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J. A. McKNIGHT,
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ORATION—THE CULTIVATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

WILLIAM WIELY.

Development is the universal law of nature. God does not at once create the perfect tree, but in the little seed He hides the secret power which causes it to spring forth and grow. So man comes into this world with undeveloped powers which are to be educated—drawn out—before he can attain the beauty and growth of manhood. In this great scheme of evolution and development all nature is his instructor. There is not a native power in man that is not provided with its educating machinery. Alluring mysteries, or questions of cause and effect, call forth reason; for his sympathy there is sorrow; for joy there is gladness; for love there are things lovely; for the æsthetic there is beauty. The true manhood of man consists in the development of right faculties, and the subordination of wrong ones. You are a man by as much as you have these particular powers developed. Now, although man is created with these powers, and surrounded with the means of their development, yet it is lamentably true that many men neglect almost entirely the cultivation of certain powers of their being, and are men only partially developed. Like some country people who have

large houses with spacious rooms, and yet who live all the day and all the year, who eat and talk and read and play all in the same room; so some men live only in one part of their nature, and all their other capacities of enjoyment and usefulness are left untouched. Many men are physically developed, and not mentally. Many are mentally developed, and not morally. A man is none the less a man because he is a mechanic, or a merchant, or a farmer; but he is lacking in manhood development if he be nothing more than a mechanic, or a merchant, or a farmer.

Prominent among these neglected faculties we place the æsthetic—the power of appreciating what is beautiful in nature and in art.

Whether beauty is subjective or objective, and, if objective, in what it consists, are questions which we shall not pause to consider. It is sufficient for our present purpose to simply affirm what every one knows and believes, that God has so created us that we derive pleasure and culture from certain qualities called beautiful in nature and in art.

Ideas of the beautiful are the most noble that can be presented to the human mind. They exalt and purify our nature, and lift us above what is low and sensual. God has so surrounded us with beauty that we are constantly under its influence. There is beauty everywhere, and only so mixed with ugliness as to make the beauty felt. And God has also given to us the power to enjoy that which he has so freely and so profusely lavished about us. It is adaptation. It is design. So that he who does not, by communion with the beautiful, grow in the love of it, and in the capacity to enjoy it, does not fulfill a part of God's design in his creation, and disobeys a revelation, clear and binding, which God has given him in his own nature. Many there are, however, who neglect the cultivation of the beautiful. The exceedingly practical tendencies of the age lead men to devote their time and energies to that which is materially useful. The tendency of men is to live in their lower, animal nature, and neglect the higher and supersensuous. But there are many men who not only *neglect* the cultivation of the beautiful, but who look upon it as something unworthy of their attention, as indicative of a weak and effeminate mind. They proudly make their boast that they care for none of these trifles, not knowing

that they are thus only laying bare their own mental and moral deformity, and blindly exulting in their own imperfections.

But let us be somewhat more specific, and notice briefly a few particulars wherein the cultivation of the beautiful in nature and in art is neglected.

Some men say, "If my house is deep enough, and broad enough, and high enough, and sound enough; if the apartments are convenient and comfortable, I desire nothing more. Architectural beauties and adornments of furniture are a sinful waste. Paintings and flowers are a needless luxury, and are only loved by weak and effeminate minds. If my sons and my daughters can read and write and cipher, it is enough. There are too many cries for aid, coming from the poor, the sick, and the ignorant, to admit of such needless expenditure." Now, the truth is this, that the man whose soul and money are not drawn forth by the beauties of nature and of art; that

> "The man who hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus."

Yes, the man who is moved by none of these things will hear unheeded the cry of want, of suffering, and of ignorance. The tendency of beauty and the love of it is to make us less sensual, more liberal, more sympathetic, larger-hearted, and more magnanimous. The same is true of bodies of men. The church that deems it wrong to spend the money that might be used to send the gospel to the benighted heathen in church adornments, and does not build a house of worship equal to its means, will give far less to the cause of missions than a church with half the wealth and a stately edifice. The law is give, and by giving grow, and in growing give.

Others there are, who, while they build costly mansions and furnish them richly, still exhibit an uncultivated taste, and often none at all. They pay princely sums of money for carpets and curtains and wall-paper, and then, in a lightless, flowerless, cheerless room they place those forlorn, monotonous Swiss machine-pictures. They must have a carpet every five years, just to tell men how wealthy they are; and there is just so much of beauty about their homes as will tell men that they

are largely moneyed. Flowers do not speak that language. These men are like the New Jersey farmer, who, looking into his neighbor's beautiful flower-garden, remarked, "Well, I s'pose you enjoy these things, but I think the purtiest flower I ever saw was a cabbage." And so they measure all beauty by the standard of sensual, material utility. Oh, that men knew the joy that comes from cultivated manhood! Oh, that men knew that to be happy and good we must rise from the realm of our animal instincts, and cultivate the higher, the nobler part of our nature! What joy there is in development!

> "If solid happiness we prize,
> Within our breasts the jewel lies,
> And they are fools who roam:
> The world has nothing to bestow,—
> From our own selves our joys must flow."

If, my indulgent hearer, you covet a *happy* home, have a *beautiful* home—beautiful with natural and moral beauty. Then not only will you be happier yourself, but you will make others happy. Beauty cannot be appropriated. It belongs to every one. I thank God that certain men live in this town. Their yards and windows are beautified with flowers, and when I pass these houses I long to stop and linger, and drink in the beauty free as air; and then my heart swells with ten thousand thanks to God for flowers, and to the man who loves them, and lets them be seen by many. There they are, winter and summer, a public blessing and a constant teacher. Oh, that all who hear my voice to-day, and all men, women, and children everywhere, would "*let their flowers so shine, that others seeing how beautiful they are, may go and make gardens for themselves.*" And thus may the flowers of nature that beautify our homes, be but typical of the flowers from God that beautify the heart.

Parents and teachers who themselves do not cultivate the æsthetic faculty, cannot instill into the minds of the young a love for the beautiful. Herein is a serious defect both in our home education and in our various educational systems. Studies of a more refined and elevating character are made to give place to those of immediate practical utility. And how often, too, have I seen the early buddings of the æsthetic in the mind of the child nipped by the hand of an ignorant, thoughtless,

tasteless mother. How often has the little one, with her tiny hoe, worked in her flower-bed till her young limbs were weary, and then, her purposes defeated, with earnest words and tearful eyes beg some one to plant her flowers, and be answered by harsh words. Ten thousand little eyes have wept bitter tears; ten thousand little hearts been broken, because papa would not buy his little daughter a piano. Many a sweet voice that God gave has never filled souls with its melody; many a poet's pen and painter's pencil has been made mute forever, because God's seedling gift, when budding into being, was nipped by the parents' rude hand. I love to see children have toys—beautiful toys. They educate, and should not find their end in mere amusement. They should be of such a nature as to develop what is in the child. Going a little farther, to what a limited extent are music, drawing, architecture, gardening, etc., taught in our schools, when these should be taught in all our educational institutions, from the university down to the rural public school. Our systems of education are defective, because they do not develop the whole man. A large tract of his nature is left a dreary and desolate waste. The object of education is the full and complete development of perfect manhood; and this can never be attained till every faculty of his nature is taken into account and its education provided for.

Beauty of personal form and figure should be a matter of desire, and taste in dress should be cultivated by all; hence all secular or religious institutions which restrain either the one or the other are harmful in their influence.

Again, all men have somewhat of the dramatic element in them, and this, too, as part of the beautiful in art, should be cultivated. You see the working of this dramatic element in many of the affairs of ordinary life. Tell a child that it is his duty to be honest, and he will think you a bore; but let him know that you can tell a most wonderful story about the hair-breadth escapes of a thief, and both he and his gray-head grand-sire will beg you to relate it, and listen intent to comprehend the plot. Now this dramatic element, which God has implanted in every man's nature, should be cultivated, and the best means should be employed to that end. Hence arises the necessity for theatrical performances; and these only become harmful when, by immoralities and indecencies, they appeal to the

animal man. Could the theatre be freed from its deformities and purged from its corruptions, it would then be a blessing to the community instead of a curse; and it is the duty of all good men and women to give their aid to such a reformation. Luther said of the organ, when it was being introduced into the church, "I don't like to see the devil running away with all the best music." And so I don't like to see the devil running away with the drama.

All men should love beauty in common things. I think less of the man or woman who does not. Are you a mechanic? Keep your machinery bright and clean, and you will toil the more cheerfully. Are you an engine-driver? Polish the brass and the steel on your engine, and make the ride the merrier. Let nothing be ugly that can be made beautiful. The man who cares for none of these things, and does not cultivate the beautiful everywhere, and endeavor every day to enlarge her domain, sins against his own happiness and against the God who made him, and so rightly vested him with these multiplied capacities of enjoyment. The sentiment of beauty is a thing which belongs to every man, and the absence of it is a deformity. It is a part of our education here to develop it, and any man sins against his own being who fails to exercise this part of his nature, that it may grow thereby. Beauty is not an accident. All development is toward beauty. To be perfect and to be ripe is to be beautiful. Oh, that men would be true men all over! Oh, that men would rise above animalism, above avarice, and cultivate the true, the beautiful, and the good!

And then there is a higher beauty, which far transcends all other beauty, and toward which all other beauty tends. It is the beauty of holiness, the beauty of heaven, the beauty of God!

And may the germs of beauty which God has implanted in every hearer's heart, nurtured in tender care, spring forth in flowers of joy and fruits of peace, making your person the fairest of the fair, your moral nature beautiful in perfectness, your home the abode of beauty and of love, your life a life of gladness, growth, and goodness; and then at last when heart and flesh shall fail, and you are called to take your abode in the silent halls of death, when the cold clods of the valley as they

beat upon your narrow chamber shall sing their song of triumph, "Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return," then may thy free spirit, loosed from its fleshy prison, and beautiful in holiness, wing its joyous flight to that celestial land of *perfect beauty*, where no vein of sin and sense shall lay between, but where the soul, free and untrammelled, shall increase through all eternity in holy, heavenly beauty!

HISTORY.

O. J. HARVEY.

"And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous."

It is rather by a mechanical than a classic art, that one seeks, by smooth introductions, to propitiate a favorable audience. So now, if there is nothing to be told of the past history of the class of '71 worthy of your attention, the deficiency shall not be disguised by a gloss of compliments or apologies; but if, on the contrary, there is something, no better compliment can be paid than to premise that you are ready, without enticement, to hear whatever comes.

It will be no more than proper, however, to state, by way of preface, that, in the preparation of this invaluable biographical and historical production, no *particular* model was selected; but, instead, we were satisfied with concentrating, after careful study and deep thought, the combined excellencies of the best and most approved college historians.

As would be expected, there has been shown the strictest impartiality, and, Munchausen-like, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" has been adhered to throughout the whole history. We must confess, however, with a renowned brother historian, that we have "found it impossible always to resist the allurements of those pleasing episodes which, like flowery banks and fragrant bowers, beset the dusty road of the historian, and entice him to turn aside, and refresh himself from his wayfaring." But to begin our history,—for all things must have a beginning, and this shall begin as class histories usually

do. It was "far back in the absorbing periods of time," nearly four years ago, on a bright sunny morning in September (it was the 12th of the month),

> "When we first came on this campus,
> Freshmen we, as green as grass."

We were forty-one in number, and formed the largest class, I believe, that had ever entered Lafayette. Twenty-nine of our number came with the design of pursuing a classical course, and twelve a scientific.

Some of our number had come with the expectation of entering, without any difficulty, the Sophomore Class, but they didn't do it. They grieved much, and would not be comforted. We were fortunate in being able to count in our band two or three men who had been in the last Freshman Class, but, by the advice of the Faculty, had kindly consented to enter our class and go through the first year again.

Colleges are very lucky in always having a few philanthropic students who are willing to go over one year,—the Freshman, for example,—two or three times, before advancing to the next. It is the case, however, that students who go over the Freshman year two or three times usually advance, not into the Sophomore year, but *out of college.*

For several days after our admission to college we felt rather strange, and out of place. We were strangers to each other and to everybody about us, and we were lonely. We were hungry, too. We boarded in the college clubs, and as we had not yet learned to eat as students do (that is, *fast*), we suffered, especially at dinner.

In preparing our suppers due attention was paid to that silly maxim which reads,

> "To be easy all night
> Let your supper be light;
> Or else you'll complain
> Of a stomach in pain."

We, Freshmen, sitting at the dinner-table, calmly contemplating Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores,—especially the latter, rapidly devouring everything within their reach, were forced to think that man was fearfully and wonderfully made, and that the powers of the human stomach were astounding.

It is useless to speak of *all* the trials and anguish we endured the first few weeks; or of the many flunks and fizzles we made in those "whited sepulchres,"—the tombs,—the abode of learning, the home of oratory, and the fountain of knowledge.

The decided stand we took against hazing, was the first thing we did to distinguish ourselves. We determined that we would not be a party to this innocent and amusing pastime, and we were not.

It is true that a party visited one of our men at the dead of night, and dragged him unceremoniously from his feathery couch. Comprehending, however, his situation as host, our hero generously brought out a box of cigars and urged his visitors to help themselves, which they did. This, however, did not satisfy these lineal descendants of Balaam's ass, for, after helping themselves to *all* the cigars, they gently assisted the luckless youth out of his room, and treated him to some cold water and other delicacies. This was truly a picture for sensitive nerves.

The honor of breaking up hazing here has been claimed by other classes, but it rightly belongs to us, for we neither hazed nor were hazed, and the fact is here recorded for the benefit of posterity. But we cannot linger over the happy days of our first year, and especially over those of the first session. The year passed rapidly along, and was enjoyed by all. Our examinations were rigorous, and, in order to pass them, many were the devices used by those who felt a little "shaky." There was one poor fellow who was dreadfully afraid of not passing in the mathematics of the third term. Before going into the examination he went into his bedroom, knelt down, and prayed that his professor might "be confounded and confused during the examination," and that *he* might pass safely through it. Encircling his classic brow with a diadem of cloth, saturated with camphor (for he had a very bad headache), he went in, ready "to do or to die," to pass, or to fizzle. His fears, I am sorry to say, were realized, and when he came forth from the torture chamber

> "Fresh tears
> Stood on his cheeks as doth the honey dew
> Upon a gather'd lily."

He was compelled by the Faculty, on account of his last

freshmanic error, and several others, to eat the bitter bread of banishment.

We entered Sophomore year with fifty-one men. Several, who had been with us during Freshman year, were missing; some having left for reasons best known to themselves; others being obliged, on account of sore eyes and other contagious diseases, to go into business; and last, but not least, those who had wisely concluded to pass another year in the verdant fields with the *recentissimi.* "Wisely concluded," I say, because they felt that they had not gone over the studies of the year in a thorough enough manner, and were, therefore, not strongly grounded in the elements.

To make up for the loss of these several individuals,—in all thirteen—we received to fraternal fellowship ten new members.

The Sophomore year was with us—as it is with all classes—the gayest and most acceptable of the course, and it will always be remembered with feelings of the liveliest pleasure. We have space now to chronicle only a few of the many acts of love, labor, sorrow, and joy, performed then; the others must be left for honorable mention in a history to be issued sometime in the misty future. A Sophomore is often conceitedly described, by members of his own class, and by his admirers, as "a four-horse team, with a big yaller dog under the waggin." Juniors and Seniors, however, reasoning from past experience, invariably assign those who rejoice in the name of Sophs to a different page in *their* vocabulary, and make mention of them only in connection with such classical epithets as "wise fools," "mischief-makers," "vile horde," etc., etc., *ad nauseam.* By abstaining from hazing during this year ("All honor to you for it!" I know you exclaim) we gained the love and respect of the Freshmen, and, instead of thinking us a "vile horde," they admired and respected us as if we *were* "big yaller dogs"—accompanied, of course, by the four-horse teams. They, as Juniors, still have for us the same profound respect, and I am proud and happy to record it.

As one of our *acts of sorrow,* before referred to, we may mention the holding of a meeting to express the favorable sentiments of the class on the propriety of the Faculty suspending the College duties on account of the sickness that was then

prevailing in College. The Faculty, I am *sorry* to state, did not suspend.

An *act of love* was the presenting to our Professor of Greek, Derby's translation of Homer, which went to fill an aching void that had long been in the Professor's library.

The *act of joy* which shall be recorded here was the purchasing of our class canes July 4th, '69, and visiting an ice-cream garden down town; and, after enjoying there a feast of reason, ice-cream, etc., and a flow of soul, stamps, etc., we paraded through the streets of the borough, accompanied, part of the way, by an ancient *dudal sock pfeifer*, whom our Marshal had found discoursing sweet music to an admiring crowd, and had hired for fifty cents to blow for us. Our *acts of labor* were more numerous than all of our other acts put together. We labored incessantly on our Conic Sections, that study which is considered by some absolute poetry; and, in fact, we labored on all of our studies. But the greatest labor of the year was put forth on the "Achillean" Shields. At the beginning of the third session our Professor of Greek informed us (the classicals) that he wished us to prepare diagrams or drawings of the Shield of Achilles, a description of which would be met with in Homer during the course of the session's reading. This we thought was meant as a bit of facetiousness on the part of the Professor; but as time passed on we thought differently. Some of the rebellious spirits of the class were in favor of revolting, but this did not accord with the ideas of the majority, so we were soon busily employed in preparing our shields,

> "And godlike labors on the surface rose,
> There shone the image of the master mind;
> There heaven, there earth, there ocean we designed;"

not, however, as ingeniously and as beautifully as did Vulcan. After many days of toil our works of art were finished, and one morning, accompanied by the acclamations of the other students, we bore them in triumph to our Professor in the library. After examining them he stated that as he had discovered traces of artistic skill displayed on some, he would like to make a further and more satisfactory examination of them, and requested us to bring them to his house. This we did in state, a few days afterward; marching across the

campus with our shields borne aloft, and making a procession altogether lively and picturesque, and which drew a crowded audience of applauding students and laborers.

A description of the various shields would be very interesting. Some were made of boards, and others of thick paper, cut into circular forms three feet in diameter, upon which were pasted, or drawn, all sorts of pictures, in similarity as far removed from the pictures on the original shield as they could be. Some were pleasant to look upon, while others were as homely as a certain "Syrian female, who couldn't smile after ten o'clock Saturday without breaking the Sabbath." The Professor was so much pleased and surprised with the fine results of our patient toil and painstaking that he expressed a desire to retain one of the shields as a memento of the event. This, of course, was readily granted, and a selected shield was subsequently presented him with all due form and ceremony. Curious visitors to the College may now behold this shield hanging over the Professor's library door.

It was while we were Sophomores that somebody carried out all of our benches from the Chapel, and chalked on the floor, in large letters, the motto of our class,—"Let us accomplish whatever we commence."

This deed was done in the night, and whoever did it wanted to impress the minds of the College with the idea that our class was the guilty party. The Seniors had passed their final examinations, and consequently were free from chapel attendance; so when we discovered in the morning that our benches were gone we concluded to occupy those of the Senior Class.

As the bell was ringing for chapel we marched in and took our seats just in time to head off the Juniors who were wildly rushing for the same goal. This did not accord with their ideas of right, so they refused to come into chapel until we should vacate the Senior benches.

We, being a very peaceable and well disposed class, finally yielded to the solicitations of one of the Professors, and vacated the uncomfortable Senior benches, occupying in their stead some nice yellow chairs which the Janitor and one of the Professors, assisted by the Juniors, had brought in. The injured class then marched meekly in and took their own seats, seemingly conscious that they had just performed a noble act.

With the end of the Sophomore year came the end of easy times, easy work, etc. Junior year saw us launched fully into the midst of hard work. Work, which, though hard, was as a general thing pleasant, and confined to studies of a somewhat different character from those attended to during the first two years. Our most interesting studies were "the Constitution of the United States," Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar;" and connected with these was the writing of essays almost innumerable. We also studied this year "The Mother Tongue of the English," and were fortunate enough to have the honor of being the *first* students to use March's "Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon," which had just been issued.

In this latter study, as well as in the aforementioned ones, it was our privilege to enjoy the instruction of a Professor to whose great worth the class of '71, with many former classes, contributes its share of honor and respect. But perhaps the hardest, and to some the most distasteful, study of the year was the mathematics. We were led very far into the interesting mysteries of Natural Philosophy by our Professor, who, by his lucid explanations, and the aid of an elegant and extensive philosophical apparatus, smoothed the path, and made the subject very clear. And yet we had a good many men, who, notwithstanding all the labor, were unfortunate enough to fizzle. But all had good excuses for their ill luck, one remarking, in all earnestness, that he thought the reason he fizzled in mathematics was because he had got off so many sharp things on the Professor during the session that he could not reply to. Nothing else of historical interest occurred during this year, except that we took the preliminary steps for starting, on a successful career, the *Lafayette Monthly*.

Time sped away, and at last we reached the Senior year. Often had we longed for this, and for the easy times supposed to be inseparably connected with it. But after a few weeks of stern reality the visions of a Senior's life of ease and idleness all vanished, and we wondered how any one could be so base as to tell such stories as had been told us, of the quiet, indolent, and gentlemanly life of the Senior.

Our last year—excepting a part of the last session—has been mostly a year of work. We studied Astronomy, and learned all about the obliquity of the ecliptic; how to convert

geocentric latitude into heliocentric; and how to ascertain the height of a lunar mountain, which is done by multiplying *one-half* the height by two. A large number of the class studied Hebrew one session, but the next session there was only "a miserable remnant of six." We studied selections from the poetry of Burns, and were much interested in them; Burns being the author upon whom the essays for the Fowler prize were written. In the contest for this prize the interested parties toiled hard and long, and one of them bought tea and sugar to use to keep himself awake while prosecuting labors which often continued long after "the iron tongue of midnight" had tolled.

Our Senior year might properly have been denominated "the year of Metaphysics," for we had plenty of them, and we were all charmed with their beauties, and wished for more of them (that is, of the beauties).

Most all of our studies were recited in the old Chapel, and we always seemed inspired, and endowed with delightful memories when we recited there; consequently our flunks and fizzles were few and far between. There was one exercise, however, which took place weekly in the Chapel during the last session, in which some of our men were afraid to trust to their "delightful memories," so when Saturday came around they got leave of absence from town to go to Bethlehem to get their pictures taken, and were very sorry that they couldn't be present at our extemporaneous debates. As offsets to our intellectual and scholastic labors we frequently indulged in innocent recreations. Once during the winter, about twenty of us took a sleigh-ride to Bethlehem, and this excursion gave us a good example of the truth of the adage

> "'Tis ever common,
> That men are merriest when they are from home."

There occurred one thing, however, that tended to destroy somewhat our equanimity and pleasure. We made extensive preparations to visit the Female Seminary before we left town, and give the fair inmates a serenade. But we were doomed to disappointment, for our driver, instead of taking us to the place, as directed, started with us for Easton, and before we knew it we were a mile or more from the Seminary. We expostulated

nd threatened to no purpose, for we could not make the man turn back. Our ride home that night was dreary, and I am afraid that this history is becoming so too, so we will hasten to an end. We of Seventy-one are now about finishing what seemed to us, four years ago, a long and tedious course, but which now seems as though it has been a very short and pleasant one.

But can we all say that we are, and that the College will be, the better for our having been here? If so, and I think we can, it is well. There may be some of us who are disappointed because we are not graduating with honors, or with as high a grade of scholarship as we expected. Do not let us feed upon the disappointment, but acknowledging that

> "A greater Power than we can contradict
> Hath thwarted our intents,"

let us go out into the world with happy and honest hearts, and pursue our chosen professions with a resolve either "to do or to die," "to pass or to fizzle."

POEM.

JOHN SCOLLAY.

The sun was resting in his Western caves;
His daily routine had he boldly run
To where the wide Pacific rolls its waves,
To mingle with the dashing Oregon:
Four hours the earth had mourned his absent flight,
And quiet marked the melancholy hours of night;

Save in thronged cities, where the show of life
Gave evidence that midnight was not passed,
Or even in hamlets where a duller strife
Leaves human kind as equally harassed.—
The moon in vain rose up to fill his place,
Feeble her light shed through the dusky space.

Yet still her efforts were not wholly vain.—
Where swarming masses thronged their dull abodes
Small rest she hindered; but the rustic swain
Roamed languishingly o'er the country roads,
Viewing with dull content each blooming field
That promised plentifully autumn's yield.

'Twas such a night as when the silent stars
  Disdain their sittings in the vault above,
But, dancing, glitter through their heavenly bars,
  Longing upon the pleasant earth to rove,—
    And some even left their bounds with lightning flight,
    And strewed their fragments through the startled night.

The bleating sheep no longer roam the wold;
  No lowing herd is active on the hills:
The former, pent secure within the fold
  By careful owners, fear no canine ills;
    The latter in contentment ruminate,
    And, as such cattle ought, slow meditate.

At such an hour the mind is strangely fraught
  With musings that at day would seem absurd,
And ne'er are uttered by th' urbanely taught,
  No matter how perturbedly his soul is stirred.
    Such nonsense must, at hazards, be repressed,
    Nor should—except with cautious mouthing—be expressed.

Yet 'tis permitted that the bard should say
  What holds his mind, as seizes him the whim,
Whether he dream by night, or sober day
  Recall its dull realities to him,
    In worded rhyme his ravings are relieved,
    Whether in scorn derided or with meet applause received.

But he, who, when the mystic shades of night
  Invest this mundane sphere in black attire,
Would through ethereal blue exalt his flight,
  Or wake the music of his bashful lyre,
    Must utter thoughts the sober light of day
    Dispels, and flings unfeelingly away.

Ah, many a student oft within his room,
  When thickest darkness holds the night supreme,
With midnight lamp dispels the rising gloom,
  And hugs with fond delight each waking dream;
    He seeks no campus where the moonlight shines,
    To rouse his frenzy or inspire his lines.

Nor yet along the river's bank he roves,
  Winding so peacefully among the hills;
Nor seeks the fairy glades within the groves,
  Arcadian valleys or old ruined mills:
    Progressive nature marks her course on these,
    But fails at every point his human mind to please.

But few that live within the college walls
Are solitary tenants of a cell;
Behind those doors along the sounding halls
In mated pairs the youthful toilers dwell.
Except, perchance, they don the tutor's mien,
Its luscious smile and countenance serene.

But why recount such calm and sober scenes?
More stirring themes await th' impatient pen;
The timid loiters, and his stray wisp gleans,
Leaving the heavy sheaves to bolder men.
They, unrelenting, strip the ripened field,
Or where the hugest trunk uprears the axe they wield.

Two ardent youths at present are my theme;
In earnest warfare sternly they contend;
Yet in their hands no deadly weapons gleam,
But harmless words advance their harmless end:
One lifts for classic lore th' indignant voice,
The other speaks the scientific course his choice.

These two were, on such night as I've described,
Roaming along yon river's pebbly bank;
Their college course had near its end arrived,
At thought of which their hearts within them sank:
Long had they feared the blustering world to meet,
And leave select companions and a loved retreat.

Yet soon they would from these abodes depart:
This thought, no doubt, had soured their disposition,
Disguised their usual gentleness of heart,
And caused them to take sides in opposition.
With skill incipient they urge their causes;
With logic immature they swell their clauses.

The youth, who did to me this tale convey,
Was passing by when scarce they had begun,
Yet turned he not his curious steps away,
But stood eavesdropping till the fray was done.
Such conduct might be justly reprehended,
But, since 'tis over now, it cannot well be mended.

The classic youth (though sometimes ancient called),
With feet well planted in the yellow sand,
Faced his opponent, brave and unappalled;
The latter, not a whit disheartened, took his stand.
His heart with sanguine expectation warmed,
His tongue with confidence and scientific phrases armed

In timid tones he first began his speech,
But soon his accents made a bolder reach:
"Alas, that when our course is nearly o'er
Thou still contendest for thy classic lore;
Small show of sense remains within thy pate,
In science and true learning thou art blate;
Four valuable years of bitter toil
(The very thought doth make my heart recoil)
Have been expended in a fruitless chase,
And now thy exit hence is in disgrace.
Unfit to battle with thy heartless kind,
To be to sad oblivion soon consigned;
Unfit to strive in practical affairs,
Small shall thy profits be and great thy cares.
When sore contending for thy daily wants
Thy tender heart will meet with jeers and taunts.
No mercy shall be shown to such as thou;
Thy wasted years are thy accusers now.
To him who willfully hath ruin sought,
No ruth is due, no lenience is brought;
No quiet corner of the earth's broad space
Shall yield his shrinking head a resting place.
But I! yes, I! am fledged and feathered quite;
With well-filled head I long to try my might;
The mathematics of my whole four years
Gives me firm confidence and quells my fears.
If, haply, I with Gunter's well-known chain
Survey a railroad through some Western plain,
Not to the best of engineers I'd yield
The well-earned palm on such a bloodless field.
My reckoning can never be impeached,
To such perfection has my culture reached.
"In calculus and analytics I am fit
On equal level with Descartes' own self to sit.
Ten thousand algebraic problems I have solved,
And demonstrations many a score evolved.
But, oh! in flowery fields *la botanique*,
Dame Nature's hidden gems with joy I seek:
Of mushrooms, mosses, have I gathered stores;
Teems my herbarium with leeks by scores;
Of pinks and tulips I have numbers got,
Nor sometimes failed to press the blue forget-me-not.
These and ten thousand others I've selected,
Not e'en the homely fern have I rejected.
Call me no niggard when these beauties rise
To bless the efforts of my searching eyes.
My liberal mind would grasp th' extensive round

Of Nature's sway, and probe her laws profound;
The music of the frog in yonder marsh
To my harmonious ear sounds nothing harsh.
His syren voice doth reach my ravished heart;
Responsive raptures thrill my every part.
O would that I his form could here embrace,
The dearest object found on nature's face!
But to my theme.—I like not episodes,
When inspiration thus my lagging goads.
You I'll convince that nothing incomplete,
Or unaccomplished, mars my four years' beat.
(I utter beat, but I'm not beat I trow,
My knowledge militaire I only show.)
And now let chemistry a word demand;
Ah! many a day hath she employed my hand,
And head, and mind—if that be any stronger,—
Yes, all day long and some days even longer.
The qualitative, inorganic, first I tried,
Into its subtle mysteries I pried;
It called me master 'fore I let it go;—
(Of aught heard ye was ever vanquished so?)
Next the organic knew my heedful clutch;
The quantitative yielded to my touch;
The wondrous blowpipe felt my breath go through
Its useful passage till the flame grew blue
And red and white by turns, when lo! the melted ore
And dross their streams in separate channels pour.
Triumphant, I the blowpipe then extolled,
Exclaiming loud, O foolish alchemists of old,
Had ye but this ye ne'er had wanted gold.
This is the modern philosophic stone;
On this depends the metallurgist's art alone;
More powerful instrument was never found
By lucky chance or philosophic thought profound.
Except the spectroscope I cannot name
A better master of the fiery flame.
(But we must hasten on; amazingly
We're losing time beneath the moonlight gray.)
"Think not that I the tongues of men despise
Because the sciences I justly prize.
Ah no, whate'er th' aggressive mind of man
Has left recorded eagerly I scan.
But living speech alone I highly rate;—
Because in early youth I was unfortunate;
In vain my master tried to teach me Greek,
Nor could a Jesuit make me Latin speak.
(That master, by the way, auxiliaries would use,

But said a boy like me should ne'er such books peruse.)
But yet to college I must go, I knew,
And thought the scientific course would do.
To *parlez-vous français* I now can answer, yea,
Nor would I replicate to *Deutsch sie sprechen*, nay.
Of these two languages I make my boast,
Their realms of literature explored from coast to coast.
I've pushed my conquests far beyond the pale
The native idioms of each entail,
Nor scorned translations in my wide inspection,
For these I always use in retrospection.
They often aid me, too, when I engage
To make my lesson longer than "one page."
Paul and Virginia, by Saint Pierre,—
My pony dear, I used thee deftly there.
In English classics I'm as deeply skilled
As you, with all your Greek and Latin filled.
Spenser I know did write the Faëry Queen,
And Surrey sung of thee, Fair Geraldine.
Because the last I've mentioned, I am deep;
It proves my comprehensiveness of sweep.
I could go farther, but to follow me
I need one fitter than you seem to be.
I could discourse of authors far less known,
Were it not tedious to toil on alone.
But now my fluxive words I'll cease to pour,
My aggravating tongue at thee I'll wag no more.
To you th' arena gladly do I yield;
Bring forth thine arms, thy cumbrous weapons wield."

Thus said: then ceased his eloquent tirade,
And for his wily adversary's words his accents stayed.

Then spoke the classical: "In very sooth,
Long have you pranced beside the brink of truth;
All you have spoken very good may be,
But yet of truth 'tis but the moiety.
A certain range your mind has winged its flight;
Beyond this limit all to you is night.
Your emphasis on one small spot is laid;
Your years, not wholly wasted, have been ill repaid.
At the tree-top your studies you began;
The tree of learning has a different plan.
Its roots extending pierce th' opposing soil,
Its permeating sap doth ever upward toil;
Its heart-wood, firm as wave-resisting rock,
Stiffens its trunk against the tempest's shock.

The whirling gale may swell the angry main,
The fierce monsoon may sweep the arid plain;
Torrents may wash the yielding mountain's side,
And spread destruction toward the boiling tide;
The dread moraine may devastate the vale,
And window-glass be smashed by pouring hail;
Still the stout trunk will stand the fiercest shock,
Immovable as adamantine rock,
Till timely age shall mark it for decay,
Or the stern woodman's axe its towering branches lay.
So with the man whom classic learning arms
To meet th' unsteady world's most dire alarms;
With steadfast heart and fertile mind he steers
His threatened vessel through declining years.
Unskilled you say he is in business matters,
But does your course turn out experienced hatters?
Have you in college learned the blacksmith's art,
Or the mysterious traffic of the mart?
Can you contend in statesmanship with Butler,
Or play, in warlike camp, the army sutler?
When these the only cares of man shall be,
Earth's vermin were as fit to fill heaven's plains as he.
"But not unchangeable the classic course;
Once Greek and Latin was the chiefest force
Employed to train the budding mind of youth
To thread the hidden labyrinths of truth.
To these was added ratiocination
Arranged in looped concatenation.
This science indispensable was syllogistic;
'Twas man's invention, and—in consequence—artistic.
('Tis said that when Dean Swift was leaving college,
A dunce they thought him and devoid of knowledge,
Because the terms of logic he ignored,
And had his mind with other 'rubbish' stored.)

"In nature's laws you boast a skill profound,
But, ere you can the 'great stone book' expound,
One-fourth the learnèd speech its clasps embrace
Back to their ancient fountain-head we trace.
He who their meaning well would understand
Wide o'er this classic field must gain command;
Its varied mines in rapt attention view,
From what is false with care extract the true.
In modern times we cull its noblest flowers,
Nor linger long within its rosy bowers.
Some from its spoils select the *utile;*
On this they base a whole philosophy.

If it be but the comprehensive name
For good and true and beautiful, we claim
In the same camp of war with them to dwell,
And, side by side, attack the hosts of hell.

"But you reck nothing of the terms you use;
Their choicest meanings daily you abuse;
Heaps upon heaps of errors you bequeath
To those ambitious of the scholar's wreath.
A lesson from the ancient heathen learn,
And from their allegory truth discern:
With ivy wreath they deck their god of wine;
Around his brow its supple stem they twine.
The mournful ivy climbs the crumbling hall,
To hide decay it decks the tottering wall;
Deceitfully it hides what wastes away,
And from its victim shades the heavenly ray.
So you, who are the child of classic lore,
Revere your venerable source no more;
The noble form on which alone you lean
You shadow over with a deathly green."
Warmly he spoke, the while his kindling eye
With levelled orbit viewed the starry sky;
Its cloudless azure, pure in every part,
Increased th' impatience of his pulsing heart.
With rapid hand he signified a star
Among the spheres that glittered from afar.
"Know you Astarte in Sidonia famed
Beyond all goddesses by Hesiod named?
She they declare to be the queen of heaven,
Dian another name to her was given;
Of the Ephesians she the favorite love,
They feared her wrath above the nod of Jove.
She is but one of all those distant spheres
The scientific mind of man reveres.
Why need I name these wonders of the blue?
Astronomy was never dear to you.
But as I speak the dawn steals o'er the east;
Aurora comes in rosy garments drest.
Her nimble fingers lift the veil of day,
Fit admonition to our long delay."
They turned away, and toward the *campus* moved
With steps elastic, as their age behooved.

AN EXPOSITION

OF THE SCIENCE OF

PHYSIOGNOMIC-CRANIOLOGY,

together with

An Examination of the Crania of the Class,

in reference to

PROGNOSTICATIONS OF THE FUTURE.

F. W. EDGAR.

Mr. EDGAR, on being introduced to the audience, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: My classmates have chosen me to pry into the future. It is natural that they should desire to know what part they are to play in the world's great drama. Some of my predecessors, among the class-prophets, consulted wizards and witches; some visited such beings as old St. Anthony, who is said to reside in a cave not far from our city; others received their messages in dreams. These things may satisfy the superstitious and the credulous, but in prophecies originating with such doubtful authority, I put not a whit of faith. And I warn you, my fair audience, believe them not.

It seems strange to me, that we should rely on science and philosophy in every other department of knowledge, and yet summon the magic art to unfold futurity. We call upon Geology: "O Geology, what of the past?" She unearths the records made by the elements long before man was, and reads to us from her great stone book descriptions of pre-Adamite hills and forests, of beasts and birds, and fish and unnamed things almost too wonderful for our credence. We ask, "How lived, how spoke, how thought our Indo-European ancestors?" History is silent, but the Linguistic science patiently constructs, from the varied and scattered fragments of speech, a faithful portrait of our fathers' mode of life. We look on this picture, and are satisfied. We wonder what the world is doing at the present moment,—and instantly, through a thousand magnetic nerves, come trembling whispers from every corner of the earth. And then, forsooth, we cry,—"O necromancy, tell us of the future."

This is a shame in the nineteenth century. We reason from effect back to cause, and from cause to effect. History has been repeated in ages past; will it not be repeated in ages to come? We know the past, we know the present; can we not determine the future? The child is the father of the man, youth is but a shadow of coming manhood. Character is plainly written on the face. The quality and powers of intellect are shown by variations in the cranium.

Early in my Freshman year my attention was directed to this subject. I have studied it with a great deal of pleasure, all through my college course, although it was not in the curriculum. I found it more interesting than conic sections or even my beloved Calculus. It was more inspiring than Astronomy. I saw more in it than in Optics. In ingenuity, it far surpasses Comparative Philology, and in hair-splitting, Metaphysics is scarcely its equal.

Since I commenced this fascinating study, I suppose I have examined about three million, one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, eight hundred and one subjects. Allow me to spend a few moments in expounding this science before I proceed to examine the members of the class.

Although Physiognomic-Craniology, as this science is called, has much in common with Phrenology, the two must not be confounded. Under the guidance of the principles of Physiognomic-Craniology, we cannot only point out the mental characteristics, but, in addition, are able to tell the disposition and the future course of life of an individual.

The fundamental principles of this science are:—

1st. Each faculty, propensity, and desire, has a special seat in the brain, and its prominence is denoted by the protuberance of that portion of the skull which covers it.

2d. Disposition and tendency is denoted by the features and the contour and expression of the face.

3d. *Caeteris paribus*, the brain power, varies directly as the facial angle.

4th. Cultivation or neglect produces change in the cerebral organs, which change is shown by a corresponding increase or decrease of these cranial protuberances. Changes may be produced in the features and in the facial angle by similar causes.

5th. The future of an individual may be predicted, with con-

siderable certainty, by a correlation and comparison of the cranial protuberances and the features, taking into consideration, also, the general contour of the head.

I have been in the habit of spending my college vacations in the Cannibal Islands; where I had every facility for the study of this science. I fortunately became quite a favorite with one of their chief men, *my lord* Anthropophago, who gave me permission to visit the government slaughter-houses. I had diagrams made by their most distinguished artists, of some of the heads which I examined. During the senior vacation I succeeded in obtaining several new drawings. I shall illustrate the important points which I have mentioned, by means of these diagrams, as the subject will thus be more clearly understood.

The speaker, after a thorough explanation of the absurd caricatures which he was pleased to term diagrams, proceeded to examine the crania of the class. As he examined, he announced the results to the audience. After the examination, he said—

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have now examined the cranium of each man in the class, and predicted his future from such protuberances as I could find thereon. Some heads are large, some small; some skulls seem very thick and hard, others are wonderfully soft. In some, the moral qualities are entirely wanting; in others, they are developed to an alarming degree. Some of these subjects are the homeliest I ever laid eyes on, while others, to say the least, are *not* Apollos Belvedere. A few seem inclined to go to the dogs, but the majority have a star-ward tendency. Brains, as well as success in life, seems to be a decidedly variable quantity.

How we shall be scattered over the earth, for

> Some will go to Brazil or China,
> Some to Egypt or to Rome,
> Some to Greenland's icy mountains,
> Some will always stay at home,

that is, if every one follows his nasal organ, and carries his bumps with him, and my predictions are fulfilled.

In the name of the class, I thank you for the interest you have

taken in other people's business. Your sympathy has been exceedingly gratifying.

My classmates, I have examined your heads; it remains for you to examine your hearts. I advise you to do it immediately, for you may soon lose them, if, indeed, many of you have not already traded them off. I hope that those who are now inclined to barter, may drive good bargains; and that the others will soon hang out the sign, *for sale*, over the door of their tender affections. Do not permit *people* to steal your hearts or to swindle you; trade even. May you all, in matrimonial matters, have a bright and happy future.

TREE ORATION.

E. Bryan.

The present enjoyment of any privilege is seldom conducive to a just appreciation of its value; and often the deprivation of our advantages alone can truly define our estimation of them. Apparently, man is so constituted as to be incapable of cognizing all the elements which go to make up his happiness, except when they cease to exist as such. Hence, in the hour of parting, the objects of our unconscious affection become inexpressibly dear. This is so universal, that, the world over, the language of parting has become trite: yet the emotions of the last farewell will ever continue fresh.

Four years ago we met, a band of strangers, on the threshold of Lafayette. From our several pursuits in life, a common object brought us together, and common aims soon bound us heart to heart. Thenceforth we have pursued a common course of life. Together we have accomplished its many tasks, together encountered its frequent trials. With the kindly word of cheer, or the hearty tribute of praise, we have shared in common our failures and our triumphs: and thus, while the years passed slowly by, our mutual friendship ever deepened. To-day, a band of friends, we stand again upon the threshold of our Alma Mater. Unmindful of the flight of time, we have revelled in the enjoyment of these pleasant associations, while imperceptibly the far-off Future has glided into the fleeting Present, and this again into

the shadowy Past. Yet a few short hours shall hurry by, and the ties that bind us here must be severed. But twice again shall evening's shadows succeed the flush of rosy morn, ere the class of '71 is numbered among the things of the past. We would fain postpone the parting hour. We met with the sad farewell to home and friends just dying on our lips: we part with a farewell far sadder. Yet, ere the magic spell is broke, here we leave our parting token. On this classic spot, where have fled our happiest years, we plant a tree sacred to the memory of our class. It shall flourish on historic ground. Here stand the sturdy poplar and the leafy maple—silent reminders of classes that have left these college walls. Some are tall with years, and widely spread their grateful shade: these tell of classes that long ago parted here, and whose rolls, called now, would meet with few responses. Others are still saplings, and call up memories of those over whose meridian of life still lies the mantle of the Future. Among these mementos of the past, our tree shall stand to tell its simple tale.

As typical of our common aspirations, as well as of the friendship which unites us, we have chosen the tulip-tree—a beautiful Magnolian, flowering annually in the present month, of rapid and vigorous growth, and a tall and stately child of the forest. Here we plant it in the matutinal bloom of life. It will grow with our growth. The genial showers of Spring will urge it gently upward; while winter's stainless mantle will shield it from the chilling blast. Thus, ere long, the tender sapling shall have developed into the sturdy tree; and, at future gatherings of the friends of Lafayette, it will delight with its presence, and soothe with its shade.

Our future meetings round this tree must differ sadly from the present. To-day our little circle is complete. No familiar face is absent to sharpen the pain of parting. As we glance over the years of the future, we see now one classmate who has wandered from the busy scenes of life to revisit this dear old spot; now a smaller, now a larger group, have gathered under the old class-tree, to dwell on the memories centred there: but never again shall we all meet here. This is our last full meeting. Mayhap some shall never return to these scenes of our college days. Our pathways in life, which, for four years, have been running side by side, here separate. We shall be scattered

far and wide throughout the earth. Here we have received our full equipment for the voyage of life. We stand to-day a power for good or for evil. Oh! let us each walk the pathway of life, scattering from hand and heart rich jewels of truth, which shall ring, as they fall, the death-knell of error. Let us ever be true to ourselves, true to our fellow-men, true to God. Thus shall we fulfill our missions in life, and accomplish life's great aim.

And, classmates, as we part to-day round our young class-tree, let us send to Heaven the fervent prayer that, in the bright hereafter, we may all meet again, round "the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

PRESENTATIONS.

J. S. AXTELL.

We are all boys. When ten or twenty years shall have rolled away we shall all be of age, perhaps; but we shall still be boys. We are now about to leave our mother's knee to spend the day in rambling over the green fields, and climbing the rugged hill of life. You will soon see us scattered here and there plucking sweet flowers, or gathering the bright pebbles that lie along our way; now amusing ourselves with our little playthings; now chasing some bright-winged phantom, and now with our neighbors' daughters for our little wives, building our little houses, and feasting on the few ripe berries we have gathered. Some will pretend to be engineers, mechanics, or chemists; others will gather a few leaves and roots and come around to heal our little wounds and bruises; some will play the teacher, and others pretend to be lawyers or preachers, and mounted on some block or stool, they will tell us what we must do to be just and good.

But in all our plays and wanderings we shall not forget our Alma Mater and our friends. Our thoughts will frequently return to these delightful scenes and all connected with them. We shall hear again the kind instruction of the old folks, and see the mirthful pranks of our elder and younger brothers, and enjoy again the many happy hours spent with our more gentle playmates.

As a token of our filial regard, we now present our Alma

Mater with a memorial of our love; and, since what we give has been so long connected with us, it will, we hope, serve as a remembrance to you all, and being very dear to us, it certainly will bind us more closely to the scenes we love. It is no less than our old class-horn. (*Produces the horn.*) O lovely horn! Thy very name is melody, and thy voice is sweeter than the music of the spheres. The ignorant and profane may call thee of little value, but to us thou art worth more than thousands, and thy notes are more inspiring than the Orphean lyre. Around thy name are clustered many sweet associations. Thou hast been a faithful friend from our days of verdancy until the present moment; and with all our faults and failures, thy voice has never been against us. Other horns are bought with bad intent, and are kept only to annoy and vex, but thine has been a noble mission, and nobly hast thou fulfilled it. Often, indeed, hast thou called us to rich ambrosial feasts of wit and music, and often, too, thy golden notes have made the sleepy hours pass quickly by; and, if at times thou hast disturbed the midnight rest of some tired Professor, or, in company with horns of doubtful character, made the air vocal in thy wild delight, surely it was not thy fault, and, if it were, we should remember that a horn, like other creatures, may have its failing and still be great. But now no more wilt thou make music for hideously-clad processions, and no longer stand upon the highway to warn evil-doers of approaching danger; no more wilt thou lead Achilles' heroes to victory and renown, and no longer shall we have thee to call us to fraternal meetings, and in our labors to sound the watch-word "*Let us accomplish.*" Alas, 'tis hard to give thee up, for, doubtless long before all we brothers meet around thee here again, dark night will have cast her gloomy mantle over us, and we shall be lost in the valley of forgetfulness and shade. But let us hear thy sweet voice once more and then we part. (*Tries to blow.*) What! art thou mute with grief. And must we lose thy melody in this parting hour? Ring out, my merry horn! Ring out! Awake from the sad and pensive mode, and fill again the mellow air with thy golden notes. (*Blows.*) It is enough. Farewell. In the name of all the class, I say farewell. And now where is David? *Davie*, you are going to stay here a little longer; take our good old horn to our Alma Mater, and guard it well and tenderly. We

give it to you because you are our musical director, and therefore will know all its wants. You and *Baxter* both may *toot*, but do not *blow* too much before the Freshmen, and especially disturb them not in their pleasant dreams. But, whatever you do, we charge you forget not our horn. Let it not wander out at night; and let not its silver tongue be tainted with foreign breath, and never do you take it to those naughty horning-sprees. Do you promise this? Take it, then, and be faithful to your charge; and, when you leave to follow us, put it where it will be safe and in trusty hands, for, should we ever return again, it is our ardent wish, of course, that we may all be tooters. And, if at any time our Alma Mater meets with trouble too great for her to bear, let some one who can blow well sound the alarm, and we, though far away, shall hear the music,

> Hear the notes of our old class-horn,
> Calling to us from the distance.
> Quickly, then, through vale and forest,
> Quickly over hill and mountain,
> We will fly to her assistance;
> And with willing hands will help her,—
> Help her out of all her trouble.

My brothers, let us not forget our duty and our vows; and let us all *so* live that when night does come, we may wrap our shrouds about us, and with joyful hearts lie down to quiet rest; and, when the brighter morning dawns, we shall hear God's holy trumpet calling us to His right hand, and saying to us all "*well done.*"

I have one thing more to say, and I am done; but I must change the figure and the scene.

We are all sailors on the great ocean of thought. Some float listlessly along a short distance with the current, and then sink from view; others row with might and main, and buffet with the waves until they reach the quiet haven or are dashed to pieces on the deceitful rocks; and others, not satisfied with what they find upon the surface, dive down in search of the bright pearls that lie scattered upon the bottom of the deep. In this class we hope to be found. We embarked in this great ship to learn from her master-divers the science of their craft; from her store of pearls, what is good and what is bad; and

from her charts, where to find these precious treasures. Our voyage now is ended. We feel that it has not been altogether in vain; and as we launch our little barks to try our fortunes on the mighty deep, we look forth and sing:

"Thou boundless, shining, glorious sea!
With ecstasy I gaze on thee;
And as I gaze, thy billowy roll
Wakes the deep feelings of my soul."

But the grandeur of the scene in prospect takes not all our thoughts. We see the good old ship that has made us what we are, proudly and bravely sailing on; and, as we think of leaving, feelings of gratitude arise and cannot be suppressed. But what shall we do to show our love? We can only add a few more pearls of others' gathering to her rich store. This we do; and, if the Captain, our worthy President, will now come forward, he shall receive our gift. (*Presents the books.*) This is not the measure of our love. It is merely a slight manifestation of it. But we hope that it may do some good, and that they who follow us may do still better; and when, with our little boats, and with the skill that you have taught us, we shall have plucked with our own hands some precious pearls from their watery home, we will make a golden wreath, and set it thickly with our pearls, and hang it on the noble prow of Lafayette.

THE PARTING SONG OF SEVENTY-ONE.

J. M. Crawford.

Kind friends, we now would greet you here,
And would sing you our parting song;
Your memories shall brighten in the past,
As we through life move along.

Chorus.

O, we'll ever hail with pride
The mem'ries of this day;
And often long for the joys of Lafayette
When we are far, far away, away, away,
When we are far, far away.

Like a fairy dream, our college days
  Too swiftly have glided away;
A moment more, and we must part
  From the friends and the loved of to-day.
CHORUS.

We go to "taste the joys of life,"
  Which are bubbles afloat on the tide,
That sparkle awhile in beauty bright,
  But will burst as they onward glide.
CHORUS.

With heart to heart, and hand to hand,
  Let us sail o'er the ocean of life,
To stem her tide and battle with her storms,
  And to conquer the foe in the strife.
CHORUS.

To our Alma Mater now we sing,
  For we've love for the famed Lafayette;
Her glory we'll sound from sea to sea,
  And her scenes we shall never forget.
CHORUS.

Dear classmates, many happy days and hours
  Have we spent together here;
But the time has come to give the parting grasp,
  And to drop the parting tear.
CHORUS.

We met as strangers, but we part
  As brothers, tried and true;
We are bound by the links of Friendship's chain,
  Which can no breaking know.
CHORUS.

But why should we our parting mourn,
  Why should we unhappy be;
For naught but joy should fill the hearts
  Of those who are favored as we.
CHORUS.

VALEDICTORY.

W. B. Owen.

While the train stands, men with hammers sound the wheels. The test is to see whether the cars will move safely over the road before them. Farewell is a forward look. In the very utterance of it there is cheer and strength for a journey. You are looking forward to-day. Your bright faces tell me so. It is the element of joy in this otherwise sad occasion. I shall not mar it by dwelling on the past; rather let our thoughts be turned for a little time to our fitness for the work before us.

I speak, then, of safety; not narrowly, as one may in some sense be said to be safe, though he achieve nothing; but in the largest sense,—safety that means success; safety that embraces victory and the welfare of every interest. Our dangers are peculiar. Many of them arise from the very conditions of that training which puts greater possibilities before us. They are negative dangers. I mean anything that may stand between us and what we ought to do. I mean that what we are is the fact; but what we may be is the law. It is written upon us, and there is no impunity in the violation of law.

College life is isolated. It has its own associations, its own pursuits, its own government, its own motives. These conditions are of use here, but when we go from here we shall need the culture and power which they are meant to give us. These are means. We are to use, and leave them, going beyond them. Here is a danger. We may magnify these mere circumstances of culture, and clinging to them, be loth to work when they are absent. Take, for example, the matter of motive. In this the economy of education descends to each student's condition—to his susceptibility. A wide range of incentive is placed before us. If we work in the lower part, it is not because there is no higher, but because we do not rise to it. Our first views of culture are enthusiastic, but unsubstantial. Much of the college course is a period of coming down from pleasant sentiment to hard fact. In the beginning education is a swelling theme; afterward, we declaim less, and groan more, for we find that between us and education there is a process,—the name of it is *work*. There are few young men who, at entering college, derive any

adequate incentive from broad, just views of the advantages of study. The true motive in the fullness of its power is above us. We cannot reach it. We must have something immediate, something tangible. Hence college discipline and government; hence also standing is made desirable; but these are aids, not ends. They are not meant to be ultimate, but step-stones to higher motives. The student, of all men, should have for his watchword *excelsior*, enlarging the scope and increasing the intensity of mental effort not only, but ennobling his reasons for it. He should put on motive as a garment to-day, but grow in it, fill its folds, and to-morrow want an ampler one, day by day acquiring the power to grasp larger benefits as the result of culture. But how many students there are who, in college are zealous, active, emulous, standing among the first; but when they are upon the commencement stage it is their last victory. They have won, and there is no conquest before them. The feeble props that braced their energies till the last, now that the last has come, fall away, and they are left stripped—left aimless. Others there are, less in rank, who began low, had to work hard, buffeting with difficulties—being slow of thought, and slower of speech; but they gain confidence, and energy, and power, and come up to graduation stronger men than ever, with more than ever before them to work for, and greater heart to work for it,—only because they have reached forward. Not comparing themselves with others, they have sought an ideal excellence ever floating before them. Their victories have been victories over themselves, and have opened the way to grander triumphs. Their altitudes have made them lowly, for they only serve to reveal greater heights before them to which they may aspire. Raking for straws! No, but reaching for crowns; for they seek the royalty of comprehensive minds. Only no intellect at all, is worse than intellect with nothing before it to do; nothing inspiring, and drawing out its manifold activities—no outlook on the great universe of truth.

I press this point earnestly, for we have now come to the time when these aids to motive will be taken away. We have learned how to work,—we should have learned what to work for. A diploma is a license to work harder, coupling with its privilege, duty, responsibility, that always attaches itself to liberal attainments. I know the opinion is apt to work itself up prac-

tically into the life of the student, that, when once through college, he has done with study. This strange conceit is aided by the reaction when we go from this literary atmosphere. The world is practical. It asks for material results. If it pay most for the labor that contains the largest element of intellect and skill, it is because of policy; for having invested in mind, it demands its own with usury; and measures no return but by its own standard of value. The economy of our being is larger than this. The science of wealth is only a fraction of it. Beyond the limits of what is seen and measured, there is an infinity of unseen resources and unseen results. But the law is one. Sow and you shall reap. There is kind, quality, and degree of effort, and corresponding results equivalent in kind, quality, and degree. What we want then is such a comprehensive view of human life and human possibility, that we shall know the mighty weight of meaning there is in that question—What shall it profit a man? Bring every attainment to this test of profit and loss. Have you increased knowledge? Weigh it. Have you enlarged capacity? Weigh that. Have you self-control? Put it in the scale. Reckon the pleasures that thrill the soul in the discovery of truth; compass faith, and hope, and love with the eternal verities on which they lay hold; and against this the whole world is a feather in the balance.

I urge you, then, to lives of activity; but more than this, to lives of whole-souled activity; knowing that there can be no sacrifice in effort that looks to development,—to the enlargement of capacity for enjoyment here, for hope here, and for glory hereafter. Above all, work with increasing nobleness of motive. Learn to realize more and more the certainty of things unseen, until the force that moves you is no other than the *power* of an *endless life.*

Let me say a few words about college fellowships and friendships. Few of the endearments of life have about them such an enduring quality as those formed here. Love for a classmate is a love that overlooks failings, is above difference of place, opinion, or talent. These happy relationships are much in themselves—more in their uses. I speak of their uses, for these, too, are means of culture. They are teachers; their lesson is a lesson for the heart; and it will be a sad thing if, after these freshest years of life spent in circumstances that should

invigorate the affections, we go from here not qualified for the exercise of a more generous feeling toward others. But there is a danger here. We may stint the flow of love. We may narrow our charities to the little circle where companionship pledges us to kindness, thus digging in the earth and burying a talent capable of the most fruitful increase. Our attempt should be to increase our power to abound in an exercise so wholesome —so fraught with good results to our own characters, as well as to the interests of others. We shall have abundant opportunity for the use of this talent. As we go through life we shall see on every side men crushed by sin, who are yearning for the hand of sympathy. They are trampled upon by those who should befriend them. Society, that should be their shield, writes their names on the fatal shell, and casts them out; men, too, who are only in the A B C of moral culture, whose strength and hope is love and sympathy. Go, then, gladden and aid your brothers! I mean not those who wear the mystic symbols; not those who stir your memories with "Old lang syne," but whose claim upon you may be that you have character, while their reputation is dishonor; that you are strong, while they are weak, and buffeted by every tide of temptation; whose badges are the impulses and possibilities of our common humanity; souls that, in their bright moments, loath sin, and are thrilled with the joy of aspiration at the unveiling of better things. Oh, what a power love is! It can cheer the sad. It can raise the fallen. It makes a man mighty for good, when he has no other influence by which he could prevail. Have you eloquence? There are those beyond its sway. Have you authority? The law can crush, but it cannot save. But when a man is lost to every other appeal; when honor, principle, and pride are dead; when there is no other line of intelligence or feeling, or motive by which you can reach him, there is yet one approach—it is God's argument—*love.* Swell the glad flow of charity. It enriches him who gives as him who receives. Lock up your money-bags if you will; get knowledge, and keep it if you must; but woe to the man who hoards the *wealth of his heart.*

You have already caught the thought I would present if I should speak of still other particulars of college life, viz., that in every respect college is a fitting place. In itself, and for

itself, it is comparatively nothing; in its uses it is everything. It is something to have gone through college; but worse than nothing to have gone through and not beyond. That reputation is of little worth that has no other foundation than the name of one's Alma Mater. Rather let Alma Mater go out seeking those whom she has reared, and rest her name upon them. The little one learns to walk only after great adventures. While his step falters, the mother's hand may not be withdrawn. But there comes a time when the strength of the little frame is utilized, and the adventurer can balance himself and control his movements. There comes growth. Bones harden, sinews stiffen; there is symmetry and strength; and he who once could not make the voyage of the kitchen floor unhurt, can now bear his mother. So let it be with us; for the man is greater than the college, greater than any of the means by which he is developed; great in his powers, great in his influence and labors, but infinitely greater in his destiny. The college may fall away; its walls may crumble, and those who labor here be scattered to other fields of usefulness; but *manhood is eternal.* We are representatives of manhood. Be true to your constituency. Quit you like men.

Friends of Easton, by your genial presence this afternoon, giving life and interest to this occasion, you have added another to the many tokens we have received of your kindness. These shall be remembered among the cherished associations of our college days. That your kindness and sympathy are prompted by more than a passing interest in the work of education, we are assured by your liberality to Lafayette, as well as by the cheerful support which our own enterprises have received at your hands. May you be abundantly rewarded in seeing young men go out trained to discharge competently the duties of active life.

Classmates, let us take courage for the coming conflict. Let our surroundings to-day inspire us with a hopeful trust as we look forth into the future. The old college, rejuvenated, stands smiling down upon us with benign front, seeming to say, Go forth, my sons—be strong—my best wishes ever attend you. Even these trees seem animated with sentiment, and, with unction from an unseen presence, stretch out their branches over us to give us a parting blessing. The old bell in the tower! What

memories they will be that recall its cheerful tones when it summoned us to work and worship! If its note should sound out on the air as we wait this moment, our ready hearts, full of the sympathies of the hour, would interpret it—God be with you. Let us heed the prayer and fulfill the wish of each dumb speaker; nerve the arm for action; admit to our purpose the element of unswerving rectitude, that we may be known, one and all, as the faithful followers of that which is good.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It was the custom, before "The Monthly" began its career, to publish the class-day exercises in pamphlet form. As many of our readers always wish to have copies of these exercises, we publish those of '71 in this number of "The Monthly."

The July number will be out about the tenth of the month, and will contain, among other things, an account of Commencement.

As considerable interest has been evinced in *Barbarus Sinensis*, a Latin version of *The Heathen Chinee*, that appeared in our April number, we may be permitted to state that it came from the pen of the Hon. Nathaniel B. Smithers, of Dover, Del., an early alumnus of Lafayette, and a representative of "the Diamond State" in Congress. Though thirty-five years out of college, it would not appear that his many legal and professional cares had diminished his fondness for classical recreations. Prof. Jas. I. Kuhn (now residing in Pittsburg), once remarked that his gifted pupil, Mr. Smithers, was not absent from, nor tardy at, any exercise in his college course. Being called on one day, in class, "to translate," when he had read twelve pages of Latin, Prof. K. asked him how much further he was prepared to read; his answer was, "To the end of the book, I suppose; although I had not read any of this when I came into the room."

"The Monthly" will be continued next year by the class of '72. We wish them as much success and as little trouble as possible. We hope that the alumni and friends of the college will continue to favor the enterprise. By a small investment in this way, they will do more for the students and the college than many seem to think. We will say nothing about the merits of "The Monthly"—how much it is worth to an alumnus or friend of the college to hear from his Alma Mater once a month all the matters of interest that are transpiring, to know how his alumni brothers do, and what is going on in the college world in general, nor of the probability that those who succeed us as editors, with a permanent publisher, and profiting by our mistakes, will greatly improve the magazine. We would put great stress on the proposition, that, to have a first-class paper

or magazine published in a college, is fully equivalent to having a professorship of journalism; perhaps for practical purposes it is better.

It is undeniable that the press is one of *the great powers of the age;* that however personal and "slangy" and immoral it may be, however many of the educated may sneer at the mass of common political newspapers, and ridicule, often with good reason, the language, the style, and the matter, the newspaper exerts an influence on the great masses that is absolutely incalculable. To say nothing of the leading newspapers, every county—almost every little town—has one, two, or more newspapers that do much toward shaping the opinions and tastes of its people. And this influence is rapidly growing. While the common proverb, "It doesn't take any brains for an editor," is not true; heretofore, in many newspapers, there has evidently been a sad lack of thought, good sense, and good taste. There have been, however, some men of talent, education, and taste, who have exerted a great power as editors. And educated men are every year turning their attention more and more to journalism, as a great lever for raising the masses to a higher plane. Such being the condition of things, it is very desirable that students in college should have an opportunity of learning something of journalism, and of becoming interested in it, so that more educated men may devote themselves to it. It can be urged with much force that every good college should have a professorship of Journalism. We think at present "a more excellent way" is to have a good college paper or magazine, edited and managed wholly by the students. We feel confident that if the students of Lafayette College are properly sustained and encouraged, they can and will make *The Lafayette Monthly* compare very favorably with any other magazine of the kind in the country. And further, we are fully persuaded that, if the alumni and friends of the college consider the matter in its proper light, "The Monthly" will never lack support and encouragement.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '71.

THIRD SESSION, SENIOR YEAR.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF ENTERING CLASS.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.	FRATERNITY.
John S. Axtell..	Sulphur Springs, O.	May, 1846.	Sept. 1869.	5.6	153	
L. H. Barber....	Mifflinburg, Pa....	Oct. 1848.	Sept. 1867.	5.8½	134	*Φ. K. Ψ.*
M. H. Bradley ..	Mercersburg, Pa ..	June,1852.	Jan. 1869.	5.11½	140	
Edward Bryan..	Carbondale, Pa ...	Nov. 1851.	Sept. 1867.	5.8¼	119	
Alex. Bryden...	Pittston, Pa.....	July, 1851.	Oct. 1867.	5.9¼	151	*Φ. K. Ψ.*
Norris H. Cone.	Baltimore, Md....	May, 1850.	Sept. 1867.	5.9	128	
John Cowan....	Sadsburyville, Pa .	Mar. 1848.	Sept. 1868.	5.6¾	132	
J. C. Crawford..	Herrick, Pa.....	Jan. 1844.	Sept. 1867.	5 9¾	148	*Δ. K. E.*
J. M. Crawford..	Herrick, Pa.....	Oct. 1845.	Nov. 1867.	5.6¼	138	
B. Douglass, Jr..	Easton, Pa.....	Sept. 1849.	Sept. 1868.	5.5½	120	*Θ. Δ. X.*
F. W. Edgar....	Easton, Pa.....	Mar. 1849.	Sept. 1867.	6.	152	
T. M. Farquhar.	Easton, Pa.....	June,1849.	Sept. 1869.	5.8¼	130	
W. S. Fulton...	Merrittstown, Pa..	Ap'l, 1851.	Sept. 1869.	5.9	145	*Φ. K. Σ.*
H. P. Glover....	Hartleton, Pa.....	Dec. 1852.	Sept. 1867.	5.9½	127	*Φ. K. Ψ.*
F. Gutelius....	Mifflinburg, Pa....	July, 1845.	Sept. 1867.	5.7¾	135	
J. M. Harris	Phillipsburg, N. J.	Dec. 1851.	Sept. 1868.	5.10	139	*Θ. Δ. X.*
O. F. Harvey....	Wilkesbarre, Pa...	Sept. 1846.	Sept. 1867.	5.8¼	138	*Z. Ψ.*
O. J. Harvey....	Wilkesbarre, Pa...	Sept. 1851.	Sept. 1867.	6.	128	*Δ. K. E.*
J. T. Houston...	Olivesburg, Ohio..	Jan. 1847.	Sept. 1869.	5.9	153	
J. B. Hudson....	Williamsport, Pa..	July, 1847.	Sept. 1867.	5.4½	124	
W. St. G. Kent..	Phillipsburg, N. J.	Aug. 1853.	Jan. 1868.	5.10½	128	
D. B. King	Mt. Pleasant, Pa..	June,1848.	Sept. 1868.	6.2¼	158	*Δ. K. E.*
B. W. Lewis....	Spring Hill, Pa...	Aug. 1845.	Sept. 1867.	5.8¼	164	*Δ. K. E.*
A. W. Long	Point Pleasant, Pa.	Sept. 1845.	Sept. 1868.	5.5¾	140	
J. A. McKnight.	Chambersburg, Pa.	June,1849.	Sept. 1867.	5.10	173	*Δ. K. E.*
G. K. McMurtrie.	Belvidere, N. J....	Mar. 1850.	Jan. 1868.	5.7½	146	*Z. Ψ.*
Wm. McMurtrie.	Belvidere, N. J....	Mar. 1851.	Jan. 1868.	5.11	169	*Z. Ψ.*
John Meigs.....	Pottstown, Pa.....	Aug. 1852.	Sept. 1867.	5.8½	153	*Z. Ψ.*
F. T. Oldt.....	New Berlin, Pa...	Jan. 1853.	Sept. 1867.	5.9¾	135	
W. B. Owen....	Wysox, Pa.....	Sept. 1844.	Sept. 1868.	5.7¼	135	*Z. Ψ.*
J. R. Paull.....	Connellsville, Pa..	Dec. 1848.	Sept. 1869.	5.11¼	138	*Φ. K. Σ.*
J. F. Pollock....	Fall Brook, Pa....	Jan. 1846.	Sept. 1867.	5.6½	159	*Z. Ψ.*
John Scollay...	Westminster, Mass.	June,1845.	Sept. 1867.	5.8½	150	*Δ. K. E.*
T. L. Springer..	Loveville, Del.....	Aug. 1849.	Sept. 1867.	5.6½	125	
W. Springer....	Loveville, Del.....	Aug. 1851.	Sept. 1867.	5.9¼	137	
Aaron Swartz ..	Kulpsville, Pa.....	Feb. 1849.	Sept. 1867.	5.7½	160	*Δ. K. E.*
J. E. Watkins...	Richmond, Va....	May, 1852.	Sept. 1867.	5.8	124	*Σ. X.*
Wm. Wiely, Jr..	Downingtown, Pa.	Aug. 1846.	Sept. 1867.	5.8	155	*Z. Ψ.*
J. W. Wilson....	Easton, Pa.....	Oct. 1852.	Sept. 1869.	5.10	196	
J. M. Young....	Easton, Pa.....	Oct. 1850.	Oct. 1867.	5.8	127	

Number of members at entering college, 41; gained by transfers and entries, 35; whole number connected with the class, 76; number who left college for reasons best known to themselves, 10; dropped into other classes, 2; left of their own free will, 26; graduated, 36. Classicals, 33. Scientifics, 7. Members of the Franklin Literary Society, 23; of the Washington Literary Society, 17.

Fraternities—Δ. K. E., 7; Z. Psi, 7; Φ. K. Ψ., 3; Φ. K. Σ., 2; Θ. Δ. X., 2; Σ. X., 1. Free Masons, 2. Odd Fellows, 3.

Residences—Pennsylvania, 28; New Jersey, 4; Ohio, 2; Delaware, 2; New York, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Virginia, 1 each.

Religious preferences—Presbyterian, 34; Reformed, 3; Episcopal, 2; Methodist, 1.

Political preferences—Republican, 32; Democratic, 8.

Intended occupations—Ministry, 14; law, 11; teaching, 4; medicine, 3; civil engineering, 4; mining engineering, 4; undecided, 1.

Capillary statistics—Mustache, 5; mustache and chin, 2; mustache and goatee, 3; mustache and side, 4; Burnsides, 1; full sets, 3; side, 3; goatee, 1; fuzz, 3.

Hair—Black, 12; light brown, 8; dark brown, 14; flaxen, 1; red, 2; auburn, 3.

Eyes—Blue, 17; gray, 8; brown, 13; black, 2.

In favor of female suffrage, 14; against, 25; undecided, 1.

Free Traders, 8; Protectionists, 32.

Putting themselves through college, 5.

Connubial prospects—Engaged, 3; chances good, 3; don't want to be engaged, 5; totally indifferent, 1; looking for money, 25; looking for beauty, 2; sentimental, 1.

Personal accomplishments—Smoke, 16; smoke and chew, 7; dance, 12; swim, 36; skate, 31; play cards, 6; chess, 13; billiards, 12; croquet, 12; base ball, 16.

Nicknames—Axly, Howd, Bush, Daddy, Windy, Moniepennie, Bus, Duggy, Gummy, Flaccus, Fish, Gu, Jack, Os, Huddy, Beowulf, Brad, Old Man, Fedore, Trilobite, Jo, Dolly, Watty, Pope, Butler.

Age at graduation—Oldest, J. C. C., 27 years, 5 months; youngest W. S. K., 17 years, 10 months; average, 22 years, 2 months, 15 days.

Height—Tallest, D. B. K., 6 feet, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches; shortest, B. D., 5 feet, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches: average, 5 feet, $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Weight—Heaviest, J. W. W., 196 pounds; lightest, E. B., 119 pounds; average, 142 pounds, 11 ounces.