

AN ADDRESS
AT THE
ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES
OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY
AT EDGEHILL SCHOOL,

PRINCETON, N. J.,

MARCH 27, 1854,

BY GEORGE POTTS, D. D.

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ADDRESS.

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'MAXIMA DEBETUR PUERO REVERENTIA.'—*Juvenal: Sat. XIV. 47.*
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WHEN requested to participate in the interesting exercises of this occasion, I reluctantly accepted the part assigned me—that of making an address—mainly because I know that there is an extensive and savory bill of fare before you, and do not fancy being obliged to do the *heavy* work. But my reluctance has proved vain—and the next best thing I can do, is to promise beforehand that I will be short. I shall thus secure for my poor speech, at least the praise of brevity, which, for a modern speech, is very great praise. Thirty minutes then 'by Shrewsbury clock,' and I will relieve your attention.

Many things might we confer about on such an occasion. It furnishes a field of thought so wide, that for fear I should ramble too much, I will not only take a text but will *try* and stick to it. It is a good text, though taken from a heathen satirist, who cracked his whip at many bad things and some good ones, like most persons who make sarcasm their business. The very poem in which we find

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it, shows that Juvenal knew next to nothing about Moses and the Old Testament, and yet he goes out of his way to abuse them. He probably formed his notions of them from some vagrant old-clothes-man who had cheated him; a style of judging, however, not peculiar to him. All he seems to know of the ‘*arcantum volumen Moses*,’ as he calls it, is, that it enjoined circumcision and the sacredness of a sabbath, forbade swine’s flesh as food, and taught men to adore nothing but the “*Cœli Numen*.” It is strange enough that such a ridiculer of image worship should find fault with this last peculiarity of the Hebrew faith. But, for these blunders let us pity poor Juvenal who knew no better. We may feel sure that he would have been ashamed of them, could he have read the sublime writings he ignorantly satirizes, and found, that, regarded as mere ethical writings, they were incomparable and everywhere enjoined the very moralities he praises, and denounced the very vices which he condemns. It is pleasant to imagine how astonished he would have been to have had a good translation into Latin of the book of Proverbs laid on his study table, and to find that it contains a thousand expressions which confirm the very maxim which we have chosen as the text of our remarks.

It is a good text, I repeat, and not the less so because the pen of a poor blind heathen sage stumbled on it. It is this:

‘*MAXIMA DEBETUR PUERO REVERENTIA*’: which, literally we render thus :

Our greatest reverence to the boy is due.

He speaks to parents, and in reference to a particular class of evils : let us give the words a wider application, and regard them as happily expressing a Christian truth which underlies all sound education. If they be true when viewed from a heathen, how much more when viewed from a Christian standpoint.

Let none quarrel with the word *reverence*. Only the unreflecting will think it misapplied. Some people can comprehend reverence for an old man, or an able man, or an official man, and some—but they will not admit the fact—know what it is to reverence a rich man, with large farms, houses and bank stocks. This they can comprehend ; but to talk of *reverence*, and the *greatest* reverence as due to *boys*, will provoke their laughter. Forthwith they picture to themselves a squad of noisy fellows in the play-ground, perhaps squabbling about trifles, and soiling their clothes, and making work for the seamstress : or what is much worse—perhaps lying or swearing or bragging or tyrannizing : perhaps playing monkey pranks, firing crackers or turning some long-eared animal into a college chapel, or some work of equal cleverness—and the idea of reverencing these in any shape or form, is simply ludicrous, and to say the least, high-flown. They look upon them

as fledglings, whose highest destiny it is to develop into politicians who scramble for place, or money-making machines, or dandies whose souls are fired with the noble ambition of having fashionable clothes and fashionable manners.

I admit that too many youth are precisely so: too many boys are manikins, with none of the merits of boy or man, a sad conglomeration of the most detestable qualities of both. If the truth were known, our sage Juvenal had seen such in the streets and schools of Rome. There is a passage in old Pliny, who lived at the same time, which describes a class of Roman youth, whose successors are not rarely met with now. He says, 'Modesty is scarce among our youth. How seldom will one of them yield to superior age or authority? They grow wise in a trice: all at once they know every thing: they reverence no one, imitate no one, but are their own models.' One would think old Pliny had studied our 'Young America.' Let us not do our poet the injustice of thinking that he means to demand reverence for bad boys ruined into worse men. And yet even they, do not contradict but confirm the truth he meant to convey. They are forcible illustrations of his maxim, inasmuch as they would not be what they are, had this maxim been observed in the process of their training. All the samples of precocious folly and crime we see in the world may be traced to the neglect of this very principle, either on their own

part or on the part of their parents and teachers.

For what is implied in it? In what sense, *reverence the boy*? Not so much for what he is, as for what he is, viewed in connection with what he may and ought to be. The obscurest germ of existence is interesting, is grand, when we know that there are folded up in it all the parts of a wonderful organism, which, when unfolded, may reveal some form of beauty or utility. It is one of the great glories of the Maker of all, that, himself *Maximus in minimis*, he has arranged all things so that '*Toia natura existit in minimis.*' Hence, in the mind of a wise man, the admiration with which he regards the great, easily transfers itself to the less. Insignificant! banish the word from the language! There is nothing insignificant; that is, nothing which does not import something, which has not impressed on it the sign manual of the great Being who made all things for a purpose. Is not this so? Then least of all is that little human being insignificant, whose wandering eye will by and by sparkle with intellect, whose involuntary motions will become regulated and skilled to some wonderful art, whose inarticulate cries will be developed into the glories of speech. Regarded as a merely intelligent animal, the changes which the human child will undergo, make it an object of admiration akin to reverence.

But it is more than this. The lowest of its instincts, its labored and amusing attempts at articulate speech,

its feeblest efforts at comparison and inference, its struggles to achieve the alphabet, to connect syllables and words, and to master meanings, its very blunders and ill-directed passions and energies, what are these to the eye of a thinker but the beginnings of the end? 'The bull-calf butts with smooth and unarmed brow.' It is by these efforts that the child is developing the powers, which, by and by will make their mark on the world. His movements—every one of them—are the buddings of the mighty forces of nature, indicating what is to come. Did not the child Napoleon, the child Washington contain the elements of what the man, the statesman, the soldier, afterwards revealed? The mother of a Paul, or an Augustine, or an Archibald Alexander, or any other mother who caressed the infancy and childhood of some great and good soul, would have been justified in regarding the infant she held in her arms with reverential feelings, could she have forecasted its history even in this life. Even for this life, great things will come forth from the nursery and the school-room. In some segment of the world, every child will suffer or enjoy, do good and promote happiness, or do evil and inflict misery, in many hearts. Nay it may be that the most potent influences upon the course of human affairs, are waiting in that little breast to be unlocked by some wise or reckless hand. This too, warrants our maxim.

But this is only a part, and a small part of the chain

of causes and consequences of which the boy shall be a link. He is the heir, and to him belong the capacities of an endless life. I will not dwell upon this. It is too great for words. The eternity which is around him, before him, behind him, is also within him. He is a vessel which may be filled to the brim with glory. That is the chief of his titles of dignity. Never, never, never to die! Faith, inspired by a revelation of immortality which the Roman poet never dreamed of, sees this sentence written on every youthful brow, and it fills us with reverence.

And should we look upon the other, the dark side of the possibilities that environ the boy, our reverence is still due, though it partakes of an indignant and gloomy awe. The creature that can enjoy like an angel, can suffer like a demon: the creature that can soar like the eagle, can grovel like the swine. It may be a temple of God, or satyrs may dance and owls hoot in its ruins. What then? Shall we despise the spring-head of a river because hereafter it may run through a swamp? or the embryo of an oak because hereafter it may be gnarled? No doubt such has been the history of many a bold-hearted, beautiful boy. I have seen more than one such, converted into a miserable gold-worshipper, or treacherous liar whom no one trusted, or reckless sceptic, libertine, spendthrift, and drunkard. Go down into some den where vice skulks and festers, and you may see what beauty, strength,

intellect, and boyish modesty may become, when sin allures the soul to ruin itself. But even then, do not its very desolations bear an awful testimony to the grandeur of the original structure? About the worst human ruin, there will always be found some broken capital or fallen column, whose cunning carved-work tells eloquently what it might have been. Every energetic heave of passion which carries man hell-ward, is a testimony to the grandeur of the nature that belongs to him.

“His very crimes attest his dignity.
 His sateless thirst of pleasure, gold or fame,
 Declares him born for blessings infinite.
 His passions—so mis-measured to this scene,
 Stretch'd out like eagle's wings beyond his nest,
 For earth too large—presage a nobler flight.”

These views of the human being, give to the motto we have chosen, a wider scope and a profounder sense than the poet meant. They clothe in an august dignity the child springing into youth, the youth into manhood, and through all the changes of time, ripening for a future of life or death eternal.

Now—for the inferences which naturally proceed from this view of boyhood—let me say to *parents*, to *teachers*, to *boys* themselves, that our motto contains a pregnant truth which they must make the starting point, in the great work called Education.

PARENTS, even the wisest, do not fully appreciate

the true dignity and importance of their children, or they would commit fewer mistakes and oversights. They often treat the baby as a precious play-thing, and the boy as a pet, to be dressed and pampered and sensualized. It is the grossest blunder to call this love. If our boys be cherished for personal beauty, real or imagined, or if they be valued as the links by which the family name, wealth or honors may be transmitted, or if on the other hand, they be regarded as incumbrances, to be quit of by being committed to hired menials or despatched to a school—what can we hope? This is to err altogether as to the true nature of human life.

The physical and moral training of *home*, is generally critical and decisive of the future of the boy. If the gentle and pliant disposition be strengthened and the obstinate and self-willed softened, by home influences; if the virtues of truth, honor, honesty, kindness, generosity, modesty, subordination and kindred sentiments be there carefully cherished, half the labor of the school may be dispensed with. And it is precisely that half which makes the calling of the teacher a drudgery and a risk, which no compensation short of a successful cure of the mischief can induce any man to accept. Parental work is the great work: always difficult and incessant, and often disheartening—but if it be neglected in the early years of boyhood and left to take care of itself, the subse-

quent school-life will betray the fact and furnish a Herculean task for the skill and patience of a high-principled teacher. I say a high-principled teacher, for there are teachers who are not high-principled in the respects in which high principles are most important, namely, the cultivation of the nobler sentiments on which more than on any amount of head-knowledge, the character and destiny for all time and eternity are dependent. We often tax the teacher too heavily. We require of him to do not only his own but our work, and to repair our neglects. He is blamed for results which are in a great degree beyond his control. I admit that there are bad schools where an uncontaminated boy may contract moral diseases—but it is equally true that there are good schools into which a contaminated boy may carry mischief which no teacher can cure. All he can do is to exclude the tainted sheep. When we reflect how much boys educate each other, that school must indeed have a very pure atmosphere, in which there is no danger even from a solitary case of contagious disease. I do not speak of ordinary forms of mischief,—these are to be found in the family and the school everywhere, in spite of generally good culture. I speak of uncorrected home-bred sins; lying, malice, impurity, insubordination, profanity, and the like, which have been fostered by the negligence, false teaching and bad examples of domestic life. It is asking too much that a teacher should expose

his household to such as are more fit to be sent to a house of refuge than to a school of well-trained boys.

But would any difficulty like this occur, did parents act upon the maxim of Juvenal? Did they remember that they *must* have, whether they will or no, the first responsibilities in the matter: did they study what their boy is, and what they ought to wish him to be: did they sustain the first school discipline: did they guard the immortal treasure from unfriendly influences in the earliest stages of life? But with a low ideal of boy qualities, and a low notion of the difficulties of steering the vessel through that narrow passage between boyhood and manhood, which bristles with the rocks of temptation, and the more dangerous because the winds of appetite and passion then begin to rise into violence—with an equally false notion, (which I fear prevails in many minds,) that it is a sort of natural and inevitable law that boys springing into manhood *must* drink more or less of the dirty ditch-water of vice—must sow their wild oats, as the phrase runs,—no wonder that so many lads are to be found in our schools and colleges, who, to say nothing of their incorrigible idleness in study, carry a taint with them and subject themselves to exclusion as soon as they are detected. Let the blame rest where it should—upon the first steps of a training, which did not make the fear of the Lord the beginning of wisdom, and did not take

this lesson from the mouth of a heathen, that the boy is to be regarded with 'reverence.'

Enough on this head. When we turn to the application of our maxim to the TEACHER—what can we say but the most superficial things on a topic so large?

We acknowledge with pleasure, that a considerable change has come over the public mind in its estimate of the importance of the office, and as a consequence, in the social status and compensation it has now reached. But there is much to desire in these respects before the true magnitude of the important function of teaching is reached by Parents or Teachers. For example, there is still a most anomalous blunder committed, that of rating the *cheapness* of an education as its first quality. The Lawyer and Physician make their own charges, and though grumbled at, they are not rejected. Why? Oh! the body and the purse must be well taken care of: but the mind and the soul!—teachers and preachers have a sinecure when they undertake the charge of these small affairs—why should their labors be entitled to a similar remuneration? Many, in this spirit commit these interests to incompetent, and none the less incompetent because pretentious persons, who promise to do great things—cheaply. Shall we ever detect these fathers and mothers engaging their doctor or lawyer or clerk or even their

groom or cook upon this principle. Why should economy begin here? Let it begin in other directions first, if they expect that competent men will be willing to assume the incessant labors and risks of this most noble profession. Cheap education, very cheap, may be secured—but what will the boys be? ‘Yes,’ said an eminent preacher to the economists who were calculating his support at starvation prices—‘yes, I doubt not you may get a preacher for fifty dollars, but I would have you remember he will be a fifty dollar preacher.’ So we may say of the teacher. Infinitely detestable are the Squeerses, who collect boys with the promise of making cheap wonders of them, and who are forced to make their money out of the poor fellows, by converting them into drudges, starving their bodies, and providing poor, half-paid, dispirited drones of under-teachers who more than starve their minds. The Scottish description of such schools, though coarse is true: ‘the lads gang in sturks and come oot asses,’ that is, ‘they go in little donkeys and come out big donkeys.’ Are not all the Dotheboy’s Halls, dear at any price?

But I am glad to believe, that this description of schools, is comparatively rare in our land. From an early period, a nobler conception of the nature and value of education took possession of the American mind. It may be fairly ascribed to the religious element brought over by the first pioneers. This, of course, always develops itself in the direction of our

motto, for at its very basis lies the assumption of *the importance of the human being*. From this cause chiefly, has come the sustained advance in education. Other causes have contributed to the result, but this is the chief. It is this which has always planted the School-house and the College beside the Churches and the Homes of the land, and which, we may hope, will make each successive generation a better judge and more willing supporter of competent instructors; and then the miserable pretenders and speculators we have referred to, may try some other business. Let our maxim be kept in mind, and we have no apprehension that the true standard of teaching and teachers will not rise more and more into public view.

Again, we do not deny that much is yet to be learned by Teachers themselves before the magnitude of their profession is realized. Unless the best qualifications are devoted to this profession; unless its true scope and aim are considered, unless it embodies in its fullest sense the maxim of our poet—its professors will not be respected nor remunerated. Men are needed for it who might shine in other orbits. It must not be regarded as the ‘Sleepy hollow,’ to which the stupid, thriftless and unsuccessful of other callings may resort, and drone away life. We want no tricksters, no humbugs, no pretenders great upon paper. We want men sagacious in discriminating character and applying principles, men spirited, energetic, con-

stant, men of conscience and common sense, (the necessary elements of all self-improvement), men who not only know something worth teaching, but know how to teach it. There is a great mistake made, when it is supposed that education means cramming a mind with all the knowledges. As the very word signifies, it is a drawing out, a leading forth the several latent forces within. Literally, it is the bringing a boy out: a persuading of his reluctant mental limbs to step and walk, a teaching him how to sharpen and handle the mental tools. It is assisting the mind to understand its own powers, and how they may be improved. It is in short, the science of mental gymnastics. The teaching which does not start with this in view, is no better than a baby-jumper or a go-cart, by which a child will never learn to walk, but only to imitate walking. The chief thing is not to pour the water of knowledge down the throat of a pupil till he can hold no more, but to teach him the road to a spring where he can help himself. The actual accumulations of school life, are not often much in amount or consequence. The most that can be done at school is to lay foundations, and to discipline the thinking powers. And almost any thing may be employed so as to contribute to this. Why! even Latin and Greek, those old fogeys so much scoffed at in this very practical age, may be taught so as actually to sharpen the intellectual skill necessary to the chief end of modern man, that of turning an honest penny and growing rich.

But after all, this development of the intellectual powers is not what Bacon calls the "furthest end of knowledge"—and therefore not the best index of a Teacher's qualities. It is to make knowledge and the thinking power subserve goodness—to make of smart fellows, noble fellows, and good fellows. 'The business of a Teacher,' said one who had well studied his own responsibilities—Dr. Arnold—'no less than that of a parish minister, is the cure of souls.' The man who feels the maxim of the poet in its real extent, will have the training of the moral and religious character in his eye. Starting from the point of immortality and accountability, he must aim to inspire his boys with a modest self-respect, to protect them from the effects of ignorance and conceit, (which, I humbly suggest, are still occasionally met with among our lads)—to persuade them that life has nobler aims than to make money, to gain the fame of talents, or to drink the Circean cup of sensuality—in a word, to teach them that in a profound reverence for God and the soul, lies the highest wisdom. This, I say, should be the top of every good teacher's prayers and labors. It will be, if he be impregnated with the spirit of our maxim viewed from a Christian point. Then he will make whole-souled, full-orbed men, men that will do well by their Country, in both Church and State.

Now—Boys—in the last place, let me respectfully,

but with free speech—turn to you. Not that I might not say more to your Parents and Teachers in exposition of my text, but because I remember my promise to be short. The significant saying of the Roman, magnifies your importance, and justifies all and even more than we have said. ‘Our greatest reverence to the boy is due.’

The boy! But *have* we any boys now-a-days? Somebody has hinted that a new division of society must shortly be made, namely, into big men and women and little men and women, the old-fashion appellations of *boys* and *girls* having become offensive to the majesty of our youth. They say that our republican doctrines have already gone far to obliterate the distinction of *age*,—as well as some other distinctions. Without meaning any disrespect, I will persevere in employing these terms, believing that there are boys, and will be boys, and ought to be boys to the end of the chapter: boys, and noble boys, too, with more of true character and dignity than many so called men. Full of fun, but not silly and mischievous monkeys—full of play, yet not idle—full of mistakes and thoughtless impulses, and running risks from ignorance and inexperience, but not mulish, conceited and intractable. For my own part, I had rather take off my hat to a real specimen of a fine boy than to many a full grown human, for I see in him the making of the highest style of man—a Christian gentleman. This is the only sense in which

I accept the phrase, *to make a man of one*. A boy may be converted into a coarse, ignorant, harsh, priggish, pleasure-hunting, money-scraping man: or he may be converted into an exquisite and sensualist, who prides himself on the mere refinements of manners, accomplishments, dress or such like,—but no boy will be either manly or gentlemanly, until Reverence for God and Truth is the leavening quality of his sentiments and acts. Then only will he be truly just, generous and self-respectful. Having these traits, bright talents will be more shining, and dull talents redeemed from insignificance, whether in man or boy.

‘Boys will be boys’—‘you cannot look for old heads on young shoulders:’ these and kindred saws have a true meaning, but they are too often made apologies for the vices as well the weaknesses of youth. But in fact, the noble qualities are of no particular age. We may expect, indeed, to see greater knowledge and more practised intellectual power among men than among youth, as a general rule,—but not greater generosity, justice, frankness, transparency, purity. Certain it is, that many a boy of fourteen is both wiser and better than many a man of forty.

You will have noticed that I have had comparatively little to say about smartness, talent, learning, scholarship. It is not because I do not value them, but, I tell you honestly, I think they are over-rated in our system of education. For *idleness* in school

studies there is no excuse, but I fear that a natural want of bright parts is too often scorned as if it were a crime, and smartness too often admired as if it were a virtue. Our applause ought to be given to the *diligent*, rather than to the *talented*, for diligence is voluntary and therefore praiseworthy, talent constitutional and undeserving. Yet talent is the idol of modern times: and the systems of education I am afraid are in a great measure accountable for the fact. They magnify it, and frown on the want of it. But in the ethics of Religion, high-principled goodness is the best greatness—and both life and death will prove it to be so. If we can have ability and moral excellence combined, well: but if not, let the latter have the highest place in our schemes of life. This is the quality which demands our reverence for the boy, our reverence for the man.

My dear young friends—when I summon before my mind the possibilities of the future, and think of what *may* be the career of those who are assembled here, I feel as if I heard the very sounds of the strifes of life into which you will go forth. On which side in the great battle, will you be found? Fighting for Truth, Honor, Benevolence and Justice in the company of the wise and good, or moral cowards who skulk whenever a blow is to be struck or a blow borne on the right side—or what is still worse, the companions of fools, fighting in the ranks of the ene-

mies of God and man. Say, shall life, to any boy here, verify the poet's lines :

' Fair laughs the morn, and soft the the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth at the prow, and *pleasure* at the helm :
Regardless of the coming whirlwind's sway,
Which hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.'

These questions are to be decided now. The worst enemy of society was once a school-boy, and a keensighted observer might have even then prognosticated his future history. So may we predict, that the boy who goes from home a scorner of the sanctities of life will be a violent associate at school, a tyrant over the weaker, a truckler to the stronger, a plotter against authority, a sneak, a perverter of truth. What then? "The boy is Father to the man." It is of such stuff that the domestic tyrants, demagogues and rogues of society are made—bad men, restrained only by a selfish fear of collision with those who are stronger than themselves. While on the contrary—it scarcely requires a prophet to foretell, that the good citizen and patriot, the benefactor of the poor and patron of merit, the good husband and father, are found in embryo in the noble boy of the school. Sensibility to right and wrong, courage to resist evil, subordination to just authority, humility, control of the selfish passions, gratitude and, that crowning glory, Truthfulness to God and man, are the elements which go to make the Chris-

tian gentleman, over whose future career parents will rejoice, and in whose respectability and usefulness conscientious teachers will find all their labor richly repaid.

Money cannot make such a man: talent and learning even, cannot do it. But industry, common sense and conscience, under the impulse of the grace of God, can.

With this belief, I take my leave of you.

APPENDIX

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APPENDIX.

To furnish some information to the friends of EDGEHILL respecting its early history, the character, motives and success of its founder, a MS. was prepared during the last session of the school, and parts of it were read on the night of the anniversary exercises—having been called up at the supper by his Excellency Gov. Price, who proposed a sentiment “To the memory of Professor Robert B. Patton, the illustrious scholar and the founder of the Edgehill school.” A desire having been expressed by many persons and especially by some of Prof. Patton’s pupils, to have this account in a more permanent form, the substance of it, is here put in print.

Mr. Robert B. Patton was a native of Philadelphia. He was educated, partly at Middlebury College and partly at Yale, where he graduated in 1817. Being soon after appointed Professor of Ancient Languages in Middlebury College, he went to Europe and spent several years in the German Universities, engaged in the study of languages, particularly of the Greek. He was in Germany at the same time with Edward Everett and George Bancroft, who were engaged in similar pursuits. “During his residence in Europe,” writes Dr. J. Addison Alexander, “Mr. Patton made himself one of the most thorough and exact Greek scholars that America has ever known.” After his return to Middlebury he published (1822) a translation of Thiersch’s Greek tables. In the autumn of 1825 he became Vice President and Professor of Languages in Princeton College and during Dr. Hodge’s two years absence in Germany (1826-1828) edited the *Biblical Repertory*. In the summer of 1828, Mr. Patton organized a Philological Society, composed of graduates and students of the College affording

them the use of a very valuable select library of 1500 volumes, collected chiefly while abroad. The exercises of this Society, consisting of translations, essays and debates on classical and other literary topics, excited a considerable interest in studies of that class, during the remainder of his connection with the College.

Professor Patton had long entertained the idea of establishing a school that should take a stand far in advance of any Institution of the kind then existing in this country—and one that should embody some peculiar views which he entertained upon the subject of education. “So early as the year 1828,” says Rev. R. S. Cooke, Principal of the Young Ladies Seminary, Bloomfield, N. J., “he engaged me to assist him in a school, which he designed to open in Virginia, the site of which he went so far as to select. For some reason, which I cannot now recall, this location was abandoned, and Princeton was finally selected as the place most suitable for the contemplated enterprise.” The place alluded to by Mr. Cooke, was Monticello, the mansion of Thomas Jefferson, near Charlottesville, Va. Dr. J. Addison Alexander had also agreed to accompany Professor Patton to Virginia as one of the Teachers. Before opening the school at Princeton, he received the appointment of Principal of the High School, New York City, but this place he declined as not affording him sufficient latitude for carrying into full effect, his ideas of a school.

The school was advertised to open on Monday, Nov. 3, 1829, in the family mansion of the late Samuel Bayard, Esq., and now the property of Capt. Conover. Owing however to the illness of Professor Patton, the actual opening of the school took place on the Monday following (Nov. 9), in the presence of the Rev. Drs. Miller and Alexander, the first of whom prayed, and the latter made an address to the boys. The following pupils were enrolled as members of the school. John H. Weir, John L. Thompson, and Wm. O. Jenkins, of Pa., Henry L. Young and John S. Garretson, of N. Y., Charles C. Cocke of Va., and Robt. R. Patton his own son. Three more names were added during the week: Augustus H. Geisse, Pa., Horatio S. Rotch, Mass., and Mr. P.’s nephew, Wm. W. Patton. The following Sabbath Nov. 15, the members of the school made their first appearance, in occupying the east end of the southern gallery in the Presbyterian Church, then the only one in Princeton. The students of the Seminary at that time worshipped with the Congregation and the Professors preached alternately with the Pastor, the Rev. George S. Wood-

hull. The sermon on that day was by Dr. Archibald Alexander on the text "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." In the afternoon there was commenced, at the school, a regular course of instruction in the sacred scriptures, to which, shortly after, was added a series of discourses by the different clergymen of Princeton. The first of these was by Prof. John Maclean now the President elect of the College. "The Sabbath evenings were usually spent in religious reading or in familiar instruction, and generally ended with a brief address from the Principal, enforcing the due observance of the Sabbath."—J. A. M'A.

Professor J. Addison Alexander had charge of the Latin, Ancient Geography and History; Mr. R. S. Cooke taught Mathematics and Modern Geography; Monsieur Louis Hargous now of Trenton, was the instructor in the Modern Languages, while Professor Patton reserved for himself the Greek and such branches as were not included in the departments of the other Teachers. The very first week he introduced his favorite method of examining the whole school, on the various studies of the day, for a half hour before dinner. It was during this winter that Prof. Patton prepared for the Carvills, then the leading publishers in New York, an edition of Donnegan's Greek Lexicon, with large additions from the German work of Passow. In this he was assisted by Prof. Alexander.

As only the temporary use of Judge Bayard's house had been procured, Prof. Patton was obliged, in the spring of 1830, to find a new place for his school. He expected for some time to obtain at least the temporary use of the house then, as now occupied by Hon. John R. Thomson, but failing in this, he at last obtained a lease of the house and grounds now occupied by the school. The building had been erected in 1824, by the Rev. Robert Gibson, and was then the property of his widow. The school was re-opened at this place April 14, 1830. All the former pupils re-appeared, and with them, or soon afterwards, Robert Gibson, E. S. Miller and John Miller, of Princeton; Alex. H. Weir, Silas E. Weir, Richard McCall, Robert Earss, Alexander Henry, of Pa.; Remsen Garretson, Thaddeus M. Halsted, Wm. Nicholl, of N. Y.; Wm. Anthony, Mass.; and for a part of the session, Saml. Miller, Jr., now the Principal of a large and flourishing school for boys in Mount Holly, N. J. The present frame building was erected in the fall of this year by Professor Patton who had succeeded in purchasing the property and designed making his school permanent.

From some of the letters obligingly furnished by many of the old Teachers and scholars at Edgehill, a few extracts may be given to show the impression made upon their minds by the school, and their opinion of Prof. Patton's character and his success.

"Prof. Patton was a thorough man in every thing he undertook, and spared no expense to render his Institution perfect. He personally superintended every arrangement. The school soon became popular and the number of scholars which was limited to 40, was always complete." R. L. C. "Prof. Patton was a most remarkable man and scholar. For years, Middlebury College felt the impulse of his enthusiastic love for classic Greek. Prof. Stuart early pronounced him the first Greek scholar in America. It was no small privilege to be with such a scholar, but rather a critical task to please him in drilling lessons with the boys." S. S. H. "The school I do not hesitate to say was one of the very best of which I have ever had any knowledge. I have always thought I would take it as a model if I were to engage in that employment." W. W. P. "As a teacher, Prof. Patton was thorough, prompt, earnest and attractive. His especial adaptedness seemed to be Greek and Natural History, which he taught from Cuvier's great work. He would shoot the specimens of native birds, and lecture to us, having them upon his table. As a Lecturer he was interesting and painstaking, giving to his pupils generally an accurate knowledge of the subject discussed. As a moral instructor he was kind and sympathising, and well calculated to produce sound and abiding impressions on the young mind." A. J. F. "Innocent games were always countenanced. A huge wooden building known as 'the course,' was fitted up as a gymnasium, and at certain hours of the day, some of the pupils were there instructed in horsemanship. Every boy had his garden, and those who were disposed and had the means, were at liberty to build huts and shanties, which in most instances were far from being ornamental to the grounds." J. A. M'A. Another writer says these huts were afterwards forbidden "as affording retreats inaccessible to the eye of the Teachers, and too frequently appropriated as *cachets* for green peas and apples, the fruits of predatory excursions 'out of bounds.' A narrow lane separated the school grounds from farmer Mapel's premises, and a thicket of berry bushes along the fence afforded a screen to the adventurous lads who were willing to run

the risk of detection, to be most certainly followed by *side table** and *exile.*" "My recollection of Mr. Patton is of a man in the prime of life; of tall stature and well developed frame, but of spare habit, somewhat stooping—his countenance indicating rather the scholar, than the preceptor, stern, rarely relapsing into mirthful expression, and in some measure, wanting in that open good humor, which so readily commends itself to the young. Mr. Patton was a bookish man and much given to moods of abstraction. He would walk up and down for hours with his left arm across his breast, supporting the other which was upraised, and applying the index of his right hand to the right side of his nose, in a series of taps executed with mechanical precision—a peculiarity which did not escape the notice or the impertinent imitation of the boys. Mr. Patton possessed a high reputation as a Greek scholar. He was also a clever ornithologist, and had a fine collection of birds of his own preparation. Continual practice had given him unusual skill in the use of his gun, and not unfrequently from the playground he would discharge its barrels right and left with deadly effect at the swallows, that in swift flight were foraging the heavens—their muscicapal propensities being thus suddenly arrested, not wantonly, but for the sake of several favorites of the genus *stryx*, who were lodged beneath the stairs, at the south side of the portico, and whose daily rations were much improved by the gratuity of a few rats and swallows."—A. H.

On the 1st of March, 1833, Professor Patton associated with himself in the teaching and government of the school, the Rev. E. C. Wines, D. D., now

* These allusions will doubtless recall to many of Prof. Patton's pupils the ancient 'side table ode'—especially the two verses which follow :

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
 Non eget slap-jacks, gingerbread and coffee,
 Butter et molasses—nor compelled to eat is he
Dry bread and water.

Nunquam me a Tutor saw in Mapel's orchard,
 Dum eating berries from the hedge! et ultra terminos
 Grappled me, dexter et sinister—
Oh bread and water!

The whole of this ode, once so popular at Edgehill, found its way into the last printed number of the Society's paper, *THE PORCUPINE*—which was read on the evening of the anniversary exercises.

Professor of Ancient Languages in Washington College, Pa., and in the fall of the same year withdrew from the school altogether. He made another voyage to Europe, and on his return was elected Professor of Greek in the New York University. This was his last public position. He died in 1839. "—such men are not often to be found, so noble, so generous, so devoted, so loving, so persevering yet so enthusiastic."

The history of Edgehill after the retirement of Professor Patton, together with a complete catalogue of all the Teachers and pupils, may be given at some future time. At present it is only necessary to say that in October 1836, Mr. Wines was succeeded by Mr. John S. Hart, then Adjunct Professor of Languages in the College, and now Principal of the Central High School, Philadelphia. The school was under his management till December, 1841. It afterwards passed into the hands of Messrs. Pratt and Rinker for a short time, and in 1849, came into the possession of the Trustees of the College, from whom it was purchased in 1853, by the present Principals, Rev. Thomas W. and William C. Cattell.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS,
ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES,
MARCH, 1854.

MORRIS H. STRATTON,
FRANCIS B. HODGE,
PIERCE B. WILSON,
ELLIS P. CAYCE,
FRANK PRICE, JR.

ORDER OF EXERCISES
AT THE
ANNIVERSARY OF THE EDGEHILL LITERARY SOCIETY,
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 27th, 1854.

PRAYER.

ADDRESS BY THE
REV. GEORGE POTTS, D. D., NEW YORK CITY.

MUSIC.

Orations by the Members of the Society.

RICHARD D. MURPHY,—VA.,

Latin Oration ;—Salutatory.

GEORGE W. PETERKIN,—N. J.,

Selected Speech ;—From Webster.

MUSIC.

J. HOWARD WURTS,—N. J.,

Greek Oration ;—*ἡ ῥητορικὴ καὶ ἡ ποιητικὴ.*

MORRIS H. STRATTON,—N. J.,

English Oration ;—North Carolina.

MUSIC.

HORACE M. WHITE,—PENN.,

French Oration ;—Napoléon l'Exilé.

CHARLES H. DOD,—N. J.,

Selected Speech ;—From Clay.

MUSIC.

MACON BONNER,—N. C.,

J. NEWTON DICKSON,—PENN.,

Editors and Readers of the Society's "Paper."

JOHN W. PRIMROSE,—N. C.,

English Oration ;—Ambition.

MUSIC.

ELLIS PLUMER CAYCE,—MO.,

Valedictory Oration.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.