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June 28, 1883

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ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN LAWRENCEVILLE, NEW JERSEY, AT THE
SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF
THE HIGH SCHOOL, JUNE 28, 1883.

BY

REV. SAMUEL M. HAMILL, D. D.,

THE RETIRING PRINCIPAL,

AND

CHRISTOPHER STUART PATTERSON,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

AN ALUMNUS OF THE CLASS OF 1856.

PHILADELPHIA :
ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT'S PRINTING HOUSE,
Nos. 229-231 South Fifth Street.
1883.

THE Commencement of the High School at Lawrenceville, N. J., on Thursday, June 28th, 1883, brought together a large number of the Alumni of the school, and others, in the Presbyterian church where the commencement exercises took place. In addition to the usual exercises, an appropriate address was made by Rev. Dr. Hamill, referring to the history of the school and his connection with it for forty-nine years, and giving a cheerful view of the future of the institution in its new organization under a board of trustees.

An address was then made by C. Stuart Patterson, Esq., of Philadelphia, of the class of 1856, on behalf of the Alumni. He alluded to a number of the distinguished Alumni of the school, and especially to Chancellor Henry W. Green, whom he heard in 1860 make an address from the same platform, at the semi-centennial of the school. These addresses were well received by the large and intelligent audience who filled the church.

After the adjournment from the church a spirited Alumni meeting was held in the main hall of the school, over which C. Stuart Patterson presided. Resolutions were adopted, referring to the past and future of the school. A collation was then served in the dining hall and rooms adjoining, of which a

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large number of persons partook, including the Alumni and a number of ladies. Toasts were given, with spirited responses.

Among those present were Hon. U. S. Senator McMillan, of Minn.; Rev. Dr. Hale; Judge McClintock, of Pa.; Admiral Emmons, U. S. N.; Hon. Edward Wells, of New York, and many other persons of distinction who honored the occasion.

After giving diplomas to the graduating class, accompanied with timely words of advice, Dr. Hamill delivered the following address:—

DR. HAMILL'S ADDRESS.

It may not be inappropriate for me to say a few words at this point, and on this occasion of interest in the history of the institution whose anniversary we celebrate. This day will close my connection with it as its principal, and terminate my services in it as an instructor.

Forty-nine years ago (1834), I was completing my senior year in Jefferson College, Pa. About the first of August I called on Rev. Dr. Brown, its able and honored president, and he read to me a letter which he had just received from the principal of this school, asking him to recommend some one as teacher of the Latin and Greek languages, in the place of James H. Porter, who was about to start the female seminary of this village.

The doctor said he thought I was the person to fill the place. I raised objections.

1st. The letter required a man to come pledged to teach at least two years. I did not wish to teach more than one.

2d. It also called for a man who had passed on to his second or master's degree, while I had not yet received my first degree.

The doctor promptly met my objections, and said he would endorse for me, and after a few day's prayerful consideration I agreed to come to New Jersey. On the last Thursday of September following I received my diploma, and on the thirty-first day of October reported for duty at Lawrenceville, and on the following day, November 1st, took my place in the class-room assigned to me.

This was one of the most laborious years of my life. But I was greatly encouraged at the end of my first term by the examination of my classes, and the strong commendation of the principal, Rev. A. H. Phillips, a man of fine abilities and a live teacher.

Instead of hesitating at the prospect of teaching for two years, I am here, at the end of almost a half a century, having retained, in different relations, a continuous connection with the institution through this long period. So little do men know of what is before them.

Among those who came into my class-room at that time, in different stages of advancement in the study of the classics, were Hon. Joel Parker, twice elected Governor of this State, and now on our Supreme Bench, and one of the most industrious students and best scholars in his class. The late Asa I. Fish, of Philadelphia, editor of an important law journal; Commander J. S. Gulick, U. S. Navy; Gen. Lewis Per-

rine, of Trenton; Charles Scribner, the distinguished publisher, and his brother William, the author of so many good books. Some of them were near my own age, and were large enough to carry me out of the class-room, but they were loyal. We passed a very pleasant year together, at the end of which they entered college, and I continued my work. As I was the only assistant teacher in the house, I made my pupils my companions, and formed friendships that have been life-long.

My recollections of my first class at the school are of the most pleasant kind. The class has had time to ripen, and its members have reached places of distinction. I trust the excellent class that goes out to-day will be heard of in the next fifty years.

The boys who have gone from here to higher courses of study have been admitted to more than twenty different colleges of the country, a majority of those entering college having been admitted to Princeton. Nor do I remember a single case in which a boy carried a written certificate from my hand of his being prepared to enter college who failed to be admitted. Nor do I know of any private boarding-school in the State, and I doubt if there is one in the country, that has sent more boys to college, and especially to Princeton, than this school.

Its pupils have at different times borne away the first honors and prizes without number. Many of

its pupils, too, have gone directly into business life and made their mark as bankers or merchants and business men.

We feel an honest pride this day in the record the institution has made, the men it has sent forth, the good work they are accomplishing, and the honorable and useful positions so many of them have filled. We are willing to live in them and to be known by them. They are interwoven in our life-work. In such an institution, teachers and pupils become one in a sense that none can fully appreciate but those who have sustained the relation. Mind coming in contact with mind, heart sympathizing with heart, meeting constantly in the class-room, in the study hour, around the board of bounty, at the sacred altar, constitutes a condition of things intensely interesting and makes the pupil one with his instructor, and as he leaves him he unconsciously bears away the impress of his teacher.

A boarding-school, therefore, that becomes a real home, is a great blessing. Many a youth has found it so. The influence of the instructor, standing as he does in the place of the parent, becomes powerful for good if he is faithful to his trust.

Mingling constantly day by day and hour by hour with those committed to our care, we have sought to discharge our duty to them in the fear of God. To his name be the praise of any success that has attended our labors. It has been our aim to make

the high school an attractive home. How far we have succeeded we are willing to refer to our pupils and patrons. We have thrown as much of the family influence and the amenities of social life into it as the numerous household would allow.

The faithful teacher must exercise proper control, nor need he fear being too strict in his discipline. Some years ago I met an intelligent young man, who accosted me thus: "Doctor," said he, "I have often wanted to express my thanks to you for the care exercised over me when I was at school at Lawrenceville. I thought then that you were entirely too strict, but since I have seen more of the world at home and abroad, and have a family growing up around me, I have changed my mind, and have concluded that your system was excellent. I am sure it did me good." Nor had he escaped the severer forms of discipline.

A school without strict order and discipline will fail. We have therefore always insisted on good order and strict discipline. We have sought to make men of our boys, not mere scholars. The mind may be stimulated to the injury of both body and heart. The mere intellectualist may become a fiend in human form. Our highest aim, therefore, has been to reach the heart, to win the confidence and regard of the pupil. There can be no permanent success on the part of the teacher without this.

There is need of grace and patience to teach well. The richest fruits are sometimes gathered where there has been the exercise of the most patient forbearance on the part of the teacher. The faithful teacher often does not find his reward until years after he has sown his seed.

More than thirty years ago a boy of more than ordinary culture and mental power became very insubordinate, and we were obliged, for the good of the school, to dismiss him. Just before parting with him I invited him to my study and knelt down and prayed with him. This broke him down. He left. More than a third of a century passed away before we met again. In the city of Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, at a meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, a gentleman came and took me by the hand, in the midst of a crowd, and whispered in my ear, "I have never forgotten that prayer you made with me in your study just before I left Lawrenceville. It was the turning-point of my life."

We were both too full for utterance, and adjourned our interview to a more convenient place and time. I found the inconsiderate boy an able and successful minister of the Gospel. I felt richly repaid for any forbearance I had exercised and labor for his good. The man who would teach and train successfully needs to pray.

Luther wrote, "*bene orasse est bene studuisse*," for the student. He might have written for the teacher, "*bene orasse est bene docuisse*."

When human counsel has failed to satisfy me I have found access to the throne of grace, and sought divine guidance, which never fails. I wish this day to recognize the goodness of God in all the way by which he has led me. I was greatly aided for more than thirty years by a brother beloved—Rev. Hugh Hamill, D. D., without whose counsel in the government of the school I rarely took an important step—a godly and a scholarly man and a most faithful teacher. In the private relations of the family I have been cheered and sustained by one of the noblest of her sex.

The community have ever been my friends. Those who took me so kindly by the hand when I came here have been laid away in that simple, silent spot, the *grave*. Those who now live as the active men have been my pupils. How changed the scene! How brief the course of life!

The early history of the school is worthy of note.

Rev. Isaac V. Brown, D. D., a young pastor desiring to supplement a salary of \$600 per annum, being a trustee of the College of New Jersey, and having been a tutor in the same institution, and knowing the wants in the way of classical learning, determined to open a classical school. His leading

elder had five boys to educate, and another had four. They were two of his most liberal supporters and patrons.

The school was opened in 1810 with nine boys. I will not call the roll, although we have it. This was the beginning of the school whose seventy-third anniversary we this day celebrate.

* One of the nine still lives. All honor to the venerable father of distinguished men who, like a shock of corn fully ripe, is ready to be garnered! † A brother, younger by two years, has been already gathered to his fathers. Ushered into life at the opening of the century, in 1800, he became one of the nine, having just entered his eleventh year. He was the youngest of the group, and, to use the language of a schoolmate who knew him well, a "very smart boy." With a home training that made men, an aptitude that easily acquired knowledge, an energy that shrank from no duty, an industry that readily overcame obstacles, an integrity that commanded admiration, all surmounted by what became the crowning ornament of all, a high sense of religious obligation, he went forth from his quiet home at the age of sixteen years, with the world before him and Providence his guide.

These features of character made his career in the great metropolis of the country one of remarkable

* Mr. George S. Green.

† The late John C. Green.

success. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." He became one of the merchant princes of New York. Providence gave him large means, and a desire to use them for the good of man and the glory of God.

While Princeton, and many benevolent institutions in New York, rejoice in his munificence, he did not forget the place of his birth. The bright and manly boy who, at the age of ten years, took his place in the school in its infancy, comes back after the lapse of three-fourths of a century, through his legal representatives, to lay broad and deep the foundations of the school where he was educated—to enlarge its sphere, to extend its influence.

The future of the school is committed to a board of trustees, who are deeply interested in the cause of education, and who will spare no pains, so far as they are concerned, to make the institution fully equal to the demand of the times. A gentleman has been appointed to be at its head, who adds to ability and scholarship of a high order an experience as an instructor that admirably fits him for the place. He has been a member of the board of instructors for the past year, and has won the high regard of all who have been associated with him. He will be aided by several competent gentlemen, who have had experience in other fields of educational labor, and

have already won distinction in this useful sphere. So far, therefore, as human calculation can go, the prospects of the institution, under its new regime, are bright, and under the faithful labors of those who shall come in they will be increasingly so.

We invite the cheerful co-operation of the friends and patrons and Alumni of the school, and pray that the blessing of an overruling Providence may rest upon it and those who will hereafter assume the responsibility of its management and control.

ADDRESS BY
CHRISTOPHER STUART PATTERSON,

An Alumnus of the Class of 1856.

I CAN not but selfishly regret, sir, that, in the order of exercises to-day, it was not arranged that my remarks should precede, rather than follow, yours, for I am sure that the sound of any other voice will fall coldly upon ears, which have listened to your touching recital of the story of your forty-nine years of service in connection with this school.

Upon an occasion somewhat similar to this, a great poet, who had returned to his *alma mater* after years of absence said :

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.

So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,

I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread,
 As from a house where some one lieth dead.
 I cannot go; I pause; I hesitate;
 My feet, reluctant, linger at the gate;
 As one who struggles in a troubled dream
 To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! vanish the idle fears!
 Vanish the rolling mists of thirty years!
 Whatever time or space may intervene,
 I will not be a stranger in this scene.
 Here every doubt, all indecision ends;
 Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

I once had the honor to stand upon this platform, and to deliver the Latin oration. If you will each and all promise me to regard the communication as strictly confidential, I will tell you, that that happened twenty-seven years ago, and, as I have always found that that was sure to be kept sacred which was communicated to one young lady, now, that I have taken the young and charming women of this audience into my confidence, I know that my secret will remain inviolate.

I well remember that on that occasion, when I stepped forth to deliver my sentences of very un-Ciceronian Latin in a piping treble, which even my youthful conceit could not magnify into that "ore rotundo" with which classical sentences ought to be

rolled forth, I felt that never before had an orator addressed so vast an audience upon an occasion equally momentous.

Now that I stand here again, after the lapse of almost thirty years, it seems to me that, by the operation of some occult law of physics, these walls have contracted, and this auditorium is perceptibly smaller than it used to be. So, also, young gentlemen, you, the scholars of to-day, are younger in years, and more diminutive in stature than the boys of my day were. There must have been giants in those days.

It is with feelings, mingled of pleasure and of pain, that an "old boy" comes back to the school. Each building, each room, each foot of ground has its several and distinct associations. At this desk, with aching head and throbbing temples, you pored over your Cicero, or your *Græca Majora*; at yonder blackboard, you stood in hopeless confusion, endeavouring to recall the only safe way of crossing the perilous "pons asinorum"; at that point in the playground, you fought the hand-to-hand battle of your school life, and, at its end, you manfully shook hands with your adversary, and were, thereafter, friends with him. Through yonder lane, under the arching branches of the trees, you used to stroll with your chosen friend, whose proud fate it was to fall, sword in hand, at the head of his regiment.

Everything recalls to me memories of teachers and of school-fellows, who were, but are not.

“They answer us—alas! what have I said?
 What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
 What salutation, welcome, or reply?
 What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?”

“They are no longer here; they all are gone
 Into the land of shadows—all save one.
 Honour and reverence and the good repute
 That follows faithful service as its fruit,
 Be unto him, whom living, we salute.”

Yet, after all, with each and every one of us to-day, feelings of joy and pride must predominate—pride in the past and present of the school, and hope for its future. This school has a great history. In its seventy-three years, it has sent forth arrayed for the battle of life nearly three thousand scholars, many of whom have, by the brilliancy of their success, done credit to the training which they here received. Our school has furnished a governor to South Carolina, a governor to Kansas, and three governors to New Jersey. It has provided congressmen, state legislators, and mayors of towns, almost without number. I see in the intelligent faces of the young gentlemen before me, that, in the ranks of its present scholars, there are many embryo presidents, senators, and governors. The school has done its

part in the solution of the Indian problem, by educating twenty Indians, two of whom have become chiefs of the Cherokee tribe. It has given to the profession of the law hundreds of lawyers, and many distinguished judges, one of whom was that great chancellor, Henry W. Green, who, by sound learning, purity of life, and love of justice, shed lustre upon the profession of the law. I heard Chancellor Green deliver the address at the semi-centennial anniversary of the school. As he left the platform, he placed his hand upon my head, and said to me, "Some day it will be your turn to come here and speak for the Alumni." I mention this by way of consolation to you under this present infliction. You now know, that I am here in obedience to a mandate of the High Court of Chancery, and that you are restrained by a writ of special injunction, under divers pains and penalties, too terrible to mention, from leaving here until I choose to let you go. This school has given to the healing art many eminent physicians and surgeons, of whom the most distinguished is the venerable *Professor Gross, of Jefferson College. It has given to the ministry, that most unselfish and noblest of the professions, faithful and zealous clergymen, many of

* Dr. Gross received from the University of Oxford, the degree of (LL. D.) Doctor of Laws, an honor rarely conferred on an American by an English University.

whom have served their Master in heathen lands. To the profession of arms, it has given gallant officers, Commodore Gulick, who is with us to-day, General Andrew Porter, General Horace Porter, General Mott, General McIntosh, and a host of others. Not the least of the glories of the school is this, that when armed treason threatened the life of the nation, its scholars, young and old, hastened to the defense of that flag which they were here taught to reverence as the symbol of a freedom, which could not be degraded into license, and whose authority could not be perverted into tyranny. In that sacred cause many of the graduates laid down their lives. Our alma mater's

“Wisest scholars, those who understood
The deeper teachings of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it good.”

Nor upon this day, of all days, must one other of the scholars be forgotten—John C. Green, the munificent patron of learning, whose generous gifts have done so much for Princeton College, and whose money has now been wisely expended in placing this, his earlier alma mater, upon a secure foundation for all time.

Well can our alma mater say to-day: “Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.” If you seek the aim and end of my teaching, and the record of its

results, look at the men I have sent forth into the world.

It has always seemed to me that there were in my time, and I am sure that there are now, certain essential characteristics of Lawrenceville training, which ought to be noted. Here, ever since Dr. Hamill has been at the head of the school, it has been its doctrine and its practice: first, that education does not consist in the mere acquisition of facts, but that it means the harmonious development of the intellectual faculties; and, second, that any such development is insufficient and one-sided, if it be not supplemented by thorough moral training; and, third, that that moral training can not be given by the inculcation of any system of abstract morality, however pure its ethical principles may be, but that it can only be effectual, when based upon the patient and faithful teaching of the religion of Christ. In other words, the aim and end of Lawrenceville training is to send forth into the world young men, who shall make the nearest possible approximation to that highest human ideal, the educated Christian gentleman. It is because of the faithful and intelligent administration of that system that the school has been so successful.

Now, at the end of its seventy-third year, it has been liberally endowed and allied with Princeton, that venerable college whose name is known and re-

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