

# The Colby Echo.

VOL. XX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, JULY, 3, 1895.

NO. 3.

## The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY DURING THE COLLEGIATE

YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

### EDITORS.

#### Chief.

F. W. PEAKES, '96.

#### Assistant Chief.

MISS MARY S. CROSWELL, '96.

E. L. GETCHELL, '96,

A. W. LORIMER, '96,

J. M. PIKE, '96.

C. H. WHITMAN, '97,

C. W. TURNER, '96,

MISS GRACE GATCHELL, '97.

MISS MATTIE D. TRACY, '97.

#### Managing Editor.

C. E. HUTCHINSON, '96.

#### Treasurer.

W. L. HUBBARD, '96.

## Seventy-Fifth Anniversary.

June 30—July 3, 1895.

Commencement week this year has been crowded full of events of more than ordinary interest. The anniversary exercises, so long anticipated and so adequately provided for, have been carried out satisfactorily to all concerned. The alumni attendance has been unusually large. There has been a marked interest in the present status of things at Colby, a decided expression of confidence in the future advancement of the college. The departing classes have imbibed something of the spirit of loyalty to their Alma Mater so apparent among the alumni visitors; undergraduates have been quickened to new ambition and fresh endeavor by the inspiring presence and eloquent addresses of prominent men in various walks of life. The occasion has been one long to be remembered. It should mean a new era of prosperity for the college itself; for the students, who frequent the campus and recitation hall, it should mean a new desire to make the name of Colby synonymous with the highest intellectual attainment, the finest moral development, the noblest type of manhood.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per year *in advance*. Single copies 12 cents.  
THE ECHO will be sent to all subscribers until its discontinuance is ordered, and arrears paid.  
Exchanges and all communications relating to the Literary Department of the paper should be addressed to THE COLBY ECHO.  
Remittances by mail and all communications should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Waterville, Me.  
Any subscriber not receiving THE ECHO regularly will notify the Managing Editor.

Printed at The Mail Office, Waterville, Maine.

## Abstract of Baccalaureate Sermon.

(BY PRESIDENT WHITMAN.)

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

### A MESSAGE, A METHOD, AND A MISSION.

Age brings maturity, but youth is of unique significance from its power of action. The ancient motto speaks truth; "Old men for council, young men for war." Fortunately, marking of life by years has less use than formerly. Maturity too often matches activity to make it possible longer to separate ages. The point of the text, however, evidently is intended to emphasize the distinction so long observed. Twice in his enumeration the Apostle addresses the disciples under the affectionate title of Children, and then discriminates between them as "fathers" and "young men." In both cases the fathers are characterized by knowledge, the young men by performance. The peculiar importance to us of the address to young men lies in the completeness with which it covers the ground of duty and endeavor. It outlines a message, a method, a mission.

The message concerns the great outstanding facts of God's nature and revelation by Jesus Christ and the answering obligation for man to render worship and service. Obedience means fellowship. The importance of obedience is urged that joy may be completed in the believer's life. But the nature of the relation into which God calls men imposes certain conditions of entrance. God is light. Darkness has no part in him. The things of dark-

ness are excluded. If a man claims fellowship with God and walks in the dark, he is a liar. God is spirit. The things of the flesh are continually hateful, as warring against the spirit. If a man claims fellowship with God and loves the flesh, he is a liar. God is love. Supreme proof of this lies in his offering himself, not for worth's sake, but for love's. Envy, spite, ill will, all unloveliness and unlovingness is barred out. If a man claims to love God and still cherishes a hateful heart, he is a liar. All these are of the nature of sin. Sinless man there is none, but recognition of sinfulness with loving trust in the mercy of God in Jesus Christ brings a man into a state of mind that makes sin unwelcome and pledges its final mastery. In this attitude is found a condition which warrants acceptance with God and welcome to the fellowship which is spirit and light and love.

But the victory is won only in principle, not yet in effect. It must be wrought out. To this the believer is called. The struggle is hard. The earthward tendency is the natural one. Heredity and personal experience combine to check the upward effort. How shall the deliverance be completed? By the abiding within of the word of God. "Thy word have I hid in my heart," says one grown wise through conflict. The apostle's thought confirms this motto as a means and method of self-conquest. It is itself a source of strength. It makes mastery easy. He who fights without it fights a losing fight. With it victory is assured.

The mission of youth is to conquer the world for righteousness. The first great gain has been made when life has mastered itself.

The mastering of evil at one point is the mastering of evil at many points. The man who has learned to lay the devil for himself has learned how to lay him for other men. The world is wide, but thro' it consecrated youth is to go redressing wrongs and glorifying God. The reward will come as part of the consummation when the Kingdom is come and the will of God wrought in earth and heaven.

## Abstracts of Senior Party.

Wednesday July 3, 1895.

### THE DESTINY OF THE SAXON.

While Christ was teaching the world a new spiritual freedom, a race of people dwelling upon the plains of the Weser and the Elba, was gradually developing characteristics which were destined to impart to the world its greatest lesson of political liberty. While the Saxons dwelt in their primitive home, they knew no king or feudal lord. The people came together and made their own laws. Here was the prototype of the English town and the New England town meeting, the American Congress and the House of Lords. In the dark primeval forests of Northern Germany, on the wild shores of the Baltic, the child, the heir of liberty was conceived and nurtured.

The ancient freedom of the Saxons seemed, at times, to have been crushed by the tyranny of kings and by feudal oppression. After smouldering for years, this spirit of freedom burst forth with reanimated vigor and consumed the agencies which were destroying its life. It demanded the Magna Charta from the most unworthy potentate who ever sat on

the throne of England. It called forth a Cromwell. It dethroned James II and crushed absolutism in England. It demanded reform bills till England became a republic in spirit, ruled by the people, yet retaining the old but "useful form of the throne." The Englishman had won back his birthright.

In the course of time America became the refuge of those select and superior men who sought the highest freedom. They responded to taxation without representation on the fields of Yorktown and Trenton. Out of this revolution, so important in the history of the rights of man, neither a Robespierre nor a Napoleon came forward to exercise dictatorial power; but all hearts went out to Washington. The very nature of things called loudly for the ablest, the purest, the noblest representative of Anglo-Saxon freedom, who spurned every offer of kingly power and who thought it right, only for a limited period, to serve his countrymen as their highest official.

While the Anglo-Saxons have thus tenaciously clung to their primitive ideas of freedom, they have also appropriated or absorbed the best elements from neighboring races with a facility and ease unknown to any other people. They took from the Dane that innate energy and vigor of character which has always been an important element in Anglo-Saxon greatness. Without the refining influence of the Norman, the Saxon would never have been fitted for the highest "culture and enlightenment."

The Roman was noted for his control over physical conditions. His genius for law and government was unequalled in the ancient world. But the Anglo-Saxon is greater than

the Roman. In the material realm, in invention and the application of forces, he has no equal, and his form of government has never been surpassed. The Grecian gained a lasting record for his intellectual life. But what works of the Greeks can compare with the productions of Shakespeare? The Hebrew was remarkable for his unmistakable religious tendency. But the Anglo-Saxon has never been equalled in missionary zeal, in moral ideas, in philanthropy, in vigorous and practical Christianity. These three characteristics, each of which gives a people power to lead the nations, all unite in the Anglo-Saxon race. In the nineteenth century, we find this race the "best composite, the most harmonious development, the highest perfection of humanity."

The Anglo-Saxon possesses a rare genius for colonization and the extension of his national unity without weakening his personal and local independence. This race has already come into full possession of Australia, New Zealand, Southern Africa, India and North America. The greatest race has gained the largest home. Forced forward in the path of empire, by elements inherent in his own civilization, he has combined the highest individual development, the greatest local independence and the widest territorial control in perfect harmony.

To the vast and undeveloped possessions of the Saxon, all the great streams of migration are directly flowing. With this mighty crusade directed to his exhaustless lands, the rank and file of every other nation must dwindle, while the Saxon is reinforced from the very ends of the earth. "Already the world's

political center of gravity has been transferred from the Tiber and the Rhine to the Thames and the Mississippi."

The Anglo-Saxon has always been a lover of stable government. He has never rushed to any wild extremes. He has been enthusiastic, and yet cautious; conservative, yet progressive; cosmopolitan, yet home-loving. Cherishing a grand and exalted ideal of freedom and right, he has moved steadily forward, while the weaker and less stable elements of humanity have been drawn and compelled, as by a magnet, to share his destiny.

The Anglo-Saxon stands unique in the world's history for his ceaseless struggle for the rights of man. He has practised the most exalted morality, while he has been the world's harbinger of the purest Christianity. He is the crystallization of the most enduring national elements, into the brightest gem of political freedom, that has ever adorned the world. In the final contest of nations the fittest must survive. It is only reasonable to suppose that this race is destined to dispossess many weaker ones, assimilate others and mould the remainder, until in every true and important sense it has Anglo-Saxonized mankind. Blessed destiny for the world to be possessed by a race living for the largest liberty and the purest Christianity.

FRED BRYANT.

#### THE PURITAN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There lies deep in the human heart a widespread and general belief in a Divine mind whose rectitude has predetermined the ultimate outcome of all events; whose wisdom has shackled with iron bands the power which

wastes itself in vain attempts to reach beyond its bounds.

But still, it is clearly evident that there has been left to impassioned strife, to cool calculating reason, to invincible love, to will, to mind and heart, the tremendous task of working out the world's salvation.

A moment of supreme significance was that in which Puritanism received the decisive check which turned it from the old world to the new, and thus gave it a chance for free development.

Puritanism was born with the manhood of the first man, and never a generation has lived but has had, in some degree, its exponents of saving principles, yet Puritanism in the modern sense was evolved and housed in the British Isles. Its golden seed was dropped into British pluck. Its blossoms were British Constitutional Government; its fruitage American Institutions.

The spirit of Puritanism is the grace of civilization. Civilization is the combined product of man's endowment, and the aim of Puritanism sought the full and free activity of man's best gifts.

The severe test of Puritan principle has proved beyond a doubt that it is the individual that dignifies organization rather than organization the individual.

And so wherever and whenever we find the Puritan principle at work we shall find a struggle for personal freedom and representation.

The spirit which wrested the "Magna Charta" from the reluctant hands of King John was the same as that which drove the soldiers of King George down the slopes of Bunker Hill. The spirit which demanded, in 1265, the first

House of Commons in England was none other than that which assembled the Stamp Act Congress in the state of New York. The spirit which roused and sustained "The Ironsides" of Cromwell was on every battle field from Lexington to Yorktown. The spirit which called for a constitutional government at home could be satisfied with nothing less than the immortal Declaration of Independence abroad. And there is not a drop of Puritan blood in the veins of a man on either side the Atlantic but tingles with honor as he reflects on his heroic ancestry.

It is not too much to say that the Puritan at home was the salt of his nation. He purified the British mind and heart from a great deal of corruption, and by denouncing licentiousness, rebuking frivolity and exalting Godliness, he preserved those elements of character on which was built all subsequent success.

The mightiest empire the world has ever known grew out of character; it rests upon character; its hope is in character; more, it is Puritan character.

There have been sweeter dispositions, milder temperaments and more amiable exteriors than the Puritan possessed, but stronger character we cannot find. He was severe in some things and shared the common faults and mistakes of his day, but the cynicism which vents itself on his character is akin to the foolishness which would despise the beauty and fragrance of the rose because it grows on thorns.

At an opportune time the Puritan began to embark for a new world, to establish a new faith and fashion a new democracy.

Many of the men came from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. They were men of fine intellectual culture, preeminent morality and deep spiritual discernment. There can be no doubt but that one of the underlying facts of American history is that the nation sprung from the loins of such remarkable men. The Declaration of Independence was a moral, intellectual and civil impossibility when Harvard College was founded, but the purposes beneath the building of that institution were as sure to ripen into liberty as the planting season is followed by the singing harvest.

Liberty, as we know it, was in the germ two centuries ago; but the district school, the town meeting house and the little church on the hillside were as destined to produce it as the old apple tree in the orchard is designed to bring forth rosy cheeked apples in their season. American institutions are not accidents; they are the logical outcome of eternal premises and the highest glory of puritan character is that it is good for all time.

Asia's empires have crumbled within the lap of centuries, and cities of the past are now without a name. Egypt's Pharaohs, with whatever of magnificence belonged to their dynasties, only speak to the world from embalmed sepulchers: Greece, with all her beautiful sculpture and eloquent orators, has fallen from her pinnacle of fame: while Rome, whose Caesars conquered nations, and whose poets sang the peans of victory, no longer raises triumphal arches for her jubilant processions; and all these have perished because they were established on wrong principles.

But American institutions are the out-

growth of human needs; they are the bulwarks of personal development, and as long as the nation is true to the manhood that gave it birth; as long as Americans cherish the name of Puritan and strive to preserve the character of the New England fathers, this noble republic will have an abiding place on the earth.

S. ROWLAND ROBINSON.

### AN ERA OF DEMOCRACY.

The supreme fact of our time—an event which eclipses all others, is the advent of Democracy. A new era has come, whose dominating principle is one which mind has accepted, and reason has endorsed—faith in the people—the true political creed.

Democracy is the result of a long process of organic development. History in its highest and truest sense is the story of the evolution of society—the story of man in his advance from barbarism to civilization, of the principles which have inspired him in his onward march, of the institutions which have developed his present character. In the history of man, we read the story of progress. From the earliest times, ere history had its birth, until today, the progress of the race has been a continual growth. Every revolution, every reformation, every change, is a necessary step in the constant advance of nations.

Modern civilization, viewed as a single continuous growth, began in the early centuries of the Christian Era. A civilization, the most successful hitherto attained by mankind—one in which all previous civilizations had culminated, had reached its prime; the vast

military organism reared by Roman genius had ceased to grow. Abandoned to ease, luxury, and vice, all unity lost, her government in the hands of the few, her conquests maintained by mercenaries, her offices filled and controlled by aliens and self-seekers, Rome, sapped of all her pristine vigor, fell before the impetuous onset of vast barbarian hordes which swept over Europe. But to the world, Rome left a precious legacy—a mighty intellectual influence, a noble literature, a system of law which changed the destiny of society.

Of the fusion of the Roman and Teuton elements, the feudal system was born. In the combination of these two vastly different civilizations the social organism of today had its rise. Society was enveloped in a shroud of darkness for nine hundred years; yet underneath were nourished the spirit and principles which afterwards blossomed into national institutions and made the world what it is today. With the nineteenth century came the downfall of the Ancient Regime, a relentless, irresistible tempest which swept away in France every vestige of the old order—king, crown, nobility and feudal tenure. Society was stirred to its depths. The tempest destroyed forever the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and gave birth to the tenet, that “in each man there is a God-given individuality, an independent soul, which no government or man has the right to crush, or can crush.” The great body of humanitarian feeling, which had been accumulating so long, had destroyed the foundations of the old system; and the once colossal fabric of *Feudalism* fell to the ground, never again to be

restored.

The political history of the present century is a record of universal awakening. Napoleon’s ambitious attempt to revive military despotism aroused the whole of Europe to action; at Waterloo the “Man of Destiny” staked his cause and lost; Greece shook off the yoke of the Turk; freedom won in Italy by the efforts of the patriot leader Garibaldi; and, in our own country, slavery, that curse to civilization, was overthrown.

These are, however, but the reflex of internal social workings. The democratic ideals set forth by a Danton, a Mirabeau, a Rousseau, have revolutionized society. In very truth ours is a new era. The rise of the people has been the result of a slow ethical development; character has been influenced; the conceptions of equality and of individual responsibility have obtained a firm hold on the general mind.

The term, “the people,” as we now entertain it, is the creation of the most spiritual of all religions. It is the direct outcome of the teaching of Christianity that all men are equal before God in their spiritual nature. In this is found the source of human duty, of human right. Man is born free in a profounder sense than Rousseau ever dreamed. His will is free. “’Tis the interior citadel of personality, wherein he rules as king”—a citadel which no merely external force can over capture. Everywhere, deep down in the most sacred recesses of consciousness is the imperious conviction that,

“Because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom, in scorn of consequence.”

The movement of the human mind is

always toward something better. The social agitation of the day is itself evidence that the world is progressing along higher planes of life. Some form of discontent is the basis of all effort and hence of all progress. The world has reached a position never before attained; the standards and conceptions are truer and higher and the methods surer. *Mind* has triumphed over *Matter* and *Circumstance*.

The great socialist movement is but the token that we are advancing even beyond the great doctrine that the end of endeavor is to secure political equality for all. Not only *political equality* but "*equality of opportunity*" must be granted all men. The ideal of the age is a perfect social state. This ideal is one form of the conception of perfection which regulates all human thought and endeavor. This, then, is the ideal of the new era—the Era of Democracy.

Questions concerning political and social conditions are eminently practical. There is no lesson which history enforces with such tremendous emphasis as the peril of proceeding in ignorance or in disregard of this truth. Push an abstract idea with reckless absoluteness into practical application, ally it with the fanaticism of human passion, and you may produce a "Reign of Terror," but you will inaugurate no "Age of Reason." Let us beware of political absolutism. The life of the future must be a continuation of the life of the present, invigorated, purified, unfolding itself in new and fresh forms. We must recognize the element of truth, and the element of error, which, in their mutual interplay, go to constitute the sum of actual life.

We stand in the midst of cycles of time, the Past behind us, the Present ebbing and flowing around us, the Future unknown before us. The course of civilization flows on like a mighty river, summoning to itself multitudes of little streams to aid in swelling the great current. With a profound knowledge of the past, imbued with a deep sense of the wisdom of its lessons, the *Present* sweeps on its course to a better future, when true Democracy shall reign supreme.

ALBERT T. LANE.

### ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Preeminent among the many brilliant lights of the American Revolution, shines with ever increasing lustre the unique personality of Alexander Hamilton, the founder of the American States in a firm and lasting national union.

Although Hamilton had led a phenomenally enviable military career during the Revolutionary war, yet his chief work was that of giving to his countrymen a definite governmental policy and in leading them out of the anarchy of unsettled opinions to the settled ground of a firm and fixed nationality. And the idea and conception which makes the name of Alexander Hamilton immortal and unique in the history of government making, was that of making a new government—a new nation, an American nation—out of the thirteen states which then wished to maintain their unalloyed sovereignty and complete independence.

Strange as it may seem to us now, after our century of progress and experience, the advocacy of such principles as Hamilton's



meant in his day bitter opposition and blasted popularity. Hamilton was branded as a "Monarchist," as a "Despot," as an "Aristocrat," as an "insidious foe to American liberty." But true to his nature, with characteristic fearlessness, with an indomitable pluck and perseverance and with an ardor begotten of a sincere conviction and belief in the worth of his principles, he takes up the struggle practically single handed and alone, for constitutional liberty, in that famous Philadelphia convention—a convention composed as it was of the ablest and most influential men of the period.

Day after day he is the principle figure in the debate. For every provision he has a cogent reason, for each plausible objection a logical reply. His comprehensive eye takes in all the wide horizon of national life. His prolific memory is replete with all the facts of history both ancient and modern. No sudden question or insinuating remark can ruffle his gentlemanly bearing. Although ardent for the recognition of his ideas yet he is calm and persuasive in their presentation. He baffles all the able and brilliant attempts of his opponents. Soon it is apparent that victory is his. None now dare to risk their reputation by further encounter with this master of debate and parliamentary contest. He sways the whole convention by the irresistible charm of his fiery eloquence and the fascinating influence of personality. The convention adopts a constitution, embodying the main suggestions of Hamilton. He is the hero of the day. In all the records of parliamentary struggles none have ever surpassed this crowning victory of Hamilton's. By both friend and foe this

triumph is admitted to be of the highest rank in the annals of either ancient or modern oratory.

But the constitution was yet to be ratified by the several states. With characteristic indifference and sluggishness some of the states were slow and even threatened to withhold their consent from the measure.

Again Hamilton comes to the rescue. With untiring pen he floods the country with unanswerable articles under the title of the "Federalist" in favor of the constitution. With almost superhuman energy he brings to bear the power of his mighty intellect upon the opinions of the people. He leaves no stone unturned until he has assured the ratification of the constitution by the tardy accession of Vermont and New York.

But after this phenomenal service to his country she cannot afford to be without him. She needs his superior sagacity, his intuitional genius and guidance.

The chief danger threatening the new government is its financial condition. Hamilton's success as the nation's first secretary of the treasury may be best set forth in the famous words of Daniel Webster:—"He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden or more perfect than was the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth, the conception of Alexander Hamilton."

Thus had Hamilton been the cause of the birth of a new nation. Thus had he laid the

foundations broad and deep for the New Republic of the West. Under the marvellous direction of his versatile genius the new ship of state was safely launched and was now sailing peacefully and steadily on its onward course toward its manifest destiny, with its flag honored and respected by the whole world.

Suddenly complications arise between the frank and honest Hamilton and the disappointed and intriguing Aaron Burr. As a result a duel ensues in which Hamilton falls mortally wounded, although he had deliberately spared his opponent. After a few hours of intensest agony the mighty, the brilliant, and the illustrious Hamilton breathes his last, while his sorrowing family and a grieving nation are anxiously and tenderly watching over his prostrate form.

Thus was ruthlessly extinguished one of the brightest, purest and most beautiful lights which have ever shown, either in America or the Old World. Universally and irrespective of party or political creeds, the whole country uttered its sighs of regret and indignation that so valued and honored a life should be thus practically assassinated right in the prime of its manly vigor and at the acme of its success and fame. For the people realized that they had lost a firm and invincible friend and champion, who although the founder and savior of his country, and the one who had given it boundless wealth and prosperity, was yet himself content to remain poor, often laboring far past the midnight hours to earn his bread for his family, while his beloved country was demanding his services during the daytime. He was the favorite of the home; the welcome, honored and polished

guest of society; the peerless pleader at the bar; the dashing and brilliant soldier; the unequalled financier; the patriotic and creative statesman. In fact, he was the greatest expounder of constitutional liberty which America or the world had ever seen; a man whose name and memory posterity will never cease to honor, to revere and respect so long as the love of liberty and the love of freedom shall have an abiding place in the hearts of men.

F. E. NORRIS, '95.

#### ATROCITIES IN ARMENIA.

In the latter months of 1894, the attention of the civilized world was centered on a small remote district in Asiatic Turkey, by the violent bursting of a storm of oppression; a storm which had been gathering there for years. The immediate occasion of this outburst was an attack by some lawless Kurds upon a defenceless community in Armenia. A fight ensued in which a few Kurds were slain. Immediately a despatch was sent to Constantinople that the Armenians had killed some of the Sultan's troops. Infantry and cavalry were sent at once to put down the rebellion. Men were burned in piles of brush-wood saturated with kerosene, or hacked to pieces with the sword. Women and girls were crowded into churches, and there outraged and butchered by the swinish soldiery. At length the report of these atrocities reached the ears of the civilized world. Christian missionaries, living in the vicinity of the scene of the outrage, have furnished us with information almost too appalling to be

true. Nevertheless, from the nature of the Turkish government it may well be true. The whole structure of the empire rests upon a religious foundation. Islam is the bone and sinew of the politico-religious organism which the Ottoman calls government. Anarchy and lawlessness supersede law and order. Islam protects her own, but destroys all others. Such were, and are, the salient features of Turkish government, only it is infinitely worse today than a few centuries ago.

The history of the past sixty years, more over, shows no attempt to reform her outrageous systems. From time to time the Great Powers of Europe have interceded and secured from the Sublime Porte, imperial edicts of toleration and promises of reform. In 1839, to secure European sympathy, the Sultan issued an imperial rescript, in which he promised to protect the life, honor and property of *all* his subjects. In 1850, on demand of the Great Powers, the Sultan granted the Protestant subjects of the Porte, a charter guaranteeing them liberty of conscience and all the rights of a distinct civil community.

In 1876, just before the treaty of Berlin, the Anglo-Turkish convention included in its first article a clause in which the Sultan promised to introduce reforms into the government for the protection of the Christians of Armenia. Again in the treaty of Berlin itself, the sixty-first article reads: "The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out without further delay, the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirement in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians." A Christian governor was promised fifteen years ago.

Once more Turkey makes bold with promises; this to "unite the four central provinces into one, the governor to be appointed for five years by the Sultan, the first governor to be a Mussulman, and his successor to be a Christian, but not an Armenian." Turkey has broken her promises again and again. She will not hesitate to break another. The Turk has shown himself utterly unfit to rule subject races. It is too late to reform. Turkey will never adjust these difficulties of her own accord. Greece and Roumania, Servia and Bulgaria rose in arms and then aid came from Europe. But Armenia, trusting in treaty stipulations, has been kept in barbarism.

It may be said, let the Turk take up his baggage and leave Armenia, as he left Bulgaria. But Armenian independence is both impracticable and impossible. Armenia realizes this and asks not independence, but justice; a governor who shall not be a Turk, but if not an Armenian, a European or an American.

Let Armenia remain a Turkish province. Let the Christians have no special favors beyond their rights. Let the new governor possess no power in excess of former governors. Turkey will gain everything, and Armenia will be saved.

We are told that the Great Powers must act; but back of them the people must act. Armenia will go back and on in her misery unless the people rise to a man, and demand the reform.

But why should we interest ourselves in far-off insignificant Armenia? Because she is one of the oldest of nations. A race with grand possibilities. The very existence of

the Armenians proves the wonderful vitality of the stock. Once a large nation, they have been reduced to four millions. Two and one half millions of those are in Turkey, and six hundred thousand in the province of Armenia, their original home.

Moreover, Armenia was the first nation to accept Christianity. Because of her firm adherence to the Cross she has incurred the hatred and malice of her Moslem neighbors. On the one side has been the Turk and his misgovernment; on the other side, the fierce Kurds, a wild lawless set of brigands, proud, treacherous and cruel; adherents to the Moslem faith, dreaded even by their Turkish conquerors.

Besides, there are two hundred and fifty of our own people on Turkish soil, whose lives are threatened. For their sakes, if for no other reason, we should protect Armenia. Send to the Porte a suitable consul. Let the Sultan have no doubt of our feelings. Secure to American citizens safety of person and property and to Armenia what she asks and deserves.

To you, lovers of justice, Armenia now looks. She stretches to you her imploring hands. Will you not give her aid? Demand justice for Armenia and save a helpless people whose fate is sealed, unless their Christian brethren in other lands come to the rescue.

LINDA GRAVES.

---

### THE NEW SOUTH.

"There was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South is living,

breathing, growing every hour." The truth of these words some have accepted; more believed and still believe such a change impossible. Is there, indeed, a New South today? If there is, it implies a change from the Old South. How great a change can be determined only by a careful study of both. The civilization of the Old South was diffusive and agricultural. It tended to the development of the individual and the guardianship of his rights. Assertion of the rights and privileges of the individual was the cardinal doctrine of the South and it furnishes the key to Southern character. Every attempt at encroachment on personal liberty was resisted. When the stamp act infringed upon the liberty of the colonies, the South was prompt to act. It was a Southerner, Patrick Henry, who struck the first note of defiance. It was a Southerner who wrote the Declaration of Independence. It was a Southerner who was made commander-in-chief of all the colonial forces and who led the troops of Revolution to victory. It was the South that gave us nine of our presidents before the war; gave us John Marshall, the greatest chief-justice we have ever known, and Grant and Lincoln sprung from Southern loins.

The Southern civilization branded a passion for self-government upon all its people. Is it to be wondered at, then, that when the time came to decide between the authority of central government and of state, the South should passionately declare in favor of the state? When, too, to place such an interpretation upon our constitution was not deemed at all unreasonable since we of loyal New England had threatened to secede twice, when our

own interests were involved. The Southern civilization was hospitable and magnanimous. It produced honorable men and pure women, but it was proudly conservative and here it was weak. Its conservative attitude toward slavery proved its view. When slavery was first started in America, both North and South accepted it. The trade was well adapted to the commercial activity of the one and the agricultural needs of the other. The institution flourished. But a cry was started against the wrong, to humanity's cause, which the North heeded but the South refused to hear. Emancipation found an impassable barrier at Mason and Dixon's line. For her sin the South suffered a most terrible shock. If we are proud that our ancestors were shrewd enough to place themselves in the van of human progress, we should feel regret that our kindred were so outstripped and had to suffer so severely for it. By its shock the South was brought to its senses, but we cannot expect that such a powerful civilization as that of the Old South would pass away without leaving some influences on the succeeding civilization. And because these influences now and then appear, we should not shake our heads in dismay and feel that true unity is impossible. It is the part of chivalry, nay, of humanity, to think the old not wholly unworthy of praise or pardon, to lay aside the bitter prejudice of war and greet the new with generous goodwill and fellowship.

J. COLBY BASSETT.

---

### SILVER AND GOLD.

The last quarter century marks the most phenomenal epoch in the world's history. Unrest and uneasiness mark trade and enterprise; nor is the condition local or confined. It is national, international, world-wide. Its cause is the mistake of the century, the first of its kind in history; the demonetization of a money metal.

The discovery of America and the consequent inflow of silver and gold into Europe, inaugurated the greatest commercial and industrial revolution in history. The increase of money stimulated trade, raised wages and advanced prosperity. Upon the crest of that wave England has ridden to commercial supremacy. She became the workshop of the nations; her fleet the mistress of the seas; her armies the victors in war; her capitol the financial centre of the world.

In 1816 her prestige was at its zenith. By the demonetization of silver she paved the way for subsequent enjoyment of special profits upon her immense loans. Germany, flushed with the victory of the Franco-Prussian war, demanded her billion dollar indemnity in gold and threw her discarded silver upon the world's market. In 1873, United States demonetized silver through a clerical mistake. That mistake has rightly been called the most stupendous blunder of legislation, the most extraordinary oversight of great minds ever recorded. Silver was thus demonetized, though no party, no state, no city or remote village in the Union had asked it, though no member of either house demanded it, when even the President, who signed the bill, was unconscious of its import.

And what had demonetization done? For England it had brought wealth to the creditor class, poverty to the debtor class, financial crises to the nation. For Germany, it had brought a greater disaster than her armies had inflicted on France and was followed by emigration, demoralization and bankruptcy. For the United States within six months it had brought a sweeping financial crisis which involved the monometallic world.

The disaster of 1873 ushered in the epoch of the last quarter century. The depreciation of silver and the consequent appreciation of gold were the prime causes of the trouble. By the inexorable law of economics, the decline in the cheaper metal brought about an exact parallel decline in all the products of the soil, all articles of manufacture. It was not till the crisis of 1893 that the nation began to awake to the real import of the mistake that had gone twenty years uncorrected. But that twenty years had made a history for the farmer and the planter, for the miner and the manufacturer, which theories and theorists can never refute. It proved that Bland acts, Sherman acts, international conferences, had but irritated diseased conditions; that all compromises, all half way measures, are worse than useless.

Bimetallism needs no stronger proof than the record of the past and the object lesson of the present. Gradually the sentiment in favor of silver has won upon the merits of the question. The opinions of Jefferson and Hamilton, of Adams and Lincoln, of Thurman and Beck, of Elvarts and Garfield have at last been heard; even those words of James G. Blaine himself, who said: "I believe that the

struggle going on in this country and other countries for a single gold standard would, if successful, produce widespread disaster in and throughout the commercial world. I believe gold and silver coin to be the money of the constitution, indeed the money of the American people anterior to the constitution. . . . If, therefore, silver has been demonetized, I am in favor of remonetizing it, if its coinage has been prohibited, I am in favor of ordering it resumed, I am in favor of having it enlarged."

It has been said that gold is the only money metal, the single standard, the ideal monetary basis. With plausible artifice, it has been impressed upon the minds of Eastern people that the silver miners would be those most benefited by remonetization. No more misleading statement could be made. "Brave, bold, adventurous and self-reliant, they have crossed alkaline deserts, scaled pathless mountains, braved the hostile savages, the miasma of the Isthmus and the storms of the cape," and have planted in the wilderness the foundation of a great Western Empire. They had endured peril and hardship, had left home and friends with but the guarantee of our national constitution that their toils should not be in vain, that constitution which made silver and *not* gold the unit of value. When the act of 1873 broke the guarantee of the constitution and cut short the dawn of hope, robbed them of their property, their homes and their livelihood, they had already developed unbounded resources and added hundreds of millions to the wealth of the Republic.

Many look forward to international bi-metalism as a solution of the question, but interna-

tional bimetallism was never a probability and even its most ardent advocates agree that it is fading from the light of possibility. International bimetallism impossible, gold monometallism destructive, only one resource remains—remonetization of silver. The restoration of silver to its birthright, time-honored and respected, will bring new prosperity. It will increase the wages of labor and the prices of products, and will remove the unjust debt which demonetization imposed upon the debtor. By lifting silver to its rightful plane, business will revive, capital will no longer be in doubt, hoarded money will seek the channels of trade and universal industry will reign. No panics will threaten, no national credit will be questioned. "Activity will replace stagnation. Movement will supplant inertia. Courage will banish fear. Confidence will dispel doubt. Hope will supercede despair." Over this broad land the sun of prosperity will shine once more with undimmed, unclouded light.

W. L. WATERS.

### THE THREE MES.

In the widest possible sense the me is the sum total of all a man possesses, of all he can call his own, not only his body and his psychic powers, but his home, his property, his ancestors, his friends, his profession, his reputation. The history of the me may be divided into three parts: first, the constituents; second, the feelings or emotions they arouse; third, the acts to which they prompt. The constituents of the me consist of three parts: the material me, the social me, and the spiritual me.

The material me consists of the body and its possessions. It is in the possession of the home that the material me is most perfectly developed. The word home awakens the tenderest relations and a feeling of dislike arises for the stranger who fails to share our appreciation, for, "be it ever so humble, there is no place like home" to us.

A man's social me is the recognition he gets from his friends and associates. Although the vital thing in life is to recognize self, yet every one has an innate propensity to get notice and appreciation from one's fellow men.

It might be said that a man has as many social selves as there are individuals who notice him, and oftentimes he shows a different self to each of these individuals. It is what people with whom he is wont to associate will think of him, if he fails to live up to a certain standard; thus a layman may abandon a city infected with some contagious disease but a priest or a doctor would think such an act incompatible with his honor. What may be called club opinion is one of the strongest of forces in life, a thief must not steal from other thieves, a gambler must pay his gambling debts if no others.

In fashionable society the code of honor has ever been full of permissions and vetoes. The reason for this is that we best serve one of our social selves. It is through these other selves that man recognizes his true self.

The man who stands in the individual element stands at the same time in the social element. The social state in all its phases is a necessity, since it leads to greater mutual dependence among individuals.

The spiritual me is the highest and most

important one. It is the very nucleus of self as we know it; the sanctuary of our life. It seeks after higher progress; it ought to be a search for closer fellowship with the One above, a spotlessness from sin both here and hereafter, "for the path of the just is like a shining light that shineth more and more unto perfect day."

The feelings and emotions of self are of two kinds, self-complacency and self-dissatisfaction.

These two classes of affection seem to be direct elementary endowments of our nature, but whether one has the feeling of complacency or the reverse depends largely upon the actual success or failure he meets with, and the good or bad position he holds in the world. These opposite feelings of self may be awakened with no adequate cause, and indeed we ourselves know that the barometer of self-esteem and confidence rises and falls from day to day from causes which seem other than rational, and which certainly arise from no loss of esteem in which we are held by our friends.

The bodily or material me seeks after preservation, protection from harm.

Our social self-seeking is the result of our desire to please and attract the notice of friends, our love of glory, influence, power and other of the material self-seeking impulses which will bring advancement socially.

Our self-seeking is our own power, and should be for all that is best and noblest, for the ideal of human nature.

There is at times a rivalry and conflict between these different mes. Very often man finds it necessary to stand by one of these

selves and relinquish all others. But the seeker after the strongest, truest, deepest self must review these selves carefully, and select the one on which to stake his salvation.

Is not the material me a dungeon, a tene-ment of decay from which the soul rejoices to free itself and wing its flight to the perennial spring-time of heaven and perpetual rest?

The material me is admirably adapted to the demands of this life, and the forces as well as the construction of the material world are fitted to the interchange of thought and as a vehicle of divine truths required for the beginning of our education.

We know that here we have a material body, a social self which moth and rust doth corrupt, and which in few generations will be forgotten. But the spiritual me will never die; it is eternal, and should be cared for with the utmost seriousness and with a continual regard for eternity.

CLARA BELLE TOZIER.

---

## Abstracts of Junior Parts.

---

Monday, July 1, 1895.

---

### ENGLISH SONNETS.

One day in a shady wood Apollo met Memory, the grave, fond mother of the Muses, with her daughters nine and the Graces, engaged in sweet sport. Apollo struck a low, sweet chord upon his lyre and spoke a line of verse: each of the Muses then sang a line and the Graces each warbled one, and Memory harmoniously closed the little poem with a melodious strain that re-echoed and beautified



the thought of all. Thus was composed the first sonnet. Apollo became the patron saint of the sonnet and he has ever had many suppliants for inspiration at his shrine.

The English borrowed the sonnet from Italy. Only our masters in the poetic art have employed it with success, yet we have a rich legacy of sonnets, for the few monuments that the masters have left us, stand bold and beautiful, thrown into majestic relief by the meagreness of the mimicry about them.

Structurally, the sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines written in iambs. It consists of two quatrains followed by three tercets. By a few strong touches the primary idea or mood is drawn in the quatrains, and the tercets portray its confirmation.

The striking structure of the sonnet demands peculiar subjects. The sonnet has been called "The alphabet of the human heart," because with it, as with no other poetic form, have been expressed the joys and sorrows, the desires and longings of the soul.

The briefness of the sonnet demands conciseness of thought and precision in expression. Our best sonnets are snap shots of heart throbs, perfectly developed.

Head and shoulders above all others stand Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, Shelley and Mrs. Browning.

"With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," writes Wordsworth. Shakespeare's sonnets portray the passion of human, earthly love. They stand in marked contrast to Mrs. Browning's which concern spiritual, heavenly love. Shakespeare's sonnet is not the artistic, symmetrical, completed, rounded whole; bold, beautiful lines stand out from many of his

sonnets; passionate, profound thoughts from his swelling heart. He has left us some sonnets, however, perfect in thought, perfect in execution, perfect in completed harmony of sense and sound.

Shakespeare wrote 153 sonnets, Milton only 23. Milton's sonnets are bold, rugged outlines, severe in their simplicity, "soul-animating strains" struck from his sad, solemn harp.

On Wordsworth's calm brow, Apollo has placed the laurel wreath, for no other poet has written so many high-grade sonnets. His sonnets breathe not the passion of Shakespeare nor the sublimity of Milton, yet Imagination, the Mercury of the sonnet writer, brings him rich stores from many climes, from land, and sea, and sky.

Those brilliant twin meteors, Shelley and Keats, that momentarily flashed across the literary heavens, leaving behind a train of beautiful thought, have left us a few sonnets, the most picturesque in all our literature, "things of beauty, joys forever." Keats wrote about forty, Shelley only four.

Perpetual freshness, clothed in exquisite detail, flows from every line of Keats' "pleasing chimes."

Shelley's sonnets are clear and forcible and graceful, and fill the mind as only the words of a great author can. The sonnet Ozymandias is conceded to be his best.

Mrs. Browning's sonnets are of the new school and are strongly marked by the writer's personality. None has surpassed her in wealth and originality of thought, in broad human sympathy and wise reflection. Her sonnets linger in the mind as sweet, helpful, never-to-be-forgotten memories.

The English sonnets must ever remain one of the proudest monuments of our literature, built upon a foundation as broad as life, displaying upon its gracefully carved faces all that is best and noblest in nature and in man, pointing upward to God. Most beautiful is the tribute of Wordsworth graven upon its base.

"Scorn not the sonnet: Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honors: with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief;  
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spencer, called from Fairy-land,  
To struggle through dark ways: and when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few."

FRED M. PADELFORD.

### A FRIEND OF THE POOR.

The wretched condition of the poor people of England in the early part of this century defies description.

England's power was magnificent. Over and over the story of her greatness had been told. But what a conception of her grandeur did one get from seeing a babe scarcely from its mother's arms, tottering up and down the great mill floors, children working as mules in the deep mines, mothers slaving all day and far into the night, fathers overcome by toil and hunger, dying by the roadside. The great empire was rotten at the core! Well might she fear for the future glory and strength of her fair isle.

A few men, however, saw the awful danger threatening their land. They saw before her only two destinies, Reform or Revolution. The reformers proposed measure after measure. They met with stern opposition, or what was worse, stolid indifference.

The Reformers had tried and failed. The people were desperate. "Flesh and blood could bear no longer." But help was near, not from the Commons, nor Parliament, nor Prime Minister, nor gracious Queen, but from an unknown source. It was only a song, penned by a weak and trembling hand, but the words were as fiery as if written with a sword of flame. They spread throughout England as though they had indeed been fire.

The song was printed in every newspaper in every town in England. The poor carried it printed on their handkerchiefs, pinned it up in their work-rooms before their looms. The rich had it in their drawing-rooms, for it penetrated even the thick walls of their castles. The oppressed of other lands welcomed it as eagerly as the home people had and it was translated into every European language.

The song is familiar to all. I have no need to tell its name, the opening lines are sufficient:

"With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread,—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!"

Who was the author? Men called him "Master of Mirth," "Prince of Punsters." Now he won a new title, "A Friend of the Poor." Wherever the English language was spoken the name of Thomas Hood was known and cherished with reverence.

Many other songs by this man helped to sound the note of warning over the fair British Isles. One is the story of that tragedy which is repeated to-day, wherever a sin-sick, sin-weary child of God is found.

One day some men found floating down the Thames the bruised and swollen body of a woman. With rude jest and jibe they dragged her to land and buried her. A quiet, sad-faced man stood by. Moved to the depths of his compassionate soul, he wrote:

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair."

No, Thomas Hood was not a great man, but his name is written "as one who loves his fellowmen."

In the year 1845 a measure which would bring relief to the poor was introduced into Parliament. In the same year Thomas Hood died. He had seen a beginning made in righting a great wrong.

He lies in the loved churchyard of Kensal Green. A marble monument marks his tomb and on it are written the simple words, "Thomas Hood, who wrote 'The Song of the Shirt.'" No more fitting tribute could the man have.

MARTHA CLARA MESERVE.

### A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"

The questionings concerning the death of the apostle John had their origin in these few words of Christ.

Would John live until after the second coming of the Messiah? Would he be trans-

lated as Enoch and Elijah had been? He was the "Disciple whom Jesus loved." Would his life on earth close in some miraculous manner? These questions have been answered only by tradition.

But more beautiful and more satisfying than tradition is the picture which Browning has given of the closing hours of John's life in "A Death in the Desert."

The poem is in the form of a story told by one of the four who witnessed the death of John; the scene, a cave in some desert, probably in Syria. It is noon of a hot, still day, and the faithful ones are watching over the aged apostle awaiting his death. Suddenly he opens his eyes and speaks, and his disciples eagerly listen to his words of love and council:

"If I live yet, it is for good, more love  
Through me to men; be naught but ashes here  
That keep awhile my semblance, who was John.  
Still, when they scatter, there is left on earth  
No one alive who knew (consider this)  
—Saw with his eyes or handled with his hands  
That which was from the first, the Word of Life.  
How shall it be when none more saith, 'I saw.'"

Then John repeats in simple, child-like way the story of his life since he first walked with Christ in Gallilee.

After preaching for many years, with wonderful faith and courage, he fell ill and was brought to this cave, and feeling that the end was near, "went to sleep" with one thought, that at least:

"Though the whole earth should lie in wickedness,  
We had the truth, might leave the rest to God."

John realizes all the significance of the life and death of Christ, understands the fulness of God's love and power; and beginning with

the things which seem hard to comprehend, explains it all to his listeners.

Yet now he looks forward and sees that in years to come, his disciples will meet still other and more difficult questions concerning the revelation of the Christ whom they preach.

Men will read John's account of Christ's life, and plead the necessity of the miracles of Christ's time to convince the men of to-day of God's truth.

Then John explains how miracles were wrought when but for them no faith was possible, but now that the truth is plainer and faith has grown they are no longer needed.

"The acknowledgement of God in Christ  
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee  
All questions in the earth and out of it,  
And has so far advanced thee to be wise."

Yet man may then declare that the story of Christ's life, death and love was not clearly and accurately told at first; that it was like a fable from which people must force out the fact; and may ask impatiently, "Why breed in us perplexity, mistake, nor tell the whole truth in the proper words?"

Then with the same gentleness and patience John explains again that man is not God, but is incomplete, imperfect and must have years for development.

A few more words of tender love and yearning for those whom he would help, and John has finished his work upon earth; the "Disciple whom Jesus loved" has gone to be forever with his Lord.

"Believe ye will not see him any more  
About the world with his divine regard!  
For all was as I say, and now the man  
Lies as he lay once, breast to breast with God."

S. B. MATHEWS.

## THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

Around the city of Jerusalem, in the year 70 A. D., the Roman army under Titus lay encamped, stretching from the sacred Mount of Olives to the very walls of the city. The weary two years' siege was drawing to a close. Titus began to plan the final attack. If he could only get possession of Solomon's Temple, his task would be well-nigh completed. Few were the defenders left in the devoted city. But a small part of those who died had perished at the hands of the Romans. Before the siege began, the city had for many months been torn by internal conflicts; and in these fierce civil quarrels, immense granaries, holding a supply practically inexhaustible, had been burned with all their contents; and now for more than a year, the horrors of war had been augmented by the still greater horrors of famine. By whole families had these wretched Jews been dying, always with fierce, staring eyes fixed upon their temple.

In spite of countless deeds of reckless bravery, the Jews could not drive away their relentless foes; for the mouth of the Lord had pronounced doom upon Jerusalem, and naught could avail to turn aside His righteous wrath. Those who fell by the sword might well be counted the happiest. Of all the horrors of that siege no tongue can tell. Men ate each other, and mothers, the tender flesh of their own babes. And, as though the famine were not enough, pestilence was added. Horrible contagion bred from the multitude of dead bodies which filled every corner and alley of the city.

So the defenses grew narrower day by day, and each succeeding sun looked down upon a

scene of more utter misery. Finally the tower of Antonia had fallen into the hands of Titus, who decided to wait no longer, but on the morrow make the final assault. In the night following the capture of the tower, there was a lull in the fierceness of battle; but toward morning the Jews attacked the Roman guards who, proving too strong, pursued their aggressors even into the courts of the temple, where no Gentile foot had ever trodden. Titus had given strict commands that the temple should not be harmed, thinking to reserve so rich a prize for himself; but the now frenzied soldiers broke through the outer doors, and one, bolder than the rest, seized a torch and, being lifted upon the shoulders of a comrade, thrust the burning brand through the golden casements of a rich window. In a few moments the sacred house was in a blaze. From all parts of the city the Jews rushed to aid in saving their beloved temple. From the walls and towers, from holes and caves in the earth, they came, only to be met and overwhelmed by the onward rush of the Roman army. The soldiers, for once utterly heedless of the threats or curses of their commanding officers, vied with each other in aiding the flames; and soon that magnificent temple, built by Solomon more than six hundred years before, enriched by countless costly gifts of Jewish rabbi and Gentile prince, by far the goodliest house in all the world, was but a glowing mass of ruins.

So fell Jerusalem, the city of the Great High Priest, the dwelling-place of David and of Solomon, whose foundations were laid more than fifteen hundred years before; seventeen times besieged, twice burned, twice razed

to the ground, yet each time rebuilt in greater splendor, only at last to fall and be utterly crushed beneath the iron heel of all-conquering Rome.

E. L. GETCHELL, '96.

### THE USES OF POETRY.

Ever since the shepherd poet sang his psalms of praise, and ever since the immortal Homer glorified life and love and heroism by his stirring strains, there has now and then been a rare soul who has somehow caught the finer significance of the power and beauty, the longing and pain, that make up life, and, thrilled with his own burning thoughts, has made them live in verse. Thus we have our poets, and thus, also, we have poetry, perhaps the richest fruit of human thought.

And yet, although poetry is in the world, and the hard world needs it, there are thousands who would smile at the idea of any practical use of poetry, on the ground that it is the especial portion of sentimentalists, or at least of distinctively literary people. Poetic fancies and the hard facts of a battle for bread are, to their minds, widely separated.

Though thus slighted, poetry nevertheless has a place in the plan of life which the thoughtful reader understands and appreciates.

In the first place, we are not mere animals. Something of the Divine image is reflected in our souls, and beyond the physical struggles there are high aspirations, and depths of earnestness and passion and love beyond our power of expression. One of the first uses of poetry is to give a fit expression to these unspoken yearnings; for what we feel with-

in, the poet has felt and uttered in words of "Music hath charms to soothe the savage melody and beauty. The satisfaction which heart"; and the sweet melody and harmony comes from such an embodiment of our feelings is exquisite. of rythmical verse has a wonderful power to soothe away the jarring effects of distress and

Again, it is the mission of poetry to reveal to dull eyes the beauty of nature. No other theme has been of more inspiration to the poet than the loveliness of earth, and nothing has a more refining influence than a quick perception of the meaning of this loveliness. Countless souls have been cheered and rested by the sweet, trustful hymn, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." And so the melody of all true poetry, the melody of thought and of rhythm, has its office as a solace for soul weariness.

The tiniest flower, a bird's song, indeed all things in nature take on new meaning when painted by the artist-poet; so that an acquaintance with the poet means a more sensitive appreciation of nature. There are single lines of the poets which take you out of doors at once. Browning has a wonderful power to make you feel the air and sunshine. Not all have the power of a Browning to tell nature's secrets to the world, but through such touches as he has given we may enter into his experiences and become more intensely alive to the glory of earth and to the loving power behind all that we see.

So, too, the great "shut-in" world, the men and women in crowded cities, who have no opportunity to roam the fields, may find in the poet's gift a means of getting away from themselves and of getting a taste of the pure life beyond their reach. It is perhaps said, that to put poetry into the hands of closely confined men and women, is to make them dissatisfied with their lot. But this is better than stagnation. For, as Browning says,

A man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?

Another function of poetry is to give rest.

A fourth use of poetry is to quicken the imagination, until even commonplaces shall be invested with a bright, new beauty. There are in the world cynics and pessimists and grumblers of the gloomiest type, who refuse to see any poetry in themselves, or in the men and women about them. The work of any poet would be worthy of a high place, if he could influence such men to see the divine beauty that is in the earth and is most perfect in men's hearts and lives and thoughts. The poet has the power to paint life with a bright lustre, which you may call exaggeration, but it is that very quality which charms you most; and soon you will find something of the brightness reflected in your own life, and a sluggish imagination stirred until everything outside is tinted with the same rosy hue.

The last use of poetry is to give inspiration. It has ever been so since the Spartan battle-song stirred and strengthened the brave warrior. High sentiment will always inspire men's hearts, if only their hearts can be opened to it. The highest poetry is full of such sentiment, made most appealing by the melody of rhythm. What the battle-song did to incite the Spartan hero, may not the pure, strong verse of these later days do in inspiring

men to push on to what is good and noble and true? were violently opposed to any compromise, and to them Mr. Webster's speech was a bitter disappointment.

We have seen that it is the poet's power to breathe a living soul into a dead world. We long friends deserted him, never to return. We have seen also some of the uses of poetry, all They felt that he had betrayed his trust. They pointing the same beautiful end, and that end declared that he made the speech because he is—to sweeten life. was ambitious for the presidency and wished to conciliate the South; and this view is still widely accepted.

ETHEL E. FARR.

### WEBSTER'S GREAT MISTAKE.

One of the first lessons in American history of which I have any recollection, concerned the life and character of Daniel Webster. I asked some one who Daniel Webster was, and I was told that he was a very great man, who stained a splendid record and abandoned his life-long principles in his ambition to be president of the United States. The opinion that Webster's 7th of March speech was the mistake of his life, has been so long accepted that it has passed into history. But in the excitement of the moment none could judge impartially; and the time has come now for us to review the question calmly and revise, if need be, the popular verdict.

In the great conflict between freedom and slavery in the halls of Congress, Daniel Webster bore a prominent part. The anti-slavery men of the North looked upon him as their leader. For thirty years he had never failed them. In the year 1850, Henry Clay introduced in Congress a compromise measure intended to settle permanently the slavery question in the United States. In the subsequent debate, Mr. Webster made his famous 7th of March speech, supporting the compromise as a final settlement of the great question. The strong anti-slavery men of the North

But though Webster was undoubtedly a candidate for the presidency, he certainly had common-sense enough to know that in gaining the favor of the South, he would lose what was infinitely more valuable to him, the favor of the North. And there is no doubt that he realized, too, that his speech would cost him many friends. But honor and greatness are not things to be lightly forgotten, and men like Webster are above the temptations to which baser natures succumb. In all Mr. Webster's previous life there was nothing to justify such a charge.

Webster's keener vision foresaw the dangers to which other men were blind. None but fanatics talked then of emancipation, and Mr. Webster realized that the South would never consider the question of abolishing slavery so long as the feeling between the two sections remained so bitter. He saw, too, the more important danger of disunion; and ten years later men learned by a bloody lesson that he was right.

He saw nothing to be gained by further irritating the South, but much to be lost. His 7th of March speech is well entitled a "Speech for the Constitution and the Union." It was a plea for peace, for patience, for charity, for patriotism, for our country and our people,

against the enmities and jealousies that were endangering the happiness, the prosperity, the very existence of our nation.

If all Mr. Webster's efforts only delayed the catastrophe, at least he had done his best, and it is but a poor return for the sacrifice he made to attack his character and impugn his motives. It rests with the American people to decide whether they will dishonor his name and fame by an accusation as unworthy of themselves as it is of the orator, the statesman and the patriot whom they thus condemn.

HARRY W. DUNN.

### LETTER-WRITING.

The sympathy of a friend, the love of a mother, the heart-throb of a lover, a letter holds it all. A seal broken, and with it a broken heart; a seal broken, and with it the dawn of an infinite hope.

A letter not only has a mighty influence on life itself, but it is a wonderful power in literature. Do you wish to live English life for the last four centuries, look to the letters of noteworthy figures in English history. Here you are transported into the very spirit of the times, walking and talking with the great men of the past, the warrior, sage, philosopher, king, poet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Francis Jeffrey once wrote an article on Wordsworth; denouncing in scathing language the poems of the Nature-worshipper. You are sure that its author is cruel, out of harmony with the world. But this same brilliant, satirical critic wrote to the author of the Christmas Carol words like these: "Blessings

on your kind heart, my dear Dickens, and may it always remain as light and full as it is kind.

We are all charmed with your Carol, chiefly I think for the genuine goodness it contains," and thus the letter goes on in cheery, tender strain and the reader of the criticism on Wordsworth, reading the letter to Dickens, will love Lord Jeffrey.

If we were to explore the great desk which contains all the letter-literature of the English tongue, we should find a great variety. There would be letters historical, letters literary, letters of friendship, and opening these we should find lengthy epistles, laconic despatches,—witty, serious, bright, dull, passionate letters. But it is not with the letters as a curiosity, or as a source of information, that we are concerned. The lover of letters will seek for genuine delight such writers as Charles Lamb, who gave his friends "heart-talk blazing on paper;" or Horace Walpole, the Prince of Letter Writers, with his wealth of charming anecdote, gossip and satire; or the morbid, melancholy Cowper, who sent such loving missives to his friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

From our study of the letter-literature of the past we are brought to the practical question, "What are the characteristics of a good letter?" First of all we demand that a letter shall be sincere. It is the sincerity of Gray, Cowper, Walpole, that compels us to admire their letters; it is the insincerity in Pope's letters that we condemn.

Then there is the question of length. Charles Lamb writes to Manning, "Too long your letters cannot be." Horace Walpole, in a brief letter says, "How can you contrive to



roll your patience out into two sheets?" But in *Pickwick Papers* we get a wise suggestion in a little talk between Sam Weller and his father. Sam is writing his first love-letter, and reads it to his father. He comes to the closing sentences, "My dear Mary, I will now conclude." That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, a'int it Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit of it," said Sam. "She'll wish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."

The old stage-coach meant the letter, the flying express means a half-page note. If we, as a people, are to give to generations to come a literature as inspiring as that which we now read in letters of past generations, if we are to keep alive the spirit of the glorious days which we now enjoy, it is necessary for us to take time and thought for letter-writing, that this charming art may not perish from our national life.

OLIVE LOUISE ROBBINS.

### OUR HERO MARTYR.

One chill November morning sixty years ago a lone hearse moved slowly through the streets of a western town, saluted by jeers and scoffs. In a quiet valley close beside the great Mississippi the body was laid at rest, and over it was placed a rude pine slab bearing simply the initials E. P. L.

As we stand beside that lonely grave, we should lay upon it a wreath of glory, for he who sleeps there was one of our country's greatest heroes, one of its noblest martyrs. It is fitting for us to perform the kindly deed for Elijah P. Lovejoy was a son of our State

and a graduate of our college.

Graduating in 1826 he went to St. Louis, and later became the editor of the *St. Louis Observer*, in the darkest period of American history. The South with haughty arrogance was ruling the land, silencing the Northern voice, muzzling the Northern press. John Quincy Adams had been hissed in the halls of Congress, William Lloyd Garrison had been dragged through the streets of Boston.

The voice of Lovejoy was now heard. Standing alone and friendless he fought a wicked system, a hostile civilization. He was persecuted by the South, ridiculed by the North; but he never flinched. At last he was commanded to be silent. He replied, "As long as I am an American citizen, as long as American blood flows in my veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, to write, and to publish whatever I please, being amenable to the laws of my country for the same."

From that moment his footsteps were dogged day and night, his family was threatened with violence and finally driven from the city, his printing office was broken into and his property destroyed. But his voice had not been silenced. He went across the river to Alton, Ill. Persecution and malignity followed him. Three times was his office broken into; three presses were thrown into the Mississippi. The State that to-day is so proud of the memory of her immortal Lincoln refused to protect him. New England, whose soil was dedicated to freedom by the Pilgrim fathers, was deaf to his entreaties.

At a public meeting, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he pled with his persecutors to have mercy on his afflicted wife, who had

been driven night after night from a sick bed to the garret to save herself from the brickbats of the mob. In the same speech he declared, "I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery, and by the blessing of God I will never go back. If the civil authorities refuse to protect me, I must look to God; and if I die, I am determined to make my grave in Alton.

That speech was his dying appeal. He went out a doomed man. A few nights later the crisis came. With a handful of sympathizers he was guarding a new press stored in a warehouse. A mob surrounded the building and set it on fire. As the flames rose, Lovejoy opened the door and stepped out in full view of the infuriated mob. In an instant his body was pierced by five bullets, and he fell at the feet of his comrades, dead.

Elijah P. Lovejoy was dead. His last editorial against slavery had been written, his last appeal had been made. The battle was ended, and slavery was triumphant. But her triumph was short. In life Lovejoy wrote with but one pen, spoke with but one tongue; in death he wrote with a thousand pens, spoke with a thousand tongues. No New England village was so remote that his message did not reach it; no prairie so broad that his voice was not heard across it.

Our college may be small, she may not have given to the world many great statesmen or many great Generals, but it is an honor to her that she can point to the name of Elijah P. Lovejoy.

Instead of the pine slab to mark the lonely grave in the quiet valley, we would rear a monument of whitest marble; instead of the

simple inscription, we would write in letters of gold, "Here lies a man who with nothing to gain but the consciousness of doing right, with everything to lose but personal honor lived a hero and died a martyr."

H. WARREN FOSS.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

When in 1640, after years of despotism, King Charles I summoned a Parliament, the people were determined to return men stout in spirit, who would be zealous defenders of their liberties. There lived at this time in the quiet little village of Huntingdon, an unobtrusive Puritan farmer, a peculiar man, noted for his zeal in religious matters; fond of meditation and prayer; accustomed to preach to his neighbors and servants. This man was returned by his county to the Parliament, which the king had now summoned. In this Parliament, and in the famous Long Parliament which followed, he struggled side by side with the patriots Pym and Hampden against every royal encroachment upon English liberty.

When at last the king determined to crush this insolent Parliament, the stalwart Puritan immediately came to the front. Hastening home, he organized the nucleus of that renowned regiment, which afterward won for itself the name of "The Ironsides." Cromwell rapidly gains prominence, and before long becomes the head of the army; and after the capture and execution of the king, is appointed Lord General. Then he subdues Ireland and crushes an uprising of the Scots. Turning homeward, he defeats at Worcester, in the hardest-fought battle of his life, Prince

Charles, come with a gallant army to avenge his father and regain his kingdom. Yet we find the strongest indications that Cromwell was a sincere man. Not to his

Think what this man has accomplished. Through his victories the tyrannical Stuarts have been driven from the throne; England, Ireland and Scotland have been brought to the feet of the Parliament; nations which after the execution of the king drove the English ambassadors from their courts, have been compelled to recognize the power and authority of these revolutionists. And now this Puritan farmer is the greatest man in England. public acts or public communications do we look, as the true index of his character. In these indeed there might be pretence. We look rather to his private letters; there if anywhere are the secret motives of the heart revealed. Cromwell's letters are those of a Christian, full of exhortations to obedience and thankfulness toward God. Is it probable that this man would seek to impose upon his family? To fill his private letters with precepts and exhortations, which he believed in his heart to be false? We will call Cromwell neither hypocrite nor tyrant. He has won for himself a fairer title.

CHAS. E. DOW.

When Cromwell returned from the victory at Worcester, he found a remnant of the Long Parliament at the head of the nation. Its average attendance was not more than sixty.

It had long ago ceased to be representative of the people. Repeatedly it had been petitioned to dissolve and to summon a new Parliament.

But these sixty men, elected thirteen years before, heedless of the wishes of the people, proposed to reserve for themselves the full control of England, Ireland and Scotland. Cromwell drove them from the House, and brought the Long Parliament to an end. The united sentiment of the army and of the people endorsed his action. How else could the wishes of the people, which these men had so resolutely ignored, be fulfilled? Cromwell alone stood between the nation and chaos. His acts were the acts of a man anxious for the welfare of the people, impatient of delay. It was during the darkest hours of the 17th century that a vital force or principle, which for two hundred years had been growing in obscurity, began openly to assert its existence and power. Brooding over the world of nations like a mighty spirit, at the voice of God this slumbering principle awoke into action, and dealt Thor-like blows, overturning the grandest kingdoms, dethroning the proudest monarchs, establishing new nations and new eras, which should never be destroyed. This force or principle was Puritanism or the Puritan idea.

### THE PURITAN IDEA; THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NATION.

Concerning the supposed hypocrisy of Cromwell it is more difficult to speak. Who can feel sure that he discerns clearly, through the dim distance of 250 years, the motives which lay deep in the heart of this great man? And what is Puritanism? Though mistaken in many particulars, though often narrow and bigoted, the Puritan was a man pre-eminently dominated by certain great principles. Purity of individual heart and life;

the absolute supremacy of the law of God; these were the two essential ideas in Puritanism.

The Puritan idea gradually leavened whole nations, transforming the characters and lives of men, carrying them above and beyond themselves, giving a zeal that never flagged, a courage that was never daunted, making possible the highest personal attainment. In the trumpet tones of Milton, in the work of Wiclif the translator and reformer, in the fervid preaching and heroic deaths of Ridley and Latimer, in the courageous statesmanship of Sir Henry Vane, in the writings of Locke and Sydney, in the bold front of the Ironsides and their hymns of praise; in all these, the principles of Puritanism found continued and ever varying expression.

What did the Puritan idea accomplish? It sent multitudes of English refugees to Geneva, to sit at the feet of the iron-hearted, despotic Calvin, who taught a theology that made daring soldiers and fearless martyrs; it impelled the genial, whole-souled Luther to nail his theses to the church door in Wittenburg and to inaugurate the Reformation; it helped John Huss to turn multitudes to the Protestant faith in Hungary; it made John Knox and the Covenanters, types of Scottish faith and heroism for all future time.

The Puritan idea swept the profligate race of Stuarts from the English throne, placed a Cromwell at the head of the nation, struck a fatal blow at the hierarchy, and gave birth to a new era of prosperity and hopefulness. Puritanism sent a little colony across the wintry seas to establish a Republic in America; it planted upon our shores institutions unlike

those of any other civilization; it established "a government of the people, by the people and for the people, which please God shall never perish from the earth."

The principles of the Puritan idea have in them enough of power to ensure the preservation and perpetuity of the American nation, promising continuous prosperity in national affairs, a constant advance toward the ultimate perfection of society.

If, however, there are multiplied forms of evil at the nation's doors, threatening the very existence of our Republic, it is not because of any lack in the Puritan idea. America has forsaken her former standard of personal purity and trust in God, and has established in its place the deceptive banner of personal liberty. It is license not liberty that the American people are coming more and more to deify. Jesuit, Socialist, Anarchist, secure in the possession of individual liberty, fearing no penalty except for open violence, are sowing the seeds of discontent, are preaching doctrines directly antagonistic to the traditions and institutions of America.

Our American life is gradually becoming leavened with French atheism, German nationalism and American Ingersollism. As the direct and necessary result of the growing unbelief in God's word and law, there are many evidences of an alarming retrogression in individual character and manhood. Law is being bought and sold like merchandise, the rich and poor are engaged in deadly strife, America is in danger because she has forsaken the foundation principles of our commonwealth.

Not in the land schemes of Henry George,

nor in the attractive socialist theories of Edward Bellamy, can we hope to find a solution to the great problems that so seriously threaten our civilization. Back, back to Puritanism must be the cry.

FRED W. PEAKES.

## Presentation Day,

Monday, July 1, 1895.

The class of '96 held their Presentation Day exercises on the campus, Monday afternoon. Chandler's Band furnished the music. The programme:

Oration,  
Poem,

C. E. DOW.  
FLORENCE E. DUNN.

The Battle of Marathon.

History of Gentlemen,

C. B. KIMBALL.

History of Ladies,

JESSIE E. PEPPER.

Awarding of Prizes,

J. L. THOMPSON.

Presentation of Raphael's Transfiguration.

### ORATION.

A question that has been asked very seriously of late is that concerning athletic sports. Do they deserve a place in college life? Are they at present too much exalted? Let us attempt to answer this question by a careful consideration of the advantages and disadvantages which are commonly attributed to these sports.

It is often said that a young man cannot be a good athlete and at the same time a good scholar; that as soon as he begins to give any attention to sports, studies are sure to be neglected. Now if this is true, if it is true that, as the physical standard is raised, the intellectual standard must be lowered, that as

sports advance into prominence, studies must retire into insignificance, it is a complete condemnation of sports; for study is the prime object of college life, and whatever threatens to usurp its place must be condemned. But it is not true. Time and time again, by splendid work in the class-room, accompanied by brilliant achievements on the diamond or the gridiron, have students demonstrated beyond denial that good scholarship and athletic prowess may go hand in hand. This is the universal testimony of college instructors.

Undeniably, however, there has been occasionally a tendency on the part of students to devote too large a share of their time to sports. Certain colleges have taken steps to prevent the growth of this tendency. The authorities have established rules, requiring that a student maintain a certain excellence of scholarship or be debarred from participation in any athletic contest. Thus a new incentive to study is furnished and the student is compelled to reserve a sufficient amount of his time and energy for intellectual work.

College instructors, who have been in close touch with college students for twenty-five years, tell us that there has been a remarkable improvement in the physical condition of the average student during that period. Twenty-five years ago, little attention was paid to the improvement of the body. The college men of that day gave their whole attention to the cultivation of the mind. Consequently many of them were in very poor physical condition.

Gradually, however, athletic sports came into prominence. They have produced a great change. To-day, young men, while

they still recognize the supreme importance of mental culture and accord to it the leading place, yet have a greater respect for bodily excellence than ever before and a greater desire to attain it. Poor physical condition has become a matter of reproach.

And what does this increased bodily excellence mean? It means a happier life in college, a life more free from illness; it means a greater power of acquiring knowledge, because a greater power of application to study. But this is not all. When the college life is ended and the man has entered the larger life of the world, a well-developed body ensures a more serviceable application of the mental training which the college has given, a greater power of usefulness in the world in any sphere.

How then shall we answer this question concerning athletic sports in college? It is evident that no evils are inherent in the sports themselves. Whatever evils arise are the outcome of abnormal conditions, of exaggeration. They affect few, and are easily remedied. Therefore when we consider that these sports have produced a remarkable improvement in the physical condition of students, that they have led to the development of many manly qualities, that they have furnished a new and effective motive for morality, that they have aroused a loyal and enthusiastic college spirit, must we not admit that they have won for themselves a prominent place in college life?

---

## POEM.

### THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

'Tis long since the tread of armies  
Was heard upon the plain,  
'Tis long since the town of Athens  
Beheld the victor's train.  
The gods that were then entreated  
Have now no shrine nor fane;  
Regardless of ancient splendor,  
The nations wax and wane.

But still is that day of glory  
Undimmed by after days,  
And still to the men of Athens  
The world accords its praise.  
The strength of that little army  
We see with glad amaze,  
And on the retreating Persians  
We turn our eager gaze.

And down through the din of ages  
We hear the footsteps fleet  
Of Eucles the eager runner,  
Who sped with tireless feet  
To hushed and expectant Athens,  
To tell the tidings sweet,  
And after his tale was ended  
Fell dead in Athens' street.

We stand with admiring Sparta  
Beside that distant sea,  
Where singly the men of Athens  
Had battled to be free.  
We muse on the time-worn story,  
Until our eyes can see  
Where standeth above the city  
The Wingless Victory.

The years have been full of fighting;  
By many other seas  
Have sounded the shouts of triumph  
Upon the autumn breeze.  
The hurry of one pursuing,  
The tread of him that flees  
Have crushed the flowers upspringing  
On many other leas.

'Tis more than undaunted courage  
That makes that day so rare,  
For soldiers have not been wanting  
As strong to do and dare,  
But never after Helen  
Can any be so fair,  
And it is the first-plucked garlands  
That those old heroes wear.

---

## HISTORY.

(Gentlemen.)

Did you ever listen to the croaking of the frogs in the day-time? If you have, you know how each frog seems to be trying to croak louder than the others. Such a concert is tiresome to every one. I suppose that you are wondering what connection the frogs have with class histories. Well, historians always remind me of the croaking frogs. Each historian seems to be trying to croak a little louder than previous historians. For this reason I always like to slip out back of the audience and talk with some girl while the historian is praising up his class. And now I am one of those tiresome historians myself. I suppose that I must croak a little to satisfy the class, but I will be brief.

I might tell of the Freshman-Sophomore ball game which we lost by a single score, of Bloody Monday night, of the frequent sun showers, of the mysterious departure of our beds, and of the disappearance of the Sophomore beds a few nights later. But this is an old, old story; every class has had just such experiences. Then there is the Freshman exit, that brilliant event in every class history, which always brings out the highest oratorical talent.

In our Sophomore year we passed through

the usual experiences of training the Freshmen. We distinguished ourselves in base ball and cane rushes and ended the year with a memorable banquet at Bradley's.

We are the only class that can claim the rare distinction of having had a two years' training under Prof. Currie. It was under his instruction that we learned that "expression is the manifestation of the emotions and psychic nature of man, made manifest by the inflection of tones and the various undulations of the voice," and similar definitions.

Every class has distinguished itself in the class-room. So has '96. I am not going to brag about the rank we have taken for fear you would not believe me. But if you are really interested to know, go examine the records. It was during our struggle with Greek Composition that the following motto was placed before us: "What man has done, man can do." The skill in horsemanship which we speedily acquired proved the truth of the motto.

We met our only Waterloo in the Anglo-Saxon examination. We all thought that we had destroyed our enemy forever and therefore we celebrated the victory by fitting ceremonies around the funeral pyre of that mighty maiden, Anglona Saxona. But woe to our mistaken judgment, for on the morning of the third day she arose and appeared to thirteen of our members, clothed in this form: "Dear sir: You failed to pass your examination in Anglo-Saxon."

We have taken a prominent part in athletics and shall next year, though we shall be dignified Seniors. On the foot-ball field '96 claims but little honor, but in this year's base ball

team much of the best material, including the captain, came from '96.

We have had a few unique experiences; we have had two men under arrest and had a lawsuit hanging over our heads for months. One man was arrested for singing on the street, but was released on proving that he could not sing a note. The other fellow was arrested for stealing a cannon. Why the city marshal let him go we never knew, but we surmised that he was so long in telling his story that the marshal got tired and told him to go.

Our relations with feminine '96 have been very cordial indeed. Perhaps Sam had us in mind when he said: "Matches are made in heaben, but I tinks dey hab started a branch factory in dis university."

But to return to the men of '96, with joking aside, I can honestly say that our class has so conducted itself during its three years' existence as to win uncommon respect from both faculty and students for its manliness and good sense. I will say no more lest I remind you too forcibly of the croaking frogs.

#### CLASS ODE.

AIR,—*A-Roving.*

On curving bank, with daisies white,  
In elm's and willow's shade,  
The river's voice, the warm sweet light,  
Join in a strain from pure delight  
To sing gray Colby's praises with Ninety-six.

CHORUS.

O Colby, our Colby,  
Forever in our hearts enshrined,  
Receive the love and praises of Ninety-six.  
Three lovelit golden years have flown,  
Dear Ninety-six, for thee.  
What pleasures rare, what joys are sown  
For us who claim thee for our own,  
And find in thee our fondest hopes, O Ninety-six.

[CHORUS.]

The blue and brown now sweetly blend

O'er many loyal hearts;

The graceful willows eager bend

To hear the cheer we all would send,

The "Colby! Colby! Rah, Rah, Rah!" of Ninety-six.

[CHORUS.]

#### HISTORY.

(Ladies.)

In my history I can do no more, and no better I believe, than to tell you the truth about us and so I have no wonderful tales for every line of college life, but only a few incidents from a delightful companionship between a dozen everyday girls. We really saw the class for the first time in Professor Foster's room. I cannot imagine anything more soothing to disturbed Freshman minds than the slow voice of Professor Foster as he deliberately told us of our duties and assured us of the hearty sympathy of the faculty; it robbed the unknown of half its terrors to have it spoken of in that familiar, confident fashion.

The next time we had a class meeting, for another purpose than lessons, we elected officers. We are very tender on this point and we never have told before now that one of the class suggested that we must have permission from the President of the college to hold this meeting, for she said "the '95 girls had made every preparation for a reception once, but they couldn't have it because they had not asked permission of President Small." We accepted the story in good faith. In that minute of despair over the rash step we were about to take, President Whitman's voice was heard in the upper hall. A girl was sent for the permission and she came back to us triumphant with the good news that President



Whitman "would trust the ladies of '96, in whatever they wished to undertake." Soon we had a reception for the gentlemen of '96. On that eventful evening our guests began to come and were piling up the stairs and crowding into the upper rooms. We, in the parlors, were all a white flutter of ribbons and lace. Our anxiety and excitement grew as the endless stream poured up the stairs and no one came down; we began to fear that they were dropping out of the windows and running home. When we could not endure the suspense any longer we called one boy down stairs and told him to send the rest down. '96 he and '96 she looked each other in the face, that night, shook hands and were friends.

In our Freshman year a quartette was formed. The quartette's first appearance was at the Freshman exit. Through the Sophomore year the quartette practiced enough to be able to sing at sociables and at college gatherings, but in the Junior year the absence of a leader and the crowding work here proved fatal to the life of the quartette.

There is one institution, however, begun in our Freshman year that has not and will not die; it is the weekly class prayer meeting. We gather after recitations for a few minutes only, yet these meetings have kept us to that mutual thoughtfulness and unity which has been the best in our class life, and are as much among our experiences as the gay times.

Through the Sophomore year the work kept on in a steady grind until examinations were done. The pressure had been heavy and once it was off the fun burst out in full force. What an exit that was with which we closed our Sophomore life! We held it at Pratt

Farm, riding there in a great barge with fun and laughter all the way. When we reached Pratt Farm the quiet of evening was just coming across the river and meadows. We sat on the lawn in front of the house and listened to a bell that called the Good Will Farm boys to evening prayers. In all this quiet beauty which we knew was about to be hidden by the darkness we began to think of the changes which were waiting in the next year. But when it grew darker we forgot all our pensiveness in a bonfire which we built on the top of a neighboring hill. There we had speeches on Elocution and kindred topics. Then we came back to the house where supper was waiting for us and with it the bright toasts that closed the evening for us.

When we stop to think how differently the lives have been running, we realize that on that exit the '96 with which we entered was gathered for the last time, probably. At the first of the year, we felt as if we had undergone a great change. The college seemed crowded with new students and we were lonesome. This notion, that we were joining the ranks of the traditions, made us very gloomy and dignified in our manner.

At this distressing crisis, when the girls of '96 were in danger of petrifying, the gentlemen of '96 saved us by giving us a reception. It was a promenade at Soper's hall. The hall was festooned with blue and brown, all about were rugs and chairs and tables. After the refreshments, the ceremonious marches gave place to a Virginia Reel, and in the midst of it all twelve o'clock came and the scattering to our homes.

We have had some very informal gatherings

since then, and I venture to say that in the future there will be more good times than ever, and we will learn how very good a thing it is to be "one of the '96 girls."

The following prizes were awarded by  
J. L. Thompson.

R. J.—Reformed Jockey.

Whip.

E. L. HALL.

M. B.—Monumental Bluffer.

Bag Brass Filings.

H. E. HAMILTON.

B. B. C.—Base Ball Crank.

Ball and Batstick.

C. E. SAWTELLE.

O. S. M.—Our Society Man.

Pair of Dancing Pumps.

I. F. BURTON.

O. H. E.—Our Harmless Egotist,

Pedestal.

F. W. PEAKES.

O. F. C.—Our Fair Canoeist.

Canoe Paddle.

MISS J. E. PEPPER.

'96's A. O's.—'96's Affluent Orators.

Book of Diagrams,

C. W. TURNER.

Box Lubricated Ideas.

W. L. HUBBARD.

Class of '98.

Squirt Gun.

#### PRESENTATION ODE.

AIR,—*Oh! Give Me a Home by the Sea.*

O strong to uplift and inspire,

O mother of wisdom and might,

Who teachest us still to aspire,

And armest our soul for the fight,

In return for the heaven-born fire

With which thou hast lighted our night,

To-day we would show our desire

To praise thee and thank thee aright.

The painter has striven to show  
The heavenly glory to man,  
And has captured a hint of the glow  
That shone ere the ages began.  
The light of that face we should throw  
On the walls of thy hall, if we can,  
That men may behold it and know  
How the tide of our gratitude ran.

### Senior Class Day.

Tuesday, July 2, 1895.

The Class of '95 held their Class Day exercises at the church and on the Campus, Tuesday forenoon and afternoon, July 2 and 3. Music by Chandler's Band. The programme:

#### AT THE CHURCH.

History of Gentlemen, HENRY WYMAN NICHOLS.

History of Ladies, MARY BLANCHE LANE.

Address to Undergraduates,

LILA PENDLETON HARDEN.

Oration,

J. COLBY BASSETT.

#### ON THE CAMPUS.

Prophecy, Gentlemen,

HOMER TARBOX WATERHOUSE.

Prophecy, Ladies,

EMMA FOUNTAIN.

Address to Undergraduates,

MELVIN ERASTUS SAWTELLE.

Parting Address,

ARCHER JORDAN.

### HISTORY.

(Gentlemen.)

With the public the opinion no doubt prevails, that it is the part of the historian, in seeking material for his history, to throw truth and facts to the winds and to rely entirely upon his imagination and what little he may remember of the events of his four years' course. Partly because of his well known and inherent regard for the truth, and partly because in this case a burlesque fiction

could not be made to equal the sublime reality, the historian of the class of '95 has decided to give to the public a strictly truthful account of the defeats and the victories of that class.

On that memorable September morning, when for the first time '95 stepped into its allotted place in the college world, we were the observed of all observers. Anything that is new will always attract attention and I suppose we were new. The "Sophs" appreciated our position and immediately challenged us to play the usual ball game. With what little time allowed to us for organization we marched bravely forth to battle and defeat.

Soon after we were treated to the festivities of "Bloody Monday night." Later in the fall we were the innocent cause of a commotion which brought forth in the *Globe* such startling headlines as "Colby's Blood," "What a darling little row the boys must have had" and showed us for the first time what true reporting ability is. On June 24th we fitly celebrated the close of a successful year by exiting to Bangor.

In the fall of '92 we returned to take up the duties of Sophomores. We defeated the Freshmen in the ball game, appropriately celebrated Bloody Monday night, with "Pete" as master of ceremonies, and all through the year fittingly contributed to the entertainment and success of our college.

When we became Juniors, we began to feel that dignified superiority which is the prerogative of an upper classman. As for Junior case, which unknown quantity other classes had found such difficulty in finding, we solved the equation from the first, and at no time

during that year did we know what it meant to plug.

During this last year we have fully felt the responsibility which has been placed upon us as Seniors. Whatever new task arose we tried, to the best of our ability, to accomplish it.

In athletics we have always held our own. On the diamond we have ever placed our proportion of the varsity nine. Of our record on the foot-ball field we are justly proud. This year, when new interest was aroused in track athletics, the college turned to us for a captain, and we were able to give them a man whom everyone knew would accomplish more than any other man in college. We have our share of the singers of the college, and during our first year, out of the fourteen men who comprised the Glee Club, five were '95 men. In the dramatic line, we have always given to the college and the town the star. In the future, when the people of Waterville wish to play Rosedale, they will have to look elsewhere for an Eliot Gray.

In our relations with the college and faculty we have ever tried to be courteous and friendly. I am certain that I truly voice the sentiment of my class when I say that our alma mater will always have a warm place in our hearts. Today the number of students at Colby is the largest in her history. No great improvements have been made during our course, but there is a marked change in the spirit of the students, and that change is for the better. If our college continues to improve in the future as she has in the past, there can be no doubt as to her history. It will ever be the wish of '95 that she may so continue to prosper.

## HISTORY.

(Ladies.)

No greater event in the annals of the college was ever chronicled than the entrance of the '95 co-ords.

Today we number ten; though we began our course with fifteen. At the end of our Freshman year, three of the girls left for other fields of work; two others followed their example during the next year; a third was obliged to drop back a year because of ill-health; and when we began work as Seniors still another had left our ranks. But during our Freshman year a new face was seen among us, and at the beginning of our Junior year we gained one from the preceding class, bringing our number up to ten,—ten true and loyal co-ords; for to us belongs the honor of being the second class of co-ords at Colby—co-ords in name, if not in practice.

We were fortunate in having as our example a worthy band of co-ords, whom we, as Freshwomen, respected and imitated in all good ways. We did not come to Colby to instruct the faculty, but to receive instruction from them. We never assumed that air of know-it-all-iteness, which is so common in Freshmen, and calls forth the best efforts of Sophomores to check. To be brief, we were modest and model Freshwomen.

One of the first questions to face when work was fairly begun, was that of a class color, a subject which, after being pondered long and calmly, still remained undecided. We were, however, most timely aided in our choice through the kindness of our instructor in mathematics, who sent us some beautiful pinks on the night of our Freshman party.

"Just the thing," we all cried; and pink and white were at once adopted.

We had many pleasant times to break the monotony of Freshman life, but the happiest of all was our Freshman exit. With thoughts free from syntax or irregular verbs, or the trials that we were called to meet in trigonometry, or the last exams, we took the afternoon train for Augusta, in happy possession of the horn presented to us by our '94 sisters.

Summer brought the needed rest, and in September we met again for a second year of work,—a year which passed quietly, happily, and all too soon. We bore the honors of Sophomoredom with becoming grace, and closed the jollities of the year with an exit, accompanied by fitting exercises.

The thought of Junior ease made our return to college after the vacation a little less irksome; but, alas! we were doomed to bitter disappointment. The "irregular verbs" of the German and the incessant articles of English Literature quite drove all thoughts of ease out of mind. It was almost as bad as the Greek and Latin roots which we had dug so persistently in our Freshman and Sophomore years. As our studies now became largely elective, we separated more or less as a class, and had the pleasure of holding our own against our brother class. Since they regarded study as a necessary recreation from their athletic pursuits, we found no difficulty in keeping pace with them. But the longest day has an end. Summer and the Round Robin were indeed welcome after our arduous work.

Once more the college bell called us to—

gether, this time as Seniors. We could now eat, drink and be merry. The land of Beulah had a peculiar charm for us; for, aside from the natural beauty of the place, it was quiet and restful to weary minds. The gladsome notes of the birds were in marked contrast to the hoots of the college owls heard on the campus. Here we could sit unmolested and, reviewing the past four years, consider how college life had affected us each.

---

CLASS ODE.

AIR— *In Happy Moments.*

Upon Time's busy whirring loom  
Fate wove a thread of gold,  
At times, unseen through dust and gloom,  
And yet, of strength untold.  
Through years of sunshine, years of shade,  
The golden thread has run;  
Its glint of brightness shall not fade;  
It binds our class in one.

The morning's benediction sweet  
Breathes on us ere we turn  
The untried field of life to greet,  
Where each may honors earn.  
All that we hitherto have won,  
No longer ours we call;  
The work before us to be done,  
Is grander than them all.

Yet "standing with reluctant feet,"  
Our thoughts turn once again  
To college fellowship so sweet,  
With blending joy and pain.  
Now, answering Duty's whisper low,  
With hope and courage high,  
We gladly face the future's glow  
Slow reddening all the sky.

---

ORATION.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

Straight across the Atlantic, just off the Western coast of the European Continent, lies the island of Ireland, the greenest in all

the seas, teeming with human life, prolific of the elements of its support and denying life to whatever is noxious. Long ago there came to this island a race now known as the Celts. Here they founded an independent civilization and for 2,000 years, under the Milesians, the arts and sciences flourished. St. Patrick had brought Christianity to the island and Ireland abounded in learned men. But Henry the second of England appeared on the scene and devastating Ireland with fire and sword, claimed to be conqueror of the whole island. The Irish asserted their own independence. From this time on there has been perpetual clash. England oppressed Ireland in every way possible; introduced penal code and deprived Irish Catholics of all personal rights. When the American Revolution gave hope of freedom to enslaved masses everywhere, the Irish made a determined effort for freedom. England granted a separate parliament for a while and then fettered and manacled more than ever before Ireland was annexed to Great Britain. And what is the picture she presents today? Poverty has stalked through the isle. Hunger has lingered in her valleys, sickness in her dwellings, sin and madness in her secret places. Her soil is fertile; it bears only a starving peasantry. She has noble rivers; they flow unburdened to the sea; capacious harbors; their surface is unruffled; mines of wealth; they slumber untouched in the sleeping earth and her people are living in huts unworthy of the savage and upon food almost too wretched for the brutes. But the independence of the Irish nation, although future, is not far distant. Its righteousness and necessity have been demonstrated. The spirit of

the people and of humanity demand it. The children of Ireland will yet live on the fullness of her soil. Plenty will come; peace be established; confidence come with peace; capital follow confidence; employment increase with capital; education will be desired; knowledge be diffused, and virtue will grow with knowledge.

Then that "Emerald" set in the midst of the seas, with her luxuriant fields and her green hills so fair to look upon, will be regenerated and her generous, handsome race of men will rise from their degradation and take their place among the people of the world.

---

### SENIOR PROPHECY.

(Gentlemen:)

Once more the classic shades of Colby resound with the last exercises of a class soon to go forth into the active arena of life.

Once more a member has been surrounded by the mysteries of the future and lingers for a moment in the portal, as he unravels the tangled skein of future destiny.

It is thus as the unraveler of the tangled web of fate, that I stand before you this afternoon. On first looking into the awful mazes, I trembled at the thought of fathoming the mysteries alone and unaided. Was there any power, human or divine, any agency, natural or supernatural, that would aid me in the undertaking?

I was about to give up in despair my search for some person of truth, veracity and superhuman knowledge, when recently, on a trip of recreation to the wilds of Maine, I met a little old man crouched near a small

fire burning before his camp. As I approached and spoke to him, he muttered a reply and motioned me away, but I determined to remain, and unbidden, I sat down near him, offering him a cigar. At first he was much inclined to be silent, but the smoke circling from his good Havana seemed to revive some innate power and to animate his conversation.

From the drifting conversation I concluded that he possessed some extraordinary foresight, for I saw he was an expert guesser. In answer to questions continuously asked him, he reluctantly admitted his wonderful endowment, by the Fates and Satanic spirits, of true prophetic foresight. Here, then, was offered the golden opportunity of learning the true record of the class of '95, and to my request for its future story he nodded assent. Lighting a second Havana he summoned his troop of spirits, and after a brief silence said he would read the brilliant but checkered story of '95.

This story, whether good or bad, tragic or comic, I propose to relate to you. Some may prefer that I would remain silent, but I shall serve all alike, and let each drink his portion, be it bitter or sweet, with a smile. As I am fully unaccountable for what inexorable Fate has allotted to each, let no one reproach me for that future, whether it be embowered with garlands and roses or whether it be studded with thorns and thistles.

To the words of my inspired companion in relating the fascinating story of this class, I listened with eagerness. He began: "I read here of a tall but portly gentleman, who in the earlier days of his course was not noted for his extreme mental exertions, but was

ever famous for his constant and untiring efforts to convince an august faculty that he was a burner of midnight oil (as indeed he was). In later years, natural tendency induced him to gird himself with the armor of Republicanism and enter as one of the great champions in the political arena, promulgating the protective principles in his Belfast precincts. Here the record became somewhat blotted and only occasional words were legible, such as alderman, councilman, congressman. Here Hugh reached the height of his aspiration. What a change from the radical Democratic principles of his former years.

What has been the record of that youthful prodigy, Austin White Snare, it was hard for my inspired friend to ascertain, indeed, the record looked, he told me, as though Snare had written it himself, and if so, it was no wonder that it could scarcely be read, but the short, disconnected words seemed to me about as follows: "A short, thick-set man—a deer—a rifle—a hut—a bag of gold, and last, a dark colored woman with straight, coarse, black hair." Alas, what could all this mean—that Austin had married for a bag of gold and then chose a sportsman's life? How else could the page be construed?

I then inquired for Nichols, but under his name nothing could be found. What this signifies I must leave for others to interpret.

From poor, unfortunate Nic., my attention was turned to the brilliant radiance which shines forth from the record of one of the bright and shining lights in the galaxy of '95. It seems that the rough edge of time had not dulled the keenness and alertness of Bassett's mind, for my friend assured me that America

had produced but three great jurists, Chief Justice Marshall, Chancellor Kent, and Judge Josiah Colby Bassett, Chief Justice of Massachusetts Supreme Court, whose great legal learning had caused his rulings to be quoted as precedents bearing on Constitutional Law. Connected with the record of Judge Bassett was a newspaper clipping from the *Boston Journal* of June 29th, 1917, describing a scene in a court over which the now portly but dignified Colby was the presiding genius. But here, thought I, was nothing of interest for me, when, lo! my eyes met the name of Jackson. Was he the degraded prisoner at the grim bar of justice? Could it be that one of the noble band of '95 would soon be clothed in a convict garb? O Fate! But what had Jackson done? Had he done anything? Strange to say, that seemed to be the very trouble, for he was charged with aimlessly and carelessly wandering about here on the earth without any license or pretext whatever, thinking little of human affairs, except what good excuse he could offer for living; for Jackson's old habit of making excuses, and his mouth trouble still clung to him. The atrocity of Jackson's crime, as viewed by the twentieth century may best be learned from the eloquent words of Billy Waters, the able prosecuting attorney:

"Gentlemen of the Jury," began the eloquent speaker, "you must admit the soundness of the evidence, which clearly proves the person at the bar to be guilty of an offence which is one of the most appalling menaces to the advance of civilization, which crowns the lofty social monument, which the potent sociological forces of the—en—en—(Here Billy's

eagle soared too high for me.) "Gentlemen of the Jury, this is an offence punishable only by solitary confinement, and now, in conclusion, let me remind you that the law plainly says: 'any person found guilty of having no aim, right or reason for living, shall not escape with impunity.'"

At this point, my old companion, drawing himself up, said: Two of your classmates were pre-eminent men of the next century. The first, Jewett, whose original and unheard-of ideas, whose conceited manner of logical reasoning, and whose tenacity to his own conviction that the men of his time were inferior to his predecessors, owing to the oppression of the opposite sex, had made of him a typical lecturer, going throughout the country, haranguing the people on questions of men's rights. His flow of rhetoric, the melliflence and persuasion of his sweet voice, drew true admirers from both sexes for miles about him. Indeed, it was another strange whirl of fortune that this man, Jewett, who had so ardently admired the fair sex in the days of his balmy youth, should have become their most unrelenting enemy.

Jewett took as an illustration of the degeneracy of man, the example of Hopkins, who was at that time living in a New York flat on the twenty-seventh story, by night earnestly engaged taking in washing and whatever was portable, and by day pleading ardently to convince the authorities that the strong breezes from the Bowery had had sufficient force to put the missing goods to flight. Hopkins, from early practice, had acquired this art and was now practicing it to proficiency.

The other, the name of a renowned electri-

cian, Prof. Ford, who has become famous by the invention of a single machine, which had entirely supplanted the use of the modern bicycle. It was an aerial machine, fitted for two occupants. The motive power was electricity, generated by the famous coon-skin and the glass rod, the great power of which the inventor had become familiar with under the training of his eminent instructor, Prof. Rogers, Ph.D.

John Hedman, it seems, had purchased one of these machines, and shortly after started on his wedding tour with his fair mate, soaring skyward toward some happy Utopia, to whose inhabitants he was going to prove that a son of Aroostook could make fig trees blossom in snow-banks and ripen their fruit by moonlight.

But will the inventive genius of '95 ever be surpassed? For my friend next related how Boy Bearce had been the discoverer and sole proprietor of what was known as "Boy Bearce's Great Specific, or Sure Cure for Love Sickness." Bearce had discovered this nostrum just in time to save his own life from a terrible malady. It soon became very popular, and on every corner stood a hawker, ever and eternally crying, "Boy Bearce's Great Specific, three bottles for a quarter."

Of Walter Gray my friend said little, except that he passed a quiet life in a country grocery, where he sold flour by the quart, octagon soap by the half cake, and other articles in a like wholesale manner.

But when he came to the story of Robinson, his face lighted up with a sort of a cynic smile. Robinson became disgusted with the ways of the world, and being unable to bring



the universe about to his method of thinking, rather than be the cause of a revolution, he took his departure from Earth to Mars, where he hoped to introduce the game of football, and gain renown as the famous full back. But what became of little John? His warlike nature had induced him to join the army and pass the life of a drummer boy.

At last, the future of '95 was as clear as the noonday sun. Each member following the bent of his own natural genius has tried to engrave his name deeply on the tablet of Time. Is the olive wreath of victory placed on every brow? Alas! no! The measure of success meted out to each has been related to you; myself being merely the passive agent of one who, for our mutual benefit, has brushed away the mists that hide from common view the mysteries of the future.

Satisfied with my results, I bade him disperse his troop of spirits and have with me a quiet smoke to the long life and prosperity of '95. This we did, and as the last wreath of smoke curled and vanished in the thickening shades of evening, I bade farewell to my old friend and left him alone in his humble cabin.

---

### PIPE ODE.

AIR,— *Private Tommy Atkins.*

Oh, Solomon, the wisest of all men,  
Says that life is but the shadow of a shade,  
Just a puff of smoke that rises up and then  
Fades quickly as the clouds of evening fade.  
It doesn't matter what we call our life,  
Or what its promise ends in—smoke or fame—  
Today in this glad meeting, while we give each other  
greeting,  
Why shouldn't we be happy just the same?

### CHORUS.

O, Colby, Mother Colby, here's a greeting, heart and hand,  
You're a credit to your calling, and to all your native land;  
May your luck be never failing, may your love be ever true,  
God bless you, Alma Mater, here's a pipe of peace to you!  
Oh, smoke's a peaceful emblem everywhere,  
It curls above a myriad happy homes,  
It brightens with the sunshine in the air,  
Like a shining airy dream it goes and comes.  
It doesn't matter what we call our life,  
Or what its promise ends in—smoke or fame—  
If we send our troubles flying like that wreath of smoke that's dying,  
Why shouldn't we be happy just the same?

### CHORUS.

O, classmates, brothers, sisters, here's a greeting heart and hand,  
You're a credit to old Colby, and to all your native land;  
May your luck be never failing, may your love be ever true,  
God bless you Ninety-five, and here's a pipe of peace to you!

---

### FAREWELL ODE.

AIR,— *Juanita.*

Up through the willows  
Breathes the restless river's song,  
Telling the secrets  
It hath hidden long;  
We must follow, follow  
To life's wider, deeper sea  
And, O loving mother,  
Say farewell to thee.

Colby, our glory,  
Sing we while the tear-drops start.  
Mighty, yet tender,  
Is thy mother-heart.  
As 'neath thy willows  
The swift river floweth on,  
May it remind thee  
Of thy children gone.

May thy love-light ever  
Add more brightness to our day,  
As with strong endeavor  
Press we on our way.  
Colby, gracious mother,  
Words our love can never tell,  
Yet we must leave thee,  
With this last farewell.

## PARTING ADDRESS.

Upon this occasion, when there is in our hearts so much of sadness at the thought of parting forever from the friends and the associations with which we have been so intimate during the last four years, to me has fallen the task of saying the last adieu before we go forth to enter upon the new life which awaits us.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have reason to be congratulated that it has fallen to our lot to graduate at this gala time, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of our "Alma Mater," a time which we all believe marks a milestone in her history. Her past has been an unbroken series of triumphs, and with such a magnificent foundation upon which to build, her future is assured.

We rejoice with the many friends of this institution over the glorious history of our college in the past, but in the midst of our rejoicing has come the sad news that our brilliant young president is so soon to leave us. Dr. Whitman has won the respect, the admiration, the love, of every man who has enjoyed the privilege of being under his instruction. His firm, guiding hand has directed the work of our college and has done much to bring it to its present standard of excellence. His work here has been a noble one. His departure from us is no less noble. Instead of remaining here to enjoy the fruits of his labors he willingly goes to other fields to begin anew his work of organization and up-building.

\* \* \* \* \*

To him who has earned and will always retain a warm place in our hearts, who has ever

been to us a kind, true, and faithful friend, the class of '95 extends a simple, earnest, sad farewell.

This commencement day marks also a milestone in our lives, a goal reached, the closing to many of our student life—the opening of our future. Four years ago we gathered here as mere boys, unknown to each other, unknown to ourselves. We have profited by the instruction we have received, by the associations we have formed. Here we have learned to know the world, to know each other, and best of all to know ourselves. We must now leave the dear old halls as men, having our eyes opened to our responsibilities, confident of our preparation and anticipating success. Throughout our course we have tried to do our work faithfully. Let us now remember that what ever of good we may secure for ourselves shall redound to the credit of our college. We owe much to her. Let us do all in our power to make her name more famous.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The sea of life rolls on." Each of us must look away from his own sorrows over the many-colored world and note what is passing there. To each of us a place will be assigned. May we each fill it faithfully, however unpretentious it may seem.

And now we must separate to the four winds, each to tread for himself the hidden pathway of the future. Year by year some of us will meet together around the festive board to renew old acquaintance and keep up the old class ties. It is of course impossible that all members of our class can assemble thus together, but may all of us who are absent at such times, wherever we may be, or in whatever duty we may be engaged, may we drink to the health of our Alma Mater and of those who have guided us through these four hard but pleasant years, the associations of which will ever be dear to us all.

**MERRIMAN, \* The Tailor.**  
NO. 6 SILVER STREET.

It will be to your advantage to call on him if you want  
**TAILOR-MADE CLOTHES.**

—First Class Work and Prices to suit the times.—  
Cleansing, Repairing and Pressing  
Promptly and Neatly Done.

**MERRIMAN, THE TAILOR,**  
No. 6 Silver St., Waterville, Me.

W. B. ARNOLD.

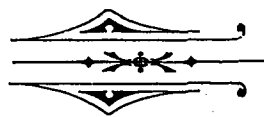
O. G. SPRINGFIELD.

**W. B. Arnold & Co.,**  
**HARDWARE,**

Nails, Iron and Steel, Carriage Woodwork, Stoves and Furnaces,  
Glass, Paints and Oil's, Mill Supplies, Black Powder and  
High Explosives.

**DOORS, SASH & GLAZED WINDOWS,**  
Tinsmiths, Steam and Water Fitters.  
WATERVILLE, - - - - - MAINE.

*Starbird*



Photographer,

93 MAIN ST.,

Waterville, Me.

IF YOU WANT

**Candy or Ice Cream**

THE PLACE TO GET IT IS AT

**C. H. WHEELER'S CANDY FACTORY,**  
MAIN STREET.

**WEAR The EMERSON SHOE.**

THE PERFECT FITTING SHOES FOR TENDER FEET. They are positively the EASIEST SHOES WORN. SOLD direct and only to the consumer at ONE FAIR PRICE by the Makers.  
GET THE BEST WHEN YOU CAN.

AT RETAIL UNDER PREBLE HOUSE, PORTLAND, ME.



**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S**  
**Steel Pens.**

THE FAVORITE NOS. 303-404-332-170-351—WITH  
HIS OTHER STYLES SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



Official Jeweler to all  
**FRATERNITIES**  
by Special Appointment.



Exclusive Attention  
Given to  
High-Grade Work.

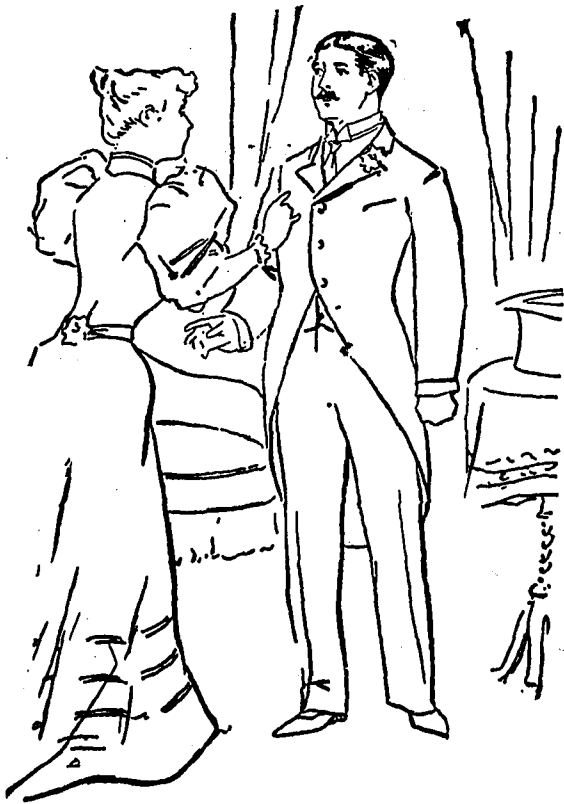
**P. S. HEALD,**  
**FINE GUSTOM and READY-MADE CLOTHING.**

*Large Line of Hats, Caps and Gent's Furnishing Goods.*

102 MAIN STREET,

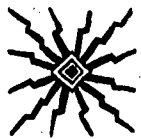
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

**REDINGTON & COMPANY,**  
DEALERS IN  
**FURNITURE, + CARPETS, + CROCKERY,**  
**MIRRORS, MATTRESSES. UNDERTAKERS AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS.**  
SILVER STREET, WATERVILLE, MAINE.



TO BE  
**WELL DRESSED**

Have your clothes made by



**L. R. BROWN,**  
Merchant Tailor,

And Dealer in Woolens.

Bridge Street,

**FAIRFIELD, ME.**

Samples, 23 North College.

**Rensselaer**  
**Polytechnic**  
**Institute,**  
**Troy, N.Y.**

Local examinations provided for. Send for a Catalogue.

THE  
**Newton Theological Institution,**  
**NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.**

Seven professors and three instructors. Regular course three years. English course two years. Instruction in the two courses separate. French department. Instruction in mission and other Christian work. Large range of elective studies in regular course and for resident graduates. Elocution through the whole course. Furnished rooms. Steam heat.

**ALVAH HOVEY, President.**

**OLD CLOTHES**

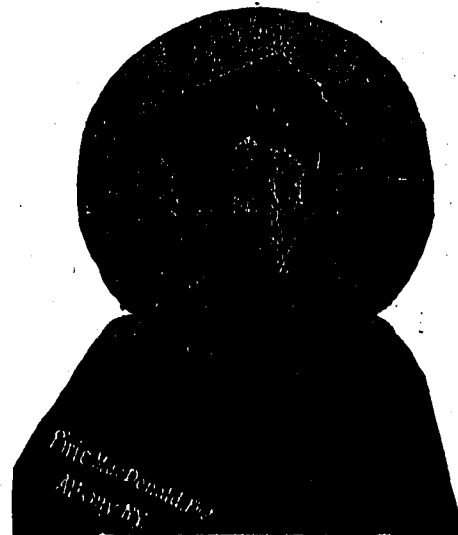
MADE TO

**LOOK LIKE NEW.**

**E. W. FOSTER,**

No. 5 Silver Street,

Waterville, Maine.



**COTRELL & LEONARD,**

**ALBANY, N. Y.**

472 and 474 BROADWAY

—MAKERS OF—

**CAPS and GOWNS**

FOR THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

Mannual, samples, etc. on application.

Correspondence invited.

**New England Bureau of Education**

3 Somerset St., Room 5, Boston, Mass.

This Bureau is the oldest in New England, and has gained a national reputation. We receive calls for teachers of every grade, and from every State and Territory and from abroad. During the administration of its present Manager he has secured to its members, in salaries, an aggregate of \$1,500,000, yet calls for teachers have never been so numerous as during the current year. In one N. E. City we have Ten Teachers employed, 4 ladies and 6 men, whose aggregate salaries equal \$11,950. Teachers seeking positions should register at once. No charge to school officers for services rendered. Forms and circulars free. Address or call upon

**HIRAM ORCUTT, Manager**

# C. E. MATTHEWS, First Class Meats, Groceries and Provisions.

M. D. JOHNSON,  
— DENTIST —

66 MAIN STREET, - - WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 6 p. m.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas and Ether constantly on hand.

—BUY AT HEADQUARTERS.—

**L. H. Soper & Co.**

CARRY THE LARGEST LINE OF

Dry Goods, Small Wares, &c.  
IN THE CITY.

Learned & Brown,  
— PLUMBERS, —

STEAM AND HOT WATER FITTERS.

Agents for the GURNEY HOT WATER BOILERS  
Electric Heat Regulators for Steam and Hot Water  
Boilers and Furnaces.

DOLLOFF & DUNHAM,

— DEALERS IN —

**CLOTHING,**

Hats, Caps and Gent's Furnishings.

MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE, MAINE.

**F. A. HARRIMAN,**

DEALER IN

**WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY,**

SILVER, CUT GLASS, OPERA GLASSES, SPECTACLES,  
etc. Fine Watch Work a Specialty.

52 Main Street, - - Waterville, Maine.

M. S. GOODRICH, M. D.

Office Cor. Main & Common Sts

OFFICE HOURS:

2 to 4—7.30 to 8.30 P. M.

“ELMWOOD”

Livery, \* and \* Boarding  
STABLE.

ELMWOOD HOTEL.

GEO. JEWELL, Proprietor.

Hacks for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc.  
Also Barges for Large Parties.

C. A. HENRICKSON,

— DEALER IN —

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS.

Come and Get Our Prices.

— DINSMORE —  
**The POPULAR SHOE DEALER**

CARRIES THE FINEST LINE  
IN THE CITY.

No. 92 Main Street, - - Waterville, Maine.

**CUT FLOWERS**

For Receptions, Commencement, etc.  
should be ordered at LARRY'S.

**SODA,** Very Fine, Summer and Winter, at LARRY'S.

Combs, Brushes, Sponges, etc., and all supplies  
for the Room or Laboratory.

**J. F. LARRABEE '87, The Druggist.**

## Bay View House,

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Steam Heat and Electric Lights Throughout.  
Sample Rooms on Ground Floor.

Free Carriage. Billiard and Pool Room.

TERMS \$2.00 PER DAY.

D. E. FISKE, - - - Proprietor.

## The FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES,

EVERETT O. FISK & CO., Proprietors.

PRESIDENT.

EVERETT O. FISK, - { 4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.  
Long Distance Telephone 2580.

MANAGERS.

W. B. HERRICK, - - - 4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.  
H. E. CROCKER, - - - 70 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.  
W. O. PRATT, - - - 70 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.  
Mrs. S. D. THURWOOD, - 803 Twelfth St., Washington, D. C.  
B. F. CLARK, - - - 106 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
W. O. McTAGGART, - - - 32 Church St., Toronto, Can.  
O. C. BOYNTON, - - - 120 1-2 Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

## W. E. CHADWICK,

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines

And Musical Merchandise.

The Finest Quality of Violin, Banjo and Guitar Strings  
a Specialty.

162 Main St., - - - Waterville, Maine.

## F. A. WING & CO.,

Headquarters for the

## FINEST • FRUITS

in their Season. Also a

Fine Line of Confectionery.

44 Main Street, - - - Waterville, Maine.

## GLOBE STEAM LAUNDRY,

T. J. FROTHINGHAM, Proprietor,

80 and 82 Temple St., Portland, Maine.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

F. W. PEAKES, Agent, Colby.

## G. S. FLOOD & CO.,

Shippers and Dealers in all kinds of

## Anthracite & Bituminous Coal.

Also Wood, Lime, Cement, Hair, Pressed Hay  
Straw and Drain Pipe.

Coal Yards & Office Cor. Main & Pleasant Sts.

Down Town Office, Marston Block.

## A. E. BESSEY, M. D.

RESIDENCE NO. 72 ELM ST.

Office, No. 88 Main Street, over Millinery Store of  
Mathews & Irish.

Office Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 7 to 8 P. M.  
Sundays, 3 to 4 P. M.

## J. A. VIGUE'S

Is the place to buy your

## Groceries and Provisions Cheap.

He keeps a large Stock of Good Goods and  
his prices are always the LOWEST.

## AGENTS WANTED.

Ladies and gentlemen to take orders from samples. Also  
a few book agents wanted. For liberal terms, address,  
2w2 E. N. PIERCE, Rockland, Maine.

## Elmwood Hotel,

The Largest and Leading Hotel in the City.

Cuisine and Service First Class.

Superior Sanitary Arrangements.

H. E. JUDKINS, Prop.,

WATERVILLE, - - - MAINE.

## S. L. PREBLE,

## • PHOTOGRAPHER. •

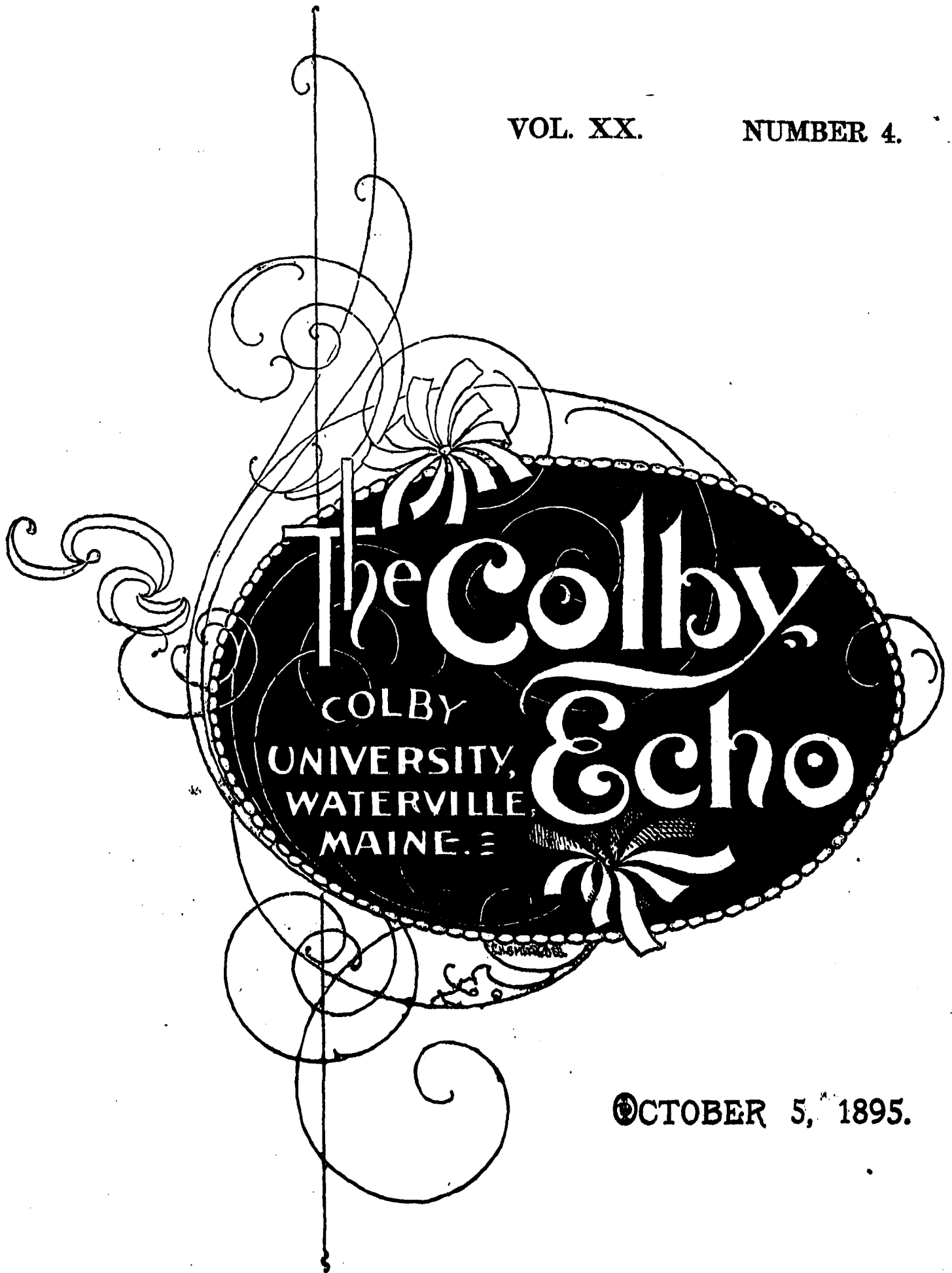
Guarantees his work to be 100 per cent. better than any that can be obtained elsewhere in the state.  
Call at his Studio and be convinced that his statement is correct.

86 MAIN STREET.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

VOL. XX.

NUMBER 4.



OCTOBER 5, 1895.

THE  
**Newton Theological Institution,**  
NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

Year begins Sept. 3, 1895. Entrance examinations in Colby Hall at 9 A.M. Students admitted Wednesday at 9 A.M. Seven professors and two instructors. Regular course three years. English course two years. Instruction in the two courses separate. French department. Instruction in mission and other Christian work. Large range of elective studies in regular course and for resident graduates. Elocution through the whole course. Furnished rooms.

ALVAH HOVEY, President.

M. D. JOHNSON,  
— DENTIST —  
66 MAIN STREET, - WATERVILLE, MAINE  
Office Hours from 8 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 6 p. m.  
Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas and Ether constantly on hand.

BUY AT HEADQUARTERS.  
**L. H. Soper & Co.**

CARRY THE LARGEST LINE OF  
**Dry Goods, Small Wares, Etc.**  
IN THE CITY.

LEARNED & BROWN  
— PLUMBERS, —  
STEAM AND HOT WATER FITTERS

Agents for the GURNEY HOT WATER BOILERS  
Electric Heat Regulators for Steam and Hot Water  
Boilers and Furnaces.

DOLLOFF & DUNHAM,  
— DEALERS IN —  
**CLOTHING,**  
Hats, Caps and Gent's Furnishings.  
MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE, MAINE.

F. A. HARRIMAN,  
DEALER IN  
Watches, Diamond, Jewelry,  
Clocks, Silverware, Silver Novelties, Colby  
Banner Pins and Link Cuff Buttons.  
— FINE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. —  
You will find the largest stock of **P. A. HARRIMAN'S.**  
OPTICAL GOODS at  
Glasses Fitted by a Graduate Optician.  
52 Main Street, - - Waterville, Maine.

M. S. GOODRICH, M. D.  
Office Cor. Main & Common Sts.

OFFICE HOURS:

2 to 4 — 7.30 to 8.30 P. M.

"ELMWOOD"  
Livery \* and \* Boarding  
STABLE.  
ELMWOOD HOTEL.  
GEO. E. AYER, Proprietor.  
Hacks for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc.  
Also Barges for Large Parties.

C. A. HENRICKSON,  
— DEALER IN —  
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS.  
Come and Get Our Prices.

— DINSMORE —  
The Popular Shoe Dealer,  
CARRIES THE FINEST LINE  
IN THE CITY.  
No. 92 Main Street, - - Waterville, Maine.

CUT FLOWERS  
For Receptions, Commencement, etc.  
should be ordered at LARRY'S.  
SODA, Very Fine, Summer and Winter, at  
LARRY'S.  
Combs, Brushes, Sponges, etc., and all supplies  
for the Room or Laboratory.

J. F. LARRABEE '87, The Druggist.

OLD CLOTHES  
MADE TO  
**LOOK LIKE NEW.**

E. W. FOSTER,  
No. 5 Silver Street, - Waterville, Maine.



# COLBY UNIVERSITY.

CHARTERED IN 1820.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE UNTIL 1867.

## Officers of the Corporation.

Hon. JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, LL. D.

Vice President and Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Hon. PERCIVAL BONNEY, A. M.

Treasurer.

## Faculty of Instruction.

NATHANIEL BUTLER, D. D., PRESIDENT.

Babcock Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

EDWARD W. HALL, A.M.,

Registrar and Librarian.

WILLIAM ELDER, A.M., Sc.D.,

Merrill Professor of Chemistry.

JULIAN D. TAYLOR, A.M.,

Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.

LABAN E. WARREN, A.M., LL. D.,

Professor of Mathematics and Lecturer on Art.

GEORGE D. B. PEPPER, D.D., LL. D.,

Professor of Biblical Literature.

WILLIAM A. ROGERS, Ph. D., LL. D.,

Professor of Physics and Astronomy.

WILLIAM S. BAYLEY, Ph. D.,

Professor of Mineralogy and Geology.

CARLTON B. STETSON, A.M.

Professor of Greek.

J. WM. BLACK, Ph. D.,

Professor of History and Political Economy.

ARTHUR J. ROBERTS, A. B.

Professor of Rhetoric.

ANTON MARQUARDT, Ph. D.,

Instructor in Modern Languages.

AUSTIN H. EVANS, A. B.,

Instructor in Greek

H. C. JACKSON, A. B.,

Instructor in Physical Culture.

JOHN HEDMAN, A.B.,

Assistant in Modern Languages.

PROFESSOR STETSON,

Secretary.

## The Course of Instruction.

Is substantially identical with the Classical Course in the larger Colleges of New England. There are Special Courses open to those prepared to take them. Additional facilities for laboratory work are now furnished.

## Apparatus and Cabinet.

The departments of Physics and Chemistry are well equipped for experiments. For the study of Natural Science there are collections illustrative of Ornithology, Conchology, Geology and Mineralogy. The Observatory is furnished with a telescope and other instruments for instruction in Astronomy.

## Physical Training.

The general principles of Physical Education are taught by lectures in the first year. Exercises in Gymnastics are required of the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The gymnasium is well provided with the most approved apparatus.

## Library and Reading Room.

The University Library of 30,000 bound volumes is a choice collection well arranged in a building which is a model of its kind. The alcoves are open to the students, and the contents of the shelves are rendered easy of access by means of a card catalogue and indexes. The Reading-room contains the best periodicals, and is always open.

## Expenses.

The Trustees are determined to furnish the best possible education at the lowest practical cost. Tuition is \$60 per annum. The total necessary expenses of each year, including board, washing fuel and lights, are from \$225 to \$275.

## Scholarships and Prizes.

The University has 70 endowed scholarships amounting to \$80,000, the income of which, in sums of from \$36 to \$60 per annum, is credited on the term bills of worthy students who may need assistance. Two prizes of \$50, and two second prizes of \$25, are offered for superior preparation for admission. Other prizes are offered during the course for excellence in composition, declamation, reading and German.

For Catalogues or any further information apply to the President.

CALL AT  
**H. C. GOULD'S,**

115 MAIN STREET,  
WATERVILLE, ME.,

FOR A GOOD  
Hair Cut, Shave, Shampoo,  
Sea Foam,

Or anything in our line. It is  
HEADQUARTERS FOR COLBY BOYS.

*H. C. GOULD, The Hair Cutter.*

**GEO. W. DORR, PHARMACIST.**

PHENIX BLOCK, WATERVILLE.  
FINE PERFUMES, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.

SPONGES, SOAPS AND BRUSHES OF ALL KINDS.

Imported and Domestic Cigars,  
Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc.

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Personal attention Given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

**GEORGE W. DORR.**

*Starbird*



Photographer,

93 MAIN ST.,

Waterville, Me.

**LORING, SHORT & HARMON,**

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Books, Stationery and Paper Hangings.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

**BLANK BOOKS.**

474 Congress St., Opposite Preble House.

**BEST BARGAINS**

—IN—

**Boots and Shoes,**

AT S. A. ESTES,

No. 5 Main St.,

Waterville, Maine.

GIVE US A CALL.

**University Bookstore.**

College Text books of all kinds constantly on hand. Stationery, Lecture and Note Books,  
Pens, Pencils, Ink, Mucilage, etc. Marketable Second Hand Books bought and sold.

Books not in stock procured at short notice. Tennis and Sporting Goods a  
Specialty. We solicit your patronage.

**FOSS & COLLINS,**

18 SOUTH COLLEGE.

**A Popular Prescription**

**Rx**

For HEALTH  
and WEALTH

Take BICYCLING  
and LIFE INSURANCE

Sig. Moderate runs.  
Ample Policies.  
Result - - -  
Happiness of Heart.  
Peace of Mind.

DR. STRONG.

If the policy-holder who rides a  
wheel doesn't live longer, he cer-  
tainly enjoys life better. If he dies,  
his family will be left well-to-do.  
If he lives, a cash profit will come  
to himself at the end of a stated  
period.

Everything behooves the men of  
to-day to insure their lives with

MAINE'S

UP-TO-DATE

WIDE-AWAKE

OLD-LINE

INSURANCE INSTITUTION.

**Union Mutual Life  
Insurance Co.,**

Has Over \$2,000,000.00 Portland, Maine.  
Invested in Maine.

Is a large factor in the development  
of the State. Insure with it and

**KEEP YOUR MONEY  
CIRCULATING AT HOME.**