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Delaware College Review.

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DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW,
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WITH this number the REVIEW completes the third year of its existence as an institution in Delaware College. For three years the successive editors have spent much time in trying to keep the Alumni and friends of the college well informed on all topics which was deemed of importance to them. We have also tried to voice the sentiment of the majority of the students, so that matters of interest might be brought before the notice of both trustees and faculty. For this we have been blamed, threatened and opposed, but we have tried to do our duty and do nothing that would injure, and everything that would increase the prosperity of our Alma Mater. We did not attempt to run things or "to hold a lash over" any one's head, but deemed we had as much right to voice the sentiments of the students, as any legitimate journal in this country has a right to voice the sentiments of the people,

whether they be for or against the executive and authorities. Sincerity of speech cannot but beget enemies, and so we suppose there are some who would like to strangle us, but we are rejoiced to say that we have many staunch friends, whose words and letters of praise have done much to stimulate our efforts, and in the circulation of 30,000 REVIEWS we are assured that we have made many friends, and many more acquaintances for Delaware College.

THE Class of '85 has bid a long farewell to their student life in Delaware College, and it now becomes the REVIEW to deliver somewhat of a valedictory to its friends, enemies and lovers, but as much of us will be with you again next year, we need not make our remarks very prolonged. Let it suffice to say that we heartily thank our contributors, subscribers and advertisers for their support, which has allowed us to be one of the few college papers that has paid expenses through the individual efforts of those concerned. We wish the members of the Class of '85 a prosperous and successful voyage on the sea of life, and hope that they may all do credit to their Alma Mater, and never forget the homage and debt they owe to her, and that her prosperity depends greatly on their efforts and support. We hope that those who are to return next year are enjoying a pleasant and profitable vacation, and that their minds may be refreshed, so that their earnest efforts for a thorough education may be renewed. To the prospective Class of '89 we send greeting, hoping that you in quality and quantity may outshine all previous classes. To all we say farewell, with a God-speed to all your efforts and labors for the good of your fellow-men.

WE think the gentlemen of the Cecil county Base ball club had better learn to abide by the decision of umpires, especially when they are of their own selection, and to try to get their correspondent for the *Every Evening* to write a report with, at least, some semblance of truth.

IT is more than a thrice told tale, but still worth the telling, that Cornelia, the noble mother of the Gracchi, being challenged to produce her jewels, pointed with motherly pride to her two boys just returned from school, saying: "*These are my jewels; the only ornaments I admire.*" How true and beautiful an ideal is here presented of Alma Mater in her relation to her children. The mother-love is hers. The mother's pride and partiality, too, prizing and honoring them as her treasured jewels and her only ornaments. While under her maternal training and tuition she lavishes on them her richest gifts, and when they leave her classic halls they go forth panoplied in armor fit to take a Carthage, to sit as tribune among the people, or to die, if need be, rather than disgrace a noble name. And has such a mother no claim on the reciprocal love and devotion of her sons? The filial obligation can never be too sacredly regarded. It is as enduring as life itself. It is as peremptory as the law of "natural affection." Who does not know of repeated instances where the poor emigrant girl coming to these shores, has sent back, out of her small earnings, money to her aged parents in the fatherland across the seas? This is but the assertion in the mind of the instinct of filial obligation. Has Alma Mater no claim therefore upon her children? Do they owe nothing to her which suggests to a generous mind some adequate return? Shall she be forgotten when scarce the echo of their foot-steps has died away in her spacious halls? Their lot in life may be remote from her—their course adventurous and their duties severe—no matter for all this, the love of Alma Mater can not cease or be impaired in the hearts of her loyal sons.

And if this love be real and true it will not expend itself in vaporous sentiment and empty declamation. It will do something worthy of itself. It will develop a strong championship. It will have its representatives in genuine, true-hearted, outspoken friends where ever it exists. It will be vital, aggressive, practical. It will be remembered when wills are to be made, and estates are to be distributed. Its State endowment fund will be increased by private legacies. Its roll of students will be recruited by words in its behalf fitly spoken. At least, if nothing more, the sons of its Alumni will come to sit under its

ample roof-tree as successors to their fathers. But on the contrary, if it be left to struggle alone, coldly and without sympathy. If while other institutions of learning are strengthened by munificent gifts and generous bequests, Delaware College from time to time suffers a kind of disinheritor even among the wealthy of its own governing body. If its professed patrons are without interest or enthusiasm to recommend it to the patronage of others. If its own Alumni, as is the case in some instances, send their sons to be educated in other institutions, what little proof is afforded of any *real* love of Alma Mater. What love is there that will ever amount to anything so far as its advancement is concerned? When shall be realized in her the ideal presented in that noble Roman mother and her children?

THE management of the Commencement Hop deserve much credit for the manner in which everything was conducted. The arrangements were well made, and a select company gathered, thus putting every one at their ease, and causing the evening to be well and enjoyably spent.

THE Rev. Dr. Fairbairn the venerable President of St. Stephens College Anandale, in a lecture delivered some weeks since emphasized very strongly the distinction between *education* and the *acquisition of knowledge*. In the popular conception there is no difference. But it would be about as sensible to confound eating with digestion. But every one will agree that to cram the stomach with food is not always to produce health of constitution and vigor of limb. There must be digestion, assimilation, the conversion of the food eaten into flesh and blood, bone and muscle. And this depends very greatly on how it is eaten. If it is dispatched hurriedly and hence improperly and the food passes into the stomach in great unmasticated hunks, ill health in the form of a miserable dyspepsia is almost certain to follow. Knowledge is food to the mental faculties. It is not the amount of cramming that is going to invigorate, strengthen and develop them. It is the inward digestion of what is received. It is the assimilation of acquired knowledge of one's self so that it becomes a part of one's self—the very bone and sinew of the

character and of the man. A great amount and variety of undigested knowledge lays on the intellectual *estomac* like a ponderous overcharge of salad and plum pudding after a late banquet. The result is a brood of fever-brained prodigies, carpers, cranks, sceptics, social and intellectual monstrosities riding the night mares of politics, of free thought and fanaticism rough shod over all things holy and sacred. Good *mastication* is essential to right digestion. This indicates the relation of study to the mental faculties. Study is the *chewing* process. A careful, thorough grinding of the intellectual food is the preparation needful for its assimilation—and hence the nurture and growth of the mental powers. And this process we call education, *education*, drawing out, development. Our suggestion then is, chew your food *well*.

WE have every reason to believe that September will begin a new era in the prosperity of Delaware College. With restored buildings and new vigor in the faculty, all that is needed is the hearty co-operation of the alumni and liberal advertising in a judicious manner to elevate us very much above our condition at any time in the past. We are sure that if the members of the legislature are convinced that everything is managed and conducted properly they will be ready to give any more material assistance that may seem required.

LET all the alumni arouse and do their whole duty to Delaware College, for by this means alone can your Alma Mater be raised to the position she should hold. Remember that not only do you owe her much, but that every star added to her radiancy, reflects with redoubled brilliancy upon your own heads.

WE have aimed at a high standard, moral and literary, in the tone of this paper. We believe it right that we should do so. The press undoubtedly is one of society's chief educators. Its influence penetrates the whole body—social and political—of a nation's life. It has much to do with the debasement or elevation of a people. Its conduct therefore involves an accountability which we have sought to recognize in our connection with this paper. Of course we do not mean to express any sympathy with that "unco righteous" type of journalism which too much characterizes some of our religious periodicals. Some latitude therefore has been given to the free

swing of such mental calisthenics in "fun and witicism" as the student occasionally is wont to indulge. We are fully of the so well expressed opinion that—

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

We reproduce therefore with a grain of allowance the following from a contemporary, and commend it to our collegiate editorial fraternity and trust they may be the wiser for its careful perusal:

"We notice with pleasure that the students in at least one of our great colleges are coming to be a little ashamed of the periodical literature which has heretofore been the chief literary exponent of collegiate life. They are beginning to see what their elders have seen with some impatience, that the triviality of college papers is of a dissipating character. No one objects to college fun, especially if it be the healthful outburst of animal life in momentary expression; but to print, week after week, the idle, foolish clatter of the college room, is to set before one's fellows a very mean sort of literature. We do not expect collegians to be weighty in their wisdom, but they do themselves a wrong when they use the noble art of literature to give currency to twaddle, or worse still, to feeble satire upon college officers. Why should not the thought of collegians try for a more honorable expression? Let them make their papers exponents of their best thought, not of their idlest. The practice in literature which a college paper affords is not to be despised. It is only the malpractice which right-minded people condemn. Make your papers as light as you will, we say to these literary youngsters, if lightness is your best, but remember that the most genuine light literature is that which gives light."

ALL old and new subscribers who are willing to aid us with next year's paper, will please send us their subscription or signify their intention of subscribing, as it is only on these conditions that we can make the REVIEW reach them regularly.

THE REVIEW hopes to give an excellent series of lectures and entertainments next year, which we hope all will patronize, as it is from liberal patronage alone they can be continued for any length of time.

WE wish that the alumni and students would aid us in surmounting the great obstacle that all college papers have to fight against i. e. lack of contributions.

Commencement.

Declamation and Reading Contest.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12.

The Declamation and Reading contest for a prize of \$30.00, awarded to the best reader and declaimer by the Alumni Association, was held on the evening of June 12th. As usual the oratory was crowded, and several hundred people sat awaiting and expecting to hear the numerous famous speeches of Hamilton, Adams, Clay and Webster, (famous, not only because of their true merit, but because of the incalculable number of times they have been hurled with impassioned vehemence from the college platform), but the people were disappointed (agreeably) and neither Hamilton, Adams, Clay nor Webster, were honored by being quoted on that occasion. The program was one strikingly free from "time-honored speeches" and was composed mostly of the newest and best selections for declamation and reading.

"Mission Ridge," a selection rather theatrical and highly elocutionary in its nature, was spoken by A. C. Heaton, who opened the contest.

Miss Mackey followed with "The Legend of Bregens." Her mellow voice and easy manner were well adapted to the selection, which she read excellently.

"The Poet of Freedom," a selection of fine sentiment and deep feeling, was appropriately rendered by C. B. Evans.

"The Little Hero" was touchingly read by Miss Kate Janvier.

Mr. Benton, a famous speaker of Delaware College, (i. e., famous in his success in dodging Declamatory exercises every Friday), spoke "The Pilgrims" with a zest and earnestness, a grace and ease of manner that did great credit to himself and called from the audience a hearty applause. If there was a prize to have been awarded, as there are at some institutions, to the student who has made the greatest improvement, surely Mr. Benton would have received that prize.

"Asking the Governor," which has a fine vein of humor in it, was very excellently read by Miss Mollie H. Sutton. Miss Sutton, added to her natural grace and winning manner, carried out Demosthenes' precept that "action, action, action," is the secret of oratory. She was one of the two or three ladies who used that powerful aid to reading or declamation—gestures. She was the recipient of a hearty round of applause.

Miss Anna T. Reynolds, to whom the prize was given, closed the first division with a selection entitled, "Among the Hills." Miss Reynolds's reading this year was inferior to last year's.

"The Black Horse and His Rider," so eloquently spoken three years ago by Harvey W. Ewing, A. B., was again spoken by Robert E. DeMaranville, upon the rendition of which he took the prize. George Lippard, through his writings, has been the agent of giving the prizes to three gentlemen within the past four years. Messrs. Ewing, Lynam and DeMaranville each spoke "The Black Horse and His Rider," while Mr. Woolley won the prize upon "The Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold." Mr. DeMaranville is graceful, and is gifted with a clear and pleasant voice.

Miss Stewart read "A Modern Sermon," which had quite an opposite effect upon her audience than the ordinary "modern sermon," the audience laughed from the beginning to the end of her reading, and was thoroughly awake.

"Boy Billy" was nicely recited by Mr. Morrison, an '88 man.

Miss Grace D. Purnell, who received an "honorable mention," read with rare excellence, "Charlie MacLure." Miss Purnell used appropriate gestures and her enunciation was good. To say the least, *the* judge did well in giving her an honorable mention.

Mr. Lansendale is possessed with a mellow voice, and his "Polish Boy" was interesting to listen to.

Mr. Edward Henry Eckel spoke "The Vagabonds." This selection admits considerable action and deep and varied emotions; it is particularly adapted to a speaker with a deep and flexible voice, with expressive features, and to a speaker with the power of rapid change from the light and gay to the solemn and pathetic, and this selection found its true reciter in Edward Henry Eckel. His gesticulation, for an amateur, and of such we are speaking, was faultless, and his pronunciation and enunciation were excellent.

"The Ghost," a poem of peculiar metre and equally peculiar rhyme, and containing a funny little story in it, was excellently and amusingly rendered by Samuel A. Buchanan. The piece called for the singing of one stanza, and the way that stanza was sung would convince any one that Samuel had "been thar." Mr. Buchanan's rendition of "The Ghost" was quite a treat after listening to the four serious and solemn recitations that preceded it.

The other lady who received an "honorable mention" was Miss Maggie Deputy. "She Wanted to Learn Elocution," was the subject of Miss Deputy's reading. This selection required considerable versatility; the Irish, German, French and Spanish brogue had to be imitated at several times, while the Yankee and Quaker accents were also demanded by the selection. In judging reading, *we* think the difficulty of the selection should be taken into consideration. This

was very hard to read, and it was read most excellently.

William DuHamel closed the contest, with a fine rendition of "Shamus O'Brien." Added to the interest in the piece itself, was the delivery of Mr. DuHamel. It is a difficult selection, requiring considerable animation and action; fiery and rapid, then slow and distinct enunciation, which the speaker ably mastered. But, "Mr. DuHamel didn't know how to use his legs," (so said the judge), thereby detracting from the clearness and distinctness of his enunciation, the exactness and correctness of his pronunciation, the ease and grace of his gesticulation. Hereafter, ye speakers, when you intend to enter an oratorical contest, go to a dancing-master and make yourselves proficient in the art of manipulating your legs.

Sophomore Burial.

Zoology was consigned to its last resting place, after the declamation exercises, by the Sophomore Class. As soon as the audience had left the College, the Sophomores, assisted by other classmen, filed out of the college building draped in solemn mourning attire. Seating themselves upon a platform they proceeded to perform the solemn ceremonials. The Disignator, J. E. J. Whistler, (Fistulator) made a brief opening address and then introduced R. E. DeMaranville, (Villula Mirani) who delivered the Laudatio Anglice. He made a very mournful speech, eulogizing the departed. The Laudatio Latine was then pronounced by W. H. Smith, (Gulielmus H. Faber.) W. L. H. Benton, (Gulielmus L. H. Bentonius) then gave the Laudatio Græce, a splendid effort at mournful eulogy, after which the funeral train proceeded to the grave. The deceased was encased in a white casket, and looked exceedingly life-like. When the bier arrived at the grave, white cords lowered poor Zoology to its last resting place. A solemn dirge was then sung by the mourners, who concluded the ceremony with the very lively and well known air John Brown's body &c., changed to the words "Professor Webb's study lies a moulding in the grave." The Sophomores deserve much credit for this innovation, which was conducted in a very unique manner. Several bunches of onions, and a large box of locusts' shells were presented to the orators. The programs respectfully inviting the attendance of the public were very well arranged. It is to be hoped that the '87 men will show the same spirit in their cremation next year.

The Class Day Exercises.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH.

The long anticipated and always enjoyable exercises of Class Day were performed with credit

to all concerned, on the afternoon of Saturday June 13. The tent on the Campus was the auditorium, the Senior Class the actors, and a large quota of Newark's most fashionable, intelligent, and appreciative residents, the audience.

Although announced for 2.30 o'clock, the exercises did not begin until nearly 3. The interims of the program were sweetened by the strains of Ritchie's Orchestra, from Wilmington. The Class entered in a body, and took seats upon the platform, the "Valedictorian" alone being conspicuous by her absence. After a few well chosen remarks of a salutatory nature by Mr. Jacob Harvey Whiteman, in which he paid the audience a very delicate and graceful compliment, Mr. John Nivin read the class poem. The program announced Miss Grace Darling Chester as the poetess, but a knowledge of public feeling in regard to this young lady's class honors kept her away; and anticipating this turn of affairs, Mr. Nivin was prepared to take her place, which he did creditably. After music, Mr. Victor Baynard Woolley and Miss Margaret White Blandy followed with the History and Prophecy respectively. Both were well written and well received. If we might criticize such happy productions, we should say that the hits were not so palpable as they might have been nor so hard as the occasion would have justified. Miss Blandy's office of Prophetess might very properly have been used to put in some much keener thrusts, without causing any offence. Mr. Charles West Cullen delivered the Tree Oration, in which the object and purpose of planting a class tree were duly set forth. After more music, Mr. Richard Thomas Pilling followed in an entertaining oration on "Liberty." Music was again heard, during which Mr. Charles Black Evans, president of the Junior Class, took a seat upon the platform. Next came the smoking of the class pipe, in which all indulged, including the young ladies; although it did not seem to be an exercise of much pleasure to the latter. At the conclusion of the class smoke, Mr. Cullen in a neat speech presented the pipe to Mr. Evans, representing the Senior Class of next year. Music followed. Mr. Whiteman then with graceful speeches made the presentations to the class. C. W. Cullen was first called and presented with a large Panama fan, with the following comment: "extend to you that which may recall many tender recollections. A fit symbol of one who may accompany you through sunshine and sorrow, a companion in winter as well as summer—A Fan-nie who will ever blow a breeze." The next person called was Miss Lizzie L. Hearn. She was handed a very funny looking auburn haired monkey, with the remark that: "Although we have never seen some things we can imagine what they are, and I present to you what I imagine to be Darwin's missing link. Here he is

in the shape of a curly-headed mischief making monkey." John Nivin, who has been noted for his attempts at a covering for his upper lip, was presented with a false moustache. In reference to which Mr. Whiteman said: "We do believe that patience and perseverance will conquer most things, but you have been patient and persevering, but nature has not adorned you with that invaluable gift—a moustache. What else could be expected? Nature must have time for development, but art in her perfection may supply the deficiency until you are able to go it alone." V. B. Woolley received a mammoth loaf of bread on account of his reputation in relation to the dinner table. Miss M. W. Blandy, was given a surveyor's chain in order that she might be of service to the present object of her choice, a B. & O. surveyor. A cane, as a fitting accompaniment to the get up of a dude, was received by R. T. Pilling, after which the spoon was handed to the class favorite, Miss Ida Simmone, who had been chosen by a vote of the class. At the conclusion of the presentation speeches, short extracts of which are above given, Mr. Whiteman closed the exercises and the audience dispersed, much pleased and loud in its praise of the Class of '85.

The following are the History and Prophecy read by V. B. Woolley and M. W. Blandy respectively on Class Day.

CLASS HISTORY.—V. B. WOOLLEY.

CLASS-MATES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Doubtless upon my introduction to you as Historian of the class of '85, the very natural thought flitted across your minds, what can there be appreciative or of interest or important that has taken place during the routine of a college course, yet as the early histories of numerous great men have been lost to the world, and as these early histories are often highly interesting, and often time point to subsequent greatness, it seems proper that a history of our class be written in order that if some of my friends should play noble and conspicuous parts on the stage of life, their biographers can hand down to posterity their deeds and actions when component parts of the class of '85. But to recount all that has happened, during the four short years of our course, would require a more graphic pen than mine. The heroism of the student has been nobly exemplified in several of our class, courage through adversity has been conspicuous in many, herculean work and honorable ambition have been the characteristics of a number, while the humorous incidents that come in as pleasant relief from constant labor and toil, have often times soothed the weary student and affords matter for pleasant reflection.

With the opening of college in the fall of 1881, the class of '85 dates its birth. From the four points of the compass came eighteen sturdy youths and eight no less fair and intelligent maids. Thus was formed the *genuine* largest class that has entered D. C. since its organization, '85 numbering twenty-six to '84's nineteen. Of the twenty-six that composed our class, one came from the West, hailing from the state of Missouri; another from the "City of Brotherly Love;" four from Maryland, the land of plenty and hospitality; and nineteen from Delaware; the remaining one, who was first cousin of Caesar Rodney, second cousin of

John Hancock, third cousin of Carroll of Carrollton, and fourth cousin of Patrick Henry, was always looked upon as a foreigner, having come from the state of N. J. Fourteen of the original number left college during the course and are pursuing various businesses, one graduated with the class of '84, and two changed their course and class. Thus, with one exception, there are left nine who have gone through the entire four years, passed all examinations, have applied for degrees and will receive diplomas on Wednesday next. Upon entering upon our college life we were twenty-six; now, that this life is closing, we are but nine. We must confess we have at times felt a little lonely. Breaking away from the many dear friends made by mutual sympathies for one another's trials in the four years, leaving us isolated here while they are in the walks of life, and we are but now entering upon them, would naturally make us feel thus. Among those who have left us, three have taken to themselves wives, and one has the prattle of a little voice to cheer his weary soul when he returns from his day's labor.

We must say to the credit of the Class of '84 that we were subject to comparatively little hazing at their hands, but occasionally the "poor Freshie" would be the object of a practical joke, and our friend from G. was no exception. One Sunday evening when this gentleman and a fellow-classman from Milton had been to church and heard the good minister exhort, and having seen their respective lady-friend safe to their homes, they walked gaily back to college, buoyant with Freshman hopes, and running over with brave resolutions. Each expressed his intention to retire immediately and rise with the lark and grind out their Latin and Greek. They went to their rooms (which were adjoining), opened the doors and stood transfixed, immovable, as if petrified. The silvery beams of the moon lighted the room and fell with a heavenly radiance upon——space. Space was all that was there—not a vestige of the furniture, nothing left of the carefully laid carpets, the carefully adjusted pictures, the snowy white cots, the studious looking desks. Their rooms were truly rooms of "magnificent distances!" But little daunted, they sallied forth in search of their house hold goods, and after promenading the college and the grounds for some time, to the tune of the laughing sophs, our G. friend found his furniture under a back window. The first article that he lugged to his room was his mattress. He then returned to secure his bedstead, but lah! and behold when he returned to the place from which he had just taken his mattress he found it there again. Supposing (rightly) the naughty sophs had thrown it out in his absence, he called his fellow-sufferer, who was at the bottom of the campus collecting bed-slats, to watch the bed when he again got it up stairs, and to stand guard while he carried up the remainder of his goods, and then he would act in the capacity of sentinel while his fellow-unfortunate went through the process of carrying up his goods. Arming himself with a rusty navy revolver, (with a broken trigger) he again carried his bed upstairs. Panting and perspiring, he threw it upon the floor of his room. Immediately his classmate claimed it as his and dragged it into his room. Somewhat irritated, he returned and lugged up his bedstead. Immediately the Milton Freshie recognized the bedstead as his, and generously took it into his room, then borrowing a pillow from a friend, bade the G. student good night and told him to stand up for his class and shoot the first soph that said "beans" to him, and amid some cursory remarks, went to bed.

Cupid seems to have found in this class quite an abundance of excellent subjects through whose hearts he found it fine sport to shoot his darts, and if it were proper or judicious a volume of romantic anecdotes could be written, that in interest and in humor would rival a work of Mark Twain. Our alien friend from N. J., was one of the faithful followers of Cupid and bestowed his affections upon a fair damsel from the far, far West. In some beings, they say, love lies hidden, burning in the soul, yet the victim lacks the

courage to express it. This was exactly the case of our N. J. friend. But when Christmas came he mustered up courage enough to send her a Christmas card, but had not the courage to put his card in the package. But what is his consternation and envy, when he finds that she has thanked his rival for sending the pretty card, as she supposed he did, and he, sensibly, assured her that such small favors should hardly deserve such notice, and was glad that she was pleased! But this was only a small defeat in comparison with subsequent victories. The flame so long hidden burst forth, all rivals withdrew and things were done up in the most complete and graceful manner. This is verified by the fact, that not long afterwards this couple on a pleasant evening took a drive, and, as a consequence of which, the carriage was at the blacksmith's the next day, having one of its springs repaired. But, alas! like Rome, this mutual admiration had its rise, triumph and decline, and there was another college widow added to the list.

The college widows of and caused by this class are numerous indeed, while the little transactions that make them such are interesting in the extreme. I will ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to bear with me while I give you a sample. There is in our class a certain young lady (one of whose initials is H.) who had been receiving the attentions of a certain soph with *auburn* hair, one of whose initials also is H. Affairs seemed to be progressing smoothly and nothing of importance occurred until one sunny evening in the fall. The young gentleman, as he was wont to do, on that day dropped a note to his lady friend, stating that at 6:30 he would call for her to take a drive. The evening came and found the youth true to his word. At 6:30 the phaeton drove up to the door. The *auburn* haired young gentleman alighted, tripped up to the porch and rang the bell. Now, if there is one thing above another that this youth dislikes it is to be called *reddy*. Presently, the young lady came to the door, and, with a pleasant smile, said: "Good evening, *reddy*." The youth mistook the emphasis, turned on his heel and said he didn't intend to be insulted by being called "*reddy*." Thus, (for a while), another college widow.

Chemistry was one of the favorite studies of the class of '85, and this class has the honor of getting the highest mark in organic chemistry, on an aggregate, of any class for many years; also, the honor of one of its members taking the first Ferris Memorial Prize. Yet, the class was not perfect in the science by a good wise. Brilliant were some of the recitations. One day, when the subject of the lecture was arsenic, the doctor was explaining the methods of discovering arsenic in persons who had been killed by that poison, (viz: by putting the lining of the stomach of the deceased person in a generator and treating it with certain acids, and testing by flame, reaction, &c.), when up spoke the Captain of the Goose Hill Base Ball Club, and with a most innocent expression on his face, said: "Doctor, can the person use his stomach again after it has gone through this test." The doctor stood breathless, the students breathed heavily, a shadow passed over the room as if there had been an eclipse, and the class being dismissed, the students filed slowly out of the room, shaking their heads and looking sad. Hourly bulletins were issued, stating the health and mental condition of the Captain of the G. H. B. B. C.

At one recitation, when hydrogen was the subject of the lecture, the doctor, in asking questions, said:

"Mr. B., how'd you make hydrogen?"

Mr. B.—V-e-s, s-i-r!

Doctor, irritated, turns to our friend from Kymensi, and says: "Nonsense! Mr. P., how do you make hydrogen?"

Mr. P.—"Why, a, you take a tube, and a bottle and a cork and a-a, and pour HCL through the tube."

The health of the class of '85 during its short existence has been excellent, though stray students have had occasional attacks of measles and mumps.

'Twas the 31st of Oct., 1883. The sun has set behind the western clouds, with little grandeur, and the cold, dark

night shrouded the hills and fields with its sable darkness. The rain was drizzling, everything that was touched was damp and cold, the wind moaned and wailed through the trees, and it was a night fit for none save witches and goblins to be abroad. With the coming of this dreary night, even the college bell, whose sonorous tones now give the signal of nature awakening from her slumber, was hushed for many days. To an observer, dark figures could have been seen occasionally shooting across the campus, then with hurried steps and with hats drawn over their eyes and collars around their ears, go hurriedly under the light in the hall, and then disappear. Thus it was till near midnight. Everything had the appearance that treason was afoot or some foul deed was about to be perpetrated. Nothing was heard save the moaning of the wind, the rustle of the leaves or the fitful gusts.

All at once, as if by a given signal, thirty sturdy figures emerged from rooms, corners and dark places, with their bright eyes gleaming through the black masks that covered their faces. Immediately the work of doing reverence to the saints began, for this was Hallow e'en. The play of musketry commenced, the cries of what sounded like demons on earth began, the tic-tacs, drums, fish-horns, made the night indeed hideous. Right well were the saints being praised, when suddenly there was a halt in the ceremonies, an awful silence, as if some disastrous event was about to take place, when there appeared in their midst a terrible vision, that filled the souls of the bravest of the brave with horror; a vision with black hair, red whiskers, bleeding nose, and stocking feet. The vision stood confronting them. Then all were aroused from their stupor and fled in all directions, jumping over benches, pulpit, chairs, crouching behind stoves in corners; and one foolish fellow, just for the fun of the thing, slid out of the window and fell into the embrace of mother earth. But mother earth's bosom had been hardened by the direct rays of Old Sol, and so her maternal welcome was not as soft and as loving as most mothers. Thus is recorded the first case of the *mumps* of the class of '85.

The first appearance of '85 before the public, as a class, was made on the 7th of June, 1884, at its *crematio geologia*. At these ceremonies, the Latin and German orations were listened to with great relish, and the Latin programs were sought after and devoured by the multitude with amazing rapidity. We suppose the cremation was a success. Various were the opinions passed upon it. For example, one of our esteemed fellow-townsmen said "he didn't know there were so many crack-brained fools in college." The Junior Banquet, which was held shortly after the cremation, was like most banquets—enjoyable, and the same routine of toasts, &c., gone through with. The Junior Hop of last year, given by the Class of '85, was the first and only ball given by a class since the reorganization. Notwithstanding the fact that the '84 men, who managed the REVIEW last year, published an account of the "Annual Commencement Hop," (such a thing never existed) and disguised the fact that it was '85 that gave and managed the ball, this dance was a great social success and did credit to the Class of '85.

The Historian of '84, in enumerating the works accomplished by his class, named the REVIEW, our college paper, among them, and a little previous, in an editorial by an '84 man, it was said, "this paper was the direct offspring of the Class of '84." Shall we, like '84, claim an honor that does not belong to us? Shall we say, because we like '84 have given the REVIEW our support, that it is our direct offspring? No! "Honor to whom honor is due," and that honor is due to an '86 man.

In writing the history of the Class of '85, the Historian has had to touch upon one very painful and sorrowful occurrence. When the twenty-six young people that composed this class, entered Delaware College, full of life and hope and promise, it was little thought that one of the strongest and most healthy would in a few short school months be swept away by the hand of death. William S. Donaldson,

a youth of brilliant intellect, manly habits and honorable actions, was the first to travel that road, over which all his classmates must pass. In the full bloom and promise of youth, he was borne away from the scenes of his hopes and prospects, where all was bright and clear and hopeful, to that unknown world which human eye has never seen nor human tongue described. With true sorrow for his misfortune, a reverence for his memory, and a love for past kindnesses, the class mourned his fate. Thus, with sorrowful tread and hearts full of sadness, was borne to his grave by his classmates, the first victim of death of the Class of '85.

We now arrive in our history to the present time. What may follow the eventful day of Wednesday next, when our course of preparation ends, and our life-work begins, requires a more prophetic mind than mine to foretell. But let us hope that when we again assemble and recount the deeds of our past life, the world can bear testimony to some good done, some people benefited by those who now compose the Class of '85.

PHIOPHECY.

"There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceased,
The which observed a man may prophesy
With a near aim of the many chances
As yet not come to life, of things which in their seed
And weak figuring lie in treasure."

The past deeds of '85 have been sufficiently numerous and significant to give to the prophetic mind food to "dilate upon the future." The early careers of many of the world's great characters have been less eventful and promising than some of the illustrious members of the Class of '85. Here we find mental qualities suitable to fill all vocations of life, intellect aided by powerful wills, sensibilities enriched by intellect. Men and women who will make the land ring with their praises from lake to gulf and from ocean to ocean, e. i., acting upon the principle that we are the architects of our own fortunes.

L. L. L. H. Born at Georgetown, Sussex county, 186-, (for private reasons.) Entered college September 1, '81, representing the concentrated and accumulated dignity of Georgetown. Passed through her brief college course with great brilliancy and achievement; bids fair to be as accomplished and enchanting as one of her illustrious ancestors—Dean Swift. From this data we plan her future life. Next Thursday she leaves the scene of her preparation and enters the fashionable society of Georgetown. There she will be a leader of society, the belle of the community and the recipient of the attention of rural chivalry. But do not presume for an instant that in that galaxy of bright and intelligent youths she will find a husband, for the fates have decreed it otherwise. Royal blood flows through her veins. There will be an alliance made between the house of H. and the ancient and most royal house of Stuart. In the British Isles, surrounded by the old aristocracy, dreaming of the deeds of her forefathers and the pitiable fate of her most illustrious and renowned ancestor, Mary, Queen of Scots, she will spend the remainder of her days, and at last die the death of a Stuart.

G. D. C. Born in Ohio, 186-, (undecided.) Prepared for college in St. Louis High School.

Entered Sophomore year. Brilliant career; unprecedented! Will depart for Connecticut on Friday next. There to rest after the winter's work, and pass her time in pleasant social intercourse. When society revives after the heated season, she will enter the most intellectual and scientific society of Boston, near which place resides a particular friend, a student of Harvard University. Now, if Shakespeare is a good authority when he says, "The course of true love never does run smooth," we think it probable that this lady will be wedded to either an architect, physician, surveyor, civil engineer, lawyer or theologian,—since the said gentleman after partially determining upon each profession, has not yet decided which definitely to adopt; but as he is so uncertain as to his vocation in life, we fear that fickleness is one of his chief characteristics, and the prophetic muse hesitates upon entering such uncertain ground.

I. S. Born in Newark, 186-, (will not tell.) Entered college September 7, 1881, as one of the blushing maidens of '85. From the sparkle of her eye, the curl of her lip, and her commanding expression, we prophecy her to be empress of the limber switch, in other words, "mistress of a village school." For a few years she will "teach the young idea," etc., and to a happy, useful and peaceful life may be added that she was

"Of manners gentle, affections mild,
In wit a woman, simplicity a child."

J. H. W. Born at Pleasant Hill, 1864. Has taken a full four years' course, during which time the halls of Delaware College have echoed and re-echoed with his eloquence. Four classes have hung with transport upon each word as they fell like manna from his lips. His favorite study, and the study in which he was most proficient during his course, was Christian Ethics, from which we draw the conclusion that his profession in life will be the law. Now he will be an excellent lawyer as one of the Professors has said of him that he was the most inveterate talker he had ever met with. Next September he will enter a Northern Business College. After completing his course there he will read law in Wilmington, and will practice there for a time. After meddling with law a few years he will rise (or rather descend) into a more exciting field of work, and will become one of those men who save the nation every four years. By his affable ways and oily tongue, he will be a model of ward politicians. Rising by degrees, he will be a mayor, and as a climax will run for Congress. The political reptiles that surround the capitol will finally be too much for his honest soul, and he will return to his district and solve the intricate, knotty question of the law for the remainder of his life.

J. N. Born in the year of our Lord one thous-

and eight hundred and sixty-five. Entered college in September of '81. He distinguished himself as a chemistry student and was a recognized gallant among the girls; notable for the great wheel-lock act. A few years hence will find him upon his ancestral estates, happy in the pleasures of a rural home, a jolly, bright, affable man. When his course of life is run, let there be inscribed on his tomb—

"Here lies an honest man."

C. W. C. Born in Sussex, 1865; the son of generations of lawyers, and to keep up the family profession, intends to be a guardian of liberty himself. Entered college September, 1881, pursued his course with this one object in view—the law. Has delivered innumerable orations, speeches, exhortations, and given vent to impassioned bursts of eloquence. In the fall, he will delve into the depths of his profession. He will eventually be a judge, and with his sober mien, majestic bearing, and massive brow, will well-ornament the Bench of Delaware. Or, wait; perhaps my prophecy may fail me, and in that case we will find him training the Sussex youth "to march,"—"to assume the position of a soldier;" since, as you my friends must know, Mr. C. is an ex-Lieutenant of the College Cadets.

R. T. P. Born at Kiamensi, 1865. Entered college September, 1881, took a full four years' course, substituting no studies. He completed his course most honorably, standing high in the class in the opinion of the students and community. The next summer he will devote his time to the highly intellectual and elevating pastime of base-ball; but it is thought by some he will serve an apprenticeship in the drug store of a village not over eleven miles distant. However it may be, in the fall he will enter the mercantile profession, as a manufacturer of cloths. We think he will make a success in manufacturing "dudes" clothes, as he is generally considered an excellent advertising medium of those articles for the firm of P. Brothers Woolen Company. He will grow to a green old age, and die a millionaire. In his will he will bequeath \$500,000 to Delaware College; \$100,000 of which is an endowment of the Professorship of *Botany*.

V. B. W. Born in the city of Wilmington, in the year 186— (by request.) Entered college late in the fall of '81. During his college career the amusement which chiefly distinguished him was getting into scrapes with the Professors, and getting successfully out of them. In one instance of this kind he almost blighted the hopes of all his friends and classmates by coming to an untimely end by means of an accident, for the particulars of which I will refer you to him. But fortune, which has ever favored him, did not desert him in his peril; he did not, like the little

boy in the story, die nor in any way injure his fine physique. His name will also be added to the list of eminent lawyers graduated by the Class of '85, and drawing our inferences from his wisdom and justice as judge in the *field*, we predict that after many years of hard labor in his profession, we will find him in all the dignity which so distinguishes him, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, when we will be proud to dwell on the name of V. B. W. in our class reunions.

CREMATIO ASTRONOMIÆ.

A CLASSE IVNIORVM.



COLLEGIVM DELAVARIENSE.

In Campo, Idibus Iunius,

M,DCCC,LXXXV.

These earthly god-fathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Shakespeare.

ORDO POMPE FVNEBRIS.

DOMINVS FVNERIS, - - Iosephvs Kollockus Structura.

"Another of his fashion they have not,
To lead their business."

CORNICINES.

PRÆFICÆ.

(*Honorarie.*)

"Give them no help in lamentation:
They are not barren to bring forth laments."

LAVRA KELSE MACKIA, MARIA OLITOR REYNOLDSIA.

ANNA TODDA REYNOLDSIA, ANNA MARIA SARTOR.

MARGARETA MOVBRAIA VICARIA.

VESPILLONES.

SANDAPILA.

GVLIELMVS ROS-HAMEL.

CAROLVS NIGER EVANS.



EDWARDVS HEMRICVS ECKEL.

SAMVEL MARSVIVM.

GVLIELMVS LANSENVALLIS.

"I have lived long enough, my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
When the poor heart would feign deny, but dare not."

LYCHINVS.

ORDO IVSTORVM.

(Pro Collegii Aedificio.)

EXORDIVM, - - - A Iosepho Kollocko Strvctvra.

CANTVS, - - - A Cantoribvs.

ORATIO LVGVREIS GRÆCE, - - A Samuele Marsvpio.

"O this learning! what a thing it is!"

ORATIO PLORATORIBVS, LATINE, A Edvardo Henrica Eekele.

"Away with him, away with him! He speaks latin."

"O, I smell false latin."

ORATIO TRIVMPHALIS, ANGLICE, A Gvlielmo Rore-Hamele.

"When rank Du Hamel opes his mastiff jaws,

We shall hear music, wit, and oracle."

VICTIMÆ PRÆPARATIO ET INCENSIO PYRÆ.

IMMOLATIO (*in silentio et cum lacrymis multis.*)

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet these youths were guilty of."

CARMEN, - - - A Cantoribvs.

DISPERSIO SPECTATORVM, (*lenta solenneque musica.*)

"His obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty."

CANTVS.—Incitatio Cædis.

VERBA A IVNIORE, - Musica, "America."

Astronomy, of thee,
Parent of misery,
Of thee I yell.
Science the Seniors hate,
Gladly we immolate
Thee with the rites of state,
Villain most fell.

If thou shouldst ask "Why?"—
"Must nec-es-sar-i-ly
Be so," say we.
Our feelings thou hast hurt,
And made us often pert;
And sometimes even curt,
Professor B.

Come, Juniors, build a pyre,
And light a raging fire,
To roast his bones.
Astronomy must burn!
So shall his lovers learn
That we with pleasure turn
To dirge and groans.

So say we all of us,
So say we all of us,
So say we all.
So say we all of us,
So say we all of us,
So say we all of us,
So say we all.

CARMEN.—Verba Prædi Variata A Eekele.

Come from the class-room, come,
The dreadful hour is nigh;
The screaming tramp and thundering drum
Are calling thee to die.
Fight as Le Conte hath fought,
Fall as Le Conte, who fell
When task was taught
And death-shroud wrought,
So crackle! and farewell!

Toll, college bell, O toll!

Fling high the flambeaux light,
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night.

The sextant on his brow,
The planets on his breast,
Let the prayer be said,
Let the tear be shed,
So take him to his rest.

Come, comrades, heed the call
Of the lord of lute and lay,
And bid him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day.
With motion of graceful wave,
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame
Of our hero's fame,
On the turf of our hero's grave.

After a creditable rendering of "A Widow Hunt" by the Athenæan Literary Society, the above program was carried out successfully by the Junior Class. The speeches were made beneath the tents, from which was stretched a rope enclosing an altar on the walk whither the sacrifice was made. The Class formed in the right wing of the College, and proceeded to make a tour of the campus, bearing torches, and carrying the bier on which was placed the victim. Then proceeded to the platform where the orations were delivered. J. K. Frame made an excellent opening speech and was followed by the Latin orator, Samuel Polk. Both orators moved their hearers to tears, as did Edward Henry Eckel, the Greek orator, who followed. Then William DuHamel, the English orator, made an effecting speech, recounting the struggles of the Junior Class to overcome their dread enemy Astronomy. The solemn procession, headed by the bearers of the bier, moved to the enclosed space around the altar. After pouring on the libation, the Astronomy was placed upon the pyre, which was then lighted. While the fire blazed, and the smoke of the victim ascended in the air a solemn poem was chanted, and the weeping men of the Class made night hideous with their discordant lamentations. The audience then dispersed, and '86 bid one long farewell to Astronomy.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14TH.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached on the campus beneath the tents, by the Rev. Jahu De-Witt Miller. The tents were crowded to the greatest extent possible. The students led the singing, and with two cornets and an organ made excellent music. Mr. Miller arrived at 7.30, by special train, and was escorted by the Faculty and Class to the platform. After singing and prayer, Mr. Miller came forward to the rostrum and delivered an eloquent and able discourse, which was listened to with interest by all. His text was from the twenty-third verse of the fifth chapter of

the First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians, which reads: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." His sermon was of practical import pertaining mostly to the subjugation of the flesh. Among other things he said, "I want no one to go away from here thinking I have not preached a religious sermon. Conversion is only the first part of a Christian life. There is no difference between a converted and an unconverted man, except that the first says I will sacrifice my tongue, ear and all the members to the service of God. Some one said to me, once, that a religious sermon was one that had lots of God in it. I admit it, but I believe that a sermon should also teach men their duty in business, at the polls and in the legislature. Men should worship God in their business. The only virtue it takes for them to worship Him on Sunday, is a little patience to endure a tame preacher. God expects that man shall be full-orbed. He is given a good body. Let him take care of it." He then went on to speak of gluttony and the proper care of the body. His sermon was undoubtedly an able one, and one calculated to do much good.

Delta Phi Anniversary.

MONDAY, JUNE 15TH.

The 50th anniversary of the Delta Phi Literary Society was held on the front campus, Monday evening, June 15th. At eight o'clock the orchestra played a lively air, while the two Societies, Delta Phi and Athenæan, filed in on either side of the nicely, yet not elaborately decorated tents, and took their positions on their respective sides, directly in front of the platform. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Haynes, after which C. B. Evans, '86, chairman of the evening, made a few neat introductory remarks. Victor B. Woolley, '85, was then introduced, who delivered the Society Address, upon "The Mission of the Stage." Mr. Woolley's address was listened to with peculiar interest, on account of the originality and novelty of the subject. His address and its subject was a departure from the old routine of addresses and subjects; consequently he received considerable applause.

The Hon. James L. Wolcott was then introduced as the Orator of the evening. Mr. Wolcott's peculiar, yet attractive manner in addition to the excellence of his address, fairly won for him the title of orator, bestowed upon him in virtue of his position. His address abounded in sound advice and wise and scholarly passages, couched in the most elegant and rhetorical language. A criticism of his address we will not attempt, but will give it verbatim.

ORATION BY HON. J. L. WOLCOTT.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The subject about which I propose to talk, for a short time to-night is not a mere stem around which to arrange a beautiful bouquet of language flowers, but one of a practical and serious nature, and relates especially to the interests of those who are about stepping out of boyhood into manhood. This, perhaps, is the most important crisis in the history and experience of most men. It is then you begin to draw upon the resources or capital accumulated during the period of minority. It is then you throw aside the props and crutches upon which you have leaned, and stand alone amid the jostling and conflicting elements around you. It is then you take the initial step in the career of real and earnest life. How, therefore, to seize its opportunities which invite the espousal of your best energy and thought—how to meet and not evade its duties and responsibilities—how, in other words, to play your part in the complicated drama of life so as to achieve success and avoid failure, constitute the great question which demands a rational and satisfactory answer—an answer not written in words, but in deeds—deeds that shall embody the expression of your best and highest nature.

In the discussion of this question, the first thing which claims the attention is a clear and proper appreciation of the distinction between true and false success. That notion which endorses the maxim of the wily Talleyrand, which runs "that there is nothing so successful as success," is a dangerous and pernicious sentiment, and is the same which "worships wrong on the throne and execrates right on the scaffold." In the glare of success the pinchbeck often passes for the gold, and vice, taking advantage of the opportunity, struts before the public gaze in the tinselings of fortune as the brightest of the human virtues.

Real and substantial success is based upon truth and virtue. It is the result of an honest and patient effort to accomplish a good and noble purpose. To state it more philosophically, it is the working out according to the order of nature and the varied gifts of Providence those problems in the realm of either mind or matter, the solution of which is necessary to the attainment of the higher and grander aims of life.

The achievement of every proposed object, therefore, does not constitute success in its true and legitimate sense; for it may, and does, many times, involve the surrender of manhood and the violation of the most sacred rights of others. To call a result, obtained at the cost of virtue and truth, success, would be a gross misnomer or a violent misuse of terms. The real object of human striving and toil is happiness, and any executed design or purpose which does not bring with it that result, is a miserable failure.

What is fame when its pæans are mingled with the wail of wretchedness produced in its attainment? What is wealth which represents unrequited labor and the glittering profits of illegitimate trade? What is political distinction, acquired by debauching the moral nature and enslaving the conscience of its constituency? So far as peace, contentment and satisfaction of mind are concerned, they are barren and unsuccessful achievements. Their promised fruits are as ashes to the taste, and only serve to poison the recollections of the past and blight the prospects of the future. The flowers of gratitude, love and affection seldom bloom beneath their dark and withering shadows.

It is thus the achiever of such results realizes the sum of the wise man's experience, "that all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

However lavish the giddy multitude may be in their admiration of his genius, however swift the servile tongue to palliate his faults or excuse his weakness, however ready the facile pen to indite the honeyed words of adulation and praise, however sweet the melody of song and the rhythm of

poetry composed for his solace and joy, yet in the midst of these and in the silence of meditation and reflection, the skeleton finger of the victim of his ambition will write the word failure in letters of darkness across the gorgeous emblems of his glory and the ribbioned parchments of his titles.

Better obscurity, with its homely enjoyments and unpretentious surroundings, than fame, with its painted pomp and empty pageantry.

"Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glittering grief
Or wear a golden sorrow."

Better poverty, with its ashen crust and windowed raggedness, than riches with its lenden cares, its aching luxury and cankering fears; for there is some pleasure at least in the dogs that lick the sores of Lazarus at the gate of plenty and abundance, but there is none, aye none, in the icy fangs of conscience that bite and lacerate the soul of Dives, in the midst of his magnificent misery and woe.

I am not here to discourage an ambition for riches. It is one of the legitimate objects of human pursuit. It is one of the chief elements in the mainspring of human progress and development, and should receive the warmest sanction of the most enlightened public opinion. If such an ambition were placed under the ban of the moral sentiment of a community, society would pause in its tracks and all the latent resources of nature would slumber in comparative repose, or riot in the luxuriance of its spontaneous productions. While man's rightful sovereignty in the realm of physical nature is conditioned upon labor, yet it would be an act of torture to impose the duty of labor without at the same time providing suitable and adequate rewards for the toil and travail of the laborer. If it were otherwise in the Divine economy, it would be but a repetition of the fabled cup of Tantalus in the classics of heathen mythology.

The earth is man's heritage, which he has a right to use and not abuse, and I pity the man who has no desire or ambition to realize the pleasure or enjoyment afforded by the innocent possession of a reasonable share of the abundance or the fullness thereof. Set the mark of your ambition high. Get all you can, but let it be proportionate to the energy and skill both of body and of mind. The means and the end must form a just and fair equation, if a happy and enjoyable result is desired. If the means are unequal to the end—that is, if we reap where we do not sow, the abundance of the harvest will be greater than the capacity of its possessor for the enjoyment thereof.

It is not, then, the desire for wealth against which the enlightened conscience protests, and against which the voice of God, ringing through the pages of His inspired Word, protests, but it is the selection of corrupt and unscrupulous means to obtain its fruition, whereby it degenerates into avarice, one of the most despotic passions of the human breast, which excludes the supremacy of those virtues so essential to the building up and rounding out of a well-proportioned and even-sided character.

Neither am I here to discourage the ambition for honor or fame. If your tastes and capacities lead you in that direction set the mark of the prize of your calling high, and do not pause or loiter by the way. But honor is not a prize which is won alone by the frigid calculations and tireless exertions of the intellect. The moral element is a prominent factor in the achievement of human greatness, and he who discounts its worth and importance will fail to realize the cherished purpose of his life. A fame which does not strike its roots into the moral nature may yield fruit in abundance, but it will lack the crimson blush and delightful flavor of the fruit that springs from a generous soil and ripens in a genial clime. The cold logic of a big head, untempered by the generous sentiments of a big heart, will chill the currents of human sympathy that form the gulf stream in the ocean of human thought,—thus checking and stinting the flowerings of hu-

manity on the distant shore that bounds and marks the limits of its ceaseless ebb and flow. A great principle, all aflame with the fire and enthusiasm of a warm and a generous nature, burning and singing its way into the hearts and souls of men, will never fail to enthrone itself in the summit of moral and political power. Whence the source of Washington's greatness? Not in the mere battles won by his invincible prowess—not in the triumph at Yorktown—not in the pomp and circumstance of war—nor in the undrilled soldiery of his little army. There was behind him more than these: a great country in embryo, spreading out in grand and beautiful prospect in the wideness of his expanded thought, with a government resting upon the consent of the governed, and a temple erected to freedom, at whose shrine the down-trodden and oppressed of every land could kneel and worship; the wrongs and grievances of his enslaved countrymen crystallized in the burning declaration of American Independence; the patriotic yearnings of the feeble colonies for the untasted joys of liberty. These focused and collected in the great heart of Washington, made him Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial army, and subsequently crowned him Father of his country. Though not great intellectually, yet no higher niche in the temple of fame could have been achieved than that which was assigned to Washington by the gratitude and affection of mankind. Unlike the eulogy of Charlemagne, which was written in the *disgraces* of succeeding times, his fame is written in the *splendors* of succeeding times, and shines and blazes in contrast with the highest models of purity and patriotism.

Napoleon was great in skill—in the marvellous rapidity of his genius—great in organizing, drilling and directing the movements of an army—great in playing and intriguing with the passions and vanities of men—great in suffering and endurance—great in daring—great in all things that constitute a merciless and unfeeling conqueror. But mark the end! The star of his destiny was shrouded in the smoke of Waterloo, and the requiem of his dying hopes was chanted by the wild waves of the ocean as they dashed against the rock-built isle of St. Helena.

Some men are kings without a crown. Their acts and deeds are crowns resplendent with gems of virtue that far outshine the jewels that decorate crowns of kings and emperors. Hampden, Sidney, Locke and Milton made themselves crowns of their acts and writings which are as imperishable as the human race or the principles for which they wrote and suffered. The expression, "I have lost a day," after having omitted to do some good, is a brighter jewel in the crown of his moral kingship than any gem that flashes in the emblem of the Roman Emperor's royalty. Verily, he was an emperor without a crown. The coronal grandeur of the human soul far outshines and outlasts the fading splendors of political royalty. In the Anglo-Saxon etymology of the term, any man is a king who possesses the elements of intellectual and moral superiority. It means knowing man or able man. The man who cannot demonstrate his moral and intellectual superiority cannot assume the right to control and direct the thoughts and actions of others. There is more than the mere idea of ruler implied in the word king, than that which is expressed in the Latin etymology of the term, which does not necessarily include the idea of mental and moral worth. Integrity and intellect are the qualities which endow a man with superiority. "It is worth that makes the man; the want of it, the fellow." All the rest is leaden and pounds. The crown and the sceptre are the emblems of political power, but not of soul and mind power. A wise head and a good heart together form the soil from which the flower of true royalty springs, and from whose beautiful corona the breath of gratitude wafts the incense of his praise and admiration.

Now what I have said of individual is equally true of national success. The nation whose pre-eminence is derived through the instrumentality of a policy based upon cunning and duplicity, and whose treasury is filled with tribute exacted

from the feeble and unwary, is no less criminal and wrong than the individual whose coffers are bloated with ill gotten gains. Territorial possessions, fertile provinces and flourishing cities, which represent the spoils of conquest or the triumphs of a mean and heartless diplomacy, are by no means the infallible signs of a healthy and vigorous civilization. The deep hues of apparent health and vigor upon the swollen cheek of a morbid and diseased prosperity are nothing but the hectic glow or fatal symptom which warns the careful and philosophical observer of approaching dissolution or decay.

Spartan bravery, unlike the Spartan laws, will never fail to enlist the admiration of men. The beautiful epigram of Simonides, which made the dead Spartans at the fatal pass of Thermopylae address all succeeding generations, that the Lacedaemonians were lying there in obedience to their country's laws, expresses in simple and unadorned grandeur the sublime heroism of the Spartan character. They knew how to grapple with an enemy in the storm of battle, but they knew nothing about the sublime sentiment of the poet, "That peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." The principle of honesty had no place in the catechism of their social and political faith. Stealing, in the code of the famous Lycurgus, was exalted to a virtue. Detection in the commission of the act being alone treated and punished as a crime. What a remarkable parallel we here find between the Grecian Lawgiver and the distinguished Frenchman who declared, "That nothing was so successful as success." The civilization of the Spartans was gross, selfish and material. And in the extinction of their name and nation nothing survives but the splendid courage and inflexible obedience of the Spartan soldier to the laws of his country.

The haughty Roman, as he sat beneath the shadows of his native city, beheld the glory of the Imperial Capital only in the splendor of its material and luxuriant civilization. Absolute power and sensual gratification, in addition to universal dominion, had become the Roman ideal of national greatness and success. The civil law, among the greatest products of the human reason, and which by the transfusion of its spirit has enriched and adorned the jurisprudence of almost every land and nation, had utterly ceased to inspire the oracles of Roman justice and to command the admiration and respect of the people. The dignified eloquence of Cicero and the lofty morals of Seneca were unmeaning platitudes and brilliant trash to those who were marshaled by their brutish instincts and besotted reason to the brink of national ruin and disaster. This proud political structure, whose conquering armies had exacted homage and submission from every tongue and tribe of men, became the sepulchre of its name and institutions.

When the Gothic king, at the head of his barbarian hosts, encamped about the Eternal City, and demanded its surrender, her thick walls, massive gates and vast wealth afforded no protection to a people whose manhood had been undermined by the enjoyment of their guilty spoils, and from whose bosoms the spirit of ancient valor had taken its flight. They sent an embassy to inquire the meaning of the hostile approach; and when they found that all their wealth, jewels and barbarian slaves were unconditionally demanded they inquired, what then will be left to us? And the barbarous chieftain replied, with an instinctive appreciation of true power, "Life." To pay the ransom they melted the statue which symbolized that element of the Roman character by which they became the conquerors of the world. Life to them had lost its meaning and significance, and after a few spasms of ineffectual resistance, they dropped from their weak and nerveless grasp the sceptre of universal power and dominion.

The Republic of Florence, which sprang from the bosom of mediæval darkness, became the leader of the arts and civilization of the Middle Ages. But through the wealth and patronizing character of the Medicis and the influence of the political system of Machiavelli, which subordinated

principles to expediency and liberty to selfishness and material gain, it became a prey to the violence of factions and family quarrels, and sank back into the obscurity from which it sprang. But not so with the Swiss Republic. Begirt and flanked with mountains, it found strength and security in its poverty. The pastoral habits and simple manners of her people protected them from the corroding vice of avarice and of pride. Their love of liberty towers above the considerations of wealth and grandeur. They worship principles and not things. The fires of patriotism burn as brightly on the altars of Swiss freedom to-day as when kindled by the heroism of a noble and daring ancestry. The virtues of Tell and Winkelreid sleep not as their mortal dust beneath the monumental slab, but live and breathe in the lives and acts of their faithful and patriotic representatives. The avalanche that sweeps into the vale below the little villages and rude huts perched upon the shelving declivities of the mountain-side is not half so terrible and fatal as the stream of luxury and wealth which slowly, but surely, poisons the springs of liberty and perverts the fountains of justice, if intemperately used. It is not, then, the legitimate acquisition of material advantages which alone constitute ultimate success, but the proper and legitimate use thereof.

* * * * *

The people form the State. As the people, so the government. However perfect and admirable in theory a government may be, in its practical operation and effect it will seldom rise above the tastes and habits of the people. If they are bad, their government will be bad. A great man now and then may appear upon the stage of action and by the touches of his marvellous genius may awaken the sluggish and dreamy elements of the moral nature for a little while, and apparently lift and widen the horizon of popular ambition, yet without a permanent and radical change in the habits and manners of the people the effort will be as the flash of a meteor athwart the sky, which leaves the bewildered gazer in darkness more intense. You must purify the fountain before you can affect the stream. The only way to do that is by the infusion of pure and healthy blood into the veins and arteries of the body politic.

The preservation or redemption of a people, therefore, depends upon the youth of the land. If the youth of a nation is properly educated, properly prepared, properly developed—from that source will be constantly poured into the channels of thought, business, trade and commerce, a stream of freshness and vitality that will cleanse the body politic of its impurities, and supply the waste occasioned by the decrepitude and infirmities of age. Upon the youth or young manhood of this great Republic rests a grave and important responsibility—one that presses upon them at every step and in every department of life. Not those alone who expect to tread the treacherous paths of political honor and distinction, but the laborer, the artisan, the merchant, the professor, the doctor, the lawyer—upon all these God has strapped and bound the duty of contributing each his share towards the elevation of the tone of public opinion—the source of public power and authority; aye, more of creating such a public sentiment as will demand purity and uprightness in positions of public trust—that will put a premium on merit, and a discount on wrong—that will sweep away the morbid and diseased growths of our civilization and forever silence the voice of the blatant and wide mouthed demagogue. Do this—

"Then the free spirit of our national manhood at length
Throwing its last fetters off, who shall place
A limit to the unchained strength of this western giant,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?"

To answer the question, how to achieve success and avoid failure, is not vexed with as many difficulties and embarrassments as some would have you believe. After all, it is a simple thing. It is but a mere effect produced by the oper-

ation of a single cause; namely, the performance of duty.

A candid examination of yourselves—your tastes, your capacities, your talents and your aptitudes and their bearing upon or relation to the labors and duties of the various fields of mental and physical activity, with an inflexible resolve to do that which you can do best, will insure success. If you neglect this preliminary duty and select an occupation or profession without reference to your aptitude or fitness for the duties of either, because it seems to you a shorter and nearer way to social and political advancement, be careful that it is not more remotely situated from the point of your ambition than you anticipated. A homely adage has it, "The farthest way around is the shortest way across." Distance in such a case is not to be computed by miles and furlongs, but by the power and swiftness of the motions of the mind and body. "It is an uncontroverted truth," said Swift, "that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." "Be what nature intended you for," said another great writer, "and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing."

The philosophy of human success is summed up in the scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Into whatever field of labor you may be summoned by the voice of nature, thither hasten and to its duties and work consecrate the best energies of your young manhood. If nature has fitted you for a farmer, then cultivate the soil, and it will bless your effort in the richness and abundance of its fruits. If it has fitted you for a mechanic, then by the use of your brain and the cunning of your hand make yourself the equal of your proudest and most successful rival. If nature has qualified you for the professional walks of life, then harness your talents to your energies, and never cease until you have mounted to the topmost round in the ladder of professional honor and distinction. If you have but one talent, do not bury it nor hide it away in a napkin. The circulating agencies of business, of trade and of commerce are chiefly made up of the single talents contributed by single individuals. If it is brightened and burnished for use, it will buy as much in the market of worth, of the real comforts, conveniences and pleasures of life, as the five talents.

A young man can make no greater mistake than to force himself into a position which he has not the capacity to fill. Beside those whom nature has especially fitted for the performance of its duties and labors, he will be a mere dwarf, and truly an object of pity. Perhaps after expending the fire and energies of his youth in trying to do something to which his abilities are inadequate, with his nature soured by disappointment and his natural abilities warped and perverted by his former adventure or effort, he will then look for some other field in which to retrieve the lost time. In many instances a man can never get out of the shadow of a mistake made in early life. It interrupts the sunshine of his entire future and hangs a cloud about his sunniest hopes. It is on account of such mistakes that we see so many pigmies perched upon Alps and so many cripples halting, limping, stumbling and falling by the road-side of life, who only serve as the blocks and stepping-stones upon which the subtle and expert climber ascends to the topmost peaks of his profession or occupation. Remember this, that in the path of duty lie honor and success.

* * * * *

"What shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean—Fame is the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?

Thy duty ever!

This did full many who yet sleep unknown,—

Oh! never, never!

Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown

Whom thou knowest not?

By angel trump in heaven their praises blown—

Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife?

Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,

Will life be fled;

While he who ever acts as conscience cries

Shall live though dead."

After music by the orchestra, J. Harvey Whiteman, '85, delivered the "Farewell Address" to the Society. In connection with his valedictory remarks, Mr. Whiteman wove in a very excellent oration upon "Time." The speaker has a strong voice, dignified appearance, and was possessed with a considerable amount of stage ease. He delivered to his Society one of the finest Farewell Addresses delivered during a number of years.

The highly entertaining and enjoyable custom of calling upon old members for short extemporaneous speeches was done away with by each Society, for the first time since the re-organization. It is hoped this is only a temporary suspension of this time honored custom.

The Anniversary was universally considered to have been an excellent one, consisting of good speeches, and fine music and giving rare enjoyment to all.

Athenæan Anniversary.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16TH.

At 7.30 the annual reunion of the Athenæan Literary Society was held in the hall. At 8 o'clock the members marched to the tent by twos, followed by quite a number of the former members. Here, notwithstanding the intense heat and indications of a storm, a large number of people had gathered to witness the exercises of the 51st anniversary, and the stand was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreen.

Chairman Frame introduced the Rev. G. M. Bond, who offered a short prayer. He was followed by Mr. Frame who made a few appropriate remarks. The chairman next introduced Mr. Samuel Polk, who delivered the Society Address. His subject was: "Night Brings Out the Stars." Just at this time the storm which had been threatening for some time, burst forth. The lightning flashed, the wind blew almost a gale, and it seemed for a few minutes that the audience would be dispersed. Mr. Frame stepped to the front of the stand and assured the audience that it would not rain. Finally quiet being restored, Mr. Polk proceeded with his discourse. He handled his

subject in a very able manner and held the attention of the audience.

Mr. Frame next introduced the Rev. Waldo Messaros the orator of the evening. His subject was: "From Acorn to Oak." He began at the beginning of the present generation and showed how they descended from the original tribes. He had perfect control of his audience, and his description of the battle of Mission Ridge was a grand piece of elocution. He spoke for about an hour without notes.

The Farewell Address was delivered by Mr. Charles W. Cullen. His subject was: "Moral and Unwritten Law." He handled his subject in a masterly manner and showed himself to be thoroughly acquainted with his subject. In his closing remarks he gave some excellent advice.

The exercises being closed, the members repaired to the hall, where a banquet had been prepared. A very enjoyable hour was spent and hunger being appeased, the following toasts were responded to: "Reorganization of the Faculty," Dr. G. W. Marshall. "Co-education," Messrs. S. M. Reynolds and E. R. Paynter. "Delaware College," A. Merrill. "Anniversary Exercises," H. Ewing. Several other speeches were made. W. R. Huston acted as toast master.

Commencement Day.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17TH.

The exercises of the fiftieth commencement of Delaware College were held on the college campus. The tents were crowded, but the coolness of the air made every one comfortable. At 11 o'clock the students formed in the corridor of the college and marched to the scene of action. The Freshmen led the way, followed by the other classes in order, the Faculty and Trustees bringing up the rear. At the entrance to the tent the first men halted and formed two columns, allowing their seniors to enter in order. The Rev. Henry Rumer of St. Georges, opened the exercises with a prayer, after which C. W. Cullen delivered the first oration. His subject was *Grecian Excellence*. Mr. Cullen is the son of a prominent Georgetown lawyer, and he intends following the legal profession himself. He handled his subject in an elegant and poetic manner. He said:

"To a mind not in love with history the past is dull and dead. The beautiful thoughts and grand achievements of the ancients are like an old song or an oft repeated story. This classic land which so lately regained its independence once enjoyed a period of greatness which reached its climax in the splendid age of pericles. Now touched by some magic wand, Greece rests, halcyon like, but barren of heroic deed and covered by the debris of ages, thus exemplifying the maxim that the state rises but to fall, and in her prosperity she moves onward to adversity. As death and decay walk the ancient streets, gloating over their actions, the spirit of Homer and Pindar, of Plato and Socrates hover over the

groves of Athens, as if guarding the once beloved home of literature, art and philosophy. No battle field or leafy grove is without its legend or poetic tale, all is beautiful and adorned with a halo of glory. The intellect of her statesmen in providing for the general welfare and making treaties, the sagacity of her military leaders, the accuracy and profundity we cannot excel, and the philosophy which excites our admiration at the acuteness and range of the Grecian mind. The gods who looked down from high Olympus, with pride and affection upon the exploits of her grand heroes seem to have grown sullen and downcast, like the people they turn away their faces towards the web woven in the past, and I scan the pages and volumes made immortal by their influence upon the world. Though the land is in ruins and her people poor; her name lives and reverberates through every civilized country on the globe."

Miss Margaret W. Blandy followed with an essay on *The Teachings of the Bells*. She said:

"Wisdom and knowledge are everywhere around us if we will only seek to find them. Even the inanimate speak with no uncertain sound. Did you ever listen to the beautiful music of the bells and try to catch the message they bring to you, for there is a message in every stroke if you will but heed it. They may tell only of joy, then how merry is their peal, they seem hardly able to express their joy; one peal after another, they are fairly overflowing with happiness and unable to contain themselves. But again it may be a message filled with sadness, then how slowly and mournfully they toll, each stroke echoing and re-echoing, then dying away in the distance as if they are trying to soothe the sorrow of which they seem so loathe to speak. But listen to the bell again. It is not hard to interpret the message now. How mildly they ring. They seem almost frantic with terror and dismay now. They seem unable to tell the tale of destruction fast enough. They speak of the raging fire leaping far up into the heavens, making everything bright with a horrid glare. Why are bells so beautiful? Why have they the power to raise the heart to joy or to sober the brightest face? Because they are perfect harmony. So our lives are beautiful when they are spent in harmony with the will of God, and at peace with men. The least discord, the sharp tones of anger, the flatness of despondency or despair will spoil the sweetest music. Bells too have the power of sounding as the ringer wishes. So let us yield our souls to our Heavenly Father, that He may teach them what He pleases. The peal of joy, the unruffled peal of sorrow or the chime which calls to prayer and praise—in all let us be as unresisting and responsive to the divine mandate as the church bell in the old ivy-grown tower. Thus shall life be."

Mr. Pilling upon his introduction was the recipient of a hearty and prolonged applause which was quite significant. The Class started the applause, and the students and audience took it up. He said:

"Commerce is a branch of industry scarcely second to any in national importance. The ship freighted with a country's industry is one of the noblest of its achievements. Commerce diffuses knowledge and spreads abroad civilization. It has mingled nations and advanced letters and culture and art. American commerce has taught many and different processes of manufactures and has opened new markets of trade, through which, the American people as producers, have been greatly benefitted. It was the commercial intercourse of this with other countries that has built up our great sea-board cities, such as Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans and New York. Commerce is one of the essential requirements to national prosperity and greatness. It was her commercial relations that reared Venice like another queen of beauty from the foam of the sea and made her the most powerful and prominent of Italian cities. It is her magnificent

marine combined with her equally well equipped navy, each the outgrowth of the vast and extended commerce, that makes England to-day the mistress of the sea, the most powerful and most respected of nations, so that her drum-beat is heard around the world and the sun never sets upon her broad dominions. Through wise and just administration of our government we are able to compete with any nation in the production of the necessities of life. American resources are without parallel in the range of history. Though with production of the soil flourishing, being able to produce much more than we can consume, with our exports vastly exceeding our imports, we are dependent upon foreign nations for ocean transportation. What this country greatly needs, therefore, is to have her products transported in a merchant marine of her own, built by American workmen, manned by American seamen, and owned by American capitalists."

The essay that followed on *Working and Thinking* by Miss Ida Simmons was exceedingly good and reflects much credit upon the young lady. She intends teaching school, having already secured a position. She said:

"There is no elevation for humanity without toil; none without active thought, feeling and purpose. Every act of ours calls forth a corresponding thought; no one will do an entirely unusual thing without first thinking whether he should do so or not; if it is something we are used to doing we may do it mechanically and not remember having thought of it. A physician, when called to see a patient, notices the symptoms; then considers what remedy will be most likely to insure recovery. But to consider what should be done, and not do it would benefit the patient not at all. How much thought and work is expended upon scientific research; and how small, comparatively speaking, are the results. One fanatic on the solar system has appeared in London, who claims to have made, after careful investigations, some very curious discoveries; he undertakes to prove the earth to be flat; tells us no longer to believe that it turns upon an imaginary axis; says that it is the centre of the universe, and that the sun, instead of the earth, moves. Whether this is so or not, we will not here attempt to say; but we can not help believing that this man had to think and work bravely, untiringly, to be able to upset all the time-honored astronomical theories now proved and taught. We must not imagine that chiefly by study on reading a man will attain to the first rank, for there is often much knowledge with few ideas, and there are very few learned men without grand thoughts of their own. Every one, however few may be his opportunities, will yet find them sufficient upon which to exert his own mental powers—even though his attention is confined to what is near him; and this intellectual force constantly exercised will increase. The earnest cultivator of it can observe, compare and reason for himself and thus demonstrate for himself and others that the one who would rise must be a worker and thinker; putting practice and precept together, and thus rendering intelligent and faithful service to mankind, will at the same time secure his own happiness."

Jacob Harvey Whiteman followed with *Poverty and Success*, and, after alluding to the morning of man's life he went on to say that the infant born into a state of servitude or ill-starred poverty is as much to the world and the world as much to him so long as infancy lingers as to that one born of the most distinguished and aristocratic parents. Life begins here at equality, but some enter the realities of life under far more adverse circumstances than others; clouds of darkness spread over the brightness and glory of their morning and appear to hide them forever from success and

eminence. He said:

"Now the subject begins to discriminate, and soon learns to appreciate the distinction between servitude and freedom. To those whose mornings remain clear and bright, freed from the necessity of labor and responsibility, theirs is a glorious present, but nevertheless their future is undetermined for parental wealth and distinction, however potent, cannot direct their course. Others, as soon as their careers are begun, are straightway environed with impediments, amid which poverty will oppose their progress and disappointment will depress them, but still they are animated by the fond anticipation of acquiring a character to be remembered and venerated by future generations, long after they have been received into the inheritance of heaven. A few words will disclose the whole secret of a self-made eminence, viz. buoyant hope, good character, patient industry, and indomitable perseverance. The equality of opportunity is much more generally prevalent in our happy land than it was among the ancients or even in a majority of modern governments. Then the hopes of one born without the ranks of nobility was as fruitless as the drowning man's efforts to catch a straw. It is very true that poverty in its general manifestations is a condition which excites much sympathy, but, nevertheless, it is the very school which educated and moulded many noble characters, who otherwise might have been given over to dissipation and revelry. Then the sons of poverty should not despair but cherish high hopes. Let them call to mind the eminent examples in the world's history. Let them scan the grand triumphs of the sons of want and poverty. Let them behold the philanthropists, the benefactors of mankind in every age rising superior to trials and hardships. Let them behold these, thank God, take courage and push forward to success, and, even though they emerge from the lowest ebbs of human misery, they are welcome, thrice welcome to a lofty prominence in the world's history."

After several selections from Ritchie's orchestra, John Nivin delivered the honorary oration. His subject was *The Advance of Civilization*. This oration was exceedingly interesting. The speaker handled his subject well. Proving by the increased powers of steam and electricity that the world was undoubtedly progressing. He said that although ancients were our peers in literature and the fine arts yet they were lacking in humanity and general education which so marks this age.

Miss Lizzie L. Hearne followed with an essay on *Unwritten Heroism*. She said:

"Throughout the whole course of our lives, we meet with no subject more neglected or more worthy of consideration and discussion than 'Unwritten Heroism.' The noblest work has been done by people whose names have never been recorded on the historic page, or, in fact, scarcely ever heard of after death. For example, take the example of many a kind and anxious mother, and notice how she trains up her sons to fight the difficult battles of life and to meet the shadowy future with fearless and courageous breasts. The names of these sons are sounded far and wide and live long after their deaths, and yet the names of their parents are scarcely ever heard of. In this case does all the heroism lie in the hero of the story? No part of it is due to the mother who taught her sons the first principles of nobility. Take for instance, Grover Cleveland our worthy president, whose name is now familiar to almost every child in the United States and yet it may be doubted whether one-tenth of the adults ever as much as heard of the names of his parents. 'Silent thought has a sonorous echo.' It is not in the self-praising of a person, but in the working of the

unseen forces of nature that the true nobility exists. It is not what a person would do or intends to do, but what he does or what he has done that he should be credited for. If we take a look at the beautiful gardens or at the fine paintings in the houses of the wealthy and affluent, we shall at once be struck with admiration, and afterwards when we have an occasion to speak of them we refer to the proprietors as the possessors. While they are the possessors in one sense of the word they are not in another, for they are the gardeners who cultivated them and the artists who painted them and it is they who should receive the compliment of admiration. In the distribution of talents nature has not been so partial as many are apt to think, for it may be doubted if there is a person in existence who has not some element of greatness and heroism which will show itself as occasion offers, some time in the possessor's life. It is not the crown and court by attendants, and imperial wardrobes that make a lady a heroine, but graces of the heart and good deeds that will give the diadem of heroism to any lady.

'How e'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronals,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

Nor is it a gentleman's wealth and social station that make him a hero, but it is the elevation of his soul, which comprehends the highest bravery and the truest nobility, and a contempt for everything that dishonors and lowers character."

At the conclusion of the essay, *Victor B. Woolley* delivered his oration upon *The South*. Mr. Woolley is another member of the class of '85 who intends studying law.

* * * "Abreast with the corruption of the nobility of England in 1640, the destruction and devastation wrought by Napoleon in the last century and other great national evils, was slavery and its trade in America. Slavery was the blot upon the otherwise fair escutcheon of the country of our forefathers. This was the institution that made the Goddess of Liberty, placed upon the topmost pinnacle of our National Capitol, a mockery and a delusion. The South had for years been subject to a most tyrannizing despotism. Despotism does not necessarily imply a personal despotism. Slavery constitutes a despotism of the most malignant type. What despotism is more potent than that of an evil custom? But when to the force of custom, law is added, no power can be devised more capable of promoting wrong? * * * There in the Southern land so long as slavery lasted was a sort of feudalism, islanded in the vast ocean of modern progress." * * * In the course of his speech he spoke of the war and its results; the poverty, desolation and widespread despair—the heritage of the people of the South. A fine tribute was paid to Charles Sumner in his efforts to have erased from the "banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internal struggle, which might be regarded as soiling the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people," and in his noble endeavors "to bring the North and South together once more in heart, as they are indissolubly linked to each other in fortune." He said that the common sorrowing over a martyred President was the balm that healed the wounds of the North and South, and it may be said that their long estrangement was now at an end. After speaking of the New South, the growing prosperity, the new industries, educational advances, accumulation of wealth, the great natural resources, ores, soil, climate, etc., he thus concluded: "The South has put itself again in sympathy with the spirit of the age. There is a new birth of thought, of feeling, of art informed by science and science encircling art, of resources hitherto undreamed of and of multiform energies. The Southern eye brightens and the Southern face beams with hope as the future of the South is

discussed, but there is no turning with wishful eyes to the theories of the past. The old South is dead; it has passed away; it is buried; it is forgotten, save as old memories and old pride cast their flitting shadows over the better present and brighter future."

Miss Grace D. Chester delivered the last speech. The subject of her essay was *Pasteur, as a Scientist*. She said:

"In the Imperial Republic, at the present day, lives a man who has saved the greatest industries of his people from utter ruin. Forces which the whole world declared unconquerable have been made subservient to his hand, and yet not to the genius, but to the ceaseless energy and perseverance of the man. No wild bursts of the flames of genius mark his career; patient, earnest application brought the success of Louis Pasteur!

The day of science as a myth is passed! When the microscope was invented a new era was opened to those who devote their lives to the cause of science. It is the region of "Infinite Little" that the barks of the scientists of to-day, freighted with microscope and polarizer, have set sail to explore! Those of Germany have touched the most distant ports, while close in their wake follow the crafts from other countries.

We must know the secret of construction before we can properly define the difference between two apparently similar substances. We meet two people, whose appearance we can not distinguish, until after acquaintance, when the expression that plays over the countenance of either, leads us to recognize them apart. It is the inner thought, the motive of word and deed, that forms the expression of a face, and it is by that we read the real difference between characters. Taking this analogy into the region of physical and chemical science, —it is the molecular relations, that distinguish two perfectly resembling substances. The career of this man Pasteur turned upon this principle and we will see how it was first brought to bear upon his work.

Mitscherlich, the German investigator, in a letter to the French Academy, affirmed that two crystalline substances, tartrate of soda and tartrate of ammonia, differing only in their action under polarized light, were identical. Pasteur knew that they could not be, yet he must prove to the world his point, before it would believe his contradiction! Retiring to his laboratory he worked for months, crystallizing and recrystallizing these substances, till he was able to make the public experiments, before the Academy, rotating the plane of the polarizer with one and not with the other, which convinced the world that the distinction between the structure of organic and inorganic forms was fixed and definite. We think such minutiae ridiculous. We, who take pride in stitches the hundredth part of an inch in length; you, who would work for weeks to get the exact degree of a new curve on a ball, smile at the enthusiasm of such a man. Emerson says that "The one element of success is concentration,"—and had not all the energies of Pasteur been centered in his work, where would have been the brilliant successes of his later life?

Modest and retiring, he still pursued his investigations, and though nominated to a high position in one of the large French institutions, he was kept from it, by the influence of his old master, now recognizing him as a rival.

Grand treatises on the germs of life, contained even in minute particles of dust, flowed from his master-hand, the results of long and laborious experiments. And when he announced his readiness to place before the world his conclusions, the scientists in all the world listened for them, with bated breath. Was there such a thing as spontaneous generation? If so, all life can be formed without a God,—and the materialists shuddered lest they should be "tried in the balance, and found wanting." Surely, when the bacteria, the germs of all life in its lowest forms were seen in the il-

illuminate beam of light in the bowl of mercury, in that darkened room, where his explanatory lecture was given, their whole theory was disproven, and another triumph was gained through scientific research.

The time for Pasteur to become a public benefactor had arrived. As we look at the south of France in the summer, we see the whole region alive with crunching silkworms. The homes of the humble growers are literally converted into hurdles, and the whole family is enslaved to the insatiable appetite of those worms; and must hurry hither and thither to bring the mulberry leaves, so rapidly devoured. In the stillness of night, at the first thunder clap, up springs the man of the house to cover the worms, lest in the coming storm they should take cold and die. Their life depends on the life of the worms, so we need not wonder at the pains taken to preserve the life and health of these precious insects. What if pestilence should overtake them? Who would know how to remedy or prevent the disease? Lo! it has come and thousands of worms refuse the leaves so abundantly provided, grow weak and die! What are the people to do? Three years of increasing failure in the crops have passed, and no remedy will induce the worms to return to health, or stay the rapidly spreading pestilence. At last Dumas sent to Pasteur, whose mind he fully believed able to cope with any problem, from his already accomplished work, this message: "Find the cause of this evil; restore your country's revenue." "Why," returned Pasteur, "I have never even seen a silkworm." "So much the better; you will work unprejudiced by general ideas," said his master. Soon in the little village of Alais, in Spain, we see a family all busily engaged in raising these silkworms, each watching the different stages of the disease. The man holds intently in his hand the moth, already having discovered the marks of the disease; under a microscope near are some eggs, undergoing investigation. Who is this family, working so differently from the other silk-growers, seeming to delight in the most blighted moths? It is Pasteur and his noble wife and daughter. Did he have a pang of disappointment at leaving his investigations on ferments in which he was then so busily engaged? Yes, he did! But he threw himself into the solution of this problem with all the zeal of one ever ready to assist his fellows. Five long years found him every summer in Alais, pursuing his investigations, and though this overwork had entirely paralyzed his left side, he sat in his chair and directed the experiments he knew would reach the desired remedy. This contagious disease could not be cured, they had told him! Yet his own little crop had done well for two successive years. Now, in the silk manufactories in France hundreds of girls are employed to sort the healthy from the unhealthy moths, and thus prevent a return of the pestilence which was not contagious, but was cured by his skillful treatment. These girls use the method that was the result of the five years' study of Pasteur—a glass to discover the concentric rings which are in the crushed moth, telling them to destroy the eggs of that moth, and to save only those free from rings, which will form the cocoons, from which our beautiful fabrics are made. I wonder if the fashionable butterfly, as she wings her way down the fashionable street, in her fashionable, new summer silk, knows of the heroic life that was almost lost in restoring this cultivation to France, and of the eight years when the French government lost 100,000 francs of revenue, the rich silk-growers became poor, and the humble growers became beggars?

This was not the greatest, though perhaps the most interesting of Pasteur's work for his people. By his study of the ferments he was led to put into practical use the method of destroying the germ in wines by heat, and to raise this manufactory from place far below Germany to one quite equal to it.

Then when the scourge among the cattle became so disastrous, to whom did the people turn for relief but to Pasteur. Though again thrown into a path the like of which he had never trod before, yet he strode bravely onward to the remedy he knew he could reach. His keen mind pierced the difficulty, as he saw that this suffering was also caused by bacteria, and after two years of repeated experiments, sacrificing hundreds of animals to the cause of science, he assembled all the learned investigators to witness his results. The animals which had been treated with the virus which he had prepared stood quietly feeding, while the untreated and diseased were perishing rapidly all around them. Were the French people grateful? Listen to the shout of applause that rang through the field of his experimental farm, and judge for yourself! While one of his bitterest opponents says to him, "I see, I know, I believe, I am undecieved!" And the following year 140,000,000 animals were saved from death by his process of treatment.

In the line of medical chemistry he has worked incessantly. And now, in his elegantly furnished laboratory, where the French government allows him 1,500 francs a year for his own experiments, this great head of the Scientific department of the Ecole Normale, is conquering one cause of death's dread power—hydrophobia! How different from the rude garret, fitted up at his own expense, in which, as the assistant teacher of Physics, he made his first investigations on crystalline forms! The highest position in the land is his, reached by patient, continuous, laborious application to each subject brought before him.

In a rude doorway of an humble house in Dote, on a silver-plate, are inscribed these words: "Here was born Louis Pasteur, Dec. 27, 1822." The other inscription is not yet written! And who would venture to limit the discoveries of the remaining years of his life? Only time will show them.

Did we say it was not his genius that brought him this success? Let us solve this difficulty before we leave him. The greatest genius that ever lived, the beloved Michael Angelo, said that "Genius is eternal patience." Then must we not acknowledge our living hero to be one of the brightest geniuses of our age? And when we see that it is the study of the "Infinite Little" that has brought him to this height, Pasteur seems greater than ever, and every people in every land should unite in his praise!

President Purnell conferred the degree of B. S. upon Grace D. Chester, Missouri; Charles W. Cullen, R. T. Pilling, J. H. Whiteman and V. B. Woolley, all of Delaware, and the degree B. L. upon Margaret W. Blandy, Lizzie L. Hearne, John Nivin and Ida Simmons, all of this State. Before the presentation President Purnell made a neat and appropriate speech to the graduates. He then introduced H. C. Carpenter, who awarded the prizes in declamation and reading. The prize for best reading was given to Miss Anna T. Reynolds, with a short speech by assistant superintendent. Superintendent T. N. Williams then awarded the prize for best declamation to R. E. DeMaranville. The Ferris memorial prize for chemistry was then given by J. Alexander Fulton, Esq., to Joseph K. Frame. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon the Revs. T. Gardner Littell of Wilmington, and William Simonton of Emmitsburg, Md. Harvey W. Ewing then awarded the Class of '84 prize for Latin to Herbert Deakyn, of New Castle. The Soule prize for the student who stands highest in scholarship in the senior year was given to Miss Margaret W. Blandy. Professor A. A. Benton then pronounced the benediction, and the last exercises of the Class of '85 were concluded. Everything passed off nicely and the Commencement was an undoubted success, notwithstanding the recent difficulties.

Alumni Association.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

The Alumni Association met in the President's room at 3.30 P. M. There was a full attendance, and various matters were discussed. The same officers were re-elected.

Commencement Hop.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The Commencement Hop, held on the evening of the 17th, was quite a social success. The grand march started promptly at 9.30 P. M. Mr. William Curtis and Miss Mame Lindsey leading. The number that attended was about 150. The youth, beauty and fashion of Newark and vicinity assembled and danced to their hearts content till the wee small hours of the morn. The eastern horizon was tinged with gold and red when the last strains of the violins died upon the air.

Locals.

'85 holds its re-union in '90.

College re-opens Sept. 2nd 1885.

I say Joe, *little* Miller broke a bat!

Newark takes a nap for two months.

It is hoped that the last sun has nearly set upon the literary course.

Mrs. Roach has been hard at work making her choice ice cream for Commencement week.

Work on the new oratory and general repairs are already underway, and will be completed before September.

"Well! what are you going to do about it?" he said. She looked towards the heavens and said: "Where's the dipper?"

Horses and buggies were in great demand at Commencement. We are unable to report the exact number of engagements resulting.

"Hammocks are nice, but a parlor is more secure," whispers the verdant '89 man. Go careful young man, you're in a fair way to get hurt.

President William H. Purnell has been elected president of the Frederick City Female Seminary of Frederick City, Maryland. It is thought he will accept.

The Board of Trustees of Delaware College at a recent meeting held in Wilmington, decided to abolish co-education and accept the resignation of President W. H. Purnell.

Every student and friend should notice the reliable advertisements that appear in the REVIEW and should most certainly patronize the liberal minded business men who patronize this paper.

After the exercises of the evening June 16th, Prof. Ritchie was inveigled into bringing his orchestra into the oratory, where he discoursed merry music to which the feet of a score of dancers managed to keep time. This impromptu affair seemed thoroughly enjoyed.

The Athenæan Literary Society repeated their superb drama on Saturday night, June 13th. The rendition of it was marked with ability, and the success that attended was greater than the former occasion. The actors had their parts thoroughly memorized, the positions and movements on the stage easy and graceful. The entire audience received the wit and humor with rounds of laughter

and applause. The music was very fine and greatly appreciated. It helped to break up the monotony of the evening between acts.

Business Dots.

Any person wishing to purchase a monument, tomb, mantel, or tiling of any kind, should visit the warerooms of Davidson's Delaware Steam Marble and Granite Works, Corner of 5th and King streets, Wilmington, before purchasing. With all the facilities for getting out work equal to any in the larger cities, and with a large stock to select from, no one can fail to get suited.

Westcott & Cummins are hard at work in their handsome studio, taking and sending out their artistic photographs. You are invited to call and see them, and test their work. Don't forget that by taking advantage of the advertisement on the first page of the REVIEW you can secure fine cabinets at a reduced price. Their number is 302 Market street.

After graduating at this College, our young men and women who intend entering business, should prepare for it by taking a course of business training in the Bryant and Stratton Philadelphia Business College. No pains are spared to maintain the high reputation of this institution for thorough and practical instruction, and careful attention to the interests of the pupils. Write to them for a circular, and when you are in Philadelphia call and pass a pleasant hour examining the College.

To Messrs. McKnight and Morgan of the Philadelphia School of Phonography and Type Writing, 1338 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

597 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

"Gentlemen: After practicing tachygraphy for a number of years, I was attracted by your method of teaching Pitman's Phonography, by 'Lesson Sheets.' After 12 private lessons under your instructions, I was enabled to use Phonography, and have never been sorry I changed."

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QUIPS AND CRANKS.

"As I cannot get the fat of the land I guess I will take a little lean," said a tramp as he posed against the college fence and munched his cold victuals.

Professor of Physics: "What is velocity?"
Smart Soph: "Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

One man in Germany has made and sold three million thermometers and some one remarks: "That's what you might call making money by degrees."

He had a little too much to carry, although he was riding, and she was beginning to find it out. See that shimoon?" he said. "Of course," was the reply. "Why am I like that shimoon?" "Because you're pretty full I guess," she cruelly answered. Another college grass widow in the camp.

The following advertisement appeared in a French paper: "Wanted, a distinguished and healthy-looking man to be 'cured man' in a doctor's waiting room. Address, &c.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to an audience of three: "As there's nobody here I'll dismiss you. The performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to-morrow evening.

Now that ye commencement is past, ye college student seeks to make up for ye horse hire and ice cream expenses, by selling books, peach baskets, and almost every other kind of honorable employment, except taking in washing. Go it young man while you're young. People won't notice you if you try that dodge in your old age.

Bartholdi modeled his statue after his mother. He made her the size she used to seem to him in his boyhood days when he was caught going in swimming without permission.

It is said that much suffering is caused an animal by defective shoeing. This will be readily understood by noticing a woman shoo a hen. The poor bird does not know which way to go.

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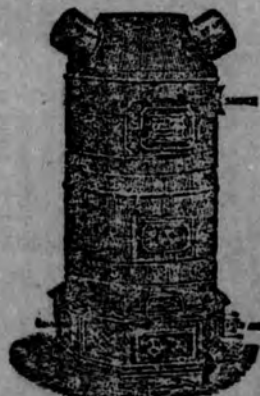
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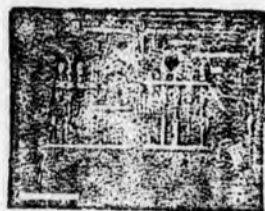
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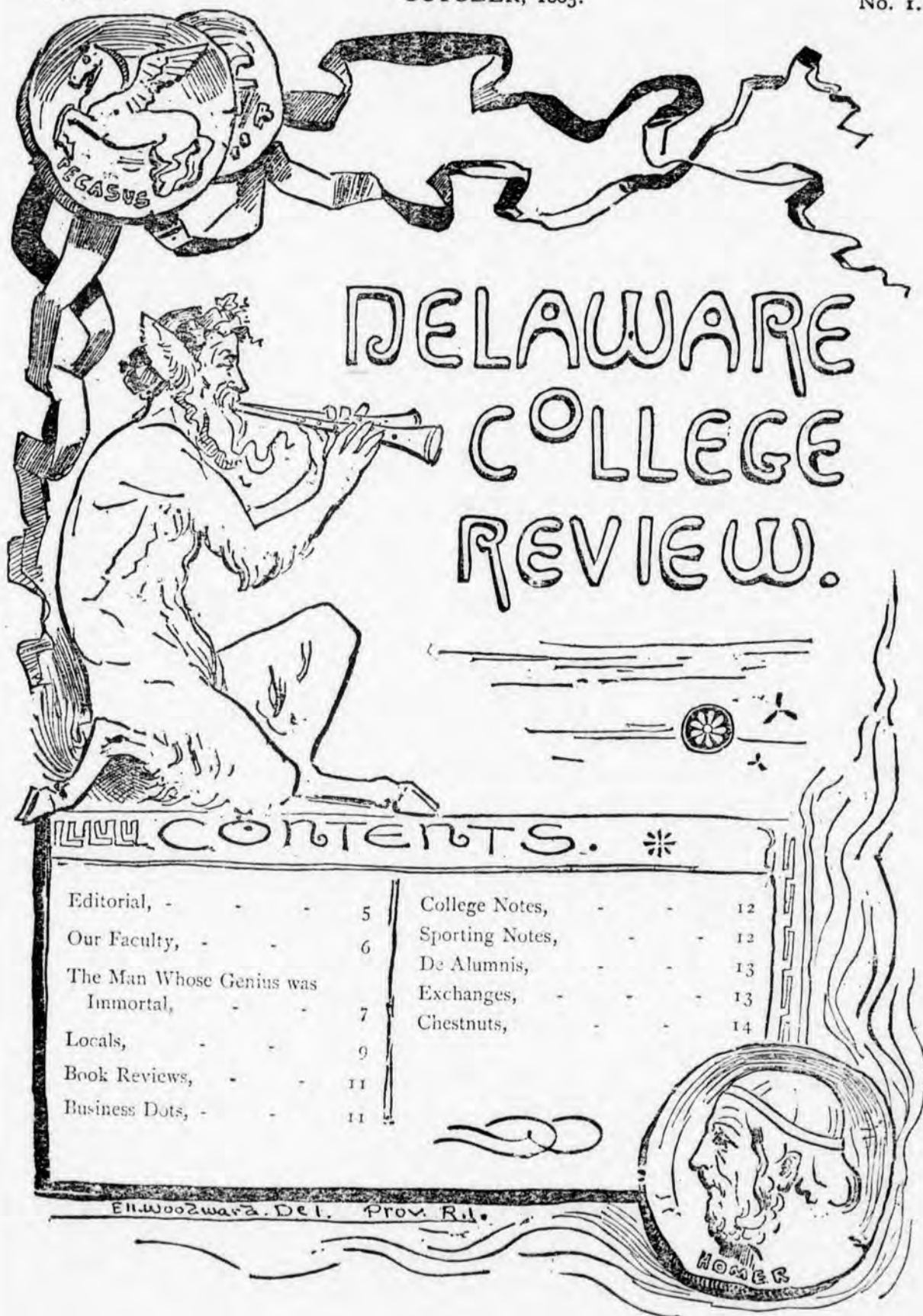
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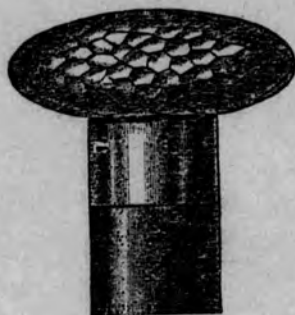
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