

ALUMNI BULLETIN

Published by the University of Virginia.

THIRD SERIES

OCTOBER, 1911

VOL. IV.—No. 5

FINALS WEEK.

JULY 11-14, 1911.

SUNDAY.

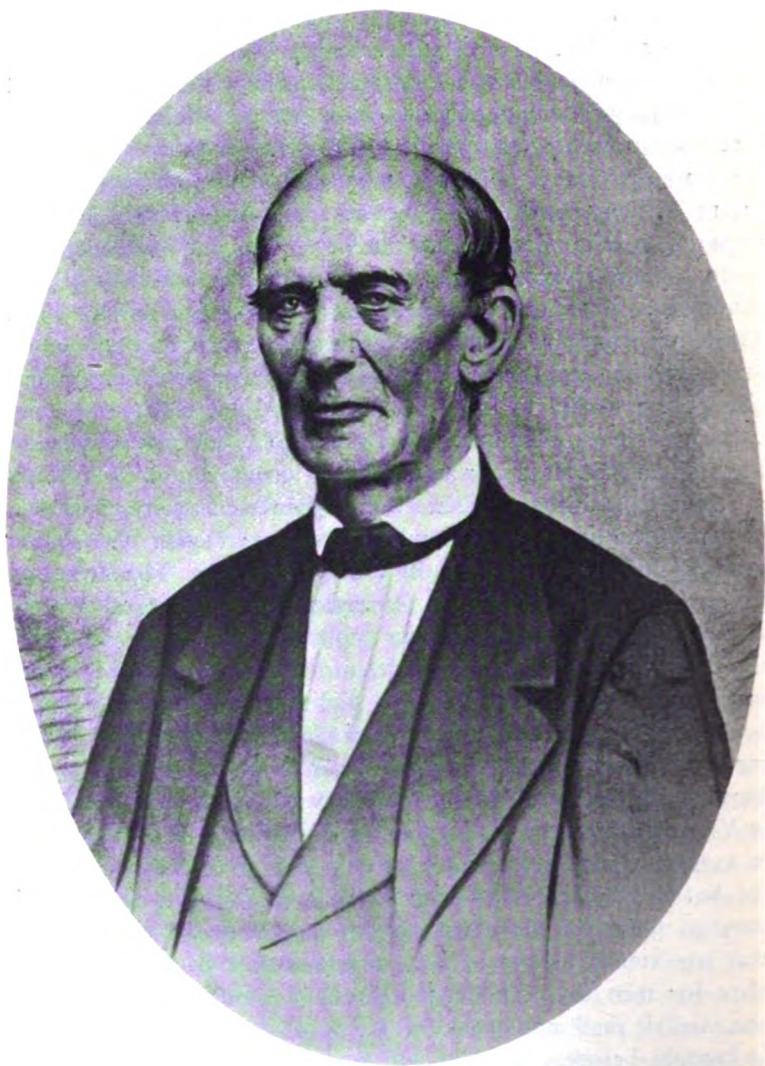
BACCALAUREATE SERMON.—The commencement exercises of the eighty-seventh session of the University began at 11 a. m., when Mr. Charles Hastings Dodd, the pastor of Eutaw Place Baptist Church, Baltimore, delivered the sermon to the graduates.

The graduates, the president of the University, and a large number of the faculty, dressed in caps and gowns, assembled in Madison Hall and attended the service in a body. Dr. Dodd has preached at the chapel on a number of occasions and has always delighted and helped his audiences, but he was never heard with greater interest than on this occasion by the large audience which filled every seat in the auditorium.

Mrs. M. R. Faville presided at the organ, and the voluntary was an instrumental number with violin obligato by Mr. S. P. Cowardin, a member of the graduating class. Mr. Malcolm W. Gannaway, another graduate, sang the baritone solo, "Just for Today," and there was a quartet by Messrs. Williams, King, Gannaway, and Lewis.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The annual address before the Y. M. C. A. was delivered Sunday night in Cabell Hall by the Rev. Richard C. Hughes, D. D., of Madison, Wis., secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education for State University work. Dr. Hughes' theme was the message of the wisdom writers of the Old Testament and of Jesus Christ as a wisdom teacher in reply to the question, What is the reward of life? The body of the sermon was an analysis of the literary message of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Job.

In the absence of Mr. Harry L. Spratt, president of the Y. M. C. A., the annual report of the organization was read by the



WILLIAM H. MCGUFFEY

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BY JUDGE R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

I never think of him as the Reverend William H. McGuffey, D. D., LL. D., professor of moral philosophy in the University of Virginia. I always think of him as "Old Guff" and I believe he would prefer that to any other nomenclature by any of his boys. For a nickname of that character carries with it an affectionate sort of ring, and no unpopular professor ever had a nickname unless it suggested the unpopular characteristic. But I knew him long before I knew or dared to call him by any nickname.

For a while during the war between the American Commonwealths he filled the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church of Charlottesville, of which my father and mother were regular attendants—the latter a communicant. At this church I was also a regular and at many times most unwilling attendant, but my willingness or unwillingness had nothing to do with that matter. I just went and never dared express anything but an entire willingness to go. Dr. McGuffey had upon several other occasions been the "supply" of this church and was pastor at the time I was old enough to be christened. So the holy water of baptism fell from his hands upon my head—a fact of which my dear mother reminded him when I entered his class. The only effect of this reminder, however, that I could see was the frequency with which I was called on in class and the severity with which I was admonished when my answers did not come up to the mark. I was too young to remember anything of Dr. McGuffey's sermons, but I do remember with great clearness the old gentleman's appearance during communion service. In accordance with the Presbyterian custom he always stood at the communion table and whilst the elements were being distributed by the elders he made a short talk. He nearly always wept during these talks and I can recall very clearly now the bald head, clear, clean-shaven face, and tears rolling down his cheeks as he shook his head and talked in a subdued tone. My father told me that his sermons were models of clearness and logical reasoning and that a carpenter in the congregation

once remarked to him that "that old gentleman"—meaning the Doctor—"could *dovetail* a subject better than any man he ever heard."

I have been told that he was an excellent pastor and one of my clearest boyhood recollections of him bears out this fact. After Sheridan's raiders had swept through this county in March, 1865—and incidentally had swept up everything we had to eat in our home, besides doing other various and sundry devilment the recollection of which is very grievous to me up to the present day—my father came in, having obtained a furlough, and rushed home to see if we still had a house over our heads. My mother would not let him go out of the house, as the rear guard of the division had hardly disappeared before my father appeared. We were all sitting in my mother's room at Sunnyside when a knock came at the door. I was sent to see who it was and to my great joy and mother's great relief it proved to be Dr. McGuffey. He had walked across the fields from the University to our home to find out what damage we had sustained and what were our needs—for he knew that both the rich and the well-to-do were on an equal plane of poverty then. He became exceedingly disturbed on seeing my father and stated what my father admitted to be true, that there was more danger from stragglers and camp-followers than from the regular soldiers. My father was disposed to laugh at both Dr. McGuffey's caution and mother's fears, but as a compromise it was agreed that I should return with the Doctor to the University; he would then make a tour of the camps and satisfy himself that the federals had gone. We walked back together and I dined at his home—the pavilion now occupied by Professor FitzHugh, the last one on West Lawn. I shall never forget the ham we had that day, for rations had been very scant during and after the raid. After dinner the Doctor went out and was gone an hour or so, returning with the news that not so much as a camp-follower was left and that my father could come into the town. I may say here that my father remained three days and then walked to Lynchburg and from thence rejoined his regiment in Richmond and was captured with it at Sailor's Creek.

I saw the Doctor more than once after that and on one occa-

sion, just before I entered the University, he called me into his study and presented me with a complete set of the new edition of his celebrated readers. With the "assiduity" of youth I took no care of them, but today deplore their loss. They were as far above the new-fangled, learned, "pedagogued" school books of today as Milton is above Martin Tupper.

I entered his class in October, 1871, graduating in the school of Moral Philosophy by some happy accident which I cannot explain, the following July. I recall the great teacher now as probably the greatest teacher I ever knew and youth as I was, before the session was over I tried very hard to discover the secret of his power. I believed it then, as now, to be with him, as with that other great teacher, John B. Minor, constant repetition and constant suggestion. He went over and over and over his subject and at the very end of the session and in his last lectures there were often allusions to subjects he had discussed in the early months of the term, and running through it all were suggestions of what had been said and what the subject under discussion might lead to in the future. He made his pupils *think*. Think for themselves; reason for themselves; work out principles of thought for themselves, and he never hesitated to tell them very frankly and sometimes to their great embarrassment, what *he* thought as to their processes of thinking.

He was not an entertaining lecturer as a general thing—though sometimes he would warm up and a burst of eloquent diction would stir the whole class, though there was never any applause after one attempt. "Asses show their approval by their bray and disapproval by their heels" he would sternly say when we applauded, and flushing up and rapping his pencil sharply on his desk he would continue: "I do not desire any such asinine exhibitions in my class."

But as Squire Hardcastle permitted laughter when he told of "old Grouse in the gun-room," we were allowed to laugh discreetly at the Doctor's jokes. And they were many and always illustrative. He once said: "Young gentlemen, I tell you these anecdotes because you remember anecdotes better than principles, and as each is illustrative of a principle, remembering the anecdote you will remember the principle." Alas! there was a fallacy in the old gentleman's argument—in what "middle" I do not know—but one or two of his raciest anecdotes cling

to me still, after all these years, but the principle it may have illustrated has become as "the things that are no more of the memory."

He loved to intersperse now and then a bit of verse and he recited remarkably well. Today I can hear the cadence of his voice as he would repeat

"Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then—gone—forever."

and I recited these lines a summer ago when I leaned on the "Keystone o' the Brig o' Doon" and thought of my old teacher with a tenderness which brought a bit of moisture to the eye.

His hour of lecture was an unfortunate one. We dined at two p. m. *consule Planco*, and his lecture came at three thirty. The sharp catechism to which he put us at first waked us up pretty sharply, but when he commenced to lecture he talked generally in a monotonous way, tapping very gently on his desk with his pencil as he talked and it had almost the effect of a lullaby, especially in May and June. But woe to the unfortunate youth who nodded or showed evidences of somnolency or inattention. The Doctor would swoop down on him with a sharp inquiry, "And what do you think of what I am saying now, Mr.——? Is it in accordance with Hamilton or Stewart or Reade?" It was always best to make a stagger at an answer, I found, even though you fell down.

I never shall forget, however, the only time the class broke into wild applause and laughter in which the Doctor joined. It was in late June, hot, the air laden with the sensuous perfume of shrubs and flowering trees and the bumble bees humming outside the windows and the Doctor droning away inside. An unfortunate fellow in a far right hand corner went to sleep and in the midst of a solemn hush snored with an abruptness and vigor that waked him up. The Doctor turned upon him and we grew pallid with fear. He paused a moment as if to gather strength for the blow and then in the sweetest and suavest manner said, "I congratulate you, Mr. ——, upon having given vent to the only intelligible utterance you have ever made in this class room." And we stamped and howled and the old Doctor laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks and then dismissed us.

He was very critical of his text-books. "Paste up the pages," he would say when we came to the theory of Consciousness in Sir William Hamilton's *Metaphysics*. "You may by accident read the nonsense they contain and be misled." I haven't the faintest idea now what Sir William's theory of consciousness was, but then I thought it was heresy dark and damnable, as the Doctor flayed it with what Mr. Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court of the United States would call "ineluctable logic." I may say *en passant* that I have not now the faintest idea of what anybody's theory of consciousness is or was, but I know the Doctor's was all right and I believe it still to be so.

I do not think the teaching of logic itself was one of his strong points and I have heard men better qualified to judge than myself say the same thing. But on metaphysics and ethics I do not believe he could have been surpassed. His keen, bright, strong mind took delight in the subtleties of the study of Thought. His great and good spirit rejoiced in the study and teaching of high thinking and of pure living—of elevated morals and of sublime truth. "The True, the Beautiful and the Good" appealed to him and he tried to instill into the minds and hearts of his pupils the great principles of which the Nazarene was the great exemplar. The dullest student waked up and the most frivolous grew grave and the most earnest grew keenly attentive as he

"reasoned high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute"

and the beauties of holiness and right living.

He always encouraged—I may say demanded—questions from his pupils. He did not always answer them in a spirit to encourage inquiry, especially if the questioner showed a slight tendency to "over knowledge." But you had to ask questions right out in the class if you wanted to "stand in" with the Doctor. He did not like stupidity or dullness and had very little patience with it. "His hatred of a fool was Solomonic in its nature," a member of his class once said, and it was true. I can see him now beaming over his glasses as I once with a cocksure kind of an air asked him if certain philosophers did not hold thus and so. "Some *fools*, sir," he replied, "were of

that opinion," and then pausing awhile he leaned forward with a benevolent smile and said, "and some fools are *still* of that opinion." The titter which ran around the class was not pleasing to the questioner. It was too suggestive.

He was a martinet. His room was kept exceedingly neat. At his own cost he had the benches and desks painted a dull gray and he was in the habit of examining them to see if the busy jackknife or idle pencil had made any marks. If he found any, his remarks were sharper than any knife blade and made a more indelible impression than any pencil.

He was the only professor in the institution I knew of who had a time limit on examinations and he divided his examinations into two parts. The first block of questions was put on the blackboard with a note that they must be handed in by a quarter to two. When we returned at three o'clock from dinner the second block of questions was on the board and had to be answered by a quarter to seven. He required those who stood the final examination to come to his study and read the papers aloud to him. John Sharp Williams, the present Senator from Mississippi, and myself were in his study together. Williams read his paper first and I do not believe there was an error in it. I followed but was not so fortunate. In some question on logic I made a most egregious mistake which was then perfectly apparent to me. When I finished it he looked at me over his glasses. "Did you actually mean that?" he said. "Assuredly yes, Doctor," I replied, "at the time I wrote it. I can see now what a foolish answer it was." "Better late than never," he chuckled, as he bade me go on with my reading.

He always graduated a large number of those who stood his examinations. I have heard it said that at a faculty meeting some of the professors rather made sport of his large graduating class. The old Doctor smacked his lips—a great habit with him—and drily replied: "I have always been of the opinion that the test of a good teacher was evidenced by the knowledge his pupils exhibited. I *teach* my men to *know* my subject and I would deem myself a failure if a larger number of them failed than succeeded."

I think there was a great deal of sound wisdom in that reply. I was in the last class he graduated, for he died in 1873, in the early spring, I believe. Few deaths were more regretted

and the expressions of grief among his former and present pupils were sincere and earnest.

Under a dry, sarcastic-seeming nature there was a heart brimful of love for his kind and overflowing for his class. At his funeral Dr. Witherspoon, who temporarily filled his chair, told the vast congregation that in his last hours his mind was constantly on his "boys." "How are they doing?" he would ask. "Is so and so keeping up the promise he gave? Are you helping so and so?—all he needs is a little spurring." And in his delirium he would lecture and laugh and talk to the class and urge them to be good students and good men.

Today, after wellnigh forty years since I sat under his teaching, it is hard to say whether admiration or love for him has the first place in my heart. I think I love the old man as a friend and teacher and admire him in both capacities. I believe he left upon my mind a stronger impress than any man save one, I ever knew. Often in the years which have gone and up to today I find myself, when some hard proposition has presented itself, been wrought over and successfully met, saying to myself as I review the mental process which has aided me, "Why, that's old Guff," and I recognize that he taught me the method of reasoning by which my conclusion was reached. Can a teacher ask a higher tribute than this from a former pupil?

I am reminded that I have not attempted to give a description of Dr. McGuffey's personal appearance. I remember him as a rather small, spare man, very active in his manner and walk; very bald, smooth shaven; a face indicating profound thought not unmixed with a sense of humor and with eyes very keen and piercing; neat in dress and with a quiet, dignified way about him which dispelled familiarity but invited confidence.

I remember him more, however, as a great intellectual force than as an ordinary man. Looking back through the long vista of years I recall him as a man of great tenderness of heart, though often severe and curt in language to those who deserved reproof. A good man, loving his fellow man and his God. Upon a serener shore today I believe that he has knowledge of the vast good he accomplished here and finds the reward his life of usefulness and his simple faith deserved. "His works do follow him."