THE

Fiftieth Anniversary

OF

MARIETTA COLLEGE

1885

THE

ADDRESSES AND PROCEEDINGS

CONNECTED WITH THE

Semi-Centennial Celebration

OF

MARIETTA COLLEGE.

JUNE 28—JULY 1,

1885.

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Mr. J. C. Rowell,

Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Sir:-

In response to your request for a copy of the addresses &c connected with our Semi-Centennial celebration I have pleasure in saying that we have mailed you the pamphlet containing them. Please accept as a gift to your library.

Yours very truly,

(Miss) Minnie M. Orr.

Librarian.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

To make arrangements for the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of Marietta College, the following committees were appointed in 1884:

By the Trustees: Mr. Beman Gates, Mr. M. P. Wells, and Gen. R. R. Dawes.

By the Alumni Association: Dr. J. D. Cotton, Mr. John Mills, and Mr. Charles G. Dawes.

By the Faculty: Professors T. D. Biscoe, O. H. Mitchell, and M. R. Andrews.

These three committees having been organized as a general committee, with Mr. Beman Gates, Chairman, and Professor O. H. Mitchell, Secretary, arrangements were made for the celebration of the anniversary. A circular was prepared extending a cordial invitation to all the Alumni and other former students, to the honorary Alumni, to donors and other friends of the institution. In response to the suggestion of the committee the citizens of Marietta and Harmar generously proffered the hospitality of their homes to all who might be present at the celebration.

The Committee requested the Rev. Dr. Israel W. Andrews, President of the College, to prepare the Historical Discourse for the occasion, to be delivered on the forenoon of Commencement day, Wednesday, July 1.

The following gentlemen were also requested to deliver addresses: Hon. William P. Cutler, Marietta, a Trustee since 1849, an address memorial of the Founders of the College; Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Tuttle, President of Wabash College, of the class of 1841, an address memorial of the Original

Faculty; Colonel Douglas Putnam, Jr., Ashland, Ky., class of 1859, an address memorial of the Deceased Professors; Aaron A. Ferris, Esq., Cincinnati, class of 1871, and Harry W. Nickerson, Esq., Portland, Oregon, class of 1882, historical addresses—the Literary Societies.

Besides these semi-centennial exercises, invitations to deliver the usual anniversary addresses had been extended to the following gentlemen: Oration and Poem before the Alumni, Hon. John F. Follett, LL. D., Cincinnati, class of 1855, Rev. Charles E. Lindsley, D. D., New Rochelle, N. Y., class of 1840; Address before the Society of Inquiry and Y. M. C. Association, Rev. William G. Ballantine, D. D., Professor in Oberlin Theological Seminary, class of 1868; Oration before the Literary Societies, Rev. William G. Andrews, D. D., Guilford, Conn., class of 1855.

Arrangements were also made for a dinner on Wednesday at one o'clock, P. M., to be followed by a meeting at the City Hall for brief addresses, by Hon. George Hoadly, Governor of the State, Hon. Manning F. Force, and others.

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE

BY PRESIDENT ANDREWS.

The first half-century of Marietta College is completed this year. This period of fifty years, from 1835 to 1885, embraces only the college history of the institution. Most colleges date from a point prior to the beginning of their college work. They count in a pre-existent period of greater or less duration. But Marietta was a college, in reality as well as in name, fifty years ago. In the autumn of 1835 there were two college classes—the Sophomore and the Freshman—and three years later the members of that Sophomore class, having finished their course, received their first degree in the arts. Though our first half-century is strictly a half-century of college work, in an historical sketch reference may well be made to the antecedent circumstances.

In the year 1830 there was established at Marietta by Rev. Luther G. Bingham the "Institute of Education." It embraced four departments; the two higher being known as the High School and the Ladies Seminary. At first the lowest department occupied a brick building on Front street, originally the law office of Governor Return Jonathan Meigs. Very soon a building at the South corner of Putnam and Second streets, used of late years for law offices until it was recently destroyed by fire, was purchased, and all the departments were gathered there. In February, 1832, the High School was removed to the

old Muskingum Academy, then standing on the lot next north of the Congregational Church, where it remained a few weeks till the room known as the Library Hall, on Front street, was fitted up for it. Here it continued till the close of the school year in the summer of 1833.

Mr. Bingham was the proprietor of this group of schools and had the general superintendence, but he employed others in the work of instruction. In an advertisement of September 11, 1830, it is announced that "the recitatations in the High School will be conducted by a graduate of the Ohio University, of competent qualification," probably Mr. Samuel P. Robbins, son of a former minister of Marietta. The next term Nelson Brown, M. D., a graduate of Williams College, became instructor in the High School. In April, 1831, Mr. Mansfield French is associated with Mr. Bingham as proprietor, and he and Dr. Brown give the instruction. In June, Mr. Henry Adams, a graduate of Amherst College, takes the place of Dr. Brown, and continues until August, 1832. The fall session of that year opens with Mr. Henry Smith as teacher in the High School. In the next spring he returned to Andover Theological Seminary, and Mr. D. Howe Allen, from the same seminary, took his place for the rest of the school year.

In the spring of 1832, after the High School had been in operation about a year and a half, Messrs. Bingham and French invite a meeting of the friends of education to consider certain plans which they wish to present. Of this meeting, held March 15th, Dr. S. P. Hildreth was Chairman and Mr. Douglas Putnam, Secretary. The propositions were read by Mr. French, and remarks were made by Messrs. Bingham, Caleb Emerson, Arius Nye and John Cotton ; after which a Committee of seven, Mr. Emerson, Chairman, was appointed to report a week later. At the adjourned meeting, March 23, an elaborate report was made suggesting the appointment of an advisory

Board of Trust. This was done ; and Caleb Emerson, James Whitney, Dr. S. P. Hildreth, Dr. John Cotton, Arius Nye, Weston Thomas and Douglas Putnam were appointed. These gentlemen were not a corporation in any sense, nor had they any control of the property, which was private ; but this was the first step in the direction of establishing a permanent institution of learning.

With the next fall session (that of 1832) began the instruction of Mr. Henry Smith, who continued to teach in Marietta till 1855. The name of the institution, which had heretofore been "The Institute of Education," now appears as "The Marietta Collegiate Institute." In the *American Friend* of Sept. 8, which has a full advertisement of the institution, there appears an editorial notice, containing this among other things : "It is the intention of all concerned to take early measures to make the Marietta Collegiate Institute an entirely public institution so as to perpetuate its advantages on a permanent basis."

The proposed measures were taken a few weeks later. The first entry in the college records bears date Nov. 22, 1832, when a meeting was held at the house of Rev. L. G. Bingham (on the north corner of Front and Scammel streets, for many years the residence of the late Weston Thomas) of which John Mills was Chairman and Douglas Putnam, Secretary. A draft of a bill for the incorporation of an institution under the name of the "Marietta Collegiate Institute and Western Teachers' Seminary," was presented and approved, and a committee appointed to confer with Mr. Smith with reference to a permanent professorship in the proposed institution. The charter was obtained, bearing date Dec. 17, the Hon. Joseph Barker, Jr., being the Representative from this county in the General Assembly. The Board of Trustees consisted of nine men : John Cotton, Douglas Putnam, John Mills, Luther G. Bingham, Caleb Emerson, Arius Nye, Jonas Moore, Anselm T. Nye, and John Crawford.

On the 16th of January the organization took place by

the choice of John Cotton, M. D., President, Douglas Putnam, Secretary, and John Mills, Treasurer. At the same meeting a resolution was adopted asking Messrs. Bingham and French to state the terms on which they would transfer their Institute property to the Trustees. A few days later these terms were accepted and the property was duly transferred, though the former proprietors were requested to continue in charge till the close of the school year.

Before the institution was opened in the fall of 1833 in its new form, four young men had been appointed to the work of instruction, all members of the Theological Seminary at Andover. Two of these, Henry Smith and D. Howe Allen, had been teachers in the High School at Marietta. The first of these was made Professor of the Languages ; Mr. Allen, Professor of Mathematics ; Mr. Milo P. Jewett, Professor in the Teachers' department ; and Mr. Samuel Maxwell, Principal of the Preparatory department. Mr. Smith was a graduate of Middlebury College, Messrs. Allen aud Jewett of Dartmonth, and Mr. Maxwell of Amherst. When the institute was opened Oct. 16, Messrs. Smith and Maxwell entered upon their work of instruction, while the other two remained in New England presenting the claims of the new institution to the friends of education and religion in that region. The beginning of a new educational year was a change in two respects. Before, the place of instruction was the Library Hall on Front street ; now, it was a large new building on the college campus. Then, it was one of a group of schools under private owners ; now, it is a public institution, under the control of a chartered corporation.

In this sketch of educational work at Marietta prior to the college we may properly enough speak of a still earlier period. Even before the present century began, and within the first decade after the first settlement here in April, 1788, steps were taken for the establishment of

an academy. In April, 1797, a meeting of citizens was held for this purpose, and a committee appointed to prepare a plan of a house suitable for the instruction of the young and for religious purposes. This committee consisted of Gen. Rufus Putnam, Hon. Paul Fearing, Griffin Greene, Hon. R. J. Meigs, Jr., Charles Greene, and Joshua Shipman. This was the origin of the "Muskingum Academy," and the building was doubtless the first structure erected for such a purpose in the "Territory northwest of the river Ohio." This was used for worship until the present Congregational Church was completed in 1808, and as a place of instruction for about a third of a century. The building was moved in 1832 to Second street between Scammel and Wooster, where it now stands.

The first instructor in the Muskingum Academy, the pioneer of the institutions for higher education in Marietta, was David Putnam, a graduate of Yale College in 1793. How many others of the teachers had received a liberal education is not known. Among those who had thus been educated were Nathan K. Clough, Dartmouth, 1806; Hon. Elisha Huntington, Dartmouth, 1815, afterwards Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts; Hon. Wm. A. Whittlesey, Yale, 1816, long a citizen of Marietta, and a member of the thirty-first Congress; and Levi Keyes, Ohio University, 1826. It is probable that from the beginning of the century until the time when Marietta College was founded this town furnished almost uninterrupted facilities for instruction in the higher branches of an English education, and most of the time for such classical instruction as was required for preparation for college.

The charter obtained in December, 1832, was defective in giving no power to confer degrees, and in having a clause allowing the legislature to repeal it. In February, 1835, a new charter was granted by the State, giving the necessary power to confer degrees, and without the objectionable clause authorizing a repeal. The name was

also changed from The Marietta Collegiate Institute and Western Teachers' Seminary to Marietta College.

In the spring of the same year the Rev. Joel H. Linsley, then pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, Massachusetts, was elected to the presidency. Thus, when the fall session of the institution was opened as Marietta College in 1835, the Faculty consisted of five members: a President, who had charge of the department of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, a Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages, a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, a Professor of Rhetoric and Political Economy, and a Principal of the Preparatory department.

The college was founded in the interests of religion as well as of education. From the first it was intended to be a Christian college. The Trustees in their first published statement, August, 1833, say: "The Board wish it to be distinctly understood that the essential doctrines and duties of the Christian religion will be assiduously inculcated, but no sectarian peculiarities of belief will be taught. In their annual report issued September, 1835, they say: "During the past year the Board of Trust have received new manifestations of the favor of God upon the work in which they are engaged. He has enlarged the circle of the friends and benefactors of the institution, and has again visited it with the converting influences of His Spirit, bringing a large portion of the youth connected with it to consecrate themselves to the service of Jesus Christ. Engaged as the Board profess themselves to be in advancing the Redeemer's Kingdom by means of this institution of learning, so signal an expression of the approbation of God cannot fail to be the occasion of devout gratitude to Him and of increased ardor in the work.

In the same report they say: The honor of originating Marietta College is not claimed by the Board of Trust; its existence cannot properly be ascribed to them

or to any combination of individuals, but to the leadings of Divine Providence." The establishment of the college not only had the warm approval of the most intelligent Christian men West and East, but the Trustees were urged to go forward by such men as President Day and Professors Goodrich and Silliman of Yale College, Rev. Dr. William S. Plumer of Richmond, Virginia, and others. The Trustees seem to have been influenced by considerations of duty from the beginning, and their earnest, unceasing and self-denying labors, with the remarkable generosity shown in their oft-repeated gifts, prove that they regarded themselves as engaged in a work laid upon them by the Great Head of the Church.

We have been looking back over this period of fifty years to see how Marietta College came to be. We have inquired into its origin and antecedents. Let us look now at its name and its locality.

For the fifty years it has remained in the same place ; it has borne the same name ; it has been the same institution. Some colleges are named from a founder, or early donor, as Williams, Harvard, Vanderbilt. Some bear the name of a distinguished man, as Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Lafayette. Some are named from a state, as the College of New Jersey. Ours is named from the town where it is located. There are some advantages in this method of naming. The name of an early donor may be given prematurely. There are some institutions that might be glad to drop the personal name they bear. The name of a state is too general, and the name of a donor, or a man of eminence, is not a sufficient designation. The graduates of the oldest college in the country in preparing for their two hundred and fiftieth anniversary in 1886, are trying to find out something about John Harvard.

Yale College seems to have had at first neither place nor name. It dates from 1700 when ten ministers presented some forty books for the founding of a college in

the Colony of Connecticut. It was chartered in 1701, and at their first meeting the Trustees ordered "that there shall be and hereby is erected and formed a Collegiate School. wherein shall be taught the liberal arts and languages, in such place or places in Connecticut as the said Trustees with their associates and successors do or shall from time to time see cause to order." It was nominally at Saybrook, but in fact at Killingworth, where the Rector, or President, lived. After his death in 1707 the Senior class were with the Rector at Milford and the rest of the students with the tutors at Saybrook. It was finally located at New Haven in 1710.

It had no legal name till 1745. It was simply The Collegiate School. In 1718 Elihu Yale sent from London goods to the value of two hundred pounds, equal to about nine hundred dollars, and the Trustees gave his name to a building they were then erecting. By degrees the name was applied to the institution itself. It was not till 1745 that the name was given by charter to the corporation.

The College of New Jersey, in operation since 1748, is called by various names. At the inauguration of the present President the Trustees speak of it as the College of New Jersey ; the under graduates call it Nassau Hall ; and Dr. McCosh calls it Princeton College. Even in its own catalogues it receives the popular as well as the official desigtion. Not unfrequently we hear it said that such a man was educated at New Haven, or at Cambridge, instead of Yale or Harvard.

Marietta is a good name for our college. We have those among our benefactors whose names might have been given to the college with much appropriateness. But they would not have desired it. Its present name identifies the institution with the town. Marietta men founded it and they have most generously nourished it. The name has thus an appropriateness aside from its being a designation. The name is euphonious and historical. It takes us back to the most interesting decade of our na-

tional history. It was given to the infant city by the officers of our War of Independence just before the breaking out of the French Revolution that carried to the scaffold the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and was intended to commemorate the sovereigns by whose aid our Independence was achieved. As the day approaches which will mark the centennial of the founding of Ohio, Marietta will become more and more a familiar word to the people of the State and the great Northwest. We are glad that no one has tempted our Trustees to transfer this college to some other locality.

As the college has remained in the same town where its existence began, so has it remained in the same part of the town. The private institution which was its precursor had two or three local habitations ; but the college, as well as the collegiate institute, has always been on the city square between Fourth and Fifth streets, Putnam and Butler. In the early days the question of a change of location was discussed. At a meeting of the Trustees in September, 1835, Dr. Cotton was authorized to purchase the square known as the Foster Square (between Fifth and Sixth streets and South of Wooster). In the January following this entry appears : "The following resolution was submitted by C. Emerson and unanimously adopted : Resolved, as the present opinion of this Board, that it is expedient to erect the college buildings of Marietta College on the hill land purchased by Doctor Moore of D. H. Buell, Esq., or on lands contiguous thereto ; provided suitable accommodations and arrangements can be made for that purpose." The magnificent views which a site on the hill furnishes were a strong inducement to make the change, but other considerations finally decided the question. Probably the present site is the best in the town for the purpose.

The south building of the present group was commenced in 1832, by Messrs. Bingham and French, and was completed by the Trustees in 1833. It was originally

intended to be three stories in height, and a catalogue issued in 1832 gives a plate of it as such a building; but the plan was doubtless changed before the edifice was finished. The land attached to the building and transferred with it to the Trustees in 1833 was a little more than half the square—the half on the Fifth street side, with one hundred and fifty feet front on Fourth street. The campus, or college yard proper, was a lot of one hundred and fifty feet in width running through from Fourth street to Fifth, and lying a little south of the middle of the square. There were three dwelling houses on the square, all on the Fourth street front, and a brick building on Putnam street, erected in 1813 for a cotton factory. In the winter of 1834–35, the house of Mr. Billy Todd, at the corner of Putnam and Fourth, was purchased. It was used till 1870 as the President's house, and for students' rooms till 1874, when it was taken down. The lots south of the original college yard, with a brick dwelling house built by Benjamin Corp in 1817, were purchased of Wm. Slocomb in 1836. The house was afterward owned by Mr. Hinman, but came into the possession of the college in 1854. Since 1870 it has been used for the Preparatory department, a large frame addition having been made to it. The brick building on Putnam street was fitted up and used for some years for the English school, and for the academy, and was removed in 1869.

The building erected in 1832–33, now used as a dormitory, served for all purposes till 1850. It contained, besides rooms for students, the chapel, recitation rooms, with accommodations for the library, cabinet, and apparatus. Rooms in the basement were intended for recitation purposes, and were so used for about ten years.

The cornerstone of the middle building of the group was laid at Commencement, 1845, the Hon. Lewis Cass, of Michigan, making a brief address on the occasion. Remarks were also made by President Linsley and Nahum

Ward, Esq. The whole work of the college having been crowded into one building for so long a time, the greatly increased accommodations furnished by the new structure were fully appreciated both by faculty and students. It was used when first occupied in 1850 for the most part as now; save that then the chapel service was held on the second floor where now are the Latin and Rhetorical rooms, and the college library occupied a part of the room then as now known as "Slocomb Hall," while the libraries of the literary societies were in the alcoves in the society halls.

The completion of the north, or library, building in 1870, enabled us by the transfer of the chapel service to provide two additional recitation rooms, and to give to the college and society libraries their present elegant and commodious quarters.

A word more may be said about these buildings. They were built almost exclusively with home funds. The first money raised at Marietta was to purchase the Institute property. What was obtained abroad was used for the support of the professors and other kindred purposes.

The second edifice originated in an effort to provide a temporary building for the Philosophical and Chemical lectures. It was proposed to raise one thousand dollars in subscriptions of two dollars, each donor to have certain privileges of attendance upon lectures. The plan was subsequently enlarged and the present building was erected. For it the college is indebted to the citizens of Marietta and Harmar, with some aid from other parts of the county. The whole work was done under the direction of a building committee appointed by the donors, Hon. Rufus E. Harte being the architect and superintendent. The original subscription is interesting for the signatures, containing nearly two hundred names, most of them autographs.

The third building was also erected with home funds, though in a little different sense. For this the college is

indebted to the generosity of the Alumni. It is their gift to their mother, and was intended to be a Memorial Alumni Hall, and to furnish accommodation for the college and society libraries. The first contribution for this specific purpose is well remembered. The President was spending a sabbath in an eastern city. A graduate of the college who was taking him to church spoke of the desirableness and importance of the Alumni contributing to the funds of the institution, and intimated his own purpose to do something in that direction. The suggestion was made to him in reply that one of the most pressing wants of the college was better accommodations for the valuable and relatively large libraries of the college and of the literary societies, and that the hope had been entertained that the Alumni might undertake the erection of a building for such a purpose. The suggestion was favorably received, and the next morning brought a check for $500. With so generous a gift to inaugurate it the effort could not fail of success; and for fifteen years we have been enjoying the accommodations of this fine edifice. Thus this college has had her buildings erected by the citizens of the place and its vicinity, and by her children who sought to provide for her material wants. She has squandered no money in brick and mortar for the purposes of display, but from the first there has been the earnest desire to furnish both instructors and students such books as were needed for their work.

In the first catalogue, issued in the year 1837–38, these words are found: "The college library contains about 3,000 volumes, embracing an extensive and choice selection of philological works procured by the professor of languages on his recent visit to Europe. For this portion of the library a convenient room has been fitted up, which is open to the students a portion of each day for reference and study." How the college came by these philological books is told by Rev. John Todd, D. D., writing in 1847: "A few years since a plain farmer left

his hard-earned property to the care of a few friends to distribute. We gave $1,000 to each of several colleges, and directed that the money be laid out for a library. In consequence of these books the now able President of Marietta College (Rev. Dr. Henry Smith) has compiled a lexicon, which is an honor to him and to our country. He has dedicated it to the memory of the good man who gave the money. What a beautiful monument has God thus erected to the memory of Samuel Stone!"

That the Trustees of an institution just starting into life should have appropriated for the purchase of Greek and Latin classics, with lexicons, grammars and other helps, the first thousand dollars given for books is worthy of record. It may truly be said that the Trustees of Marietta College have from the first appreciated the importance of a good library. Books they have held in higher esteem than buildings. They have not compelled their professors to make brick without straw. At the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary in 1860 the whole number of volumes in the college and society libraries was 17,000. There were then only fifteen colleges in the United States that reported a larger number. According to the last report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education, of 362 colleges reported, twelve have more books than Marietta, two have the same number, and 347 have less. Our total is now somewhat larger than at the date of the Commissioner's report, being 33,000 volumes. At the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Yale College, President Woolsey gave the number of volumes in their college library as 22,000. At our fiftieth anniversary, we report exclusive of the societies, 20,000.

Much is said of late of the use of books in a college library by the students for reference. It will be noted from the extract just read from our first catalogue that arrangements of this kind were made here very early, so far as the classical department of study was concerned. The classical books were placed in a convenient room,

open to the students a portion of every day for reference and study. All the early students will remember the Philological room, where the Philological library was kept. Though there have been some changes of rooms, it is pleasant to know that the Philological room of old is the Greek room of to-day.

While the books purchased for the college library have been for the most part those directly connected with the work of instruction, it has been enriched by gifts from various persons, more particularly in the historical department. Prominent among the names of these donors is that of the late Samuel P. Hildreth, M. D., LL. D. Dr. Hildreth, who came to Marietta from Massachusetts early in the century, was an indefatigable collector of historical material as well as specimens in the department of Natural History. Both his valuable collections were given to the college, and are designated as the Hildreth Cabinet and the Hildreth Cabinet Library. The latter, to which additions have been made by his son, Dr. George O. Hildreth, now contains over eight hundred volumes. In this collection are also many manuscripts relating to the early history of Ohio, gathered and bound by Dr. Hildreth.

The correspondence and other papers of General Rufus Putnam, including nearly twenty commissions, civil and military, the earliest dating back to 1760, have also been given to the college by his grandson, the late Col. William R. Putnam. By these and other gifts the library has been growing more and more valuable in the department of American history, especially that of Ohio. And when by and by there shall come to its alcoves other collections of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, in accordance with the expressed purpose of the owners, the library of Marietta College will have few equals in this department.

A valuable addition was made to the library a few years since by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Lord, widow of the late Dr. Asa D. Lord, so long and prominently connected with

educational work in Ohio, and afterwards Superintendent of the State Asylum for the Blind at Batavia, New York. The gift comprised about a thousand volumes and five hundred pamphlets, mostly of an educational character and including many rare journals and reports.

What has been the character of Marietta College? Has it been a genuine college? Has its character corresponded to its name? It has not called itself a university; it has not professed to do university work, in distinction from college work, if the distinction can be stated. It has aimed to give young men such facilities of study and instruction that they could be recognized in the world of letters as men of liberal culture.

The name of college was given to it by the legislature in 1835, and there were two college classes in the autumn of that year. At the beginning there were four departments of instruction, each in charge of a permanent professor. There were the departments of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, of the Greek and Latin languages, of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and of Rhetoric and Political Economy. There was not at first a distinct department of Natural Science, though instruction was given in Chemistry, etc., by the Professor of Natural Philosophy. In this Marietta was not an exception; at that time the Juniors in Williams College recited in Chemistry to a tutor, and heard a few lectures from a professor. But in 1840 provision was made here for regular instruction in Chemistry and Mineralogy, and in 1846 this department was established by the election of a permanent professor. From that time to this the time of one professor has been devoted to this class of studies.

Though there was no professorship of Chemistry at first, there was one of Rhetoric and Political Economy. When this was left vacant in 1840 by the resignation of Professor Allen, the work was divided between Professor Kendrick, who was elected in his place, and Professor Smith. The catalogue for that year gives their work as

follows: Henry Smith, Professor of Greek and Rhetoric; John Kendrick, Professor of Latin, Political Economy, and English Literature. A few years later the two languages were brought together again under Professor Smith, and the two English branches were placed in charge of Professor Kendrick. On the election of Professor Smith to the presidency in 1846, Professor Kendrick was made professor of the two languages, and the English work was divided among the different members of the Faculty. As, besides the four permanent officers, there was a tutor, there were five men engaged in college instruction. With three exercises a day of each class, and four classes, there would be twelve exercises each day for the five instructors, so that no one would be required to attend more than three recitations or lectures a day.

This was the general plan for about twenty-five years, when a Professorship of Rhetoric and English Literature was re-established, and a few years later the department of ancient languages was divided. For the last twenty years there have been six permanent officers of instruction ; two in the higher English studies (as Mental and Moral Philosophy, Rhetoric, Logic, English Literature, Political Economy, Civil Government, International Law, etc.,) two in the general departments of the classic languages, giving instruction also in German and French, and two in the departments of Mathematics and the various branches of Natural Science. In recent years all the college work has been done by the permanent professors, the time of the tutor having been given to the preparatory department. It should be stated that at no time have the college professors been required to give instruction in the preparatory department. If any temporary work has been done there it has been voluntary, and extra compensation has been made.

We need not be ashamed of this record of the work done here. That Marietta entered upon her career with

four permanent officers of instruction, and upon her second quarter century with five, and for many years has had six, whose whole time has been given to the college classes, entitles her to great credit; much more than she may receive from those who have little knowledge of the history of colleges in this country. Colleges are a little ambitious to show a large list of names in their faculties, and many persons doubtless think that the old institutions have always had many professors.

When Timothy Dwight became President of Yale College, the institution lacked only five years of the close of its first century. President Dwight entered upon his college work with one professor and three tutors. There was a chair, as we say, of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; but none of Latin, none of Greek, none of Natural Science, none of Rhetoric and English Literature, none of Political Science. The President with Professor Josiah Meigs, and Tutors Stebbins, Sherman, and Atwater, constituted the college Faculty. Far be it from me to say anything in disparagement of those tutors. Roger Minott Sherman became one of the most eminent lawyers in New England. When a boy of ten years I lost no opportunity of hearing this eloquent advocate make his appeals to the jury. He became one of the Supreme Judges of Connecticut, and, had it not been for his connection with the Hartford Convention, he could have had whatever he wished in the way of political preferment. Tutor Atwater, another of President Dwight's Faculty, achieved distinction also. Five years later, one year after leaving his tutorship, he became President of Middlebury College, and subsequently held the same office in Dickinson College, Pennsylvania. This suggests that there is something not entirely unlike this in the experience of Marietta. Though no one of her tutors is known to have been president of two colleges in succession, it is true that two of her first three tutors became college presidents. I may, perhaps, be allowed to add that the first tutor who

served under me, taking office in 1855, may be compared judicially with Roger Minott Sherman, as the other two of whom I have spoken have been compared with Jeremiah Atwater, my tutor of 1855 being now one of the Supreme Judges of Ohio. I have said that President Dwight had with him at first, in the instruction of the undergraduates of Yale College, but one professor. There was no linguistic professor there till 1805, when James L. Kingsley was elected Professor of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. There was no separate professor of Greek till 1831.

The history of Harvard is similar. Besides the president there was in 1800, when Harvard was in the last half of her second century, but one professor whose duties were in what we should call the college department, Samuel Weber, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. There was no professor of Latin or Greek till 1811. Williams College, which began its work in 1793, started with a president and one tutor. There was not even a professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy for thirteen years, and none of the classics for twenty-two years. And there was but one chair for the two ancient languages till 1853. The college laws, 1795, make no mention of professors. The president and tutors are the teachers and executive body.

This glance at the early work of some of our colleges of highest repute shows that almost all their instruction was at first by tutors instead of professors. Often these tutors began their teaching immediately after their own graduation. The difference between permanent and temporary instructors was the same then as now, and it was a great improvement in a college when students received their instruction from permanent professors. At Marietta there has been no occasion for this change, as nearly all the instruction has been professorial from the beginnning. In the first catalogue issued every study now thought essential to a liberal education is enumerated.

Even the German is not omitted ; and through almost the whole history of the college, German has been studied, either as required or optional. Political Science has also had a prominent place. Complaint is often made that in many colleges little or no attention has been given to studies of a governmental and economic character. Whatever may be true of other colleges, Marietta is certainly not open to this charge. These branches have always been taught here, and for the last quarter of a century they have been made specially prominent.

The best course of study, however, requires efficient trustees and able instructors. Without these, no institution will do educational work of a high grade. A brief reference will be sufficient, as memorial addresses have already been delivered.

The two charters of December, 1832, and February, 1835, contain the names of the same nine gentlemen. The resignation of Arius Nye, Esq., was accepted in March, 1835, and Mr. John Crawford seems not to have acted after 1834. Of the other seven Dr. John Cotton was a graduate of Harvard and Rev. L. G. Bingham of Middlebury. Mr. Douglas Putnam had finished his Junior year at Yale, and Dr. Jonas Moore had been through the first three years at Dartmouth. Col. John Mills and Mr. Anselm T. Nye—both natives of Marietta, as also Mr. Putnam—had enjoyed the advantages of the good schools of Marietta, and had received some classical instruction. Caleb Emerson, Esq., who had come to Marietta in early manhood, had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and taught himself Latin so that he was able to teach his children. All these were men of mark. They had strong individual characteristics, but they labored together with great harmony to establish the college which they loved. They were all earnest Christian men, and desired to build up an institution where high intellectual culture might be blended with earnest sincere piety. They rep-

resented three denominations of Christians, but as trustees they knew no lines. In 1838 Rev. Addison Kingsbury, educated at Amherst and Andover, was elected a member, but there was no other addition to the Board till 1845.

An examination of the record shows how much time these gentlemen devoted to the college. Were I to speak of their work as it seems to me to deserve I should be deemed extravagant. Their fidelity to their great trust, their patience, their courage, their generosity, their sacrifices, were equalled only by their sagacity, their breadth of view, the steadiness with which they resisted all temptations to temporary expedients. They acted under the consciousness that they were laying the foundations of an institution that was to continue for many centuries, and whose future prosperity would depend largely upon their work. There was nothing narrow or petty in what they did. With the scantiest means they laid large plans, exhibiting a faith that seems almost sublime.

Of these early Trustees, only two survive : Mr. Douglas Putnam, one of the founders, and Rev. Dr. Addison Kingsbury, a member since 1838. There is not an Alumnus that does not rejoice to see them here to day.

In 1845 an amendment to the charter was secured, authorizing a larger number of Trustees. Since that time thirty-nine gentlemen have been elected. Seventeen of them have been clergymen, and twenty-two, laymen. Eight have been connected with the college as students. Fourteen of the thirty-nine have died, and eighteen are now members of the Board. Including the three presidents, who are members *ex officio* of the Board of Trustees, there have been just fifty members ; a half-century of years and a half-century of Trustees. Eleven of the Trustees have been the descendants of the men who founded Ohio and the North West through the settlement made by the Ohio Company. And eight others have been connected with the early settlers by marriage.

The pleasant duty of speaking of the Trustees who have passed away has been fitly performed by one whose name on our annual catalogue stands next to the two to whom I have just referred.

Pictures, too, of the members of the original faculty have been presented to us by one who knew them all and sat under their instruction. And those later professors whom death has also called away have been this morning commemorated in loving terms. This leaves but little for me to say.

As we have already been told, three of the four who began the work of instruction in the college classes were the first men in scholarship in their respective classes. And their subsequent success showed the wisdom of the Trustees in the selection they made.

Fifty years ago it was a rare thing, even in the oldest institutions, for a professor to go abroad to improve himself by foreign study. But Marietta in her very infancy gave leave of absence to Professor Smith for this purpose. In December, 1834, the Trustees passed a resolution that Mr. Smith have leave of absence, with a a continuance of salary, from and after the first of July, 1835, to the first of November, 1836, for the purposes of study.

It will be seen that this arrangement was made while the institution was yet a collegiate institute. The full college charter had not yet been obtained ; though steps were taken at that meeting for securing it. Stronger proof could hardly be given of the desire and purpose of the Trustees of this young institution to make it a place where young men could have the highest advantages of liberal culture. That the purpose to have well qualified professors is still operative appears from the fact that of the six who have been elected here within the last twelve years, five studied abroad after-graduating, and the sixth had devoted four years to post-graduate study in Johns Hopkins University. Four of the six have received the

degree of Doctor of Philosophy, on examination, from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Johns Hopkins.

There have been in all twenty-one professors, including the first president, not including the first principal of the academy. These were graduated as follows : three from Middlebury College ; three from Dartmouth ; two, Williams ; two, Amherst ; two, Yale ; one, Harvard ; one, Princeton ; one, Iowa ; one, Beloit ; and five, Marietta. Besides those educated at our own college, thirteen were from New England colleges, two from Western colleges established on the model of the New England colleges, and one from the old College of New Jersey. Of these, eight have deceased : Messrs. Linsley, Smith, Allen and Jewett of the first faculty, and Messrs. E. B. Andrews, Walker, Evans and Rosseter of the later professors. Six are now connected with the college, and a seventh, the venerable Professor Kendrick, is with us as Professor Emeritus ; and four are in other institutions, viz : Rev. Dr. Addison Ballard, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Lafayette College ; Mr. W. B. Graves, Peabody Professor of the Natural Sciences at Andover ; Dr. S. S. Orris, Professor of Greek at the College of New Jersey ; and Dr. Irving J. Manatt, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska. Four of the twenty who came here as professors became presidents, here and elsewhere.

It has been stated that three of the four gentlemen constituting the first college faculty had taken the highest honors of the colleges at which they were educated, viz., President Joel H. Linsley, Middlebury College, 1811; Professor Henry Smith, Middlebury, 1827; Professor D. Howe Allen, Dartmouth, 1829. A statement of like character may be made of those composing the Faculty of 1855–56. Of the five who were associated with me when I entered upon my duties thirty years ago, four were men who had stood at the head of their respective classes: John Kendrick, Valedictorian at Dartmouth in 1826, Addison Ballard, at Williams in 1842, George H. Howi-

son, at Marietta in 1852, and Martin D. Follett, at Marietta in 1853.

The statements now made concern the completeness of the course of study and the character and fitness of those constituting the Boards of Trust and Instruction. In order to know what the college has accomplished in its first half-century the inquiry must reach the number of students who have here been educated.

The first class was graduated in 1838, and the number of classes, including that of the present year, is forty-eight. The total number of graduates is five hundred and sixty-six. All but twenty-four of this number have received the degree of Bachelor of Arts having completed the course of study prescribed in the best colleges of the country. Ten have pursued the course in which German and other studies are substituted for the Greek, and fourteen have taken the Scientific course which has now been given up. Five hundred and sixty-six graduates in forty-eight classes gives a yearly average of a small fraction less than twelve. To some this annual average and this total for forty-eight years will seem small. Those who are not familiar with higher education and its statistics, especially in the West and South, think large colleges are the rule and small ones the exception. They read in the papers of the number of students in attendance at various colleges and suppose them all to be members of the four regular classes—candidates for the first degree in the arts or a kindred degree. For some colleges the supposition would be correct; for many it would be incorrect. To find the number of college students proper you must take one-fifth or it may be one-tenth of the number reported in the newspapers.

The number of colleges in the United States graduating large classes year by year is very small. They can almost be counted on one's fingers. According to the last Report of the United States Commissioner of Education, forty-six per cent of the colleges reporting the number of

students in attendance have senior classes, in the classical course, numbering five and under. And sixty-two and a half per cent. have senior classes of ten and under. In all the colleges reporting, the average number in the senior class (classical) is eleven. Deduct ten of the largest colleges and the average senior class of the remainder is only eight; deduct twenty colleges and the others average senior classes of seven.

The number of graduates in a given period is a much better criterion of the work accomplished by an institution than the total number in attendance. A college is established to secure a specific result. Students resort to it to receive a certain amount of culture and discipline which is tested by examinations and indicated by the testimonial of the college. When the inquiry, then, concerns the amount of work done by an institution in twenty-five, or fifty, or a hundred years, it is equivalent to asking what has been its contribution to the number of liberally educated men. The question is not as to the number on the catalogue; not how many have been in attendance a few months, or a year, or two years, but as to the number who have completed to the satisfaction of competent judges the work necessary for a degree. To say of a college that it has given instruction to so many hundreds, in a given number of years, or thousands it may be, while it has graduated but a small fraction of those who have been enrolled in its regular classes, is not quite the language of commendation. The inquiry at once suggests itself, what has become of the large fraction who did not complete the course?

What proportion of the students that are matriculated in the colleges of the country from year to year remain till their graduation, there is no means of knowing from published documents. The probability is that the number of graduates, taking all the colleges, is much less than half the number that enter. The only college, so far as I know, whose general catalogue contains the names of

all the members of the several classes, as well as the graduates, is Williams. In that institution for the sixty years, from 1820 to 1880, a little less than sixty-four per cent of the matriculates have finished the course. The statistics of Marietta give a ratio approximately the same ; the graduates in her forty-eight classes being a little more than sixty-three per cent of the number matriculated.

As the course of study occupies four years, and the catalogue gives the members of the four classes, if a class during its course of four years suffered no diminution the number of graduates for a series of years would average one-fourth of the number on the catalogue for the same time. But losses will occur through death, sickness, poverty, etc., and if the graduates average one-fifth of the names on the catalogue the record is a good one. Taking the forty-eight catalogues of Marietta the number of graduates is a little more than one-fifth the number enrolled on the catalogues. This permanence of students in a college may be expressed also by comparing the number of seniors with the number of freshmen for a series of years. For our whole history the seniors have been to the freshmen as seventy to one hundred. In some instances a class has numbered more at the close of the senior year than at the beginning of the freshman.

Including that of the present year the number of classes graduated, as already stated, is forty-eight, and the total number of graduates is five hundred and sixty-six, giving an annual average of twelve, nearly. Harvard College in its first forty-eight classes numbered three hundred and one graduates ; and its annual average did not reach the number ten till it had sent out eighty-two classes ; and to reach an average of twelve required eighty-eight years. Cornell University gives the first degree in the arts to six students the present year, and Washington and Lee University conferred but a single college degree the last year.

Our first class of graduates numbered four, and there

has been one other class of four. There have been three classes of twenty-two each. There have been fluctuations here as elsewhere. Most colleges have had classes of three, two, one. Four is our smallest class. Many institutions have occasional blanks in their early history. The forty-seventh class at Harvard numbered eleven; the next year was a blank, there being no graduates. Marietta has been fortunate in escaping the loss of an entire class. A small class one year does not imply a succession of small classes. In 1868 the number of graduates was a small one, as our record shows. But in the ten years following there were more graduates than in any other ten years in our history. And three years after the graduation of that small class there was a larger number admitted than in any other year.

While, thus, looking at the succession of individual years, there have been fluctuations in attendance and in the number of graduates, there has been steady progress if we regard the decades of years. In the first nine years, covering the number of classes in the administration of the first president, the number of graduates was eighty-five. In the nine years of the second administration the number was ninety-three. In the first ten years of the third administration there were one hundred and nine graduates; in the second decade, one hundred and twenty-eight; and in the third, one hundred and fifty-one. Thus each period shows an advance over the one preceding it, the gain of the fifth over the fourth, however, being much the largest of all. The last decade shows also a higher degree of permanence than either of the preceding decades. The annual average of graduates for the whole period being a fraction over twenty per cent. of the number on the catalogue, the average for the last ten years is twenty-three per cent.

It is not strange that the friends of an institution should desire for it large classes. This is an indication of prosperity obvious enough to the most simple. But, as a test

of excellence, it is by no means trustworthy. The desire for large numbers is a temptation to make the terms of admission too easy; to adapt the requirements to the attainments or lack of attainments of the candidate. The hospitality so characteristic of western homes is worthy of all commendation, but the hospitality of a college which is open to all comers, regardless of their fitness, does not commend itself. Unfortunately the ambition to secure students is not limited to the west or to institutions still young. Some of the oldest and richest colleges in the country seem to be as eager in the race for numerical supremacy as rival cities in the strife for growth in population. Western colleges that aim to do genuine and thorough work are thus exposed to a double embarrassment; obliged, on the one hand, to meet the strong desire for numbers manifested by colleges and universities that think more of the name than the reality, and on the other to encounter the strenuous efforts for patronage put forth by institutions of long standing and high repute that might better rely upon the prestige which comes from large endowments and historic fame.

If we look at the highest educational good of the student, the small college, other things being equal, has indeed the advantage. The method of instruction at the United States Military Academy, where the number in the recitation room is always very small, is unquestionably the best for the pupil. And one of the chief arguments for the elective system is that classes would be divided into sections and thus the instructors would be enabled to do their work more efficiently. Taking the whole period of our history the average number in the class room has been about fifteen. It can hardly be doubted that more improvement has been made, a better education secured, than if the number had been twice as great. With thirty in a class two sections would be necessary and that would require an increase of instructors. That hitherto the number of teachers in our larger colleges has not kept

pace with the increase in the number of students cannot be questioned, and in this respect therefore the character of their work has not improved. The evil of large numbers in a recitation room is obvious enough when those reciting together are of the same grade ; it becomes much more serious when a portion of the students are two or three years behind the others in discipline and attainment. If the friends of Marietta are desirous that the classes should be larger, they must remember that this renders imperative a corresponding increase of endowment, if the same standard of excellence be maintained.

It is worthy of notice that many of the successful men of the country have come from small colleges or from small classes. Of the nine gentlemen composing the present Supreme Court of the United States six were members of small classes and three of large classes. And one of these three spent the first three years of his course in a small college. In the first class of a prominent college in Illinois there were two graduates ; one of them afterwards became the governor of that state. The late Judge Folger, Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals in the State of New York and afterwards Secretary of the Treasury under President Arthur, was the only graduate of his class.

The impression is prevalent that students often enter college too young ; that maturity of years is requisite in order to profit by the course of study, and therefore, the older students derive more advantage than the younger. Our experience of fifty years does not confirm this. It shows, on the contrary, that when a lad is well prepared for entrance he is old enough to do the work required. The average age of our alumni at graduation is twenty-two years and seven-tenths. The average age of those who have held the highest rank in their respective classes is twenty-two and four-tenths. A very considerable number of these fell much below the average age. The influence of a well-arranged course of

study makes amends for the lack of maturity. The lad of sixteen or seventeen grows more, intellectually, in the four years of the course than the man of twenty-four or twenty-five. So far as our experience goes, early systematic study in a good classical course is the best possible preparation for subsequent intellectual growth.

The members of the Supreme Court of the United States have been referred to as showing that eminent men often come from small colleges and small classes. They show also the advantage of early education. The nine Justices are all graduates, and most of them finished their collegiate studies at an early age. The ages of eight of them at graduation are known: One was twenty-three years, one was twenty-one, two were twenty, three were seventeen, and one was sixteen. The average age of the eight was nineteen years. Of the senior editors of five prominent religious newspapers in New York and Boston—the Congregationalist, Christian Union, Evangelist, Independent, and Observer—the oldest at graduation was twenty-one and the youngest was sixteen and one-third, the average being eighteen years and one-sixth. The legitimate inference from these facts, and many others might be cited, is that a course of liberal study may be commenced at an early age. There is no need to keep back a student from college till he becomes a mature man in years.

It is often said that some students *go* to college and others *are sent;* the implication being that the latter class reap little benefit. All honor to those who go of themselves; who work their way if need be; who overcome great obstacles to secure the much cherished education. No word should be spoken to discourage them, but they should be encouraged in every way. The man who is impelled by a burning thirst for knowledge is never too old to begin his college studies. But so far as the remark quoted tends to dissuade parents from sending their sons to college its influence is harmful. In the benefit re-

ceived there is no such difference between those who go and those who are sent. The student who completes his course at twenty-one or twenty-two must have begun his preparatory studies by fourteen or fifteen, and must have been supported by his parents ; that is, he has been *sent* to college. It is wisdom for the parent to send his sons and not wait for them to go of themselves. In after years not one son in a thousand will fail to thank his parents that he was thus sent, in this way saving precious time and making sure the liberal education which otherwise might never have been gained.

The graduates of Marietta are distributed among the various professions and occupations as follows : thirty-four per cent are clergymen ; twenty-eight per cent business men ; seventeen per cent lawyers ; eight per cent physicians ; eight per cent professors and other teachers; five per cent all others. The proportion of business men is large, but this is no cause of regret. It is rare now to find an intelligent man holding the opinion that the cost in time and money of a liberal education is thrown away if the graduate does not enter one of the learned professions. The great business enterprises of our times are demanding men of the best intellectual training as well as of high natural capacity.

Eighty-six of our alumni are the sons of clergymen. In a large number of cases there have been two or more graduates from the same family. One hundred and sixty-eight of the five hundred and sixty-six alumni are in groups of two, three, and four brothers in the same household. Three families have sent four sons each, fourteen have sent three, and fifty-seven have sent two. Twenty-eight have received degrees whose fathers were students before them. It may also be added that one hundred and twenty of the graduates are the descendants of the early settlers, representing sixty of the pioneers.

There is not time to give any financial history of the college. The enterprise was entered on in the firm be-

lief that such an institution was needed, and the movement was made by men who were willing to show their faith by their works. The first effort to raise funds was made here in March, 1833. Something more than $8,000 was raised, of which the seven Trustees gave about half. The Trustees assessed each other. Messrs. Mills, Moore, and Bingham gave $1,000 each. Remembering the repeated gifts of the Trustee who alone is left of that group of seven you wonder that he was assessed but $200. But he was the youngest of the seven, and the others deemed that sum to be his full proportion. Would you know what is the total of his benefactions to Marietta College, multiply that first gift by four hundred. Many citizens of Marietta and vicinity have given often and largely according to their ability, and the aggregate amount contributed by those who have lived here, including bequests, probably exceeds $280,000.

The first efforts at the East were made by Rev. Mr. Bingham, one of the Trustees, and by Professors Allen and Jewett. Later Rev. N. W. Fisher, of Burlington, Ohio, and Charles Goddard, Esq., of Richmond, Virginia, engaged in this service. While thus employed Mr. Goddard was elected to a professorship, which the state of his health compelled him to decline. Some years afterward Rev. J. R. Barnes and Rev. Joseph Chester rendered service as agents, and still later Rev. Francis Bartlett. The time of President Linsley was largely occupied in outside work for the first three years after his election in 1835, and at intervals afterwards. The College Society, formed in 1843, rendered opportune aid for a number of years. Among the largest early donors at the East were Samuel Train, Esq., of Medford, Massachusetts, and Hon. Thomas W. Williams, of New London, Connecticut.

Very little expenditure for agency work has been made during the last thirty years. What has been done in a financial way has been chiefly by the President in vacation and by correspondence. There has been no ab-

sence in term time to interfere with his regular work of instruction. The number of persons approached has been small, but in most cases those who have given have repeated their gifts. A gentleman in Massachusetts some years ago gave a hundred dollars. A year later he gave the same sum. The third year unsolicited he sent by mail his check for a like amount, and this was continued for about ten years. In 1863 a personal friend in New York sent in response to a letter $200. The next year, without application, he repeated the gift. The third he did the same, and thus for six years. Then for two years it was $300 a year; then $1000 a year for two years. A few months later he died. It is pleasant to have such friends.

In seeking to interest men in the college I could never forget the gifts of the Trustees. The remembrance of their great generosity made me unwilling to approach men simply because of their pecuniary ability. I felt that it was not every one who was worthy to be enrolled among the noble men by whose liberality Marietta College had been largely sustained. The same feeling kept me from urging the cause. It was an object worthy of a cheerful giver and I could not press it. A good lady whose husband I had seen told me she thought I was a poor solicitor; that most men who came to him presented their cause as if it were a matter of life and death; she should not expect me to succeed at all. A few weeks after this her husband wrote me pledging $5000.

At our quarter-century celebration only one bequest was reported—that of Mrs. Mary Keyes, of Columbus, formerly of McConnelsville, of $5,000. Soon after another of the same amount was made by Mr. D. T. Woodbury, also of Columbus. Within a few years, and prior to the present year, three bequests have been made, amounting to about $100,000. Mr. Truman Hillyer, of Columbus, has given in real estate and money something over $30,000, receiving an annuity during his life. Col. W. R. Putnam made the college his residuary legatee, from

whose estate it is estimated $35,000 will be realized. Both of these gentlemen expressed great satisfaction in the disposition they had made of their property. Col. Putnam's will was made many years before his decease, and he seemed to regard his property as sacred to the purpose to which he had devoted it; too sacred even for himself to use save for the support of himself and family. The third bequest was by Dr. Henry Smith, the second President of the college. After bequeathing to the college his library, the will reads: "I give to the college fourteen oil paintings, purchased in Rome about the year 1856, in memory of my son, Albert Linnekogel Smith, who requested before his death that these paintings might be given to Marietta College as the nucleus of an Art Gallery." This son died at the age of sixteen, and nearly twenty years before the father; yet the request was remembered and his last wishes carried out. After making provision for his two sons on the decease of his wife, who was to have the use of everything during her life, he made the college his residuary legatee; expressing the hope that funds might be found sufficient to endow a professorship. In that case he wished it to be named the Henderson Professorship in memory of his mother, Phebe Henderson Linsley. Dr. Smith's mother had married for her second husband Dr. Joel H. Linsley, who became the first President of Marietta College. The professorship will thus bear the name of the wife of the first President of the college and the mother of the second—a beautiful memorial from a son to his mother.

Since the present year began another bequest has been left to the college by Mr. Cornelius B. Erwin, of New Britain, Connecticut. He left $15,000 to endow ten scholarships, and $15,000 for the general purposes of the college. This institution is also one of five residuary legatees. It is estimated by those acquainted with the value of the estate that this residuary portion will much exceed the direct bequest. Mr. Erwin began to give to Marietta

many years ago, his first gifts being to aid young men in the payment of tuition. Very soon he signified his purpose to provide in his will for five scholarships of $1,000 each. The idea of helping young men remained with him, though he increased the sum and made the basis more liberal to the college.

It should be noticed that this bequest of Mr. Erwin's, which promises to be much the largest the college has received, comes from one whose early advantages were very limited, while he greatly desired an education. He determined to use a portion of that wealth which God had given him, to help young men to obtain that which he wanted but could not secure—a liberal education.

Besides these large bequests others are known to exist in the wills of living persons; and such additions to the funds of the college may be confidently expected from the alumni and others. The financial outlook is full of encouragement. The large wealth of the old colleges comes from recent gifts. Yale College was one hundred and fifty years old before its endowment for general purposes had reached $140,000, In 1864 the funds of Williams College for all purposes amounted to but $90,000. Thirty years ago Princeton was virtually without endowment. In 1862 the estimated value of our whole property was $77,000. Aside from the residual bequest of Mr. Erwin the net resources of Marietta are now nearly five times that amount. Thus in financial matters as in other things the fifth decade of the college has been the most prosperous in its history.

The coincidence in time between the completion of fifty years of the life of the college and the close of my administration, makes a few personal words not inappropriate. Taking my first degree at Williams College in 1837 I was appointed a year later tutor in Mathematics at Marietta, with the understanding that the professorship in that department, then vacant, would be given to

me if mutual acquaintance should make it advisable. Detained a while by my engagement at the East I could not reach Marietta till the winter. Through the kind consideration of the Trustees my probation was brief, the election to the professorship being made within three months after my coming here, my duties to begin with the next college year. In 1850, on the resignation of Colonel Mills, who had given gratuitous service as treasurer for seventeen years, I was appointed to succeed him. In January, 1855, on the resignation of President Smith, the Trustees elected me to the presidency. For forty-seven years, therefore, I have been in the service of this college : one year as tutor, sixteen as professor, and thirty as president. A life less eventful could hardly be found. Serving under Trustees for whom I had the highest respect and whose plans it was my earnest desire to carry out, and associated in instruction with men of ability and fidelity with whom it has been a joy to work, these forty-seven years have passed quietly and pleasantly, almost imperceptibly.

It has been my good fortune to know personally every member of the Board of Trust, every member of the Board of Instruction, and every Alumnus of the college. Of the 566 graduates all but four—the first class—have been graduated since my connection with the institution began, and nearly all have come under my instruction. As professor or president I have served under every Trustee, and, with a single exception, with every professor. It was the resignation of Professor Jewett in the summer of 1838 that was the occasion of my coming. When I entered on the presidency in 1855 there was no one here of the original Faculty; but all were then living. To-day they are gone, not only from us but from the world which they did so much to bless. Of the eight Trustees when I came in 1838 two only survive—Mr. Douglas Putnam and Rev. Dr. Addison Kingsbury. Of the eighteen Trustees in 1855 when my administration

began three only are left—the two just named and Mr. William P. Cutler. Of the twenty members of the present Board of Trust, all but five have been elected since 1863; or after I had completed a quarter-century of college work. Of the original Faculty, as has been said, none remain; but the venerable Professor Kendrick, who came in 1840 and after thirty-three years of active service was made Professor Emeritus in 1873, is still spared to us. Of the other professors all have come since 1869. Our senior professor entered the college when I became President. May his health soon be fully restored, and may he continue for many years to be the senior professor of the Faculty of this college.

In looking over the years spent here I see great occasion for thankfulness. A better Board of Trustees, and abler and more congenial associates could hardly be desired. The work of instruction has always been a pleasant one to me, and my efforts have received from these hundreds of young men all they deserved, and more. Many shortcomings there have been in teaching and in administration; none can know them better than I do. But a sincere desire to secure for every student the best possible culture, an identification of myself with the interests of the institution, and a readiness to do whatever lay in my power to increase its true efficiency and make it in the best sense a Christian college—these, if I know myself, have ever actuated me. Now that my relation to the college is about to be changed, my interest in its success will not, I trust, grow less. My prayer is that in all respects it may prosper; that it may accomplish all that its noble and generous founders ever anticipated for it. And so I commend it to the Trustees, to the Faculty, to the Alumni, to all the friends of Christian learning. I commend it to Him whose servants and stewards we all are, and without whose blessing there can be no true success.

ADDRESS MEMORIAL OF DECEASED TRUSTEES.

BY HON. W. P. CUTLER.

To organize and build up Commonwealths based upon justice and "*personal rights*" is a grand and honorable enterprise. Yet they have been thus organized and built. They have not grown up like the vegetable or animal as a product of inherent forces—impelled by blind energies and controlled by fortuitous surroundings. They are rather the product of intelligent designs executed by responsible agents, capable of adopting and applying organic principles that will produce certain results. Necessarily then they have had *founders* and *builders*.

True they have made progress and have gone backward, have risen and fallen, but progress has been the result of distinctive ideas or principles which may be called *foundations*, and of the persistent and successful application of those organic ideas throughout the national life. History affords great diversity in the character of the foundations as well as in that of the builders. As a general proposition, adherence to organic ideas has been the measure of national life.

The distinctive idea of the Jewish Nation was theocracy, not only the abstract idea of a divine existence but of the rightful authority of God over the race as lawgiver and governor. While the builders adhered to this idea Israel was a power in the earth. Its abandonment was their ruin. Rome's initial idea was *conquest*. Her builders wrought it out in the subjugation of the world to her

sway. But the idea spent its own force in its successful application. The virtue needed to preserve, unite, and harmonize the conquests, and restrain lust and ambition was wanting. The mighty fabric crumbled into ruins.

But our own country and times are not wanting in illustrations. The value and effect of distinctive ideas and principles which enter into and make up the foundations of civil government and society may be traced in the early occapation and subsequent growth of the Eastern states or commonwealths of our common country. It is true that persecution was a force that drove the pioneers to this continent, but persecution was not a distinct or recognized principle which they sought to incorporate into their political or social foundations. Without attempting either an enumeration or a discussion of all their organic ideas, it is sufficient for the present purpose and occasion to notice the fact that *knowledge* in all its departments and applications was with them a paramount and prevailing idea. Early and constant attention was given to this subject in providing for elementary instruction in common schools, and in organizing higher institutions of learning. The builders of that day very soon began to build up the young commonwealth on knowledge as a foundation. Harvard and Yale had slender initial funds—called foundations—but those and similar institutions were themselves the foundation of a nation.

But there was a collateral idea that received cotemporaneous attention and application. This was the ethics, the morals, the principles of the Bible as essential to the support of civil government. If they laid foundations in knowledge, they cemented them with religion. There was no attempt to separate these elements of a nation's life and growth. They went into the corner stones and were the rock on which the nation began to rise. The founders and builders, then, of Christian colleges may be regarded as the conservators of the organic ideas that

entered into the civil as well as the social organization that prevailed in the earlier commonwealths of our country, especially in those known as the New England States.

It serves our present purpose and is appropriate to this occasion to trace the rise and progress of this distinctive theory that religion and knowledge are essential to good government. It will be seen that Marietta College has been founded and built up upon that theory. The men whose memories we wish to recall to day were faithful to traditions and principles that were cherished in the fatherland, and brought here by the pioneer settlers.

In estimating the value of these principles it is well to bear in mind that the governments of Christendom had previously sought to subsidize the power of the church to their support, but in this attempt, compulsion, force in its severest aspects, was the constant resort. Hence the moral force of the church was wasted. It became an ecclesiastical power—often a despotism.

The Puritan movement was a new departure in the direction of entire liberty of conscience, freedom of worship, and a full assertion of human rights. It was stimulated by persecution and oppression, but a constant, persistent, intelligent assertion of "*rights*" prevailed through their history from the landing in 1620 to the treaty of peace in 1783. This new departure was both defensive and aggressive. It severed the bonds of ecclesiastical power over the conscience, discarded the divine right of kings, and asserted the supreme right of the *governed* over all civil institutions. In those days "the rights of man" was a most comprehensive phrase. It covered the whole ground of controversy in regard to religious liberty and politics. It covered not only colonial right, not only the political checks and balances of organized government, but it dealt largely, mainly, with *personal rights*. The individual man was for the first time brought fully and fairly to the front. As a voter he be-

came a sovereign, and yet remains a subject. The problem was to fit this individual man for the successful exercise of those responsibilities. He must have wisdom to make laws, and he must have self control to obey laws. In the estimation of the men of that day it required two words to solve that problem—*religion* and *knowledge*. Hence the current proverbs, "Intelligence is the life of liberty," "Knowledge is power." Obedience to law and submission to rightful authority was enforced as a moral obligation and a religious duty.

This comprehensive meaning of the rights of man, was as well apprehended by those who gathered around the humblest firesides as by those who assembled in the highest council chambers. The pulpit was the strongest citadel of power. From that source it made its way into and through all the veins and arteries of civil, social, and religious life. Its triumph marked the most important era in human progress. It became the organic idea, the fundamental theory of national life. The great Republic lives upon it to day, and will only live while it is cherished. Hence Plymouth Rock was one of humanity's mile-stones. The Treaty of Peace in 1783 was another.

Now let us from this last named point of departure look back over the intervening century. As I have stated, "*human rights*," in a broad and comprehensive sense, was the bone, the nerve, and blood of the struggles, labors, and conflicts, from the December landing in 1620 to the triumph witnessed and recorded by the Treaty of 1783. From this point a new start is made. God in His wise providence had preserved the fairest portion of earth as the proper scene for the display and application of those energies that had grown strong, resolute, courageous and well disciplined by previous conflicts, and He opened it up for occupation by those who were well prepared to lay new foundations. The most powerful nations of Europe had asserted and maintained such claims to the great Mississippi Valley as were recognized by international

law and comity. But the Treaty of 1783 with those of subsequent date gave to the new and coming power of the *people* a valid title from ocean to ocean. But who will enter this new Eden ? Who will withstand that serpent's subtility that had defiled every other of God's gardens on the face of the whole earth ? What foundations will they choose and lay down in that vast unoccupied wilderness ? Who is wise enough and strong enough to devise and apply organic principles upon which not only all that had been gained during a previous century and a half of struggle might be conserved, but build thereon a temple whose glory should eclipse all former structures ?

The military struggle ending with the peace of 1783 was conducted by men whose "bayonets had learned to *think*." At the close of that memorable conflict the army was obliged to do a good deal of thinking. During its continuance they had thought of human rights, of political independence, of power, of government for the preservation of law and order, of the conquest of the "back country," with many correlatives. But a bankrupt government sent that army to their desolate homes without compensation for their toils and sufferings. Their thinking at that critical period was quite commonplace, upon the plain every day question of daily bread. The Northwest—then called the "back country," "vacant territory"—had been pointed out to them. The strange Indian word "Ohio" began to pass around among the officers and soldiers who had earned their bounty lands and hoped to invest their worthless "final certificates" in future homes. All this thinking developed into purchase and settlement; but it was not confined to those conditions alone. They were men who were competent to grasp and decide upon the difficulties and hazards attending the organization of new states and commonwealths. They appreciated the dangers arising from investing power in the hands of those who must obey as well as make laws. They understood the value of moral

restraints and obligations, as well as of knowledge, in the formation of good government. Hence before entering upon their hazardous enterprise of permanent occupation they procured from the United States in Congress assembled the insertion in the organic law of their intended government the following declaration: "And for the extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, which form the basis wherever these republics, their laws and constitutions are erected; to fix and establish these principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions, and governments which now or hereafter shall be formed in said territory; to provide also for the establishment of states and permanent government therein, and for their admission to a share in the Federal Councils on an equal footing with the other states, at as early periods as may be consistent with the general interest; it is hereby ordained and declared, by the authority aforesaid (the United States in Congress assembled), that the following articles shall be considered as articles of compact between the original states and the people and states in the said territory, and forever remain unalterable unless by common consent."

Profane history may be challenged to produce another instance where laws and constitutions had ever been prepared before hand, pre-arranged and projected into a territory prior to its occupation by its inhabitants. The Divine economy did so arrange, pre-ordain, and publish to his chosen people the laws, ordinances, and polity that were to govern them in their promised land. But throughout the many changes, migrations, and conquests under which the race has occupied the earth, either the will of the conqueror after conquest, or the growth of governmental principles subsequently has been the true origin of political institutions. But here is an attempt to pre-ordain, to prepare before-hand laws, constitutions, principles, governments, and states, upon a basis that should remain forever unalterable. It was the

handiwork of commonwealth founders and builders. They evidently so understood their work at that time for they distinctly declare their object to be, to fix and establish these principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions, and governments which forever hereafter shall be found in said territory.

No one man can claim a patent as the inventor of any of these "fundamental principles." They had been *thovght over, preached over, prayed over, fought over,* since the sun first shone upon Anglo-American homes on the North American continent. It was the intelligent application of those principles at the right time and in the right place that presents a subject of interesting and instructive enquiry.

But what were those bases, those fundamental principles, that were thus boldly and confidently thrown forward into the very heart of the great Republic at a time when there was no rubbish to clear away, no old habits to correct, no hostilities to encounter? First, entire freedom of religious sentiment and worship. Then comes a Bill of Rights, throwing the most salutary safeguards around the person and his property. Then we find as a *basis* in the coming commonwealths, "Religion, Morality, Knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and means of education shall forever be encouraged." For the first time in profane history we are here presented with a clear and distinct recognition of moral and educational forces—with full guarantee of personal rights—as essential to good government. For the first time they are neatly and compactly wrought into the very foundations of civil society. In other cases, conquests, force, power, in all varieties of applications, had controlled the destinies of the race and had shaped governmental organizations. Here is a full acceptance of three forces standing side by side with trial by jury, the right of habeas corpus, and

other personal securities—with an injunction that they shall be forever encouraged.

On the 7th of April, 1788, there was a transfer to the virgin soil of the great valley, of the results of the controversies, struggles, discussions, and decisions that had prevailed on the Atlantic slope for a previous century. Rights and liberties, theories and institutions—all constituting the foundations on which to build a permanent Christian civilization, floated down the smooth surface of the Ohio river and landed right here on that day. Hence the 7th of April, 1788, was an epoch, as much so as the landing of the Conqueror on Britain soil, of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, or the Cavaliers at Jamestown. It was an epoch because it planted in this broad interior, the very heart of a continent, those distinctive ideas and policies which are exceptional in their direct application to governmental affairs. Hence Marietta became the gate-way to a Christian civilization for a future empire. This transfer was committed to pioneer hands who came to occupy a wilderness and "cause it to bud and blossom as the rose." We may now trace their steps and see whether these pioneers have been faithful to their high trust.

On a pleasant autumn day, ninety-seven years ago, a party of intelligent gentlemen from among the originators and founders of civilization in Ohio, started in the morning from "Campus Martius," visited the United States garrisons at Fort Harmar, then an Indian camp, thence (to quote from the brief record), "up the high hill northwest of the fort and west of the city—fine prospect—some excellent land—fine place for *building*." Now it is worthy of a moment's enquiry, what was that "fine prospect," as they stood in the wild woods and among Indian graves on the top of Harmar Hill? They looked down upon Fort Harmar with its beautiful and extensive gardens, an emblem of the sword converting itself into the plough share. The rude camp of the Indian was

then awaiting a treaty that would displace savage for civilized life. The broad and luxuriant panorama, the winding rivers, surrounding hills, the magnificent growth of forests abounding with the wild fruits of vine and tree, was opened out before them. There lay a cornfield planted by civilized hands four months previously, the pioneer cornfield of a valley that can now yield bread enough to drive hunger from European as well as from American homes.

There lay within the bounds of "the city" the monuments of a dead and buried past, leaving no record of services performed for humanity, only mounds and elevations of earth works. There also was "Campus Martius" standing guard over the scattered homes of the few pioneers whose lives it held in trust. Such was the "fine prospect" that arrested the limited vision of those who gazed upon it a century ago. But the account from which I have quoted closes with another and distinct announcement of the fine prospect that was then floating before the minds of that intelligent and cultivated company of observers. It says, "*It is proposed that the University should be located on this hill.*" This opens a fine prospect in another direction, but one that was in entire accordance with their sympathies, wishes, and plans. They had made provision for that very thing at the time they decided to cast their lot in this then distant wilderness. In holding out inducements to their neighbors to leave their New England homes and become adventurers, they used the following language: "In the late Ordinance of Congress for disposing of the western lands as far down as the river Scioto, the provision that is made for schools, and the endowment of a *University*, looks with a most favorable aspect upon the settlement, and furnishes the presentiment that by a proper attention to the subject of education under these advantages, the field of science may be greatly enlarged, and the acquisition of useful

knowledge placed upon a more respectable footing *here* than in any other part of the world."

This is pretty strong language and an adverse critic might object to it as an expression of zeal and enthusiasm rather than a cool estimate of those provisions in the Ordinance of Congress which point out religion, morality, and knowledge, as necessary to good government, and make some provision for their support. But the candid observer may claim that these elementary principles are still on trial and only need a cordial acceptance, a more generous support, to give them complete success. At any rate it is evident that Ohio was born with *college on the brain*, as well as with "religion, morality, and knowledge" in her bones.

This preliminary reminiscence brings us more nearly to the work in hand, the labors and efforts of the descendants of the pioneer fathers in applying those principles, which we have traced down through the generations to their transfer to western soil. Two important facts are stated by the writer from whom I have quoted, as illustrating the situation as it passed into the pioneer hands.

First—"There will be an advantage which no other part of the earth can boast, and which probably never will occur again, that in order to begin *right* there will be no *wrong* habits to combat and no inveterate systems to overturn; there is no rubbish to remove before we begin to lay the *foundations*."

Second—"The first settlement will be undertaken by many men of the most liberal minds."

More than half a century of pioneer labors and struggles, with incident failures and successes, have passed away, when we find the citizens of Marietta assembled to witness the laying of the *corner stone* of the second edifice of Marietta College. Nahum Ward, Esq., reflects a prevailing sentiment at the time in addressing his fellow citizens

as follows : "Permit me to greet you with the kindest salutations. It is with feelings of no ordinary pride and satisfaction that I am permitted to congratulate you and the public on this interesting occasion, showing forth in the descendants of our Puritan fathers that spirit so predominant in them and which continues generously to flow, *the building up of institutions of learning*, the principal guardians of liberty and virtue. Long may this college flourish to the honor of Marietta and the glory of Ohio." The response to this salutation was made by the Rev. Dr. Lindsley, coming directly from the fatherland to watch over and cherish the application of New England theories and policies upon the soil of a vineyard of their own planting. He said : "Its trustees and patrons are deeply convinced that true science and pure Christianity are not foes, but friends and allies. They believe that the Author of Nature is also the Author of Revelation. He has given us a moral as well as intellectual constitution and has provided for the development of both. Wise educators will never overlook this important fact. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." After speaking most encouragingly of Marietta as a location capable of great improvement, he points out her future in the following words : "Nevertheless we apprehend that the highest vocation of Marietta is education." He then refers to the high character of the pioneer settlers, and their peculiar fitness for such an important enterprise, and repeats the injunction: "I say then again that the chief and appropriate vocation of Marietta is to educate, to make herself a radiating point for the diffusion of wisdom and knowledge, and it is to carry out these views that I now, as the organ both of the citizens and the Board of Trustees, lay the corner stone of this new College Edifice."

This business of laying corner stones seems to have been a favorite one with that class of people who were fairly represented on that occasion. They began to lay

corner stones on the Mayflower even before they found shelter for their families on the stormy shores of New England. They kept on laying corner stones in every township, village, and city of their adopted land—a corner stone for civil rights and the proper exercise of political power, a corner stone for a learned and orthodox ministry, a corner stone for the school and local academy, a corner stone for Yale and Harvard and other higher institutions of learning. They laid a corner stone at Bunker Hill. On the 13th of July, 1787, they laid a corner stone for an empire, where moral and educational influence would be brought to support good government and the happiness of mankind. On the 7th of April, 1788, they began to build and work into the foundations of civilization here upon the threshold of the great valley, all the living and priceless materials of former efforts. Those materials are represented in "college edifices," where true science and pure Christianity are not foes, but friends and allies. Now if it be true that religion and knowledge are essential to good government, then it follows that founders of Christian colleges are builders of nations.

The completed charter of Marietta College bears date February 14, 1835. During the first half century of its life the whole list of Trustees comprises fifty names; of these seventeen are deceased, and their names are appropriate subjects of mention on this occasion. They are found on the catalogue as follows, with date of appointment: Dr. John Cotton, John Mills, Caleb Emerson, Anselm T. Nye, Dr. Jonas Moore, and Rev. L. G. Bingham, all appointed in 1835, and being with one now living all the original charter members. Rev. Dr. Linsley, elected President in 1835, became a Trustee by virtue of his office. Then follow Rev. Dr. Jacob Little and Rev. C. M. Putnam in 1845; Rev. Dr. Henry Smith, 1846; William Slocomb, 1847; Noah L. Wilson, Wm. R. Putnam, and Rev. Dr. Thomas Wickes, 1849; Samuel Shipman,

1859, and B. B. Gaylord, 1864. To attempt a personal eulogy of each of these men would be too great a trespass upon the time of this occasion, and I may well feel relieved from that duty, however pleasant though mournful the task might be, from the fact that their characters were so conspicuous, and so highly esteemed in this community that a presentation of their personal characteristics is entirely unnecessary.

While according to all the fullest commendation for their intelligent, liberal, and constant support of the college, it may not appear invidious to recall especially the labors and efforts of the resident Trustees. While as a Board they were a unit in any line of policy once decided upon, yet the heaviest burden necessarily devolved upon the members residing in this city. They started their enterprise with a very slender fund, and that supplied largely by themselves. Through many years of doubtful, but energetic efforts, they continued to build, to employ the best services for instruction, and accumulate endowment. A large proportion of the deceased Trustees were college graduates, all were men of superior intelligence, uniting the best business capacities with the most liberal and comprehensive views upon this important subject—the diffusion of knowledge upon the solid basis of a thoroughly Christian culture. Their aim was to maintain the highest grade of scholarship, and support that grade by thorough moral training. They were faithful to the traditions and policies of New England, their fatherland. Every young man sent forth from the college has received that kind of training that fits him to stand in his lot as a pillar and support to the state or the nation. He carries with him those moral and intellectual forces of which these departed Trustees have been the faithful conservators. Their *work* is their *memorial.* Their memories are fragrant and green, their lives and labors are cherished on this half century celebration, and

will ripen into still higher appreciation as the fruit of their efforts becomes more and more manifest.

Republican government with personal rights thereunder may be experimental. This new departure of incorporating intellectual and moral forces with its foundations is on trial. Marietta College, its founders and guardians, are applying those forces, and the life of a nation may turn upon such efforts made throughout the borders of the great Republic. I turn from the deceased to the living with a word of encouragement and exhortation. Past success may well stimulate continued effort. Marietta has an appropriate field from which a thousand students may and ought to be gathered. The valley of the Ohio river, with a length of four hundred miles, and a breadth of a hundred miles, presents a territory for which this college becomes—as its first honored President indicated—"a radiating point for the diffusion of wisdom and knowledge."

An intelligent and spicy writer in describing the intellectual activity prevailing in that great emporium of European thought, the city of Geneva, half a century ago, condenses the situation with the remark, "Geneva must think or die." I am reluctant to hold such a prophetic menace over Marietta, as she is possessed of many sources of prosperity—growth and life. In her industrial and commercial condition, she has prospects worthy of all her energies. But to maintain the original grand purpose which entered into the plans of her pioneers, and constituted a basis as well as stimulant of their noble sacrifices and labors, and which has received such efficient endorsement and support from their descendants and representatives, Marietta must fill her high "vocation"—she must continue to educate or die.

ADDRESS MEMORIAL OF THE FIRST FACULTY,

BY REV. DR. J. F. TUTTLE,

PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE.

Seneca says that "men venerate the fountains whence important streams take their rise." Yielding to this natural impulse we have begun to celebrate the Jubilee of Marietta College.

And at the very outset let me ask your indulgence if the humblest of her sons shall seem to intrude himself too often on your notice in referring to days long gone by, and to men many of whom are no longer numbered among the living. If it be an error generously pardon it as committed by one who would honor his mother.

And still further in an apologetic way let me remind you how closely the field which is assigned me this evening has been gleaned. Numerous newspaper and magazine articles and more elaborate eulogies have repeatedly gone over this ground. And besides this, many here assembled to listen to the papers of this evening are familiar with the events and characters to be discussed. In your goodness then let me especially find some apology, if to-night I shall bring before you some things which have not the attraction of novelty.

And I must needs be allowed to report how these men and incidents of that far off time appeared to me as I now recall them. I shall not attempt *memoirs* of these human careers of which we are thinking to-night. It is

a *memorial* I am to write and not a memoir, and to do this I must try to have you look at its persons and things as they appear to me.

How like a beautiful dream is the reminiscence of my first sight of Marietta! In the deepening darkness of the stormy night, I seem again to see the cheerful lights of its homes, and to hear the cheerful notes of the stageman's horn although it was nearly forty-eight years since our coach drawn by four chestnut-brown Morgans rattled into town. And more cheerful still but not less distinct the words of the Christian woman who the next morning with a cheery laugh told me that I was a week too soon, and gave me a motherly welcome to her home! Blessed voice, long since hushed in death, but its melody comes back over the wide interval of years as though I had heard it only an hour ago. It may seem no compliment to my intelligence, but not six weeks before I had not even heard of "Marietta College," destined as it was to exert so great an influence on my life.

Of the community in which this institution first saw the light, and of its founders it is not necessary for me to speak at any length. And yet the Marietta pioneers must have been extraordinary men. The fire of the American Revolution burnt brightly in their hearts. They were in full sympathy with the spirit of "the ordinance of '87" as amended by Dr. Cutler, and they were the enemies of irreligion, ignorance, and slavery. And they had breathed their spirit into their children so that the purpose of the fathers animated the sons to plant in the wilderness north of the Ohio another New England like the one they had left.

For such people to found churches and schools was as natural as for the eagle to fly through the heaven. It is no new observation that at least some of the colleges in that vast wilderness sprang into existence from certain noble social forces which naturally wrought in that direction. The history of Western Reserve, Marietta, Wabash,

and Illinois Colleges was in fact the repetition of the history of Yale, Princeton, and Williams. Men of a superior type were raised up by divine providence to found these institutions.

Marietta College was no exception to this rule. Seldom is any institution able to trace its origin back to nobler hearts than those whose piety and wisdom planted this college. How well and eloquently has this already been made to appear to-night.

The Rev. Luther G. Bingham was a graduate of Middlebury and a tutor there. He was a successful pastor and probably was the originator of the school which grew into the college.

Dr. John Cotton was a learned alumnus of Harvard, a distinguished physician and especially fond of philosophy. He was also a noble Christian man.

Caleb Emerson was an encyclopedia of knowledge, and a profound thinker. When John Quincy Adams stopped at Marietta an hour in 1843, he found his peer in the Marietta editor.

Dr. Jonas Moore was an eminent and learned physician and philanthropist.

Mr. Anselm T. Nye was a man of solid worth and esteemed in all the relations he held in the community

Col. John Mills was at that time a leading merchant of Marietta. He was a man of commanding presence, a courteous gentleman whose conversation was seasoned with a delightful humor that had in it no sting. His integrity was never questioned. He was a Christian without guile, a citizen without an enemy, and a man honored and beloved universally. He lived to a great age, a life which like a summer day grew more and more beautiful until it was hidden from human sight by the deepening glories of the sunset.

Of the seventh—Mr. Douglas Putnam—I may not speak. Nor need I to the thousands who know him and the hundreds of our alumni whose diplomas are graced

by his autograph. The sole survivor of the founders, may his bow long abide in strength !

My memorial starts from the view-point of the college as it was in 1837. According to its charter it was then two years old, but in fact it was four. I recall the appearance of its single building, the size and furniture of its rooms, and each one of the fifty-one young men then in its college and teachers' classes. To me who had never seen a college this seemed very grand. Its library, made up largely of the odds and ends of clergymen's libraries, seemed immense. We were but a handful of young men, and the most of us poor in all but a vigorous purpose to "work out our own salvation."

But there was even then a fine literary atmosphere here which invigorated the recitations and debates, and showed itself in original orations, and even poems. The halls sometimes rang with fun, but it was not malicious. Ramage and Lowrey and Page sometimes extemporized farces in front of the college, attended by rollicking mirth that sometimes had to be checked, but the main element that controlled the college was a scholarly culture, showing itself in its generous sympathy with the remarkable men who taught its classes. In no western college, and perhaps in no eastern one, could Professor Smith have found more enthusiastic undergraduate auxiliaries to aid in verifying the multitudinous references in his Homeric Lexicon than he found here.

The literary societies were full of blood, and defied all restraints on the freedom of discussion. Sometimes excitement ran high, but it was generous and healthy, and in these collisions we found exhaustless pleasure. To us it was a rich experience, the delights of which seem even yet to linger in our taste.

> "Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
> We love the play-place of our early days."

In those days we "attended prayers" at five o'clock

morning and evening. The first recitation followed morning prayers, and in the winter each one carried his own lamp to the recitation room. But it must be confessed that morning prayers and recitations before daylight in the winter time were not attractive. It was a type of piety that was greatly in advance of our condition and capacities.

Occasionally our ante-daylight devotions were rendered positively interesting by some enterprising joker—an early riser—who had sprinkled the stone steps on a cold morning for the fun of seeing man after man on his way to chapel skating impetuously on his knees or otherwise down the well glazed steps toward the terrace. But no ingenuity even of that sort nor of any other could invest these unnatural exercises with much fascination to boys who were sleepy. And then at least three of the classes after prayers descended to those subterranean recitation rooms which now are used for coal cellars. There in the scarcely relieved darkness we recited in a sort of benumbed misery, because such had been the method in New England.

Nor were the "college commons" and the system of manual labor very popular. Both were thoroughly tested but "the commons" to this day is in our recollections scarcely less pleasant with its plain food than the shops in which for "the good of our souls" we made brooms and barrels. It sounded well to speak of giving students "sound and vigorous bodies * * —fitting ministers to endure hardness as good soldiers," but the system was not popular. It was a source of constant annoyance and collision. Designed to promote the health of students large numbers had attacks of sickness about the time the bell summoned them to labor. But they recovered before the ringing of the supper bell. Even the matchless discipline of Professor Allen and the exhaustless wit and patience of Deacon Adams were unavailing to make manual labor popular. Probably owing to the presence of "original

sin" in us, or "the want of original righteousness," we were quite unanimous in our dislike of manual labor—and also in our prayers that "it might die young." But it is certain that the manual labor did not greatly diminish our animal spirits nor did the college commons prevent our being a set of hungry and jolly fellows with enough life in us to give both "college commons" and "manual labor," when they died, a send-off worthy of them! I venture the guess that the Original Faculty of Marietta College regarded these two institutions as furnishing a full share of the daily annoyances that tried them.

Should you think me slow in placing the Original Faculty of "Marietta College" on the canvas, you must remember there must be worked up "a background" for the picture. Let me now try my unskillful brush in depicting the men included in my theme.

They numbered five. Joel H. Linsley, D. D., the first President, and Professors Henry Smith (afterwards the second President), D. Howe Allen, Milo P. Jewett, and Samuel Maxwell. They were elected in 1833, under the first charter, although Professor Smith began to teach here in 1832. Of two others who at an early date became members of the Faculty I will say but little for two reasons, they were not members of the original Faculty, and they are yet living. President Andrews was appointed Tutor in the fall of 1838, and Dr. Kendrick came in the fall of 1840. For these men a multitude of Marietta students entertain a profound respect. They have been excelled by no one in their devotion to this college during a period of many years—the one forty-seven years and the other forty-five years. The history of the college must assign a prominent place to these two men whose joint lives here amount to nearly a century, and who have served the college in dark and perilous times with a fidelity that has never wavered, and with a self-sacrifice that has been heroic. I voice the love of hundreds taught by them in these simple but hearty words.

Forty-eight years ago I first saw President Linsley.* He was then forty-seven years old. His dark hair was becoming well dashed with gray. His black eyes were lighted with an unusual brilliancy when interested in conversation or preaching. It was my first interview with a college president. Then and always in his best moods his face was illumined by the goodness of his heart. It was the winning face of a man whose piety had not been soured by false notions of the badness of people in general and the virtue of himself in particular. Religion in his manners and words was savored with sweetness. Sometimes, as when preaching in the great revival that shook the college in the spring of 1839, he was electrical with the intense interest that spoke in his tones, his gestures, and his looks. He then seemed inspired and his appeals were quite irresistible. On occasions of this sort he appeared in peculiar contrast with Dr. Smith. The former seemed like a spring sun warming and winning, and seeming to say with touching tenderness, "Oh come and taste and see that the Lord is gracious." The latter in deep and dreadful undertones or loud and dreadful thunder, froze one's heart with the words—doubly terrible as uttered by him—"cut it down." Both were great preachers. The Rev. Albert Barnes once said of these men, both of whom had preached with great acceptance in his church: "Dr. Smith is a very great preacher—few are greater—but I cannot convince my church that he is the equal of Dr. Linsley!" It was a fine encomium and we need not trouble ourselves with invidious comparisons. Dr. Linsley was able in the class room, but his true throne was the pulpit. In both positions he did a great work for this college in spite of the fact that so much of his time and strength was spent in asking alms to save the imperilled institution. A man

*Joel Harvey Linsley was born at Cornwall, Vt., July 16, 1790, was graduated at Middlebury College with first honors 1811, was ordained 1824, and died at Greenwich, Conn., March 22, 1868.

of no mean intellect, his greatest power was his transcendent goodness. In the class room, or the social circle, preaching or travelling, this quality controlled him.

I recall an incident. He was returning to Marietta at the close of his summer vacation. The river was very low and at Wheeling he found a small stern-wheel boat, and it was Friday. The captain assured him he would reach Marietta the next morning and so the Doctor went aboard. The boat got aground so often that when Saturday night came it was still twenty-five miles to Marietta. Against the remonstrances of the captain and the passengers he was taken to the shore with his trunk and landed where there was not a house in sight. But he soon found one and sent for his trunk. True to his calling he asked the farmer to circulate word that the next day he would preach at his house. He was hardly settled in his quarters when he found a Marietta hack bound for home which he engaged to stay with him until Monday morning, and after having rested the Sabbath according to the commandment he rode home. He had gone only a few miles when he overtook the steamer he had left, hopelessly stuck fast on a sand bar, and her passengers making their way to Marietta afoot as best they could.

And in this way his life was rendered beautiful by illustrations of his goodness.

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

Let me add an incident which shows his virtue mixed with humor. Once he was taking that dreary ride in the stage coach from Zanesville to Marietta, and the coach was upset to the slight injury of some of our passengers. A flask of brandy was furnished the Doctor whose arm was severely bruised. Before using it for his own relief he bathed the wounds of several, but when he came to a man who was hurt but whose conversation and manners

before the accident showed he had been drinking, the Doctor remarked, "You do not need any outward application. You have already as much *in* you as you can stand!"

My last interview with Dr. Linsley was at Greenwich. He was then a hale, active man of seventy-five years. To me it was a memorable visit. My venerable President received me as a son and let his good heart overflow in benedictions on the college and its friends and its alumni. And he talked of his church, and his work, and his plans, with all the enthusiasm of a young pastor. And then with youthful step he led the way up into the tower of his new church. No doubt he had been there before, but as we looked out upon the magnificent view of the towns and farms and hills and vales, along which were gleaming the waters of Long Island Sound, he spoke of the sight with all the fervor of a boy. As he stood there that day, his kindly face all aglow with delight, he left on my memory a picture which shall never be dimmed if my filial affection can keep it bright.

Not observing the chronological order of service, let me now speak briefly of Professor Samuel Maxwell,* the most modest and gentle member of the original Faculty. Another pen with filial affection, as I am told, will de-describe him so fully that this tribute need not be extended. He was graduated at Amherst in 1829. He came to Marietta in 1833, and was Principal of the Preparatory Department of Marietta College till 1855. Very unpretending in all relations he yet inspired his classes with a fine enthusiasm. The feeble health of Mrs. Maxwell defeated his purpose to go to some foreign land as a missionary. But as long as he lived the cause of Foreign Missions was highest in his affections. He showed this in various ways. He was willing to educate at least one young relative for this work. A portion of

*Samuel Maxwell was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, March 9, 1804, and died at Marietta, Ohio, January 24, 1867.

his income was set apart to this cause, and the wealth of his faith for a lost world was constantly poured forth in his prayers and social influence. It was his ruling passion.

He attended Andover Theological Seminary two years, as a member of the class of '32, but was not graduated. In 1836 he was licensed by the Presbytery of Athens to preach. He was never ordained, but, with the exception of two years, from 1836 to 1866 his name is enrolled as a licentiate on the minutes of the General Assembly under the care of the Presbytery of Athens. He had one power as a preacher, in the fact that no one doubted his sincerity.

In the original Faculty there was no sweeter spirit, than this gentle, faithful Christian man, teacher, preacher, and gentleman. His death occurred in 1867, and was such a triumph in the serenity of his faith, the fearlessness of his courage, and the rapture of his hope, that to those who were permitted to witness it, it seemed as if indeed in this case pre-eminently

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

Professor Milo P. Jewett* was a man of sterner stuff. He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1828. He was not ranked in "the upper third of his class and as such elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa." In that upper third were some able men, a college President, three Theological Professors, a Chief Justice of Iowa, a United States Senator, and at least two famous college Professors. And yet much of the fame of that distinguished class is based on the achievements of three men who did not belong to "the upper third"—Edmund O. Hovey who helped found and build Wabash College; Caleb Mills who taught in Wabash College forty-six years, and especially

*Milo Parker Jewett was born at St. Johnsbury, Vt., April 27, 1808, was graduated at Dartmouth College 1828, Andover 1833, and died at Milwaukee, Wis., June 9, 1882.

who organized the Public School System of Indiana; and Milo P. Jewett who was the father of Vassar College. Seldom is any one class so honored as to have springing up within itself three such fountains of Christian influence. Dartmouth's class of 1828 has this fame.

Professor Jewett came to Marietta in 1833. His very self as I saw him the first time in 1837 is daguerreotyped on my memory. And whilst he at first appeared somewhat pompous in his manner, it did not require much time to correct the impression, and in its place to plant a partial affection that has never grown weak. He was a delightful teacher. In the summer of 1838 he was baptized by immersion in the Ohio river. It was an impressive scene, no doubt causing pain to some of his associates, but so far as I know no one questioned his sincerity.

From Marietta he went to Alabama and won an enviable fame as an educator of young ladies, and subsequently returning north he became the fortunate agent of Divine Providence in leading a wealthy man to found Vassar College. He also organized the institution and became its first President.

Not long before his death it was my privilege to visit him in Milwaukee where he had been living several years. He was then a beautiful and venerable old gentleman, held in the greatest honor by all classes for the important services he had rendered as a Christian educator and philanthropist. I can never forget that day's communion, especially as we stood on the bluff overlooking Lake Michigan and talked of the scenes long past, and the men who had figured in them in connection with this college. He was at that time the only survivor of the elect men who belonged to the original Faculty of Marietta College —Linsley, Smith, Allen, and Maxwell had all "fallen asleep." In touching words he recalled the years of straitness, and struggle, and also of deliverance spent here. With peculiar tenderness and brotherly affection he spoke

of his associates. He seemed looking at them through eyes clarified by Christian charity so that they were to him as "angels of God." It was a hallowed and unusual privilege thus to hear this good man on whose face the light of heaven seemed already shining speak of the goodly fellowship of these five men whose brotherly love had been sweetened and ennobled by the experiences which they had in common shared. His death occurred June 9, 1882.

The most difficult part of this memorial of "the Original Faculty" remains. Henry Smith* and D. Howe Allen were "the David and Jonathan" of whom I must make as far as possible a single sketch. The familiarity and abundance of the materials are embarrassing.

My first sight of Dr. Allen left an impression never to be effaced. He was then twenty-nine years old, slight in person, elegant in carriage, and overflowing with cheerful humor and delightful speech. His fine face was one that, whilst at times shaded with sadness, usually was lighted up with smiles, but always carrying the signs of his manliness, his genius, and his goodness. "He had a face like a benediction."

A few weeks after the fall term of 1837 began, Dr. Smith returned from Germany. He was regarded the most brilliant man in the Faculty. He was its greatest scholar, teacher, and preacher, so the popular voice declared. His sermon on "The Fears of the Wicked Reasonable" had then a traditional fame. It seems only a day ago since one morning our little chapel was in a buzz of excitement as this noted man took his place on the platform. I remember the brilliancy of his eyes, and the

*Henry Smith was born at Milton, Vt., Dec. 15, 1805, graduated with the first honor at Middlebury College 1827, Andover Theological Seminary 1833, and died at Cincinnati, O., Jan. 14, 1879.

Diarca Howe Allen was born at Lebanon, N. H., July 8, 1808, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1829 with the first honors, spent year 1829–30 at Andover Theological Seminary, ordained 1838, died at Granville, O., Nov. 9, 1870.

interest that lighted up his countenance as he looked over the scene. I seem even now to see his right hand nervously twirling his spectacles in a way familiar to his old students.

He was a "grand Puritan." He hated above all things any thing that hinted of drunkenness. When very weary with preaching one Sunday night he was urged to take a little home-made currant wine, he said, "Yes, I will if it won't burn blue!" and the wine went on the red coals of fire to be converted instantly into a blue flame extorting from him in sharp staccato, "No, thank you, nothing that burns blue!"

He loathed narcotics of all sorts and laziness alike, and once said, quoting Dr. Edwin Hall, "he would if he could, endow a college free to all comers, but he would expel the first man caught in a lie or evading duty." In fact he was not a man that indolent or mischievous students loved to encounter. Sometimes his blows fell tremendously on such.

Dr. Smith was profoundly moved by a sense of duty to do what he ought to do with his might. When he preached it was not a question of numbers as to how he was to preach. At Charlotte he preached to a dozen hearers on a stormy Sunday, and in the Newport School House to a hundred with an eloquence and passion sufficient for the greatest audiences on historic occasions. This was due in part to his defective sight which so far as actual vision was concerned made all audiences very much alike to him, but especially to his quick power of putting himself into a mental condition even when addressing small audiences that brought before him in imagination a throng of interested listeners, Perhaps he never was more eloquent than when for the first time he preached his famous sermon on "The Dignity of the Christian Ministry" before an audience of two hundred in the Harmar Town Hall when the late Dr. Milo J. Hickok was ordained. He was then as great as when he

preached before the American Board at Springfield, or thundered his "God in the War" at Buffalo, occasions when his eloquence attained a national fame. It was thought by some that "Dr. Smith's oratory was pitched too high to last," but the criticism was not sustained by his ministry in the Newport School House, the North Church of Buffalo, and the Second Church of Cincinnati. To the very last his eloquence was sustained with extraordinary power.

A careful look at the oldest and also at the most recent portrait of Dr. Smith suggests the truth of what has been asserted that he had the conscience of "a grand old Puritan." He would not even accept Tholuck's invitation to take tea with him on Sunday night. And yet sometimes his fun was exquisite and his laugh infectious. And withal he was as tender as a child. I shall never forget his emotion as he came to the chapel prayers from the room in which Mrs. Andrews had just died. And when "Mother Wilson" died he hurried to her house and with flowing tears spoke of her as one "who had been to him as a mother."

The contrasts between his tenderness and sternness—qualities made perhaps too prominent in this memorial—are well defended in a stanza of his own in an early poem:

> "Think not, think not, the heart is cold,
> Tho' cold the mien may be;
> The ice-girt sides of Hecla hold
> A quenchless lava sea."

Indeed it may be doubted whether he could have been the great man he was had he lacked these contrasts. And as in the case of Dr. Allen this noble character was crowned with the most positive piety. They both "walked with God."

Between these two remarkable men there existed a friendship that there is no reason to believe was sundered or even seriously disturbed either in life or death. Some of you will remember Dr. Smith's pathetic reference to

his sick and enfeebled friend, Dr. Allen, at one of the sessions of the Western College Society, at its twenty-fifth anniversary in Marietta, November, 1868: "Oh, my brother! my earliest colaborer in laying the foundations of Marietta College, forever dear to my heart! Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women! Oh, my brother! May God sustain and comfort thee in thy affliction until thy tongue shall be loosed to sing, in the realms of glory, the song of redeeming love!"

Let me run a parallel of resemblances and contrasts between them. Dr. Smith was born in Vermont in 1805; Dr. Allen in New Hampshire in 1808. Dr. Smith was graduated with the first honors at Middlebury in 1827; Dr. Allen with the first honors at Dartmouth in 1829. Both were converted in college and in consequence both became "preachers of the word" and not lawyers as was their original purpose. Both were forced by conscientious convictions to teach and also to preach, and in these united vocations both attained great eminence. They both studied theology at Andover. They both wrought together at Marietta College and Lane Seminary. Dr. Smith was the more learned scholar, but Dr. Allen was no mean scholar. In theology he was great in the divine combination of "a working theology and a Pauline charity."

Dr. Smith begged for both the college and the seminary but he could not be weaned from his books. He was always a scholar. Dr. Allen was a great financier and died at the very zenith of his powers exhausted by the burdens of the impoverished seminary which he loved so well, and which apparently but for him would have perished. Dr. Smith spent in the service of the two institutions more than forty years, and Dr. Allen thirty-seven years. During the most of these thirty-seven years their two lives flowed together in as sweet and perfect harmony as two mountain brooks, coming from different fountains but running together in a common channel to the sea.

They were very different and very likely "had differences." The one sometimes resembled a gale. The other was usually more like a summer zephyr. The one sometimes poured out his convictions in torrents. The other came commonly with influences as gentle as "the rain on the mown grass." The one was "John Boanerges," the other "John the beloved disciple." Both were successful in their difficult western fields and several times refused tempting calls to other fields. Their very differences seemed to draw them closer together in brotherly love and in the pursuit of a common and noble aim. And as if their Master and Lord would show that charity is the greatest of the virtues and to endure forever, Dr. Smith as he grew older grew more gentle and drew closer and closer to the sweetness and John-likeness of his "dear brother Allen," the dearest and noblest of his friends.

And here you will pardon me for speaking a few words concerning the *wives* of these five men. They were counted worthy a share in the toils, the self denials, and the successes of their husbands. I may repeat here words spoken concerning the wives of the members of the original Faculty of Wabash College, but equally true of these Christian women at Marietta.

"I am sure no words of mine can exaggerate the debt this college owes to these Christian women. No true history of it can be written which does not name with profound admiration the wives of its early instructors and friends. Their names do not appear in the catalogue of the college, but they were even as the shower and the sunlight which do not appear in the yellow glories of the wheat field and the granary. But these silent and modest forces as truly helped to produce the shock and the grain as the more obtrusive ploughman and ox. And so these noble women as really helped to found and build and nurture the college in its times of weakness and perils as did their husbands. And we may not exclude them from

the royal fellowship that lifted the college from its cradle to its throne."

Whilst not one of the original Faculty survives, two of these "elect ladies" still live — Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jewett. And the Alumni of this college on the occasion of its first jubilee send grateful greetings to these venerable women, honored for their own sake and doubly honored for the sake of the men they so effectively helped in laying the foundations of this institution.

And this eulogy is true of other women who helped in the same noble spirit in doing the same noble work.

The duty assigned me is finished. I have had great joy in recalling that far-off past and the friends who were then living here. My youth has come back to me and I have been hearing again the voices of those who then taught me. I have once more seemed to be looking at the venerable founders and the members of the original Faculty of this College and again to hear their voices. Bingham, Mills, Cotton, Moore, Nye, Emerson, and Putnam; Linsley, Smith, Allen, Jewett, and Maxwell; twelve men, all gone but one,—tenderly loved and honored by us all—"*serius in coelum redeas!*"

And the most of the noble women who fifty years ago gave to the new enterprise the inspiration of their faith, and their prayers are also gone into the heavens. And they have been joined by men and women who with them right royally bore the burden and heat of the day. They were a goodly company, and of them all—these glorified friends of the college—I may with slight modication use these words of Dr. Smith himself in his eulogy on Dr. Allen: "There on the mount to day, in the light of that blessed gospel which has revealed to us the mysteries of the kingdom of redemption, we may behold them fellow possessors of eternal life; yet hand in hand gazing in glad and open vision upon the face of their glorified Lord."

The last time Dr. Smith preached in the second church in Cincinnati on the words "and Terah died in Haran," he suddenly grew faint, but when he recovered he announced the "Jerusalem Hymn," "O Mother, dear Jerusalem;" and the last time he preached in the Marietta pulpit—a sermon of magnificent power—he announced the same "Jerusalem Hymn," and many were thrilled with emotion as he repeated with an almost heavenly tenderness the line,

"Oh God, if I were there!"

as if his very soul were ravished with irrepressible yearnings to join his friends who were already within the celestial city. And that one inspired line seems to me to gather up into itself the aspirations and the fruitions of the men who composed "the Original Faculty of Marietta College." Their faith uttered the lofty longing, "O God, if I were there!" and now *they are there!* and shall be forever there with the Lord.

ADDRESS MEMORIAL OF RECENTLY DECEASED PROFESSORS.

BY COL. DOUGLAS PUTNAM, JR.

In accordance with the request of the Committee of Arrangements, I have undertaken to gather some items of interest connected with the following gentlemen, once professors in this college, now deceased: E. P. Walker, E. W. Evans, E. B. Andrews, and George R. Rosseter, and present them on this occasion—and surely, gathered as we are here, from our several homes, dropping the cares of busy lives, we can profitably spend a short time in recalling memories of those honored teachers who have gone before, their work finished here and begun yonder.

George McDonald says in one of his writings: "Let us teach our children, not that they have *souls*, but rather that they have *bodies*, which, when they are through with them, are laid off as a suit of old clothes, while they, themselves, go on into that life, with its work and duties, provided for them elsewhere."

Believers in immortality are fully conscious of the certainty of that life to come, as we doubtless all are, yet so fully do the things that are seen occupy us, and the ever pressing cares of our daily lives envelope us, that I think we ofttimes, substantially, look upon those who have departed as really gone—"out of sight, out of mind"—and it is but meet and fitting on all proper occasions to recall their memories, dwell on their lives, and learn

anew, if we can, the great lessons they endeavored to teach us. So here, among friends, their friends, our friends, let us turn our thoughts toward them.

Sketches of all of these gentlemen have been published heretofore and I can do little more than to collate the facts concerning them. The first one of the Faculty called away since 1860 was Prof. E. P. Walker—who graduated in 1856—a man of most remarkable mental strength and vigor, shown in all the different relations of his life. Coming from Ames township, in Athens county, he adds one more to the number of strong and manly thinkers who have made that place almost historic. He seems in his boyhood to have understood the importance to *him* of a liberal education, and although seemingly dissuaded from it by his surroundings, yet so strong was the impression, that after all arguments to his father for his consent seemed to fail, he said that if he could go in no other way he would leave home without his consent and go to college.

A way was finally opened by what might be called a chance visit of an uncle, a teacher himself, by whose influence and his own evident determination an opportunity was offered him of going to an academy at Austinsburg, Ohio, where he was fitted for college. How strangely these seeming chances guide and mould our lives, leading us in ways we know not of and opening for us doors that seem firmly closed, until a power outside of ourselves and of infinite *strength*, opens them wide before us; but the condition of our entering is that we must first *seek*, must knock and let our wish to enter in be known.

Young Walker, after a preparatory course, came to Marietta in 1852, his mind undecided, but led here by some friend to see what this college could offer a seeker for a solid education. His appearance is perhaps remembered by many present. My own recollection of him is of some years later. I quote a description of him as he then appeared: I remember him well as he sat in my

room. In person tall and large, with complexion fair and ruddy, and a general air, which, while it did not betoken rusticity, was yet devoid of any fastidious grace. He made upon me the distinct impression of a young man of unusual self-reliance, who knew the value of an education, and wished to spend the four years of his college course where he would derive the greatest advantages. Strength, vigor, resolution, manliness were stamped in every feature. I saw in him one who would avail himself to the utmost of the privileges offered by a literary institution, who would give no heed to the seductions of indolence and dissipation, who in moral and intellectual character would be an honor to the college that should number him among her alumni. In all respects he fulfilled this promise. He graduated in 1856 at the head of his class and was at once appointed tutor. Some here may remember his valedictory address to the Trustees when he characterized the college as "our mother—your daughter. She is young and strong—make her great."

While in his Junior year Mr. Walker made a profession of his faith as a Christian, and after a year as tutor went to Andover and pursued a theological course. While there he pondered as to whether his duty led him to go as a foreign missionary, and went so far as to correspond with the secretary of the American Board in regard to it. But it did not seem to be his duty to go. Those in whose judgment he had confidence felt that he was more needed here, at the West, than elsewhere. Immediately after his graduation in 1860, he was elected by the Trustees of this college to the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature. In December of that year, he was married to Miss Ballard, of Athens. In April, 1861, he had a hemorrhage of the lungs, the effect of which baffled all efforts to recover, and, gradually sinking, he died in December of the same year, at the age of twenty-seven. In conversation with a friend, a day or two before he died, he said:

While at Andover I passed through a severe mental struggle. I was a sort of selfish Christian before, with one hand on the world. I there consecrated myself anew and found a peace that has continued, though I have often had occasion to remember the line—"Fight on, my soul, till death." I am not a Christian that prays and communes much; I enjoy these things, I need help about them, though I kindle quick, too. Again, in answer to the question—Do you trust in Christ? he said: Yes; if I should die soon, I think I should be saved, but only through the merits of Christ, and not through any merits, prayers, or contemplations of mine. An immortal spirit redeemed by the blood of Jesus. Trust in Jesus is the same thing in death as in life. These were among his last words—"Trust in Jesus is the same thing in death as in life."

It would be difficult to find a greater difference between men than that between Professors Walker and Evans—the latter of whom was appointed Professor of Mathematics in 1857. Coming here from the State of New York, an entire stranger, his life, influence, and work will long be remembered, not only by those under his instruction, but by this community. Under seeming eccentricity, both in appearance and manner, was a deep, conscientious purpose to do his very best under all circumstances. Many here can doubtless recall now that peculiar, halting, hesitating gait as he came into the recitation room; but once engaged, every physical feature was overshadowed by the thoroughness with which he entered into his work and the endeavors to fill his pupils with his own clear perception of the truth he was trying to prove. "Oh, Mr. So-and-so, how you do *rattle!*" will be remembered as one form of expressing fault for lack of exactness in demonstration and solution. Of few words, and *terse* in manner, when he did speak no one could doubt his meaning.

He seemed devotedly attached to his wife, who did not

join him until he had been here for some time, and we well knew when her daily letter failed to reach him.

His connection with the college closed in October, 1864, his resignation being accepted, at his instance, by the Executive Committee, partly on account of his ill health, chiefly that he might engage in some business ventures in West Virginia. Here he seemed to be singularly successful, the quiet, thoughtful, plodding student developing, at one bound, into the bold, keen, confident operator. He appeared to be cautious and yet had full confidence in his own ability and judgment, the correctness of which was verified by the result of his subsequent investments. But the scholar nature was stronger than that of the operator and, having gotten what to him was a competence, he spent nearly a year in Europe, chiefly in Germany, studying, and, finding the fruit of the tree of knowledge pleasant to his taste, he accepted an appointment to a professorship of the then young Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., whither he soon moved and devoted his strength and time to organizing that new institution. Of the details of his life there a friend says: He had talent, learning, hopes, ambitions. Of the hundreds who feel called to teach, he was certainly one who was chosen. To ably fill a professor's chair calls for variety of ability and he was equal to the demand.

The weeks before the beginning of the Cornell University were enough to break the strongest men. They represented days and nights of toil to organize the institution. There was increasing attention necessary to details. He never failed when weariness of body seemed about to overcome the active brain. But at last everything was established on a firm foundation and the success of the vast enterprise was an established fact. His work went on every day, with no drawback. He knew much and also had the power, which is often lacking, of imparting information agreeably and thoroughly, so that his students easily reaped the result of the work of years.

He was not only able as an instructor, but never failed as a disciplinarian. He won the respect and easy obedience of his pupils. He was an untiring worker and presented an example of rare assiduity in his chosen profession. He was always dignified, yet not austere. He had a spice of humor which, when indulged in, was entertaining, but generally he was silent; when he had nothing to say he said nothing, and thus proved that silence does less injury than weak words. He found great treasures of thought and inspiration in all departments of learning, and while the chair of Mathematics was his special care, he was familiar with various branches of knowledge and so never ran in a rut. He was a genuine student, entirely living in his books, and I sometimes think life, aside from study, was a little dull and colorless, because his brain was overtaxed. He needed simple recreation as a relief from study, and this was distasteful to him. He gloried in climbing from one height to another in the intellectual world, and many a plan was laid for great work which he hoped would live after he had gone. But the body had not strength to sustain the pressure; the physical part was utterly neglected, till the protest came, but it was not heeded till too late. While disease made progress slowly, painfully, and surely, there was no admission that his condition was realized; live he must. The mind was clear. As the vital power decayed the struggle to overcome weakness was often pitiful. The yearning for fame, the longing to live till the fruits of his long research should be accomplished—all his aspirations and ambitions were in vain. At forty-seven years of age the end came. His intellectual power never abated. He could still organize and direct human affairs as few could, and his special department received his attention to the last. He spoke wisely and well when there was need, coming straight to the question, with no figures of speech, and his words had weight. He spoke tersely his convictions. But there came a time when his will was powerless and

then he calmly gave up the struggle and admitted what his friends had seen surely coming. He laid down all his hopes for long and successful life on earth and made ready for the end of this and the beginning of life eternal. He passed calmly, with consciousness to the last, heroic in the endurance of awful suffering, passing to his God, with full faith in One who will certainly be near when we walk through the valley of the shadow of death

More generally known to this community and perhaps more intimately connected with this college than either of the gentlemen of whom I have spoken, was Prof. E. B. Andrews.

Coming here in 1839, from Williams College, which he had entered the year before, he became a member of the Sophomore class, graduating in 1842. Studying theology at Princeton, he began preaching in 1846, being settled as a pastor in Massachusetts for some years. In 1851 he was called to the chair of Natural Sciences in Marietta College, entering upon the duties connected with it in 1852.

Early in his work here, he became deeply interested in geology, and during his life seemed intent on making this science one of *practical* usefulness to his fellow men. No alumnus can forget the interest with which these studies were invested, and the zeal with which he endeavored to impart his interest in and enthusiasm for them to others. Genial, sociable, adapting himself to all surroundings, he was the welcome companion of all those who became acquainted with him. A vein of humor accompanied his conversation, while his cheerful sallies and pleasant witticisms are remembered with pleasure and will remain as one of the pleasant memories of our alma mater.

This disposition he took with him to the pulpit. His ministrations there were welcome, his descriptive powers were, perhaps, flowery, yet not so much so as to conceal the truth he wanted to proclaim, or to weaken the influ-

ence he desired to exert for his Master's cause. Coming from a family of six brothers, five of whom were ministers, he brought to the desk ability of no mean order, and ofttimes presented his subject in so novel a manner as to leave never to be forgotten impressions.

At the beginning of our late war, Prof. Andrews entered earnestly into it, desiring to do his part in those days of horror which seem now like a vision of the past, and upon which we look back, wondering how men such as he could drop study and pulpit and turn to scenes so utterly at variance with their tastes and training. Yet the path of what seemed to him duty, was easier to follow than to shrink back from, and he gave his talent and services to his country. His military history is familiar to most of us and it is hardly profitable to repeat it in detail. It is known that by his efforts, in part at least, General George Crook was placed in command of the 36th Regiment—the history of which is a credit not only to this district, but to the State—of which Prof. Andrews was Major and afterwards Colonel. I doubt whether this feature in his history was fully appreciated at the time. We can look back now and, with calm, dispassioned eyes, give full credit where it is due.

A letter from General Crook, dated at Prescott, Arizona, May 25, may be of interest in this connection. He says: "Col. Andrews was one of a class of men which, fortunately for our country, were not uncommon, who at the outbreak of the rebellion, dropping at once their civil pursuits, entered soul and body into the war, and whose fervid patriotism and absolute devotion to country made their example of the greatest value. I always had a high appreciation of his character, and during my service with him found him able, willing, and eager to do anything to advance the cause in which we were all engaged, no matter how distasteful the details might be.

"I have always felt that his services were not, perhaps, so thoroughly appreciated at their true value by persons

knowing less of his true worth, as they should have been.

"I need hardly say more, and I cannot say less, than that he was a sincere patriot, a conscientious soldier, faithful and true in the discharge of every duty, one whose memory should be cherished and whose example should be imitated, not only by the graduates of his college, but by all who love and revere our country and its institutions."

In 1863, Col. Andrews, having resigned his commission, returned to his college work, where he remained until 1869, when he resigned his chair to accept a State appointment and take charge of the State Geological Survey, which occupied his time for some years. In this capacity he found labor congenial to his tastes and previous training.

The American Journal of Science says: "The State of Ohio owes much to him for his careful study of the coal deposits of Southeastern Ohio and for other labors connected with the development of its mineral and geological resources. He will have a place in scientific history for his part in the progress of American geology."

He was also much interested in archeological investigations and studies. I do not think he had his equal, in this regard, in the State. In verification of this estimate General R. Brinkerhoff, of Mt. Vernon, long associated with him in State service, says: "In geology his best recommendations are the records of his work upon the Ohio surveys and his writings. He was in the first rank of American geologists and was so recognized everywhere, and nothing that I could say would add to his fame in that direction. So also as an archeologist he was recognized at the Smithsonian Institute as one of the most intelligent and accurate in America. If I were to add a word anywhere it would be in regard to his special investigations in Ohio archeology, to which he gave a more extended and intelligent research than any other man, and in which he was, I think, more deeply interested than in anything else. To him, and to Prof. Read and Colonel

Whittlesey, we owe pretty much all that has been preserved of value in regard to the prehistoric remains in this State, and they will always be remembered with gratitude by all Ohio archeologists.

After all, my own recollections of him were more of his personal qualities as a man than of anything else, for he was, in all respects, a gentleman of the highest type, a genial, generous, manly scholar, whom no one could know except to love."

Among the well remembered aphorisms of our venerable and esteemed instructor, Prof. Kendrick, none have made a deeper impression on me than this—"*No man is a necessity.*" It is of course true, yet at times it seems that there is no one ready to assume some work laid down by others; and for what reason I know not, but the fact remains that since the death of Colonel Andrews there has been a decadence in geological as well as archeological research in this State. Whether its end was accomplished during his life I do not pretend to say, but that there has been an apparent lessening of interest in these investigations of late years I am sure will be generally acknowledged. His explorations reached into West Virginia and Kentucky, and to some of us living beyond your borders, have been of interest and value.

He received the degree of LL. D. from this college in 1870. Residing for some years at Columbus after his resignation in 1869, he then removed to Lancaster, where he died in August, 1880, there seeming to be no well defined disease, but, the functions of life giving away, he calmly passed over the border, and all that was mortal lies in Oak Grove Cemetery.

How he would have enjoyed the exercises of this anniversary! May he not be one of the cloud of witnesses encompassing us now? I imagine the *thinness* of the *veil* separating us from those who have gone before may some day astonish us.

It is not often we find, amid the many men with whom we come in contact in this rushing, struggling life, one to whom the realization of the wish of the Scottish poet "to see ourselves as others see us" would bring unalloyed happiness. Yet I feel sure could this have been granted to Prof. Rosseter no reflection save the Scriptural admonition to "Beware of the day when all men speak well of thee," would have followed the estimate presented to him. So much has been written and spoken of him and his work by abler pens and readier lips than mine, that it seems almost like useless repetition.

His connection with this college was of an earlier beginning than that of Prof. Andrews, and death found him at his post and at work. Indeed, I doubt not, humanly speaking, but what his life went out as a sacrifice to his devotion to work, so ready was he to assume the duties of others, if by so doing he could be of service to them; little thinking of any additional burden upon himself, if in any wise he could carry out the example of our thorn-crowned King, who came to "minister, rather than to be ministered unto." What his life was, what its influence was, I need not speak of to an audience of his students, neighbors, and friends.

One fact here may be of interest in indicating what may come of generations of educated men. Though he rarely spoke of it, yet he dwelt with honest satisfaction on his ancestry, deeming it to be the only real, true American aristocracy—and, for that matter, *any* real aristocracy.

He was sixth in descent from Edward Rosseter, of Plymouth, England, one of the first settlers of Dorchester, Mass., and a member of the first Governor's Council. Also of Walter Palmer and Capt. George Dennison, of Stonington, Conn. On his mother's side he was descended from Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, of Ipswich, Mass., also from Elder William Brewster.

His great-grand-father, Rev. Ebenezer Rosseter, of

Stonington, Conn., graduated from Yale in 1718; his grand-father, John Cotton Rosseter, with his two brothers, in 1756; his father, Rev. Dudley Rosseter, at Middlebury College in 1813; himself at Marietta in 1843, followed by his three sons—Edward in 1870, Frank in 1872, and Charles in 1882, they being the fifth generation.—Thus there was an unbroken line of college graduates, of which he was justly proud, and in which he laid his claim to aristocracy.

Coming to Marietta from the famous Boston Latin School, entering as a Freshman in 1839, he graduated with the second honor in 1843. After an interval of two years he was called back as a tutor, then but twenty-one years old, yet so clear-headed was he and so full of that indescribable yet absolutely necessary quality of the successful teacher, in fact necessary to any success—*tact*, that he overcame all obstacles and was highly esteemed. Completing a theological course at Lane Seminary he came to Marietta temporarily as associate Professor of Mathematics, continuing in this capacity for two years. After spending three years in Buffalo, W. Va., establishing there an Academy, he again returned to Marietta where he was at the head of a young ladies' boarding school, until this work was broken up by the destruction of the building by fire. For four years, subsequently, he was in business in this place; but the born *teacher* could not satisfactorily do anything else as well, and in 1862, taking charge of the Marietta High School, he thus continued until 1864, when he assumed the position of Principal of the preparatory department of this college; and after four years of service here, proving by his success his fitness for it, he was chosen by the Trustees to fill the chair of Professor of Mathematics, where he labored earnestly and enthusiastically for fourteen years, and until called still higher in the morning of July 27, 1882.

Of his qualities as a teacher no one who was ever con-

nected with Marietta College need ask. I cannot do better than to quote from one who has in clear language pictured this trait. "He had that peculiar ease and certainty of sight which made him know at a glance what the error was with a student. This clearness was attended by a simplicity of spirit which kept him from reserving himself for grand occasions, for special exhibitions of strength. This was heightened by his peculiar freedom of speech." He could do that which the born orator must do—think on his feet, and say what he wished, when he wished and as he wished. "He seemed to have the faculty that few possess, of seeing the end of his sentence while still in the beginning and of never looking for the proper and most fitting word. In this consists true eloquence.

Or as has been said, "In the class-room his fertility of invention supplied illustrations from every quarter; to dispel clouds, to make his subject stand our clear in the sunlight to the average student, was the every day work in which he delighted."

In this work his enthusiasm was equal to his power of exposition. It was especially so in his study of Astronomy, and at those points where devout minds see the divine order his enthusiasm kindled. His faith ordinarily calm, chastened, and simple, here became glowing and over-mastering, so much so that at times the heavens seemed lighted up with divine glory and the mathematical room became like the temple of God."

Such enthusiasm bore fruit by its effects on his students and the amount of work he obtained from them. Mathematics, usually dry, and not especially attractive, under *his* presentation became so interesting as to seem to overshadow other studies equally as necessary and desirable.

His love for young men, and the desire to seek for and bring out the best that was in them was proverbial. How many a homesick boy he took to his home—that home so

full of light and cheer—and then dropping the teacher and becoming the friend and companion, cheered, as well as encouraged for the work before him, has never been recorded. How many a young man disposed to wander away and not try to develop his latent powers, he sought out and led to better things has only been recorded by Him who remembers the good and forgets the bad.

After all—what is successful teaching? Is it to make scholars, to stimulate to study alone, to send out such as we hope great things from as scholars, or is it to seek and save all who come here, to search for what is good, and finding it to encourage and cultivate *that*, until it shall overcome the evil, and make for the world a *useful man*. I have incidentally learned what seems to me the key to this marked trait in the character of Prof. Rosseter, and that is that he looked back upon his own youth, and, recognizing to what by the grace of God he had attained, he had great charity for the weakness and faults of the undisciplined character and strove by all the means in his power to lead rather than to drive, and to inspire to better things. Are we not often prone to forget that we were once young, and to set a standard for those coming on where our mature years have placed it and censure them if they do not *now* attain to it?

The criticism is often made, and I am not sure but sometimes justly, that the scholar is so far lifted above the every day life of men that he loses sympathy with them, and becoming disgusted with what he sees about him in the strife for place and power, he withdraws himself and lets the "wide world wag as it will," while he busies himself with books and research. To be a man among men is not, by some, considered desirable, but with the light under our own bushel, we contemplate *truth*, leaving the great mass of men to be guided by the blind, it may be, and when all are in the ditch together raise the oft repeated cry of I told you so.

As a citizen, Prof. Rosseter was not only respected and

esteemed, but his influence was wide and far reaching. A life-long neighbor bears this testimony :

He was for many years my nearest neighbor and no man ever had a better one. As a citizen he faithfully performed every duty. Of decided political preferences, he was always courteous to those of opposite views. He voted at all elections and he always attended the primary meetings of his party, not alone for party success at elections, but to secure the nomination of good men as candidates and to defeat candidates whom he deemed unfit for nomination at all. If all men of similar character and taste would do likewise, how soon would our political atmosphere be purified, and if any duty it seems to me is binding on the American cititizen it is to attend the primary meetings and do what he can to secure the nomination of good candidates, and prevent the nomination of bad ones.

In the church of which he was long an officer and in the society connected with it, he was ready to do any work assigned him, regular in attendance at all meetings, willing to lead when necessary, apt in remark and suggestion, cheerful in following the suggestions of others—a worker himself and always a happy stimulator of others to work. In the reading club, in the magazine club, at social gatherings, at meeting of benevolence and charity, at school associations, at teachers meetings, his face was always seen and his pleasant voice and instructive words were often heard, and whenever he was called upon for any service it was cheerfully and promptly given. He was a wonderfully symmetrical and remarkably useful man. "Faithful to all trusts" may be truthfully ascribed to him. But there came a day when the overworked body gave way, and after a short but severe illness, friends told him the end was near; his reply was that while he regretted that he had not done more, yet he had always tried to be "loyal to Christ." Thus laying his services at his Master's feet, he passed on into the "*rest*

that remaineth." Yet in the history of Marietta College, written and unwritten, he still lives.

Thus I have imperfectly sketched the history of these four professors who have gone before us. As we pass on, how rapidly the ties binding us here are loosened and how many of those we love and respect are in the place prepared for them! It is well at times, to ponder on this and it is especially so on this semi-centennial occasion. It is by no means probable that any alumnus here will witness its centennial celebration, yet in our several places we can do what we can to add to her reputation by lives of usefulness to men. If there be one great want of this time it seems to me it is of educated Christian men—I do not mean educated men merely, but Christian men, not theologians, or ecclesiastics, but broad men, so filled with the spirit of the Master, and so imbued with the sacredness of science, that they can, if need be, sacrifice their own rights, for the good of others; and while I am no pessimist, and am disposed to believe that the same hand that has led us hitherto will still lead us, yet that we are, as a people, at this juncture surrounded by circumstances which give rise to grave thought, will, I think, be generally admitted. I feel convinced that the solution of these can come alone from this source, by this agency, from trusted Christian men, who understand and appreciate both sides of great questions, and can cheerfully accord justice to all.

Amid the sadness and mystery that in a sense surrounds us all, which leads perhaps to the honest thought, if not one spoken, of "cui bono"—what is the use of it all, when at times even our best motives and endeavors may be misconstrued, or if rightly understood, may be received with ingratitude and abuse, it is a consolation to turn to Him, who commended even the slightest effort for good.

These words have often come to me at such times and I leave them with you. They may strengthen and help

you to take up life's burdens as they come—leaving what we cannot understand, until the day when all things shall be made clear. There is work for you, and for me, where there are sin and sorrow, and there are sin and sorrow everywhere.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PSI GAMMA LITERARY SOCIETY.

BY A. A. FERRIS, ESQ.

Like all great reforms and progressive movements, the Psi Gamma Literary Soctety was the outgrowth of a revolution. In the first years of the life of Marietta College there existed but one literary society, known as the *Phi Sigma* Society. This Society was subject to the supervision of the college Faculty, and had its being by the grace of that august body. It was against the order of things, however, that harmony should prevail in a single society. Classes were arrayed one against another, Freshman against Senior, and Senior and Junior against Freshman. Discussions arose, the fire and spirit of youth were aroused in opposition to real or imaginary grievances; rights were infringed, and hence the natural result—a revolt.

In the month of October, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, the Psi Gamma Society had its birth. The founders numbered twenty-six young men whose names, embracing not a few of nature's noblemen, should be held in remembrance and preserved to future generations. They were: William D. Bailey, Josiah Dexter Cotton, Theodore S. Dana, Henry J. Eager, John Ellison, N. Fitzhugh,

Chas. H. Goddard, John Greene, Luther D. Hill, John H. Howes, Frederick B. Homes, Cyrus Kingsbury, Daniel B. Linn, Robert Lowrey, Daniel G. Mason, Aleri A. Morrison, William S. Nye, James Rank, George Rogers Rosseter, Henry B. Shipman, Chas. E. Ramage, William B. Thomas, Franklin Y. Washburn, C. H. Wells, and John R. Wells.

Of these all graduated save six, and were members of the classes of 1840, 1841, 1842, and 1843. Three of the founders became ministers of the gospel ; one became a professor of mathematics in Marietta College ; two were physicians ; three became attorneys at law ; one, Mason, was a publisher in New York city ; nine followed mercantile pursuits ; and two adopted agriculture as their occupation.

Of those who graduated all but seven have run the race set before them and joined the "silent majority." Acoording to the latest statistics, Daniel B. Linn of the class of 1840, a prominent lawyer of Zanesville, Ohio ; Dr. J. D. Cotton of the class of 1842, of Marietta ; Frederick B. Homes of the class of 1842, of St. Louis ; Dr. H. B. Shipman of the class of 1842, of Marietta; William D. Bailey, of the class of 1843, a farmer residing at Marietta ; Charles H. Goddard of the class of 1848, of Marietta ; and William B. Thomas of the class of 1843, a merchant of Marietta—seven in number, survive and furnish living examples of the men who founded the Psi Gamma Society.

Perhaps nothing would so much add interest to this sketch, as to give, in the language of one or two of the founders, some of the incidents immediately connected with the origin of this society. One of them writes :

"Before the formation of the Alpha Kappa and Psi Gamma Societies, there was one society divided into two divisions. The faculty at that time would allow but one society. * * * The majority of its members became dissatisfied, and one night, after a big fight, the society was

broken up and disbanded. Between the hours of one and two o'clock that night, the old fogies, as we called them, got together secretly and formed the Alpha Kappa Society. They adopted their constitution and by-laws and elected their officers. The next day they exultingly made known what they had done and informed the other students that they could come and join their society or go without one, as the Faculty had said they would permit but one society. This left about two-thirds of the students out in the cold, as the saying is, and we concluded we would see what could be done. We got together and formed the Psi Gamma Society, and appointed a committee to go before the Faculty and explain the state of affairs. They in their wisdom concluded it would be best to accept the situation and sanctioned the organization of the two societies. At the organization every student had the privilege of joining which society he preferred. The result was that about two-thirds of the students joined the Psi Gamma, so that our society had at the start the largest number of students and by far the best talent. We met at that time in the northeast room in the basement of the dormitory, which, after the new hall was built, was turned into and is now a coal house. We at once commenced forming our library by each member contributing money and books. As the library was kept in the room of the librarian, there was quite a strife to be librarian, and thus arose the great *constitutional* question, whether a member of one society could leave his own and join the other society. One of our members ran for librarian, but was beaten, and becoming dissatisfied, he proposed to the Alpha Kappa Society that if they would take him into their society he would subscribe fifty dollars to their library. It was claimed by the Alpha Kappa Society that as he was one of the original members he could withdraw from one society and join the other. The matter was referred to the Faculty, and after hearing the arguments of the commmittee from each society, they

decided almost unanimously that it would be a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the constitution. So the Psi Gamma gained this case and that point remained settled to this day."*

Another one of the founders gives an interesting account of the organization and thus writes:

"I only remember what an excitement the separation of the two societies caused and some little matters happening about that time. * * * Of all the dear old friends of the college who were made Honorary members in 1839, the only survivors are Douglas Putnam, Esq.; Rev. Addison Kingsbury; Prof. John Kendrick; our beloved President, I. W. Andrews, and Erastus Adkins, at that time tutor in the academy.

I can scarcely recall anything connected with the beginning of the library, only that we every one gave what books we had which we thought worthy a place in its shelves, and all the admission money and fines were used to purchase more. It was one of the class of 1842 over whose name there was such a squabble, which forever settled the one important fact, that no one could withdraw his membership from one society and join the other. This gentleman is still living in St. Louis, and I well remember the young ardent *lawyers* from each society, selected for their legal attainments, who appeared before the Faculty and argued this point. It was well it was so wisely settled at that time. Luther D. Hill, of the class of 1842, pleaded this point and successfully, *i. e.*, that any member can withdraw from one society as he might choose, but he could never under any circumstances join the other."

The same authority continues:

"Our two societies, Psi Gamma and Alpha Kappa were the *first* societies in Ohio that adopted the present method of choosing their members, that is, alternately, first

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*Dr. J. D. Cotton.

one society selecting a student and then the other. I believe that D. G. Mason, first president of the Psi Gamma, gave the name to the society, and Charles E. Lindsley, son of the first president of the college, gave the name to the Alpha Kappa Society. Previous to 1839 the only society strictly literary in the college, was the *Phi Sigma*, and out of its broken fragments were formed the two splendid societies that are now an honor to the college. The disruption of the old *Phi Sigma* was in this wise, as near as I can ascertain: It seems that the Freshmen did not choose to hand their orations designed for public exhibition to the Faculty for approval. The Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores deemed it proper that the Faculty should examine all such productions before public exhibitions. There was much wrangling about this, and finally all the members of the higher classes, *except two Seniors*, held a meeting and drew up a constitution to be presented to the Faculty for their approval for a new society. The lower classes and these two Seniors met the same day and also drew up a constitution for approval by the Faculty, and the two constitutions were presented and passed upon by the Faculty at the same time."*

Thus the two societies sprang into existence. And it may be fairly concluded from the testimony of these two members who were parties to the organization, that the Psi Gamma society began active life as an organized body of dissenters.

The first officers of the society were Daniel G. Mason, President; Robert Lowrey and Chas. E. Ramage, the two Vice Presidents; John Greene, Treasurer; and Henry J. Eager, Secretary.

It would be both interesting and instructive to trace the lives and characters of these founders. But societies and individuals are proverbially careless in the preservation of history, and the facts at hand are meager. Cotton

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*Dr. H. B. Shipman.

and Rosseter were salutatorians of their respective classes, Howes and Nye delivered philosophical orations, Franklin Y. Washburn delivered the Latin oration of his class, which ranked as the fifth honor. Of those living, Doctors Cotton and Shipman, Mr. William B. Thomas, and Mr. Chas. H. Goddard, are distinguished and honored citizens of Marietta to-day.

Of those departed from life it can be said that all quitted themselves like men. Years did not dim nor distance efface the zeal and affection of Daniel G. Mason for the society he was so active in founding. As a publisher in New York, he never forgot the Psi Gamma Society, and oftentimes showed his remembrance by donations of books to the society's library. Wm. S. Nye was a lawyer of recognized ability and attained distinction in his profession, at Chillicothe and in Southern Ohio. He was for a number of years actively identified with the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, filling the various positions of Solicitor for the Company, Treasurer, Secretary, Vice President, and acting President, always with distinguished ability and fidelity.

Luther D. Hill was a prominent clergyman in Maine, and died quite recently.

Henry J. Eager was a lawyer of distinction in the South, and within a few months past laid down his armor.

John H. Howes, a business man in Chicago, recently died in that city.

Charles E. Ramage became a lawyer of ability and prominence in one of the Southern States, and he too has passed away.

What tongue shall speak, or what pen write the full measure of praise due to the lamented Rosseter? First, an active and ever faithful member of Psi Gamma, always prompt in attendance at the meetings of the society, never shirking a duty, never failing in oration or debate; then out of college, acting as tutor; later for a time preaching the gospel of truth; then

Principal of the Academy; then Professor of Mathematics, beloved and idolized by the students—loved and esteemed by every one who knew him. Who can estimate the power for good of such a man ? Yes, his works live after him, and will continue to live, even to eternity.

It will interest and instruct the one in search of history to make a few extracts from the life of the society as evidenced by the written records. The minutes disclose that the first question debated by the society was at the meeting of March 4th, 1840, upon the question : " *Would it be expedient for the Postmasters to be appointed by the people ?* " The chief disputants were : George R. Rosseter, John Ellison, Theodore S. Dana, and Chas. E. Ramage for the affirmative, and J. Dexter Cotton, Aleri A. Morrison, Wm. B. Thomas, and Daniel G. Mason for the negative. The minutes are silent as to how the question was decided. But the question that first called forth the debating powers of Psi Gamma, in 1840, is surely a living and absorbing subject of thought to a large class of American citizens to-day.

At the meeting of Dec. 9, 1840, the society was for the first time disputing over the question: " Is the immediate abolition of slavery expedient?" Rosseter, Washburn, Goddard, and Thomas maintained the affirmative, and Nye, Morrison, Waite, and Steele contended for the negative. The question, according to the minutes, was decided by the president in the affirmative, but on being thrown open to the society was decided in the negative.

As the society increased in age, it debated: " Whether the moral and political course of Jefferson was commendable," the president deciding in favor of the affirmative, and the society on appeal reversing that decision.

As long ago as 1847, the society was debating the question: " Would it be expedient for the United States to construct a railroad from some point upon Lake Michigan to some point on the Pacific?" The question was decided in the negative, but it is quite remarkable that stu-

dents at college should have debated, a third of a century before its realization, a project of such immense magnitude, both as a question of material development and of national civilization.

It would be interesting to give in detail some of the controversies that agitated the society at different periods, controversies that shook the society to its foundations. One of them was the trial of Alvan H. Washburn and John H. Hudnall for a violation of the constitution in advertising for sale certain of the books belonging to the library, without authority from the society. It appears that, as members of the General Committee, they had culled over the library and found some worthless books, which they assumed to advertise and sell without first obtaining authority from the society. Such action could not go without notice and rebuke, and accordingly Hudnall and Washburn were formally arraigned and tried on three charges, Joseph G. Wilson acting as prosecutor. To one of the charges, that of acting without authority, they pleaded guilty. On the charge of violating the constitution they were adjudged guilty, by a divided vote. Then a motion to pass a vote of censure failed by a decided majority.

At the second meeting subsequent to this action, a resolution was offered and adopted on the motion of Mr. Campbell, to the effect that it was the sense of the society that Washburn and Hudnall had not "acted from the least willful motives, or at all against what they considered to be the wishes and best interests of the society."

This was a typical dispute, and exhibited the character of the young men who composed the Psi Gamma Society in its early history. A principle was at stake. It was vindicated in a formal, careful, impartial manner. Parliamentary questions arose involving intricate points, difficult of decision in the most experienced deliberative body. Then, lest a cloud should rest upon two valuable members of the society, on the motion of a fellow mem-

ber, justice was fully meted out by the resolution acquitting the two members of the committee of any intentional wrong.

The library of the society, from the first meeting for organization until now, has been an object of the most earnest solicitude. If the truth were known, it would reveal the fact that not a few of its members had practiced deeds of self denial and inconvenience in more ways than one, in order to contribute substantial aid toward the increase of the library. Beginning with nothing, then with a precious few books that could be placed upon a small shelf of a single book case, the library has grown to respectable proportions and great value, until, according to the latest report, the number of volumes is five thousand three hundred and twenty (5320), or at the rate of 115 volumes a year, and at the rate of ten (10) volumes and a fraction for each member who has ever belonged to Psi Gamma.

The records of the society are constantly exhibiting the zeal of the members in this direction. Early in its history (1848) one reads that a gold pencil was purchased by the society and presented to Charles Goddard, Esq., for his efforts and interest in behalf of the library.

In September, 1856, one reads in the minutes: "Honorary member Kendrick being present, he gave us some remarks on the library, exhorting us to be watchful and diligent,—and to make every exertion in our power to fill up our library. A resolution was offered reading as follows: Resolved, That we who are this day present do unanimously resolve to contribute twenty-five dollars ($25.00) each to the Psi Gamma Library during the present year. Carried. Yeas: Condit, Cutler, Dye, Flanegin, Hubbell, Kendrick, Putnam, Regnier, Scott, Wallace, and Williamson. Nays ———."

Thus much space has been given to glimpses at the early history and minor workings of the society, because in no better or more accurate way can one discover the in-

fluences at work in the organization, and hence get a true conception of the society's character. Societies are like individuals, and one must know the forces, the controlling spirit in the one as well as the other, to form a correct judgment as to either.

True these extracts are taken chiefly from the early records of the society, but it is safe to assume that the later records are of the same general character. They are perhaps more trustworthy than the later records, because, unfortunately, the more recent records do not appear to have been made and preserved with as much accuracy and minuteness of detail as were the earlier affairs of the society.

It may be noted that the Psi Gamma Society was regularly incorporated by the General Assembly of Ohio in the month of March, 1841, Messrs. Aleri A. Morrison, James Rank, Luther D. Hill, Frederick B. Homes, and William S. Nye being the charter members.

The Psi Gamma Society, then, in this semi-centennial year of the college, has attained to the age of forty-six years—an exceedingly brief space when it is considered that in legal parlance a corporation never dies. But when considered as a *Psukoun Gumnasion*—"school for the training of minds," as the name of Psi Gamma is interpreted—it is bewildering to ponder upon the far reaching effects of such an association. The young men enter college and pursue their studies in text books. But who can estimate the value of the discipline obtained from a faithful performance of their literary society's duties, in declamation, oration, debate, and parliamentary practice?

During this period of forty-six years, Psi Gamma has had altogether a membership of four hundred and ninety-five (495). According to the most reliable data, it is safe to claim that two hundred and fifty, or fifty per cent of those entering the society, have graduated. Their occupations can not be accurately stated. Yet the statis-

tics show with reasonable certainty, that of the two hundred and fifty graduates, seventy-five have become ministers of the gospel or missionaries; thirty have been either teachers, tutors, professors in colleges, or president of a college; twenty-five have adopted the practice of medicine as a profession; forty have been lawyers or judges of courts; one at least, Eliphalet F. Andrews, has become a distinguished artist; four have been editors; while twenty-five or thirty per cent have devoted themselves to agriculture, banking, superintending railroads, manufacture, insurance, and the various branches of mercantile pursuits. It is unfortunate that no reliable statistics have been preserved of those members of the society who have not graduated or taken degrees. A valuable catalogue was printed in 1861 showing the names of all who had entered the society up to and including the year 1860, but there has been no publication since that date.

Books might be filled with sketches of the lives of those who have gone out from Psi Gamma's walls, but this occasion will not allow extended mention. Perhaps the highest praise that the future historian can bestow is to say of them that all have averaged well; that none has disgraced the society.

It may be noted that the honor men have at least not fallen in the rear of the non-honor men, in the race of life, and furthermore, that those members who were most faithful in the performance of society appointments, are the ones who have attained distinction.

Psi Gamma has graduated one United States Senator, Gen. Willard Warner, of Alabama, who graduated as a Bachelor of Science. The lamented Wilson, graduating with the philosophical oration, became a judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon and afterward a member of Congress from that State. Irwin, salutatorian, became Governor of California. Follett, the valedictorian of his class, is at present one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio.

Richard A. Arthur and Charles D. Curtis were not honor men of their class (1849), but one became Professor of Mathematics in Ohio University, and the other President of Farmer's College. Shedd, of the class of 1856, was the salutatorian, and has for many years been a missionary to Persia.

Psi Gamma can fairly claim to have divided evenly the college honors with her sister society across the way. And if Alpha Kappa claims to have graduated twenty-five valedictorians, twenty-five salutatorians, and fifty other honor men, Psi Gamma will maintain that she has graduated an equal number of as high rank.

This paper would be quite incomplete without a brief sketch of Psi Gamma's part in the war for the Union. Scarcely a month before the firing on Fort Sumter, the question reported for debate in the society was : "*Resolved that South Carolina ought to be be kicked out into the ocean.*" Soon thereafter the question : "Should the Southern Confederacy be speedily reduced to a state of subjection to the Union?" was debated by Turner, Beall, Blymyer, Murray, Wells, Wilson, and Ziegler, and of course was decided in the affirmative.

The military record of Marietta College in the war of the Rebellion is truly a proud one. No college in the land surpassed this college in the per cent of graduates and students enlisted on the side of the Union arms. And while not detracting one word from Alpha Kappa's patriotic record, for the sister society furnished many gallant sons in the same cause, yet Psi Gamma's record shines forth with peculiar lustre. The highest military rank attained by any graduate of this college, that of Brevet Major General, was gained by Gen. Willard Warner, a member of Psi Gamma. According to the most reliable statistics, every soldier from the college killed on the field of battle was a member of Psi Gamma.

Taking them in the order of their classes, the first to lay down his life for his country was Captain Lawrence

Waldo, of the class of 1853. Waldo responded to the President's first call for troops, and joined the Zouave Guards at Cincinnati, Captain J. G. Baldwin commanding, which became Company D of the Second Regiment O. V. I. Within twenty-four hours after the call for 75,000 men had been telegraphed to Cincinnati, the Zouave Guards had offered their services, and within a week were on their way to the relief of Washington. Waldo took part in the first battle of Bull Run. He became Captain of a company in the Eighty-third Regiment O. V. I., in 1862, and joined the expedition into Kentucky to check Kirby Smith's advance upon Cincinnati. He took an active part in various campaigns, was at the attack upon Chickasaw Bluff, at Port Gibson, later at the siege of Vicksburg, and finally fell mortally wounded, April 8th, 1864, at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads.*

Next on the roll of patriots is Captain Edwin Keyes, an undergraduate of the class of 1854. In 1860 Keyes founded and was at the head of what was known as Tupper's Plains Seminary, in Meigs County, Ohio, an academy the chief aim of which was to prepare young men for college and train young women and men for teaching. In 1862 reverses to the Union arms aroused young Keyes, and patriotism and duty impelled him to give up his seminary, then in a very flourishing condition, to go to the defense of his country. He enlisted August 12th, 1862, and soon thereafter received a captain's commission. In less than a week from the date of his appointment, he reported in camp at Marietta with a squad of young men composed of his pupils and neighbors, in greater number than could be enrolled in one company. Keyes commanded Company B, of the 116th Regiment O. V. I. He and his company participated in the important battles in the Valley of Virginia until he was taken prisoner in 1863. On June 18th, 1864, while leading his

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*See "Marietta College in the War."

men in a desperate charge upon the enemy's ranks near Lynchburg, Va., he was twice seriously wounded, and being left on the field of battle, he fell into the enemy's hands, and on July 19th, 1864, Captain Keyes died in the hospital at Lynchburg, Va., from the effects of the wounds received.

Then comes ths name of the Christian soldier, Lieutenant Timothy L. Condit, valedictorian of the class of 1860. Condit had chosen his life work, that of the ministry, and was about to enter upon theological studies. But in the fall of 1861, after carefully and prayerfully weighing the question of duty in the hour of his country's peril, he resolved to devote himself to his country, and then, should his life be spared, to return and complete his preparation for the ministry. He entered as a private for the three years' service in Company L, 1st Regiment of Ohio Cavalry. In camp and in the field he acted the part of a thorough soldier. In the month of May, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant of his company. On the 31st of December, 1862, while riding his horse to the front of his company for the purpose of leading his men in a charge upon the enemy, and in the hottest of the fight at the battle of Murfreesborough, Lieutenant Condit was shot and instantly killed. In that admirable book of memorials, entitled "Marietta College in the War," from which valuable collection many facts have been obtained, the writer of the memorial on the military services of Lieutenant Condit pays him this tribute ;

"As a type of that spirit of devotion to duty which regards not danger, of that adherence to Christian principle which is swayed by no influence ; and of that patriotism which rises to the level of a sacred duty—may his memory ever be cherished by the young men, who, in the coming years, may gather around his alma mater."

Next on the roll is the gallant William Beale Whittlesey, of the class of 1861. Whittlesey, in the fall of 1862,

assisted in raising a company and was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Company F, 92d Regiment O. V. I. He was in the battle of Chickamauga under that splendid soldier, Gen. Geo. H. Thomas. As Captain of Company F, Whittlesey led his men up the steep and rugged hillside of Mission Ridge, and in the midst of that memorable and sanguinary battle, when near the summit and in the front of the charge, a minie ball pierced through his heart, and Whittlesey's life blood flowed out, his last words being to urge his men to go forward.

Next on this roll of immortal heroes comes the name of the talented George B. Turner, valedictorian of the class of 1862. A few short months after graduating he enlisted in the same company in which Whittlesey was a Lieutenant. He became Orderly Sergeant of his company. He, too, was in the bloody battle of Chickamauga, with that valiant company of Marietta heroes, Col. Fearing, Col. Putnam, Capt. Whittlesey and Adjutant David E. Putnam, and when the latter was dangerously wounded, Turner was promoted to be Adjutant of the Regiment. At that terrible battle of Mission Ridge, after Whittlesey had been killed, Colonel Douglas Putnam, the commanding officer, had been severely wounded, and after the summit of Mission Ridge had been reached, Adjutant Turner, cool and brave, assumed command of the regiment, which at that time was shattered and almost annihilated. And while rallying his men to repel an assault of the enemy, Adjutant Turner fell mortally wounded, and died from his wounds a few days afterward.

Theodore Tupper, an undergraduate of the class of 1863, early in 1861 had left college for the purpose of recruiting his health and finances, and was in Illinois when President Lincoln's first call for troops was issued. He was among the first to enlist as a private in Company H, 40th Ill. V. I. His marked talents and superior education drew the attention of the officers of his regiment, and he was made Sergeant. He served with his regiment

in the fortification of Bird's Point, and afterward in the defense of Paducah, Ky. The 40th Illinois was ordered South and became a part of the First Brigade, Fifth Division, under the command of Gen. W. T. Sherman. With his regiment he was in the battle of Shiloh, and the narrative runs that on the eve of the conflict, Sergeant Tupper had a presentiment that he should be killed on that battlefield. On that fateful morning of April 6th, Tupper, with his regiment and company, joined in the dashing charge of the First Brigade upon the enemy's flank. In this gallant charge Tupper received a painful wound in the arm and was ordered to the rear. But Sergeant Tupper, undismayed and fearless in battle, rallied his company in the second charge, and while in the fore front of his men, and in the very act of firing, the deadly minie ball did its work and Sergeant Tupper fell instantly killed.

So, too, the records seem to show that every Union soldier going from Marietta College, both graduate and undergraduate, who was wounded by the enemy's bullets, was, with one exception, a member of Psi Gamma. The one exception was that of Adjutant David E. Putnam, an undergraduate of the class of 1864, who was severely wounded in that historic battle of Mission Ridge, along with the other valiant heroes of the renowned 92d O. V. I.

Passing on, where will history record a more brilliant soldier or braver man than the talented and gentle Benjamin Dana Fearing, of the class of 1856, breveted Brigadier General for "gallant and meritorious conduct," the hero of many battles, who was severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga and at Bentonville, and who at the latter named place saved Sherman's army from rout and capture? Entering as a private, he passed rapidly through successive promotions to the rank of acting Adjutant, Major, Lieutenant Colonel, and Brevet Brigadier General. General Fearing lived to fight the battles of peace, and to be a respected, admired, and be-

loved citizen, always alert in serving his country, keen to further every reform, active and enthusiastic in every good work. He has answered to the last roll-call, and one more capable must write his biography.

On this roll of wounded, but not killed, is found the name of Col. Douglas Putnam, Jr., of the class of 1859, the gallant leader of the 92d O. V. I., wounded and carried from the field at the battle of Mission Ridge. Putnam rose successively from the position of First Lieutenant to that of Adjutant, and then to be Lieutenant-Colonel and commander of his regiment. He lives to be an honored member of the Board of Trustees.

Next among these heroic names is that of Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Dawes, of the class of 1861. He passed successively through the several grades of promotion from First Lieutenant to Adjutant, then became Major of the 53d O. V. I., and was afterward brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel of U. S. V. Major Dawes participated in some of the hardest battles of the war ; among others in the battle of Shiloh on April 6th and 7th, and in the battle of Dallas, Georgia. At the latter place he was dangerously wounded and left for dead on the field ; but he knew no such word as " surrender," and he lives to serve his country, his friends, and his alma mater.

The roster of Psi Gamma shows a long list of graduates and undergratuates, who were neither killed nor wounded, yet who rendered valiant services on the side of the Union arms. Doubtless they were as heroic and fought in as many, or, it may be, a greater number of battles, than did those who perished or were wounded in battle.

The historian must be truthful at whatever cost, and Psi Gamma must admit that some few of her men from the South joined in the Rebellion. John H. Hudnall, of the class of 1846, had a brilliant record, first as private, and afterwards as a Captain of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion. And Alfred S. Patrick, together with some

others, rendered distinguished and heroic services, although in a cause that was wrong.

On the roll of undergraduates who fought to preserve the Union, the name of Daniel D. Johnson, of the class of 1860, is the most conspicuous. He had an excellent military record, as Major, then as Lieutenant-Colonel, and then as Colonel of the 14th West Virginia Infantry. He was recommended by General Sheridan for promotion to a Brigadier Generalship, and was severely wounded in an engagement in the Shenandoah Valley, while in command of a Brigade.

Half a hundred soldiers is the grand total furnished for the Union Army, from a Literary Society not a half a century in existence! Look upon this galaxy of the Nation's heroes, and see if the blood does not kindle with a thrill of admiration for the heroes of Psi Gamma!

From this imperfect glimpse at her inner life, is it not manifest that the history of Psi Gamma Society is richly worth preserving? that her example is one that may be ardently emulated? Should it not be the jealous care of every one coming after, to guard faithfully her every interest, and see to it that no factions, no strifes, no discords, no elements hostile to the society's welfare, are permitted to creep into her councils to mar her fair name or injure her future record?

While it may be that her sons have not, like St. Paul, "fought with the beasts at Ephesus," or been beaten with "stripes," or "cast into prison," yet wherever you may go,—whether to the missionary who has given up home and country, for a self-sacrificing life among the benighted heathen, and for the cause of Christian truth; or to the man in his profession; or to the one in his field, counting-room, or workshop; whether in war or in peace, you will find the one trained in Psi Gamma, manfully braving the tempestuous storms and conflicts of life, and reaping a goodly measure of honor and success.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS ON THE ALPHA KAPPA LITERARY SOCIETY.

By Harry W. Nickerson, Esq.

Marietta College has never been without a literary society. From the very first her students have been alive to the rapidly growing importance of this feature in college life and work. No feeble efforts have been put forth and no small sacrifices made to secure the advantages offered by an association of this kind. Even as far back as the days of the old Collegiate Institute, there existed such a society, whose name has been lost. It was organized and maintained on a small scale, but served a good purpose in its day and died an honored death in 1835.

Its legitimate successor was the Philomathesian Literary Society, organized to meet the growing requirements of a prosperous, full-fledged college. This organization included in its membership almost the entire number of students then in college, and, for the sake of convenience, as well as to dodge a then existing college regulation which forbade the existence of more than one literary society, was divided into two divisions. One of these divisions was called the Rho Eta and the other the Phi Sigma. The members were active and zealous in their work, and the society might have enjoyed a long life of usefulness, had not the spirit of dissension entered her ranks.

At all public representations of this society, the Faculty

required the orations and other exercises to be submitted to them for correction and approval. This obligation has been imposed upon every literary society that has existed here since the foundation of the college ; and, with the single exception about to be mentioned, the wisdom or justice of the plan has never been called in question during these fifty years. At the time we are now considering, however, to some of the younger members and to most of the under-classmen, this requirement on the part of the Faculty seemed to savor strongly of injustice, to say the least. The older members and most of the upper-classmen held the requirement to be perfectly fair and right, and were heartily in favor of meeting it in every particular. The Faculty also ruled that all elections for public exhibition should be made from the Junior and Senior classes. The younger and more restless party insisted on the right of the members to choose whomsoever they pleased. Other differences of minor importance existed between the two factions, which had now come to be known as the "Old Fogies" and "Young Americas."

Thus matters went on from bad to worse for two years; the breach already existing continued to widen, until it became evident that all hope of harmony had faded away.

In November, 1839, the last meeting of the parent society was held. The session was a long and stormy one, yet full of intense interest. A final and prolonged effort was made to bring about an era of good feeling, but all overtures came to naught. Discussion waxed hotter and more violent and the meeting broke up amid great confusion. Before the disruption came, an agreement to form a new society was written out by the Secretary of the meeting and signed by a number of the conservative members. By midnight the whole matter was arranged by a sort of close corporation scheme, and the signers of the agreement met in secret session in Room No. 11, South Hall ; and here it was, on the third floor

of the old dormitory building, just as the dawn of a new day was breaking, that Alpha Kappa was born. A committee on constitution was appointed and ordered to report at the earliest possible moment.

The first regular meeting of the new society was held in the college chapel—then the two middle back rooms on the first floor of the dormitory building—on the evening of November 21st, 1839. Of this meeting, Romanta B. Ford, now deceased, was appointed chairman, and Joseph F. Tuttle, now President of Wabash College, was chosen Secretary. The committee appointed at the preliminary meeting, held the night before, reported the draft of a constitution, which was approved and at once transmitted to the Faculty for action thereon, together with a request for permission to form a new society.

The "Young Americas," as they styled themselves, including most of the members of the Phi Sigma division and some of the most enterprising students in college, at once took measures looking to the formation of a second society. A secret meeting was held—between two days—and a new constitution drawn up and submitted to the Faculty for approval, together with a request for permission to form a second independent society. It so happened that the constitutions of both societies were handed to the Faculty on the same day. In each case the request for permission to form a separate society was granted. But one change was made in each of the constitutions submitted. This change was in the method provided for securing new members. Instead of the custom that had long been almost universal among American colleges, the constitutions of these two societies were so changed as to require the new members of the college to be chosen alternately, the first choice to go to each society every second year, and every member so chosen into one society to be precluded from becoming a member of the other during his college course. This plan has been working admirably in Marietta College for almost half a century; and, al-

though it has some defects, yet none of them are glaring and it is in every way so much superior to the old "riding" system that its few weak points are scarcely noticeable. As a historial fact this method of choosing new members has some importance, especially to the friends and sons of our alma mater; for it was here that this plan was first adopted among American colleges.

At a meeting of the senior society held on the following evening,—November 22d, 1839,—Chas. E. Lindsley, son of the first President of Marietta College, proposed that the name Alpha Kappa be given the new-born child. The significance of this name is supposed to be a secret to all save the initiated. This much may be told: Alpha and Kappa are the initial letters of two Greek words which have an appropriate significance; the expression may be found in the first book of Homer's Iliad. At this meeting officers were elected and a committee appointed to draft a set of by-laws and an order of exercises.

The third regular meeting was held on the evening of December 11th. The constitution as amended by the Faculty was submitted, and, after some changes in minor points, unanimously adopted. By-laws and an order of exercises were also adopted,—all of which remain substantially the same to this day. At the same meeting an application for incorporation was drawn up to be presented to the State Legislature. On the 19th day of February, 1840, Alpha Kappa received her charter and became a body corporate,—from which time it has been customary to date our existence.

During the first four years of Alpha Kappa's history, the two societies held their meetings, in alternate years, in the College Chapel and in a room on the fourth floor of the Dormitory,—now Rooms 31 and 33, South Hall. In 1843, the Trustees donated the use of the two basement rooms under the same building to the two literary societies. The choice fell to Psi Gamma by lot and she took the room at the south end of the building, (now the

coal cellar), leaving the basement under the north end—now used as a storeroom for the various utensils and tools belonging to "Professors" Means and Robinson—to Alpha Kappa. This apartment was fitted up neatly with chairs, benches, and tables, and was at that time considered a really cozy and attractive place; although, to look at it now, one could scarcely believe that the genius of literature and eloquence had ever been content to dwell in so uninviting a home; but so it was. This seven years war with adverse circumstances, is said to have been one of the most pleasant, interesting, and profitable periods of Alpha Kappa's history. A member of the class of 1847 says that, during his entire college course, it was a rare occurrence for more than one or two members to absent themselves from a meeting of the society, and then only in cases of urgent necessity.

In 1886 the Middle Building was erected, but it was not until four years later that the societies were informed that they could take possession of the two rooms set apart for their use in the third story. Lots were again drawn and the choice a second time fell to Psi Gamma. On the first day of June, 1850, Alpha Kappa held her first meeting in the hall which she now occupies and has occupied continuously from that date. At this time the room was entirely bare of furniture and carpets, and the walls were of rough plastering. A movement was immediately set on foot to furnish the hall and have the walls and ceilings frescoed. An artist from Cincinnati was employed and in 1852 the work of frescoing was completed. Since that time but little has been done to the walls except by way of renewal, so that the interior appearance of the room is much the same now as it was then. In 1856 the work of furnishing the hall throughout was finished. During these six years the society expended for improvements not far from one thousand dollars.

Alpha Kappa was unfortunate in the selection of a

hall. The position of the bell-tower immediately above has rendered it impossible to prevent the roof from leaking during heavy storms. Several times the ceiling near the center of the room has been almost completely ruined by water. An examination of the select records from 1856 to the present time will show that very few years have passed without there being one or more committees appointed to request the Faculty "to fix the roof." The Trustees have been generous in bearing a share of the expense of refitting, but nevertheless it has been a continual drain on the resources of the society and has crippled her efficiency in many directions. In 1859 one of the heavy clock-weights in the steeple above, came crashing through the ceiling, and the society was obliged to hold meetings in the college chapel for a few weeks until the damage could be repaired. In 1868 new carpets, curtains, and furniture were purchased at a heavy expense; and, since that time, nothing has been done in the way of furnishing, except to procure a canvas for the floor, a new heater, and such articles as are needed for ordinary repairs. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which she has labored, Alpha Kappa to-day possesses one of the most handsomely furnished and tasty halls to be found anywhere among our western colleges. It is the admiration of friends and visitors and the pride of all her sons.

For the first year, the meetings of the society were held on Wednesday evening. In 1841 the time was changed to nine o'clock on Saturday morning, at which hour the society has continued to meet, with the exception of a few months in 1846 and two years from 1853 to 1855, when the time was changed back to Wednesday evening. The plan of holding night meetings has been thoroughly tested on three different occasions and has, in every instance, been considered a signal failure. In the earlier days of the college, when it was customary to have noon prayers in the chapel, it was often found

necessary to hold an adjourned meeting after dinner, inasmuch as, in a great many cases, the literary exercises were so full of interest as to render it impossible to reach an adjournment before noon. The order of exercises is so arranged as to occupy the society until near twelve o'clock. However it is not an unfrequent occurrence for the time to overrun. There is a record of one meeting which lasted all day and until nine o'clock at night.

Within a few weeks after Alpha Kappa was organized, steps were taken to form a library. A small fund was raised, a few books purchased, a few donated, and thus a crude but creditable beginning was made. At first the librarian kept all the books in his own apartments; and, in consideration of his services, was allowed to room alone without extra charge. For this reason the office became a most desirable one, and the election was hotly contested each year. Joseph F. Tuttle, who has been mentioned as the first secretary of Alpha Kappa, was also her first librarian. The zeal that has animated the members in building up the library is highly commendable and worthy of imitation. The early records show that frequent and generous subscriptions to this object were made, even while the society was struggling to furnish and improve her rooms. During one period in the late forties, it was considered a point of honor for each student to bring at least one volume at the beginning of a new year as a present to the library; and we have it recorded that it was customary, even as late as 1860, for certain loyal members to agree to take charge of the hall for so much a term, and then, after the work had been done, to turn their wages over to the library committee to be used in the purchase of new books. John F. Follett and Alfred T. Goshorn might be mentioned as two well-known and distinguished alumni who made such liberal disposition of the money they earned while acting as janitors of Alpha Kappa.

When the society took possession of her present quar

ters, the library was removed to the same room and occupied an alcove reaching from the door along the side to the south end of the hall. Here it remained until the completion of Memorial Hall. In 1871, lots were drawn for the choice of the two rooms in this building, which the Trustees had set apart for the use of the two societies for library purposes. A third time the choice fell to lucky Psi Gamma. The choice was one of location merely, and Alpha Kappa's want of luck resulted this time to her advantage; for her sister society chose the sunniest room, thus leaving to Alpha Kappa the best room for the preservation of books. The members of the classes in college in 1871–72 assessed themselves from five to fifty dollars each, according to ability, and the alumni sent most generous contributions, for frescoing the walls, furnishing the rooms with book cases, carpets, etc. And it is the pride of the alumni of the college that these literary society library halls are the finest in the West.

The library has grown steadily and rapidly from the beginning. In 1850 the number of volumes on the shelves was 765; in 1860 it had increased to 2207, and in 1870 it reached 2992; in 1880 the catalogue showed an aggregate of 4996, and, at the present time, (1885), the society can boast of a library embracing 5816 volumes of the standard works in fiction, poetry, history, biography, science, art, and the bound volumes of the leading magazines and reviews. Had Alpha Kappa left no other monument to her history than this, it alone would place the stamp of well done upon her work. The value of such a collection as this can hardly be estimated. The books have not been secured without effort. Most of them have been obtained by direct purchase, and the donations have been made chiefly by active members and alumni—some of whom have remembered their society generously and affectionately for many long years.

The regular literary exercises of Alpha Kappa consist of declamations, written and extemporaneous orations,

criticism, and debate. Of these the debate has always been the principal feature. An opportunity is afforded everyone who wishes to take part in this exercise. The subjects chosen are live ones and usually bear upon the topics of the times. Free Trade was discussed as early as 1854, and in 1856 the famous debate on the Nebraska Bill lasted two days. Once in a great while the society allows itself to unbend and affords the members an opportunity for displaying their wit as well as wisdom in debate; as, for instance, in early times, when the subject on one occasion was this: "Ought Ohio geese to be permitted to graze upon Virginia bottom lands?"

Since 1840 it has been customary for each society to hold a public representation sometime near the middle of each alternate year—known as the Biennial Exhibition. In 1843 the first public contest between Alpha Kappa and Psi Gamma took place, and was so successful that it was determed to hold one each year some evening during commencement week. This custon has been kept up without a single exception until last year. It has also been a custom for the two societies to invite some person of distinction to address them on the evening before commencement. In 1843 the Phi Beta Kappa Society was granted permission to occupy this evening for a similar address every third year. In 1872 the two societies decided to undertake the publication of a college paper. The *College Olio* has made for itself no unenviable name among the college journals of America. It has done the college a vast amount of good and reflected much credit upon the societies that have stood behind it. E. B. Chase, 1873, C. A. Reed, 1873, and Sidney Ridgway, 1874, constituted the first board of editors from Alpha Kappa. In all these various enterprises for the good of the college as a whole, Alpha Kappa has ever been found active and generous in her support.

In 1844 the custom of giving diplomas to graduating members was inaugurated. At first it was neccessary for

each alumnus to pay for such diploma; but of late years they have been bestowed as parting gifts from the society. In 1848 the badge, which is worn by all members of Alpha Kappa who appear for her in public, was adopted. It consists of a white satin rosette with a silver star in the center, and has remained unchanged to this day. In 1859 Alpha Kappa took a lively interest in the formation of the Academy Literary Society, and presented that body a number of books for the library, a stove, and some furniture.

For the first twenty years of her existence, Alpha Kappa was practically a secret society; but, with the advent of the secret fraternities as factors in college life, that feature gradually gave way until her work has now become purely and wholly literary. However all non-members are rigidly excluded from regular meetings, and there are a number of *leges non scriptae* which are unviolably observed and not known to or even dreamed of by the uninitiated. In 1860 the first levee was held in the society halls, since which time they have been regularly thrown open to the public at least once a year.

Prior to the foundation of the Alpha Kappa and Psi Gamma Societies, the college regulations permitted the existence of but one society. The wisdom of the change is manifest. A generous rivalry has always existed between the two; and, although at times it has approached bitterness, yet its influence has been altogether wholesome. Two such societies are just as necessary to the best interests of both and of the college also, as two great political parties are necessary to the preservation of the peace and purity of our free institutions.

The manner of choosing new members has had the tendency to keep the two nearly equal in numbers as well as in other respects. The natural advantages of one over the other have been very slight. It is true that they are rivals, but not in the accepted sense of the term. The regulations and requirements of both are essentially the same;

and both have the same end in view, the same purpose to accomplish, the same mission to fulfill. The prosperity of one does not mean the adversity of the other.

In referring to a few of the achievements of some of Alpha Kappa's sons, I do not wish to have my words construed as casting the slightest discredit upon the fair name of any other society or person. Far be it from my wish to pluck a single jewel from the crown that encircles the brow of our sister Psi Gamma. In her Alpha Kappa has found, in the sphere of their common labors, a genial companion, a loyal friend, a generous foe. Some of her sons have been among the best and noblest men this college ever sent out. A grand and good work she has accomplished. Let us bestow the meed of praise generously and unsparingly where it belongs.

College honors are seldom bestowed on the undeserving; and, while the fact of a student's having received or not having received honorable distinction while in college, is by no means an absolute criterion of his success or failure in his college work, yet we may safely say that the weight of probability is in favor of this view of the case. In Marietta College it has always been customary to give the valedictory honor to that member of the graduating class, who, throughout his entire college course, has maintained the highest average for general scholarship; and the salutatory honor to that member who averages second best. Of the forty-six valedictorians who have graduated since 1840, twenty-eight of them have been members of Alpha Kappa. Of the forty-five salutatorians who have graduated since 1840, twenty-four of them have been members of Alpha Kappa. In thirteen of these classes, both the valedictorian and salutatorian have been members of Alpha Kappa. Since 1878 every valedictorian has been a member of Alpha Kappa. Since the year 1875, a first, second, and third prize has been given to members of the Junior class for excellence in rhetorical composition. Of the nine of each of such

prizes, five firsts, five seconds, and four thirds have been secured by members of Alpha Kappa. Since the year 1871 first and second prizes have been given to members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes for excellence in declamation. Of the thirty-two of each of such prizes, thirteen firsts and eighteen seconds have been taken by members of Alpha Kappa. Thus it will be seen that, in the field of college honors, Alpha Kappa has borne away her full share of the laurels.

Listen now to the names of a few of those who have attained some degree of eminence in business, professional, and political circles—all of them now living and each of them still active in his sphere :

Charles E. Lindsley, son of the first President and now a prominent clergyman in New York.

Joseph F. Tuttle, President of Wabash College and a Trustee of Lane Seminary.

George M. Maxwell, a distinguished clergyman and educator in Cincinnati, a Trustee of Marietta College, and President of the Board of Trustees of Lane.

Ira M. Preston, a missionary among the wilds of the "dark continent" for twenty years, late Tutor, and now enjoying the rest of a quiet old age after a life spent in the service of his Master.

William H. Goddard, a leading lawyer and business man of Galveston, then of Washington.

Henry A. Towne, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Lawrence County.

Dudley C. Stone, Assistant Superintendent of the San Franscisco Public Schools.

Henry S. Neal, member of Congress, and Solicitor of the Treasury.

George H. Howison, at one time Professor of Logic in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, now Professor of Philosophy in the University of California.

Alfred T. Goshorn, Director General of the Cen-

tennial Exposition, now a prominent manufacturer in Cincinnati and a Trustee of Marietta College.

John F. Follett, late Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives, member of Congress, and now one of the leading lawyers and politicians in this State.

David E. Beach, Professor of Mental snd Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric in Marietta College.

John N. Lyle, at one time Acting Professor of Mathematics in Marietta College, and now Professor of Mathematics in Westminster College, Missouri.

Rufus R. Dawes, a brave soldier and officer in the civil war, Brevet Brigadier General, late member of Congress, and now one of the active business men in Washington County.

R. M. Newport, a gallant officer in the late war and now a prominent business man in the great Northwest.

J. H. Jenkins, at one time Principal of the Marietta Academy, afterward pastor of the Congregational Church in Harmar.

George R. Gear, for nine years Principal of the Marietta Academy and now pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city.

Wm. G. Ballantine, Professor of Greek in Oberlin Theological Seminary.

F. J. Cutter, Judge of the Probate Court for Washington County.

T. D. Dale and John Mills, two of Marietta's rising young business men.

M. R. Andrews, now Principal of Marietta Academy, and one of the leading educators of Ohio.

O. H. Mitchell, Professor of Mathematics in Marietta College ;—and besides these a host of others, both old and young, who have pitched their tents on nearly every field of human activity and are winning for themselves enviable positions among their fellow men.

To-night Alpha Kappa is celebrating her forty-fifth anniversary. As we look back over those years, crowded

with memories of college days, and recall the old familiar associations, our hearts are filled with gladness; and yet we bow our heads in sorrow when we think of the many dear brothers who have passed the portals of eternity and are with us no more. Out of a total graduating membership of two hundred and eighty-four, fifty-five are now sleeping their last, long sleep. To some the swift messenger has come in ripe old age, when life's harvest had been gathered safely in and the weary laborers were awaiting the coming of the night of peace—followed by the eternal morn. Others again have been cut off in the bright morning of young manhood, when the first results of their life work gave such abundant promise for the future. For these—her younger sons—Alpha Kappa mourns with a sorrow that is heavy and deep.

Edward P. Walker graduated in 1856 with the highest honors of his class, completed a theological course at Andover, took the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature in Marietta College and died at the close of his first year's labor. Alex. H. Washburn, valedictorian of the class of 1857, died three years after graduating while filling the position of Tutor in the academy. A funeral discourse in his memory was pronounced by President Andrews and his body was followed to its final resting place by the entire college and Faculty. Theodore E. Greenwood, valedictorian of the class of 1859, and Charles Beman Gates, a member of the class of 1865, laid down their lives in the great struggle for human freedom ; and no altar was ever hallowed by a purer sacrifice than these bright young lives. Russell B. Brownell, salutatorian of the class of 1861, went abroad in the search of health and never saw his native land again. He sleeps under the shadow of one of the great pyramids, in the far-off land of Egypt. E. M. Hugus, 1876, and E. N. Ford, 1877, both young men of bright promise, died within two years after graduating. The last death among the young men, and one that has in it a peculiar sadness in

that his life was very closely connected with the college through his father, was that of Winthrop B. Hawks, of the class of 1878. He died in Colorado Springs, within the past year, whither he had gone in the hope of building up a constitution undermined by too close application to study. His was a life entirely consecrated to his profession, and we have every reason to believe that a career of distinguished usefulness lay open before him. He brought to the work all his powers of body and mind and always ready to do anything and everything to promote the cause of religion. But the Master had other work for him to do and we submit to the wisdom of Him who "doeth all things well."

Such in brief are the main facts in the history of this society; but Alpha Kappa has a history that can never be written—which only an eternity can unfold. Here within her walls of sacred memory have begun influences, silent though powerful, which will go on widening into circles ever new and ever increasing in number; here have been born aspirations that have found satisfaction only in something higher and nobler than anything ever dreamed of before; here slumbering genius has been aroused and goaded into activity. Alpha Kappa's history has indeed been a grand and glorious one. Her sons are seen in almost every walk and avocation of life; her banner floats over almost every field of human action; her power is felt even where her name is unknown. She points with pride to the record her sons have made in the past, and hopes for still more splendid achievements in the future; assuring all those who may hereafter enter her doors, that the highest degree of success in any calling will come to those alone who are patient of toil and faithful in the discharge of life's every duty.

The Claims of the Gospel Ministry upon the Christian Young Men of To-day.

By Prof. William G. Ballantine, D. D., of Oberlin Theological Seminary.

And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me.—*Isaiah* vi. 8.

This rose-crowned month of June—the freshest and brightest of the year, when the sunshine is so long, and the bird-songs that welcome the dawn follow so close upon those of the twilight—is the appropriate season for school and college commencements. Hundreds of young people, all over our land, are now finishing courses of study. These June skies and June blossoms and this vivid, leafy luxuriance seem the harmonious surroundings of pure youth and trained strength and unexhausted vitality and unclouded hope.

A college commencement — let it be repeated fifty times—never can grow stale or flatly repetitious. The sight of a graduating class in college or high school, never can cease to be to every thoughtful man an occasion of the very highest interest, exciting deep emotions of pleasure and solicitude. Here are so many new ventures in the old field of life's battle. Here are so many new and potent factors introduced into the world's history. How much is meant by the success or failure of a single life! How much of good will to all mankind may flow from the career of one of this year's graduates!

Young men themselves feel, as the end of their gen-

eral studies draws on, that a momentous crisis is upon them. Could we look beneath the exterior of youthful gayety, we should see many, of whom we do not now suspect it, passing through distressing and protracted questionings. The choice of a life plan is a solemn act. The necessity of that choice must sober every young man who at all apprehends the responsibilities of education and strength and liberty.

It must be confessed that in a grand, free country, like ours, and in the complex civilization of to-day, a countless variety of paths to distinction and usefulness present themselves. It is not my purpose to attempt to balance these, still less to say a word in depreciation of any, but only to invite you to consider several strong reasons why Christian young men should to-day choose to enter the sacred profession of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Prophet Isaiah, two thousand six hundred years ago, in that sublime vision of the Most High, heard a voice saying, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" It was his call to the ministry. But there never was a time when there could be heard so deep, so many voiced a call for men to be God's messengers, as may be heard to-day. Any ear that listens will hear it. True a careless laugh may drown it. The din of traffic, the whirr of machinery, the click of telegraphs, the whistle of trains,—may drown it. It may not rise above the loud debate of politics, tariff and finance and civil service reform. I have been told by old soldiers that in the great battles of the civil war, when for hours brigades and divisions had been hurled upon each other, and the thunder of artillery had rolled in continuous roar,—I have been told, that sometimes there would come, as if by tacit consent of both sides, a lull in the firing; and then could be heard from all parts of the wide battle field such groans, prayers, curses, and sharp cries of anguish from the wounded and dying as no imagination can reproduce. I think some-

thing like that is true on the battle field of life. And I would say to any Christian young man, eager to grasp the glittering prizes of successful competition, Stop a moment; listen a moment. Don't you hear the cry of the perishing? There are millions of our fellow men now without hope and without God in the world,—sunk in ignorance, crushed under political or spiritual despotism, burning with fierce and sensual passions, diseased souls in diseased bodies. There are babes, beautiful as spring flowers and pure as the kingdom of heaven, beginning life to-day where outward squalor is but a faint type of the moral corruption,—victims of a sadder fate than that of those children of old who passed through the fire to Moloch.

This cry of the perishing is by no means a single note of conscious appeal. It is the dissonant confusion of a godless world, in which boasts and threats and curses and great swelling words of vanity are mingled, and perhaps the saddest tones of all to hear are the jests and songs of profane glee. But to one who knows the needs of human hearts and the fateful issues of human lives, every utterance of godless men carries in it a Macedonian cry for help,—the wail of the outraged no more than the muttered curses of the Nihilist or the self-soothings of the Epicurean.

Whatever you do in life must be done in hearing of this voice of the perishing. In every quiet interval you must hear it like the deep moan of the troubled ocean. If you win wealth and furnish a mansion in splendor, you will hear it as you recline on your silken cushions. If you win a laurel crown of fame, between the acclamations of the mulitude, you will hear the voice of the perishing. Our Savior heard that cry in heaven. He heard it in the pauses of the angelic melodies: He heard it between the Holy, holy, holy, of the adoring seraphim. He could not stay in heaven and hear that. And so from the bright throne of God, from the eternal glory, from the shining companies of the sinless, he came to pover-

ty, and weariness, and tears, and maligant ingratitude, to serve where he had a right to command, and to give, upon the shameful cross, his life a ransom for many.

By his birth from a virgin, by his wonderful works, by his gracious words, and by his sorrow and sacrificial death upon the cross, our Lord provided a perfect remedy for all human woes. There is one balm for all aching hearts; one light for every joyless home; one fountain of cleansing for all the defiled. One thing is needed by the young and strong just beginning life, one by the tempted and fallen; one by the faint and dying just stepping down into the dark river. Wherever you find a human soul, one thing is needful; and that is the gospel of Christ. And that gospel is the power of God unto salvation to *every one* that believeth. In Africa, in China, in Japan, in Turkey, in the Pacific Islands, in Utah, in Ohio,—men of every race can understand it, can accept it, can by its power pass from darkness to light, from death to life, and from the power of Satan unto God. There never has been discovered on the remotest coasts a race of men to whom the gospel could not be made intelligible, or who could not be renewed by its efficiency. In the exercise of supreme wisdom it has pleased God that the knowledge of this salvation should be disseminated throughout the world and its acceptance urged upon individual hearts, not by the personal presence of the Savior himself, nor by the ministry of angels, but by the agency of saved men. The words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," are what the illustrious soldier, the Duke of Wellington, called "the marching orders of the church." The full execution of this command has become in our day for the first time easily practicable. By the astonishing progress of invention in the means of transportation and communication, there is now a real "federation of the world." Railways and steam-ship lines grow across the globe like summer vines. By missionary zeal, by the curiosity of science, by the

greed of trade, by internal revolution and by external attack, by justice and by injustice, every land is now laid open. A generation ago there were millions of people who could not be reached in any ordinary way with the gospel of Christ. To-day nothing prevents our carrying it to the heart of Africa or to the heart of China, to the Blacks of the South, to the Red men of the West,—nothing but our own indifference to their misery and to our Savior's desire.

This present time seems to be a moral crisis in all parts of the world. It is so in our own country. Millions of foreigners, impatient of the blood and iron *regime* of Europe, have come among us, to escape military service and unequal laws. Embittered against church and state by ancient wrongs, exhilarated with their new freedom, whose necessary safeguards they have not yet perceived, they are filling up our New West. Upon the decision of the question whether the foundations of society in those new empires shall be laid in socialism, materialism, Mormonism, Sabbath-breaking, betting, drinking, or, like the foundations of New England, in Christian faith,—upon the decision of that question must depend the history of our country in the coming centuries. Now I have not thought it necessary to weary you with statistics; but we all know that to supply these new western communities with preachers of the gospel would require us at once to multiply the number of young men in training for the ministry at least by ten.

Nothing in history reads more like a story of enchantment than the bald record of recent changes in the empire of Japan. Within a single generation we have seen that people transformed from the most repellent to the most receptive, from the most secluded to the most social of all. In their own country or scattered over America and Europe, hundreds of young Japanese with intellectual powers of the highest order are appropriating the treasures of Western civilization. But such intense

avidity must after awhile come to a natural end. The Japanese will soon have learned what we have to teach, and will have settled their relations to our opinions. In a few years they will have decided whether as a nation to accept or reject Christianity. If we can now impress upon the eager, receptive, docile minds of their splendid young nation, the image of Jesus Christ, Japan will be saved. But there is only a handful of missionaries in Japan to strike now while the iron is hot.

The Turkish empire is also at a critical point. How much longer the skeleton fingers of Ottoman supremacy can hold the throat of the native populations of the original seats of science, art, and religion, we cannot tell. But at longest, that time must be short. When the infamy of Turkish rule crumbles, shall there be healthy moral fibre among those now down-trodden, out of which to rear a stable and progressive social fabric? That depends upon the pervasiveness and thoroughness of what Christian missionaries are now doing. When, a few years since, Bulgaria's long hoped-for hour of autonomy came, nothing but the presence of Bulgarian young men educated in the American Robert College at Constantinople is said to have rendered a successful issue of that experiment possible.

In Africa, a new state has just been founded, under such propitious auspices as never before smiled upon the birth of a state. A vast basin of incalculable fertility, peopled by millions of heathen, is, without their knowledge, taken under the protection of the great powers of the civilized world, not as Mexico or Peru were taken by rapacious Spain, but in the interest of mankind. The safety of commerce, and the freedom of religion are guaranteed. Lines of communication are projected, doors opened wide, and civilization invited to enter. But we must remember that contact with civilization, without the gospel, means ruin to those native populations. It is for the church of Christ to hasten to them at once with the

shield of faith and the helmet of salvation. Within a few months I have enjoyed the honor of entertaining at my table three missionaries who have already spent two years in a new field in Central Africa, and of whom two have now sailed upon their return. Without any air of doing a great thing, they are doing the grandest thing that men can do. Hardly admitting that they are making any special sacrifice, they forsake all that selfish men cling to, and expose themselves to malaria and violence in life-long exile among a despised race. One of these men happened to mention to me, incidentally, how he had seen slaves beaten in Africa by brutal masters. The suppressed emotion with which this passing reference was made gave a glimpse into his heart. I know now why the rich trade of Africa in ivory and gold, presents no temptation to him, and why an easy life at home in this free land is irksome life in a prison. That man has looked into what David Livingstone called "the open sore of the world," and believing that he knows a cure, there remains for him henceforth no life work but to preach in Africa that gospel which alone proclaims deliverance to the captives and sets at liberty them that are bruised.

But impressive as are the vast needs of the nations, and sublime as is the thought of a Christian statesmanship which shapes the future of continents, the simplest and most obvious call to the ministry is in the needs of individuals immediately about us. Whatever may be true of the nations, indisputably the spiritual crisis of many an individual is now imminent, and his eternal weal or woe must soon be decided. I cannot feel more affected by the fate of an empire than I am at the thought of the future of a single immortal soul. Ohio is a Christian state, and yet fixing my eyes upon the smallest community that I know, I see among that handful of my fellow men an infinite need of the gospel and an infinite reward for the preacher. In old student days, climbing

the beautiful hills and following the fertile valleys of southeastern Ohio, on railroad and geological surveys, I myself debated this question of a life work. I asked, What does this region need? The answer was patent. It needed the development of its mine, the building of furnaces, mills, and factories; it needed railroads, schools, scientific agriculture, political intelligence, literature, art, medical and legal skill. But everywhere I saw evidence of one more fundamental and urgent need—the need of a personal Savior. The miners needed Christ more than they needed work, and the masters needed Christ more than they needed business. Seventeen years have passed away since those student wanderings. In the interval the railroads have come, and a prodigious industrial development. Everything has enlisted the strength and enthusiasm of our young men more than the preaching of the gospel. Here the law of demand and supply has failed. The harvests have been white, but the laborers, how few!

What could so wake up the heroic virtues and kindle the souls of young men as this call to evangelize the world? A month ago we were decorating the soldiers' graves and repeating the story of their heroism in saving this nation to union and liberty. I doubt not that as that story was retold many young men felt their hearts throb with noble emulation. They would like to be enlisted in some high enterprise. They would be willing to march through rain and mud and heat, and to meet wounds and death, if need were, if only they might meet and strike down some great curse of the race like treason or slavery. For all such generous young hearts there is a place in Christ's army of preachers of the gospel. The divine Master calls them to go forth upon an enterprise brighter and vaster than the wildest dream of any youthful enthusiast, a scheme that looks as if it were woven all of rainbows and which yet is solid as adamant. There is a plan to liberate the world from the slavery of Satan, to

attack and banish every evil, to bring in every blessing, to transform every man into the image of God, to bind together all of earth's millions in a conscious, holy, mutual sympathy, as children of one household. This plan is not chimerical but has been projected by the All-wise ; and the Omnipotent has provided for its accomplishment, weapons not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds. Soldiers are needed. Who will volunteer ?

When our country was imperiled twenty-five years ago, every patriotic young man felt bound to consider the question of personal duty in reference to entering the army. It was not a question of military genius. The young man did not say, I have no natural aptitude for tactics or strategy; I have no fondness for camps and marches or for wearing a uniform. He did not say, I can make a more eminent success in selling goods and it won't do to spoil a good merchant to make a poor soldier. The life of the nation was in jeopardy. Liberty was calling for champions to stand and face bullets. It required no military genius to carry a musket or the colors of a regiment, but it required a hero's heart of devotion. Today the Captain of salvation calls for warriors. He who died for our salvation asks us to give our lives to save our fellow men for whom also he died. Now no Christian young man is at liberty to say, I can farm better than I can preach, or I can succeed better at the bar than in the pulpit. Young men in your strength, I solemnly entreat you not to turn a deaf ear to your Savior's call. Saved by his blood, do not refuse to carry the knowledge of that salvation to others, that he may see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

It is natural to shrink from so high an office, and diffidence at the outset may indicate only a commendable humility; but it must not be allowed to pass into faithlessness and self-indulgence. Moses, at the burning bush, shrank back from the task of delivering Israel from Egypt.

"Who am I," he said, "that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" But God said, "Certainly, I will be with thee." And Moses said unto the Lord, "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou has spoken unto thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." And the Lord said unto him, "Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or the deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord? Now therefore go and I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say." Isaiah at first drew back and said, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Jeremiah drew back and said, "Ah, Lord God! behold I cannot speak: for I am a child."

Young Christians often fall into the fallacy of thinking of those who have done great deeds in the service of the Church, as having been by nature and from the beginning what they were at their supreme moments. We think of Martin Luther as of one who clearly saw from the beginning the whole significance of the Reformation and to whom such heroic words as those spoken before the Diet of Worms were wholly natural. But even the briefest life of Luther records experiences of darkness and mental and spiritual conflicts and even of physical weakness, beyond the common. It was no matter of course to that poor miner's son, that monk groping for gospel light among the superstitions of Rome with a crushing burden of sin on his back, that storm-driven, devil-beset soul, that his name should become the synonym for moral heroism and for the successful search and victorious championship of truth.

Our Lord said once to a young Galilean fisherman, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will built my church." To the view of that young fisherman's companions he was anything but a man of rock-like charac-

ter. I think that the life of Peter is given to us so fully by inspiration that we may see how God creates out of weak, ignorant, impulsive, passion-tossed men the spiritual stones of his temples. One of the great industries of Ohio is the quarrying of sand-stone. Firm, durable, this Waverly and Berea stone lends itself with peculiar adaptation to the purposes of the builder. Still geology tells us that at one time that stone, now so firm, was loose sand, the sport of the ocean waves. The tiniest ripple of water creased it. The weight of a shell indented it. But that sand became rock. So it was with Peter. In his childish and ill-timed remarks, his misunderstandings, blunders, sins, mortifications, tears, and repentings, we see a picture of our own experiences. But a day came when in Jerusalem some one was needed to preach the gospel of the crucified and risen Christ. And Peter was the man of rock for the occasion. He had been by divine discipline unconsciously prepared for it. Facing then, without a tremor, that fierce, fanatical, populace, before the very men who remembered so well the shame of his profanity and denial of Jesus, braving the wrath of the high priest and of Pilate, he proclaimed the truth of God ; and three thousand yielded to its power.

Do not let us fail to understand how glorious a thing God is doing. He hath chosen the weak things of the world to comfound things that are mighty. Men may despise us ; we may justly place a low estimate upon ourselves. But God pleases to put his treasures into such earthen vessels. Neither let us fail to understand our own heavy responsibilities. As it lay upon the young men of the last generation whether apt for war or not, to save the country, so it lies upon the Christian young men of to-day, whether naturally gifted for the work of preaching or not, to save a lost world. There are no others to save it. If we lack experience and steadiness and enthusiasm and piety, it is our duty to set ourselves

to acquire these qualities ; the lack is no excuse for unfaithfulness.

A call to the gospel ministry once recognized and accepted will be ever regarded by the Christian young man who receives it, not as a painful defeat of hope, but a surpassing manifestation of divine grace, beyond all that could have been hoped. "Unto me," said St. Paul, in adoring and gratitude,—"unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I shall preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

It is no small privilege to be a successor of the Apostles and prophets, to be selected as the special channel of God's blessing to our fellow men—to stand in a community with no other occupation than to be the centre of holy influence, to practice the divine alchemy of transmuting souls from baseness into the pure gold of heaven, to have in possession the grand secret of peace and joy, to pour the oil and wine of heavenly consolation into hearts quivering with anguish for which the world has no solace. The banker may guard men's money, the lawyer may protect their property, the physician may ease their pain and prolong their lives ; but the preacher of the gospel persuades them to lay up treasures in bags that wax not old, to find a home in the city that hath the foundations, to secure the peace which the world cannot give, and an eternal inheritance in that land where there is no death, and the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.

Every motive of philanthropy urges us to carry the gospel to those who have not yet been blessed by it. Every motive of honor and of gratitude reinforce the call. We are not our own, but are bought with the precious blood of Christ. His wish should be our law.

I may say in conclusion, every motive of holy aspiration and sanctified personal ambition calls to the preaching of the gospel. There will come a day when all earthly glory shall fade, but they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. In the hearts of

those rescued from perdition by their efforts, they shall eternally hold a place next to that of the divine Savior. In the estimation of the angels, the victors in these spiritual conquests will ever appear the most illustrious of men. No earthly achievement can compare, in their view, with that of having saved a soul from death. In the bright throng which shall encircle in heaven the throne of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, who can doubt that those shall stand inmost who shall have been most identified with him, in spirit and work here below. For they shall be best prepared to enter into the joy of their Lord.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

CULTURE AND GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

By Rev. Wm. G. Andrews, D. D.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Literary Societies:—I once heard a graduate of Harvard say that at a Cambridge commencement the theme uppermost is culture, and at New Haven the theme uppermost is Yale. His filial sympathy with Cambridge went far to show that he could at any rate understand the filial enthusiasm of New Haven. Such enthusiasm is both intelligible and honorable, for it rests largely on a consciousness of the ties which alma mater knits between living men; it is one form of the sentiment of brotherhood. And as I look back to commencement day at Marietta thirty years ago, hardly anything then uttered comes to my memory so promptly as a few words which expressed that sentiment. They were addressed to the President of the college, then taking the office which he now lays down, in acknowledgment of his kindness to a former member of the graduating class whom he brought to his own house when fatally ill, and who died under his roof. And nothing more strongly inclined me to undertake the task to which you have called me, than the hope of once more listening to the voice and grasping the hand of the classmate who spoke those words.* That it was his office to

*Hon. John F. Follett, LL. D., alumni orator, and valedictorian of the class of 1855.

speak them proved him to have made the best use of the training which is here furnished to the mind; that he did speak them, and thrill us by speaking them, showed how the discipline of comradeship educates the heart. And it educates the conscience too; the great obligation of mutual helpfulness is more promptly confessed when feeling is enlisted on the side of duty. The conditions of college life, in fact, provide for a threefold action of culture, extending to the whole of manhood. Another of my contemporaries has lately told us, on the cover of the Alumni Memorial,* how Marietta claims a place for her sons in the fields of letters and of arms, of the fine arts, and the useful arts, and of the great art of government. In the last they must all serve, for democracy makes every citizen a member of the governing body. Accordingly, on the scroll which helps us to interpret the device, we read not only *Vivat Academia,* but *Vivat Respublica;* Long live the college, Long live the commonwealth. These are kindred aspirations; college and commonwealth appeal in like ways to scholar and patriot, and the discipline of the small society should prepare men to serve, and in this country to govern, the great. And so, guided by sentiment and art, I reach a theme which I am sure needs as much as any to be studied under the "dry light" of science, namely, *Culture and Government in America.*

In speaking of culture it is natural to consult the Apostle of Culture, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and as Mr. Arnold has written also about government and about America, he ought to throw light on our subject as a whole. Opening his well known book entitled "Culture and Anarchy," we soon find him giving it as the true aim of culture, "to make reason and the will of God prevail." This is an apostolic sentiment, and is honestly credited to a bishop. We are told, farther, that culture is the

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*Designed by E. F. Andrews, Washington, D. C., class of 1853.

"pursuit of our total perfection," harmoniously "developing all sides of our humanity," as also the pursuit of "a general perfection, developing all part of our society." It has not only a scientific, but also a "moral, social and beneficent character." Mr. Arnold therefore clearly ascribes to it that threefold action of which I have spoken, and does not restrict it to the region of pure intelligence. He himself detects in it a strong resemblance to religion, while the author of "Ecce Homo," Professor Seeley, thinks it a pity not to call it religion. Like religion, too, culture aims at "an inward condition of the mind and spirit," and the Christian religion, by aiming at universal perfection, it seeks the conversion of the world.

But Mr. Arnold attaches great importance to the intellectual side of culture, because men who mean to do the right thing very often do the wrong thing through the lack of light, or knowledge. The passion for doing, which he calls Hebraism in honor of our Hebrew teachers of righteousness, from Moses to St. Paul, must have its complement in a passion for knowing, which is a large part of what he calls Hellenism, from the Greeks who excelled here. He therefore especially commends to us, as the method of culture, the getting to know, somehow, the best thought of the world about the things which chiefly concern us. Hellenism, moreover, embraces not only "light" but "sweetness;" with its ardor for truth, or for "seeing things as they are," is inseparably connected its joy in beauty and harmony.

But Mr. Herbert Spencer, who burns our dry light for us, complains of Mr. Arnold for not observing "that the first use of knowledge is the right ordering of all actions." The complaint is so unjust as to show that Mr. Spencer's hand is a little unsteady, but it creates the presumption that Mr. Arnold's fragrant lamp does not burn quite clear. The discovery at the outset that our guides are not infallible is fortunate, for culture, we are told, "will not let us rivet our faith upon any one man." And Mr. Arnold's

fallibility becomes very plain when he affirms that just now we need to be cured of Hebraising, or following our consciences so unflinchingly. What he really means to teach, however, and does teach in a persuasive though perplexing way, is that we should find out how things ought to be done before we do them, and that a considerable part of culture, very necessary at present, consists in getting the power to find out. But he distinctly puts Hebraism, or the pursuit of righteousness and beneficence, above Hellenism, or the pursuit of knowledge! And his view of culture as having to do with emotion and conduct as well as intelligence, may be summed up in two lines of his own:

> "That *you* think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
> The Friend of man desires."

It is easy to pass from Mr. Arnold's conception of culture to his conception of government, for he makes the two as closely related as soul and body. Government, or the state, according to him, should be, and is going to be, the "powerful, beneficent, and sacred expression and organ . . of our collective best self, . . the very self which culture, or the study of perfection, seeks to develop in us." Such a state can be "entrusted with stringent powers . . . controlling, as government, the free swing of this or that one of its members in the name of the higher reason of all," able to bring about "whatever great changes are needed," and even to carry on "a revolution by due course of law." This conception of government as the strong right arm of culture, is not precisely that of Mr. Spencer and others, and may be a fresh disclosure of Mr. Arnold's fallibility. But it is certainly true that state action ought to be controlled by reason, and that culture can promote this by helping individual citizens to be reasonable. Whether or not it may use government, it can at least serve it nobly.

We inquire, finally, what Mr. Arnold has to say about America. In 1869, when "Culture and Anarchy" was

written, he believed that Americans, for the lack of "a high culture of certain classes," were suffering from a "lack of general intelligence," and that they fell short of Englishmen in such matters. And the chief cause of this he supposed to be our persistent Hebraising, our exclusive and therefore unintelligent study of Moses and St. Paul! It apparently follows that government can get little help from culture in America, and that our institutions, be they good or bad, must work badly in such unskillful hands. But Mr. Arnold paid us a visit a year or two ago, and he discovered here a community which, in consequence of the remarkable adaptation of the government to the people, "in general sees its political and social concerns straight, and sees them clear," to a degree quite unknown in England. He likens the federal system to a " wonderful suit of clothes," which grows with the wearer, and he particularly admires the senate, through which the local governments become part of the general government. Government in America, therefore, instead of being damaged by our lack of high culture, is itself, in Mr. Arnold's opinion, effectively promoting general intelligence. But as far as this is true it proves that knowing comes in part by doing; the honest citizen finds out how to make reason and the will of God prevail, not merely when he reads books, or talks with college graduates, but when he Hebraises a little, when, for instance, he uses his honesty by casting his unbought vote for honest men.

And how did Americans get the institutions which cultivate them? The federal system, which is all that we need consider now, was, undoubtedly, like everything which is great and permanent, a development; it was not manufactured, but grew. Our " wonderful suit of clothes " is our skin, and it ought to fit us. The federal system is an offshoot from the old imperial system, in which true though dependent states were bound together by the cen-

tral authority of the British crown. In that system also the people were receiving tuition through their right of local legislation, and they were already politically cultivated when the great crisis of a century ago came upon them. But this crisis was very great; it was a revolution, and in part a bloody one. And it was something besides a fine political training which kept the colonists from anarchy, and made the transition from one system to another essentially a revolution by due course of law. More effective than the discipline of institutions was an inward discipline given by Hebraism. At the period of emigration England, as a recent historian tells us, was "Puritan England," and what she was, her emigrant children were, in Virginia as really as in Massachusetts. Puritanism was a far wider fact than non-conformity, being a stage in the normal evolution of Teutonic Christianity in practical England. God's will having become better known must be better done,—this was the formula according to which Puritanism was evolved out of Protestantism. Its only aspect was insular and narrow, but its sense of individual responsibility and its instinct of obedience produced strong champions of civil freedom and of order. And it appeared with its intense Hebraism just in time to educate America and to help secure to us those institutions which have lately astonished the Apostle of culture with such a display of that precious fruit of culture, "lucidity," for which he would have remanded us to Hellenism.

But Hellenism has played its part in our history, and a great one. An obvious and very valuable result of general intelligence was the capacity of the colonists for knowing and trusting highly trained leaders. And when the most delicate if not the most difficult task of the whole revolutionary period had to be performed, and the constitutional convention of 1787 met to perform it, four-fifths of the delegates, we are told, were college-bred, and the one whom I believe to have best understood the work

before them, was a college president.* Most of the others, too, had acquired intellectual culture from books or from association with well-read men. They were, as a body, especially familiar with the best writers on political science, and acquainted with the history of confederations, ancient and modern. And yet it might seem that their fine training was of little value after all, for the existing federal system, with the senate as its keystone, was fairly forced upon them, and was only accepted as a compromise. But to *accept* it was precisely what they had to do. It was not their business to devise a new system, but to set free from entanglement one already, though imperfectly, in operation. Nor is it strange that acceptance was difficult. The true head of the young empire, the real successor in America of King George the Third, was the sovereign people. But this sovereign, though proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, had been virtually deposed in the Articles of Confederation. The states, on the other hand, which had been for generations the guardians of American liberty, and which were invested with sovereignity by the Articles, had nearly ruined the country in trying to rule it. It was not easy to see where the supreme authority lay, though there can be no doubt that discussion was making the situation more intelligible and the final adjustment between opposing theories easier. But the chief service which high culture rendered to government in the convention itself, was probably in enabling its members to unite in adopting an instrument which wholly satisfied none of them, by means of that "flexibility," or independence of particular methods and abstract maxims, which Mr. Arnold describes as one of the choicest fruits of culture. And the best service was rendered after the convention adjourned. The new constitution had to be ratified by a people of whom the majority disliked it, who were pe-

*Dr. William Samuel Johnson, of Connecticut, then just chosen president of Columbia College.

culiarly accessible to demagogues in consequence of general impoverishment and the irritating spectacle of great fortunes not too fairly earned, and many of whom were ripe for violence. The most conspicuous instrument of the triumph which was then won by culture, and its immortal monument, now exists in the form of a book, in the series of essays known as "The Federalist." The mastery over one's self and the consequent influence over others which the best intellectual discipline promotes, have seldom been better illustrated than when Hamilton and Madison, sacrificing cherished theories of their own, successfully defended against popular passion and prejudice the system which has been justifying their advocacy ever since. And yet they must have failed but for the superior intelligence of the people at large, the common sense which taught them to listen to reason even when they were angry. And this takes us back to the old Puritan strictness of conscience, and the habit of doing the best they knew, through which they had learned wisdom. Hellenism did a priceless service in guiding revolution to a happy issue, but Hebraism both made revolutionists capable of guidance, and made the guiding voice intelligible to them. And so our theme unfolds into a thesis, and we can set forth the normal state of things here somewhat as follows: *Government in America, resting on general morality, promotes general intelligence, and thus gets more effectual support from high intellectual culture.*

But the actual state of things may have become extremely abnormal through later changes. And two great external causes of change have been at work since our institutions took form. One is a vast material development, the other is a vast immigration. To the concurrence of these causes a large part of what now seems menacing to government is due. The strain of industrial competition attending material progress, falls most painfully on that multitude of citizens not yet fully educated

by our institutions. It is they, too, who are most irritated by the inequality of outward condition which rapid outward growth produces, because inequality is what they imagined themselves to have escaped in coming here. But others, children of American parents, and old pupils of democracy, are getting supplementary instruction which confuses them terribly, being quite opposed to all that they have learned about the dignity and the duties of manhood. We cannot but feel that our public, as a whole, is less intelligent and more passionate and probably less scrupulous than that which the framers of the constitution had to deal with.

Now there can be no doubt of the great value in such circumstances of that intellectual training which Mr. Arnold particularly commends. Government and society are safer here because of our agencies for popular education. They bring into exercise the inward working, and involve that effort to improve men rather than their circumstances, on which our champion of Hellenism properly insists. And since mental treasure is a kind of wealth which will not be hoarded, since the cultivated man can scarcely help being a teacher in some way, this rich possession is a common birthright, and bears witness to a realm in which none can be "disinherited" but with their own consent. And as fast as men's souls are so enriched, inequality disappears. Slaves have again and again and again become thus the peers of princes; the bondman Epictetus lives in literature as the companion of the emperor Marcus Aurelius. Such culture renders outward circumstances matters of comparative indifference, by causing us to care less about what we have and more about what we are. It makes envy, the being miserable becanse others have what we have not, not only hateful but irrational, and haughtiness, the ignorant overvaluation of an inferior article, like money or birth, not only ridiculous but intensely vulgar. And the habit of dispassionate thinking which it promotes will train men

in times of discontent, to distinguish carefully between troubles which are another's fault and those, far more numerous, which are one's own fault or nobody's ; between those which are peculiar to a class and the greater ones which are common to all classes ; between those which can and those which cannot be remedied. And a man who has given his brain some exercise of this sort, will be likely to reflect that his brain has a capacity for labor, and that this organ may have been somehow in partnership with the hand in the business of production. In fact he will see, if he thinks honestly, with a disposition to do justice to his own power of thought, that thought is the true producer, that mere manual labor never produced anything except by accident, and that to claim for such labor the ownership of all wealth by right of creation is to talk nonsense. For the honor of his own manhood he will henceforth tolerate no theory which ranks his brain below his muscles or his stomach. He will, however, see something else, and something which will appeal strongly to passion. He will see that in an industrial age, with its increasing use of machinery and its more minute division of labor, a workingman's intelligence is of less and less value in production ; that, as Adam Ferguson perceived at the dawn of such an age, "the genius of the master, perhaps, is cultivated, while that of the inferior workman lies waste." He will not expect to change these conditions ; that would almost annihilate production. But he will feel the more deeply the more intelligent he is, the evil of a tendency, which, unchecked, would turn every civilized country into a land

"Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Here we reach a point where mere Hellenism fails us. Popular education might start everybody in life with an intellectual competence, but in our day the mental equipment of multitudes, such as it is, tends to fall more and more into disuse. They must spend their lives in tasks which make a decreasing demand on thought, and hence

give an increasing power to blind feeling. Evidently we must fall back once more on Hebraism; we must call to mind the principle which our earlier history illustrates, that conduct brings culture, that the intellect is kept busy through a vigorous action of the conscience. Mr. Arnold himself recognized the need in America of invigorating conscience, for he perceived among our public men a lower tone, a less delicate sense of personal honor, than he was accustomed to find in England. And his countryman, Mr. Spencer, sees in such facts as the political influence of "bosses" a proof of moral weakness. "It is," he says, "essentially a question of character, and only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge." Our own countryman, Professor Sumner, who prizes knowing as much as anybody, declares that the task of preventing a corrupt and ruinous control of government by the rich, "calls for fresh reserves of moral force and political virtue from the very foundations of the social body."

And yet, much as our society still needs the help of Hebraism, we cannot have it in just the old Puritanic form, nor is that precisely what is needed. Mr. Spencer when in America was struck by the way in which one who has become "a slave to accumulation" learns to treat all competitors as enemies to be crushed, and so "makes life harder" for others than it ought to be. One great evil of an industrial age is the shrewd selfishness which can be gratified without the sacrifice of legality, and against which the austere Puritan conscience is an imperfect protection. Nor in fact is conscience by any means inactive among us. It often acts with strange vehemence, on the one hand in demands fanatically uttered or barbarously enforced for what men suppose to be justice; on the other hand in a reckless zeal for abstract truth which tends to a kind of scientific fanaticism and barbarism. Its action no doubt needs to be invigorated, but this must be done largely by regulating and purifying it, above all by freeing it from the disturbing influence of

wild or base passion. And the right instrument for such a service is tender and noble passion. It is the "enthusiasm of humanity," the expanded and exalted instinct of brotherhood, which can best master an absorbing self-love, and guide perverted moral energy towards great social ends. And to develop this instinct we have found to be one of the tasks of culture, and a natural result of academic training. Even the scholar who seems to please himself by uttering disagreeable truths is playing a far more fraternal part than the demogogue who tells agreeable lies to serve himself. And Mr. Spencer illustrated the "altruistic" or brotherly spirit of the truly cultivated man by turning his farewell to America into an exhortation, and cautiously prophesying of the far-off age when "the wish to be admired" shall give place to "the wish to be loved." And it was certainly never more important to remember that defect of sympathy is defect of culture. If generous and hungry Orlandos shall disturb our dinner-tables by shouting, "He dies that touches any of this fruit till I and my affairs are answered," it will be desirable to have a more convincing reply ready than the philosopher's :

> "An you will not be answered with reason,
> I must die."

True culture knows how to get a hearing both for reason and conscience by speaking to the heart. And it was sympathy which taught Shakespeare's hero to crave pardon for acting like a savage.

Reason, no doubt, must restrain sympathy towards worthless sufferers.

To make life easier for them, as worthless, though it must sometimes be done for the sake of the innocent or for our own sakes, nevertheless contravenes that beneficent provision for the survival of the fittest by which nature would have the unfit gradually destroy themselves. But the instinctive action of culture in seeking to impart itself even to them, so that they may cease to be worth-

less, violates no law, and is a great element in the progress of civilization. In my native town in the Housatonic valley, there once lived a set of lazy and vicious creatures tolerably protected by the government against injustice, but not much delayed thereby in their journey toward extinction. They fell at last under the power of a new force of brotherhood resident in some most brotherly men, and to a large extent became industrious and virtuous. They, with others like them, bore various hardships and wrongs, including more than one painful removal, meekly but manfully, and they advanced in civilization by the stages which science recognizes as normal. The process lasted long enough to enlist the influence of heredity in their elevation, and after their last removal they were justifying their existence in the eyes of political economy by visibly growing rich. Before Marietta was settled they had established a well-ordered common-wealth on the upper waters of the Muskingum. And then white civilization utterly despaired of them and they were blotted out of existence, as a community, by a wholesale butchery. I do not think that science uses the murder of the Moravian Indians of Gnadenhutten as an example of the survival of the fittest, but the like barbarism has sheltered itself behind that principle since. And the blot has appeared again and again on American civilization, as if, wherever the current of your river is checked in the service of commerce, its waters as they whiten should disclose the red stain of that martyrdom. Blood so spilt is at least not silent, and its voice floating over this valley forever repeats the best lesson of culture, the true answer to the oldest question of social science, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

This story has a farther value for us in that it brings into view an early manifestation of a great cultivating agency, which seems to have been prepared in the eighteenth century for its task in the nineteenth. The his-

torian, Lecky, tells us how at the time of the French revolution, and when "the war between labor and capital began," England was saved from "grave dangers to the state" in part by means of the evangelical revival, under the Wesleys and others. That, he says, "opened a new spring of moral and religious energy among the poor, and at the same time gave a powerful impulse to the philanthrophy of the rich." And it did this work of culture principally by an appeal to feeling, through the more fervent announcement of the divine compassion. Its strength, as also its weakness, its exaggeration and one-sidedness, lay in its relation to the emotions. It was another stage in the evolution of Anglo-American Christianity, naturally following Puritanism and taking that up into its own onward movement. As in some sense an enfranchisement of the heart in a clearer perception of God's fatherhood, it made man's brotherhood seem more real, and the great philanthropies of the nineteenth century are its proper outcome. If our age has made the burdens of life heavier for any portion of society, new strength to bear them has been present in the quickened instinct of helpfulness.

While Puritanism, moreover, was British, (though something akin to it can be traced in Germany,) Evangelicalism was historically half German. And the story of Gnadenhutten shows how easily the Evangelical spirit, a kind of ripening of Christianity, passes the strongest barriers of race. In its German form too, from Pietism onward, it was long comparatively indifferent to theological diversities, and Anglo-American Evangelicalism has gradually overcome the bitter antagonism between Arminians and Calvinists. All this helped to prepare the way for dealing with the problem presented in America by immigration. Americans of the old stock had a kindlier welcome for the new-comers, and the latter became Americans faster. And thus there is a vast body of citizens who have much of the virtue and intelligence of

the colonial period, along with a more active benevolence. One of their representatives is Professor Sumner's "Forgotten Man," who works hard, minds his own business, and generally says his prayers, and whose goodness of heart I may insist on, after having spent upwards of twenty years in his service. He is on the side of freedom and order, or of government. Against the stupid ferocity which clamors for wholesale butchery, such men are armed not only by their common sense and their sound morality, but by a tenderness of feeling not common a century ago.

But this new power of sympathy, as it involves a keen appreciation of the evils which breed social discontent, evils which press hard on some who do not meditate violent remedies, so it has produced a wide-spread conviction that society itself has a responsibility in the matter. It is plain that the remedies applied by indviduals, or by limited associations, act irregularly, that they are often absurdly misapplied, and that they are very often in unnatural conflict with each other. And society is struggling, not too intelligently, to express in an organic form the quickened spirit of brotherhood which is the rich inheritance of this century. This result of modern development cannot safely be disregarded, for demagogues are only too ready to make use of it. But it is entirely consistent with willingness to act under sober-minded leaders, if only they are felt to be promoting the development of a more beneficent social order.

A like problem confronted the American statesmen of 1787. But it happens now, as then, that the men of high culture who ought to be our leaders, are not agreed among themselves. The service which government should get from culture, on the intellectual side, seems in danger of being sacrificed in a conflict of theories. Thus Mr. Matthew Arnold, as we have seen, finds the organ "of our collective best self," or of general culture of all kinds, in the states, thus making government paternal.

It is by such means that Mr. Arnold would save us from anarchy. But Mr. Spencer and other very able men, like M. Taine in France, and Professor Sumner in this country, assert that the state ought not to take care of the citizen; that it is a great deal better for him and for society that he should take care of himself; and that continual meddling with private business by public functionaries, even if it could secure order would destroy freedom. To such writers the present drift toward paternal government is reactionary, it is intensely un-English, and more intensely un-American. Government, they say, does its full duty when it protects the citizen in minding his own business. This protection it ought to give more effectively than it does now, but it should also pay greater respect to personal liberty. Whether a practical reconciliation between the paternal and *laissez-faire* theories be possible or not, it is certain that, for good or ill, both do often influence state action at one and the same time; and that the adherents of both differ somewhat among themselves as to the limit of their application. This controversy, like so many others, must in the long run settle itself. Both parties are the friends of freedom and order combined, and combined in stable though not rigidly fixed institutions. Both cherish very nearly the same ideal of a perfect society, the goal of social progress.

I need not remind you that there have been long periods when men could hardly think of the state without thinking of that which in their eyes completed and preserved it, the church. The church is historically an organ of culture, as defined by Mr. Arnold, and the sphere of that evolution of which I have spoken as passing through its Protestant, Puritan, and Evangelical stages. It does not threaten liberty, for its ideal is free action under purely spiritual influences, and to this ideal it is rigidly held in America. The mistakes of the church have been manifold, and the result of its eighteen

centuries of effort may seem scanty. This slow rate of progress has made a strong impression on Mr. Herbert Spencer, stronger perhaps than is reasonable, when one considers the enormous periods which he requires for his own operations. He, therefore, expects little from the church or from Christianity. But Mr. Arnold, who is nearly as enterprising a theologian as Mr. Spencer, is disposed on the contrary to think rather highly of it, and has even pleaded in England for the established church. And Professor Seeley, who regrets that culture does not call itself religion, seems to believe that the very existence of civilization almost depends on the possibility of embracing within the church the "vast communion of all who are inspired by the culture and civilization of the age." If this be practicable we apparently have precisely that social organization which we are in search of, one which by harmoniously combining the good elements of society for the benefit of the whole, gives unity and stability to the whole, in its form of the state, and makes culture, in its complete threefold operation, the safeguard of government. But his ideal can never become a reality, as he presents it. One great office of his church of the future would seem to be, to prove to the enemies of civilization that the thing which they hate is a good thing, and to prove it by preaching the doctrine of historical development, which exhibits the existing order as having come to pass by a natural progress, and therefore as not to be looked at malevolently. But this ideal church would not be constituted by that force which has been the life of the historical church; to which we owe the idea of human brotherhood in its fulness; and through which the best work of Christendom has been done.

We have now to take account of another fact belonging to this century, though perhaps to have its great issues in the next. The evolution of Anglo-American Christianity did not reach its limit in Evangelicalism. A new stage of development, logically following that, has

been in progress under various farms for more than a generation, and is coming to be clearly recognized as the catholic movement. Ecclesiastically it proceeds upon the principle of brotherhood, and requires Christians to appear as brethren in order that men may become such. It thus works against sectarianism and toward unity. Theologically it embodies the filial spirit, and concentrates Christianity upon the revelation of the Divine Father in the divine and human son. If the new movement, on the ecclesiastical side, shall have its normal result in uniting Christians, the Church must be, as never before, the organ of that truest culture which would "present every man perfect," and an organ through which so many of the best social forces would inevitably act, that its action would at once be felt to be that of society itself. If, on the theological side, it reconciles to the Church good men who have been alienated, society should become invincible, for none but the base could continue to be its enemies. Here Hebraism and Hellenism, as far as they are not yet fully one, may be at peace; the court of the Gentiles need not seem to be besieging the court of Israel. The old question of church and state is still a living one for culture, which needs for its service of the state just such an organ as the church is striving to become. And when men of culture perceive that as soon as we try to do without the supernatural, "pessimism raises its head," and when they are tempted to feel that

> "——The world
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude; nor peace, nor help for pain,"

they may be thankful to have those near them who are not afraid of the ugly goblin, because their world holds an immortal Man.

But the socialistic method disregards the inward working and trusts to a Pharisaic cleansing of the outside of the cup and platter. It attempts a great moral revolution by mere changes in institutions. And institutions

which have in America been proved to be both morally and intellectually helpful, are to be recklessly overturned. The free citizen is to be buried under a vast machinery of administration. And the tone of many revolutionists points to an official class with the qualifications of slave-drivers. Socialists have sometimes found their ideal in Sparta, and reasonably enough if we think only of the helots, the serfs of the state. But they need not look so far back. The type of the ruler who takes from the toil of hand or brain the fruits of toil, and so stifles industry and intelligence together, is not the heroic Spartan but the "unspeakable Turk." The passion on which socialism, often unconsciously, depends to incite the multitude to wholesale plunder is that ignoble one which can bear no superiority in anything, and which has its counterpart in the spirit of those Hebrew demagogues who would neither go into the Kingdom of Heaven themselves, nor suffer them that were entering to go in. Of course the envy which does not shirk from robbery need not shirk from murder, and murder is recommended by some and excused by others as an instrument of the socialistic revolution.

Against the undeniable evils of which socialists complain, the forces of civilization are always in the field, and are growing more effective. Such evils as disregard of public duty, indifference to the general welfare, selfish enjoyment of inherited wealth by those who do nothing for society, are confronted by Christianity with the thorough going radicalism of the New Testament, "Ye are not your own." This principle creates a trust which embraces far more than a rich man's money, putting all that all men have, and all that they are, at the service of humanity.

Over against the socialist, menacing good government with wild schemes for making it better, stands the anarchist, eager to overturn all government. This, however, is not because he hates peace and order, but because

in his view external authority stands in the way of peace and order. His ideal is that condition in which all men shall do what is wise and right without constraint. The "Federalist" says that "if men were angels no government would be necessary," and styles government "the greatest of all reflections on human nature." The endless peace which comes when life thrills everywhere with the life of God because God is "all in all," is far more than our modern anarchist dreams of, but his dream of freedom has its best interpretation in the words with which we follow up our petition for the kingdom, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven."

But once more, with incredible blindness, the inward working which culture and Christianity enjoin, is disregarded, and outward changes are relied on to transform character. Though the cherished ideal "has been slowly elaborated by the untold generations of our race," development can not be trusted to bring the reality. The unripe fruit is to be torn from the tree; or, rather, the tree itself is to be cut down that the fruit, hardly more than blossoming, may form and ripen on dead boughs. Our gentle anarchist does not tell us what would be the fate in the reign of terror with which anarchy must begin, (and with which it would surely end,) of those "admirable beings whose lives are passed," as he confesses, in tasks of "exquisite benevolence." Such is his pathetic faith in human nature that he expects men to grow into angels by acting like fiends, and calmly entrusts the conversion of the world to the devil.

That human government makes terrible mistakes is granted by those who expect most from it, like Mr. Arnold. But culture is training men for absolute self-government, and Christianity offers them a "service" which "is perfect freedom," and the Christian church at its worst was the one power which tyrants were afraid of. We may fail to check the onset of the "red revolution" with all our use of right reason and sound morality

and brotherly feeling. Christ Himself did not so cure the madness of the Hebrew revolutionists.

Our academic semi-centennial is a truer jubilee for the witness which it bears to the value of "soul-liberty." When fifty years ago civil government in Ohio gave this institution its charter, the gift included release from state intervention. Tne young college sought and has richly repaid the sympathy of the church, but the church has had no authority within its walls. Capital has served it unselfishly, using its own force of disciplined intelligence in guarding the material interests of the college, but leaving the guardians of its nobler interests untrammeled. Labor received here at the outset the fullest recognition as a "true yoke-fellow" of thought, and when the tie ceased to be compulsory, neither had been dishonored, but thought had made another gain in freedom. The state and the church, capital and labor, have united here in the enfranchisement of the mind. But there is another chain which might fetter it. The late Professor Guyot once replied to a student in theology who had asked him what would come of a rather startling discovery: "Something very fine will come of it; we must not be afraid of the truth." No; for that fear would make the soul the hopeless slave of error. And yet the truth might be unspeakably awful; if the pessimists are right, it is so, and we must be afraid of it. It is that genuine, thorough culture which leads us towards a total perfection by the development of heart and conscience along with intellect, that delivers from this enslaving fear. For then with the soul's clear vision of the true is blended its vision of the beautiful and the good, and of that in which they subsist together, the life, the all-enfolding life of the Living God. As one of our brotherhood, Professor Howison, of the University of California, has recently said, "Truth that does not include good and beauty is only the fragment of truth." Our very love of truth, then, should prompt us to keep the conscience pure and the heart warm.

A few months ago our instructor in Hellenism did public honor in behalf of art to a Christian minister who is using art and science as aids to religion among the "sunken multitudes" of East London. And years before the sight of another toiling there with Christ, inspired him to tell us how the lamp of sacrifice shed both light and sweetness, and guides us towards perfection.

"Oh, human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home!" *

*In November, 1884, a mosaic copy of Watts' painting of "Time, Death and Judgment," was placed on the street-front of St. Jude's, White Chapel, in recognition of the effort of the vicar, the Rev. S. A. Barnett, "to make the lives of his neighbors brighter by bringing within their reach the influence of beauty," and Mr. Arnold delivered an address. The lines above quoted are from his "East London," in the *New Poems*.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALUMNI.

THE COUNTRY'S PERIL.

BY HON. JOHN F. FOLLETT, LL. D.

The distinguished honor of addressing you, upon this semi-centennial anniversary of our beloved Alma Mater, I duly appreciate and for this honor I thank you.

There are occasions when we are compelled by reason of our surroundings, by the situation in which we are placed, to review the past and forecast the future, to consider whence we came and whither we are going. This is such an occasion in the life and progress of this college and of the country. I do but repeat that which you all know and have often thought of and expressed, that the fifty years of the life of Marietta College have accomplished more in the progress of the human race, in the development of the arts and sciences, of those discoveries and inventions which are useful, beautiful, pleasing, and attractive, than any preceding century. But it is one of the misfortunes incident to human life that good and evil are so blended together, so inseparably and indissolubly connected, that the greatest good, the choicest blessings, bring woes and curses in their train. While human experience has shown that our sorest trials are often "blessings in disguise," it has also taught us that often what we esteem our chief good, our supreme blessings, are in reality the worst and most to be deplored of all evils.

Our institutions of learning, the stimulus there imparted to the activity and development of the intellectual faculties and inventive genius, have done more than all other instrumentalities and agencies combined to effect the marvelous transformations of the half century just past.

And now, my brothers, the grave question for us to answer is, are we as a people, is the country and is the human family in a condition more desirable, more conducive to happiness and general welfare than fifty years ago? Are we advancing toward the millennial state, or is the apparent splendor of which we boast but the phosphorescent glow of a decaying, decomposing body? Are there no breakers ahead upon which the ship of state may be dashed and wrecked? Can the patriot now fold his arms in security, assured that all is well? Can the statesman who has devoted years of patient, persistent struggle and energetic toil to advance the best interests and promote the general welfare of the country, in grateful thanks and adoration to Him who controls the destinies of nations, in gratitude, praise, and thanksgiving, say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation?" I am sure that all honest, thoughtful, observing, patriotic, educated men must feel alarm and apprehension at the outlook for the future, and, laying aside all selfish, sectional, and partisan considerations, we should earnestly enquire, what are the diseases of the body politic and how can they be remedied?

The first and most alarming evil that threatens our beloved country, is corruption and bribery.

The thoughtful reader of the history of the Roman Republic for some time preceding the establishment of the Empire, will find such a similarity to the history we are now making as compels the inquiry, Is history repeating itself? Offices were purchased in the open market; officials who had purchased their positions bartered the power and influence thus obtained, appro-

priated to themselves the lands, the money, the wealth, and resources of the Government.

Patriotism, purity, virtue, honor, integrity, self-respect, every attribute that fits men for freedom and makes the existence and continuance of self-government possible, perished under the blighting, noxious influence of universal corruption. The favorite leaders were those who were best able to bestow and did most liberally bestow wealth, power, and patronage. Wars were waged and conquests made in order that the fruits of conquest, the spoils, lands, and captives held as slaves, might be distributed to the followers of the military leaders, and he ranked first whose conquests were greatest and who most enriched his partisans and followers.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that when a military genius like Cæsar with his army of hardy and disciplined followers, including the noblest and best citizens of Rome, had overrun and conquered the fairest, best, and most productive part of Europe, and the nation witnessed in his triumphal processions the pride, beauty, and manhood of Europe and the world, and spoils unsurpassed in variety and magnificence to be bestowed upon the army, together with the productive lands conquered by those invincible forces, that the spirit of liberty, the love of freedom, should have disappeared and the Republic given place to an Empire with Cæsar at its head ?

The corrupting influences of politics and the uncertainty and unreliability of politicians are alleged and believed to be general if not universal, but who can deny that politics and politicians are just what the voters would have them be, and are the sure and certain reflectors of the character and desires of the people. It is but natural that men and parties, coveting and seeking positions of responsibility and power, should desire success, and however much judgment and conscience may condemn, they will resort to those methods and adopt those practices that are most likely to enable them to succeed. The time

was when an attempt to purchase a vote, whether such attempt were made by direct or indirect means, would have been resented generally, if not universally, by the voters of this country, as a personal insult that it would be mild to characterize as an outrage, but now little attempt is made to conceal the traffic, each campaign being characterized by earnest, persistent appeals to party friends and supporters for money, fitly denominated in such contests as we now witness, as the "sinews of war." Men holding positions of public trust, presumably for the benefit of all concerned, so administer their offices as to make them auction blocks for the sale of shoddy political goods. A poor individual who has a claim against the Government honestly and hardly earned, the payment of which has been long and shamelessly denied, just before an election, is told that there is a way by which his claim can be favorably considered at once ; all that is required is that he vote right at the election, and then justice so long delayed will be meted out in his case. Patriotism has compelled the making of liberal provision for our wounded and disabled soldiers, but the poor unfortunates who apply for pensions find no means effectual to hasten the consideration of their applications, until an election is impending, when they are taught that if they vote as they are desired to do by those whose official duty it is to decide upon their claims, the merit of their claims will be made to appear at once and zeal will no longer wait upon discretion in the allowance of such claims. Distress, want, suffering, and misery are powerful and at times irresistible incentives to crime, and we may often find it in our hearts to offer apologies for the tempted, but for the tempter our anathemas should be thereby intensified.

We can but sympathize with the crippled soldier, having a family dependent upon him for support, who sells his vote for the pension which will keep himself and family from beggary and want, but the government

official who so prostitutes his sacred trust deserves only the most fervent and bitter execrations. But who can measure the depths of the detestation every honest patriot and lover of his country must feel for him who procures the deposit of purchased votes in the ballot box, at an election held by a free people, or for the official who procures a position of public trust through corruption, bribery, and the violation of criminal law.

Many, very many of those who occupy positions of public trust and honor, presumably as the choice of a free people, whose wishes were expressed at an honest, fair, untainted election, would, if they had their just deserts, be expiating their crimes at some penal institution. Well may the patriot tremble and the lover of free government and free institutions cry out in alarm at the rapidly increasing number of those who are ready to barter the dearest heritage of the citizen. Often it is sold for less than the price of a sheep or calf, either of which is more deserving of citizenship than such a voter, who usually has nothing he can barter save his vote. The number of these vile creatures, these ready, willing criminals, is now large and alarmingly increasing. They and those who traffic in such votes as theirs, are the thieves in our temple of liberty, and every honest patriot should lash them out with a scourge of scorpions.

But here, as in most other instances of flagrant wrong and violation of law, we are appalled and our hands are stayed when raised to inflict the merited punishment, by the stern rebuke, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Men calling themselves respectable and honorable, who move in circles far above the common rabble, who feel a holy horror at the thought of corruption at the ballot box, who would recoil aghast if themselves approached with a proposition to buy their votes, will willingly and cheerfully, at the request of party leaders, contribute their money to buy the votes of others, will pledge the power and patronage incident to success, and will hold

the cup brim full of corruption most vile and deadly to the lips of others. Business men, professional men, teachers of morality and religion, sustain, encourage, and make possible these blighting, corrupting agencies in the body politic. The legislative halls in all parts of our country are infested with human yultures, having a quick eye and a keen scent for putridity and corruption, known as lobbyists, who are employed and paid by men of professed respectability to do work which they would themselves scorn to do, forgetting the maxim, *Qui facit per alium facit per se.* The idea seems to be prevalent in our best social and business life that every man has his price, and that to buy him is simply a matter of business in which none but the parties are concerned, provided the matter is kept from the public. If certain legislation can be procured, he will be benefitted to the amount of thousands of dollars. Why should he not give, contingent upon its passage, a portion of the profits he will derive to influential legislators and thus promote its success? A skillful man may present cogent arguments in favor of the most iniquitous measure, the careless unthinking public may not be able to discriminate between patriotism and perfidy, between a public benefit and selfish, personal rapacity, and thus for a sufficient consideration the legislator is willing to take the risks of most detestable and degrading crime, and his procurer receives the lion's share of the profits and thanks God that he is not corrupt like other men and especially like legislators and politicians.

Within the life of this college few if any could have been found to defend or even tolerate methods and practices now generally resorted to to carry elections or secure legislation. When the *Credit Mobilier* scandal was investigated in Congress and the exposure made of those who were connected with it, the men implicated were denounced most bitterly and almost universally condemned. So severe and universal was this denunciation, that one

of the parties involved had a conscience sufficiently sensitive and active to cause him to die of a broken heart, but if any one of the others suffered at all, or was permanently injured in his character or reputation, such fact is not publicly known.

To the originator and author of the scheme, the man who placed its stock where it would do the most good, an imposing monument has been erected at the highest point on the Rocky Mountains upon the line of the Pacific Railroad. Upon others the nation's honors have been bestowed with lavish prodigality, until we are compelled to admit that bribery and corruption, not righteousness, exalteth the legislator until he becomes the model, ideal statesman. When this blot upon national honor, this poison to public virtue, was first revealed in all its hideous deformity, all men in whom a sense of honor existed, recoiled with horror at the contemplation of the crime and those involved in its perpetration, but soon for them apologists appeared, then defenders, then applauders. Experience has taught that a certificate of *Credit Mobilier* stock is a passport to highest honors and most responsible public positions of trust. Remorse crushed only one of the perpetrators of the great wrong, while thousands seeing the success that has followed them, strive to follow in the path they marked out. I allude to this only as an example of the many evils that have crept into and became a part of our public life, and with which we have become so familiar that they have ceased to terrify us.

> "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen,
> But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Corporate bodies, aggregated wealth, managed and controlled by men of ability and business capacity and experience, anxious to succeed and unscrupulous as to the methods employed, have been the chief agents and

instrumentalities in degrading public morals and lowering the standard of public virtue. Alive to the importance of friendly legislation and caring little by what means it is secured, they first select as candidates such men as will be allied to them from interest or principle, and failing in this, such men as are known to be susceptible to the persuading influences of the lobby with its known devices and practices. Having secured the nomination of such a man as is desired, no expense is spared and no artifice neglected that will conduce to success.

Money has not brains, but it can and does command them, and monopolies are organized and perpetuated by men of eminent sagacity and talent, whose sole study and care is to lose no advantage gained and grasp as much more as is possible. Like the children of the horse-leech, their cry is ever, *give! give!* With them the lust of wealth, the greed of gain, is insatiate, and in its pursuit, honor, conscience, virtue, patriotism are worthless delusions, and woe be to him who dare urge any one of these in opposing their demands. They never forget or forgive him who dares be honest and obeys his conscience in the performance of official duty. At the first opportunity such a man is offered up as a sacrifice to their Moloch. Ambitious men in all parts of the country have learned that they must either worship at the shrine of this monster or be overwhelmed by its, at present, irresistible force. Where are the statesmen who have been characterized by unflinching integrity and unfaltering courage in the discharge of their official duties? Retired to private life and their places filled by those who are ready to yield unquestioned obedience to their discoverers and their masters. Who that has at heart the honor and welfare of the country can but be pained as he contrasts the men who occupy seats in the highest branch of the legislative department of the Government with those who occupied them in the days when brains, not wealth, was considered the requisite qualifi-

cation for such distinction, when honor, honesty, and capacity were the essential elements of statesmanship? The lawyers, stockholders, and managers of corporations, the representatives of monopolies, and men whose seats have been procured by the most shameless, unblushing use of money, are largely in the ascendant in that august tribunal. How are the mighty fallen!

Well may the intelligent patriot stand appalled at the responsibilities resting upon him and from which he can not escape. If the problem of self-government is not satisfactorily solved by us, its solution will never again be attempted. We undertook its solution under the most favorable circumstances possible. We are descended from those who preferred a home in the wilderness and the companionship of savages with freedom of conscience and personal liberty, to the abodes of civilization where they were subjected to offensive espionage and restraints. The descendants of such men, imbued with the spirit of their fathers, were peculiarly qualified for the work of establishing a free, constitutional government that should be a model for all people and all ages. Such a government they gave us, blending the greatest freedom with the most wholesome restraints, the amplest exercise of personal liberty with strong, healthy conservatism. Its ability to withstand assaults from without or within has been thoroughly tested and completely exemplified. It has no inherited weakness and to insure its perpetuity it is only necessary to stop the spread of this gangrene of corruption before it reaches a vital part. To this grand and noble work, men of thought and men of action, earnest, educated freemen, who would deserve, retain, and transmit their freedom, must address themselves with a courage and pertinacity that will not recognize or endure defeat.

The people being the source of all power, and suffrage being generally, almost universally extended, the remedy for all diseases of the body politic must be there applied.

To cleanse and purify our legislative halls we must apply the scrubbing brush and disinfectants to the voters who make legislators. To make public officers realize the fact that they do but administer a public trust, they should be taught that any deviation from the strict line of duty will bring upon them speedy and certain retribution. If the fountain is polluted with the *infusoria* of corruption, the streams that flow therefrom must be alike tainted.

The natural instinctive leaning of the masses of the people is in the direction of purity and right. In the expressed wishes and will of the majority, all promptly and cheerfully acquiesce. The great body of our people demand the enforcement of law and to it yield obedience. But here as elsewhere, to the great body of the people life is a continuous, unremitting struggle for existence, and necessity compels the doing of many things which judgment and conscience condemn. The introduction and general use of labor-saving machinery upon our farms as well as in our manufactories and workshops, has seriously injured the laboring people of the country, and thousands of those willing and anxious to work are continuously out of employment and their families on the verge of starvation. When employed, it is generally true that the laborer does not receive his proper share of the fruits of his labor, and hence to obtain the necessaries of life is with him a constant struggle. Thus circumstanced they are an easy prey for unscrupulous, designing men, who for selfish ends would sacrifice country and posterity. In their necessities present relief overshadows and completely obscures future good. The vote of such a man goes just as far and counts just as much upon the poll and tally-sheet as that of any other man, and this they know who desire benefits at the expense of the public.

The greatest crime that can be committed in a free government, a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," is that act, whatever it may be, which interferes with or prevents a free and honest expression

of the will of the people at the ballot-box. We have laws which, were they enforced, would prevent the continued perpetration of this flagrant crime, at the enormity of which every conscientious man revolts.

The educated men of the country are largely responsible for the lowering of the standard of public morality which now so seriously threatens the continued existence of our free institutions. The masses look to the educated, intellectual men of the country as the molders of public sentiment and leaders of public opinion. A man of prominence, of intellectual ability and assuming to be honorable and respectable, can exert an influence over the masses a hundred fold greater than that exerted by one of their own number. The more ignorant the man, the more easily influenced. I would not restrict or curtail the right of suffrage. Let this most powerful of all weapons of defense remain in the hands of those who from their position and surroundings are most helpless and defenseless, but with the right let them be furnished with the most complete and ample protection in that right. He who by intimidation or corruption, would prevent the free, unrestrained exercise of the rights of any legally qualified citizen, is the worst enemy of the Republic and should be forever excluded from the rights and privileges of citizenship. What American can fail to feel that he is personally disgraced at the methods adopted in the selection of delegates to our political conventions, especially in our large cities, and at the scenes witnessed in such political conventions? Men distinguished only for recklessness, lawlessness, or criminality, prepare a delegate ticket containing their own names to the requisite number, and, unless another is placed in antagonism composed of men more lawless, reckless, or criminal than they, it is sure to have a sufficient number of ballots in the box to elect it, even if to do so require a dozen ballots to each voter casting them. And why the great anxiety to be a delegate? Because of the profit

there is in it. Our best citizens are seldom seen at the polls where delegates are chosen, leaving that most important of all the duties of a citizen to those who are patriotic solely from selfish and personal considerations. A convention composed of such delegates could hardly be expected, under any circumstances, to act wisely or well, and while it is true that at times, as a matter of policy and expediency, good men may be nominated, as a rule nominations go to the highest bidder and men are selected as candidates for positions of public trust whose unfitness for such positions is conclusively shown by the methods resorted to in securing the nomination. It is now scarcely regarded as wrong or disreputable to enter a convention well provided with the cogent and conclusive delegate persuader, money, and the more openly and unblushingly it is used, the more certain is success. He is the greatest and most successful manipulator and most deserving of encomium and reward, who can drive the best bargain with delegations and succeed with the use of the least money. I have not overdrawn or too highly colored this picture. It is one that may be witnessed in the city conventions of any political party, and especially of the party in the ascendency, where a nomination is presumed to be equivalent to an election.

As an evidence and guaranty of the stability, continuance, and strength of free institutions, who would point with pride and confidence to the methods of conducting political campaigns in recent times, or glory in the conduct of our elections as the means of securing a fair and honest expression of the will of the people who have a right to be heard? An intelligent young Irishman whom I met the evening after a recent election in the city where I reside, said to me: "If what I have witnessed to-day is a fair sample of your elections and of the practical working of your free institutions, I shall return to Ireland contented and happy."

He is the successful politician who can most success-

fully prevent the honest expression of the popular will. Deception, fraud, intimidations, importation of voters, organization of gangs of repeaters, placing reckless, desperate, and irresponsible armed men at the polls with the badge of office to do partisan work—these are some of the methods adopted for the purpose of securing offices of public trust and responsibility. Who can wonder at the contamination of the public service? To me it is a matter of surprise that it is so pure and free from taint.

To remedy these evils, to return again to the integrity, purity, and simplicity of the fathers, will require the earnest, united efforts of all true, earnest men. I am a partisan and believe that political parties are necessary and beneficial, but when to be a partisan one must be an apologist and defender of crimes and of criminals, partisanship should be subordinate to patriotism. We are too much inclined to adopt as our motto, "My party, may it always be right, but my party right or wrong." The time has come when there is so little of principle dividing party organizations, that we may safely adopt that other and wiser and more patriotic motto, "My party, may it always be right, but my party only when in the right." Let it be known and understood that in politics as in all other relations of life, "honesty is the best policy," and that the patriotism which subordinates all considerations to the country's welfare is an essential qualification for public office. An official who fears his public or private record, who trembles at the suggestion of an investigation, who attempts to evade the closest scrutiny of any of his acts which in any way affect the public welfare, does not deserve the support of any true patriot even though a zealous adherent to party. When selfish, unscrupulous men are taught that however successful they may be in foisting themselves upon the party as candidates, they can not be elected, even though their party may be in the ascendency, the inducement to fraudulent schemes and devices will be taken away.

There is now a manifest and healthy tendency in many parts of the country to independent voting. The independent voter may be denounced and ridiculed by partisans and party organs, but it will yet appear that to them the country owes a debt of gratitude such as is justly due only to its defenders and deliverers. One of the most cheering and promising omens of the future is the fact that there are constant and steady acquisitions to the ranks of the independents. When they shall have become sufficiently numerous to insure the vigorous, unrelenting prosecution of those who are guilty of bribery, fraud, and intimidation at our elections and in our legislative halls, we may confidently expect the ushering in of a brighter day for the Republic.

The training we have received in this college fits us to become leaders in the great work of reforming the abuses that have crept into and become a part of our political methods. To restore and rehabilitate in our public life, our public offices and legislative halls, courageous and unflinching virtue, purity, integrity, and patriotism, we must teach those who aspire to be the recipients of public honors and rewards that he who would succeed must come with clean hands, a pure record, and an untarnished reputation ; that no criminal, no violator of law, and no man who obstructs its enforcement shall ever be placed in a position where he can either make or expound the law. Whatever may be the genius, the culture, the ability, or the personal attractions of one who in public life has deviated from the known path of duty and rectitude, he deserves severest censure, and whatever may be our partisan prejudices, if we support and encourage him, we do thereby endorse and popularize crooked practices and censurable methods. If we who know the right and falter in its maintenance, if we who can discriminate between good and evil, hesitate to scorn the evil and to cleave only to that which is good, from whence can we expect our deliverance to come?

It is, I fear, too true that men who have the learning

and ability lack the courage to become leaders. We palliate crime and apologize for the criminal, fearing lest an honest and manly expression of well founded opinion might prove detrimental to the interests of our party or its candidates. We are conscious of the fact that the only known remedy for malignant tumors is the surgeon's knife promptly applied, and yet we exhibit the hesitation and indecision characteristic of cowards in our treatment of the cancerous sores of the body politic, If we, and those circumstanced as we are, falter and hesitate, others will do the work and receive the rewards.

The longer I live the more sincere and earnest is my thanksgiving to Him who controls the destinies of men and of nations, that I have been permitted to live in this country at this time and participate in events so pregnant with momentous results as those of the past few years and of the present. The future, though to us unknown, we can confidently predict will be what we make it. God works through human agencies and instrumentalities, and in all our past history His hand can be distinctly traced in bringing forward the right men at the right time to work His soverign will. My belief in a glorious destiny for this country is unfaltering. May the alumni of this college be ever found steadfast and immovable in the advocacy and defense of all measures designed to establish and perpetuate a pure and incorruptible public service, and a clean, untainted ballot-box. Let it not be truly said of us that we were unequal to the great work to which we have been called. Let the alumni celebrating this semi-centennial annniversary enter upon this grand and noble work with such zeal, ardor, and enthusiasm that those who celebrate the centennial anniversary may find our governmental structure clean, pure, and spotless in all its parts, and every officer conscious of the fact that he is vested with a sacred trust, for the proper administration of which he will be held to a strict account.

POEM BEFORE THE ALUMNI.

THE OLD AND THE NEW, OR CHANGES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By Rev. C. E. Lindsey, D. D.

Fifty years seems an adequate time,
For poet to build the lofty rhyme,
But in a task that's deferred so long,
The *theme* may be better than the *song*.
Andrew Jackson was President when,
Some here to-day were much younger men.
The ordered seasons still come and go,
Yon river maintains its changeless flow,
But the once dark locks are mixed with gray,
The hearts are sobered that once were gay,
The whistle and song are silent now,
Deep wrinkles furrow the once smooth brow,
And swift feet,—half a century back,
Move slowly along life's beaten track.

Fifty years!—are we half so wise
At their close,—as when we saw their rise?
What knowledge profound, how wide our view,
Could we know all once we thought we knew!
Fifty years! they have taken us down,
Shaken the sceptre, and dimmed the crown,
And taught us a thousand doubts and fears,
That never disturbed our youthful years.
Yet such as we are, with a hearty will
Doing our work, or well, or ill,

And striving life's duties to fulfill,
Now nearing the goal,—we'll not complain,
That we can't begin the race again.

Still can we see through memory's eye,
Many a scene of the days gone by.
'Tis fifty years since round yonder bend,
Two lads were nearing their journey's end.
'Twas early spring,—from their fetters free,
These streams ran full to the Southern Sea,
Bearing to millions the ample stores,
Gathered by toil from their fertile shores.
The hills shone clear in the evening light,
In verdurous robes with fringes white.
Away to the South the forests rolled
Their billows, tinged by the sunset's gold,
While here reposed in its quiet nest,
The sweetest village in all the West.

One of those lads, for many a day
Has slept 'neath the sands of Virgin Bay,
The other has come to meet you here,
And take your hand, this fiftieth year.

A sturdy, liberty-loving band,
Made the first homes in this pleasant land.
Sprung from the good old New England stock,
Wise and prudent, yet firm as a rock,
Here they planted their germinal state,
(The year was seventeen eighty-eight,)
And opened the soil to sun and breeze,
By clearing away the forest trees.
As the axe resounded, day by day,
Those ancient giants melted away,
And nobody singing "Woodman Spare,"
Hill, valley, and plain were stript so bare,
That children who love a bit of shade,

Must fill the wide gaps their fathers made.
"Our Blockhouse," said grandfather Nye,
"Was a handy thing; I'll tell you why:"
Whenever Indians came about,
We popped in, and our guns popped out.
Finding it thus, they stayed in the woods,
Seldom molesting us or our goods."
Justice, and caution William Penn
Used in his dealings with savage men.
And this, no doubt, was the reason why,
They passed his peaceful settlements by,
When hunting after the white man's life,
With the tomahawk and scalping knife.
Some boys love to be fooling around,
Whenever a hornet's nest is found,
Stirring those hot little chaps on wings,
With stones, and sticks, and various things,
And promptly getting their change in stings.
Other boys keep a little retired,
The moment they see those missiles fired,
And they are the boys to be admired.

One who has fought and suffered for years,
For freedom, is apt to have his fears.
They wished to dwell where no captive's sigh
Should vex the ear, as the breeze swept by:
Where no clank of iron fetters grim,
Should turn to discord their sabbath hymn.
This firm resolve, like a righteous leaven,
Lay deep in the act of eighty-seven,
And made the soil of the North West free,
By an irreversible decree.

Scanty time can a pioneer find,
To cultivate the *graces* of mind.
He may have heart, and he may have head,
But his is the strife for daily bread;
To make in the wilderness—a home;

He leaves the rest for the years to come.
Training his children in virtue's ways,
He trusts to their acts to speak his praise,
And now that they sleep in honored graves,
And over their dust the cypress waves,
The church and the college here have sprung,
On the spot where once their axes rung;
And, coming from regions far and near,
We, pilgrims of learning, gather here,
To laud their deeds, with reason (and rhyme),
And strengthen hope by their faith sublime.
Search as you may through the distant past,
For the wise and the worthy, first and last,
For great examples you need not roam,
You can find *your* heroes nearer home.

The hour, and the cause which brings us here,
Recall to our minds, my brethren dear,
Those noble souls whose foresight sure,
Wrought out a work that shall long endure.
Our blessings seldom have their birth,
As exhalations rise from the earth,
But oftener earthward are they sent,
Like light from the heavenly firmament.
These goodly structures we look upon,
Are the prayers and toils of men now gone.
The tree they planted has widely spread;
We pluck the fruit, and enjoy the shade.
'Twas theirs to contrive, to plan, to think,
How to dig the wells from which we drink.
God gives them rest;—but this kindled light,
Shall dispel the shades of error's night,
And shine aloft o'er the sea of years,
Till darkness has fled, and day appears.
Flown are the visions of wealth and fame,
Vanished the spell of a mighty name,
But the good man's works shall never cease;
They follow him to the land of peace.

Are there here, to-day, some aged men,
Who have passed their three score years and ten,
And sit with us in the evening glow
That touches the hill-tops crowned with snow?
O well has the great Lawgiver said:
"Thou shalt rise up for the hoary head,
And honor the face of the aged man,
Who hath overlived the common span."
Then how much more, when with locks of gray,
A crown of glory in wisdom's way,
The old look back, ere they strike the tent
For the final march,—on life well spent,
And turn a serene, untroubled eye,
From scenes that fade, to a home that's nigh.
Veterans! We greet you with joy once more!
Long may you linger with us, before
The voice of the Master—who knows best—
Welcomes you to the heavenly rest.

O many a time in his after life,
Wearied with labor, and worn with strife,
The scholar sinks to his couch at night,
But his soul on wings of dreams takes flight.
A voice from the past he plainly hears,
Soundless to all but his watchful ears,
Calling him back to that distant shore,
His mortal footsteps shall tread no more.
Again, at a most untimely hour,
He hears the bell from the college tower,
Waken from slumber those sons of toil,
Who have hardly quenched the midnight oil,
Because a perverse and cruel fate,
Always condems *them* to study late.
At that sound,—the dreamer starts; but lo!
'Twas a bell rung fifty years ago!
And yet it sends him forth a roamer
Among the classic shades of Homer.

Along the shore the pale priest passes,
Regardless *Kumaton Thallasses.*
Old Euclid's figures, lines and angles,
Seem strangely decked with beads and bangles;
He dreams that *thus* he's no objections,
Even to a dose of conic sections.
Then higher, wilder seems to float,
Upon a flying asymptote,
That bell once more! with a fearful yawn,
He plunges to meet the coming dawn;
Then out at the door, and down the stair,
Rumbles and grumbles to morning prayer.

Ah, those were the times that tried men's *soles*,
And their *uppers* too, when they called the rolls,
Making it sure as nails in the ark,
That no missing man will miss his mark.
The Tutor on high, from his curule chair,
Calmly surveyed the bright regions where
'Twas easy to see by lighted lamps
The good boys–where were the missing scamps?
That would puzzle a lawyer to tell;
Some imagined they didn't feel well,
Others laid all the blame on the bell.
(But this was most unrighteously said;
Sam Hall rang it to waken the dead.)
One wag declared himself "indisposed,"
Adding—"to rise"—when the book was closed.
Juniors! be thankful that, in your day,
Going to prayers you can see your way.
Yet, once in the chapel, and service begun,
There was an end of frolic and fun,
And faces wore the serious air,
Which well becometh the place of prayer.
Then a hymn was sung, and all joined in,
Led by the strains of a violin.
The music may not have been "high art;"
Still it was "praise" from a thankful heart.

Shall not the Muse a few warm tears shed,
Over the graves of our early dead?
Gone from the living, they yet *are here;*
Memory heeds not the pall nor bier;
Beameth upon us each well known face;
Sitteth each form in its wonted place;
Soundeth the loud word spoken of yore,
When the strong hand smote upon the door.
Full of bright hopes, till—sorrowful day!—
The sweet tones faltered and died away,
And the young life vanished from our sight,
As meteors leave obscurer night.
To call of duty or trump of fame,
Never shall answer that silent name!
Yet, as the stars which rise not here,
Brighten the skies of some grander sphere,
So the friends from our side withdrawn,
Bathe in the light of some cloudless dawn;
And O may it be, when life is o'er,
Gathered with them on that shining shore,
We shall know and love them all once more.

Various things have been sung or said,
By some ancient teachers, long since dead.
Had Adam properly used his Cain,
The other, Abel, had not been slain;
Nor the slayer, with the brand of God,
Wandered away to the land of Nod.
Solomon thought that the measures mild,
Which spared the young sapling, spoiled the child.
Guided by such authorities, all
The race of teachers after the fall,
Went in for measures sturdy and strong,
And plied the hickory loud and long.
They were *sons of God*, and worshiped *force;*
Down to the water they led the horse;
They led him down to the very brink,
And then, whatever the horse might think,
Held his head under, and *made him drink.*

They all conceived of the human mind
As pulp, and the body as its rind,
And thought that to reach the part within,
The readiest course was through the skin.
And so they taught in a striking way,
The lore and the learning of their day.
"Pure mathematics," when thus "applied",
They reckoned most certain to abide;
While rules of grammar, and gems of thought,
Would be recalled by each tender spot.
Their system—it cracked the hardest nuts,
And their works came out with many cuts.

Could it be thought that any young man,
Would object to such a charming plan,
Where teachers bestowed a world of *pains*
On their backs,—to stimulate their brains?
They did object; they cheekily said,
That as for coming out "*deep read*,"
Through being kept long in water hot,
A lobster might; but a boy would not.
Knowledge (quoth they) comes of reflection,
Not through hypodermic injection.
In short, they thought *mind* seldom grew
By beating its *matter* black and blue;
And this new idea at length prevailed,
And the young fry ceased from being whaled;
So that, in time, the lithe rattan
Gave place to the voluntary plan.

Our early instructors left their mark
In the growing tree, and not in the bark.
Sober in judgment; grave of speech;
With adequate learning; apt to teach;
They were not reared in the tents of ease,
Nor cradled upon dame Fortune's knees.
But, each for himself by service passed
To the quarter-deck from before the mast.
They knew what tough work the man must do,

Who has to paddle his own canoe.
When youthful mariners sought this strand,
To them they offered a helping hand,
And sent them forth on the voyage, stored
With all the learning they'd take on board.
Never did any man's caste or creed
Discount, with them, his worthier deed.
And of their pupils many will rise,
To call them counsellors safe and wise.
Their work is done; they have passed away;
Their faithfulness lives with us to-day.

Their system was built on *moral* force:
Down to the water they led the horse,
But if to drink he firmly declined,
They sent him *to grass* till he changed his mind.
The faith that in them such good fruit bore,
Was *Calvinistic*, down to the core.
Regardless of heresy or schism,
They stood by Westminister catechism,
Just as a gunner sticks to his gun;
Nor were they the men to fire and run.
The amunition which they preferred,
Came from the arsenal of God's word,
And standing in the track of their shot,
A man must dodge it, or quit the spot.
Positive doctrines that will not bend,
Are sure to 'hold the fort' in the end,
And such as these have always shown
A sturdy frame, and a stiff back-bone:
Their power has been proved by deeds sublime,
As I could relate, if I had time.

Western mind takes a practical turn,
The young men who came here, came to learn.
Having no time nor cash to waste,
School-boys' pranks were not much to their taste.
Hazing, of late so popular grown,

Was to those innocent souls unknown.
Lazy students who wanted a row,
Seldom troubled a man from the plow,
Hanging on tight when she made her jumps,
And lifting over stones and stumps;
Some youthful giant of six feet, two,
Wearing a number ten boot or shoe,
(A lad like Thomas Ewing would do,)
Who would quietly open his door,
Pile them in heaps on the entry floor,
Then mildly ask: "are there any more?"—
Hazing *such* is a perilous charge,
And calls for a contract much too large.
To gain distinction, a safer plan
Is to "watch out" for the six-foot-man,
And take away his prize—if you can.

Elective studies! seductive phrase!
But never heard in those early days.
No president took the trouble then,
Tenderly to inquire of young men
Whether they wouldn't prefer to drop Greek,
And practice boat-racing twice a week;
Or told them, if Latin proved a bore,
That they need not have it any more;
Or hinted that prayers and songs of praise,
Were relics of less enlightened days.
For *our election* was made so sure,
That we never dreamed of any cure,
But blindly did what we were told,
In those new days, now growing old.
At ne'er a meeting in the campus,
Did we resolve no rules should cramp us;
Nor send committees in to tender
Terms of conditional surrender.
When we differed from the powers that be,
They offered conditions, and not we.
'Twas awful thus our minds to fetter,

But then, you see, we knew no better,
Than to imagine the long tried plan,
For making a boy into a man,
Was still the most effectual way:
That who would command, must first obey.
Heroes and statesmen of world-wide fame,
Had to submit to the very same.
'Tis said King James got many a tannin'
From his Scotch tutor, George Buchanan.
Poets, philosophers, wits, divines,
Performed their duties,—or paid their fines.
Great Milton's genius was not nipt,
Because at college he was whipt.
Submission? Babington Macaulay
Was guilty of this self-same folly.
Had that snarling cynic, Tom Carlyle,
Been sent to some stiff old school awhile,
Where the love of man, and fear of God,
Were promoted by a birchen rod,
He might have learned much better breeding,
And his "remains" been fragrant—reading.
What history tells that General Grant
Ever answered, "I won't and I can't,"
When ordered to take some bristling fort,
Or make a swamp his summer resort?
That was a long head, all will agree,
Which marched through Georgia, down to the sea.
Is William Tecumseh honored less,
For taking his orders from U. S.?

When armed secession had done its worst,
And the cloud long black with treason—burst;
When rebels fired on their country's flag,
And hoisted the new Confederate rag;—
The sound of that gun in thunder broke,
And the giant from his slumbers woke.
Little the ruffian who did the deed,
Knew to what issues his shot should speed!

Far over the North its echoes rolled,
From Pilgrim's rock to the Gate of Gold;
Shaking the cities with sulphurous breath;
Ploughing furrows for harvests of death;
Calling from work-shops and lonely farms,
The toilers of peace to war's alarms;
Startling the stillness of wood and glen,
With neigh of steed, and the tramp of men;
Rousing alternate hopes and fears;
Drenching the land with blood and tears;
Never to cease till our flag should wave,
Over a country without a slave.

Happily ignorant of all this,
Round Sumter's walls there rose such a hiss;
Such swelling of heads with empty brag;
Such spitting of venom over the flag;
The rattle-snakes were so wild with joy,
A tanner heard them in Illinois.
Now when he perceived what they were at,
He left his hides in the tanning vat,
And went to the front one lucky day,
Just to inquire in a business way,
Of the folks at headquarters, whether
Anything could be done *in leather.*
They gave him a job to try his hand,
On the Tennessee and Cumberland,
And he tanned so hard and tanned so fast,
That the toughest hides grew soft at last,
And although made of obstinate stuff,
After four years, they had had enough.

The cannon that roared round Sumter's walls,
Flashed luridly into college halls.
The student saw, 'mid the shadows dim,
The bust of Pallas frown upon him,
Was it the lamp's reflected beam,
Or did those eyes with lightnings gleam?

The spear in her mailed hand seems to shake,
And from marble lips the goddess spake.
"Boy, in the days of which you read,
The men who lived were men indeed,
Think how at honor's trumpet calls,
The Greek host encamped around Troy's walls.
What heroes bold, in that long fight,
Sank swift to the shades of endless night!
By the deep they sleep, on that lone shore:
Their deeds singeth Fame forevermore!
Bore not the Spartan to the field,
"This, or upon this," with his shield?
When did the Roman ever flinch,
Or of his country bate an inch,
Till peace his eagle standards furled,
And Rome was mistress of the world?
And thou!—is not thy land to thee,
More dear than lands beyond the sea?
Why linger here, at ease, my son,
When freedom's conflict has begun?
Close up the book; lay by the pen;
March with thy patriot countrymen:
The gown unto thy sword must yield,
When duty summons to the field."
So spake a voice from the mighty dead;
The student stared; but the vision fled;
Only the marble cold and still:—
But through his heart passed a fiery thrill.
And with the stirring roll of the drum,
Another and louder voice said: "Come!
Hearest thou not, boy, thy mother's call?
Into the ranks of the Union fall;
Proclaim the tidings from sea to sea,
That this is the year of jubilee".

When Southward rolled the glorious wave
Of unskilled valor, the land to save,
High on its glittering crest of foam,

Were borne the darlings of many a home:
Tenderly reared,—now hurried afar,
To plunge in the waving tide of war.
How bravely those striplings fought—too well
History answers for me to tell.
From the rocky ramparts of Bull's Run,
Till rebellion fired its latest gun;
In many a valley of the slain,
On many a red, ensanguined plain,
Those student youths in combat bled,
And left on every field their dead.
Even now,—their tortured bodies fill
Thy gloomy grave-yard, *Andersonville!*
They shared in Shiloh's desperate fight,
Where carnage raged from morn till night;
They toiled in Vieksburg's fiery siege,
Climbed the steep sides of Mission Ridge,
On Lookout's top with Hooker fought,
When boasting Bragg was napping caught;
Where Sherman laid his lion's paw
On the wild hights of Kenesaw;
Where, on Red River, T. K. Smith
Beat back the Rebs. with power and pith;
In short,—you'll find, if you look with care,
That when there was ought to do or dare,
The omnipresent *student* was there!
Student, I say, although it might be
Long since he took his college A. B.;
For the true scholar keeps while he lives,
The impress his alma mater gives:
Low in the valley, or high on the hill,
He is her son and a student still.

Since that exciting, eventful day,
The busy years have glided away,
But uneffaced on the rolls of fame,
Stands many a youthful patriot's name.
From hearts that loved them they perished not,

And where they sleep is a sacred spot.
Ever the flag of the free shall wave,
Over the known or the unnamed grave,
Of him who *life* for his country gave.

Reclining at home, on peaceful shelf,
I was called to the toils of war,—myself!
The drafts our way grew so deadly strong,
That even *parsons* were swept along,
And my name appeared upon a list,
Of folks to be ground for honor's grist.
So, repairing to the field of Mars,
I sought for a man with stripes or stars.
Inquiring for whom, a sentry gruff
Growled: "*In a month, you'll see stars enough.*"
Then a captain shouted from his tent:
"Prepare to march with your regiment.
We are ordered to McClellan's aid;
(He is fighting meanwhile—with a spade).
But you don't look like a man who'd shoot,
And if not, where is your substitute?"
"Captain, I answered, I really hope
You'll not tie me with too short a rope.
I never have *volunteered* before;
I am loth to spill even rebel gore,
And don't you think that it might be wise,
To make some sort of a—*compromise?*
"Ah, I expected a change of heart,
About the time that *you* had to start.
The parsons began it, that's what they did,
But of the fighting want to be rid.
With you, my friend, it will never agree
To 'double quick' with light infantry.
You're a *man of weight;* your place should be,
Along with the siege artillery;
Or in some fortress stanch and strong,
Where duties are short, and rations long."
"You think then, captain, two hundred pound,

Will hinder my getting over the ground;
But when the bugle sounds a *retreat*,
You'll see one soldier spry on his feet."
The Captain smiled; "My clerical friend,
You'll pr'aps do better than you intend;
But stay; before you fully engage,
I'd like to ask your Rev'ence's *age*."
"What if I have but a month to serve?
From the claims of duty I'll not swerve.
Much may be done in a month, you know;
I'm called to the war, and I'm bound to go;
And I think, when once I take the field,
In less than a month the foe will yield."
But sadly the captain shook his head;
"We shall find the war '*no joke*,'" he said.
Prophetic words! I thought of them when,
He bravely fell at the head of his men,
And ended with his parting breath,
A Christian's life, by a hero's death.
This was the nearest I ever came,
To smelling powder, or earning—fame.

One thing has sorely troubled my mind,
Since I left these classic halls behind,
And that as ruthless catalogues show,
Was more than—several years ago.
In college, it almost brought the tears,
And no solution yet appears.
'Twas nothing I did, or failed to do;
I've repented of both;—and so have you.
Not that I couldn't employ my time,
With something better than idle rhyme.
The foolish things I wrote in that way,
Prepared me for *this* eventful day.
'Twas a deeper mystery to me,
Than the closest open polar sea.
A secret harder to discover,
Than mind of maid by anxious lover.

Many a time, when my work was done,
I sat, like old Caspar, in the sun,
And pondered this matter o'er and o'er,
Till it became a ponderous bore.
And then I rose up and went away,
To ponder again some other day.
But when I perceived that all must fail,
As Plesiosaurus with his tail,
Knocked Iguanadon over the head,
(Thus strangely do geologists talk,
Of fossils found in the lower chalk,)
My hopes of writing a book fell dead.
A loss to publishers, by the way,
Of eighty-seven per cent we'll say.
I have not a doubt, my brethren dear,
Plenty of gentlemen sitting here,
Could solve this riddle or mystery,
If I'd tell them what it is,—you see.

For where is the man with soul so dead,
That unto himself he has not said,
"The key to knowledge is in my head"?
And where is the man with a proper pride,
Who hasn't some theory cut and dried,
For straight'ning all things that crooked grow,
In the world above, or world below?
But just as a preacher can always choose,
What he will say to the hearers in pews;
Since even those in the very first row,
Can do nothing worse than get up and go;
While, though they may *think* it—"all in his eye,"
They have not the smallest chance to reply:—
So, gentlemen, now, I have the floor,
And don't intend to open the door
To any discussion, wild and free,
For fear that we might not all agree.
Besides which,—in the limited time,
You have devoted to hearing rhyme,

You may be quite sure I won't propose,
To switch off your minds to common prose,
Although, *like a mound*, some subject rose.

Could some warrior start with a bound,
Forth from the dust of yonder mound,
Or priests and people long turned to clay,
March up again through that "*Covert Way*";
What words could express their wonder deep,
Waking from that Rip Van Winkle sleep?
As, standing upon their grand plateau,
They gazed around on the scene below,
Must it not seem that their gods had hurled,
Into these valleys another world?
And if less than this the change appears,
To us who've been absent thirty years,
Yet in this age and wonderful land,
Where hours and changes go hand in hand,
Ten years transform the landscape more
Than *centuries* did in days of yore.
Thus we find it this fiftieth year;—
The old has vanished! the new is here!
This quiet village, with grass-grown streets,
With primitive ways, and green retreats,
And room enough, and infinite space;—
Alas, it has gone;—and in its place,
Time has a flourishing city made,
Alive with bustle, and keen for trade!
New dwellings and railways greet the sight,
And folks make money here, day and night,
But in the year eighteen thirty-five,
People were not quite so much alive.
Tradesmen by daylight were brisk and bland,
The nimble sixpence was in demand;
But over the town when darkness spread,
And business seemed to be rather dead,
They shut up the stores, and—went to bed;
Sleeping all night, the just man's sleep,

Till over the hills the sun did peep.
No burglar's alarm broke their repose,
And who the police were, no man knows.
A drunken man was a rarer sight,
Than a blackbird clothed with plumage white,
And if there was a liquor saloon,
It certainly shunned the glare of noon,
Hiding itself in some dusky hole,
Even as the subterranean mole,
Burroweth downward toward—sheol.

Passing along through these streets one day,
I saw an old man across the way,
A carpenter armed with axe and twine,
Hewing a timber down to the line.
A serious minded man he was,
Reasoning *up* from effect to cause;
A man whose intellect keen, though rough,
Bade him eschew *a priori* stuff.
"Father," I said, "you are growing old,
Upon that broad-axe relax your hold;
For sixty years you have done your best,
'Tis time that you had a little rest".
"Young man, would you many ills avoid,
Keep always busy and well employed.
The curse of our labor, since the Fall,
Has become a blessing to us all.
The evils of life we cannot shun,
But I'd rather meet them *one by one.*
There are two with which I couldn't agree,
If both should come together on me,
And these are old age—and poverty."
"Deacon," I asked, (the office he held,
But with its importance never swelled,)
"Your thinking powers are wide awake;
Blunders in logic you seldom make;
Your words are like a well mortised joint,
They fit the subject and come to the point;

Where did you get such a level head?
Tell me, Deacon, what books you have read".
"They were not many," the deacon said;
"Chances for learning, when I was a boy,
Were what few young people could enjoy;
And"—pointing college-ward with his square—
"We had not any like those up there.
The things I learned in a rambling way,
Were gathered up piecemeal, day by day.
Being debarred from library shelves,
We had to try to think for ourselves.
The books we read were very few,
But we read them often, through and through;
Read them over and over again,
'Till the author's meaning grew quite plain.
The chief that I had, I got by heart,
And of my thinking they formed a part.
My library was not much to view;
The Bible and Shakspeare were the two,
That from beginning to end I knew."
O wise old Christian, whose thoughtful face,
Beams on me still with a saintly grace;
Whose life of labor, sublime and grand
Through faith,—no sceptic could understand:
Of learning profound, although no clerk;
Putting thy conscience *into thy work;*
Blameless example that closed the lips
Of men on the watch for halts and slips;
Misers may toil their millions to save,
And banners over conquerors wave;
My humble tribute lies on thy grave.

This modern structure in which we meet,
In all its appointments trim and neat,
Is type of *the new* in aisle and seat.
The ancient temple was well enough,
Though some things therein were rather rough;
But while there was nothing much amiss,

It could not pretend to vie with this.
And the worshipers assembled here,
Ought surely to read their title clear
To mansions in the skies,—nor fear
Above their sins and doubts to rise,
And sorrows,—and wipe their weeping eyes.
Whether you are more devout to-day,
Than your fathers were,—I cannot say;
But this one thing I declare and know,
That in the worship of long ago,
When parson Wickes in the pulpit stood,
The preaching was fair,—the singing good;
For I remember a long, bright row
Of girls and boys in the choir,—you know,
While flute and base-viol flourished strong,
As we sailed in through the *Gates* of song.
In our very best style we did the praise,
While parson he tried the cross to raise.
And some who sat in the old old church then,
Seemed to my vision like mighty men;
They loomed with characters large and grand,
Princes and potentates of this land.
Woodbridge, and Mills, and Putnam, and Nye,
Are names that live in my memory,
And I'd give something, could I turn back,
Along life's dusty and arid track,
To welcome once more life's morning glow,
And pray with those saints of long ago.

Why should juvenile students be born,
To 'roll in clover' and 'feed in corn';
Or, in other words, when a college is *done*,
Instead of being but just *begun*?
On yonder hill, the sights to be seen
Might turn an old boy with envy green,
Had not Time hindered all such display,
By washing the *green* out with the *gray*.

And when the catalogue you explore,
Why do these need a dozen or more
Professors, when *we* had only four?
Isn't it plain that there's something dense,
About these boys of the present tense?
Or why should they, while manhood reaching,
Require such quantities of *teaching?*
But if it is true, as I've heard say,
A man who died the other day,
Left our college some "very hard cash,"
I hope the trustees will not be rash,
And run that legacy all to smash,
Buying new books, and buildings, and things,
Finding, too late, that riches have wings;
But let that money accumulate,
At some good round, usurious rate,
Watching it carefully all the while,
'Till it has grown to a stately pile.
And so, in some happy by and by,
When that pile has swelled to figures high,
"Our college," from *obligations* free,
Shall become a *university*;
Sweeping this valley from shore to shore,
With several thousand students or more.

'Tis not my business, I'll confess,
The undergraduates to address.
Advice is cheap; and all I can say
To the lucky student of to-day,
Is that, *for mine*, there's nothing to pay.
A better chance to 'improve the mind',
Than here is found is hard to find;
And he who has the requisite grit,
Will be sure to make the most of it.
Lay your foundation broad and deep,
(But not when you ought to be asleep,)
Your house of learning will stand the strain,
And you'll not have to build it again.

There was a clock hung on a wall,
Whose motto often I recall,
(And I wish that, in my school boy days,
I had learned the lesson it conveys,)
The wall of Phillip's Academy,
In letters large that all might see,
Every hour from the hour of nine,
The hands seemed pointing to that line;
And as each tick of the clock was heard,
It seemed to emphasize each word.
Whenever the student turned his head,
To watch the moments as they fled,
On the old clock's face these words he read:
"*Youth is the seed time of life*," they said.

Fathers and brethren, my task is done;
Please forgive an occasional pun;
That was a habit formed in my youth,
Which *pungent* satire and stern reproof,
Failed, alas, to eradicate;
Once formed, like the iron laws of fate,
It masters alike the small and great.
But I hope that some things I have said,
May touch the heart, though they miss the head.
And if I have pushed things to extremes,
Filling your ears with visions and dreams,
All I ask is, you won't complain,
But try your erring brother again.
Appoint me poet *centennial year;*
As sure as I'm living I'll be here,
To meet such of *you* as shall appear,
And then,—as I am a living man,
I'll do the thing better, if I can.
And now, farewell! 'tis a parting word,
In our changing world full often heard;
But when from these earthly fetters free,
We'll hold an eternal jubilee.

After Dinner Public Meeting,

at City Hall, Wednesday Afternoon,

Hon. A. T. Goshorn in the Chair.

Gen. Goshorn spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The Alumni were invited to dinner this afternoon under the impression that the usual speech-making and brotherly greetings would take place around the dinner table; but instead we find ourselves in this commodious town-hall about to engage in more formal proceedings, perhaps with more than the accustomed dignity, but I trust with no less earnestness and good cheer. I assure you that when I say I am embarrassed in the presence of so many beautiful ladies, I only voice the feelings of these timid gentlemen about me on the stage, several of whom, further along, I shall command to stand before you and apologize for their presence here in their own language.

This is a departure from our usual custom, but it is an unusual occasion. Those of you who have attained the tender age of fifty, and I think there are few of you who have not, will sympathize with the spirit and hopes of this gathering of the children about the Alma Mater. We are celebrating the Semi-Centennial of the life of Marietta College. It is therefore altogether appropriate that we should call to this after-dinner feast not only the alumni, young again in the memories of college days, but all the friends of the institution, and especially the citizens of this goodly town, with their wives, daughters, and the guests within their homes.

It is a pleasure to announce, that notwithstanding the change

of our yearly programme, there are gentlemen with us fully prepared to respond to the sentiments, a list of which has been placed in my hand.

I find that the first sentiment is our "Alma Mater." Evidently from the appearance of this paper it was intended that I should reply to this toast; and it is equally evident to me that the committee of arrangements made an error in their assignment, through ignorance no doubt of the collusion existing between President Andrews and myself. He has already delivered my speech on this subject. No one will gainsay the ability of his address, nor the thoroughness of the treatment of the history of the institution. I will add, however, that I believe from the influences of this celebration, new life will be infused into the college, and that within the next academic year most gratifying progress will be made in all the affairs of the institution. I am not at liberty to tell you what action has been taken by the trustees in the selection of a new president; in fact, so far as I know in my individual capacity, nothing has occurred. In other words I had better say nothing more about it, lest I may deserve excommunication. [Laughter.]

I can assure you, however, that the trustees during the past year have been diligent in their efforts to secure a worthy successor to our beloved President Andrews. If we are as successful as we have reason to hope we shall be, the next commencement will find the college encouraged with new life and prosperity.

It is gratifying to those of us who have been absent so many years to learn of the continued co-operation of the citizens of Marietta in supporting the college. There are many familiar faces among you, but there are also many missing. Do not forget that in accordance with the degree of your interest in the college, will there come to you sympathy and assistance from friends who are not of your number. I feel, after the meetings we have had during this anniversary, very much encouraged for the future of Marietta. It behooves the alumni and other friends of the college to sustain the institution in every possible way.

I come now to the first regular toast. Mine, perhaps, was the first, but as it is written in Latin, I omit to read it. [Laughter.]

"The State of Ohio." There is a Shakesperean sentiment coupled with this which I will read:

"Though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you."

I do not know whether that sentiment is intended for the State or refers to his Excellency, the Governor. I wish to say in behalf of the Governor that he was my preceptor many years ago and has since been my warm, personal friend, which is certainly a good endorsement and to his credit. It therefore gives me a double pleasure to present to you the Governor of the State of Ohio, a friend of our Alma Mater and an honorary member of the Society of the Alumni of Marietta College. [Applause.]

GOVERNOR HOADLY'S RESPONSE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—My young friend and pupil who has just taken his seat has been in one respect a bad scholar and no imitator at all. He confessed it when he said he was embarrassed in the presence of ladies. He has a right to be embarrassed in the presence of ladies. I am not embarrassed a bit. I did my duty by the fair sex twenty-five years ago, when the supreme joy and crowning happiness of my life I received from Dr. Allen in the person of my wife.

I am very much honored to be here, although late, and before I come to the immediate work of responding to this toast, I can say I am glad to be here, because not merely of the fact that the venerable minister who presided over my marriage, was a professor in this college, but I have other personal connections with Marietta and Marietta College, which are very dear to me.

I asked Dr. Andrews to-day if there was any one who ever investigated the question, who was the first college student from Ohio. He could not answer, nor can I, but this I do know, that the valedictorian of the class of Yale College which began this century, the class of 1801, my father's roommate and dearest friend, was from Marietta, Ohio. Somewhere lies the dead body of Evelyn Hart, son of Major

Jonathan Hart, then an officer of the United States army, stationed at Marietta. As early as 1797, nine years after the foundation of this settlement, there went from this town a student to Yale College who graduated at the beginning of this century with the highest honors of his class. He did not live long. He is remembered only by those by whom his virtues have been handed down, by the classmates who loved him like my father, but it is an interesting fact connected with this town that there went from it to college so early, so brilliant a youth, cut off, alas, so soon in life.

I am to respond to the toast of "The State of Ohio." And the toast suggests very wisely—what is the Shakespeare part? I can explain it, you didn't hit the explanation at all: "Though not clean past your youth," has some smack of a pun in it, meaning that I am nearly to the end of my career as Governor. [Laughter.]

"The State of Ohio." I was once on an ocean steamer on the fourth of July, and was assigned to respond to a toast at a dinner. I sat far off in one corner of the cabin and undertook to make my response from a distant place and I was called to the front. "Front," I said, "wherever Ohio speaks, there is the head of the table." [Applause.]

Now that is the sentiment I have about our State. It is God's country for a good many reasons, one of which is that it is the country of the elect, and has been for long years past. [Laughter.] There is no State, leaving out our mining regions, in which there is more equality of possession and more equality of happiness than in the State of Ohio. There is no State in which there is more aspiration for what is better than in Ohio; there is no State in which there is more discontent with what is mean and base, more determination to live a higher and better life than in Ohio. Our State is not finished. There is much, very much to be done to make it a perfect commonwealth. Our citizens, on the male side, are not perfect. There is much, very much to be done to make the men of Ohio what they ought to be. But there is a striving to elevate ourselves above the advantages we possess into a better and higher life, and to cast off the dross which we have

brought with us thus far. In the beginning, the foundation of our commonwealth was laid, as is declared in the ordinance of 1787 and in both constitutions of Ohio, on "religion, morality, and knowledge." These are the three buttresses, the foundation pillars, the corner-stones of the edifice which we are trying to rear in Ohio—religion, morality, and knowledge. Passing over the first and second as belonging to wiser teachers than I, let me speak for a few moments of the duty which the State and citizens of the State are performing in endeavoring to increase the sum of knowlege among men.

Ohio founded, no, not founded, but established the common school system of Connecticut as well as her own, in this, that when Connecticut gave the sovereignty of the twelve Western Reserve counties to the Federal government, she retained a proprietary interest and founded the system which has for so many years formed the basis of her magnificent school system; so that Ohio is the basis of the common school system of two States, her own and that of Conneeticut.

When we enter into life we become citizens, and patriotism is our duty. When we enter upon manhood at the age of twenty-one, we become voters and government becomes our charge, our trust, too often neglected by even the best among us. For if there be any one duty which presses upon every American citizen, and the greater his advantages of learning, the greater his knowledge or wealth, the more the duty is urgent upon him, it is that of taking an active part in the government of his country, not as an officer but as a voter, an actor, an influencer to right opinion in others. But when we are graduates, then we are admitted to the guild and fellowship which, though not more sacred in its obligations and duties than those of patriotism, is larger because cosmopolitan, world-wide. We are admitted into a fellowship of which Homer, Dante, of which Sir Isaac Newton and Pythagoras, of which Shakespeare, Goethe, Cervantes, Schiller, and the wisest and greatest and best of all time are living members; not living in the sense that their flesh is among us, but living in the sense that their immortal part has come to us quickened

as to-day. To-day we are members of the glorious company from which in the flesh, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Charles Darwin have just passed, from which, from time to time, men from this and other lands pass to the company of the saints, the scholars, the learned of all time. Knowledge admits us into good company. There is no bad company in the society of scholars. There is no step down when we are in the road that scholars walk. Nothing vulgar or mean, either in the pathway, or the thought that attends the pathway. The steps are upward and the thought is upward. And the advice the scholar gives, the one single lesson which he imprints and impresses upon his juniors, is that while it is day he must work; work in order that scholarship may more abound, that knowledge may be more widely diffused, and more intellect may be brought within its sphere, and that more facts and principles may be learned from the undiscovered reservoir of which the author and finisher is God. "We stand," said Sir Isaac Newton, "on a vast sea-shore, and are children playing with its pebbles." We stand upon the edge of a vast prairie from which we have reclaimed but a little strip. But the cultivators are around us. All of God's universe is ours, or our children's, if we but work, work, work in the cause of scholarship and sound learning.

Ohio has done something too much in some directions. She has too many colleges. She owns three State colleges to-day in competition with each other. Two of them are alive, the other is just waking from sleep. And all of these colleges have done in their time good work. But their work ought to be divided; they should not work on competing or parallel lines; their labors should be apportioned so that Ohio should not retrace her own tracks. We have more colleges than any State in the union in proportion to our population; none too many if they were all well endowed, if they all had corps of instructors numerous enough to do as the President said this morning, bring the student into close contact with the professor personally, which is an advantage of a small college. Then if the course of study could be extended, the facility of instruction increased, we should be prepared to educate not

merely the State of Ohio but the whole nation, and when Ohio undertakes to do the work, she will accomplish it.

Let me illustrate. I have just come from attending an examination at West Point. There are at that institution three hundred cadets and fifty instructors. There are therefore six students to each teacher, less than seven to each teacher of the staff. Each lesson is ninety minutes in length, and each section is attended never by more than ten students. And each student is drilled in every lesson every day by his teacher at least ten minutes. Now, with that fact in mind, it does not seem wonderful that West Point produces such results. She brings the best mind of the army, that is, the best mind of the nation's educated pupils, in direct contact with the student.

Give to the colleges of Ohio money enough to do that work in her civil academies which is done in the nation's military college. Teach each student each day in each study by direct personal instruction of the professor, at least ten minutes, and continue it for four years, and you will turn out from each civil college in Ohio a corps of men who, whenever the war of knowledge comes, will achieve as immortal honor as the graduates of West Point in the clash of arms.

We can not stop the increase of colleges in Ohio. They will increase. In the county in which I live there are three colleges conferring the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In the next there is another, Clinton county has another, Greene county another. In Franklin county there are three. Think of it. In the county of Cuyahoga there are two. There are in the State of Ohio more than thirty colleges conferring the degree of Bachelor of Arts. And the number increases, and they are not yet all here.

We can't stop them. What are we going to do? Why, build them up. Put our shoulders to the wheel and strengthen the colleges which we have. While we can not decrease their number, we can give them the money which will pay their professors better, give them better facilities for education. We can house their students better, provide for better instruction, and the result will be this: that Ohio will become itself the University of the United States of America. Each of its col-

leges will be not an isolated, warring rival of the others, but a college in a great university of which the center is the public spirit, the high and elevated ambition, of the people of the State of Ohio. We shall not see a surcease of the multiplication of colleges, and we ought therefore to see an increase of their strength and their facilities for education.

To-day is Marietta's semi-centennial anniversary. For fifty years has the little corps of professors who started this institution, been at work, sending their students here and sending them there. Consider, my friends, what good this institution, with its limited means, with its little money and with the comparatively small facilities it has had, has done for the State of Ohio. Why, I have on my table a book, biographies of the graduates of Yale College for the first forty years. It was a little institution during that time, but during those forty years it graduated the greatest men that Yale College ever sent to the world; and from this college a single man with the gigantic intellect of Jonathan Edwards, educated in the schools of modern philosophy, would be able to revolutionize the world. The production of one such man as Sir Isaac Newton, of one Copernicus, of one Kepler, one Galileo, the production of one Charles Darwin, is glory enough for the greatest university in the world.

It is for Marietta to stand by her college. I am glad her lines are lines that count. If the guides and leaders of the future go into her halls as undeveloped young men, may she set their lines that they may come from her as wise, noble leaders, generous spirits, enriched by all the good that the ripest scholarship can give them. [Applause.]

"OUR TRUSTEES."

Rev. Dr. Moore, in response to the toast, "Our Trustees," spoke as follows:

I regret, as I have no doubt you will, that I am called upon to take the place of Dr. Pratt, and the more so that he is detained by an affliction in his family. I should have been very far from occupying this position at all, were it not from a habit I learned a good while ago of obeying orders. I suspect that I

am the only man in the house who is under the authority of the venerated commander-in-chief of the military forces in Ohio, and as the President of this meeting was sitting at his left hand, I took it for granted—perhaps it was a hasty inference—that he had ordered me through him to take his place. It is known to you all probably,—tradition at least says that in the early days of this then unborn republic and in its innocent state, its Governor was a military man, pretty strict in his ideas of discipline; there were few laws and he was accustomed to set them aside at his pleasure. The people of the State got their revenge on him. For when a convention was called to frame the Constitution of the State, they concluded, wisely or unwisely, that they would give the Governor as little power as possible, and so in time of peace in this great commonwealth of ours, we may walk around in the presence of the Governor without fear, with the consciousness that our fathers left in his hand as a civil ruler no rod with which to scourge us at all, no power, save like rebellious children we resist authority. For this they put into his hand a sword at his sole, absolute discretion.

I was greatly gratified in hearing the sentiments of our Honored Chief on the subject of education. Some thoughts passed in my mind while he was speaking as to the multiplicity of colleges. There are about five colleges with some twenty-five universities. Ours is a college, and will be a college. It has been preserved from the catastrophe which resulted to the frog that Æsop talks about, which swelled itself to the magnitude of an ox.

I can say for the trustees, that the responsibility, the labor, the toil, the care of the institution from the very beginning, has been and is necessarily, largely and almost exclusively, in the Local Board. I suppose that no institution which has been founded in our country has had a more able body of trustees. All of them have been educated men, all of them in the best sense educated men. They have shaped this institution, they have given it character, they have preserved it unto this day in those lines which have ensured the growth and progress of that which was planted fifty years ago.

I need not speak of the trustees as a body. I can say of them from their past history, and my knowledge of them as I come in close contact with them, that it is not a barren trust. It is no mere place of honor. In my old state of Pennsylvania they used to have in their judiciary system a Chief Judge and two associates; and the people called these associates flower-pot judges, because, they said, their only use was to ornament the beneh on each side of his Honor, the Judge. Now the trustees of this institution are by no means flower-pots, by no means designed to adorn the stage on commencement occasions, but I do say there is no body of men who bear upon them a deeper sense of their responsibility. Thought and care, earnest and watchful effort, belong to this position. An honorable position it certainly is, a responsible position it certainly is; for what greater honor or responsibility can you put upon man than the shaping and guiding as well as furnishing the means for the training of "the young mind,"—the responsibility of deciding in an age of endless invention, plan, and conjecture, when what is old must be done away with, and what is new shaped to meet the actual demand of the age? That is the duty, the toil, the work of the trustees.

Aside from the solemn responsibilities to the living, comes a yet more solemn and tender responsibility to those who have died and left living men to carry out their plans and wishes at their wise discretion. It is something to administer the trust of living men. It is a graver responsibility, when behind this lie the accumulations of decade after decade, generation after generation, and one is called upon to carry out the wishes of the dead toward the living. I am sure if there is one motive more than any other that will preserve us and make us truly progressive, it is the duty we owe to the generation that is growing up of administering these trusts aright. Let me say in connection with what has been said by Mr. President, that whatever can be done by the earnest thought, and earnest endeavor, by the persevering labor of this Board to advance this institution in every way, to provide for all its wants shall be done. The institution has needs, some one says. It has been wisely said, that whenever an institution ceases to need, it

begins to die. Up to 1846, Harvard, from the growth of its own endowment, had an abundance; it had no need. In 1846 there came in our colleges generally the spread of the "scientific" education. Last year the expenditure of Harvard was considerably more than the entire income of the institution. What is the result? Has Harvard died? Go to Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, and you will find Harvard there with her circulars and agents, hunting up, not money, yes money, ultimately, but especially students. As long as Harvard was rich and had need of nothing, it ceased to grow. When Harvard began to want it began to grow. And I don't suppose I should be false to my trust, should I say I hope Marietta will always want, always have something before it, something which will require the cost of our time, our money, our prayers and our earnest effort. [Applause.]

Mr. Goshorn said: In this connection it just occurs to me that one of our trustees, Mr. Douglass Putnam, has signed every diploma for the last fifty years. I hope he will come forward if to do nothing more than make a bow to the audience.

Mr. Putnam being introduced, bowed to the audience and said: You all know me, and I won't trouble you to say anything more. [Applause.]

Chairman: I thought you would all be interested to see this gentleman who has for the last fifty years made so many young men happy by giving them his signature. I may say he has always delivered the diplomas. It is a historic fact in favor of Marietta.

"THE LEGAL PROFESSION."

In response to the toast, "The Legal Profession," the Hon. John F. Follett said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have yet to find any place where a lawyer is not found, whether it be a position of public trust, whether it be to represent the alumni of the college, whether it be a position in which men of thought and of action are called for, or whether it be in the humble walks of

life, before a justice of the peace, or in the cultivation of the soil; in any station whatever the lawyer is found, and usually his voice is heard. [Laughter.] I am not going to stop now and pay any attention to the slanders that are thrown at the profession. We become so accustomed to them that they are perfectly harmless, but there is no profession or body of men so perfectly trusted, in whose hands you place such interests as you do in the hands of the lawyer. You get fooled sometimes. It is sometimes the case that your trust has not been well reposed. If you have five hundred dollars to put into a bank, you stop to inquire about the standing of that bank in which you place your money. If you have a claim of one thousand dollars to collect, you simply ask if such a one is a lawyer of responsibility, and place it in his hands, knowing that he will, if he is able, collect it for you.

I respect, as everybody else does, the clerical profession, and also the medical profession. We of the legal profession have never been disposed to exalt our office above that to which we are entitled, yet when you take the number of men who are molding the character of the people, forming our institutions, developing the country in all its resources, you will find two lawyers to where you will find one of the other professions, unless it is in the malarial districts. [Laughter.] And wherever the legal profession has gained a foot-hold, and it has gained such foot-hold wherever civilization is found, the lawyer is, except at the death-bed, one of the first men that you call for. As long as business is prosperous, or often when it is not prosperous, when adversity strikes the country, the lawyer is called in to your counsels and to do the work which you yourselves are unable to perform.

I have here upon the platform with me those of the legal profession who have honored that profession as they have honored other and higher walks in life. His Excellency, the Governor, is a man before whom I have been practicing law for several years, who has ornamented the bench and given us in the very largest acceptation of the term an example of the just judge. [Applause]. Standing in such a presence, and with a subject to which I feel my inability to speak, I can

only say that the members of the legal profession who have honored Marietta College and the other institutions of learning of the country, are the men who shaped our institutions at the time of their foundation, who have perpetuated and preserved them to this time, and they are the men upon whom the country must rely to preserve them in their integrity and purity for the generations to come after. [Applause].

"THE CLERICAL PROFESSION."

Rev. C. C. Hart, of Logan, Ohio, responded to the toast of "The Clerical Profession" as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The men who organized Marietta College were grave men. The great burden of their hearts was to found an institution by which they could train up young men to the Gospel ministry. The question comes up, how far did they succeed? Have the anticipations of these men, when they met together and taxed themselves, one man a thousand dollars, another man five hundred dollars, and another three hundred dollars, at a time when money was worth four or five times as much as it is now—have their anticipations been realized? I think they have been, and much more than they anticipated. Out of the nearly six hundred who have graduated at this College, one third of them have gone into the Gospel ministry. You may say that of those connected with the College, there have been about two hundred who have gone into the Gospel ministry. One hundred and eighty carried with them their diplomas. Eleven of these went as foreign missionaries.

These men too are found in every State of the Union. I have come across graduates in Connecticut, Mississippi, Missouri, Indiana,—plenty of them; they are numerous. Traveling throughout Ohio a few years ago, I found them there as well as in the Eastern States. So you may say that the graduates of Marietta College who have entered the ministry are to be found in every State; they are to be found in Alaska, New Mexico, in every one of our Territories.

And wherever you find them, you find them men who are endeavoring to do two things; first of all to honor God in the

ministry and to seek the salvation of the souls of men. There are none that Marietta College need be ashamed of. You will find these men holding up the standard of life, not only as ministers of the gospel, but right in the front rank of education. Three of them are professors, one a professor in a theological seminary, one of them is President of the Board of Trustees of Lane Seminary. About eight or ten, President Andrews said, are trustees in theological seminaries. You will find them everywhere taking a stand in favor of a higher education. You will find them superintendents of schools, teachers in high schools, and, where neither teachers nor superintendents, giving direction to the educational interests of their towns. So that I don't think you will find a single minister who does not take a decided stand in favor of education. You will find them in the very fore front of everything that pertains to education, and good morals, and that elevates all mankind and gives tone to society. I honor the legal profession. We must have lawyers. I honor the physicians. I honor the teachers. We must have them. The truth is they all go hand in hand, and together represent the kind of influences toward making mankind what they ought to be, which are growing out of Marietta College to-day. [Applause.]

"THE JUDICIARY."

Mr. Goshorn, introducing Judge Force, said: The next sentiment is "The Judiciary." This will be responded to by a gentleman distinguished in the war, who is now holding a very honorable position as Judge of one of the courts of Cincinnati, General M. F. Force.

Judge Force responded as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The presiding officer of this meeting has already explained that the toasts of to-day, which would have been disposed of down stairs at the dinner table, amid the ease and relaxation enjoyed by people who have dined well and are chatting over the wrecks of the meal, have been brought up here and exposed to the critical attention of this cultivated audience. Now toast is something that should be whipped off hot and crisp from the fire. Carry it from

room to room, or carry it from floor to floor, and it is apt to get chilled and moist. So this afternoon we have to trust somewhat for the acceptance of the toasts to the preliminary butter of pleasant words which our presiding officer has administered.

The Judiciary of our state, if we count Judges and ex-Judges, is a very important body—in numbers, at least. It was said that on one day during the war, when a gentleman in front of Willard's Hotel, speaking to a group of loiterers about the door, called "General!" nearly every one of them answered. But in time of peace, *cedant arma togae;* that is, judges replace the generals. And if I should now turn to the group on this platform and say "Judge!" we can't tell how many gentlemen would answer. [Laughter.]

This body, important at least in numbers, is not uniform in value. There have been judges, there are judges, whose work is immortal; whose recorded words are marked by sound learning, profound thought, and pure English. On the other hand, it was said of one who had just been elected to be judge, that at least he had the advantage of going upon the bench impartial, having no prepossession or bias for either side of any legal question. [Laughter.]

But the business of the Judiciary is no trifling matter. It performs a function, that must be performed in some way, by some body, in every community that is civilized. In all countries there must be some tribunal authorized to settle disputes between men. In the absence of such, each man must defend his own cause with his own strong arm, and that is universal warfare; and universal war is anarchy. In order that civilization may begin, there must be some tribunal to settle controversies peacefully; and that is what our judiciary is; so a judiciary is a necessary condition of civilization. The law administered by courts envelops us all, at all times, everywhere, through the whole course of life. All disputes between buyer and seller, debtor and creditor, wrong doer and wronged; disputed questions between parent and child, between husband and wife, are disposed of by the law as administered through the judiciary. The law envelopes us at death and administers property after death. Every private person, every officer,

every society, every corporation, is subject to the law. And in this country of written constitutions, the courts determine the validity or nullity of acts of the legislature.

Such a function as the administration of the law should be entrusted to men, good, wise, and experienced. And the list of judges in other countries and in this is brilliant with the names of men who filled all the requirements of that office. In our National courts, Jay, Marshall, Story, Taney, Curtis, and their successors who now worthily fill their places. Well known names worthy to be associated with them, come to us from the roll of the Supreme Courts of States, and show that largely, at least, the requirement has been filled and the judiciary properly entrusted.

There is a reason for believing that the work of the Judiciary has on the whole been fairly done. There is no country in the world where reverence for the law is such, and acceptance of judgments of law simply as such, is so great as in the United States. Charles Sumner said that a simple constable can arrest any man however great, because the State stands with all its power at the constable's back. I think rather that a constable armed with a bit of paper can arrest any man however great, can paralyze and stop the work of the mightiest corporation, because he is recognized as the agent of the law. If then in this country a reverence for the law as declared by the judgments of the courts is so profound, that is partly due to the way in which the law has been administered; for a large part of the law is law made as well as law declared by those who occupy the bench.

In these days when the world has grown so rich, when business and society offer such brilliant rewards, when public life offers a career so inviting to many, these prizes attract many from the bench. In England, the Chancellor, after a term of service however short, retires with a peerage, and with an income. Our National Judges maintain the dignity of an office for life and are assured an income for life. Judge White, many times Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, one who lived a life of strict economy in the service of the State, whose services to the State can scarcely be calculated, was shelved in his old age and his death hastened

by anxiety for means of subsistence. The Judges of our Supreme Court have given it a rank that makes it the acknowledged peer of the Court of any other State. But we can hardly hope that men competent to fill that office will forever continue to perform eleemosynary service for the State. I will say in closing, about our Judiciary, only this: as for what they have done, their recorded works speak for them; as for what they aim to do, I may say, that they as a rule have a sense of the importance of their function and faithfully try to perform it. [Applause.]

"OUR MEDICAL ALUMNI."

In response to the toast, "Our Medical Alumni," D. B. Cotton, M. D., Portsmouth, O., said:

Mr. President and Fellow Alumni:—I feel highly honored in being called upon to respond to *this* sentiment today, and while I regret that it has not fallen to one more competent, to one richer in experience, yet no one is more glad to do honor to "*Our Medical Alumni.*"

It seems very proper, after partaking so heartily, as you have done to-day, of these viands so richly spread before us, that you should call for a Doctor. According to the old proverb, "*colics follow frolics*," and our presiding officer has shown his wisdom in thus early calling for the doctor, and not postponing it until he has retired for the night, as is the usual custom. If my prescription should not be to your taste, remember that "*doctor's stuff*" is not always pleasant. Wise men of all ages have been accustomed to cast their shafts of wit at our profession, but let me warn you, one and all, to treat *yonr doctor* with due consideration, lest he double the dose upon you, for you will all have to make his acquaintance sooner or later.

Now upon this *Golden Wedding Day*, which commemorates the nuptials of our Alma Mater, it is fit that we, her sons, of every age and clime, should gather here with joyous hearts as if returning to our childhood's home, and as brethren, after a long separation, join in toasting, songs, and kindly greetings; and for me by appointment to salute *you*, "The Medical

Alumni," more closely related by a double tie, reared by the same loving mother, and afterwards adopted and trained by our equally affectionate foster mother, Hygeia.

"In knightly days when Charlemagne was king,
When troubadours did love and honor sing,
When queenly women ruled o'er courts of love,
Conferring knighthood, and, as far above
All price, proclaiming virtue, honor, truth—
To noble life thus leading generous youth—
In those chivalric days, the neophyte
Who long had sought to be ordained a knight
Was made, when he his sword received, to swear
That he for righteous cause alone would bare
That blade; for Christian faith would boldly strike;
Before the weak would stand a stubborn dyke,
Oppression's flood opposing; and would protect
All womankind, and hold them in respect."

You have,

"As did the knight in olden time,
Resolved with honest hearts, and true,
To wield the sword of knowledge in relief
Of sick and suffering ones, and those with grief
Bowed down, and over-weighted with much care—
And further did most solemnly declare
That you, in purity, and holiness,
Would live and exercise your art to bless
Womankind; from acts of mischief would abstain,
And all seductive wiles; and would refrain
From giving drugs for deadly purposes,
Or vile. And when some aching brain disclosed
The secrets of a sad, or guilty, life,
Which best the world should never know, lest strife
And ill example follow, you would hide
Such secrets, whilst you counsel, whilst you chide.
The vow of knight of older date and growth
Is this exalted Hippocratic oath."

Well have you profited by this double training, and faithfully have you followed these mother's counsels. Having chosen a laborious, self-sacrificing profession, you have devoted your lives to a noble work. The profession of your choice has imposed no common responsibilities. Its duties have demanded the most unflinching sacrifice of time and personal comfort, and when not called to the bedside of pain and sorrow, you have been busy keeping apace with the constant

advancement in medical science. Every year the boundaries of knowledge are extending, and every discovery, however remote apparently from the domain of medicine, directly or indirectly furthers it. The distinction between mere knowledge and science continually grows clearer, and while you exclude from medical science proper a vast amount of the learning of past ages, there is now being added that kind of knowledge, the correctness and truth of which can be proved by actual demonstration. You no longer search for the philosopher's stone, or fountain whose healthful waters shall give eternal youth and beauty, but discoveries of greater value to our race are being added almost daily to the common fund of knowledge, and utilized by science.

It is said the Doctor of the coming generation will be largely occupied in the prevention of disease; that sanitary science will make such strides that in the future the ounce of prevention will supersede the pound of cure. Whether it will be the "comma bacillus," or interrogatio bacillus, that will prove to be cholera's germ, no one may decide to-day, but the indefatigable labors and unremitting study given by such honored men as Koch and Pasteur and their coadjutors, will soon settle the question, what micro-organisms, if any, are the pathogenic elements of disease. All this vast research and study, even if it should prove nugatory on these points, yet may open up a vaster, richer field; as when the unambitious miner looking for the baser metals fails in the object of his search, but in his wandering lights upon richer fields where gold and precious gems abound, so nature's student as he plows the fields of science, exultant grasps the glittering gems, as furrow after furrow uplifts them to his watchful eyes. "To mortals, life," as Horace says, "gives naught without great labor." Then, fellow Alumni, press forward on your way, and never cease your work until your sun has set.

Dr. Andrews said: I desire to say a word in connection with this toast of the Medical Profession responded to by Dr. Cotton. You may remember that the first President of the first corporation here was Dr. John Cotton, father of Dr. Cotton who spoke just now, and he was the President of this cor-

poration during its existence as a collegiate institute for three years before Dr. Linsley came to Marietta. He was a graduate of Harvard in 1810.

Dr. John Cotton had three sons. They all graduated in Marietta, the first in 1838, the second in 1842, and the third, who has just spoken, in 1853. It is not often that three brothers graduate at the same college; it is still less often that three brothers, sons of a doctor, become doctors themselves. These three brothers all entered the medical ranks, and they are all living to-day. One is practicing in Charleston, Virginia, one at Marietta, and one at Portsmouth. I may say further that Dr. John Cotton had two daughters, and those two daughters married men who received their education at Marietta, one graduating and the other not completing his course. Those two daughters married two Marietta students, and they were doctors. [Laughter.] So Dr. John Cotton had three sons and two sons-in-law educated at Marietta. Three of them, I am happy to say, are here to-day. I must say I can never forgive the fourth one, Dr. John Cotton, for not being here to-day. [Applause.]

Mr. Goshorn said: I cannot refrain from saying a word about Dr. "Dave" Cotton, who has just spoken. I remember when at College he was frequently sick, and when I inquired the cause, he said every time he read up on any subject he got the disease. That was a sure sign that he would make a successful doctor. The last time I inquired he had got down to malaria, and had passed through it all right. He is now a living example of how a man can get every disease and get safely through it when he studies it up in the right way. [Laughter.]

The toast of the "Press" was to have been responded to by Mr. Will J. Lampton, of Cincinnati. He sends a response which I will ask Mr. Gates to read.

"THE PRESS."

All hail the press, the mighty press,
Whose wondrous power we must confess,
Because confession in this case,

Can scarcely be much out of place.
It strikes the wicked in their might,
And brings them to a sense of right;
It nerves the good to better deeds
And serves them in their urgent needs.
No able statesman feels secure,
Unless he has a journal's pure
Ennobling influence at his back
To give him now and then a whack,
And brace him up to look with scorn
Upon the wretch, who would suborn
The upright patriot, and to say:
"Please call around some other day."
The preacher in his vig'rous mood,
Serves to his people Sunday food;
He hits the civil laws a lick,
He jabs the officials with his stick,
He takes Dame Fashion by the neck
And shakes her till she is a wreck,
He wrestles Satan all the day—
Then watches what the papers say.
The ladies—bless their tender hearts—
With all their winsome ways and arts,
Turn up their noses, without stint,
When anything is said in print
About themselves or friends, and still
They read the "Gossip" with a will,
And rise into a pretty rage
If they're omitted on that page.
In business too, you'll find the same;
The little and the big seek fame,
But those more willing thus to shine
Are glad to pay so much per line.
The city man puts money down,
But he who lives beyond the town,
Brings eggs or fruit—a long necked squash—
Remarking plainly: "There, by gosh,
You editors I recken air
Not useter sich lugzurious fare,

And—and—I spose it ain't no harm
To say you got 'em from my farm."
Thus everywhere they all confess
The wondrous powers of the press.
But friends, dear friends, the real power,
A greater than the "we" or "our,"
The backbone of the press, indeed,
Is good hard cash. That fills the need
Of those within the Fourth Estate
Not less than those not quite so great.
The best response, then, to the press,
Can be arrived at, without stress—
Whenever there's a call to pay,
Bring forth the dollars—don't delay;
They make the silent worker sing,
They make an editor a king—
And there are no kings in this noble
Republic of the free which our forefathers
Fought, bled, and died to rescue from the
Iron heel of the oppressor and so forth.

"OUR BUSINESS MEN."

"*Your presence makes us rich.*"

Mr. Blymyer, of Cincinnati, on being introduced, responded to the toast as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You have heard from the lawyers, the clergymen, and doctors. I suppose that merely as a matter of form you want to hear from the business men. I suppose that lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, are very necessary at times, but what a jolly time they would have, if they simply had to feed on each other. [Laughter.] And all we business men have to support them. They can't do anything without calling upon us; they can't even get through a little ceremony like this without calling on business men.

As to the business men of our Alumni, I know very little about them, and so I asked a friend who is a business man what he knew about the business men among our Alumni. "Well," said he, "there is one thing I have always noticed

about Marietta business men, if they get knocked down, they always get up again."

This leads me to say that I don't agree with the remark of a gentleman who said that education spoils the making of a business man. It is not education that spoils business men; it is the want of education. Education is begun here at the college, it is completed after we get through; and the reason so many college graduates fail is because they fail after they have left college to master the business they have undertaken. They think that because they have graduated at a college, they must begin on top when they get out of college, when the fact is they have got to begin again at the bottom. To-day there is hardly a business in the country that is not starving for want of masters, men who have commenced at the bottom and learned the details of the business from the bottom.

And this leads me to say that one of the needs of the business community should be supplied right here in Marietta. The tendency of business now is toward foreign trade. We have apparently forgotten this, that we must go abroad to find a sufficient market for our products. But what can we do abroad without a knowledge of foreign languages. For instance, the trade with Mexico is becoming an exceedingly important one. But it is very hard to find men who have the requisite knowledge of Spanish to carry on such trade. It is my impression that Marietta will do a good service to this country, as well as advance her own interests, if she immediately prepares herself for a Spanish Professorship. We must teach the languages that are wanted, not simply as matters of interest but as matters of business.

The toast which I was called upon to respond to, I notice may be made capable of a different interpretation from what I think the President may have given it, by inserting a little comma; let us then make it read: "Our business, men!" Men of Marietta, what is our business? Have we some business in connection with the College that we have not performed. There is one thing that struck me to-day. I noticed that that old dormitory is over fifty years old. Isn't it about time that the citizens of Marietta should prepare something modern, something acceptable to the students they invite to come here?

And as the President states that the citizens usually have put up their own buildings, a thing they certainly ought to do, why wouldn't it be the thing for the citizens to take hold to-day,—to organize and take steps to-day to put up new buildings, such buildings as will not repel students after they have gone through them? There are other ways in which the citizens can sustain the college, as matters of business, but as there are others to speak, I simply leave this with you. [Applause.]

Mr. Goshorn:—You will observe that all of the gentlemen who have spoken have been embarrassed in the presence of ladies. I now introduce to you a gentleman who is not embarrassed,—the Rev. Dudley W. Rhodes, who will respond to the toast, "Our Honorary Alumni."

"OUR HONORARY ALUMNI."

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Honorary Alumni are my theme, why should the ladies be my song? I know no warrant which General Goshorn has by his office to switch me off upon so alluring a track as that he has suggested. It is hard enough for a man to stick to his text anyhow, but when he has two texts given him at the same time, he is apt to bob around from one to the other and compound a speech like the article on Chinese Metaphysics, which the writer crammed for from the encyclopedia, first under the head of China and then under that of Metaphysics, and combined the information. Sweet as my second theme would be, sweet enough to enlist the most eloquent tongue and most mellifluous eloquence, I renounce it all and take my stand upon the colder pinnacle of the original theme, the Honorary Alumni.

And yet they can wait a moment until I say that this is not an enviable position I occupy. I had intended to rise at the dinner table, with a napkin waving gracefully in one hand, and keeping my eye on the bubbling effervescence of a water goblet, or the pellucid depths of iced-tea, in a conversational way, say my vapid little things, and sit down amid those rattlings of cutlery and clapping of hands which a tradition informs us are signs of ecstatic admiration, but which we know

by our inner conscience are only relief signals. And here are—I don't know how many hundreds or thousands of people who don't even know we have dined, and who expect formal oratory.

Have you ever dwelt in contemplation upon the feelings of a lover who, just at the moment of popping the question, should find the gas turned on full and a large audience prepared to listen. Such a state of affairs would freeze the blood in the veins of young love, and the girl would never know just what she missed. [Laughter.] But here in this full light, before these countless eyes, I propose—to stick to my theme, the Honorary Alumni. [Laughter.]

The fact is, I do not know who the Honorary Alumni of Marietta College are. I know I am one, and, by reasoning inductively, I know they must be a fine body of men. I know one other. We have just heard that my friend, Governor Hoadly, has been elected an Honorary Alumnus. There are, therefore, two of us, handsome and able men, who stand as the representatives of the entire body. The wisdom that has always guided the institution has not forsaken her here. I feel that I—and the Governor are in good company, and that we do indeed confer honor upon the alumni. To get a diploma and become an actual alumnus is a highly creditable and mysterious thing. I wonder how so many men do it. Through four long years, they must ever be on the alert, striving to be something other than they seem. Up early for chapel, never out at night, except when they know the Faculty are in, and never in except when they know the Faculty are out, like the two figures in the barometers, reciting with perfect assurance and with a sense of the ponderousnes of great reserves, lessons which they have read over carefully while on the hop, skip, and jump for the class room, preparing elaborate orations with scissors and paste-pot,—this is indeed to deserve honor, this is the way, *Per aspera, ad astra.* Such men, in the words of him who shall be nameless, "achieve greatness." They are the mighty architects of their towering fame. But to become an Honorary Alumnus is something yet more august.—We are not of that busy, striving, selfish world that makes the world its oyster. We Honorary Alumni are of that no-

bler throng, those more celestial souls whom Milton describes, "Who only stand and wait." [Applause.] We are suddenly seized upon by the College as choice and beautiful spirits and find ourselves turned into Honorary Alumni before we can say "Jack Robinson."

One word in conclusion, and in less of Cambyses' vein. The present celebration marks an epoch in the history of our College. It is not only the close of a half century, but of an administration, a personal influence of benign and powerful character. We are standing at the parting of the ways. Everything may be uncertain and dark for awhile, but out of the shadows will emerge the figure of the coming *leader* and President. The Divine love which has guided this College will designate the man and we may all prepare ourselves to feel again

> "The wierd pulsation
> That we feel before the strife."

To her Alumni both honorable and honorary the College has a right to look for a wise, energetic, and sustained support of the new President and his administration. Surely I may say in behalf of the honorary Alumni for whom I speak, that we feel the responsibility which our honors brought with them, and that we shall not be easily outrun in the race of greater usefulness and more steadfast devotion to the future of Marietta College. [Applause.]

Mr. Goshorn said: It seems to me that it would be hardly proper to retire from this place without hearing from one who represents Marietta, one whose modesty prevents him from sitting with us on the stage,—General Warner. [Applause.]

General Warner, speaking from the floor, said: Marietta as a city feels a deep intesest of course in Marietta College. I have learned myself a good deal, attending upon the exercises this year, in regard to the College that I did not know before, being rather a late comer and not acquainted with the early history of the College. Yet something of its work in the last twenty years I know and have taken some little interest in, not as much perhaps as I ought; and perhaps the people of Marietta have not taken as much interest in the College as

they ought. I was much impressed with what my friend from Cincinnati said in regard to that. The people of Marietta are those after all, perhaps, first interested; if not first, certainly next after the alumni of the College. Marietta has done a good deal in the past for the College, but certainly not more than Marietta ought to have done. If the College is to put on new life, is to take a new start on this its commencement anniversary, I think it but right, and no more than ought to be expected, that the people of Marietta should take a new interest in the College themselves, that they should put their shoulders to the wheel and renew the work of the past.

What there is to be done in the future we can only conjecture. New problems are always arising. There are new problems to solve, new problems pressing for solution. If they are solved rightly, indeed if solved at all, they must be solved by men educated for the work. It takes educated brain to work out the questions that civilization imposes upon us; there are problems of various kinds which must be solved in this country in the next half century.

We need, as my friend from Cincinnati has said, not only the dead languages, and I have nothing to say against the study of the dead languages, but it is not enough to know and study languages in which men thought centuries ago, and in which was stored their learniug and knowledge,—besides knowing what they thought who erected the civilization of Egypt or Greece or Rome, we need also the language in which the learning and knowledge of this age are stored, the language of the living races, of the thousands of millions of people who are acting now, the language in which the business of the world is now being carried on, the knowledge that has been acquired within the last half century. I suppose it is not too much to say that absolute knowledge has been doubled in the last century. The progress of science has been enormous. An institution now must be prepared, therefore, I think, to do more than an institution was called upon to do a half century ago. The requirements of the age are greater, and I am sure there is interest enough on the part of the people of Marietta in her College to do some of the work that is necessary to give this institution a new start, to broaden and deepen its founda-

tion so well laid a half century ago, that the structure may ever go on increasing.

The population of our State and country is increasing at a rate we can hardly comprehend. Since the last census was taken the population has more than doubled. These people are to be educated. Some of them must be educated at our College and they must have such an education as the demands of the age require. There is work for Marietta College, abundance of it. Let her be prepared to do that work.

While his Excellency, the Governor, was speaking of West Point, I could not help working out a little sum as my attention was called to the system of education adopted there. Fifty professors for three hundred students, with a salary of $2,000 a piece, makes education pretty costly. We might afford that for one man selected from each Congressional District, but suppose we should carry that out for the whole country. It would cost six thousand million dollars for education. That is the way governments educate when the work of education is thrown upon the government. But the best education has been done by colleges that have been obliged to struggle to live. I therefore would be quite content to see this College struggle. It has been said we have to struggle to live. So do colleges.

I know I but express the sentiment of the people of Marietta, when I say that we desire to see this College, on this occasion, the semi-centennial of its existence, put on new life, make a new start. I want to see it enlarged and extended so that the young men from all over the State may come here to get that education which they may require for the great work of life, and for the problems in the near future.

I myself have so much enjoyed the rich feast of these commencement exercises that I feel like expressing my obligation to the gentlemen of the alumni and others. I believe I am justified in extending that expression as the sentiment of the people of Marietta. [Applause.]

Extracts from Letters of Regret.

From Joseph Perkins, LL. D., Cleveland, class of 1839. Mr. Perkins died shortly after his return from the trip to Europe which is mentioned in the letter, and his death was mourned by the whole city of Cleveland.

My dear Mr. Gates:—There are many reasons and sacred associations, which would draw me to accept your hospitality as proposed. But I am just off from a sick bed (six weeks fever), have not resumed any business duties that I can avoid, and am arranging for a summer's absence if I can find myself able to start and make the trip; will be getting off about the 1st of July, so I am compelled to decline your most kind invitation. I have a most vivid and delightful remembrance of Marietta days, and would greatly enjoy meeting with the friends of those days if it was a possible thing. I am most sincerely yours,

Jos. Perkins.

From Hon. Daniel B. Linn, class of 1840, Zanesville, O.

I had hoped to be with you the present week to increase by one the attendance upon the exercises connected with the College Commencement. I find, at the latest moment, I am to be denied that pleasure. Fate, cruel, inexorable fate, has so decreed and I must obey. I have all along promised myself a week's most enjoyable recreation and now that I am to be disappointed I am like a disappointed child, heart-sick, pouty,—the outlook is all gloomy. I am sure our dear Alma Mater has not a son who feels a deeper affection or cherishes higher regard for her than I do, or who rejoices more in her welfare and prosperity. I trust that in future years the sons that go forth from her halls will prove as true to life and duty and as faithful to the obligations which the positions they may hold will impose, as have those in the years gone by. My class-mates, Adams, Fay, Lindsley, I doubt not they will all be present. How I would rejoice to see the "old boys" once more and how gratified to grasp each by the hand. Be pleased to extend them for me the warmest greeting that language can convey, and assure them each and all, that though long

years have intervened since we separated, I still retain the most lively recollection of the days when "we clamb the hill thegither."

Most sincerely yours, D. B. Linn.

From Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, Elmira, N. Y.

Indeed I do remember the four trips made by a little boy and his hair trunk with brass nails from Cincinnati to Marietta; and all the villages of the river in those anti-railway days come easily to his mind—Maysville, Ky., Portsmouth, Hanging Rock, Gallipolis, Guyandotte, Parkersburg, Pt. Harmar, and Marietta. The old College building with its cupola and bell; its rooms with turn-up bedsteads. The professors—Maxwell, my instructor; Smith, the near-sighted, and wife, nearer-sighted, whom we boys used to watch and see them pass unrecognizing. Jewett with gold-bowed glasses, immaculate. Lindsley, the President, with his fatherly talks. Allen, tall and slender. And among citizens—Mills the merchant, father of Martha; Bingham, Luther Bingham, the minister in the old two-towered yellow frame meeting-house. Thomas, who lived next door to Bingham. Deacon Nye, black-eyed Sunday School Superintendent. Dr. S. P. Hildreth, who also had a daughter. Old Mr. Slocomb just opposite the college, and the Steeles—Bob Steele—next door. The freshets that covered the flats to give us a chance to go rafting over the fences and look into the new brick Baptist meeting-house. "The Point"—with its horse-posts along the brink of the river jump-off. The wharf-boat below the island bar! The island with its tangle and swimming places on the southern side!

Wouldn't I enjoy visiting these scenes, to mourn over their disappearance? But I cannot. A visit to Milwaukee and services already promised there on the 14th of June make a second trip impracticable.

The world is not to-day what it was then. I was ten years old when I matriculated [in the preparatory] and thirteen when I skipped out to Zanesville and Putnam. I've not yet forgotten my *alpha, beta, gamma* that I learned to write with pride on the black-board: all the rest of my Greek is gone! I can extract square and cube roots still, and translate with accuracy, *E Pluribus Unum*—thirteen eggs set, one hatched—an experience not peculiar to young hens sitting in February.

Graduated by Illinois College in '43, [of which his brother, Dr. Edward Beecher, was president,] I still account my Marietta attainments the more valuable, because more difficult and fundamental. In Marietta I weighed sixty to seventy and was shaped like an angle-worm hungry. Now I carry about with me two hundred and five pounds and shall never have the tooth-ache again. My Marietta mates—Geo. Maxwell, Frank Washburn, Bill Foster, Bill Thomas, Charley Foster, Bob. Steele, Sol. Fay, Sam. Fairbanks, Fred Homes; the well I helped to dig on the hill, ninety feet and crooked thro' the sand, and the terrace I helped lay up and sod with Prof. Maxwell, and by his house—oh my! where are they; how fare they? You perceive that I am getting old for these memories

shine out through the intervening fogs and storms. Well, I'm glad of it; for to become again as a little child is the ripening for the Kingdom of God. Again assuring you of my longing to visit Marietta and my regret in view of my inability, I have done the next best thing, by allowing my garrulity to prove to you that I remember, I remember,

"How my childhood fleeted by,"

and that you woke up the right passenger when you called me to the Semi-Centennial of Marietta College. If, when the day comes, any old man shall say, "Oh yes, I remember little Tom Beecher," give him my love, send me his name, and tell him that Tom Beecher remembers him.

THOS. K. BEECHER.

From Rev. Edmund B. Fairfield, D. D., LL. D., Manistee, Mich.

My dear President:—O that I had plenty of money and about thirteen months in the year, and I should surely be with you, D. V. I want to, beyond all words to tell. The old friends are very dear to me. If I don't see them this summer, I shall not be like to do so till we meet in the city that hath foundations—and there not to know them without an introduction! I don't like to think of it! Twelve years ago I met Maxwell, and didn't know him at all! If I do come, I hope he will be there; and Tom Beecher; and Charley Goddard, or has he left us?

I think if somebody makes me a bequest of the money, I will manage about the extra month! But with three boys in college, (the Lord be praised for six boys—well and stout—*sana mens in sana corpore*, every one,) it is not easy to go everywhere.

But once in fifty years! You and I will be away at the next semi-centennial, come to think of it! I shall try to come. If not there, give to all who are—especially of the ancients—the heartiest greeting from one who *was* of the class of 1842!

Yours always, EDMUND B. FAIRFIELD.

From William H. Goddard, Esq., class of 1844, Washingington, D. C.

I regret that I cannot be present at the exercises in observance of "the fiftieth anniversary of Marietta College," an occasion of interest to all the Alumni and friends of the College, present and absent, and especially to the surviving few of the earlier Alumni, of whom I am one. I trust that the attendance will be full and the exercises most enjoyable.

Yours very truly, W. H. GODDARD.

From Hon. Willard Warner, LL. D., class of 1845, late U. S. Senator from Alabama.

I very much regret to say that business engagements, which I cannot defer or neglect, will prevent my presence at the Alumni meeting.

I am greatly disappointed as I long to meet friends and associates of

my boyhood, most of whom I presume have had the audacity to put on gray hairs or bald heads and assume to class themselves with elderly men. But those whom I have not met since leaving college are still boys to me, as they were when I went to Marietta in 1842 from a farm and a log school-house, with my gray "round-a-bout" on.

The first boy to notice me and to address me kindly was Charley Goddard, as I stood in the college yard looking lonesomely about; and then began a friendship between us—earnest and true and lasting and to last with life.

With heartiest and kindest greetings to all of my friends and to the Alumni generally, and to your venerable and noble President Andrews,

I am yours respectfully, WILLARD WARNER.

From Hon. E. W. Wilson, Governor of West Virginia.

I have delayed writing, until this late date, hoping that my official and professional engagemets would permit the pleasure and satisfaction of being with you, on the 1st proximo and that I could so write. I find though that it is impossible for me to attend the Semi-Centennial, and can but express my most sincere regrets, because of my inability to be present upon such an tnteresting and enjoyable occasion.

Very respectfully, E. W. WILSON.

From Professor George H. Howison, LL. D., class of 1852, Professor of Philosophy, University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

With great regret I have to say that it will be impossible for me to cross the continent this summer, in order to attend our Alma Mater's cel ebration. Bear my heartiest good wishes to my brethren, and especially to my class-mates of 1852. *Dominus salvam faciat Almam Matrem.*

Fraternally yours, G. H. HOWISON.

From Professor Addison Ballard, D. D., formerly Professor of Mathematics at Marietta.

Please thank your Committee of Arrangements for me for their kind invitation to be present at the exercises of your Fiftieth Anniversary the ensuing week, and my sincere regret that I shall not be able to attend. My former connexion with the Faculty gives me a deep interest in the College and a warm personal attachment to my former colleagues which I have ever since felt and which I shall always cherish. Allow me to congratulate the Trustees, the Faculty, and all the friends of the institution for the honorable name which the College has won, for the half century of thoroughly good and truly great work which the College has done; and especially, also, to congratulate your noble President to whose exceptionally long and faithful service the prosperity and usefulness of the College have been so largely due. I wish for Marietta a permanent and ever growing success, such as I am sure it is but reasonable to ex-

pect from an institution which was planned and has been nurtured with so much Christian wisdom and with such unselfish devotion and liberality. Very truly yours, A. BALLARD.

From Irving J. Manatt, PH. D., Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, formerly Professor of Greek in Marietta College.

Thanks for invitation to Marietta's Semi-Centennial. If anything terrestrial could induce me to venture upon the journey to Marietta, it would be an occasion like this Possibly I may work myself up to the point, but the decision must wait. If absent in body, I shall assuredly be with you in the spirit; and trust the dear old College may find the golden birth-day a beginning of new life. Very truly yours,

IRVING J. MANATT.

From Hon. Charles W. Potwin, Zanesville, O.

Rev. I. W. Andrews, D. D., President Marietta College:

My dear Sir:—I regret very much that I could not attend the meeting. Unfortunately for me, my business in Kansas usually requires my presence at the season of the year when the annual meetings are held. I had hoped that you would be in a condition of health so as to continue service as President of the College, and that there would be no present necessity for your insisting upon being relieved. With personal regards,

I am truly yours, C. W. POTWIN.

From Rev. William H. Willcox, D. D., LL. D., Malden, Mass.

Your invitation to me to atttend the semi-centennial of Marietta College on June 28th is received. It would certainly give me great pleasure to be present on that occasion and mingle my congratulations and rejoicings with the alumni and friends of the college over the work the institution has been enabled to do and the prosperity it has enjoyed; but whether I can reasonably hope for the enjoyment seems now very doubtful. But if when the time draws near I find the way open to accept your kind invitation, I will certainly do so with thankfulness.

I am *very* glad to see by the papers that Marietta is to receive such a generous bequest from the estate of Mr. Erwin. May many more such wise friends of Christian education bless and gladden our hearts.

Yours truly, WM. H. WILCOX.

From Hon. William Hyde, Ware, Mass.

Rev. I. W. Andrews, D. D.

My dear Sir:—I thank you for your invitation to your semi-centennial. I should like to visit your place and see the scenes of your life-work, but I am too far advanced to make plans so far ahead.

Very truly yours, W. HYDE.

From Hon. Samuel D. Warren, Boston, Mass.

OXFORD, ENGLAND, April 16, 1885.

My dear Dr. Andrews:—I have just received an invitation, confirmed by you, to attend the semi-centennial exercises of Marietta College. I much regret that it is impossible for me to accept the invitation, as I do not expect to return to America before the autumn. With high personal regards to yourself and my best wishes for the success of the proposed festival, I remain Yours truly, S. D. WARREN.

From W. O. Grover, Esq., Boston, Mass.

I am in receipt of your very kind invitation to visit you the coming summer. Were circumstances favorable, it would give me very much pleasure to accept. But they are such that I cannot hope to be able to do so. And can only thank you sincerely for your thoughtful kindness.

Very truly yours, W. O. GROVER.

From Hon. Elizur Smith, Lee, Mass.

President Andrews, My dear Friend:—In reply to your highly esteemed favor of 30th ult., I must say that I am not very strong and am overburdened with care. I should like very much to attend the semi-centennial of your College but cannot spare the time.

Mrs. Smith is well and unites with me in kind regards to you and yours.

Very truly, ELIZUR SMITH.

From Hon. Horace F. Waite, Chicago.

Pres. I. W. Andrews, LL. D.

Dear Sir:—Your polite invitation came duly to hand. It would afford me great pleasure to accept and I would do so if it was earlier, but at that time I expect to be where I cannot well do so. The little time spent by me at Marietta College was full of happiness then, and the memory of it a source of joy ever since. I hope some day to revisit the College, and in a measure live over again the past. With highest regards, I am

Yours &c., HORACE F. WAITE.

From O. J. Wilson, Esq., Clifton, Cincinnati.

Dr. I. W. Andrews:

My dear Sir:—Accept the thanks of Mrs. Wilson and myself for your kind invitation to the Marietta College semi-centennial of this summer. It will give us very great pleasure to be present at so interesting a time, and, health permitting, you can count upon our being there. I congratulate the College, and you personally as one of its oldest and best friends, upon the valuable bequest of Mr. Erwin.

Very truly yours, O. J. WILSON.

[Mr. W. was prevented by illness from attending.]

From Preserved Smith, Esq., Dayton, Ohio.

To I. W. Andrews, D. D., Marietta, Ohio.

It would give Mrs. Smith and myself great pleasure to accept your very kind invitation, to be present at the celebration of the semi-centennial of Marietta College. The time is so far ahead it is impossible to tell what my engagements will be, so it is impossible to give a definite answer. If I find I can be present, will advise you in time. As you say, fifty years have made great changes in Ohio, and what will the next fifty years bring! It is nearly forty-six years since I first came here, and what great changes I have seen in this great valley; and I expect the next fifty years will see still greater changes. I rejolce in the bequest of Mr. Erwin to Marietta. I hope others will in time be coming in, and do not doubt they will. Yours truly, PRESERVED SMITH.

From Hon. Samuel Miller, New Haven, Conn.

Age and infirmity prevent my aecepting your kind and valued invitation to be present at the coming semi-centennial anniversary of the founding of Marietta College. Pray accept my good wishes for the continued prosperity of the College, and believe me sincerely yours,

SAMUEL MILLER.

From George L. Weed, Philadelphia, class of 1849, formerly Superintendent of the Ohio Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and later of the Wisconsin Asylum.

I have delayed responding to the invitation to the "Semi-Centennial," hoping that I might find attendance practicable; but at last must send my *regrets*, instead of reviving old associations and enjoying services which promise so much of interest.

Yours truly, GEO. L. WEED.

From Isaac Naylor, Galveston, Texas, class of 1851; Mr. Naylor died shorly after sending this letter.

I have received your circular of March 27th, 1885, inviting me to be present at the fiftieth anniversary exercises of Marietta College. I am very much obliged to you for your kind invitation. I have been an invalid for several months, and cannot therefore venture to promise that I will be able to be present. Hoping, however, that you may have a pleasant reunion, and that Marietta College will continue to fiourish,

I am yours very sincerely, ISAAC NAYLOR.

From Theodore S. Case, M. D., Kansas City, Missouri, class of 1851.

I regret to say that it is extremely improbable that I can be present on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Marietta College. I regret this all the more from the fact that it will be the thirty-fourth anniversary of my graduation day, and I have not attended a single commencement

in all this time. Doubtless it will be a most interesting occasion and one long to be remembered by those present.

With best wishes for the old institution and all connected with it, I remain yours very truly, THEO. S. CASE.

From Hon. Jas. Q. Howard, New York City, class of 1856, Editor of *The Daily Graphic*, Ex-Appraiser of the Port of New York.

As I informed President Andrews to-day, I cannot possibly be with you at Commencement. Please thank Mr. Gates and the committee for the honor implied by their duly appreciated invitation. I must remain here at my post of duty. Ever yours, J. Q. HOWARD.

From W. H. Storrs, class of 1858, Superintendent of Schools of Marion county, Illinois.

Your letter of March 27th was received in due season and, in reply I wish to say that scarcely anything else would give me so much pleasure as to be with you to celebrate the Semi-Centennial of Marietta College. I regret that I am not able to come; but I thank you very heartily for your kind invitation and trust that the Semi-Centennial may be a happy and successful meeting, and that Marietta College may go on prospering as its merits deserve, and that its success may meet the wishes of its warmest admirers. I remain very respectfully yours,

W. H. STORRS.

From T. J. Cochran, Esq., Cincinnati, class of 1859.

Your invitation to the Semi-Centennial of Marietta College came duly to hand. I love the old institution but I shall not be there. Till recently I looked forward to the time when the days of the past in Marietta College would be reproduced in my own boy—a boy of boys—but it was God's will to take him before his father. It would be too painful to see the sons of the old boys there happy with their fathers, mothers, and friends, and my Tom not among them. May God bless Marietta College.

Very truly yours, T. J. COCHRAN.

From G. S. Franklin, M. D., Chillicothe, class of 1859.

Am in receipt of your invitation to attend commencement at the old Alma Mater. I have often thought I would come over and participate in the exercises, but something has always interfered to prevent me. Just now, as Pension Examining Surgeon, I am having my hands pretty full, especially on Wednesday, the day I should want to be there. Give my kindest regards to President Andrews; also to Professor Beach, Colonel Putnam, and any other of my class-mates who may be present. Wishing our Alma Mater a profitable occasion,

I remain yours fraternally, G. S. FRANKLIN.

From Henry M. Parker, Elyria, O., class of 1859, Superintendent of Schools.

I had hoped to be at Marietta next week until yesterday. My plans have so changed for the summer that I find it quite impossible for me to be there. I deeply regret this, as I had hoped to meet and greet many of the "old boys," and form the acquaintance of the younger men. I trust you will have a pleasant week.

Your truly, H. M. PARKER.

From W. W. Mills, Esq., Crawfordsville, Indiana, class of 1871.

Am with you in spirit, and join in cheers for the living and tears for the dead, and hope that the richest of Heaven's benedictions may rest upon dear old Marietta and her loyal sons. W. W. MILLS.

From Rev. E. D. Morris, D. D., LL. D., Professor at Lane Seminary.

Dear Dr. Andrews:—About six weeks ago I received an invitation to the Marietta celebration, to which I did not reply for the simple reason that I could at that time give no definite answer. I write now, at this late hour, in the hope that I can get away next week from engagements here. It is not quite so certain that I will come, as it is that I desire to come. I am sure that you will have a grand time, and am glad that *you* are there to enjoy it. Yours cordially, E. D. MORRIS.

From Rev. James Eells, D. D., LL. D., Professor at Lane Seminary.

I very much regret that I shall not be able to attend the Semi-Centennial of Marietta College, to which I am so courteously invited. I expect to spend the summer in California, and of course shall be too far away for such a pleasure on the 28th of June. My sincere desire for the highest prosperity of Marietta College will be none the less because I must be absent. Yours very sincerely, JAMES EELLS.

From Rev. Llewellyn J. Evans, D. D., Professor at Lane Seminary.

It would have given me very great pleasure to express by personal attendance upon the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of Marietta College, my interest in the occasion, my warm regard for the institution, and my earnest desire for its continued and enlarged prosperity in the future. During one half of the history of Marietta, it has been my privilege to feel its presence and its power in Lane, both in its Faculty, in the presence of Dr. D. Howe Allen and of Dr. Henry Smith, and in the uninterrupted succession of its students who have here completed their preparation for their life-work. Realizing thus how much I owe to Lane, and how much Lane owes to Marietta, I feel that I can heartily unite with

the sons of Marietta in the congratulations and prayers of the approaching celebration. Thanking the committee for their kind invitation and regretting my inability to be present, I remain

Very truly yours, LL. J. EVANS.

From Professor Henry P. Smith, D. D., Lane Seminary.

I have neglected to answer your kind invitation on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements for the coming Semi-Centennial anniversary of Marietta College. I regret that I cannot now see my way clear to the acceptance of the invitation. I wish you, however, a pleasant and profitable occasion, and remain cordially yours, HENRY P. SMITH.

From Hon. L. T. Moore, Catlettsburg, Ky., formerly Member of Congress from Kentucky.

Professional engagements compel me to forego the pleasure I should realize in being present with you on the fiftieth anniversary of Marietta College. My earnest hope is that you will have an enjoyable occasion, with the interest intensified by a full attendance of the Alumni.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, L. T. MOORE.

From J. W. Davis, Esq., Lewisburg, W. Va.

Allow me to thank you for the invitation to participate in the observances on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Marietta College. I was a pupil in the Academy, out of which the College grew. I entered the College at its first session. I have pleasant memories of many persons and things about the College. Professor D. Howe Allen was professor of mathematics in the College, and was one of the most lovely men that it has been my fortune to meet. It gives me pleasure to think of him. I am practicing the law and our Greenbrier Circuit Court will be in session on the 28th of June and that will forbid me the pleasure of being with you, and this I regret very much. Very respectfully yours,

J. W. DAVIS.

From J. M. Guiteau, Esq., Attorney and Counsellor at Law, New York.

My business engagements prevent my accepting your kind invitation to be present at the Semi-Centennial Commencement of Marietta College. I regret this very much on my own account and as I suppose I must have been among the first of the students, though I claim to have been too young to remember much about it. In fact I cannot realize that I am fifty years old even now; but I suppose there are some records lying round which make it useless for me to deny it. It would doubtless be interesting to those assembled upon the occasion to look upon one of the old "fellows," just as on the Fourth of July it has always been considered of the first importance to secure the attendance of some one who "fit" in the Revolution. I take great interest in all that affects Marietta College.

Very faithfully yours, JOHN M. GUITEAU.