the Ridiculous," it ran for only six numbers. Undaunted by the unsuccessful outcome of these experiments, some members of the class of 1836 brought out a periodical which they called *Harvardiana*. Lowell was one of the editors and helped to keep it alive for three years. *The Harvard Magazine*, set afloat in 1854, held its head above water till 1864 and then was submerged.


Vernon Howe Bailey

The Lampoon Office and the "Gold Coast"

In May, 1866, the *Advocate*, which still maintains a prosperous existence, was founded. It is issued fortnightly and contains fiction, poetry, essays, and comment on matters of current undergraduate interest. The editors formerly held their meetings in one another's rooms, but now resort to the well equipped sanctum in the Harvard Union — the great university club. A daily paper, the *Magenta*, now the *Crimson*, was started in 1873. The *Crimson* is a profitable and useful enterprise and makes a good training school for young men who wish to take up newspaper work. Like the *Advocate* and the *Monthly*, it has offices in the Union. The *Lampoon*, a humorous illustrated paper, was founded in 1876, and in 1885, the *Monthly*, more ambitious in its literary efforts than the *Advocate*, had its birth. The *Lampoon* has a house of its own, of an individual and admirably suggestive style of architecture, in Mount Auburn Street. Although the interests of these various publications do not often clash, rivalry and jealousy are occasionally revealed in good-humored gibes and acrimonious sneers. The *Advocate* regards the *Monthly* as owlish, the *Monthly* looks upon the *Advocate* as trivial, the *Crimson* considers both of them dilettante, and the *Lampoon* chastens all three. The holiday on which the *Lampoon* issued what purported to be the *Crimson* and proved to be a satirical burlesque of it is historic. Whatever venom charges the pens of the scribes, their personal relations are amicable enough; and the annual baseball game between the *Crimson* and the *Lampoon* is, for the members of the two boards, one of the pleasing and humorous events of the year.

Nowadays the criticism is often made that too many of the young men of our colleges have prematurely ensconced themselves in the club window to look out upon life. Certainly at Harvard a number of clubs assist their members to acquire sophistication and to partake of non-academic luxuries. The pursuit of these two aims would no doubt interest a certain proportion of young men even if there were no clubs to facilitate it; without these institutions, which do in varying degrees provide an education in worldliness, the acquisition of knowledge and the enjoyment of luxury would be rather more perilous than it now is. At Harvard the man without a club who embarks upon the education of his senses is more likely to become demoralized and cheapened than the kindred spirit with club restraints and club opportunities to guide him.

It is frequently and somewhat stridently objected that the club life at Harvard does not promote a spirit of democracy. Does club life promote such a spirit anywhere? To live in a dormitory *de luxe*, with a private bath of your own and a swimming tank in the basement, when the fellow that checks off your attendance at recitations dwells in a dim attic and bathes at the gymnasium, does not promote a spirit of democracy. At Harvard, as elsewhere in America, the rich have grown richer, and the poor are still the poor.

Clubland lies along the Gold Coast. In and about this part of Mount Auburn Street are clustered the expensive dormitories occupied by the rich, and the expensive little clubs maintained by the socially fortunate among the rich.

A hundred years ago it was the custom for two youths to bear from the college commons to the weekly meeting and feast of the Hasty Pudding Club a great iron kettle filled with hasty pudding. Nowadays a club dinner is a more formal matter — or begins as such. It is an affair of evening dress, wines, liqueurs, and good cigars. The Hasty Pudding Club still serves hasty pudding at its occasional gatherings, — a rather barren effort to maintain the traditions of those early and simpler days. But the Pudding has suffered a decline in prestige with the increase in number and in luxury of the smaller clubs. Until about the middle of the nineteenth century the Porcellian was the only small club devoted to social and convivial purposes. Then came an era of Greek letter fraternities. The Harvard chapters finally withdrew from the parent organizations and became separate clubs. Within the last few years other small clubs have organized and have built themselves houses which by the standard of the eighties are extremely luxurious.

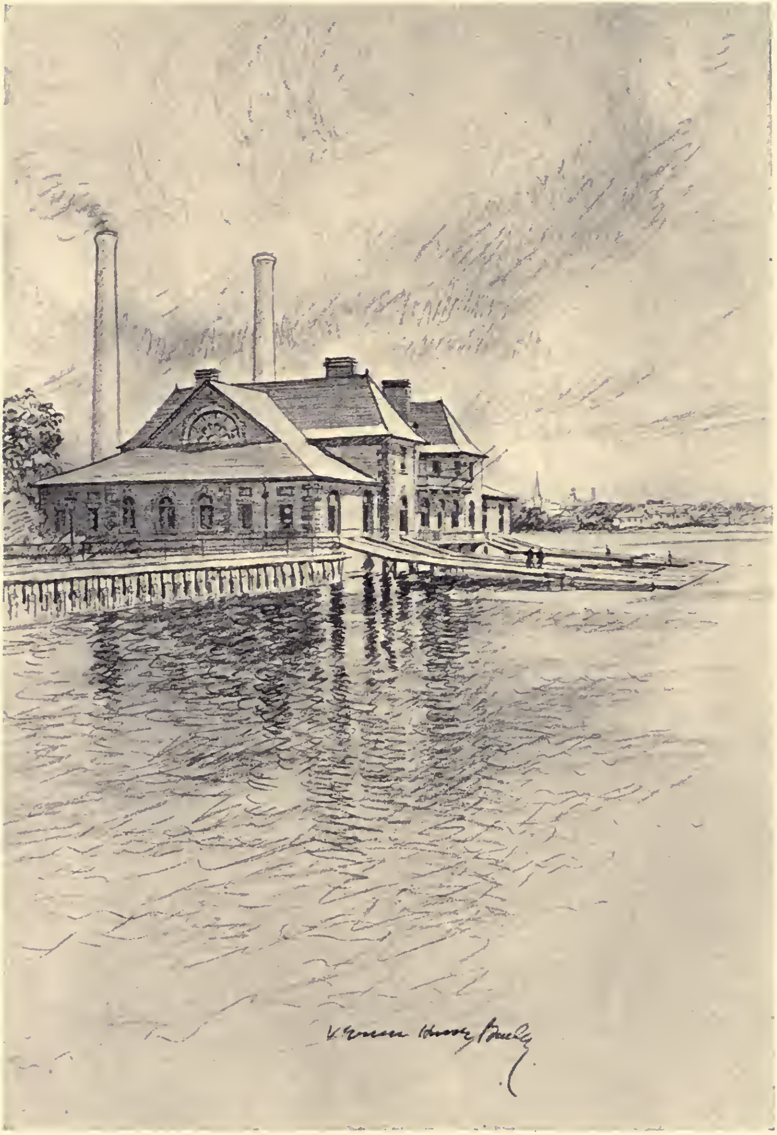
In those days and even later the Dickey was an organization highly regarded by certain of the undergraduates — partly because the initiation gave a fellow in his sophomore year an opportunity to know and become known to a number of upper classmen, and partly because membership in it was a badge of social distinction. As a club the Dickey never amounted to anything, yet sophomores were only too delighted to be dragged from their rooms at night, hurled down-stairs and kicked through the streets at the head of a chanting procession — this being the method of apprising them of election — and then for the better part of a week to lead a life of servitude, bound to obey every behest of any one who was a Dickey member. The pranks that they were compelled to play in public and in private were sometimes ingenious and amusing, sometimes stupid and vulgar. The initiation had features of brutality which have been partially reformed. On the whole, the Dickey is a senseless organization, and may be expected before many years to see its own uselessness and act upon it creditably in the manner of two freshman clubs, the Fencing and the Polo, which, being made aware of their pernicious nature and influence, disbanded. The Dickey is a society within a club, being composed of a certain proportion of the membership of the Institute of 1770 — that organization formed originally to encourage and develop public speaking. The Institute has a club-house — not one of the luxurious and modern type — and clings to a more or less languishing existence.

The Hasty Pudding has a club-house, considered very magnificent when built, some thirty years ago, but regarded now as offering too little to its members to be attractive. Its theatre and its custom of giving every year a musical farce, written and acted by members, keep it alive; but as a place of resort it is little used. That function has been usurped by the numerous smaller clubs, which are all prosperous and which have a membership each of from thirty to forty, drawn from the three upper classes. These clubs, of which the Porcellian and the A. D. are the most prominent, have handsome, well-equipped houses and good libraries; some of them have squash or handball courts. Living in a Mount Auburn Street dormitory, eating at a Mount Auburn Street club, and going to the theatre with a Mount Auburn Street crowd, the inhabitants of the Gold Coast aroused considerable feeling by their exclusiveness; some of them deprecated the cleavage which was becoming more and more pronounced between them and the rest of Harvard College. A movement which had for its slogan, "Back to the Yard!" was started, and with some success,— especially as the Corporation renovated the old dormitories and made them more attractive. Now men who pass their sophomore and junior years in Claverly welcome an opportunity to live during their senior year in Holworthy, the most desirable of all the dormitories.

Between the clubbed and the unclubbed, intimacies seldom are formed. Men may sit side by side in certain lecture courses, they may meet on the athletic field, and from such occasional proximity may come to cherish a very friendly feeling for each other; but intimate friendship results only from intimate association. This the club man naturally has with his club mates; and the outsider has it with other outsiders. Of recent years there has been an increase in the number of clubs; and there are now a good many that are conducted on a more modest scale and so offer membership to a less opulent class than do those identified with the Mount Auburn Street region.

The Harvard Union, made possible by the gift of Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, who was the donor also of Soldier's Field, is a club which every member of the university may join; the annual dues are ten dollars. It has a very large and fine building, with a magnificent hall, comfortable reading-rooms, pleasant dining-rooms, and a good library. But its very size and comprehensiveness prevent it from fulfilling one of the most important functions of a club, the promotion of friendships. It serves many useful purposes, it makes a convenient rallying-point, but there is in it no club feeling or life. It will doubtless be otherwise with that adjunct to it opened in 1912 — the Varsity Club. For membership in this all who have won their letter H in any of the major sports are eligible; the dues are made so low that the poor man may feel able to meet them, and the club itself is attractive enough in its appointments to induce and merit the interest of the athlete who may be already a member of the Porcellian or the A. D. If it fulfils expectations, the Varsity Club will develop and foster comradeships begun on the field, and will be for some men a broadening and for others a civilizing influence.

The athletic rivalry with Yale, which has become one of the moving influences of Harvard undergraduate life, had its origin in the first Harvard-Yale boat race in 1852. In each college, rowing had for some years been a popular sport, and there were clubs that owned boats and held races. In the summer of 1852 the Undine Boat Club of Yale challenged the Oneida Boat Club of Harvard, and the challenge was promptly accepted. The advertising agent of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad took charge of the affair; the oarsmen were given free transportation to Centre Harbor on Lake Winnipesaukee, in New Hampshire, and were entertained during their stay at the expense of the road, which " featured " their contest. As a result of the advertising man's efforts, on August 3, the day of the race, a considerable number of spectators assembled on the shore. Harvard was represented by one eight-oared boat, the *Oneida*, Yale by two, the *Undine* and the *Shawmut*. The course was about a mile and a half in length. The *Oneida* won by two lengths over the *Shawmut*, and her crew


Vernon Howe Bailey

The Weld Boat House

received as a prize a pair of black walnut oars ornamented with silver. The Harvard oarsmen had rowed only a few times before the race, " for fear of blistering their hands."

This patriarchal Harvard craft had been built for a race between two clubs of Boston mechanics and had been purchased in 1844 by some members of the class of '46. It was about three and a half feet wide, and thirty-seven feet long, and was rowed on the gunwale. Outriggers were used in the next race with Yale, in 1855; the first six-oared shell was made for Harvard in 1857.

In the race in 1855, rowed on the Connecticut at Springfield and won by Harvard, Alexander Agassiz, the bow oar, steered the boat. The Harvard crews of those days were not composed exclusively of undergraduates. Thus Agassiz, graduating in 1855, rowed on the crews of 1856, 1857, and 1858; and the future President Eliot, though he was of the class of '53, rowed on the crew of 1858. But between the years 1855 and 1859 there were no races with Yale; the Harvard crews took part instead in various local regattas, some of them apparently of a semi-professional character; for instance, President Eliot's crew won two money prizes, seventy-five dollars in one race, and a hundred dollars in another.

In 1859 Harvard and Yale met again on the water, this time in a two days' regatta on Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester. Harvard won the first day, Yale won the second; " at this, the first defeat that Harvard had endured, the crew threw their turbans into the lake in disgust, but permitted no detraction from the Yale's success." Harvard won the race of 1860; then, during four years of war time, there was no race. In 1864, however, Harvard and Yale resumed aquatic relations, again at Lake Quinsigamond, and continued them there annually until 1870, Harvard winning five of the seven races. Yale at last became dissatisfied with the conditions and refused to row any longer at Lake Quinsigamond. In 1871, chiefly as the result of a misunderstanding, there was no race between the two colleges. Instead Harvard took part in a three-cornered race at Springfield with Brown and Massachusetts Agricultural College. The Agricultural crew won, Harvard coming in second; thenceforth until 1877 Harvard and Yale were rather unsuccessful participants in large intercollegiate regattas, held now at Springfield, now at Saratoga; Yale won only one of the races, and Harvard did not win at all.

After the race of 1875 at Saratoga, in which thirteen crews were entered, Yale withdrew from the intercollegiate association and challenged Harvard the next year to a race. Harvard accepted the challenge; and on June 20, 1876, the first eight-oared race between the two colleges was rowed at Springfield, Yale winning easily, owing to an accident in the Harvard boat. About a month later the Harvard crew — diminished necessarily to six — entered the intercollegiate six-oared regatta and finished second to Cornell. This was for many years the last appearance of a Harvard crew in an intercollegiate regatta. The dual contests with Yale henceforth absorbed the interest of Harvard's best oarsmen, except in the interval between 1895 and 1899. Then Harvard took part in regattas on the Poughkeepsie, with no conspicuous success. After 1885, for about twenty years, Harvard victories were few and far between; but in 1906 a turn for the better took place, and since that time Harvard has been conspicuously successful on the water. Between the years 1852 and 1912 inclusive Harvard and Yale rowed forty-six dual races, and each won twenty-three.

But boating at Harvard does not concern itself merely with the competition of men who want to row against Yale. The two boat clubs, the Weld and the Newell, have many members, by no means so hopeful of their prowess. Fellows row on club crews or class crews or dormitory crews; they go out in single shells or wherries; every bright spring afternoon, scattered about on the river from the Arsenal to the lower end of the Basin, there are dozens of little craft with bare-backed oarsmen, gliding rhythmically or balancing at rest.

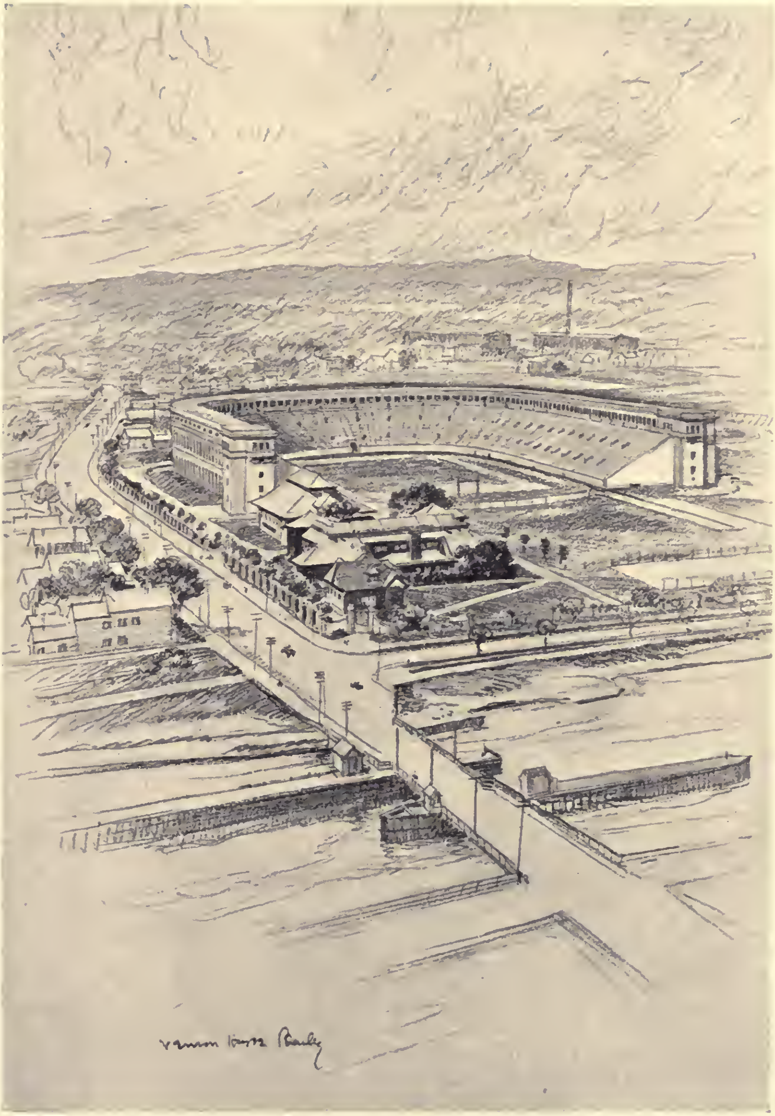
Varsity football at Harvard is twenty years younger than varsity rowing. In 1873 the University Football Association was organized; there were fifteen men on a team; the game was one of kicking almost exclusively. The modern game may be said to date from 1880, when the Rugby rules were adopted. Harvard, Princeton, and Yale formed a triangular league; in 1889 Harvard withdrew to enter into a dual league with Yale. Since that time, with the exception of two years when athletic relations with Yale were broken off, the " Yale game " has been the greatest annual sporting event. In the late eighties and early nineties it was played at Springfield. The last Springfield game was in 1894 and is memorable as the roughest encounter in the history of the two universities; it was the cause of the subsequent rupture between them. For two years Harvard and Yale were in the position of playmates who do not speak; then negotiations led to a resumption of friendlier feelings and athletic competition. There are now no more cleanly played games anywhere than those between Harvard and Yale.

Baseball receives a less important measure of undergraduate esteem than either football or rowing, presumably because those who devote themselves to it undergo less real hardship of training than the followers of the other sports. The class of '66 had the first baseball nine of which there is any record at Harvard, and played a game with the Brown sophomores in 1863. Harvard won, and for a number of years the Harvard nines were almost invariably successful in their important contests. It was a Harvard captain, Mr. F. W. Thayer, of the class of '78, who invented the catcher's mask and by that invention revolutionized the game. As in football and in rowing, although the contests with Yale furnish the climax of the baseball season, there are minor rivalries that give inferior degrees of skill and an equal love for the sport the opportunity to express themselves. The class games excite the players to an intensity of effort and provoke the spectators to a ferocity of partisanship. Tin horns, whistles, and even firearms are employed by some of the more ardent loyalists of a class to shatter the nerves of the opposing team; the first baseman or the third baseman is a mark for the jeers and taunts of the hostile horde encamped along his base-line; every batter is admonished derisively as he stands at the plate. After the game the triumphant class dances a serpentine about the field, gathers at the steps of the Locker Building, and cheers its heroes. There are not many livelier spectacles of an informal kind at Harvard than that afforded by an inter-class baseball game.

Track athletics are the fourth "major" sport. The first intercollegiate meet in which Harvard took part was in 1876. Now her athletes of the track train for two great occasions, — the intercollegiate meet and the dual meet with Yale. Many of them begin to prepare themselves in the gymnasium in the early winter; various indoor meets supply a stimulus for the drudgery.

Lacrosse, soccer, and of course tennis have their enthusiasts; tennis is probably the most popular of all the sports; class tournaments and the college championship tournament bring out every year a great number of entries.

It is a gay and pleasant sight that you may see when you stroll along the upper promenade of the Stadium on a sunny afternoon in May. Below in the oval the bare-armed, bare-legged athletes in their


Vernon Howe Bailey

The Stadium

shining white are sprinting on the track, jumping, pole-vaulting; beyond on the other side, the lacrosse team is practising and perhaps some candidates for the next autumn's football eleven are being tried out in a scrimmage or at punting. On the baseball field near by the varsity nine is playing a practice game with the second, and farther off you see class nines and scrub nines occupying other diamonds and hear the adjurations of the coaches; with admiring eyes you follow the quick and graceful movements of the players; pleasant to your ear is the satisfying crack of bat against ball, the comfortable thud of ball into mitt. But your eyes rove after a while beyond the ball games; the tennis courts, still more distant, are alive with active figures, and out on the silvery river which enfolds the level acres there are boats gliding, oars flashing, brown backs bending. Surveying all this from your lofty point of vantage, you may be willing to assert that nowhere else in America is there to be observed such a panorama of athletics.

But the most significant feature of this scene is not the vast Stadium, nor the playing-fields, nor even the multitudinous, gay-hearted, light-limbed activity of vigorous youth; it is the slender marble shaft that rises inside the gate and bears this inscription:

TO THE HAPPY
MEMORY OF
JAMES SAVAGE
CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL
EDWARD BARRY DALTON
STEPHEN GEORGE PERKINS
JAMES JACKSON LOWELL
ROBERT GOULD SHAW
FRIENDS, COMRADES, KINSMEN,
WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY,
THIS FIELD IS DEDICATED BY
HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

And beneath this inscription is the stanza:

> "THOUGH LOVE REPINE AND REASON CHAFE,
> THERE CAME A VOICE WITHOUT REPLY,
> ''TIS MAN'S PERDITION TO BE SAFE
> WHEN FOR THE TRUTH HE OUGHT TO DIE.'"

Every youth in going to his play and in returning from it must pass that monitory monument. The crowds of strangers stream by it on Class Day and on the afternoons of the great games. The undergraduates gather round it to cheer their victorious team. About it flow the currents of the most eager expectancy and the keenest excitement — and in the midst of these, by the emphasis of contrast, some heart is receiving a new spiritual impulse; the six ennobled names and the message of Emerson are doing Harvard's work.

CHAPTER XIV

FRESHMAN AND SENIOR

TWO days before the opening of college they arrive, the youths who are starting out upon their first great adventure. They are to be recognized at sight as they stroll about the college grounds, with their young, downy, more or less engaging faces and their new clothes and their somewhat self-conscious air. They saunter composedly, but there is furtive inquiry in their glance; they eye one another with a curiosity and an interest which they do not in these initial days bestow on any other human beings.

Classmates! It is their magic word, and for a little while it embraces the world of their thoughts. Harvard College with its traditions and its triumphs is a theme that has excited them for months past and that will grow dear and dearer to them in the months and years to come, but suddenly its significance and importance are diminished or eliminated. The faculty have never been much in their minds; and will never be less so than in these opening days. Sophomores, juniors, seniors appear as vague phantoms brushing across the background of their perspective and bearing no vital relation to the stirring actions which fill the foreground. Although these stirring actions are themselves vague and misty of definition, there is hardly a freshman but believes implicitly that he has been liberated upon a tumult of excitement and is exultant and palpitating at the prospect. Whatever the drama, these classmates, now unknown to him, are to be his fellow actors; and so he peers at them and fixes their lineaments in his memory and learns their names and wonders with which his lot will be most intimately cast.

While waiting confidently for the vortex of "college life" to open up and suck him in, the freshman busies himself with furnishing his rooms — unless his mother has already attended to this for him. He affixes a couple of Harvard flags to the wall, distributes sofa pillows bearing class numerals or the letter H upon his window-seat, and arranges pipes and tobacco jar upon his table. His furniture is likely to be of the Mission style, and — as he finds out before long — less comfortable than it looks. His library is notably meagre, but in the course of the year begins to manifest itself in expensively bound initial volumes of classic authors, contracted for upon the instalment plan — an indiscretion which for the next two years the purchaser never ceases to deplore.

Having made his room as typical a college room as he can and being pleased with the result, the freshman desires to display it to a classmate. It is probable that he does not come to college quite unfriended and alone; if he does not, he is very soon dispensing hospitality, passing cigarettes and pipe tobacco round a circle of fellows whom he is already enthusiastically pronouncing "perfectly bully." If he happens to come to college without knowing any one, he probably, within a day or so, will have struck up an acquaintance with some youth who has seemed as lonely as himself and whose face appeals to him as attractive. With one or two friends of the right sort to exchange confidences with, the freshman is prepared for his career in the college world.

The question is, of course, what are the right sort. Generally speaking, they ought to be those who are of one's own sort. Yet this classification is somewhat unsatisfactory and inadequate. It might be an excellent thing for the young man with the automobile to choose for one of his intimate friends the youth who has to work his way through college; it might conceivably be an excellent thing for the indigent youth also. The unfortunate fact is, however, that in the early stages of a college career friendships are determined, more or less of necessity, by a man's possessions and disbursements. The freshman who can command luxury and expensive amusements requires companionship to enjoy them. Many wealthy parents send their boys to college with what they regard as a moderate allowance and with an earnest wish that their sons lead a simple and democratic life. Yet at the same time they wish their boys to be well dressed, well housed, well fed, to have all the comforts of home and not to be placed in a position of social inferiority. The comforts and the amusements which the freshman of easy circumstances requires are various and costly; his surroundings remove him for a time from the possibility of intimate contact with the boy of scanty resources. In the beginning of college life, friendships are formed in the pursuit of amusement rather than in the pursuit of work. The theatre, the club table, the expensive suite of rooms, frequent automobiles and taxicabs, occasional little dinners with wine — indulgence in these luxuries certainly assists the freshman to acquire acquaintances and to enlarge the circle of his friends, yet at the same time it limits him to the companionship of the luxurious.

Having acquired a satisfactory number of congenial friends and acquaintances, having established a reputation for liberality with the head waiters at one or two Boston hotels, having occupied a box with a few choice spirits at a musical show, and having sat up till an early morning hour at a poker game — having in general demonstrated that he is a free man, under no galling supervision, the freshman, if he is of the right sort, experiences a sense of dissatisfaction and discontent. These activities have all been new and exciting in their way, but they have not particularly identified him with college life or with the interests of his class. If the freshman is of the right sort, he soon wants to count for something and to be of some use in the class and the college. The desire to be of service is probably less moving than the desire to make a name for himself; but the two work hand in hand to spur him on to some kind of extra effort.

Athletics, of course, offer the great opportunity. If a boy has any skill or strength, he wants to make it tell. With the opening of the college year, there is set in motion a busy and inviting panorama of games and sports. A tennis tournament is soon under way; the fall track games are scheduled and candidates are summoned to practice; in a week or two the football players are arming themselves with their head-pieces and nose-guards. Any one may be a candidate for anything — and if a freshman is soon "fired from the squad," he can at least take his place on the side-lines with the consciousness of having made a manful attempt, of having tasted more fully the spirit of college life, of having felt more convincingly than before the strength and heartiness of his classmates. To be stood rudely on his head by Hiram Higgs, the strapping farmer lad from Oxbow Corners, may be a profitable experience for Reginald Richmond of Groton and Fifth Avenue; and if, in the next play, Reginald tramples upon the pride of Oxbow Corners, Hiram also may be benefited. One of the virtues of freshmen athletics is that in the enthusiastic desire of all who are physically fit to get into the game, a good deal of social prejudice is rubbed off and a new basis of judgment is formed.

Of course there is not much likelihood of a permanent friendship resulting from an accidental brush on the football field; if a boy's prowess is not sufficient to carry him through more than two or three scrimmages, he is likely to leave the field richer only in sentiment. The fellows who make the team are the ones who are most likely to develop lasting ties of affection from their athletic experiences. For them the problems of the freshman year — a part of it, at any rate — and of college life are simplified, and the temptations minimized. "To break training" before the season is over is so heinous an offence in the college world that it practically does not occur; the force of public opinion will keep straight the athlete of the most devious propensities. His standing in his classes is also looked after with great care by the coach or by some other authority; the possibility of the faculty's laying a ban on him at the last moment on account of neglect of studies is one that is kept diligently before his mind. Consequently all influences contribute to give him a good start, to fix in him habits of industry, and to develop in him the sense of responsibility which in most of his classmates is of slower growth.

The freshman who is not under athletic discipline and whose financial circumstances are easy is likely to enjoy about one month of exhilarating liberty, hilarity, and frivolity. He finds that he is under no such restrictions as existed in the school at which he prepared for college. He cuts a recitation, and nothing is said about it. He stays up — and out — half the night, and nobody seems to care. He smokes publicly as well as privately, and no one is scandalized. In some of his courses he does not have to prepare a daily lesson, because there are lectures instead of recitations. He goes to class with a notebook in which he jots down as much of the lecturer's remarks as he deems important. These notes, read afterwards, have a curious meaninglessness, a disconnected and unhinged quality which gives him a rather low opinion of the lecturer's intelligence. A man who is so vague in his utterances can certainly not come into any very practical relation with one's life; probably he will never show that he is aware of one's existence. It is a comfortable feeling. There is absolutely nothing to interfere with the delightful occupation of making and seeing friends — which includes seeing "shows," playing pool and billiards, having late suppers and coming home in early morning taxicabs. It is a beautiful world, in which there are no penalties. There are no study hours to be observed, there is no being kept in after school to atone for failures.

Then one morning the lecturer in European History, who has been setting forth in a tiresome fashion the geographical alterations occasioned by the performances of Charlemagne, concludes by remarking: " Gentlemen," — and not yet has the freshman quite adjusted himself to the pleasurable shock of being addressed collectively as " Gentlemen " instead of " Boys " — " Gentlemen, there will be an hour examination in this subject one week from to-day."

The freshman who has been having a glorious and untrammeled time is frightened. When he gets to his room and begins to look over his notes and finds how little they convey to his mind, he feels desperate. However, there are references to reading which may prove illuminating. He visits the library, and finds that other desperate freshmen have forestalled him. Every book which has been prescribed is now in some one's hands. Most of them are volumes in expensive sets, and the freshman who is ready to spend money quite freely on dinners and taxicabs usually balks at a heavy outlay for books of a scholastic nature which are not ornamental in their bindings. He learns that there is another resource open to him, and his heart soars again.

There is an experienced tutor who for years and years has made a practice of extricating freshmen from just such difficulties. He supplies the applicant with a volume of very full typewritten or printed notes transcribed from the instructor's lectures. " Learn this date " is an adjuration found frequently upon the pages; and " Be sure to bear in mind this fact." But the freshman is given to understand that the printed notes alone are too precarious a guide; relying on them and nothing else he can hardly hope to pass. The day before the examinations the tutor gives a " seminar," which lasts from two to three hours. On the walls of his room are blackboards on which he has drawn various maps. He stands before his class of students, who are now literally thirsting for information, and lectures to them, slowly, clearly, repeating and emphasizing certain points. " This question has been, in one form or another, on seven out of the last ten hour examinations," he will say. " Better be prepared to answer it. Alaric and the Goths — always in some form you will be required to deal with Alaric and the Goths. Here are a few simple facts about them." And so on. The freshman comes forth from his three-hour session exhausted, but with a number of subjects on which he feels able to write a concise and definite paragraph. So deftly has the tutor selected these subjects that the next morning the freshman is gratified to see that four out of the six questions have been provided for.

He passes the examination — not with distinction but by a safe margin. Similar frantic exertions secure for him what he is fond of terming a "gentleman's mark" in the other hour examinations, which are now in quick succession launched at him. But when the returns are all in, he finds that two or three of those whom he had come to regard as "perfectly bully" fellows are no more. For a day or two he bitterly denounces the instructors at whose hands they met their fate; then his sports and his friends and, to an increased though still limited degree, his studies — for he has profited a little by his experience — absorb his attention.

To the boy whose family are making sacrifices to put him through college and who is partly dependent on himself for the funds required, the freshman year is a period, not of care-free sociability and indolence, but of anxiety and lonely uncertainty. Whether he is really worth a college education or not is a vital question to him. He enters into competition with other boys who are as determined as he to justify the endeavor and the sacrifice. The prizes that the college offers in the way of scholarships are always less in number than the competitors; the possibilities of earning money in his leisure hours do not make themselves known very readily to the freshman, and the necessity of striving hard for a scholarship provides him with few leisure hours. Yet his pride in his class is as strong as that of one who is more free to indulge in the pursuits that promote such sentiment; and when the class football games are played, the " grinds " are as numerous and vociferous on the side-lines as those who have habitually been spending their afternoons in the somewhat languid occupation of encouraging the team. On the afternoon of the game with the sophomores, nobody stays away. The enthusiasm and the partisanship are as violent as when the varsity eleven contends with the foreign and hereditary foe. The captain or the manager of the team appoints certain individuals to lead the cheering; with backs to the game and zeal in their eyes and exhortation in their waving arms, they busy themselves deliriously. Theirs is a proud position; many a freshman in the obedient cheering mass wishes that he were equally distinguished. When the game is over and the sophomores have been defeated, there is a rush for the victorious captain; he is transported from the field upon the shoulders of a few fortunate ones, while all round him presses the acclaiming multitude. At the steps of the athletic house he and his worthy fellow athletes are detained, and one after another is elevated to the public view to blush and be cheered. Lucky freshman! Has he ever tasted, will he ever taste again a sweeter triumph?

Excitement is not yet ready to be quenched; the celebration must be prolonged. The ordinary food and drink of freshmen are not for such an occasion as this; it calls for a more festive board than that of Memorial Hall. In congenial parties they dine that evening at hotels and afterwards attend a musical "show" — for which seats have been reserved in anticipation of victory and also by way of consolation for possible defeat. The theatre is theirs — sometimes. It depends on the management, the actors, and most of all, on the freshmen themselves. If they behave with a certain amount of decorum, show merely a somewhat excessive enthusiasm, and are not too importunate in their demands for encores, they will probably be gratified by the appearance of the leading lady waving the colors of their class and smiling upon them bewitchingly. What a class it is that this lovely being honors it thus! After the show, a little supper possibly, a Welsh rabbit and a bottle of beer; and then the freshman, never before so replete and complete, takes taxicab or trolley-car back to his academic home and tumbles drowsily to bed, his last thought being: "What a bully day!"

There has been a good deal heard, there always is a good deal heard, of the dissipated life of freshmen. If a boy's home training has been of a sort to make it easy for him to drift into dissipation, and if he has inherited tendencies of that nature, he will probably be as dissipated at college as he would be elsewhere — not more so. The freshman — and in this he resembles his elders — would like to be a "good fellow" and to be known as such; but the standards required in the attainment of this ambition do not call for the inordinate consumption of rum and cigarettes or for the pursuit and entertainment of chorus girls. There is probably more harmless and innocent conviviality in any undergraduate gathering than is to be found elsewhere outside the walls of a well conducted Old Ladies' Home. For a time, freshmen are exhilarated by the unaccustomed sensation of liberty, and their age and spirits tend to make them experimental; on the other hand, the standards which are maintained by the influence of home training and association, of college advisers, and of undergraduate opinion, are such as not to warrant the widespread belief in the perils of a college career.

And as the year goes on, the freshman acquires a deeper interest in matters that are of importance. He begins perhaps to feel that he has not so far made the most of his opportunities, that he has given too much energy to seeking the pleasures of life, and that he has somewhat disappointed the expectations of those whom he would like to have always regard him with pride as well as with affection. He feels perhaps that he ought to be preparing himself a little more earnestly for that still distant future when he shall be turned out into the world to earn his own living and make his own way. Intercourse with his friends and with his teachers has supplied him with more urgent ambitions and ideals. He dislikes examinations as much as ever, but he accepts the necessity of studying for them and of not depending on a tutor at the last moment. He finds that what is winning the deepest respect among his classmates is character — yes, even more than good-fellowship. He learns by observation and experience; and by the time the end of the year approaches, his smile is just as cheerful, but his backbone is less pliant than when he entered college.

Of course it is not often that the boy matures into the man in his freshman year. In no respect probably does he show his immaturity more than in his desire to be known and esteemed by prominent persons of his own or of other classes. He is pleased if they think well enough of him to call him by his first name. Sometimes it goes to his head if he believes that they are considering him as a possible candidate for one of their clubs. It is not strange that with a knowledge of such institutions and an acquaintance with their members, the freshman spends some time wondering if he is in line of election. The assiduous cultivation of the popular and socially successful is an odious trait; the freshman who is guilty of it may advance himself temporarily, but an undesirable reputation will cling to him throughout the rest of his college career. Some clubs have a reprehensible practise of pursuing and endeavoring to pledge freshmen who are prominent and promising, even though election cannot take place until the sophomore year. Not many freshmen are toadies, but the great majority of them are not indifferent to the charms of social prestige and success. And in certain circles the discussion why A made such and such a club is apt to be more interesting and pithy than the comments on B's making such and such a team. Discussion of this sort is one of the least wholesome of undergraduate occupations.

Fortunate is the boy who by the end of his freshman year has begun to find himself — who has acquired a sound interest in some subject and has provided himself with a definite aim. Most men are likely to look back on their freshman year with regret, as a year of waste, a year barren of results; but often it has been the year in which some happy influence has enabled them to feel and follow their own best qualifications and powers, and so to dedicate themselves to a life of usefulness.

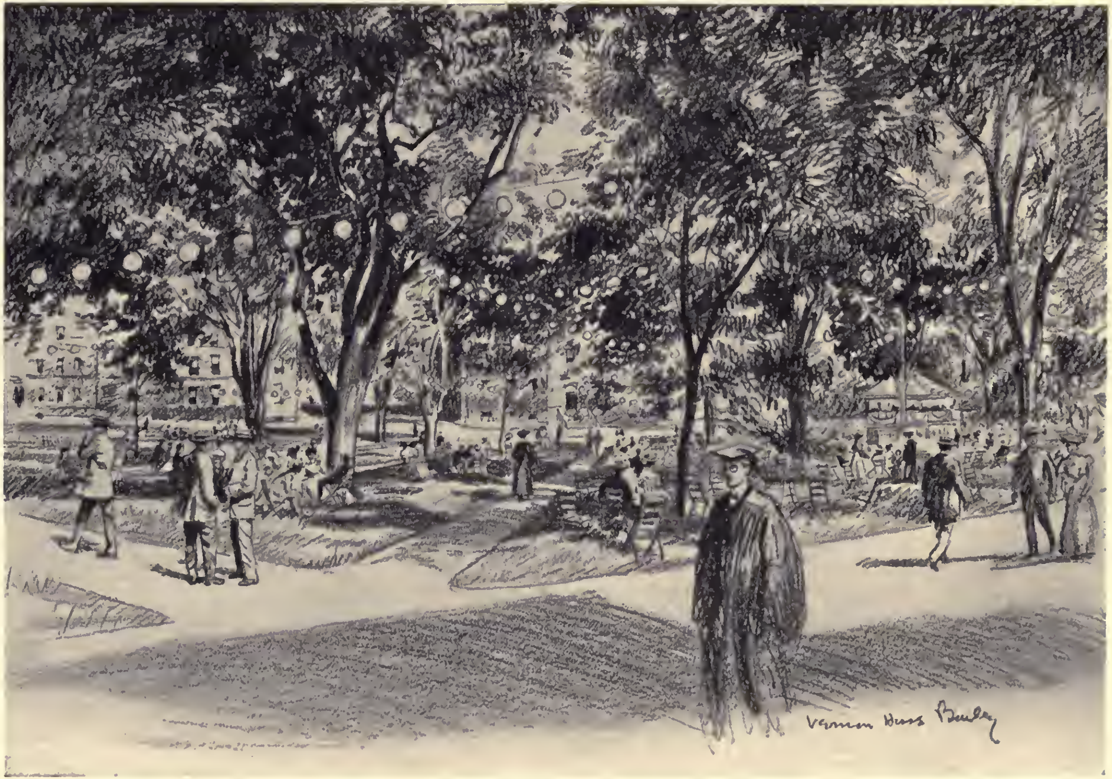
Let us glance at one of our freshmen four years later, when he is leaving Harvard. He has finished his last examination, and he has a few days with nothing to do except loaf and make half-hearted preparations for departure. He feels wistful and eager, — clinging to the passing minute, yet restless while it passes. He looks with particular wistfulness at those friends of his who are returning to the Law School, or whose occupation will keep them in Boston; he is going out to Seattle, where his father, who has been profitably developing real estate, proposes to enlist his son's abilities towards the further improvement and building up of that metropolis. And because his destination is so romantically distant and his destiny so bright, the Easterners whose lot excites his wistfulness look on him with envious eyes. He feels that they will go on indefinitely enjoying the sweets of college life, — seeing their friends, dining with one another, going to Yale games, — but he — he may get back to it all, if he's lucky, for a few days about once every five years. And they think that he is the fellow who is going to have adventures.

He has not distinguished himself in college, either in athletics or in scholarship; he has been one of the "average" men. Every year he has tried for his class eleven in the autumn and for his class nine in the spring — never with success. He has spent a fair amount of time on his books and so has escaped difficulties with the "office," but his marks have not been high. He has some very warm friends and a number of pleasant acquaintances, for he has always been a cheerful, honest, laughing soul. It annoys him in these days, when he is with some of his Boston classmates and hears them talking about their plans, to feel that there is a choke in his throat.

The last Sunday comes, and in the afternoon, in his cap and gown, he takes his place in the procession that files into Appleton Chapel to hear the Baccalaureate Sermon. He has been in Appleton Chapel only five times before; once to morning prayers, to see what they were like, once to the funeral of an old professor under whom he had sat and whose death had moved him strangely, once on a Sunday evening to hear a celebrated preacher, and on two occasions to morning prayers because of a vague feeling that the atmosphere might do him good. On this Sunday afternoon the clergyman preaches from the text — "Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof;" the senior means to listen attentively, but his thoughts wander with his eyes from face to face. And when he is outside the walls of the chapel, it comes over him with rather a pang that he has got nothing whatever from his one and only Baccalaureate Sermon.

Tuesday is Class Day. After breakfast he goes in to Boston to the Copley-Plaza, where his father and mother and sister are stopping. He thanks heaven that his sister is really not bad-looking. He takes the family out to Cambridge in a taxicab, shows them round the Yard, and has two or three fellows at his rooms to meet them. Then he sends the family over to Sanders Theatre, and putting on cap and gown, he falls into line behind the band. At Sanders Theatre the seniors occupy the orchestra and first balcony; the upper balcony is filled with their friends and relatives; innumerable are the ladies. Jones, the orator, proves equal to the occasion; his speech wins great applause; yes, the good old class did itself proud in choosing Jones to represent it. And no wonder that Jones is going to study law. Now for Robinson, a literary type of grind, who has been moistening his lips in a harassed manner during Jones's peroration. Our senior fears that Robinson may break down, is immensely relieved when he doesn't, and claps long and lustily when he has finished. Smith's ode is effectively sung to the air of "Fair Harvard" — to which the ode is always written.

Then the senior rejoins his family and pilots them to one of the big mid-day spreads; they stand up in a great jam and eat lobster Newburg and cold salmon, strawberries and ice-cream; he introduces as many fellows as he can to his sister, so that she may not hang heavy on his hands at Beck during the dancing in the evening. His family go back to the Copley-Plaza — his mother is tired and wants to rest, and his sister wants to put on another dress for the evening — and he drops in at his club, where there is a thirsty gathering, a large bowl of punch, and some one playing the piano. Presently he goes to join his class, assembling in the Yard; they march down to Soldier's Field at the end of the long line of


Vernon Howe Bailey

The Yard on Class Day

alumni, who form according to classes; the spectators are all assembled in the bowl of the Stadium; the seniors in their black gowns and mortarboards group themselves in the center of the great semicircle and seat themselves on the grass; the marshal calls Brown, the Ivy Orator, to the platform. Brown's first sentence brings a quick response of laughter; applause ripples up over the Stadium seats and sweeps across the crowd. From that moment it is all easy for Brown; he delivers his inconsequent humorous remarks to an audience which, as one of the newspapers the next day will observe, " punctuates them with salvos of merriment." Brown's success is particularly pleasing to our senior, who belongs to the same club and regards him as the cleverest man in college. But his greatest admiration is not for Brown, but for the first marshal, who, after the Ivy Orator has concluded, calls for the cheers — for the president, for certain professors, for the class; the first marshal is a fellow who has greater qualities than wit, humor, cleverness; he is the man of character and personality, the object of more hero-worship than anybody else in the class. " How I wish that I had his future! " thinks our senior — and perhaps a dozen others have the same thought, submissive to that flaming leadership. Yet they none of them know what that future is to be. Youth is humble before its heroes.

An old graduate springs up and leads the loudest and wildest of all the cheers, and then suddenly the air is filled with flying streamers, bright-colored, shining in the sunlight, weaving back and forth between the throng on the ground and the throng in the seats above. Confetti unroll their gleaming ribbons in graceful arcs, bombs stuffed with bright tissue paper scraps burst on ladies' hats or shower their contents from aloft, there is screaming and laughter and a frenzied, harmless battle. During it the seniors march out, passing close under the tiers of seats and exchanging missiles with the nearest spectators.

Our senior secures his family and escorts them to the Beck spread; there tables are placed on the lawn; people seat themselves and eat more lobster Newburg and cold salmon, strawberries and ice-cream; Chinese lanterns are strung above; a band plays in the pavilion, and a great crowd tries to dance on a very rough floor. The sister changes partners with gratifying frequency, but at last gets into the doldrums, or so her brother anxiously fancies; he rescues her and they stroll over to the Yard. There they find another illumination from

Chinese lanterns, only more extensive, with great numbers of people sitting and standing and walking about, while in front of University a band plays and an electric fountain leaps and splashes. The Glee Club sings on the steps of Sever. Late in the evening the tired family return to Boston, but our senior, who is proud of his reputation as a night-owl, repairs again to his club; the punch-bowl has been refilled and some good fellows are sitting round it agreeing that Class Day is a great day for the girls but a devil of a bore for a man.

The next morning our senior is busy dismantling his room, packing away his things. In the afternoon he marches with his class again to Soldier's Field, this time to the Harvard-Yale baseball game, which he views from the " cheering section."

There is a big dinner at the club that night where old graduates shake him by the hand and wish him well, and he and his friends drink to one another's success. And afterwards he visits different fellows in their rooms, sits on their window-seats in the cool night air, and shares their silences. Some of them give him their photographs, and ask him for his, and that touches and pleases him. It is late when he gets back to his own room; the bared walls and the swathed furniture and the half-filled trunks enforce upon him the imminence of his departure. Poignantly he realizes that this is the last night he will ever pass in these rooms, that an important chapter in his life is closed. And he looks back and thinks how little he has made of his splendid opportunity, and wishes with a sincere and humble heart that he might have those four years over again.

He wakes to the morning of Commencement. On his way through the yard to join the academic procession, he walks slowly, trying to fix the appearance of everything in mind, the gray squirrel frisking on the trampled grass, the sadly lopped elms, the young saplings which may have grown beyond his recognition when he next revisits Cambridge. Fellows are trying to be gay and cheerful, but everywhere there is an undertone of melancholy.

The black-gowned procession starts for Sanders Theatre. Two hours later the senior comes forth, a senior no longer, a graduate, a Bachelor of Arts, carrying his roll of parchment tied with crimson ribbon. He has heard the Latin Valedictory and the Commencement oratory, he has witnessed the conferring of the honorary degrees, and he has joined in the applause for each distinguished guest who has risen and stood during the president's measured words of tribute. The young Bachelor of Arts, starting out to make for himself a career of service and achievement, knows that he will never receive such a distinction at his Alma Mater's hands, but hopes with a sober heart that his future may be at least more worthy of her than his past.

THE END.

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