

THE COLLEGE ON THE HILL  
A Dartmouth Chronicle

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## THE FACULTY

During this latter period Sanborn was considered the strongest personality on the faculty. He had early acquired the nickname "Bully": his only qualities for a bully, Edwin Bartlett wrote, were vocal and physical, but he was a bully professor. And a man of great energy: as inspector of buildings in the 1840's he visited the recitation rooms before morning prayers at six o'clock to be sure the blackboards were cleaned and the rooms in order. Stout in physique he had a large head, a broad open face, adorned in his younger days with side whiskers, in his old age with a full beard. Body and soul bespoke vigor, health, robustiousness.

. . . I have come to realize that among 600 angels selected at the age of adolescence a considerable percentage would start to moult after a few months of, shall we say, academic freedom. — E. Gordon Bill, 1924.

He brought to the classroom an extraordinary range of interests, based on encyclopedic reading, and a phenomenal memory: he could recite in his classroom, his daughter wrote, pages of Scott's novels, which he had not read since early youth — he could and did, "Bubby" Bartlett adds. Yet these bluff masculine qualities were matched by penetration, insight, and a warm personal relationship with individual students, a marvelous accuracy in analyzing their strong and weak points, so that a student went away from an interview buoyed up by wise and wholesome advice.

He lived in a large two-and-a-half-story house on the west side of the Green through whose hospitable door entered not only students and colleagues but eminent guests: Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Salmon P. Chase, Wendell Phillips, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Everett Hale, President Eliot. Its cellar, Kate Sanborn wrote, was redolent of Baldwins, Pearmaines, Russets; the house contained few *objets d'art* other than whale oil lamps on the mantel and two chromos, *Wide Awake* and *Fast Asleep*, given to every subscriber of the *Christian Union*, in the drawing-room. But the walls of her father's domed study in the wing were papered with a panorama of the Bay of Naples. This room is appropriately preserved intact in the Sanborn English House, erected to his memory by his son, who stipulated in his will that the building should preserve in perpetuity that intimate relationship between teacher and student which had characterized his father's career.

If "Bully" Sanborn was distinctly in the native grain, Arthur Sherburn Hardy, Professor of Mathematics, brought to Hanover its first

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genuinely cosmopolitan personality. His father, Alpheus Hardy, was a wealthy merchant and philanthropist, a man of culture, trustee of Amherst and Phillips Andover, a supporter of foreign missions. At the age of twelve young Hardy was put to school in Neuchâtel in Switzerland, where he learned to speak French fluently. After a voyage to Spain on one of his father's ships he prepared for Amherst at the Boston Latin School and Andover. After a year at Amherst he entered West Point from which he graduated in 1869. He taught at West Point for a time and served as a second lieutenant in the Third Artillery on the Dry Tortugas. But eighteen months in the Army was enough and he resigned to become a professor of mathematics and civil engineering at Grinnell College in Iowa. In 1872 he was invited to teach in the Chandler School at Dartmouth but was unwilling to accept without further study. After a year as *élève externe* at the École des Ponts et Chaussées and the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers — he deliberately chose Paris rather than Berlin because of his affinity with the French — he assumed in 1874 the professorship of civil engineering at the Chandler School, transferring to the chair of mathematics in the College in 1878.

Our running game was undoubtedly superior but our defensive playing against your forward passes was dumb. — Alonzo Stagg, 1925.

His students later remembered him as one of the most brilliant and versatile men they had ever known. His interests were by no means confined to the European orbit: one of his books, published in 1891, was the *Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima*, a cultured Japanese who had followed him at Andover and Amherst as a protégé of his father's. He was a notable lecturer, whether the subject was mathematics, art, architecture, or Spain. And an accomplished musician: in his library hung a sheet of music, *À la Nuit* by Gounod, a souvenir of a precious hour at the composer's house in the Paris suburbs where they had sung the song. He was a perfect horseman, excelled at tennis, chess, and cards; was a connoisseur of food and wine at a time when card-playing and wine-bibbing were still generally frowned on in Hanover. For Hanover was still a rural village where Hardy, as Philip Marden remembered him, was "always a distinguished figure by dress and carriage," a debonair man-of-the-world where there was at the moment none other.

To cap it all he was not only the author of competent textbooks in mathematics — Professor Bancroft Brown has called him the one



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example of mathematical competency in nineteenth-century Dartmouth — but a successful novelist as well. Though his novels are now forgotten they were closer to those of Henry James than to the run-of-the-mill romances of the period. And if the phrase, “Mr. Hardy, the novelist,” was mentioned in polite society the question was raised: “Which Mr. Hardy?”

The spectacle of the contrast between the formidable Samuel Colcord Bartlett in topper and frock coat on a bicycle and the urbane Professor Hardy on his handsome gray charger doubtless gave great delight to the undergraduates. Indeed there could scarcely have been two men of more incompatible temperaments in town. Yet they seem to have collaborated amicably in the landscaping of the College Park in the early 1880's. The President suggested the idea and Hardy, with the help of Bobby Fletcher, superintended the work, procured the iron gazebo which crowned the ledge on the western summit, an edifice that has vanished. But Hardy became one of the leaders of the movement to force the President's resignation — the “chief conspirator” President Bartlett called him. When that event occurred in 1892, *The Dartmouth* gave voice to general undergraduate opinion — there was one man above all others: “He is a man of great intelligence, of progressive ideas

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and of broad education . . . young, active and abreast of the times, Professor Hardy would make an ideal college president."

The next year Hardy resigned, whether from disappointment or a desire for wider fields of activity. For two years he served as editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, succeeding William Dean Howells. In 1897 McKinley appointed him minister to Persia. He continued in the diplomatic service for some years, as envoy to Greece, Roumania, Servia, Switzerland, and — finally — to Spain, having in 1902 been also offered the position of Assistant Secretary of State by John Hay. In 1905 he was abruptly displaced at Madrid by President Roosevelt as the result of a misunderstanding which was cleared up between him and Roosevelt some two years later, to their mutual satisfaction.

But by that time he had retired to Woodstock, Connecticut. He continued to write, notably a series of short stories in *Harpers* about Inspector Joly, a delightfully humane Parisian detective, a sort of forerunner of Simenon's Inspector Maigret. But literary fashions change. Though he lived to be eighty-three, dying at Woodstock in 1930, his reputation had faded.

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By this time the classical curriculum was beginning to crumble. With the establishment of the Chandler School in the early 1850's the sciences had breeched the Greek and Roman wall. Edwin Sanborn as early as 1854 was grumbling about the inferior position of the "literary departments." By the 1870's graduate schools were in existence at Yale, Harvard, and Johns Hopkins. Prospective teachers and scholars no longer had to go to theological seminaries — or in rare cases to Europe — for advanced study. President Bartlett's scholarship, says Richardson, was both profound and productive, but it was limited to researches in Old Testament literature and this was not enough for the modern age.

Moreover by mid-century the educational ideas which had been gently simmering began to come to a boil. Up to that point the New England colleges had been about on a par as regards size and educational purpose; there were years when Dartmouth's enrollment was larger than Harvard's. Harvard and Yale were now forging ahead: in 1869 Harvard had an enrollment of over a thousand, Yale of over seven hundred — nearly twice that of Dartmouth's, the next highest of six other eastern colleges, including Princeton. And at Harvard the new