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DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW,
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THE wheel of time in college circles has made another revolution, and another class is launched into the busy world of active life. With this issue of the REVIEW the present corps of editors sever our connection with the paper. We must leave to our readers and patrons the task of deciding with what success we have managed the paper during the past year. When we took charge, the REVIEW held a place of honor and distinction among its contemporaries of the college press, and if any reliance can be placed upon the criticisms of the exchange editors of the various college papers that have visited our sanctum for the past ten months, it still maintains that position. We can only say, in our own behalf, that we have labored for the best interests of the paper, and have done our best to promote the welfare of the College. We

have not accomplished all we wished, neither have we always been satisfied with the result of our labors. We are conscious of many-short comings, and we feel satisfied did not always deserve the high compliments paid us by our contemporaries; yet we have no apology to offer, as we have done all we could do—simply our best. We have not always found the duties of conducting a College paper either pleasant or easy; at times the work was a heavy burden, and the articles that went to fill the columns of the REVIEW were written with great difficulty. We had, at times, to fill column after column when other tasks were engaging our attention and care. We have made many "flunks" and sacrifices in order that we might keep our pen-nant flying. Instead of utilizing Friday evening, the time for the students' recreation, in the exhilarating society of the fair sex we sat in our sanctum grinding out those dry editorials and other literary matter. We can, however, truth-fully say, that we resign the burden with a feel-ing akin to regret. We cannot deny that the advantages to ourselves have been many. Besides an acquired facility in writing composi-tions, we also acquired a habit of research, ren-dered necessary by the various topics usually treated in a College paper. Before retiring we wish to tender our sincere thanks to all those who have assisted us in any manner during the year. We regret our inability to express our gratitude to those students who so earnestly persisted that we should embark in this enter-prise with them. So long as the ship sailed upon the calm waters, and there was clear sail-ing they were very much fascinated with a jour-nalistic voyage. But when adversity came upon her and her existence seemed to be involved in obscurity they were the first to desert her, and leave the responsibility upon the shoulders of two or three individuals. We were confident in our mental ability, but lacked financial ability, and thought by the union of the students we could raise the deficiency with ease. We had the same privilege to desert as they, but we had

a sense of honor about us in regard to justice to our advertisers and creditors. The future career of the REVIEW is somewhat obscure, but we sincerely hope she may ride safely on over the turbulent waters that may exist. We shall endeavor to conduct her safely within the harbor; and as she starts out next year, manned probably with a new crew, we wish her success. We will endeavor to aid our successors in any manner possible. We admire the pluck of those who stuck by us to the end and hope they were benefited. To kind patrons of the REVIEW we must say farewell.

WITH this number the REVIEW completes the fifth year of its existence as an institution in Delaware College. Our aim has been to combine in one paper the lightness and humor of a college sheet with the solidity and soberness of a monthly. During the year we have spent much time in trying to keep the Alumni and friends of the College well informed on all topics which were deemed of importance to them. If we do so without unseemly boasting, we would recall some of the features of the volume now at its close. In the editorial columns we have carefully avoided personal attack on the Faculty or the students. The local items have been as numerous as space and a proper brevity allowed. In the department "De Alumnis," better work has been done than ever before. No number has been issued without its share of alumni notes. Sincerity of speech cannot but beget enemies, and so we suppose there are some who would rejoice at our death, 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 many friends and many more acquaintances for Delaware College.

AS we will have no exchange column in this issue, I want to say good-by here. I wish to say candidly and sincerely that, as Exchange Editor, I have always had fair treatment from my brethren. Farewell is a word that does not lose its force by repetition. For the past few weeks it has been said so often, that perhaps, it may seem a little unnecessary to repeat it here. But because we will never have the opportunity to speak to the college world through a college paper makes it all the more necessary. The students have positively declined to continue the

REVIEW any longer. It has been the hardest work to keep it up this year, notwithstanding the work of our Business Manager. So, for the last time and for the last REVIEW we feel a certain sadness in writing the last words. Well, Brother Exchanges, farewell, and may you all have a better fate than that of the DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

THE REVIEW has been printed by the Appeal Publishing Company, of Elkton, Md., in a very satisfactory manner during the past four years. Their work can't reflect anything but praise and credit to their office. We hope the REVIEW may always be so fortunate in securing such good printers.

WE congratulate the Trustees for the manner in which they terminated the recent feud concerning Delaware College. There were only two ways by which they might with justice extricate the College from the imminent danger which hovered over it. Either to make a "clean sweep" or reinstate all. Having chosen the latter, which is easier and consequently the better way, we commend them for the discretion they displayed. The public should consider the danger that threatened the College and the necessity of a quick decision of the Trustees. We should therefore, not be too harsh in our criticisms, or too anxious to censure their actions. Experience is an excellent thing sometimes, if it costs considerable. The recent unpleasantness, no doubt, will produce a state of conciliation or harmony between the repugnant parties. We are positive that everybody regrets and especially the participants, that such an eruption took place. As a rule a storm is a good test for the sea-worthiness of a ship and we think that the recent storm which Delaware College has experienced has been a sufficient test that she will not sink into oblivion, but ride successfully over the turbulent waters into those halcyon waters where a calm and prosperous voyage awaits her. If every Alumni will exert his influence to the utmost in influencing students to go to Delaware, where they can obtain a liberal education, we are positive that there is a great blessing in store for old Delaware. You should not forget the debt you owe your Alma Mater. If you can only say a kind word in her favor, do it. It may create a good impression. "All is well that ends well" and we sincerely hope that we may realize this to be a fact and that Delaware College may yet be an institution that our Diamond State may well be proud of.

Commencement, 1887.

The Declamation Contest.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10.

"The Painter of Seville" was ably declaimed by T. Bayard Heisel, who had a good conception of the character of his declamation. His personation was good. J. Pilling Armstrong followed with "Blennerhassett's Temptation," but became confused, thus detracting from the effect of his delivery. "America," by Norman Elwood Layfield, was delivered a little too rapidly. David W. Caskey was excused on account of recent illness. E. B. T. Springer showed "How he saved St. Michael." His delivery was easy and graceful, with composure. His accentuation was excellent. Clinton R. R. McKinsey delivered "The Roman Soldier of Herculaneum" with a clear steady voice. "The Sailor Boy's Dream" was delivered by James David Jaquette with much ease and without apparent effort. "To the American Troops before the battle of Long Island" by E. E. Bailey was spoken rather fast. It is to be regretted that more did not take part in what might be made an interesting exercise.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12.

The annual Baccalaureate sermon before the students and graduating class, was preached by the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, President of Delaware College. Fully 800 people from within a radius of ten miles had assembled in the oratory at 8 o'clock, when President Caldwell stepped before the footlights and introduced the Rev. Mr. Knowles, who made the opening prayer. A hymn was sung by a large choir, consisting of members of the different church choirs of the town. At this juncture President Caldwell announced the absence of the Rev. Dr. Cook, and proceeded to deliver a substitute sermon which he explained was prepared twelve years previous and called into service in this emergency. The text was from I Samuel 3; 11-15.

He began with a recountal of the iniquitous doings of the sons of Eli, with their lawlessness, lewdness, tyranny and profanity. The downfall of the house of Eli was due to their degeneracy and profligacy and it was for this that Samuel had hurled the terrible anathema and maledictions upon the sacred house of Eli. They soon became licentious and absolutely incorrigible and their reformation utterly hopeless. And the blame came rightfully upon their father Eli. And the question was asked where were the early religious inculcations of their youth? They had not been reared in the fear and faith of God; they had been abandoned to the evil tendencies

of their nature and thus was brought upon them the eternal wrath and punishment of heaven. "Because his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not," Eli, too, received the fatal visitation of God. He was blamed for trusting too confidently and persistently the inherent principles of morality as a constraining force to their temptations. Was it not then a crime to implicitly trust them to their own resources? Better by far to leave them in a burning house or among a pack of howling, hungry wolves than to maintain a phlegmatic indifference toward the spiritual welfare of our children, who without spiritual nourishment at home drift into the allurements and fascinations of the world. They will never find heaven by accident, and certainly never by intuition in their present state, since their earliest principles are then lasting impressions.

An intimate knowledge of and participation in the temperance movement of the last twelve years led the speaker to the conclusion that intemperance was on an alarming increase. The expediency of early careful and vigorous training, with constant scrutiny of the movements and associates of young men was urged as the only safeguard against intemperance and immorality. With a strong and final appeal to the young students of Delaware College he said that the Bible should be the principal text-book of every student in the institution.

The Rev. C. W. Prettyman offered a prayer and the combined choirs under the leadership of Prof. H. S. Goldy, sang the final hymn. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. George J. Porter.

Athenæan Anniversary.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14.

At 7.30 the Annual reunion of the Athenæan Literary Society was held in the hall. The members marched into the oratory by twos, followed by quite a number of the former members. A very large audience had assembled to witness the exercises of the 53rd anniversary, and the stand was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. Chairman Price introduced the Rev. G. M. Bond, who offered a short prayer. He was followed by Mr. Price who made a few appropriate remarks. The Chairman next introduced Norman Elwood Layfield, who delivered a neat address. He handled his subject in a very able manner and held the attention of the audience. His subject was

"THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE."

One of the nations of Europe, which for some years past has been attracting considerable attention from the rest of the world and seems not at all unlikely to attract more, is Russia.

This great country, the second in the world in territorial extent, makes a sad comparison with the other European nations in modern enlightenment, and is, indeed, almost last among countries claiming a civilization.

The territory now held by the Czar was occupied in the earliest times by a race of beings hardly worthy of the name of men of whom, little is known, except that they were in the most degraded states of barbarism that could possibly be imagined and from which the mind shrinks in horror.

After a time, however, they began to gradually improve until, at last they recognized their need of a government which would be respected. Three Norman princes were called in, and two of them dying soon after, Rurik became first King of Russia. This was nearly a century after England was united by Egbert.

After this followed an able line of Kings, but a reaction came; and century after century rolled by in the midst of civil war—brother against brother.

During nearly two hundred years the Tartars, the most cruel and heartless of Russia's enemies with sword in hand kept her in the most humiliating bondage. At last the Mogol power, invincible as it was for ages, died the natural death of all power which has for its corner-stone nothing but the sword. Russia slowly grew and during the fifteenth century she began to be recognized as a power and the almost unknown nation of the North began to be known and even feared by the other nations of Europe. Still Russia grew and expanded and was becoming a great nation.

During the rise of Russian power almost continual wars were carried on with Poland, and the sympathy which was afterward all on one side, would have been misplaced at the beginning for one bore as much hatred as the other; a declaration of war against Russia was almost the first official act of a new Polish King and a declaration of war against Poland almost the first official act of a new monarch of Russia.

The day has been when Poland sat and dictated the terms of peace and Russia glancing over her wasted provinces and ruined cities and blazing harvests and the graves of her fallen soldiers dared not say nay but dropped the sword to the ground and submitted. It was only when Poland was finally weakened through these long wars and the resources which had supplied her power became Russia's; when the fight for Poland became the fight for liberty that she should command the universal sympathy which now belongs to the name of that fallen nation. When "Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko," then was the time for the lovers of liberty to wipe away a tear of pity and mingle with the curse for

Russia, one for her partners in the spoliation of the dismembered kingdom.

In the progress of the world Russia has not stood behind for lack of able monarchs, for although, as in every country many most unworthy ones have ruled, long lines of able ones should have been enough to overbalance this and all eyes in Russia can cast an admiring glance back upon the Third and Fourth Soan and Vassali and numbers before and since, while nobody questions Peter's right to the title of Great. Few, if any, in the history of the world have been more deserving of it. No monarch has done more for his country than Peter did for Russia, and we look in vain for one who has attained his fame by means so praiseworthy. Peter was great as a warrior, but he was also great in a way that was far more valuable to the nation. We even have, during the youth of Peter, in the latter part of the seventeenth century a remarkable instance of a mode of settling disputes which the nineteenth century has made a custom—settlement by arbitration. There was a dispute between Russia and China concerning a certain boundary and to the shame of European nations, with their hundreds of thousands of armed men, ready at a moment's notice and a sign from their master to spill the blood of their brothers; who look upon Russia as beneath their notice till the clouds of war begin to gather; and who utterly despise China, this dispute was settled by a conference held near the spot and to this day their decision is held sacred.

Peter's personal character is well known. He marched in the army as a common soldier till he won his promotion; he sent young men to foreign countries to learn industrial arts and military discipline. He traveled over Europe and worked with his own hands at ship-building till he could construct any part of a ship from stem to stern, and from keel to top-mast; and so diligent was he that no workman excelled him in skill. There was scarcely a trade in which he was not proficient; and all this time he was a hard student.

A London paper of the time says, "His design is certainly very noble and discovers the greatness of his genius." And this is true, in spite of some bigoted people who may pretend to think that Peter was not sincere, but did all these things for curiosity or love of adventure, or some unassignable reason—it matters little what, so that it gives ground for fault-finding.

But the results prove that he was serious for he made commerce and manufactures flourish; he laid the foundation of the naval power of Russia; he defeated the terrible Charles XII, of Sweden; he built St. Petersburg and he built Cronstadt to protect it and Cronstadt to-day can bid defiance to the navies of the world.

Taken altogether, Peter was one of the greatest monarchs that ever lived, and as the inscrip-

tion on his tomb says, "His title of Emperor, instead of adding to his glory became glorious by his wearing it."

Less than half a century after the death of Peter the Turks decided to strike a blow at the overshadowing power of Russia. Russia was under the hand of a woman, but where would we look to find another woman's hand wielding the imperial power as did Catherine's. War followed but Russia grew and waxed strong upon Turkish blood. Catharine's character has generally been condemned by the world; morally she was the superior of most of her critics and as a ruler, she was truly great. At the accession of Alexander I, at the beginning of the century, it is said, that there was not a single bookstore in all Russia, while magnificence unsurpassed and wealth in lavish profusion glittered at the court of the Czar of all the Russias.

The wars of Napoleon were in progress and Russia's aid was eagerly sought by both sides. Russia marched in the ranks with England, Prussia and Austria and then helped to carry forward the victorious French eagles; but at last Europe owed the fall of Napoleon to the one fatal mistake of that greatest of modern warriors—The French Invasion of Russia.

During a Conference between Napoleon and Alexander the Russian monarch begged permission to take Constantinople on condition of helping Napoleon. The French Emperor eagerly scanning a map of Europe with his finger upon the coveted spot exclaimed: "Constantinople! Never! It is the empire of the world."

And Russia to-day feels that Constantinople is the empire of the world. She feels that it belongs to her and that her commercial greatness demands its possession. Five of the world's noblest rivers bear the commerce of Russia to the ocean, but every ship must bow before the Turkish guns as it passes through the Dardanelles. In his battles with the Turks the Russian feels that he has his religion on his side, for all these beautiful regions bordering on the Black Sea and Hellespout were once the home of the Christian. The Czar asks what title deed can the Turk show to the city of Constantinople? and the historian answers, "none but the dripping cimeter." The Russians want but the shadow of a pretext to take back Constantine's imperial city from the followers of the Crescent. Very recently, only about a year ago, it seemed that Russia tried by all the means in her power to force England, the protector of the Turk, to declare war. Russia's self-confidence is not at all lacking, nor is it unfounded, for in the Crimean war did it not require the combined forces of England, France and Turkey to stop the tide of the Russians? And even then the result was long doubtful.

Europe is afraid for Russia to hold the key of

Constantinople. The Dardanelles in possession of a nation like Russia would be impregnable.

At present the Russian Empire is rent with internal disorders and the assassination of the Czar only a few years ago and the repeated attempts upon the life of his successor naturally retard the progress of Russia's plans. On the verge of internal strife, as nearly every nation of Europe now is, no one can tell what would be the result of a European war. The armies of Europe are marshalled and their banners are ready to be unfurled. Napoleon at St. Helena, predicted that the Emperor of Russia would be his successor as the Ruler of Europe; and remembering the latent power and the energy of Russia—her determination to take Constantinople—and the invincible strength this would give her we are inclined to listen to this prediction. However our sympathies may be, all must acknowledge that this would not be likely to benefit Europe or the world.

While we watch the affairs of trembling Europe we will cherish the hope that whoever wins, it will eventually be the victory of Liberty. We will look fondly forward to the good time coming! when all men shall be equal before the law, and preferment for merit shall supersede preferment for birth! When men will be truly men and enjoy without restriction, the rights of liberty as was intended.

Mr. Price next introduced the orator of the evening, Hon. A. P. Robinson, of Georgetown, Del. His subject was

MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENTS.

A writer in one of our most popular magazines begins a recent article upon the Stars and the New Astronomy by referring to the immense collection of objects gathered in the South Kensington Museum, and to the multitudes of people who resort there to linger over and study them. He continues by stating that, "There is one shelf, however, which seems to have some attraction common to all social grades, for its contents appear to be of equal interest to the peer and the costermonger. It is the representation of a man resolved into his chemical elements, or rather, an exhibition of the materials of which the human body is composed. There is a definite amount of matter, for instance, in our blood and tissues, and there on the shelf are just so many gallons of water in a large vessel. Another jar shows the exact quantity of carbon in us; smaller bottles contain our iron and phosphorus in just proportion, while others exhibit still other constituents of the body, and the whole reposes on the shelf as if ready for the coming of a new Frankenstein to re create the original man and make him walk about again as we do."

The purpose of the writer is more forcibly to illustrate the discovery of the spectroscope that "we have literally within our bodies samples of the most important elements of which the great universe without is composed, and that you and I are not only like each other, and brothers in humanity, but children of the sun and stars in a more literal sense, having bodies actually made in large part of the same things that make Sirius and Aldebaran," and "that they and we are near relatives."

But the spectroscope, wonderful instrument that it is, and analyzing as it does the component parts of the human body and the most distant nebulae, has only given scientific defi-

nitence to a truth which the leader of Israel implicitly asserts when he teaches his people and us that the same God who creates the heaven and the earth also formed man of the dust of the ground. And just here has the scientist, with all his diligent delving into the secrets of nature, assisted by his most penetrating and minutely analyzing instrument, found a limit to his discoveries.

He may assert, but he has not yet proven, that life lies hidden in those jars on the shelf in the South Kensington Museum to be called into manifestation by a fortunate commingling of their contents. He may tell us that the energy of life is but the ordinary energy of matter—the same force which persists and conserves itself in the bomb and the shell and ferments in the vat, and with amusing metaphor liken the principle of vitality to the horology of the clock, but he has not yet demonstrated it in his laboratory by forming matter into living organisms.

For ourselves we prefer, when accounting for the existence of man upon earth, to turn again to the inspired of Jehovah, and to believe that the Lord God after His own image and from His own spirit breathed into this dust the breath of life and made of it the temple of the living soul.

Let us place ourselves right upon this point at once. We will await further investigation before accepting the proposition that even simple vegetable life is nothing but the working of a machine constructed out of material atoms and operated by the ordinary physical and chemical forces alone. For man we will not accept the theory of the one substances, or double-faced unity with two sets of properties, and two sides, the physical and mental. We have no faith in the doctrines of Animism, and do not believe that the idea of the immortality of the soul is but a development from the dreams and disturbed digestions of our savage ancestors.

On the other hand, we do believe that the "Ego" of each one of us is the immortal soul—created after the image of its maker—set, like a brilliant, in its environment—of different essence from matter and distinct from and superior to all its surroundings; that

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

It is this soul as a distinct personality—as a simple, indivisible, self-developing and self-determining center of spiritual force, which preserves a conscious identity through all time, of which we are here to-night to speak and to describe as well as we may some of the many relations it bears to the physical, social and political forces which surround it.

We assert what we believe every one here feels to be true, that the soul is self-determining and self-developing, and in a great measure maker through free-will of its own character. Clothed with flesh, it is not entirely sunk in matter. Dwelling in the temple of the body from which and through which it looks upon and hears and feels the life without, it yet can from within itself do much to determine the structure and appearance of its immediate and remote abode. Like its creator, after whose image it is made, it manifests itself visibly and tangibly by and through the organs of the body, and this immortal and incarnate soul, armed with nerve and lens, membrane and muscle—to hear and see and feel and fight its way amid the contending forces around it, until the fittest only survives; this union of body, mind, and spirit, constitutes the being called man, and has a various history, both as an individual and an aggregate.

It is a pleasant occupation for ethnologists who are theoretically disposed to argue as their fancy dictates. Some for the progression theory, and others for the degradation theory of his history. They may, with the writer of Genesis, give

him a happy and contented paradisiacal origin, or with Darwin, they may deduce him from some extinct anthropoid ape. A profane history, however, which has acquired an historical sense sufficiently critical to distinguish fact from fiction, finds him neither as "blameless Ethiopian," nor tailless monkey; and it is as history presents him that we must treat of him to-night. Nor will we treat of him except incidentally as he has appeared in the ancient civilizations of Assyria and Egypt, Greece or Italy; nor even as he now appears in modern Europe, in the vast aggregations of Asia, or the teeming millions of Africa.

Of his general advance from savagery, it is sufficient that we quote the words of Gibbon, the celebrated historian of the Roman Empire. It is the passage which Taylor takes as his text to represent the development theory of culture, and it reads as follows: "The discoveries of ancient and modern navigators, and the domestic history, or tradition, of the most enlightened nations, represent the human savage, naked both in mind and body, and destitute of laws, of arts, of ideas, and almost of language. From this abject condition, perhaps the primitive and universal state of man, he has gradually arisen to command the animals, to fertilize the earth, to traverse the ocean, and to measure the heavens. His progress in the improvement and exercise of his mental and corporeal faculties has been irregular and various; infinitely slow in the beginning, and increasing by degrees with redoubled velocity: ages of laborious ascent have been followed by a moment of rapid downfall; and the several climates of the globe have felt the vicissitudes of light and darkness."

We will to-night take man as he has appeared and as he now appears in this, his American home, and we do it because we believe that in this land of freedom the highest type of manhood has been developed, and because the contrast of its appearance during the Historical age under savage and civilized rule respectively presents a most forcible picture of the power of civilized man over nature.

It required not a Henry George to tell us that from the day the seas were gathered together and the dry land appeared the portion of the earth fitted for our habitation has been limited in quantity. Man may drain the stagnant marshes, build out a few steps into the seas, or even live upon the waters in his junks, but he cannot materially enlarge the capacity of his home. He has not added through the countless ages of the past, and will not add through the myriad years which are yet to come, one cubit to the periphery of the earth he inhabits, but must ever wait on the slow accumulations of the star—just as it falls from the infinite space around him. What a large proportion of the habitable acreage of the globe do the American own? and how richly has Providence endowed it! Many and mighty rivers are drawn over its surface to form a network of commercial channels. Notwithstanding the reckless devastation of centuries, vast forests still shade the earth and offer themselves to the axe as willing ministers to the necessities, comforts and luxuries of men. For innumerable years had nature toiled within her secret laboratories, forming within her bowels rich veins of precious minerals, vast reservoirs of petroleum and vaster beds of coal. Savannahs rich in all that vegetable growth demands spread out in wide expanse for the plow, and laugh with plenty at the touch of culture.

These that are now ours were once the possession of the Indian, and the land over which the savage recently roamed civilization now crowds with humanity. Bancroft, our national historian, estimates but one hundred and eighty-five thousand Indians as existing east of the Mississippi at the discovery of America. Where these thousands could with difficulty secure enough for their Winter's subsistence we pour out of our abundance to the nations of the world and fill their markets with plenty. Innumerable cities, towns and villages have replaced the huts of the savage hunter. Where his war-whoop once alarmed the silent air, the peaceful steam-whistle now calls the artisan to his labors, and the

engine now speeds with its precious freight along paths upon which his treacherous tread once stealthily fell. For him our schools, our churches, our asylums, our work-shops, our factories had no existence. Everywhere nature reigned supreme—nowhere had she recognized the supremacy of man. How then can we more strikingly illustrate the power of man over his environment than by this comparison of America as she appeared to the settlers at Jamestown and the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock to the scene which presents itself to the innumerable immigrants crowding to our shores in this centennial year of our national constitution.

But do not think that this change has been wrought without much toil and suffering. America may be the scene of wonders, but they are not such as are wrought by a touch upon Aladdiu's lamp. Here as elsewhere, if man subdues nature it must be by the sweat of his brow.

Nor must we forget that the men to whom the task of subduing this land to the uses of civilization was committed by Providence were men richly endowed with a precious heritage of mechanical, social and political aptitudes. Literature and oratory are stocked with eulogistic commonplaces upon this theme. Othnologists have recognized, but not yet scientifically accounted for, the exceptional capacity and propensity of the Anglo Saxon race for civilization. The admiration of our dudes for anything English you know is indeed not entirely without cause and may have its origin in the many estimable qualities, both of mind and body, that we have inherited from our ancestral home.

Daily and continuous toil is oppressive and repugnant, mentally and physically, to the uncivilized man, and in common with the other Europeans, it required years of slavery and villanage to impress upon our English ancestors habits of work and labor, and the skill in manual occupations which a race finally acquired through use and custom. A measurable intellectual and religious freedom was theirs by inheritance and purchase. The isolated position of their Islands

That like to rich and various gems
Inlay the unadorned bosom of the deep,

had for centuries preserved them from complete external interference and control. First the long-bow and then the musket had preserved the liberties of the yeomanry until a continuous practice in their local institutions had endowed in their local institutions had endowed them with a peculiar capacity for political organization and self-government, so that the compact upon the Mayflower and the first assembly of burgesses in Virginia was but the natural outcome from their previous history.

Such men could not change their natures when they sailed over the seas to other skies and a new environment, and history can never tire of telling how well they have performed the work allotted them by Providence.

Westward the star of Empire takes its way, but we with the selfishness of Eastern ease are all too apt to forget the toil and danger that have made our present comfort possible. We must not demand the varnish of the gentleman from the rough frontiersman, for the work he has to do will breed no carpet knights. Sufficient that they possess the brawny muscle, sturdy will and kindly heart, though they may not boast the graces of the solon. In all periods of our history these frontiersmen have carried into the wilderness minds and bodies trained in the school of civilization, and by reason of the influence of heredity are superior to the savages which surround them. Nowhere can we find a better illustration of the mutual interaction of the individual man and his physical environment. The privation of the pioneer is that of civilized man alone with nature. It is not the degrading and debasing destitution of our crowded thoroughfares, and is no privation at all to the savage, for he knows of no other wants and dreams of no other life. As Mr. Blaine well puts it in his eulogy upon President Garfield:

"The poverty of the frontier, where all are engaged in a common struggle, and where a common sympathy and

hearty co-operation lighten the burdens of each, is a very different poverty—different in kind, different in influence and effect—from that conscious and humiliating indigence which is every day forced to contrast itself with neighboring wealth on which it feels a sense of grinding dependence. The poverty of the frontier is indeed no poverty. It is but the beginning of wealth, and has the boundless possibilities of the future always opening before it."

And well may the eloquent eulogist state that from the loins of such pioneers thousands of eminent Americans have in all generations sprung—men like Clay, Webster, Jackson, Lincoln, and Garfield himself.

While America can produce men like these, why grieve that she has as yet no distinctive class of Chesterfields or Turney Drops. The time has passed when the English taunt of "Who reads an American book?" is possessed of any significance; but not London only, but our own Boston—Hub of the universe that it is—now arrogantly asserts that there is no "culter" west of the Alleghanies, and assumes an easy superiority over Chicago, the metropolis of the Lakes. That superiority, however, is only in the humanities of the schools—and has no place in that broader humanity which gathers into itself the powers that subdue nature to its will.

We assert that whether he is daily dressed in "fine linen" or knows a "biled shirt" only by tradition; whether a student at Newark, or a cowboy on the plains; whether in the workshop, or in the field; whatever be his trade, calling or profession; whatever his immediate environment, that the true American presents the highest type of manhood yet attained by humanity.

Let us examine him as he appears in his physical, social, and political environment. Premising that man is endowed with free will, we may grant to Buckle and others that a large influence is exercised over him by the physical conformation of the country he inhabits. Climate, food and soil have ever been most important factors in the aggregation of mankind, and the general aspect of nature must largely control our thoughts and imaginations. An arctic cold will numb the faculties of the Esquimaux; torrid heats enervate the minds and intensify the passions of the negro; while a temperate zone bestows intellectual and physical vigor upon its inhabitant. Poetry has ever taught us that the mountaineer differs in character from the dweller upon the plain—that around the eagle's eyrie freedom only reigns. But we cannot agree with those pessimists who predict that the Anglo-Saxon race in America is doomed by its environment to physical degradation.

The aborigine is indeed inferior to the white man in bodily vigor; the panther or American lion would have little chance in a fight with its Asiatic confrere; and our native sparrow is rapidly disappearing before its English cousin. But what bird can fly higher and scream louder than our American eagle? Where is there to day in London a harder rider than Buffalo Bill? And above all, who has ever thrashed the Honorable John L. Sullivan, our national hero?

The truth is, that while sufficient time has not yet elapsed to enable us to determine the ultimate effect of our physical environment upon our development, and these causes have not yet differentiated us into a distinct race, we have no reason to be alarmed by gloomy vaticinations of degeneracy.

The time has passed when as a nation we can be taunted with preferring the cunning of the market-place to the vigor of the athlete. Everywhere boys and girls—young men and maidens—are finding health and bodily and mental strength in their favorite outings. Croquet, tennis, archery, ball, boating, tricycle and bicycle have their numerous devotees among us. Nor are these sports blindly pursued, with no conscious purpose directing them. Juvenal tells us to pray for a sound mind in a sound body; but modern science prescribes rules by which these great desiderata are to be secured. Physiology teaches us that the mind, the center of nervous force, is indeed king over the body—though his subject may sometimes rebel, for our organs are

determined to a healthy or unhealthy growth by our voluntary actions; these actions in time form habits, and these habits once formed determine the permanent condition of our bodies. Scientific nomenclature has never been in a happier mood than when it called the art of healthy exercise calisthenics, or the beautiful, strength conferring art—for even as the softer tissue of the brain can mould the skull into form and shape, so can the soul with gentlest touch train the body into lines of strength and beauty.

The soul begins its earthly career with that body in which the laws of heredity and the surroundings of a helpless childhood have encased it, and it is not till the power of forming a rational judgment arises in his mind and free-will has play in the formation of his habits that man begins to rule over his destinies. Miserable, indeed, his fate who then awakes to a consciousness that heredity and early environment have contaminated both his mind and body; but the mass of mankind when they arrive at that period of life find that nature and a loving parental care have conferred upon them bodies vigorous and capable of a healthy development. Nor does parental and state care stop there. At the very threshold of his life the child is being thoroughly instructed in the laws of health and in the physiological and the hygienic effects of his actions.

The modern educator recognizes the fact that the child is father to the man, and that nature, as a lawgiver, punishes ignorant as well as wilful disobedience. *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat* is among her maxims, as well as among man's. Here, says Hualey, "Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left for you to find out why your ears are boxed." In this age, however, provision is made that the child shall not be able to plead ignorance, for everywhere he is taught the conditions of a proper physiological development until a popular science has made hygienic truths as familiar to him as household words.

Our own State has by recent legislation shown its appreciation of the influence of knowledge over the formation of youthful habits. By requiring provision to be made for teaching all the pupils in our public schools physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system, and requiring such instructions to be given orally in primary schools where pupils cannot read, it is triply arming the boy against the seductions of the saloon before the latter can contaminate his immature years. Yes, early is the boy taught that this temple in which the soul dwells is largely built up as the soul wills; that here, as everywhere else, the character of the architect finds expression in his work, and that handsome is that handsome does, has a physical as well as a moral significance, and that true happiness accompanies the union of bodily vigor with moral integrity and intellectual veracity.

The industrial world is the scene of man's greatest victories, but numerous as they have been, they would increase infinitely were he thorough master of himself. Scratch the civilized man and you will find the original savage beneath the skin, is but too truthful a saying. Our nature is not yet completely subdued to the ways and arts of peace, and we seem incapable of securing any great advance to ourselves except we seal it with our blood. Innumerable have been the religious, commercial, social and industrial wars out of which man has emerged, still looking forward with hopes unquenched by the desolation and destruction around him. Were he able to subdue his own passions, nature's obstacles would of themselves step aside from his path. Indeed from the time man first acquired a capacity for daily toil and learned the value of division of labor, abundance of production has never been for him an industrial problem. It is not here that his difficulty in completely adjusting himself to his environment lies. Nor however abundantly he may produce

will he ever satiate his capacity for consumption. His machines and factories may mould and carve and build up the rough products of the world into innumerable utilities, but his acquired tastes and needs will like *Oliver Twist* still cry for more. The standard of comfort for all classes grows with each age. And the absolute needs of man increases with each generation. Carry us back even for a century only and place us in that industrial world, and life would be for many of us an unendurable burden, and a week of such experience would be a drastic cure to him who finds the golden age in antiquity.

It is not a demand simply, but an efficient demand—as the political economists say—that is wanting when our markets are glutted with over-production; for while the counters and warehouses of a great city are heaped with unsold merchandise, only a few streets away thousands of poor and needy are enduring the pangs of hunger and the miseries of destitution. Shakespeare has well expressed the great industrial problem when he says—

"So Distribution should undo excess and all men have enough."

The fault, we repeat, lies not in man's capacity for production or consumption, but in his selfish cunning as displayed in the greed of the market and the other media of exchange.

But we must not be dismayed because we are yet groping blindly after a solution of this problem. There is no danger with of a conflict between capital and labor as represented by the classes and the masses, because there is no such permanent division of our people. "From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" is a happy epitome of most of our family history. Why should we dread strikes or organizations of laborers as precursors of a social war in a land where every one is either an acting or honorary knight of labor, and we all must at least play at work if we wish to preserve our respectability. We believe that the people of America are capable of mastering any problem that may arise in their social, economical and political life, and we believe this because we have an abiding faith in the future of man.

Modern sociology—nay, I may well omit the appellative term—for the scientific study of the laws of man's social organization had no existence until the most recent times—recognizes the great fundamental truth that the character of the aggregate must partake of the character of the units which compose it. It perceives that similar heaps cannot be made of the round and smooth ball, of the regular, square brick, and of the misshapen refuse of the quarries respectively. For this reason it minutely investigates the individual man and studies his personal character physically, morally and intellectually, before turning to the investigation of his movements in masses. It early ascertained that "moral power depends largely upon material environment, It does not flourish with filth or famine. Self-respect, that fundamental necessity of the higher attributes, cannot well exist in rags and dirt." It has therefore adopted as its maxim that whoever increases the material comforts, widens the intellectual dominion, and strengthens the moral principles of the greater number of individuals, tends towards the accomplishment of that utility for which societies are formed. It can have no class favorites; recognizes no desirability in castes.

Above all, it endeavors to cultivate in each member of society a proper self-respect and self-dependence, accompanied with a due consideration for the like self-respect and self-dependence of others. The very title, "The greatest plague in life," says Herbert Spencer, speaking of a certain book, implies "that the only life worthy of notice is the life to which servants minister. The increasing independence of servants is enlarged upon as a change greatly to be lamented. There is no recognition of the fact that this increasing independence implies an increasing prosperity of the classes from which servants come; and that this amelioration in the condition of the many is a good far greater than the evil entailed on the few."

It is the happy result of the co-operation of our original hereditary endowments with our physical surroundings that we have more nearly than any other people attained to this ideal state, where each individual member of society can preserve a proper

self-respect and self-reliance, but we are only in advance of the others in the general progress of humanity toward a more perfect adjustment to its entire material, social and political environment. Says Adam Badeau, in his *Aristocracy in England*: "A woman of rank once asked me, 'What, of all I had seen in England, struck me most forcibly?' I had no doubt whatever, and answered: 'The distinction of classes, the existence of caste.' 'But,' she inquired, 'do you really mean to say that in America the great merchants' daughter does not look down on the little grocers' daughter?' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'the great merchants' daughter does look down, but very certainly the little grocers' daughter does not look up; and the whole company was horrified at the idea of a country where the little grocers' daughters 'don't look up.'"

The individual American gave notice to the world that he would "look up to" no one but God and himself when through his House of Representatives he refused to address George Washington as His Highness the President of the United States and the Protector of their liberties.

They well know that they who are worthy of liberty will have no protector of it but themselves. That looking up to is but the correlative of being looked down upon, and that the latter is but another form of expression for being trod upon and crushed.

What an arrogant assumption of superiority it is for one class of men to say to another class, we know better than you where your true interests lie, therefore let us govern you; yet until this day that has been the theory upon which the mass of mankind has been governed. But a century of Democracy triumphant is teaching the world the fallacy of this principle. The heaven is working out its results to an enfranchised individual developing himself through free-will in the environment he selects, and while he develops himself, assisting his fellow-men in a like development of their individual characters, until the entire aggregate advances in its progress towards general and universal comfort and refinement.

A free people, hanging their liberties upon what Thomas Jefferson calls the two hooks of education and local self government will, in time, thoroughly master all the exigent questions that present themselves for solution. They will read and study for themselves the works of Henry George, but will confine his teachings to the amusement of their leisure hours—as they have hundreds of other Utopias and dreams, unless his thesis should ultimately prove to be a great truth and force itself, as all great truths must, and will finally do, upon the judgments of even the most unwilling. Then when the force of the truth has conquered the conservatism which ever characterises a free and intelligent people and forced the conviction upon them that its adoption will work the greatest good to the greatest number, they will of themselves reduce it to practice at whatever cost and though it may involve as thorough an extinction of a class as that of the titled aristocracy from our midst.

In Apathism and Nihilism they will see but the interstitial death which accompanies all life, ordinarily to be carried off by the organs of the body politic, without disarrangement of their functions, but when occasion demands to be unflinchingly excised by the surgeon's knife.

We reassert that we have faith to believe that they will successfully solve the great problem of the distribution of wealth, and that in their solution the extreme classes of Vanderbilts and paupers will disappear from a world where general comfort will prevail. We believe that we, as Americans, are pioneers in the progress of mankind towards a more complete adjustment to their environment. But man's environment is being continuously widened as day by day his increasing knowledge brings him into conscious contact with newly discovered forces of nature.

Science is neither credulous nor incredulous of new discoveries; its assent waits not upon assertion but upon test and experiment. Yet it has its prophetic moments when it cannot hide what God would reveal, and it sees in the near future a new motor which will revolutionize the machinery of production more thoroughly than the application of steam has revolutionized it in the past.

In the intellectual world, also, new ideas are ever struggling for predominance. Nor can we tell in this age of newspapers and the rapid dissemination of thought, what will be the predominating idea of the next decade. Here, as elsewhere, the highest and noblest character will struggle to be true to itself—to be intellectually veracious and to have the courage of its convictions. Whatever occupation he may follow, he will have an ideal and will seek to impress it upon his fellows. He will consider well the words of Herbert Spencer: "Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts in an impersonal point of view. Let him duly realize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself; that his opinion rightly forms part of this agency—is a unit of force, constituting with other such units, the general power which works out social changes; and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his innermost conviction—leaving it to produce what effect it may. It is not for nothing that he has in him these sympathies with some principles and repugnance to others. He, with all his capacities and aspirations, and beliefs, is not an accident but a product of the time. He must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not

carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the unknown cause; and when the unknown cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief. For to render in their highest sense the words of the poet—

Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; over that act
Which you say adds to nature, is an act
That nature makes.

Not as adventitious, therefore will the wise man regard the faith that is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come—come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well; if not—well also, though not so well."

— Noble words, these of the great philosopher; but how much nobler still would they be were they based upon the decrees of that personal God, who encompasses our souls with His own spiritual life—who has taught each one of us to say, I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in whose existence from "everlasting to everlasting" our immortal spirits will be environed through all eternity.

Chairman Price then introduced E. B. T. Springer, who delivered the Society Address. His subject was "Principles of Government." He spoke in a very audible voice and received much applause. After the rendition of excellent music by Reynolds' orchestra Mr. Price delivered the Farewell Address in a very appropriate and pleasing manner. Impromptu speeches were delivered by Messrs. McDowell, Eckel, Paynter and other alumni. These speeches received loud applause.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.

The exercises of the Fifty-second Commencement of Delaware College were held in the large and commodious oratory of the College. The room was crowded, but the coolness of the weather 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 graduates were ushered upon the stage by the Marshal, A. F. Polk. Then the other classes followed in order and took the front seats of the oratory, the Faculty and Trustees bringing up the rear. The music was furnished by Oglesby's orchestra. The Rev. J. B. Umberger opened the exercises with a prayer, after which W. C. Smith delivered the Salutatory oration, taking "Labor versus Capital" as his subject. He handled his subject well. The speaker declined its publication and we take the liberty to insert the following extract of it:

"Labor vs. Capital was the title of a live and opportune study of these opposing elements. Since the beginning of the world when the mandate, 'By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread,' went forth from the Garden of Eden, trouble and labor have been the constant companions of mankind. From that time to this the maxim of the survival of the fittest has been exemplified; the weaker have been driven to the wall. As the world advances and men become enlightened, the pursuits of peace more and more supersede the employment of war, until now the

warlike and political status of a nation depends in a great measure on its commercial prosperity. As it has been decreed by a divine providence that no excellence can be obtained without labor, so labor aided by economy cannot fail to yield to the faithful workmen, the just reward of his toil and trouble is only produced when the fruits of his labor amassed by industry and economy, become the envy of those less careful and thrifty than himself. Always a matter of contention, at no time in the history of the world has the relation between capital and labor become of the magnitude or assumed the importance that it has to-day. * * * To denounce the struggle between capital and labor, therefore, would be to lament over the improved intellectual and moral condition of the lower classes. If there is any one object which every man—patriot, philanthropist or statesman has most at heart it is to diffuse education as widely as possible and lift the greatest number of men possible to the rank of intelligent beings. The oration elicited much applause, and was regarded as a very strong and intelligent statement of this great question.

Harry M. Davis followed with an oration on "The Monarch." His oration showed careful preparation and was as follows:

THE MONARCH.

Let us look around us and study the bodies that compose the world as we see it, and think of them as made up of myriads of little particles, far too small to come within the limits of our vision, which so strangely adhere to each other to make the forms so pleasing to our sight. We can but wonder that these little particles remain thus in close communion and do not fall apart by their own weight, to the destruction of the objects so dear to us. This wonder will be increased to amazement when we find that these little molecules do not submit passively to their subjection and remain quietly in their imprisonment, but that they rage around the narrow limits of their confines with all the fury of incarcerated wild beasts seeking to attain to their natural freedom. What is that all powerful force that thus restrains them against their will? What is the ever present master that preserves all forms of matter in its entirety?

Now let us break away from the selfish ties that confine our thoughts to our pleasant surroundings, and bend our gaze to the immensity of space which surrounds us. Here we see myriads of gigantic masses of matter, of which our earth, so huge to us, is one of the least important, rushing through this interminable expanse with a velocity and momentum that seem to us to be so powerful as to be incapable of government. We see each one of these rushing on apparently without aim, to carry destruction

in its path; each one striving with all the stupendous force that it possesses to break away from the bonds which confine it; yet each remaining within the space allotted to it, unable to swerve a hair's breadth from its course, all controlled by the same all-powerful Master which we found before regulating the little things too small for our perfection. The force of gravity, silent, subtle, unceasing in its actions, yet so powerful that the gigantic world and the minutest atom are alike the objects of its all pervading care, each is subjected to the same restraint and each submits with the same facility to government. The atom remains within the narrow bounds of its kingdom; the world revolves around the most powerful member of its system and all, at length, in a majestic but submissive cavalcade perform their several revolutions in obedience to that supreme intelligence which created and pervades them all, and the whole universe unites to do honor to its omnipotent Master. It was while contemplating this sublime and majestic subject that there was presented to my mind another one of similar grandeur and beauty. It was that of civil society, though perhaps, this is a grander study than our former one in proportion as mind has the ascendancy over matter. Yet their features are similar and the study of one throws great light upon the other, as there can be but one perfect form of government and that must be the universal one used by the divine ruler. In civil society we see an infinite number of animate, restless human atoms, moving among each other with ceaseless activity, ever attracting yet ever repulsing, unable to exist without each other yet ever engaging in ceaseless antagonism, are living by preying upon another, their interests ever clashing, yet all moving in uninterrupted harmony, the actions of all, from the humblest peasant to the mightiest king, from the most unimportant individual to the most powerful empire, all regulated and controlled by the unassuming and unseen but all-powerful hand of the sovereign, Law. It rules all with an iron hand, yet so quiet and subtle is its action that like the force of gravity it can be judged only by its effects, while much of its influence is unknown and often its presence is unsuspected.

This is the Monarch that reigns over all and without whose government civil society could not exist; to whose all-pervading influence is due all peace and order; without whom strife and anarchy would reign supreme and annihilation to social life would speedily result.

Now let us see how this Monarch attains its growth and exerts its authority. Man is a social being intended to enjoy the companionship of his fellows, and although he is the supreme degree of development possible for animal life to

attain, yet place him in isolation and his power departs from him; his intellect is dulled, his reason departs and he sinks below the level of the brute. The grain of sand, the stalk of grass, the fish of the sea, the pretty bird that warbles so sweetly as it gaily swings in its gilded prison, the lower animal whose sagacity approaches so near to reason, each one is perfect by itself and can exist without association with its kind. Man is not so constituted but requires constant communication with man to keep alive those faculties which render him superior and when these are gone that unerring instinct of the animal does not come to his assistance and he becomes far more wretched and helpless than the beast that he despises. Thus it is that the perfect man is never seen in solitude, but always in society and it is here that we find his free agency limited and his actions restrained by the inflexible law with which the creator governs his creatures. We see this action commencing in the most embryonic stages of society as where a few men unite for the purpose of hunting. Even here no one can give his will unbridled range but each must surrender a portion of his personal freedom for the common welfare.

Perhaps now the sacred rites of marriage intervene and the holy bonds of wedlock and the family ties take still more from the individual liberty, but aid in the growth and development of the human law. Now the law has become of great importance and is looked to for the protection which it is enabled to give more and more as the tribe increases in strength. Then tribe unites with tribe and the powerful nation comes into being, existing side by side with others as powerful as itself. Here we would naturally expect to see mighty strivings for the mastery until the strongest power had destroyed or absorbed its weaker brethren. But it is not so, for even as the ponderous planets are brought into subjection by the omnipotent strength of the force of gravity, so do the mightiest empires yield like obedient children to the dictates of the universal monarch, Law.

Although when man was created he was induced with free-will; at the same time there were laid down certain immutable rules by which that free-will is regulated and restrained, while he was given the faculty of reason to discover the purport of these rules. Thus it would be that if man's reason were what his Maker intended it to be, if it were not confused by passions and clouded by selfishness, it would be able to discover all these divinely appointed rules for itself without other assistance. But it is not so, for ever since the fall of our first parents, man has tended to wander away from the upright standard and his reason having become dimmed he was unable to grasp the divine conceptions and it became necessary that they should be given

to him by revelation. This revealed law is identical with the law of nature and affords us the sublime spectacle of a generous God bending from his throne on high to direct the wandering footsteps of His helpless children. This, then, gives us two great and complementary sources of law: Reason and Revelation. Of these the first is the active principle, shrewd and logical in its movements, ever on the alert, forming new hypotheses, considering new truths, accepting the probable, rejecting the false, it is the maker of human law. The second is the unerring guide, watching over and directing, guarding from fallacy, while it silently spreads its sweet and divine influence over that which could not exist without its assistance.

But, as we found before, Reason is the active principle of the law-making power, and to the old heathen nations from whom we obtain much of our legal foundation, it was the only one. We think with wonder of those noble old heathens who, unaided by the inspired teachings of the Hebrew lawgiver, groping in the darkness, due to the absence of the light diffused by christian dispensation, yet rose to a height of civilization and culture which is unequalled by many of our modern nations, and which was due to their stern, hard laws, so vigilant and exacting in their government. These laws are looked upon as wonders of deep thought and we are not ashamed to make them the basis of our own. We find that all these nations sprang from small barbarous tribes among whom law was but in its embryonic state and in which it grew without other assistance than the well-trained and active minds and the cool, calm, logical reasoning of these old heathen philosophers. But we must not think that they were all philosophers. Far from it. But then as now, the laws were formed by the wisest and most learned of their number while the ignorant and vicious were made to conform to the precepts thus laid down and were raised toward the standard of the noble and just, and it was by this means that the growth of law and the spread of civilization was accomplished.

Lycurgus, the noted Spartan law-giver, after ten year's of travel in which he perfected himself in the knowledge of the known world, returned to his native land and, filled with patriotic zeal, gave to his country all the benefit of his learning by establishing that peculiar and inflexible code of laws that made the Spartans the hardiest and bravest people of Greece. Solon, the distinguished legislators of Athens, devoted all the powers of his shrewd philosophy to promote the welfare of his native city and to increase the patriotism and social feeling of its inhabitants. He succeeded in making them sociable and happy while at the same time he diffused a sense of modesty among them which ever made them to act with propriety.

It has been so in all nations and during all ages from the time when Moses directed the wandering Israelites by his inspired mandates, at the same time issuing these divine commands to all nations throughout all succeeding generations, down to the time when our martyred Lincoln, rising above the sordid spirit of so many of his race, shining forth among those around him like the bright morning star, shedding rays of hope unto the souls of a benighted and degraded people, erased the foulest stain from the fair page of American history and freed our beloved land from the curse of human slavery.

Old Mother England owes a great debt of gratitude to the noble spirit of the great Alfred, who purged her laws of the great masses of fraud and superstition which were inculcated in them and which were a disgrace to the nation. She owes to him the establishment of courts of equity in the place of the old superstitious rites and ceremonies of the ordeal which too often punished the innocent and freed the guilty.

Thus we see what law has done, now let us see what it is doing. We have but to look around us to perceive the results of vigilant care. We see the peaceful engaging without interruption in their chosen pursuits, while the vicious stand like vultures ready to fall upon their prey, but are restrained by its all-powerful hand. We find the people so ready to engage in antagonism yielding to its commands and submitting to its judgments, while all the peace and happiness which they enjoy are the products of the restraint which the fear and respect of the Law exercise over the minds of those inclined to do evil. As it is with the individuals so it is with the nations. Conflicts between them now but seldom occur; but their differences are settled and all business between them conducted according to the dictates of International Law. Then how much we owe to Law and what great importance it has attained from so small a beginning! And shall it stop here? Have we witnessed its culmination? It cannot be for it is yet imperfect and its objects are not yet accomplished, and I firmly believe that it will advance with civilization until it will be successful in all its purposes.

How eagerly we think of the potent influence which it will then exert upon our land. When Mormonism, eating like a cancer into the vitals of our nation, sending its poison throughout the social system, shall be plucked out by the roots and the virtuous and the righteous shall exist in its stead. When the Anarchist, the terror and disgrace of our modern civilization, shall be stopped in his bloody career and shall become an outcast from the abodes of men. When the tyrannical grasp of the monopolist shall be broken and all men shall dwell together in equality. Then will the monster, war, be banished from the earth and every national inequality be

settled by that master-piece of legal invention, arbitration. Cruel oppression will no longer be tolerated and it will be then that old Ireland, freed from her serfdom and independent of the inhuman masters that now so cruelly harass her citizens, shall be raised from her slavery and occupy the position among the nations that belongs to her. This picture, invoked by our fancy, is indeed one pleasant to contemplate. When the Monarch has obtained complete control over his subjects all crimes and wickedness shall cease, all controversy will be at an end, the sword will be beaten into the ploughshare, the time of the millenium will be at hand, and the world will again be ready to receive its master.

Samuel A. Buchanan spoke in a clear strong voice upon the "Medical Profession." He received the undivided attention of the audience in his remarks, which were as follows:

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Whatever business man essays to follow, his chief desire is success. The ways and means man may achieve success are largely innate in the man. Ability, adaptability, economy and determination are some of the forces that compel success. There was probably never a time in the world's history when high success in any profession demanded higher or more incessant labor than now. Particularly is this true of the medical profession. The doctor, to be equal to the wants of man, must have enthusiasm which no obstacles can chill and which gives poise to his judgment and makes him discriminative. The world, as Emerson says, is no longer clay, but iron, in the hands of its workers, and we must hammer out a place for ourselves by study and rugged blows, and as necessary auxiliaries we should have perseverance and faith in the work we have to perform.

It has been said with truth that the human mind, which can survey the heavens and calculate the motion and density of the stars, finds itself confounded when, returning from these distant journeyings, it enters its own dwelling place—the body. Man's own organization is still among these mysteries of nature which he is least able to penetrate, in spite of his incessant efforts to lift the veil which hides it. In all ages he has sought to know himself. In all times he has studied the relations between his own existence and that of the world, and those universal influences which, though evident to him, are nearly all inexplicable in their action upon living beings. From the immense number that launch their barks in this profession every one is compelled to put forth his most potent efforts, if he wishes to attain the acme of success. Some are startling the world by saying that this profession is overcrowded. So are all the professions. But as Webster says, there is room at the top. No doubt we wonder why so

many choose medicine as a profession? It is a noticeable fact that men pursue those vocations in life in which they can realize the most money. This certainly cannot be said of the physician. True, there are some who make the accumulation of wealth their primary object in life, but these are generally doomed to disappointment, if not in this world, they are in the next. Perhaps one reason why so many choose the medical profession is, that man is continually searching for more worlds to conquer and greater fields of labor to explore. They know that the greater the struggle in attaining the ascendancy the greater will be the victory and honor. But neither money nor fame are primary objects of him who embarks in the noblest and grandest vocation in life. There lies imbedded in man's nature a grander and nobler sentiment. What is the motive which prompts the artist to spend months and years in the study of trees, or still water, or rocks or hills, and to produce these things on canvas at so much cost? Is it done for money or for fame? No, no! It is power within him rising up and calling for expression. Thus it is with the physician. The man who thus works and toils—and it is at times hard work with no hope of gain, with no thought of gain—is the image of his Creator. Did God make the world and man that they might serve Him? How can they profit Him? He made them in the exercise of creative power; and man exercises his own creative power—frail now in this comparison, but still a creative power, without asking what motive prompts, without asking whether it is to bring grief or pleasure.

The student who toils on through subject after subject is in pursuit of the same. He cannot, perhaps, give a reason for his actions; he cannot say it is for this or that. There is a motive—a moving force there; but it is the echo of God's own creative energy which calls him and stirs him to speak on marble, on canvas, in words or in action, in poem or in novel. The fact that the motive has considerable to do with man's success in any profession is exemplified in the characters of Gustavus Adolphus and Napoleon. The former was a Christian soldier, leader in the grand, glorious struggle for religious liberty; while the latter fought for his own aggrandizement. The examples of these great men, and, indeed, the examples of the past seem to lead us to the conclusion that not only does a little good overcome a great wrong, but also that the men who are engaged in the grand work of lifting humanity from the fallen condition are those who are the least liable to the greatest misfortunes. The doctor of medicine should be a man of broad culture; for the profession of a physician is a most responsible one. Unfortunately he is often a man of no culture at all. So manifest has this become that some of the States have passed laws requiring recent

graduates in medicine, unprovided with literary degrees or other adequate certificates of acquirement, to pass an examination before a State Board in such branches as go to make up a good English education, and licensed to practice within their limits are granted only on this condition. That such enactments have been found necessary is a reproach to our medical institutions and a disgrace to a profession that calls itself learned. No man or woman should become a physician who has not penetrated the "temple of Labor" to the holiest of holies, who feels not at each day dawn the wakening of fresh inspiration prompting self-sacrifice; perhaps to toil without compensation and to deeds of mercy unthankfully received.

The work of the physician may have a wide range. In his character of confessor, and by virtue of the freedom allowed his questionings, he reaches individual sources of the general evil, whence every thorough reform must flow. Immorality always affects the physical well-being; obeying the law of reaction, bodily pain quickens the moral sense. Its logic is universally powerful, and if emphasized by professional authority may well be convincing and converting. The physician who is fearless and uncompromising in his condemnation of wrong, and who feels the obligation that opportunity imposes, will not only prevent disease, but confer incalculable benefit upon society in the most vital of its moral relations. The life of the physician is vicarious—an offering for others. He comes home after labor of muscle and mind, hoping for an hour to rest, only to hear the door-bell dispel his waking dreams of happy hours and to announce he is "wanted." It will not be the bleak wind whistling about his ears that will awaken the regret that he had not sought some other profession; it will be the misery consequent on folly or vice, which perchance he must witness. The physician who has secured a good practice need have little fear for his future. His capital, knowledge and skill cannot be disturbed by fluctuations in value, and draws an ever-increasing rate of interest. Financial crisis that mean disaster to the business man, affect him only indirectly, and rarely make serious encroachments upon his income. The medical adviser is the social equal of his patients, and this is true of no other calling, with a single exception. To be sure, there are fashionable doctors whose fashionable clients demand their undivided attention; but generally the successful practitioner serves both rich and poor, and suffers no disengagement in the minds of either. In this respect his position is unique. No vocation furnishes occasions more apt for the exercise of true philanthropy. As guardian of the public health his office is to relieve suffering, to remove the causes of and to cure disease. People call upon

him to relieve them of their ailments. Manifestly his first duty is to prepare himself by every means in his power to the end that those who seek his counsel shall have the benefit of the accumulated knowledge of his art, while policy and conscience alike dictate that his advice shall reflect the most advanced thought in matters pertaining to the exercise of it.

The life work of the physician must be wrought among all that is most sacred in the life of the family. Sickness, that among his books presents a series of interesting phenomena, at the bedside means pain, anxiety, the shadow of death—bereavement. It is his part to alleviate, sustain and cure the sick, if possible, but it brings not so much pleasure as to teach one's neighbor and fellow-man the laws of health. To show them that happiness is the result of obedience to law—to make them feel it and exemplify it. This brings the soul ample reward. It clothes him who thus labors with raiment grateful to the eye of goodness. It makes him who thus lives bear likeness to the Great Physician.

Let the practitioners ask themselves if, as a rule, are they men true and virtuous? Nay; medical men are poor examples. They live down their principles. If the physician is blameless, for he is often visited with blame, he learns also that men know how to be grateful. Gentleness and sympathy are qualities upon which his place in the community very largely depends. Experience has found no higher satisfaction than that which comes from a sense of duty done; if through its faithful performance, life has been prolonged, and suffering made more tolerable, surely the conscientious physician, having finished his course, may look across the years and be at peace.

"What is noble? 'tis the finer portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting, ever seeing some improvement yet to plan,
To uplift our fellow being, and like man, feel for man.

What is noble? that which places truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like angel traces, that mankind may follow still;
Even though scorn's malignant glances prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble who advances freedom and the cause of man!"

The honorary oration and valedictory was delivered by J. E. J. Whistler in a very creditable manner. The speaker had a carefully prepared address and showed the evidence of christianity on every hand. His valedictory was very touching. His speech was as follows:

THEOLOGY.

Theology, or the science which treats of the relations which exist between God and man, is

the grandest and most sublime of all studies. In pursuing the study of it, the whole world of science is called upon to lend its aid; all the investigations and discoveries of ages have combined to render it one of the most extended studies of our time.

Although some may wish the existence of a God to be proven before the subject is considered, and although there is much in the study of it which would lead to that conclusion, yet it is easily seen that for Theology to exist at all, the existence of God must be pre-supposed.

It is but natural that man should investigate this world which surrounds him; that he should study the relations of every part to the rest; and that he should endeavor to classify and arrange them.

Starting at the very foundation of the earth, Chemistry shows us that the various combinations are according to certain fixed laws, which have not changed since the beginning. It shows us, in theory, the wonderful atomic affinities, but cannot tell us the source of them.

Rising a step higher, we come to organized matter. Here we are confronted by something which never has, and never will be, defined. We find matter compelled to obey another and greater force, than its natural affinities. The elements do not combine willingly to form a plant or animal, for the instant life leaves it, they set to work to tear down what they have unwillingly built up. Yes, life, which is so subtle and yet so mighty, has baffled the skill and knowledge of a learned world, for centuries, and it is still as much unsolved as ever.

What has Theology to do with these? Do you not see that in the study of Nature we have a Natural Theology! That in the phenomenon of life we have a proof of the existence of an eternal Creator! That by the great regularity and symmetry which we find, we learn one attribute of God, order. The perfection of order is seen throughout nature. By the labors of hundreds of men for two thousand years this great world has been systemized until it is almost complete.

As we begin to study the individual from among the thousands, we are still met by the same perfection of order in its individual arrangements. The old, but still unanswered, and we may say, unanswerable argument of design is found in nature so often and so perfect, that infidelity is almost constrained to admit it. It would take too much time to enumerate even a few of the things that show special design. Everywhere the world is teeming with thousands of living beings, each of which displays the handiwork of God in its structure.

We may be able by means of the knowledge we gain in the study of nature, to discover some of the attributes of God, but what relations do we, as the highest of his creations, bear to him?

What is his will toward us? In the beautiful figure of Chadbourne, "We find ourselves in this world, like children in a palace built and furnished by a royal father whom they have never seen. They admire its grandeur and beauty, and wonder at its marvelous adaptations to their wants. As they increase in age, and their wants increase, new adaptations are constantly discerned to meet their wants. Certainly these conditions would awaken in them some desire to know if they were to continue tenants at their own pleasure, and enjoy such provisions forever, without any accountability to the provider." Those four great questions that were sufficient to awaken to a new life one of the greatest writers, John Bunyan, would present themselves to every thinking man with solemn and aweful force. "Whence came I? "What am I?" "Whither am I going?" "What does God want me to do?" would be asked by all, and they would ask in vain. There is not the least probability of an answer to any of them, to be found in nature. The discoveries and investigations of a thousand years have not found an answer. Without other means of knowing, we would never know whether there is another life other than the present, and if so, we would not know the means by which that other life could be made a pleasant one. When death steps in and takes away our loved ones, nature can give us no comfort. Cold and calm she looks upon us and says, "They are gone from you forever and never again will you behold them." We might draw some poor and weak conclusions from nature, but they would be so far short of certainty that they would give no comfort in times of the greatest sorrow. We are in this world and pitiable would be our condition, with nothing but the books of nature for our guide. But an all-wise and ever watchful providence has seen our necessity and provided for it. He has given us a written expression of His will. Like those children in the palace, there will be some who will gladly receive it as a letter from their Father, while others will doubt its genuineness. We have the great Book of nature which we know came from our Father, the eternal Creator, and by simply comparing the two we can easily decide the question. And believers are made glad by the discovery of the most striking similarity of the two. That of nature is grand and excites the admiration of mankind, but that of revelation is even more grand. By the labors of many who have devoted much time to the work, it has been proven beyond a doubt that they have one and the same author. How happy the children of God are to know that this is the work of their Father! With what eagerness they scan the sacred pages to find the will of God! No longer need they live in doubt and uncertainty, but all may know what relations they bear to their Creator, if they will but read his letter.

God's children have not been disappointed by the letter they have received. It has plain and simple answers to all the most important questions that are developed in the study of nature.

As there have been many who have spent their lives in seeking out the hidden beauties of nature, so there have been many who have patiently studied the sacred pages of revelation, finding in them all the heart desires to know; all the momentous questions answered, and all anxiety relieved. While others are vainly seeking an answer to their apprehensions from other sources, they quickly find an answer.

With the revelation from God Theology was completed. It could not be otherwise, for God in his wisdom, knew well what was necessary for its completion.

Thus completed it becomes one of the most interesting studies. It may be pursued by all, with the greatest pleasure and profit. Not only this, but it is the duty of everyone to investigate its truths, and we are sure if such investigation be conducted with an unbiased mind, and one willing to judge fairly, that the result need not be feared. Even if it be done by one who wishes to prove it false, the wonderful beauty and reason displayed may be enough to change his views entirely.

Man owes it as a duty to himself to consider this subject carefully, for it carries with it the thought of eternity, and therefore, it should receive the consideration that eternity requires. Let him, then, decide for himself, never forgetting that he is deciding the most momentous question of mankind.

Rev. A. N. Keigwin, of Wilmington, delivered the annual oration; subject, "The Evolution of the Idea of Government." The address was over an hour in length and of much interest. It was undoubtedly the most scholarly address that we ever had the pleasure of listening to.

President Caldwell conferred the degree of B. A. upon William C. Smith, of Pennsylvania, and the degree of B. S. upon John E. J. Whistler and S. A. Buchanan, both of Delaware, and Harry M. Davis, of Maryland.

The Declamation prize was awarded to Bayard Heisel and also the Japanese prize of a valuable medal.

John S. Boyd was the recipient of the \$35.00 Chemistry prize. The first two prizes were awarded by Secretary of State Saulsbury and the last by Herman Bussy in appropriate remarks.

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. Through the

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influence of the meeting there will be six prizes offered next year, known as follows: Benton's Latin prize, \$10.00; Gov. Biggs' Declamation prize, gold medal; Eckel's prize, \$10.00, for excellence in German; Ferris' Chemistry prize, \$30.00; Rev. J. S. Willis' Entomological prize, \$10.00.

Delta Phi Anniversary.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 15.

The Fifty-second Anniversary of the Delta Phi Literary Society was held in the College oratory, Wednesday evening, June 15. At eight o'clock the orchestra played a lively air, while the members of the Society marched in two by two, lead by the Chairman, T. B. Heisel, and Rev. J. S. Willis. The exercises were opened by the Rev. T. B. Knowles, after which the Chairman made a few neat introductory remarks. W. C. Smith was then introduced, and delivered the Society Address, upon "An Aim in Life." Mr. Smith's address was listened to with peculiar interest, on account of the excellent advice which it contained. The address showed careful preparation. The Rev. J. S. Willis was then introduced as the orator of the evening. Mr. Willis' attractive matter 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, wise and scholarly passages couched in the most elegant and rhetorical language. A criticism of his address we will not attempt.

After music by the orchestra, S. A. Buchanan delivered the Farewell Address to the Society. In connection with his valedictory remarks, Mr. Buchanan delivered an excellent oration on "The Sphere of Woman's Action." The speaker spoke with considerable ease and in a clear, distinct voice. With feeling words he mourned the departure of the Class of '87, from those classic halls and closed with a loyal appeal to present and past members to still hold the Delta Phi banner high in the estimation of its friends. He delivered one of the finest Farewell Addresses delivered for several years.

The highly entertaining and enjoyable custom of calling upon old members for short extemporaneous speeches was resorted to. After music ex-President Parnell, H. G. Knowles, J. Harvey Whiteman, J. Herring and Rev. J. S. Willis made impromptu speeches, which were encouraging to the members of the Delta Phi and were received with rapturous applause.

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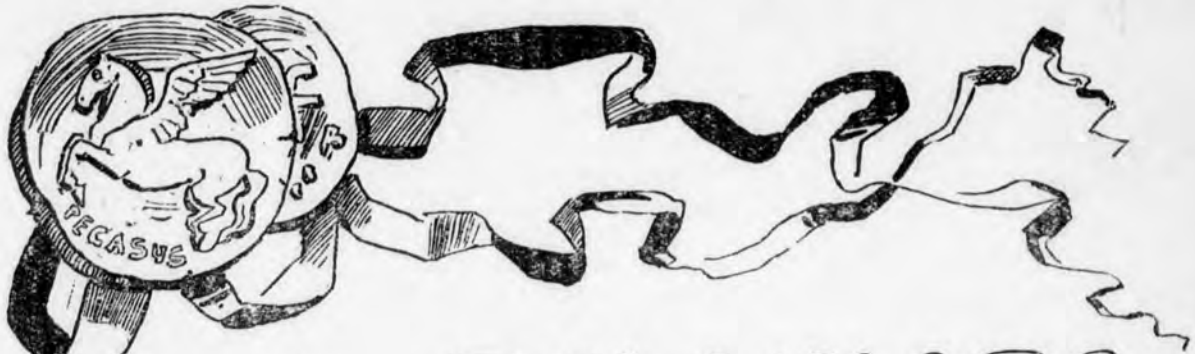
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