WAS born on January 24, 1828, near what is now known as Atglen, Chester County, Pa. Early in life I moved with my father to a point near Kusselville. Here I became interested in the study of Latin. Later I studied Greek for several years under the direction of my father, completing in this way Xenophon's Anabasis and much of the New Testament. In 1845, having united with the Benlah Baptist Church at the age of sixteen, I attempted to preach in various places. In 1847 I noticed a movement had been for some time on foot to establish the "University at Lewisburg." I made arrangements to go, and reached our State capital by rail. I remembered a part of a lesson in Olney's Geography like this: Question, "What is a canal?" Answer, "A canal is an artificial channel filled with water, for the easy, speedy and cheap transportation of goods from one section of the country to another." I wanted to see a canal and sail on one; but a freshet had put the Susquehanna Canal out of business, and I had to take a stage and travel all night. In the forenoon of the next day the driver stopped at the end of the old Market street bridge and handed down my trunk. Not liking to leave it there, I could but take it up and walk across. I found the "University" in a brick church edifice, on the site of the present Music Hall. There were three rooms in the basement. In the largest one there were rows of plain red desks, at which the students were seated, on one side the girls, on the other boys. But our seats faced different ways. If we looked around once in a while there was no harm done. Talk about co-education being a "Tentative Matter." We had it away back in 1847, and I was "brought up to it" and like it. It was a happy day when the Academy was finished, and many of us took our desks on our heads and marched out to the hill—the lids of the desks clapping us on our march. Still we had the girls on the other side and were proud to consider them our better half. Noble girls I believed them to be, and felt that their influence was salutary. They were forming a Freshman class when I arrived in Lewisburg, and I
was assigned a place in it, and we were Seniors all the way through college. Dr. S. W. Taylor was a good and great man. His chair had formerly been Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; but he was at home everywhere, teaching us to demonstrate problems in geometry, unraveling the involved sentences of Livy, or scanning the odes of Horace. He had as assistants his gifted son Alfred and the gentlemanly I. X. Loomis. They were all highly regarded. During my second year the faculty was reinforced by the coming of Prof. Bliss to occupy the chair of Greek Language and Literature; Prof. G. W. Anderson that of Latin and Prof. C. S. James the chair of Chemistry. The West Wing was soon completed, and we began to feel that we were of growing importance. Young men of to-day, looking over the beautiful wooded slope, can scarcely picture the wildwood of that time, and the boys at intermission, wading through the fallen leaves and gathering into heaps the brush that cumbered the ground.

After a time we were cheered by the coming of some philosophical apparatus. Doctor Taylor used to take the telescope on his shoulders in the evening and go up to the crest where the main edifice now stands and show us the wonders of the starry heavens. But 1851 came and seven young men graduated. Commencement Hall was the large upper room of the Academy. We had a beautiful green arch sprung over the platform and the Latin verb “Ducimus” festooned above us, for we said “We lead the way.” That is a day I shall never forget. The tender farewell remarks of Dr. Taylor—his last official act at Lewisburg—drew tears from every eye. Then the thought of parting from each other after such long and pleasant association moved us. The little band of seven never all met again.

“And all that happy party,
Save one, alas, are dead.”