

From R. P. Johnson
Aug 1886

Delaware College Review.

VOL. IV.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, JULY, 1886.

No. 10

Delaware College Review.

Published Monthly during the College Year, by the
Press Association of Delaware College.

EDITORIAL BOARD:

WILLIAM DuHAMEL, '86.

Harry M. Davis, '87. John E. J. Whistler, '87.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

S. A. Buchanan, '87,
INTER-COLLEGIATE.

T. B. Heisel, '88,
EXCHANGE.

H. H. Curtis, '87,
LOCAL.

A. F. Polk, '89,
DE ALUMNIS.

WILLIAM DuHAMEL, - Business Manager.

S. A. BUCHANAN, '87, Ass't Business Manager.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION:

President,	- - -	T. M. MORRISON, '88.
Vice-President,	- - -	J. P. LOFLAND, '89.
Secretary,	- - -	W. L. H. BENTON, '87.
Treasurer,	- - -	C. K. ARNOLD, '89.

CIRCULATION, - - - 1,000.

Published in the interests of Delaware College. Articles solicited from the Alumni. Send us your subscription as soon as possible.

Subscription \$1.00 a Year. Single Copies, 10 cents.

For advertising rates, and all communications, address
DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW,
NEWARK, DELAWARE.

THE benefits derived from having literary societies in connection with any institution of learning cannot be over estimated. In the society the students are brought into a close union, depending to some extent upon each other, and the interests of one are made the care of all. By this all dissension and unpleasantness among the members is avoided, which otherwise would surely exist in so large a number. In the society the boys become more familiar with each other and social intercourse between them becomes more pleasant and instructive than it would be were their relations more distant and constrained. The mental exercises here involved are of the utmost importance to the student for here he puts into use the things that he learns in the class-room. There he learns the theoretical, here the practical. So by its assistance the exercises of the class-room make a

more lasting impression on the mind of the student and therefore are of more value to him. When two societies become rivals hard feelings are apt to result and personal enmities often result from it. On this account they have been condemned as a cause of strife and dissension among the students endangering the peace and quietness. But such opinions should not be hastily adopted for, as our experience has shown, even these rivalries are turned to good account in the class-room. The members of each society will try to outrank those of the other, and the higher the feeling between them, the higher will be the marks of the contestants. Some may think that this is but a poor incentive to study, but still, it brings the right result. And surely it is as worthy of praise as the competition for prizes, and this is countenanced by all. As the literary societies are of so great benefit to student life would it not be better if they were more heartily supported? The interest taken in them by the students is very great and cannot be too highly praised. But a little more interest displayed by outside parties and occasional addresses by the members of the Faculty would do much to make the exercises more pleasant and instructive.

JUDGING from the amount of enthusiasm awakened by the address made by President Caldwell, on Commencement Day, and the hearty verbal responses which his appeals for aid in behalf of the College received, it seems that there is an interest in the affairs of the College being aroused in the minds of the people of this State which will do much to insure its ultimate success. Although not as many of our Alumni were present as we wished to see, yet the kind wishes and actions of those who were with us did much to encourage us and made us think that better things were in store for us not very far in the future. We notice with joy that our neighbors of the adjoining portions of Maryland and Pennsylvania are coming to recognize the many advantages of our College. To these

we extend a cordial invitation to visit us, to view our grounds and buildings, to talk to our Faculty, and then to favor us with their patronage. We assure them that no place can offer them more recommendations. The nearness to their homes, the fatherly care of the Professors, the quietness and morality of the town, all unite to make it one of the safest and best institutions at which young men can be educated. We add to these a Faculty that will compare favorably with that of any college in the land, commodious buildings, large and airy recitation rooms, new and finely equipped laboratories and arrangements for athletic sports, both indoors and out, and deserve that those having sons to educate should give us their support which will surely result in doing good both to themselves and to us. To the people of Delaware we appeal for the patronage which we have a perfect right to expect. You founded this College and it is your duty to support it. Why will you not send your sons here rather than to the larger colleges at a greater distance from home, which offer no more and perhaps less inducements and involve you in greater expense? To the Class of '90, which promises to be a large one, we extend a hearty welcome and hope that in number and in capabilities, both of mind and body, it will outrank any of its predecessors. We hope that with the coming year a new era of prosperity will dawn upon our beloved College and earnestly entreat all friends of this institution to lend their aid toward achieving this end.

THE Editorial Board, Managers and Officers of the REVIEW for 1885-6 now bid a long farewell to friends and foes alike. We have done our best to prosper the REVIEW and old Delaware College. This is our apology, and our satisfaction. We sincerely hope that the untried skill of those about to follow us, may rear a worthier, nobler and more lasting structure upon the foundations that we have laid. "Long live Delaware College" is our first thought and wish and "Long live the REVIEW," the next that crowds fast upon the other. The officers elected for the next year are as follows: Editorial Board, H. M. Davis, J. E. J. Whistler, T. B. Heisel; De Alumnis, A. F. Polk; Inter-

collegiate, J. P. Lofland; Exchange, C. K. Arnold; Local, J. S. Boyd; Business Manager, C. K. Arnold; Assistant Business Manager, J. P. Lofland. Officers of the Association: President, T. M. Morrison; Vice President, J. G. Maloy; Secretary, E. Layfield; Treasurer, T. B. Heisel. And we sincerely wish them abundant success, in their by no means easy undertaking.

THE vigorous and enthusiastic Alumni Association meeting held on Commencement Day augurs well for the future of the College. The proposed joint meeting and banquet of the Trustees and Alumni at Dover, in December, is a splendid project, as are all the others planned by the Association. See to it that the joys of Commencement was not your inspiration and incentive. Let good, honest faithful work be done by this important factor of the College, and it will be sure to bring abundant returns to your Alma Mater. It is advisable for the Trustees to fully appreciate the force of the advice and acts of the Alumni Association. Mingling of old and new blood unites really more practical force than can be attained elsewhere.

WE call the attention of the members of the Athenæan Society to the communication of Alumnus, in our last issue, concerning the time of founding the rival societies. We did not mention it at the time because we thought that of course it would be answered in this issue. As this is not the case and the article certainly demands an answer, we shall look for an explanation in the first issue of next year.

WE are glad to announce that the REVIEW will positively begin its fifth year in October. Give it your encouragement.

AUSTIN H. MERRILL, '80, has been elected to the Chair of Elocution at the Vanderbilt University, Tenn. The position is a most valuable one, and Mr. Merrill receives our honest congratulations at his success.

Commencement, 1886.

The Declamation Contest.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1886.

The contest in declamation for the Alumni prize of \$30 took place under most auspicious circumstances. The contestants numbered a dozen. The now spacious oratory held an audience of about 500 persons. The judges appointed by the Faculty were Secretary of State Causey, Superintendent T. N. Williams and the Rev. Dr. Vallandigham. Dr. Caldwell presided and the opening prayer was delivered by the Rev. C. W. Prettyman. Dr. Caldwell then introduced the first contestant, Samuel A. Buchanan, who recited an account of the last days of "Robespierre." Mr. Buchanan has a forcible delivery, but a slight nervousness was perceptible, and detracted much from the otherwise excellent delivery. "The Demon Ship" was next rendered by James David Jacquette, and it was rendered in an excellent manner. Harry Whiteman then declaimed: "Unjust National Acquisition." Mr. Whiteman has a deep voice and forcible delivery. John S. Boyd delivered "Taylor at Buena Vista." "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" was an ardent temperance speech, which was delivered by John E. J. Whistler, who was one of the most earnest speakers of the evening. He was heartily cheered. "Last Days of Herclaneum," by W. L. H. Benton, was something of a failure. What was heard was delivered well, but the audience was only treated to about one half of it.

After an intermission of five minutes, T. Maxwell Morrison was introduced. "Look Within" was the subject of his oration. His enunciation was excellent. John Ball followed with an apostrophe to "Pompeii." He delivered it in a manly, dignified manner. Norman Elwood Layfield recited Bryant's "Thanatopsis," with a clear, distinct voice, but the rapidity of his utterance detracted from the force of his rendition. An original oration entitled "The Young Man in Politics," by Harry A. Hickman, was the next declamation, and it was delivered in a quiet, dignified manner, with but little aiming after the oratorical. "The Death of Hamilton" was delivered with a fervent, earnest style by Frank Collins. The concluding selection of the contest was delivered by William H. Smith. His declamation was that well-worn selection, "Regulus to the Carthaginians," but the rendition nevertheless did much credit to the speaker. The Rev. Mr. Prettyman then pronounced the benediction.

Class Day.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

An enjoyable afternoon was spent by those who attended the Class Day exercises of '86, in the College Oratory. The Class tree occupied the left of the stage, while the presents done up in curious packages occupied the rear of the reading desk. At about 2.30 P. M., William DuHamel, the master of ceremonies, began the exercises by a brief speech of welcome, and then introduced Charles Black Evans, the Class historian. A very interesting production from the lips of the Class poet, Edward Henry Eckel, followed. It was as follows:

AS IT WERE.

I chanced in my travels one day in the West,
To stop over night in a city to rest.
Ere seeking my "downy," I thought of a walk
To look for acquaintance, refreshment, or talk.
So down a bright street I meandered alone,
Without destination, I'm willing to own.
Thus sauntering at leisure, and quite at my ease,
I saw on my way what one commonly sees,—
Stores, offices, dwellings, museums, and such—
Admiring the buildings and interested much.
At last in my wanderings the street became dark.
"Tis the region of lawyers," I paused to remark.
"Their business is over, their offices closed;
The chairs are all empty where to-day they reposed;
The papers are filed, and the clients dismissed;
The witnesses summoned are all 'on the list.'
'Tis gloomy down here in this narrow, dark street,
'Twould be just as well surely to beat a retreat."
So turning about—imagine the sight!—
On the opposite side I distinguished a light.
Not an Edison lamp, you will rightly suppose,
But the flickering glim that a college man knows.
"Ah, ha!" I exclaimed, "'tis some overworked grind
On his Blackstone or Kent got a little behind!
Or more likely some lawyer working up a hard case,
Secluded from men in this desolate place."
No curtain was lowered, no shutter was there,
So I ambled across with a curious air.
Imagine my wonder, astonishment, awe,
When I read—"C. Black Evans, Attorney-at-Law."
I looked through the glass—how shall I begin?
How can I describe what I saw there within?
In a chair tilted back, with his head on the wall,
With his feet on the desk, with his form *a la* sprawl,
Minus waistcoat and coat, minus collar and tie,—
Indescribable picture, so no use to try!—
Plus a pipe of great length with a bowl like a boat,
Sat a black-bearded man, fondly thumbing a note—
A greenback, that is, "which must certainly be,"
I thought as I gazed, "a fresh harvested fee."
From the pipe in his mouth—a mouth of some size,
Yet expressive and sweet, like his ebony eyes—
Ascended a column of odorous smoke,
Sufficiently strong to make common men choke.
I might say, as I pass, that his beard was a sight,—
But perhaps it would not altogether be right.
I knew him the moment my eyes caught his face,
Though quite unprepared to have met in this place.
I stood for some time gazing through the dim glass,
Irresolute whether to enter or pass;
For I saw that a visitor sat near the door,—
A client, I thought; perhaps only a bore.
Now and then a grim smile o'er the lawyer's face broke,

Then stroking his beard, he gave vent to a croak.
 His face was directed with nonchalant air
 Toward a small man in black in a neighboring chair.
 The visitor's manner was nervous and queer;
 His tones—they were angry, I plainly could hear.
 His fist he extended, he stamped on the floor—
 The lawyer held tighter his note than before.
 The visitor paused for an instant to breathe,
 The smoke from the pipe ceased an instant to breathe.
 The lawyer said something, I couldn't hear what;
 The visitor whined like a poodle just shot.
 Then a silence ensued, "a calm after the storm,"
 During which Lawyer Evans straightened out his limp form,
 And removing his pipe, I heard him exclaim,
 "Serves you right! serves you right! yet still it's a shame!"
 No longer content to stand listening without,
 Although I knew nothing the talk was about,
 I was anxious to grasp my college chum's paw—
 The hand of C. Evans, Attorney-at-Law;
 So I strode to the door, and rapped rather low,
 Not to startle the men with a boisterous blow.
 The visitor turned in his chair clear around:
Mirabile visu!—I was chained to the ground!
 The small man in black—have I given a clew?—
 Was once writer-in-chief for a "College Review."
 Then mustering courage, I opened the door,
 Amused at the look that each countenance wore.
 Recognition was instant and hearty and sweet,
 The pleasure to all seemed real and complete.
 Rescating themselves, we launched into a chat
 About Delaware College and chums and all that.
 We talked of the town and the girls and the fun,
 The tricks on professors, the laurels we won,
 The changes of time—deaths, marriages, fame,
 Position and wealth and the glory of name.
 "And now, tell me, pray," I said after a while,
 "Hath fortune turned on you a frown or a smile?"
 The lawyer looked puzzled, and slowly said, "Both."
 The clergyman said, "Though seldom I'm loath
 To talk of myself, or my plans, or my work,
 Yet now would I gladly reply with a quirk.
 You must know I've been rector of twenty some churches,
 To be frank, I have left them in twenty some lurches.
 In one I was High, in another one Low,
 Yet somehow or other the thing wouldn't go.
 I tried sermons on paper, and sermons unwrit,
 But these didn't help it the very least bit.
 The prayers I intoned, or snuffled and whined,
 Yet something was wrong—I still was maligned.
 To shorten a story unhappily long,
 I'm in trouble again—though I don't know what's wrong.
 Still all is not gloomy—many days have been bright;
 You may bet the finances have always been right."
 A significant grimace our faces suffused:
 What mortal could help being highly amused?
 A shrewdness in money displayed while in College
 Had kept him on top, he was free to acknowledge.
 I rose to withdraw; the lawyer said, "Here
 Is the wealthiest client I've had for a year.
 To be sure, the whole number has been only three,"
 Then added in whisper, "But *this* client's fee
 Shall gild all the past with its mellowing light,
 And shine o'er the future unfailingly bright."
 Then aloud with a grin reassuringly sweet,
 The lawyer continued, "We brook no defeat;
 The vestry is snarling, our friend's in a plight"—
 The clergyman here bade a hasty "good-night,"
 The lawyer relieved added, "This is my case:
 DuHamel to whitewash, and throw dust in the face
 Of the quarreling crew, the split congregation,
 To heal up the breach, to prevent altercation,
 Till a mitre at last on DuHamel shall rest,
 A ring on his hand, and a cross on his breast."

The pipe handed down from the preceding class, after it had been passed around and smoked by the gentlemen members of the class and touched by the lips of the fair ones, was presented to W. H. Smith, the representative of the Class of '87. Miss Mary Gardiner Reynolds, in her class prophecy, said one member of the class is to be a bishop, another a great mission worker, one a judge and another the president's wife. The tree oration was delivered by Wm. Lansendale. An essay followed by the class valedictorian, Miss Anna Todd Reynolds. Its subject was "Let us do what we can." William DuHamel, the presentation orator, then proceeded to bequeath some mementoes upon each member. William Lansendale was given a moustache; because he was the only member of the class that didn't attempt to raise one. Chas. Black Evans received a spittoon, a huge pipe and a mammoth cigar, as the greatest smoker of the class. Miss Mary Gardiner Reynolds received a huge stick of candy, two large ginger cake roosters, and a ginger cake man, as the sweetest member. Edward Henry Eckel was bequeathed a brass spoon as the brassiest and spooniest member and Miss Anna Todd Reynolds, a large wooden hand painted "shad" in remembrance of him who bore that nickname. The tree was then planted on the Campus and the exercises of the Class of 1886 were ended.

Grand Finale of the Review Course.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

Quite a success was scored in this entertainment, especially in the merits of its artistes. The Kempa Ladies Orchestra played seven difficult and enjoyable classical selections. Miss Gertrude B. Harlow, of Delaware City, charmed the audience in her rendition of Owen Meredith's charming "Aux Italiens," as well as delighting them in her superb impersonation of Queen Katharine. Austin H. Merrill was received with unbounded enthusiasm each time he appeared, the applause being redoubled when he concluded. Cable's "Mary's Night Ride" was most graphically and forcibly recited. "Smith's Boy," brought down the house and was only superseded by the crowning effort and finale, the impersonation of Mark Twain in his recital of how he was interviewed.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13.

The Baccalaureate Sermon to the Class of '86 was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Caldwell, President of the College. The combined choirs of the town sang several hymns. Dr. Caldwell

took his text from chapter 4: 8 of St. Paul's Epistle to the Phillippians. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The main theme of his discourse was the power, progress and activeness of thought. He said: "Man was imbued with the power because he was to be lord of the lower world. He is God's vicegerent in the natural world, and as such is accountable to the Supreme Sovereign. God reserves the better portion of Man's nature and the material achievements we behold in the world. We find expression of it by means of speech and writing, in researches of philosophy and in the domain of mathematics. The topics embraced in text are for Christian thought. They are truth, honor, justice, purity, amiability and good report. These are the apostolic ideals of noble Christian thought. After all that has been said in regard to intellectual, moral and physical productions of thought, they may all be expressed in a single word, character, and character thus formed may be copied, reproduced and multiplied. It can be transmitted from age to age, to the end of the world, and this thought should impress all with a profound sense of responsibility. Character is thus formed by social intercourse, in the study of books, especially the Bible, and in the college. After a thorough college education what will probably be the nett result? A cultured gentleman, and we ought to be able to say a cultured Christian gentleman, and perhaps in due time this nobler quality may be added, then the apostle's type of true manhood will be realized. A manly character founded on truth, honor, justice, purity, amiability, reputable conduct, answering to all that is virtuous in motive and praiseworthy in conduct. Let us hope that many such may be trained at Delaware College, and sent forth to do this work in the world."

PESTALOZZI ANNIVERSARY.

MONDAY, JUNE 14.

After music by the Kempa Orchestra, Dr. Jacob Todd, of Grace Church, Wilmington, was introduced. His subject was: "What to Read and How to Read it." The lecture was excellent. He dwelt upon the value of reading, the use and abuse of reading, and other points of practical value in connection with the subject. A large audience was in attendance, and the speaker received rapt attention throughout his able discourse. This was the first and last Anniversary of the Pestalozzi Society. It dies with Co-education.

ATHENÆAN ANNIVERSARY.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15.

The Fifty-second Anniversary of the Athenæan Society was held in the Oratory on the evening of Tuesday, June 15th, in the presence of an audience that completely filled the hall. The Kempa Ladies' Orchestra furnished the music of the evening. After prayer by the Rev. C. W. Prettyman, William Lane Hall Benton delivered the Society Address. His subject was: "The Three Great Eras of Student Life." He reviewed student life under the Greeks and Romans, referring to the schools and methods of the philosophers, the Stoics and Peripatetics; passing on to student life of the middle ages, during which the principal universities of continental Europe were established; and coming down to modern student life, he described university life at Oxford and Cambridge. The address showed considerable research, was well written, and was delivered in an admirable voice. After music, the Rev. William S. Robinson, of Milford, Delaware, the orator of the evening, delivered a lengthy address on "The Debt of the Republic to the Past," having slightly changed the title from that previously announced. The speaker had a good voice enabling him to be heard with ease in every part of the Oratory. His oration was thoughtful and forcible, and much appreciated by the audience. As no synopsis we can give, would give an adequate idea of the oration, we shall make no attempt. The Farewell Address followed, after music by the orchestra. It was delivered by Edward Henry Eckel, and was entitled "The Hidden Soul of Harmony." Beginning with a word-picture of a tenement alley thrown into a stir by a blind musician and his dog who have wandered into it, the speaker went on to describe the effect of music on the lowly. A consideration of its value and importance as an adjunct of religious worship followed, and its religious effects were described. The difference between sound and music was stated and enforced. Mr. Eckel then addressed valedictory remarks to the Athenæan, Delta Phi and Pestalozzi Societies. The address was well written and was delivered with full, flexible voice, and characteristic energy.

The exercises closed with the benediction pronounced by the President of the College.

The Commencement Exercises.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.

A clear sky and a pleasant breeze caused the College Oratory to be well nigh filled to overflowing at the Fifty-first Commencement of Delaware College. About 700 persons were present at the appointed time, when the Kempa Orchestra commenced the "Merry Wives of

Windsor." The Trustees, Alumni, Faculty, graduating class and under-graduates met in the east wing and proceeded to the scene of the exercises. The under-graduates occupied the front chairs, while the rest of the procession occupied the stage, which was very tastily decorated for the occasion. The opening prayer was made by the Rev. G. Porter of Newark.

The graduates were six in number, of whom three belong to Wilmington, two to Newark and the sixth to Church Hill, Md.

Edward Henry Eckel, of Wilmington, Delaware, delivered the Salutatory, which was as follows:

SALUTATIO.

Domini Domineque: Omnibus hic convenientibus—honoratissimis, Curatoribus, Professoribus, Alumnisque; Condiscipulis, Sodalibus, et Amicis—Classis anni Millesimi Octingentesimi Octogesimi et Sexti nunc ex Almae Matris schola egredienda, salutem plurimam dicit. Nos, si spirandum nostras valere preces posse, ut nostras disputationes oblectatis, vos salvere jubemus: porroque expectantes memoriam hujus diei occasionisque fragrantem semper esse, ter quaterque vos salvere jubemus.

SYMBOLISM.

No one can visit any of the great master-pieces of architecture and art for which Europe, and especially Italy, is so famous, without the consciousness of a peculiar and perhaps indefinable feeling—a mingling of fascination and awe. Moving amidst the realized dreams and phantasms of artist and poet, the visitor can not but recognize that these are tremendous symbols of human Thought, even as the marvels of the physical world are symbols of Thought divine. Architecture and painting and sculpture and mosaic and embroidery and the countless other forms of art-work, are to him but fragrant flowers sprung from the soil of human intellect. Sometime, somewhere, before those art-creations received their bodied forms, they were conceived in the prenatal gloom of man's imagination. For a long time before the stone was hewn or the artisan's tool had shaped it, the architect carried about with him wherever he went, by day and night, in slumber and waking, a castle of fancy, a structure of grand, but as yet vague and shadowy lineaments. The imagination of the painter gazed long and tenderly upon those Madonnas ere they stood upon the canvas. Michael Angelo saw many an angel imprisoned in crude blocks of marble besides those he liberated with chisel and mallet. Tintoretto's mind must certainly have stretched itself out over those acres of canvas and wall space which he peopled with his own creations, long before he put his brush to the colors. From the womb of man's brain came forth the children of Art—saints, and angels, and men, and the God-forms, too—like fairy figures in a poet's dreams, and found their home in fresco, marble, mosaic, and canvas. We are awed in the presence of such symbols of man's stupendous genius. We involuntarily bare our heads and do reverence to human thought so mighty. We recognize all this as but a symbol of divine beauty and power poured forth from human vessels.

But not alone are painting and sculpture and architecture symbolical of Mind, but other outward forms are such as well. There was something almost symbolical in the very appearance of that musical apparition that wandered over Europe during the early part of the present century. A long, gaunt, unearthly, grotesque skeleton of a man, covered with livid-hued parchment-like skin, dark and hollow-eyed;

lank haired, and shambling-gaited! A wonderful bundle of human fibre, badly strung together on wires, as Haweis describes him, was Nicolo Paganini—a body of bottled-up diseases that held orgies all through his frame every once in a while like bad demons. There was something almost symbolical, I say, of his weird and preternatural music about the person and manners of this master violinist of all time. Yet far less factitious than the mere incidental correspondence of the uncouth man with his monstrous genius, was the music itself that came from the heart of his violin. Those weird, fantastic sounds—whence learned he them? Was it on the hill-side path going up to Fiesole that day he lay with face distorted, and wet streaming hair, writhing beneath the bursting storm of the hurricane? Was he then drinking in the storm-principle, that he might let it forth again from the cavern depths of his Cremona, himself the *Aeolus* of music? We cannot say; but that music—that astonishing, awful, ravishing music by which he entranced the principal cities of Europe—who will deny that it was but the symbol of those chafing melodies that knocked at the door of his soul for deliverance? Thus in its very essence, all music is a symbol—a symbol to the composer, a symbol to the interpreter, a symbol to the hearer.

But not to multiply illustrations, I ask you to grant that there is in all art-forms a sort of symbolism of the artist's inner self. This is the intrinsic value of them all—they are embodied Thought; phantasms and dreams caught from shadow-land, and carved out in stone, it may be, or mirrored in palpable forms from the transfigured living canvas. The Ideal has become the Real. The art-creator has breathed into his work the animating breath of his own genius, and it has become a living tangible Thought. Yet let it be remembered, this symbolism of the artist's inner self is *only* a symbolism, nothing more; and hence is altogether inadequate to express all the reality. As Miss Adelaide Proctor has beautifully sung:

"Dwells within the soul of every Artist
More than all his efforts can express;
And he knows the best remains unuttered,
Sighing at what *we* call his success.

"Vainly he may strive; he dare not tell us
All the sacred mysteries of the skies;
Vainly he may strive; the deepest beauty
Cannot be unveiled to mortal eyes.

"And the more devoutly that he listens,
And the holier message that is sent,
Still the more his soul must struggle vainly,
Bowed beneath a noble discontent.

"No great Thinker ever lived and taught you
All the wonder that his soul received;
No true Painter ever sat on canvas
All the glorious vision he conceived.

"No Musician ever held your spirit
Charmed and bound in his melodious chains,
But he sure he heard, and strove to render,
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

"No real Poet ever wove in numbers
All his dreams; but the diviner part,
Hidden from all the world, spake to him only
In the voiceless silence of his heart."

Thus all Art is but the vestibule to the palace of imaginative Thought. Indeed, methinks, all Outwardness of every sort is but the symbol—the expression—the materialization—the embodiment of Thought. You remember Sir William Hamilton's famous aphorism: "In the world there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind." Man is greater to day, therefore, than he was in antiquity—he knows more, he has more mind. Assuming the correct-

ness of Sir William's propositions, the history of civilization becomes simply the history of the aggrandizement of human Thought.

The most cursory glance over the field of knowledge and speculation will convince any one that we are in the midst of a universal symbolism. Outwardness is the symbol of Inwardness, Objectivity is the symbol of Subjectivity, the Seen is the symbol of the Unseen, the Heard is the symbol of the Unheard—in short, the Perceived by whatever means is the symbol of the Unperceived. Yet it takes the knowing ones of earth's children—the *savants* and *connoisseurs*—to interpret the symbols. The priests of science only can decipher for us the hieroglyphics all about us. And this in general, we may say, is the broad distinction between Science and Art. Both are knowledge, but Art is knowing how to do, and Science is knowing how to undo. Art knows how to scrawl the hieroglyphics, but Science must know how to translate them. The general term Science expresses, therefore, more than any individual man can compass. It expresses that enormous aggregation of knowledge of every sort which Time has transmitted to us from all the ages. It is, in a sense, almost synonymous with the term Omniscience, All-Knowledge. But who of men shall be able to compass all this, I ask? None, there is none. Only the All Knowing One, the Omniscient God, can comprehend it. Men in their finiteness find their whole lives required, and generations of their race required, in order to unravel and unfold the mysteries of the universe; to apprehend its meaning. It is all one great conundrum, over which Science bends its head constantly in efforts to solve it. Dividing the whole kingdom of Truth into the provinces of Physics and Metaphysics, with what patience and toil and assiduity and self-sacrifice must each nobleman of the realm pursue his own line of investigation, cultivate his own expanse of territory, learn to know but one division of the great theme, but one regiment of the immense army of facts and theories. One is a chemist, another is a geologist, one a botanist, another a physicist, one an astronomer, another a linguist, or an ethnographer, or a philosopher, or a politician, and so on; yet without invading his neighbor's territory, how much each one finds to do in his own sphere. Priests of Science, whoever ye are, wherever ye be, explain to us the cabala of Nature, we pray you. The walls of the universe are covered with the writing of an Unseen Hand. We long for prophets to give us the interpretation thereof. Our knowledge in every field of Science—physical and metaphysical—is encrusted with the prejudices and superstitions and pretensions of the past. Everywhere we find mummies of Truth, and we desire to know it as it really is. Read for us the symbols on the outer casing; tear off the cerements of words and nomenclatures and hearsays by which antiquity thought to preserve the real discoveries of Science from the corruptions of time, and from the irreverent gaze of the uninitiated. If ye do not know this or that in the great sum of universal facts, do not sneak behind an empty name, but tell us frankly, as Carlyle has done for you, that ye know not, after all, what electricity is, for instance, or magnetism, or the life-principle of animated nature, or the like, but that bandying these words about and talking learnedly with them as your symbols, ye seek to blind your own eyes to your ignorance. Tear off the cerements and wrappings of words, we repeat, and scrape off the hardened gums and spices of prejudice and superstition. Truth in its nakedness is not too sacred for our scrutiny and investigation. Prejudice and superstition—ye are the bulwark and defence of cowardice! Ye are the sweet spices, grateful to their nostrils, that preserve the faith of many a weak-minded bigot in science, politics, and religion. More light—pour in more light, ye more enlightened men of knowledge. O Christian Minister of whatever name, Priest of God's revelation in Nature and Grace, scrape off from yourself and your people, prejudice and superstition. Remember the saying of the apostolic

metaphysician: "Now we see in a mirror in a riddle,* but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I have been known fully."† Science after all and at best, is only a guess at this riddle, eternity is the answer-book.

Were a longer time at my service, it would be a pleasure to pursue the theme to greater lengths and along some of the many by-paths branching out from the great highway. Suffice it to say, then, before concluding, that Language, spoken or written, is the symbol of Thought, as Art-forms and Poetry are of Imagination; that Religion is a symbol of Faith and Submission with respect to an unseen Power; that Time Present is symbolical of Time Future, that is, of Eternity; and that Man in his nobility, made in the spiritual image of God, is also a symbol of the Deity—or, in the terse language of S. Chrysostom concerning the visible presence of God among the Hebrews: "The true Shekinah is man."

In conclusion, I ask your indulgent consideration in brief of two great branches of human learning, History and Mathematics. I have already spoken of universal history as simply the history of human thought. It thus becomes a symbol—if I may so say, a compound symbol—of Man in his progress toward his true greatness, Cultivated Mind. In other words, it is a record of his evolution from savagery to advanced civilization. While History is essentially a panorama of deeds, yet deeds are but the fruitage of motives, and motives are Thought. The greed of the general, the cruelty of the despot, the avarice of the noble, the licentiousness of the rabble, the corruptions of the Church; or, on the other hand, the fidelity of woman, the heroism of the martyr, the loyalty of the patriot, the devotion of the pious—lights and shadows of History—all these are but symbols of the mental, moral, and spiritual principles at work within. History is, in short, an epitome of human Doing, as Philosophy is of human Speculation. We may look at the epochs of the world's history as at the pictures of a kaleidoscope. The revolutions of time in its grand cycles are but the turns of the great object-glass, wherein History is ever repeating itself in similar figures, combining the same bits of variously colored human knowledge and experience in endless diversity. So we learn to interpret the present by the past, and to foreshadow the future by the present. So History is a symbol.

And finally, Mathematics is a symbol—a symbol of Absolute Truth. Amid all the shifting sands of opinion and theory and speculation in this life of learning and knowledge, men often find their images of Truth that they have set up in the desert, buried beneath the sands of doubt and negation. Mr. Belzoni, the eminent Egyptologist, once disinterred the sphinx of Ghizeh, but how long was it before the sand-storms laughed him to scorn? So Truth dug out from superstition and narrowness, from speculation and doubt, from pretension and half knowledge, is often buried again ere long beneath a fresh deposit. Yet there is a kind of Truth which men feel can never be subject to such uncertainties. Only acquiescence can follow mathematical demonstration. And in a certain sense, Mathematics is the key to the physical universe. Mathematics is a God-established science. He, the Absolute Truth, hath measured, and weighed, and planned, and counted the several parts of His world. And when we have proved a geometrical proposition, for example, we have learned more of the Creator of heaven and earth, Who alone hath established those relations of part to part which man has discovered to exist. Then look at the Mathematics of physics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and astronomy—is it not an essential element of them all? Astronomy—when we study this, we may say we are simply learning how the ALMIGHTY holds the worlds in the hollow of His hand. Systems upon systems, revolving about each other, and all about a common centre—may we not accept the beautiful theory of him who thought that there, in the perfect stillness of the one only fixed spot of all the universe, is the throne of the ALMIGHTY God? "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language; their voice cannot be heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Thus is Astronomy a symbol of Almighty Power, and Mathematics of Absolute Truth. Thus do we see that Man is but an emblem amid a Universe of symbols.

Miss Mary Gardiner Reynolds, of Wilmington, followed, with the following essay:

An English Hero.

The designation of Mr. Gladstone, as the leader of the liberal party, on January 16, 1875 was looked upon by all as a great calamity; the time had then come when they really felt the need of such a leader, they were ready to un-

*en ainigmati.

†S. Paul in I. Cor. 13: 12.

fore. At that time he was sixty-six years of age, apparently the most active part of his life derstand him as they never had fully done be had fled. It was said then with almost prophetic knowledge, "It is safe to say that Gladstone's public career is not ended, it is even possible that his period of greatest influence may yet lie in the future." Was ever saying of oracle more fully realized than this has been? Let us look at this man who has in advanced life become one of the wonders of the age. His personal appearance is far from English, as far removed from the English type as was Mr. Disraeli's, his former rival. Indeed he is decidedly American. His face is one that portrays all the emotions of his noble mind, at one time handsome, now lined and paled by years and made more grand and noble than it ever could have been in his youth. Disraeli was a man whose face was as immobile and unreadable as Gladstone's was mobile and readable. Although these are not the most desirable gifts to a debater they are often noticed when the whole soul and nature of a man are in unison with his actions. Having the natural gift of a magnificent voice, a voice like a chime of bells, so under his control that he is said to be able to speak with the accent of italics, small capitals and large capitals; he uses parenthesis within parenthesis, yet never fails to bring the passage to a clear and legitimate conclusion. He is able to speak for hours and has spoken for over five hours, and still his voice remains as clear and full toned at the end of the speech as at the beginning. In debate Gladstone has always been acknowledged without a peer; his finest and most wonderful speeches having been made in the heat of a debate, without any preparation whatever, in fact none of his speeches are written and yet he can stand for five hours and keep the house thoroughly interested. Mr. Disraeli was noted for his brief and cutting speeches, brevity was his fort and in this point he outshone our Hero. Mr. Bright was at one time considered the finest orator of the English Parliament. Fifteen years ago this might have been said, He had a magnificent voice, powerful and expressive, especially effective in sympathy, but since this time Mr. Gladstone has raised himself head and shoulders above all other men of his day. Carlyle says "A great man must be sincere, his sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere. His mind is so made; he is great by that first of all." In Gladstone we find a great man after Carlyle's pattern. The most sincere and earnest man that has ever lived, a hero indeed after Carlyle's own heart. A hero that is being worshipped by the Irish and one that will be worshipped by the whole world sooner or later. Garibaldi gave to Gladstone the credit of having sounded the first

trumpet call of Italian liberty. He has but just now sounded the trumpet call of Irish liberty. The subject is talked of on all sides; the end is not now known, but for the good of England and for the good of Ireland may the call be taken up and echoed and reechoed, at last establishing that for which it was first sounded. The call for liberty has been but faintly heard, or rather listened to until this noble heart has taken the trial and the wrongs of the Irish people to his own heart, and by his call has made the whole world hear and feel a personal interest in the "Home Rule." It takes a broad, earnest and sincere mind and heart like Mr. Gladstone's to handle a subject like this, a subject that has been kept behind the screens until now. He made a great speech for the establishing of a better government in Ireland, April the eighth. The speech was at half after four in the afternoon. Irish members came at dawn and secured seats. Mr. Gladstone made his way to the crowded house through streets lined with cheering people. This speech was one great masterpiece throughout, lasting for three hours and closing with these words, "I ask that we shall practice as we have very often preached, and that in our own case we should be firm and fearless in applying the doctrines we have oft inculcated on others that the concession of local self-government is not the way to sap and impair but to strengthen and consolidate unity. I ask that we should learn to rely less on mere written stipulations, and more on those better stipulations written on the heart and mind of man. I ask that we apply to Ireland the happy experience we have gained in England and Scotland, where a course of generations has now taught us, not as a dream of a theory but as a matter of practice and of life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build on is the foundation afforded by the affections and convictions and will of man, and that it is thus by the decree of the Almighty, that far more than by any other method we may be enabled to secure at once the social happiness, the power, and the permanence of the empire." Another speech was given the fifteenth of the same month on the "Irish Land Laws." Two mighty speeches, for the effect of which the whole world is waiting impatiently. Gladstone although belonging to the party not in favor with the Queen, has been three times called upon to form a cabinet. He is a magnificent specimen of English manhood. Endued with resplendent qualities of head and heart, cultivated by a course at Eton and Oxford he is almost an ideal product of christian civilization and the best classical training. Although Gladstone has been defeated in the Parliament of Great Britain, the principles of which he is the great exponent will live and yet prevail.

William DuHamel, of Church Hill, Md., delivered the next oration on

THE UNITY OF CHRISTENDOM.

Nearly nineteen centuries have rolled away since the superstition and hypocrisy of degenerate Judaism was overthrown by the religion of Jesus Christ. The foundations of this great structure, however, had scarce been deeply laid by the hands of the inspired Apostles before dissensions and heresies and schisms sprang up around its formidable bulwarks to so great an extent that these divinely ordained heads of the Christian Church devoted a large portion of their miraculous energy and zeal towards keeping their brethren united, and, with forcible unanimity, distinctly condemned the grievous error of sects, and moreover enjoined and entreated Christian people everywhere and for all time to keep the "unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace," but, despite these solemn admonitions, dissensions and diverse sects sprang into existence, many flourishing for a season; but they were all finally absorbed into that grand unity of of primitive Christendom, the Holy Catholic Church. This great structure continued to make rapid strides towards evangelizing the world for many centuries. Its only enemy of any size or importance with which it had to contest was unbelief. The learned and holy men that then arose and now bear record; the great progress of righteousness and truth; the acknowledged respect of infidels and skeptics for the Christians of those times; all testify that this was the nearest approach to the Ideal Church that was ever attained. But the frailty of mankind here interposed, and in a few centuries destroyed and shattered the unity of this divine institution. The Eleventh Century began and the Thirteenth Century ended the first great division of that Universal body. The Greek or Eastern Church then threw off the galling yoke of popish infallibility and declared herself independent of Rome and the Roman Church. Her position remains substantially the same to-day as it did in that Thirteenth Century. The only dissensions from her creed of any extended importance have been the withdrawal of the Nestorians and Monophysites. The Western or Roman Church has not, however, been so fortunate. The great reform movement of the Sixteenth Century, which took possession of all Western Europe, ended in the establishment of the Protestant Churches. From the main branches thus established sprang numerous other sects, until to-day no less than six hundred so-called Christian denominations have existence on the globe, and the warlike zeal they manifest one for another is a much more prominent characteristic of each than its zeal against infidelity. Many of these have been urged or forced reluctantly asunder by slight doctrinal differences, which years moulded and made inflexible, thus widening the gulf of difficulties and destroying the hopes of reconciliation. Some are undoubtedly the result of vain personal glory, others of honest convictions; some of fanaticism and falsehood, others of accident or for true reform; and some of misapprehensions and ignorances, others of individual imperfections and infirmities. Morbid dissatisfaction and desire for division and prominence, the base passions and sinful errors of rash men, and the headlong rushing of ardent bigots into opposite errors equally vicious with those which they wish to correct, have all combined to create this anti-Christian state of the world.

The greatest question then that confronts the press, platform and pulpit of to-day is that greatest and grandest of themes, the Unity of Christendom. Would that the feeble scope of my powers were sufficient to convince you of the importance of the question, for I am well aware that few contemplate its seriousness. I know well the prevalent sentiment that we are all aiming the same way and it makes little difference in which fold we are, and I know that many consider the war between the various sects to be strengthening to the cause of religion. No popular error is more per-

nicious. The present state of the Christian world is a most serious problem, and of vast importance to us and to humanity. None but bigots would attempt to say that all who do not embrace their creed and doctrine cannot be saved, but we know that there must be "one fold and one Shepherd," and that organic unity must exist in the Church of Christ. Show me where Christ or His Apostles ever sanctioned such divisions, and I will bend in humble reverence to their inspired words, and rejoice in the great multitude of sects; but such proof can never be brought forward, while its contrary is everywhere evident. I am compelled to feel that there are many who believe themselves to be Christians who are far from the road of Truth, for Truth is one, and is the same "yesterday, to-day and forever," and it is not possible to look back over the field of religious wars and controversies, and believe that all these sects with so wide and great differences existing between them, with so much hatred and malice, to contain the Truth.

My greatest aim in pursuing this subject is not to introduce any new or original pet scheme for accomplishing this divine purpose, but to bring the matter prominently before your notice, believing that this grand unity will be accomplished unto all that seek it. Think of the good that would be accomplished. Think of the festering wounds and sickened hearts that would be healed; of the enmities that would be replaced by closest friendship; of the joy of all Christians and the benefit to the heathen. Earnestly meditate upon all this and you will surely feel the force of honest conviction. The unanswerable question then arises, is there a Church that is strictly the true one, or shall we look for a new heir of righteousness to rise phoenix-like from among the scattered flock and win all to the fold of the Good Shepherd? Hundreds of conflicting answers will arise, and I have my own honest convictions upon the subject, but the true answer time and futurity alone will reveal. Beyond the fact that the present state of affairs is in direct contradiction to the revealed will and purpose of Christ, which alone should be more than sufficient to call forth our most earnest endeavor, the practical bearing of the question becomes most prominent. Christ's own reason for Christian unity must force itself upon every thinking Christian, "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Is this, then, not the secret of the fact that the noble endeavors of God-fearing missionaries have reaped such puny fruit, and that after eighteen centuries of earnest evangelical work, some 800,000,000, or two-thirds of the human race are strangers to the light of the Gospel? How can we expect ignorant savages or any being reared outside the pale of Christian influence to believe in such a warring and conflicting love as now exists among us? The present condition of the divided and hostile, of the hating and mutually recriminating Churches, present a truly repulsive picture, which constant repetition alone can subdue. There is unity in Law; there is unity in the highest developments of Science and Art; but with Religion, the grandest theme of all, which was to be the most powerful bond of union and peace; which was to give confidence and certainty to all, is divided and rent asunder, and gives to many only strife and contention, while it provokes doubt, and plants mistrust in the minds of others. Is not sectarianism accountable for much of the infidelity, agnosticism and atheism that abound in this generation? Can we not find abundant opportunities to war against the enemies of Christ, and will not such zeal be more earnest and more availing?

Surely then the Unity of Christendom is a most serious question, and it is our duty to give it our earnest and prayerful consideration. How then are we to solve the difficulty? Is it unsolvable? Surely not. If we believe in God, we must believe that there is a solution to it, and that the united and earnest efforts of Christian men will sooner or later find the truth they seek. It is our duty and our part to lend a willing hand and heart to the solving of this grand problem,

humble though our efforts be. Some look with anxious and longing eyes toward that oldest relic of primitive Christendom—the Church of the East, and free, as she is, from the chain and ball of any fancied infallibility, there is abundant ground for the fairest hopes from this source. Many have listened with rapt attention to the words of that learned scholar of the old world, that venerable Nestor of Catholic Theology, Dr. Von Dollinger, who has spent so much time and labor upon this subject that his words seemed to have gained an inspiration for themselves. Dr. Shields has added more fame unto himself for his scholarly article in a late number of the *Century*, which includes many apt and able sentiments that give to every Christian heart that reads them an unspeakable joy; but, however acceptable they may be to me and hundreds of others, the storm of bitter opposition which it has provoked proves it impracticable, at least, for the present. The solution, then, seems unknowable indeed, and it is hence useless for me to attempt to win your attention by vain delusions and impracticable projects to this end, but I should consider my task unaccomplished and this effort vain, if I did not attempt to add some force to the two great principals and motors, which I sincerely believe will at last secure the desired result. They are, the Surrender of Pride, and the Cultivation of Christian Charity. Pride, obstinacy, selfishness, those great abettors and nourishers of error, joined with that archangel of Satan, bigotry, are at the root of the whole evil. While no man can be condemned for doing what his conscience dictates, yet it is very often overlooked that a man is accountable for the education and guidance of that conscience. See to it, then, ye devout and earnest followers of Jesus Christ, that your pride, obstinacy, selfishness and bigotry are not the real seat of your belief. The faith of your fathers, or your past convictions, should not alone be the ground of your future hope. Let each man try to examine himself concerning the faith that is in him. Surrender this pride, if you find it to exist without staunch foundations, and welcome to your arms that sweetest and greatest of graces, Christian Charity. Cultivate its spirit and obey its command. Rejoice not in the downfall of any who are aiming to reclaim souls for their Maker; but rather rejoice in their success, even if their ways do not meet with your approval. Cultivate a love for Christian Charity, humility and truth, and cast off from your convictions all pride and false honor. Remember and try to feel the force of St. Augustine's famous rule, "In things essential, unity; in things questionable, liberty; in all things, charity."

I am glad to welcome the tendency of late years to this Christian Charity. We find religious wars and persecutions, bitter and malignant controversies, being slowly but surely replaced by a tendency to combination in religious work and earnest efforts and prayers in behalf of Christian unity. It is related that an American Protestant Bishop, while traveling in other lands, united, by common consent, with a Romish priest in an earnest prayer that all who loved Christ should soon become one. When such a spirit as this, or that exhibited by Dr. Shield, shall pervade Christendom, all the differences of doctrine, organization and liturgy will easily be cleared away. Let us all aim toward this precious goal in sincerity, and devoutly, with prayer for divine guidance, seek to promote its attainment. First the divided orthodox sects of Protestantism should unite, excluding those free-thinking and skeptical pretenders to Christianity, that belong truly to the ranks of the enemy, and including all those who make Christ the centre of their hope and faith, and the Bible their stronghold. There can be no third party in religion. It must be those that reject Christ and the Bible, and those that accept both entire. I appeal to you, then, who are members of the Protestant Churches to unite in this glorious effort. I appeal to you not because I exclude the idea of further unity, but because I believe that you must make the first effort. To the martyrs and toilers in the Reformation has been given the blame of all this division

and much of the unbelief of to-day. God grant that the accusation is untrue, as I believe it is; but let us make an earnest effort to remove this stain upon our pious ancestors, who labored in this grand cause. Beyond this, too, we may look for the unity of the Holy Catholic Church. There is a wide existing gulf now between Romanism and Protestantism, which may seem impassable; but if we earnestly strive to lessen it, our Divine leader will surely do His part, and by our united efforts the Church of God shall be one, and that, too, without the sacrifice of a single righteous conviction. This is no ideal dream, no morbid conception or craving, but a divine necessity. If we desire to do our share towards the attainment of it, let us be ever ready to unite in all work of popular education, morals, reform and Christian benevolence. Let us aim to unite in a common creed. Let us be satisfied to learn and exchange our thoughts and religious possessions and beliefs with one another, placing the highest value upon those creeds and doctrines that we hold in common, to the disparagement of those that divide us. Every Christian, indeed, who values his profession and faith should daily pray and work for a greater outpouring of the Spirit of Unity, that we may all rejoice at the enlightenment, with peace and brotherly love. Let us join together in the garden of God, His Holy Temple, and break down every hedge of doctrinal difference that keeps us from embracing one another. Let us hold none accountable for their surroundings, knowledge and education; but let us consult together, examine and compare our differences. Let us decide upon what we can unite, whether it be doctrine, organization, creed or liturgy. If we do this we will surely find that precious bud of Christian Unity, and then we may join forces in rooting out and destroying the overgrown weeds, which have so long hampered the righteous growth. This cannot be accomplished in a day or in a year, nor will it be. We have no reason to expect a sudden change. The tendency to re-union, which is already felt, must first permeate the entire range of Christian sentiment. When this becomes a verity, then may we look for the gradual formation of the great ideal of Christianity.

It would be grand indeed, as it is to contemplate, if these United States, which has proven to the world that that great political problem of self government is not a myth, but a stable certainty, should by the organic union of its Churches, also solve this great religious question. May the New World, embracing the spirit of almost every nation of the Old, and on whose soil so many divisions have originated, soon be the scene of this Catholic unity, and may it transmit these rich blessings in full measure to the Churches of the whole world. The very darkness of the present age may be tokened the dawn of the morning. The growth of infidelity and skepticism must reach its climax. The anarchy it is producing will only cause the human soul to long more ardently for the lasting and stable comfort which religion alone can supply. The mighty forces of evil are gathering, combining and strengthening as the world grows apace, and so it is necessary for us to be sure in which great army we are enlisted, and listen attentively to the commands of our greatest of Leaders, who enjoins His scattered children to become once more united in "one faith, one hope, one baptism." Let us, too, be strengthening for this great conflict, feeling sure that the result is not uncertain, but that our Father's kingdom will surely come, and our oft-repeated prayers, and the prayers of our saintly ancestors and the martyrs of old, will be answered, and that we shall enter into that great and and only fold as faithful servants.

Miss Laura Kelso Mackey, of Newark, was excused from reading her essay, on account of recent affliction. Her subject was, "The Pit from which we were digged."

After music Charles Black Evans, of Newark, delivered his oration on

The School of Life.

This world in reality is a vast schoolhouse and life a continual pupilage. To this school Nature sends her children forth to mix in the level struggle for existence, to be taught and disciplined by rough taskmasters, to learn lessons of practical wisdom, and to contend with the various problems of life. In this school overseers continually have their eyes fixed on each one and assign to him a position according to his gifts and application.

The earth has been frequently compared to a stage and the people as the actors, to a vale of sorrow, trodden by mourners, a desert crossed by caravans of pilgrims, a gloomy prison filled with convicts on probation, a tent in which travelers encamp for a night only, a ship, the successive generations its crews. But no comparison is as satisfactory as that which likens it to a vast schoolhouse, the inhabitants as the pupils and their business and occupations as the education which fits them to graduate into the great invisible university.

The nations are the rooms of this great school. Agriculture, commerce, all kinds of toil, of suffering, and enjoyment are the seats well filled with pupils. In each room different branches of study are used, different methods employed. The example of the government and the prevailing custom mainly decides the character and development of their pupils. So distinct are these in separate parts of the globe, that the child born in any part of England, becomes a very different style of man from the child born in America.

But let us take a view of some of the rooms in this school, we see Australia, so long given up as the home of savage barbarism and cruel wars, is now being reclaimed, by the aid of commerce, toil and enterprise, the companions of civilization, she is steadily pushing back the night and opening for herself a bright future.

India though still clinging to the traditions of the past, is slowly breaking away from her ignorance. Japan having thrown off the slavery and superstition of centuries, and profiting by the experience of more enlightened nations has started on a career of progress. China whose room is crowded by millions who still worship the tombs of their ancestors, and depart not from their ancient customs.

Spain once among the strongest members of this school, has been for centuries moving backward, the government setting the example of indolence and licentiousness so do her people grow up. Italy so long weighed down with in-

dolence, pleasure and oppression, is at last waking to a new life and she who so long taught others now begins to teach herself the lesson she so much needs. Germany advances with overwhelming force to the front.

America though in her youth stands among the first in this school, having driven out the savage, cultivated the wilderness, and covered the once barren wilds with mills and happy homes, and may she not pause until she has reached the front.

And thus we see that the master has gathered the pupils into great national classes, which he slowly teaches to outgrow their crimes and follies and to join unto one well ordered family. From the time the new-born babe crosses the threshold of existence guided by instinct and parental care, to the dying gasp of the old man, he is watched by guardians and teachers, who provide for his wants, correct his waywardness, offer him rewards, and train him to the accomplishment of the real end of his being, the perfection of all his powers. Man's desires and appetites are schoolmasters from whom he cannot escape, they are stimulants that secure our development and application, they lead us to discovery and investigation, and to their influence a great part of the study and application is due.

Labor is a renowned teacher. His hands are hard, his attire rude, but in him there is no deceit, no marks of dissipation are on his brow. In his various forms millions of people are kept busy. Vice and luxury are rivals of labor and sometimes draw his pupils away from him. Labor teaches those who wait on him how to climb to the heights of wisdom and influence, luxury teaches them how to glibly ignorantly down, luxury teaches us how to waste the fortune and faculty, that labor teaches us to acquire and apply to noble ends. From the very beginning of the world labor has led all steps of progress, has taught his pupils valuable lessons, and to him they owe gratitude for their fruits.

Experience is a most severe and wise teacher. Those who will learn from no other are sometimes forced to learn of him, and it is often a hard and bitter lesson they learn then. Sorrow, disappointment, triumph and a multitude of others are teachers under him. It is by his order that the thrill of pleasure encourages the good man to repeat a kind act. The experience of those who have failed in life, while it may be of little interest to them if consulted in time may save others from a similar fate. But let us remember that the fruit of experience will spoil if gathered too late. Besides these there are some men, who by their endowments and ability are called to be teachers, a poet like Milton who has exerted so much influence over the hearts and actions of men. A philosopher like Newton

who has enlightened the whole world. An inventor like he who developed the art of printing and who goes on forever educating the world. The founder of a religion like Mohammed, who has converted millions of people to his doctrine. And many others who are certainly the teachers of our race. Thus the world being a school-house well equipped with apparatus and teachers, the chief business of life then is to acquire an education, to enrich ourselves with the spoils and vanquished difficulties of others. The studies that attract us are inexhaustible. Every event is full of meaning to the attentive ear, to discover its origin and consequences. Every sound is a monitor, every object written full of truth. Indeed there is nothing covered which shall not be revealed, or hid which shall not be made known, but the wise purpose for which these truths are hidden, is that men shall secure the development of their minds by pursuing the clues that lead to them and bring them to light.

One of the best and richest aids in the studies we have to pursue is books. Before the eyes of every scholar who will study their pages, the volumes of literature unroll their contents, showing him what others have discovered or thought. They are the record of human experience and achievement up to the present time. And no student can afford to despise or neglect books. Yet they are but imperfect transcripts of nature, the original text-book in the school of life. The original books of science are the objects formed and furnished by the Creative hand. We find the material for psychology in the human soul, the facts of physiology are found in our bodies, plants show us the truths of botany, the history of a nation's life furnishes us the principles of Political Economy, the science of astronomy is being enacted continually in the heavens.

And thus we see there is truth everywhere awaiting us to develop it and appropriate its uses. The motives to study in this school are various. The desire to improve or aspiration is one of the principal motives, there is implanted in man a desire to improve and not to mechanically follow the customs of the past, for this habit would make it impossible for us to learn new lessons, but even the most degraded pupil loves knowledge to some extent and desires to acquire it. Desire to surpass others or (ambition) is a motive which keeps us to our studies. It may be prompted by a kindly emulation, each one trying to do his best, or by a mean jealousy, each one plotting against those above him, in either case it is one of the principal incentives to study. Fear of punishment has a strong hold upon the pupils, strict rules are enforced, if they were not there could be no discipline. The imprisonment of criminals is their suspension, the execution their expulsion from the

school of life. Beside these there are many other motives which time will not permit us to enumerate, but let us as pupils learn to distinguish the good teachers from the bad, the good motives from the vicious and endeavor each day to finish some worthy toil, and also to remember that in this school the education is never finished for there is no end to the improvement of good works.

Miss Anna Todd Reynolds, of Wilmington, then delivered the valedictory. Her subject was:

Advantages of a Classical Education.

Before this subject can be clearly discussed three questions come before us, first: What is education? secondly: What are the objects of school instruction? thirdly: By what curriculum can these objects be best attained? Now, what is education? The word itself helps us in answering this question. It is the drawing out or developing of qualities already possessed. The little child is not devoid of understanding, his head is not a hollow sphere to be filled with knowledge, as too many teachers think; but it is fully equipped with mental faculties ready to be developed or educated. Education then is the unfolding and bringing into exercise of all the faculties. The child is not a passive being, to stand still if not goaded onward, but he will develop in some way, and as our natural tendencies are evil, if care is not exercised, he will absorb harmful influences, whose imprints he will carry to the end of his life. The next question, what are the objects of school instruction? is generally answered by saying to fit one for his profession in life, and for the proper discharge of his duties. Man's duties are innumerable, to himself, his family, his neighbor, the community in which he lives, his country, the world, and his God. It is enough for our present inquiry, that we say, it is to develop the intellectual faculties of the child, and to furnish him with that "knowledge" which "is power." Power which will help him always, no matter what his position in life, and knowledge which will clearly define all his duties. A child of nine years has seldom if ever any idea what his profession will be. The father is apt to be biased in his opinion as to how the child should be educated. The physician attaches great importance to natural sciences, the clergyman will urge his son through a course of classical study, the merchant wants nothing at the expense of Arithmetic, the agriculturist will make a plain farmer of his boy, and does not want his mind burdened with any of those big studies. The most expedient thing to do is to give the child power

which will aid him his whole life through in any kind of work or pleasure.

We have now reached the question, by what curriculum can the objects of school instruction be best attained? In the first place, no matter what the study, it must not be undertaken mechanically, but understandingly. Nothing must be studied for which there is no foundation. You can build a strong house which will stand the storms of years if each brick is laid on a strong and sufficient foundation. The child is not prepared to study abstractions. He knows a horse and always will know one, because he sees it and understands what it is; but if you try to tell him about the infinite indivisibility of matter he will not comprehend nor feel interested in what you say. The study of Mathematics involves no other study, and so is one of the first stones which we lay in our building upon or instruction of the child's mind. But language is probably even more important than this, else why do we feel so anxious about the child who gives promise of remaining mute. Language is the embodiment of thought; it passes down to all ages the thoughts of great men. Even our unexpressed thoughts we put in language, if we receive any satisfaction from them. It is the medium through which we receive all our wisdom. There is nothing more practical than language. But every one recognizes the importance of language. The disagreement is not here; the question is what language or languages is it necessary for us to study. All our conversation and instruction is in English. Is it necessary to learn any language but English? Is it necessary to learn any language not now spoken? We can see something practical in studying French, Italian, Spanish and German, but where is the utility in studying Greek and Latin? This is the question which we desire and will endeavor to answer. If a person is confined to the English branches and does not feel that his field of knowledge is perceptibly limited, and that he is not gaining that knowledge which is power. If his manner of expression is not rendered less fluent and easy; if that spirit of inquiry which we desire to awaken is not checked in its first start, then let him confine himself to the study of English and the modern languages. But this is not the case. In every purely English study, whether of the language itself or of the natural sciences, the spirit of investigation which you have awakened and which it is the main object of instruction to awaken, will lead the student of his own will to recede farther, and farther, in his inquiries. The modern languages do not contain the key to themselves. He takes up the study of common Arithmetic. You tell him Arithmetic is from a Greek word meaning number. He meets with the words addition, sum, total, subtraction, minuend, subtrahend, you tell him they are Latin words. Mathematics is from the Greek word meaning learning. He takes up Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Botany, Mineralogy, with their technical terms such as Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Acoustics, Optics, Magnetism, Electricity, you tell him they are all Greek, and he will not doubt your word in the least,—they are decidedly Greek to him. He commences the study of his own language, and meets with such words as Grammar, Etymology, Orthography; again you tell him they are Greek. He sees himself that Greek and Latin are at the very foundation of all his studies, and asks, "Why cannot I study Greek and Latin, and so know for myself all these things you tell me?" If he is a bright boy he will not be put off with any such substitutes as etymological dictionaries. He does not wish to beg every morsel of his intellectual food from other men's supplies. But even such substitutes would be a meagre study of the classics. Let him study the classics for himself, and the words which before carried no meaning to his mind beam with sudden brightness. Too many men are content to use words without thinking of the depth and beauty of their meaning. They are like men walking on ground beneath which lies rich treasures of gold, unmindful of its presence.

Philology is a lost science, an unappreciated delight to him who is not a classical student.

But this is not the only advantage. The classical student can learn almost without effort French, Italian and Spanish, they are but dialects of Latin. There is another advantage which is too little noticed, the influence a knowledge of the original languages has in the formation of correct orthographers. An experienced instructor, on hearing a number of common school teachers fail in spelling at an examination, said he did not see how any one could become a good speller without a knowledge of the ancient languages. In the study of the English Grammar a knowledge of Latin and Greek seems almost indispensable if you wish to get a clear understanding of its principles. In English we have no case endings to express the agreement and relations of the words, but if you have studied Greek and Latin you can readily understand why and how they do agree. These two languages are fossilized grammar. The literary culture to be attained in their study is great. Greek and Latin are pre-eminent for beauty, accuracy and regularity. Rich treasures of thought and sentiment, master pieces of poetry, history, and philosophy are unlocked to him who has the key, a classical education. Prof. Huxley opposes saying it is but the study of expression. But thought is there also, so burning and vivid in spite of the many centuries of its existence that it strikes home even in our later times. It is objected that it takes away time from other studies of more practical benefit. We deny this to be a fact; there is not time enough spent on the classics to seriously detract from any other study. College students in their four years course do not spend altogether as much as one year in the study of the classics; many fall short even of this. If they had devoted themselves laboriously and perseveringly to this study, we would have too many instances of their utility to leave room for the question under discussion. The host of splendid American linguists have yet to appear, who have detracted from the number of Mathematicians and Physical Scientists by spending too much time on the study of the classics. It is also said that a good classical student is never good for anything else. The names of Webster, Choate and Everett are sufficient answer to this. The lovers of the classics frequently choose professions which will enable them to indulge their tastes, it is true. But is this any objection? It is equally true of devotees to other branches. Classical learning is an indispensable element of that knowledge which is power to the individual addressing himself to many subjects. As has been said, it is certain power in the study of the modern languages. The Latin lies behind them all, and contains the power. Classical study constitutes a splendid gymnastic exercise for the mind; it exercises its faculties to a greater extent than any other study. Indeed, we have often thought that the study of thought in language, and the instrument of thought the mind in Psychology were the only adequate means for the full development of all the powers of the mind. All other studies exercise in comparison with Greek and Latin but a part of the mind. It is a demonstrated fact that splendid natural abilities only appear at their very best when developed by classical study. And it may be asserted without discourtesy that one who is not a classical student is not able to judge and certainly not to condemn the rich and satisfying results which spring from a classical education.

VALEDICTORY.

Gentlemen of the Faculty: We wish to express to you our thanks for your kindness to us in the past. And although we look forward with gladness to the life now opening before us, yet it is not unmixed with sorrow, when we remember that we must bid farewell to you who have guided us in such pleasant paths. Farewell, and may you have the pleasure of seeing this College grow to its proper proportions, as the only college in the State, during your ministrations here.

To the people of Newark we also must bid farewell. Your memory will always be fragrant in our hearts, for you have taught us many pleasant lessons,—lessons of friendship, of kindness, of sincerity. Farewell.

To the undergraduates of this College, we leave our heartiest wishes for success, and when each succeeding class shall stand as we now stand bidding farewell to the pleasant memories of this place, may they have the satisfying knowledge of a duty well done to sustain them. May the class of '87, so soon to follow us into the world, remember the words of our motto: "Without labor nothing succeedeth." If they live by this in the last year of their college course we feel sure they will reap abundant benefits. Farewell! Farewell!

My classmates, it is true that our life together has ceased; we will bid that life farewell. But we are about to enter upon a broader life, in which we hope to win success, perhaps honor. Farewell has a sad, doleful sound; we do not wish to send each other to our separate works with such a word as that. Let us say to each the word which we have used all along with its cheerful hope of meeting again, and its blessing which we all pray for. Good-bye. God be with you.

President Caldwell then made a stirring speech calling forth aid and patronage for the College from Delawareans, and, after some advisory remarks to the graduating class, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon William DuHamel, Edward Henry Eckel, Charles Black Evans and Misses Anna Todd and Mary G. Reynolds. The degree of Bachelor of Literature was conferred upon Laura Kelso Mackey; the degree of D. D. upon the Rev. Alexander Craig, of Newark, N. J., the degree of LL. D. upon John Fetterloff, president of Girard College, Philadelphia. The Thomas J. Prickett prize for best scholarship in senior year was received by Miss Anna T. Reynolds. The Ferris memorial prize of \$30 was awarded to Harry M. Davis, for the highest marks in organic chemistry. The Alumni prize for declamation became the property of T. Maxwell Morrison, with honorary mention of Harry A. Hickman and John E. J. Whistler. Secretary of State Causey delivered a neat speech in awarding the latter, and in behalf of the Trustees thanked the State Legislature for their recent appropriation. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. J. P. DuHamel, of Church Hill, Md.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Alumni Association was held in the afternoon. A committee was appointed to meet a committee of Trustees to confer and arrange for a joint meeting and banquet at Dover, in December. A committee was also appointed to use every means in their power to have all vacancies in the Board of Trustees replaced by members of the Alumni. The following officers were unanimously elected: Dr. G. W. Marshall, president; E. R. Paynter and Walter Curtis, vice-presidents; Alex. F. Williamson, secretary and treasurer, and W. J.

Ferris, historian. The following standing committee was appointed: A. F. Williamson, W. J. Ferris and William DuHamel. The Alumni Declamation Prize, which was in money, will be replaced hereafter by two gold medals. An effort is being made to secure individual subscriptions towards improving the College buildings.

DELTA PHI ANNIVERSARY.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.

The anniversary of the Delta Phi Society this evening was a most enjoyable affair. A large Delta Phi pin, made of shaded roses, was the most prominent floral design, although other decorations were tastefully arranged. The opening prayer was made by the Rev. J. L. Malone.

William DuHamel was the first speaker of the Delta Phi anniversary exercises. He delivered the Society Address, and had selected as his subject the

HEROISM OF LITERATURE.

Every phase of human endeavor has its own peculiar trials and difficulties. There is not a vocation given unto man, whether intellectual or industrial, that is not fraught with obstacles that must be surmounted and dangers that must be averted, before a man can become successful in its pursuit. The higher or nobler the profession, the more necessary to success and eminence are those qualities which constitute a true hero. In early barbaric and semi-barbaric times, the bold, courageous and dashing warrior was the only hero recognized; but civilization hath wrought different sentiments. The world to-day recognizes other heroes than those whose hands are stained with an adversary's blood. Men who have ably, vigorously and untiringly wielded that force that is mightier than sword or gun; men who have fought that great, silent battle of heart and soul; men who have raised themselves to the highest, noblest and purest sphere of human thought, leaving a golden legacy to posterity, are now recognized as greater heroes than the most dauntless patriots or boldest chieftains. The memory of these men of letters lives for all time in the hearts of the people of all nations. Their memorials spread out over the world, and their monuments are indeed more lasting than stone or brass. To whom does the world pay greater tribute, to Caesar or to Virgil; to Ulysses or to Homer, whose grand epic has made the story of his conquests so famous? Nor is it necessary for me to revert to the palmy days of Greece and Rome to support my theme, and however powerful the examples of such men as Dante, that poet and scholar, exile and wanderer, who is said to have tasted of the glory of heaven, and of the bitterness of hell; and Schiller, the

sweet singer of Germany; and hundreds of other notable literati of Germany and France and Italy; yet what we know of the lives of those men whose noble thoughts and endeavors have bequeathed to us our own precious treasures of literature, afford us sufficient examples to prove that these men of genius who reach these lofty realms are truly heroes, and with our rude, ignorant vision we can perceive only a small portion of their struggles, their failures and conquests.

Follow me then, as I rudely endeavor to pick out here and there the nobleness of those minds to whom we owe so much, and aid me in doing honor to those men who received so little praise from the age in which they lived. When we are feasting upon the precious words of these great men, how few of us feel what they felt or suffer what they suffered, when creating these grand and sublime productions of the human intellect. If we could but open the very secrets of their hearts and peer into their inner life, how much of nobleness and true greatness that is otherwise lost would be revealed, no tongue can tell, but the imperfect knowledge we have of their secrets and life discloses so much of the heroic in these men whose frenzied and impassioned natures caused their love to be heaven, and their hate worse than hell, that we do but render them their due in making them heroes indeed. The first great poet our literature can boast of is he who has been called the father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer. Born in those dark ages amid degradation, voluptuousness and vice, it is no wonder that we find many flaws in his character as a man; but it is more wonderful that while in poverty and in affluence, while courted and while imprisoned, while at leisure and while engaged in commercial transactions, he perseveringly produced so much of value to future ages. Notwithstanding the many clouds that hovered o'er his life; notwithstanding the irksomeness of his poverty, and notwithstanding persecundtion a imprisonment, his sweet verses overflow with courtly melody, tender feeling and vivacious movement, and underneath it all there is interwoven with the chivalrous spirit of the age, a lofty sentiment that is truly inspiring. Chaucer stands without a peer in the age in which he lived, and for two centuries no greater man of letters was known. Then that meteoric genius of fancy, Shakespeare, rises upon the scene of action to enrapture mankind. Here is a hero, indeed. Here is an impassioned nature, struggling through life for mastery over self. With but a scant knowledge of his private life, we are forced by facts and by his own writings, to the conclusion that Shakespeare felt and acted much of which he wrote. How other could such grand and sublime truths, that are the same for every age, have been produced? Can we not

discern his own heroic struggle for self-possession in his heart of love averting the fate of Romeo, and in his faltering mind not wavering into a Hamlet. He was wronged by men, but he did not allow himself to become a Timon, but rather succeeded in becoming a Duke Prospero. How many untold thoughts and righteous deeds has he inspired? What a grand legacy he has left to his father-land! How great are the morals that stand out so prominently in his plays and portray respectively abandonment to passion, to brooding thought and jealousy. No mortal pen can express the good he has accomplished for the human soul, and he accomplished it not with ease and in affluence, but with patient toil, and only after failures as well as successes. Shall we not then place this immortal genius, who has done so much for humanity, among the heroes of the world, and wreath as honored laurels upon his noble brow as ever Caesar wore? The greatest hero of literature, of which any nation may boast, is the one that now comes before our notice. No one e'er bore the name of hero more worthily than that grand champion and martyr of liberty, John Milton, who as poet, statesman and philosopher, is the glory of the world's literature. Follow him along his tedious student life; follow him as he wields his pen against what his conscience taught him was perversity and error, even at the sacrifice of his faculty of sight, and then follow him in his blind after-life, and surely you will discern in his life-long battle with enemies and friends, in his patient toil amid persecution and blindness, a hero and a martyr well worthy of our most loving tribute. By "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases, added to industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs," he produced the grandest and sublimest epic, the nearest to divine, miraculous inspiration that the world knows. Picture the old blind poet, in exile, amid family troubles, in poverty and alone, fallen upon evil days and evil tongues, in darkness and with dangers compassed round, composing "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." Surely it was one of the most sublime and heroic spectacles of the world. Hear his own testimony as to his latter life:

"They charge me with poverty because I have never desired to become rich dishonestly; they accuse me of blindness because I have lost my eyes in the service of liberty; they tax me with cowardice, and while I had the use of my eyes and sword I never feared the boldest among them; finally I am upbraided with deformity, while no one was more handsome in the age of beauty. I do not even complain of my want of sight; in the night in which I am surrounded, the light of the Divine presence shines with a more

brilliant lustre. God looks down upon me with tenderness and compassion, because I can see none but Himself. Misfortune should protect me from insult and render me sacred; not because I am deprived of the light of heaven, but because I am under the shadow of the Divine wings, which have enveloped me with this darkness."

A fit tribute indeed to this immortal genius is Wordsworth's apostrophe to him:

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

Can there be any doubt then as to where we shall place him among heroic natures? For my part I consider him the most sublime example of the true hero that the world has yet produced. Although in the works of Dryden there is much that is vicious, yet his constant improvement; his frank admission of the fault; his earnest labors while in poverty and political disgrace and many other noble features of his life, place him high among the niches of honor. Then there is Locke and Newton, who have done so much for philosophy and science. There is that precocious little cripple of Twickenham, Alexander Pope, in whose rhythmic verses are found so many choice morsels for the human intellect to dwell upon. The sweet tenderness and constant fidelity which sanctified his every purpose and aim, even when encountering virulent enemies evinces a truly heroic character. Think of the gigantic labors of his intellect, even when tortured and weakened by his sickly body, and surely you will find much of nobleness and heroism in his unfortunate career. Neither is it difficult for us to find a hero when we closely examine the inner life of the great poet and novelist, Sir Walter Scott. In private life he was honorable and noble, and his writings, by their being the outpouring of his own thoughts, and the counterpart of his nature, are among the choicest pearls of literature, and as Wordsworth has said:

"Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laureled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate."

And Wordsworth himself, "him who uttered nothing base," is a hero too, and one of lofty mind and upright heart. The last great novelist of England, Charles Dickens, is also well worthy of the name of hero. His untiring energy as a writer, his indomitable will; his almost superhuman physical training to enable him to toil as he did, will place him far up among the noble, self-sacrificing men of literature.

But time forbids me hold up other examples, though there are and have been thousands of other as true heroes as ever breathed the breath of life, amid the ranks of theology, poetry, philosophy and science, and many, too, whose

whose fame scarce outlived their own age, and whose renown was bounded by but a narrow territory. America, too, has produced many noble men of letters, whose memory is very dear to us, and who have been of inestimable value to their fellow man. That sturdy genius, Benj. Franklin; that pure and graceful story-teller, Washington Irving; that cultivated genius of wit, Oliver Wendell Holmes; that religious poet of humanity, Longfellow; those sweet singers and patient toilers, Alice and Phoebe Carey; that noble moralist and true artist, Nathaniel Hawthorne; that pilgrim and novelist, Bayard Taylor; that good old gray-haired poet, Walt Whitman; that poet of the world of nature, William Cullen Bryant; that poet of social life, James Russell Lowell; J. G. Holland, he who wrote to the people and for the people; and Whittier, that noble Quaker poet of New England, are names that are well worthy of every honor that we can bestow, and are dear to every heart. I call those men who have by the eloquence and force of their pens, averted anarchy and war, greater heroes than those who have gained brilliant victories or have swayed vast empires, and I call that man a hero, who, imbued with gigantic intellect or poetic soul, completes the conquest of self and devotes his life to noble endeavors and patient toil, that humanity may be made purer and nobler by his exertions. Then, too, amid those lives that have been given up to passion and excess, to mournful brooding and dissipation; those "mighty poets in their misery dead," of whom Wordsworth in a fit of dejection said:

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof comes in the end despondency and sadness,"

we can find trances of many earnest struggles, many steadfast resolves, many noble traits and heroic qualities. Of such was that great Napoleon of the realm of rhyme, Lord Byron, and so too was the melancholy Poe and Campbell, and the dissipated Chatterton and Burns. Then there have been myriads of heroes, greater in number and nobleness than the most powerful army that conqueror ever guided, that were unknown to "fortune and to fame;" many struggling geniuses, who, being far in advance of their age, died neglected, unappreciated and ignored; many honest, earnest toilers amid journalistic ranks, who never attained to eminence or power. These, too, deserve our admiration and regard; our laurels and our praises.

Let us, then, seek to find the nobleness of the characters of the heroes of literature, and learn as much as possible of their works, resting assured that our own heroic qualities and the ennobling thoughts that visit us will be elevated by the contact. Let us encourage literature and especially our contemporaries with our patronage,

being careful to ignore no genius, but to give him the honors he deserves and the laurels he has won, while he yet lives. If it will benefit the writers of the old and new world, and secure for them a better living and greater reward, and of this I think there is little doubt, let us give to them what they are now claiming as their due, an International Copyright, for we must surely recognize the meagre living that is afforded to youthful aspirants to the field of letters, and even to many righteous souls and noble geniuses who have toiled all their lives in this work. Who then can doubt that there are heroes, gallant, noble and true men, amid the ranks of English writers, who claim our praise, attention, admiration and respect?

Then a hero's crown for him, I claim,
Who through literature's mazy paths,
Has won for himself immortal fame,
By honest, earnest and patient toil.

Dr. A. Ballard, the orator of the evening, spoke on "Growth, Power and Service," referring particularly to the growth and development of character under educational training.

Charles B. Evans delivered the Farewell Address, his topic being "Success." Mr. Evans spoke in a characteristic vein of courage and hopefulness. The speaker enjoys a happy temperament and impresses his audience with his own natural good spirits.

The Hon. W. F. Causey, G. W. Cruikshank and other notable members of the Society made neat impromptu speeches. Dr. Vallandigham pronounced the benediction.

1886 HOP.

The Commencement Hop was held in the Town Hall in the evening after the anniversary. The orchestra from the Temple Theatre, Philadelphia, produced the music. Mrs. Dr. Kollock, Mrs. Dr. Wolf, Mrs. Delaware Clark, Mrs. George A. Harter and Mrs. A. F. Williamson were patronesses. The programs were beautiful and costly. Many visitors were present from Dover, Milford, Wilmington and Philadelphia.

READING, PA., June 29, 1885.

TO MESSRS. CLOSE & BLACK, 1338 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find Money Order for tuition fee for Miss Kate D. Bitting for July and August. She is delighted with the School, and I am so well pleased with the improvement she has made that I regret I did not send her to you earlier.

Allow me to return thanks for the kindness and attention shown her while in your charge. Yours, etc., E. A. STAHL, Principal Girls High School, Reading, Pa.

Locals.

The boy that writes locals for the *Cecil Whig* tried, a short time since, to get off something funny at the expense of the REVIEW. In this he made a signal failure and we excuse him on account of his ignorance. Poor fellow, he does not know any better.

The Soule prize has been changed to the Thos. J. Prickett prize. Mr. Soule having withdrawn from the College of Commerce, Mr. Prickett obligingly and generously agreed to continue the prize. The people of this community should see that it is duly rewarded. Call and see the College of Commerce.

A short time ago Pat and Polk, Bertie and Dora had a gay old time in the back parlor of the ice cream saloon, with the lights turned very low. How was it that when the boys met the same girls on Chapel street a little later, they had business on the other side of the street and passed by with heads turned away?

The meeting of the Board of Trustees on Commencement Day was healthy and vigorous. All matters pertaining to the College were thoroughly investigated and discussed. The censorship of the REVIEW was decided to refer only to advertisements. This, though entirely unnecessary and contrary to the workings of other colleges and their papers, does not make any material difference to the students. Its only objectionable feature is the lack of confidence it manifests towards the students.

As far as can be remembered the following old students were present during some part of Commencement: G. W. Cruikshank, Elkton, Md.; Hon. W. F. Causey, Daniel Hirsch, G. W. Marshall, M. D., Milford, Del.; Rev. J. P. DuHamel, D. D. Church Hill, Md.; J. S. Grohe, Thos. Davis, Esq., N. M. Davis, H. G. Knowles, Wilmington, Del.; O. H. Balderston, Baltimore, Md.; L. H. Ball, Milford, Del.; W. J. Ferris, New Castle, Del.; W. H. Broughton, M. D., Maryland; V. B. Woolley, Seaford, Del.; S. Reynolds, Middletown; E. R. Paynter, Esq., C. W. Cullen, Georgetown; Prof. A. H. Merrill, Vanderbilt University, Tenn.; F. W. Curtis, W. C. Curtis, C. M. Curtis, J. H. Hossinger, Alex. Lowber, M. D., Nathan Motherall, A. F. Williamson, Wilbur Wilson, W. H. Russell and J. R. Maxwell, Newark.

We would keep the fact before the ladies who require mechanical appliances that they can be intelligently served at the Ladies' Department for Supporters, Braces, Trusses and Elastic Hosiery of BELT, the Druggist, corner 6th and Market streets, Wilmington, Del. Experienced lady attendant.

CARPETS AT RETAIL.

John & Jas. Dobson,

MANUFACTURERS,

809-813 Chestnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA.All grades in our stock at
lowest prices.Special Bargains to offer at
20 per cent. below market
values. By buying of us you
save intermediate profits.**EARLE'S
Galleries of Paintings**

—AND—

**LOOKING-GLASS
WARE-ROOMS,**

816 Chestnut St., Philada

Rogers' Groups, Engravings

Wm. D. Rogers, Son & Co.,

+CARRIAGE+**BUILDERS,**

1007-1011 Chestnut St..

PHILADELPHIA.



520 COMMERCE ST.

KNABE'S PIANOS

ARE THE BEST.

BUY NO OTHER.

Chestnut Burr.

Why are young ladies nowadays like bells?
Because you can never find out their metal until
you have given them a ring.

"Woman is far more of a seer and prophet
than man," says the *Philadelphia Call*. True,
we often see her, but where's the profit?

Professor at Columbia: "We cannot taste in
the dark. Nature intends us to see our food."
Student: "How about a blind man's dinner?"
Professor: "Nature has provided him with eye-
teeth, sir."

She: "How did you amuse yourself this after-
noon?" Young Collegian: "I went down to
the gymnasium to see our new battery prac-
tice." She: "Oh, won't you please take me
with you some time? I am awfully interested
in such things, for you know, papa is a major in
the artillery."—*Puck*.

IN THE PARLOR.

She.
Anticipation.

He.
Exultation.

Both.
Osculation

Father.
Indignation.

He.
Gyration.

All Around.
Sensation.—*Tid Bits*.

Young lady: Are you going shopping, ma?
Mother: Yes, my darling.

Y. L.: Will you bring me a quarter of a yard
of navy-blue serge?

M.: Certainly. Do you want it to patch?

Y. L.: No, I want it for a bathing suit, and
please bring me twenty-five yards of trimming.

M.: Yes, but hadn't you better use the trim-
ming for a suit and the navy-blue serge for the
trimming?

Mr. Hopeful (to young Hopeful, home from
Harvard): Thomas, may I ask how much your
cigars cost you?

Tom: Twelve dollars a hundred, Governor.
I usually get a thousand at a time and get them
somewhat cheaper.

Mr. H.: Wha—what? Twelve dollars?
Why, I've got to be satisfied with tobies myself.

Tom. That's business, Governor. If I had
as many children to educate as you have I would
not smoke at all.

The Purest Drugs

—AND—

Family Medicines.Perfumery, Toilet Articles, etc
AT LOWEST PRICES.**EDW. G. JAY, Druggist,**
NEWARK, DEL.Call at any hour of day
or night.**E. S. GILMOUR,****HARDWARE**

AND

Harness.

Opposite Washington Hotel,

NEWARK, DEL.**Philadelphia Badge Depot.****Jacob Somerset,****COLLEGE & SCHOOL****BADGES,**

722 CHESTNUT Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Lumber, Lime, Coal,**Building Materials.****LARGEST STOCK,**
LOWEST PRICES.**Wright & Son,**
NEWARK, DEL.**BRACE UP!**

Get a pair of Improved

×Shoulder Braces×that will effectually correct
round shoulders.**We have the largest Stock**
in the State.**PRICES LOW.****Z. JAMES BELT,**Wholesale & Retail Druggist,
Market and Sixth Sts.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Do not paint the inside of your house, but do
use **COWGILL'S WOOD STAINS.**

They perfectly imitate **Five Woods** on both painted and
unpainted Wood-work.



A CARD TO CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

Owing to the persistent attempt of numerous cigarette manufacturers to copy in part the **BRAND NAME** of the **"RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT"**

NOW IN THE ELEVENTH YEAR OF THEIR POPULARITY, we think it alike due to the protection of the consumer and ourselves, to warn the public against base imitations and call their attention to the fact that the original **STRAIGHT CUT BRAND** is the **Richmond Straight Cut No. 1**, introduced by us in 1875, and to caution the students to observe, that our signature appears on every package of the genuine **Straight Cut Cigarettes**. **ALLEN & GINTER, Richmond, Va.**



A. J. REAGH & CO.,

MANUFACTURING



Sporting Goods House,

No. 23 South 8th Street, Philadelphia.

Base Ball, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Gymnasium Fishing Tackle and General Sporting Goods.

Goods sent C. O. D., or on receipt of price.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

STORE NO. 23 SOUTH 8th ST.

Factory,

1219, 1221 and 1223 Beach Street, PHILADELPHIA.



THE BLATCHLEY PUMP!

BUY THE BEST.

BLATCHLEY'S
TRIPLE ENAMEL
PORCELAIN-LINED

OR
SEAMLESS TUBE
COPPER-LINED

PUMP



Do not be argued into buying inferior Goods. For sale by the best houses in the Trade.

C. C. BLATCHLEY, Manuf'r,
308 MARKET ST., Philad'a.
Write to me for name of nearest Agent.

CHAMPION This Lamp

POSITIVELY
Non-Explosive

Will not
BREAK

the
CHIMNEY.

Patent Safety
EXTINGUISHER

Cleanly.

NO DRIPPING
of
OIL.

Gives a Light equal in Brilliance to 50 Candles, or 2 1/2 Gas Burners. This is the most Powerful and Perfect **LIGHT** ever made **FROM OIL.**

THE FOUNTS

Can be used on your old Gas or Oil Chandeliers or brackets, and will increase your light **THREE-FOLD.**

AGENTS
WANTED



THE CHAMPION is the Best, Cheapest and Safest Lamp for Churches, Halls, or Family Use.

Send for Illustrated Circular.

A. J. WEIDENER,
36 S. 2d St., PHILA.

Sole Owner of Patent.

and all other first-class article in this line of Goods can be procured at

Nathan Zeigler's

STOVE

AND

LAMP

STORE,

NEWARK,

1911.

DUBELL

THE HATTER,

No. 2 E. THIRD STREET,

Wilmington, - - Delaware.

Largest Stock and Lowest Prices in the City.

—DELAWARE—

Steam Marble and Granite WORKS.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, Enclosures, &c.

The Largest Stock, Newest Designs and Lowest Prices in the State.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED FIRST CLASS.

DAVIDSON & BRO.,

5th and King Streets,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR WATCH.

A full jeweled, stem-winding, nickle movement in 18 karat gold open or hunting cases. Special adjustment and guaranteed by the American Watch Co. and Messrs. Caldwell & Co. to be a reliable timekeeper.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.,

902 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

J. Paul Brown.

LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER,

617 MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER FOR '86

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage and we will mail you FREE, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to \$5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address **STRASS & Co.,** Portland, Maine.

**BEATON SMITH,
DRUGGIST,**
"CASKEY BUILDING," NEWARK, Del.
(TELEPHONE NO. 11.)

Your Prescriptions will receive the best attention.
☞ "An experienced Chemist."

SODA WATER, with Pure Fruit Juices.
(No other kind should be used.)

MOXIE'S NERVE FOOD.
A new and invigorating tonic for the hot weather.
Horsford's Acid Phosphates and Lime Fruit Juice

ON DRAUGHT / T
DRUG STORE, "CASKEY BUILDING."

Helps to Literature Study.

1. Outline studies in Holmes, Bryant, Whittier, their Poems. 32 pages. 10 cents.
2. Outline studies in the Poetry and Prose of James Russell Lowell. 21 pages. 10 cents.
3. Ten Great Novels. Suggestions for Clubs and Private Reading. 23 pages. 10 cents.
4. Selections from Robert Browning and others, for Children, Teachers and Parents. 63 pages. 20 cents.
5. Unity Clubs. Suggestions for the formation of Study Classes in Literature. 21 pages. 5 cents.

The five pamphlets, postpaid, 50 cents. Address
CHARLES H. KERR & Co., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.
Mention this paper.

For a Bicycle or Tricycle,

NEW or SECOND-HAND,
APPLY TO

Philadelphia Wheel Headquarters,
No. 811 ARCH STREET.

☞ Price List free on application.

H. B. HART, Pioneer Dealer.



A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, **TRUE & Co.,** Augusta, Maine.

— READ —

"IN A GRASS COUNTRY,"

BY MRS. CAMERON.

"COURT ROYAL,"

BY MRS. S. BARING GOULD.

AND SUBSCRIBE FOR
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.



Horsford's ACID PHOSPHATE.

For Dyspepsia, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Nervousness, Diminished Vitality, etc.

Prepared according to the directions of Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge.

A preparation of the phosphates of lime, magnesia, potash and iron with phosphoric acid in such form as to be readily assimilated by the system.

Universally recommended and prescribed by physicians of all schools.

Its action will harmonize with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

It is the best tonic known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only.

As a Brain and Nerve Tonic.—DR. E. W. ROBERTSON, Cleveland, O., says: "From my experience, can cordially recommend it as a brain and nerve tonic, especially in nervous debility, nervous dyspepsia, etc., etc."

For Wakefulness.—DR. WILLIAM P. CLOTHIER, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest, who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc., and he reports it has been of great benefit to him."

In Nervous Debility.—DR. EDWIN F. VOSE, Portland, Me., says: "I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

For the ill effects of Tobacco.—DR. C. A. FERNALD, Boston, says: "I have used it in cases of impaired nerve function with beneficial results, especially in cases where the system is affected by the toxic action of tobacco."

INVIGORATING, STRENGTHENING, HEALTHFUL, REFRESHING.

Prices reasonable. Pamphlet giving particulars mailed free.

Manufactured by the RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

TEACHERS WANTED! 8 PRINCIPALS, 11 Assistants, and a number for Music; also, Art and Specialties. Send stamp for application form and circulars of information to

National School Supply Bureau,

Mention this paper.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



General Agents, C. H. GRIFFIS & CO.,
41 N. FRONT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Get sample from the Business Manager, or from
CLAYTON C. CHOATE, Newark, Del.



A PERFECT DENTIFRICE. Ask any Druggist for it.
VAIL BROS, Philadelphia.

Sample bottles can be obtained from the Business Manager of the REVIEW for 25 cents.

DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

—✻—**DELAWARE COLLEGE.**—✻—

FACULTY:

THE REV. J. H. CALDWELL, A. M., D. D., PRESIDENT,
PROFESSOR OF MENTAL, MORAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

THEODORE R. WOLF, A. M., PH. D., (Heidelberg,)
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, AND SANITARY SCIENCE.

FREDERICK D. CHESTER, B. S.,
PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY, PHYSICS, AND CIVIL ENGINEERING.

THE REV. ANGELO A. BENTON, M. A.,
PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES.

GEORGE A. HARTER, A. M.,
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, AND MODERN LANGUAGES.

The Institution has three terms per year. The first begins on the first Wednesday of September, and ends on Friday, the 16th of December; the second begins on the first Wednesday of January, and ends on the last Friday of March; and the third begins on the first Wednesday of April, and ends on the third Wednesday in June.

There are two courses of study: The *Classical*, and the *Scientific and Agricultural*.

The College building has been refitted, and enlarged. New apparatus for Surveying and Physics have been added. Has an excellent Library of several thousand volumes, and possesses every facility for the higher education of young men.

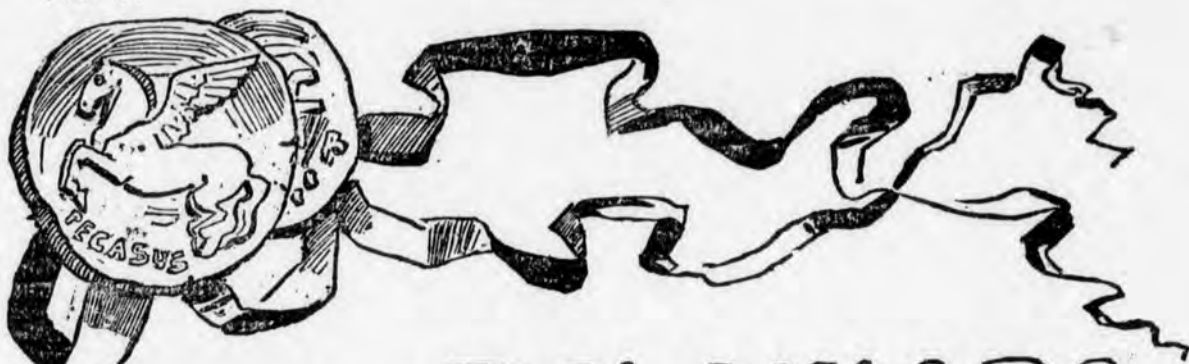
The College is situated in a beautiful and healthful country; the community is intelligent and moral, and the town is convenient to the cities of Wilmington, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and to all points of the Peninsula.

There are ten State Scholarships available to every county of Delaware, for which application should be made to the several members of the Legislature.

For catalogues or for information relating to admission, address

PREST. J. H. CALDWELL, D. D.,

NEWARK, DELAWARE.



DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.



CONTENTS. *

Editorial, - - -	5	De Alumnus, - - -	10
Ode I. Book I. Horace, -	5	Exchanges, - - -	11
War and Intemperance, -	5	College Notes, - - -	12
Tributes of Respect, -	7	Biographical Sketch, -	13
Love Will Find Out the Way, -	7	Chestnuts, - - -	14
The Young Man In Politics, -	7		
Locals, - - -	9		

ELIHOODWARD DEL. PROV. R.I.



DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

"MIKADO."

In addition to our premiums, a list of which will be sent on application, we wish to call *special* notice to our Cabinet Portraits of D'OYLEY CARTE'S ENGLISH MIKADO COMPANY, Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. No light opera has ever been produced in the United States that has equaled in popularity "The Mikado." The original company to produce it in this country was D'Oyley Carte's English Company, selected there by Gilbert and Sullivan and sent to this country.

We have issued, for distribution to our patrons who will send us wrappers as below a series of seven cabinet portraits of these artists, in character and costume, the finest photographic gelatine work ever produced. They comprise:

Geraldine Ulmar, as - - "Yum-Yum."
Misses Ulmar, Foster and St. Maur, as
"Three Little Maids from School."
Kate Foster, as - - - "Pitti Sing."
George Thorne, as - - - "Ko-Ko."
Courtice Pounds, as - - - "Nanki-Poo."
Frederici, as - - - - "Mikado."
Fred Billington, as - - - "Pooh-Bah."

Our price for these portraits is twenty-five cents each, but to anyone using our soap and sending us 15 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and full post-office address, we will send the whole series, postage paid, and *free of charge*.

In sending wrappers, fold them up like a newspaper, and mail them to us. (Postage on them thus wrapped is only one cent.) After addressing the package to us, write across the left hand corner of it, "Return to," etc., adding your full name and address.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

HARVEY & SISLER, Wholesale Agents,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A Popular Journal of General Literature.

THE OCTOBER NUMBER,

Now Ready, Contains:

A Lear of Tompkins Square. Edgar Fawcett.
Undiscovered. William H. Hayne.
How to Choose a Library. F. N. Zabriskie.
A Bachelor's Blunder. XXXVII.-XL. W. E. Norris.
Song in Rest. Charlotte Fiske Bates.
Anent the Keely Motor. W. H. Babcock.
Friction between Labor and Capital. George May Powell.
When Love expires. R. B.
An Author who could not help it. George Parsons Lathrop.
The History of James. Grant Allen.
Threnody of the Pines. William H. Hayne.
John Welsh. E. S. Nadal.
Experiences of a Base-ball Umpire. Joe. J. Ellick
Our Monthly Gossip.
The Conflict between Literature and Science. W. H. B.
Reminiscences of Emerson. A. T. S.
Dreams and Coincidences. W. W. CRANE.
Straining at a Gnat. F. E. T.

For sale by all Newsdealers. Price, Twenty-five cents.

Liberal arrangements made with those desiring to get up clubs. Send for particulars.

Specimen Number 20 cents.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers,
715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

"THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES."

ALL THE NEWS.

DAILY, WEEKLY & SUNDAY.



Kimball's Satin Straight Cut Cigarettes.

People of refined tastes who desire exceptionally fine Cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin pockets and boxes of

10s. 20s. 50s. and 100s.

14 First Prize Medals.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

FRANCIS KELLY & CO.,

103 MARKET STREET,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

CHOICE WINES, BRANDIES, GINS,

—AND—

FINE WHISKIES.

WEEKLY

MORNING NEWS.

Delaware's Leading Weekly.

ONLY 75 CENTS A YEAR, In Advance

HAND THE MONEY TO YOUR POSTMASTER.

**BEATON SMITH,
DRUGGIST,**

"CASKEY BUILDING," NEWARK, Del.
(TELEPHONE NO. 11.)

Your Prescriptions will receive the best attention.

☞ "An experienced Chemist.

SODA WATER, with Pure Fruit Juices.
(No other kind should be used.)

MONIE'S NERVE FOOD,

A new and invigorating tonic for the hot weather.

Horsford's Acid Phosphates and Lime Fruit Juice
ON DRAUGHT AT

DRUG STORE, "CASKEY BUILDING."

CARL SCHURZ,

Artistic Merchant Tailor,

No. 2 EAST SEVENTH STREET,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

☞ "Formerly Foreman for Fred Carson.

**A. M. HEINMAN,
Deer Park's Tonsorial Artist,**

Invites the attention of the students to his

SHAVING AND HAIR CUTTING PARLORS,
and respectfully solicits their patronage. Also, a full supply
of **TOBACCO and CIGARS.** Call and see him. A
special cup kept for students. A stock of **CANARY BIRDS**
constantly on hand. Ferretotyping a specialty.

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
BRYANT STRATTON

1200 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

THE LEADING SCHOOL OF BUSINESS SCIENCES.

Open all the year. Students may enroll at any time. A
faculty of 17 instructors and lecturers. Superior facilities for
training young men and women in the **Forms, Customs, and**
Practice of current business procedure, and for the successful
conduct of private and public affairs. Send for circulars and
Report of Commencement. **THOS. J. PRICKETT, President.**

THE ACADEMY OF NEWARK

—AND—

DELAWARE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Prepares Young Men and Women for College, Teaching, or
Business. Write to the Principal.

A. N. RAUB, Ph. D., Newark, Del.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
Steel Pens**

FOR ARTISTIC USE in fine drawing.

Nos. 659, Crowquill, 290 and 291.

FOR FINE WRITING,

Nos. 393 and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING,

Nos. 294, 389 and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING.

Nos. 332, 404, 390 and 604.

Joseph Gilloft & Sons, 91 John St., N. Y.

HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.

Sold by ALL DEALERS throughout the World.

Gold Medal Paris Exposition, 1878.

A RARE CHANCE.

ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE

DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW

AND

NEW YORK WORLD

FOR \$1.50.

Besides a very handsome History of the United States.

MRS. S. A. ROACH

ALWAYS HAS ON HAND

**A FRESH AND CHOICE SUPPLY OF
OYSTERS,**

SERVED IN ANY STYLE, and at Reasonable Rates.

SALOON ON MAIN ST., NEWARK, DEL.

THIS PAPER may be found on file
at **GEO. P. ROWELL
& CO'S NEWSPAPER**
ADVERTISING BUREAU (10 Spruce Street), where ad-
vertising con-
tracts may be
made for it **IN NEW YORK.**

PEIRCE COLLEGE OF BUSINESS.

(Record Building.)

917 and 919 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.

THOMAS MAY PEIRCE M. A., Principal and Founder.

MORNING, AFTERNOON AND NIGHT SESSIONS.

MORNING SESSIONS, three months, \$40.

AFTERNOON SESSIONS, three months, \$20.

NIGHT SESSIONS, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, three months, \$15.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

(1.) The LOCATION, in the finest building in Philadelphia; an elevator, steam heat, special ventilators, wardrobes, lavatories and electric lights. Call and examine the conveniences and accommodations. (2.) The COURSE and METHODS of INSTRUCTION, the personal experience of the Professors, and the technical knowledge gathered by the Principal as a Court expert. (3.) The SUCCESS ACHIEVED. Eight hundred and seventy-nine students last year. Business men, merchants and farmers who have had doubts as to whether a practical business education could be obtained outside of the counting-room have been surprised at the thoroughly practical manner in which their sons and daughters have been qualified for business engagements at Peirce's College, and are now among its warmest friends.

Ladies and gentlemen are enrolled at any time, and are charged only from date of enrollment.

Call or write for circular and commencement proceedings.

REV. JOHN THOMPSON, Dean.

Offices, Rooms 5 and 6, second floor.

Paul Brown

NEW STUDIO OF PHOTOGRAPHY,

No. 617 MARKET Street, WILMINGTON, DEL.

INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS USED ONLY.

Crayon Portraits a Specialty.

LARGEST OLD BOOK STORE

IN AMERICA!

Mailing Department.

If you cannot get to the city, write stating what Books you want, and we will answer immediately. It costs only a trifle extra to send books by mail, and we make a specialty of filling mail orders, fully appreciating the value of prompt and careful attention to the demands of every correspondent.

LEARY'S OLD BOOK STORE,

No. 9 SOUTH 9th STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST DOOR BELOW MARKET ST.

QUEEN & CO. 924 CHEST. ST. PHILADA.



SPECTACLES,
EYE-GLASSES
OPERA-MARINE &
SPY-GLASSES
TRANSITS, LEVELS
DRAWING INSTRUMENTS
MICROSCOPES
MAGIC LANTERNS
PHOTOGRAPHIC &
SCIENTIFIC
APPARATUS OF EVERY
DESCRIPTION
CHEMICALS, ETC.

A. K. P. TRASK,

-PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,-

1210 Chestnut Street. 202 S. Second Street
PHILADELPHIA.

GREAT ADVANCEMENT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHILDREN'S PICTURES MADE INSTANTANEOUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS, all Sizes, made by the New Method
LIFE-SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS A SPECIALTY.

Class Photographer for '83, '84, '85.

HELLER & BRIGHTLEY,

-SURVEYING INSTRUMENT Manufacturers-

Ridge Avenue and
PHILADELPHIA,Spring Garden, E. t.
PENNA.

H. & B.'s instru-
sively used for
struction at Co-
(School of Mines)
Technology, Shef-
School of Yale
University of Pa.,
Oregon State Uni-
University, Dart-
Maine State Col-
College of Phila-

ments are exclu-
sively used for in-
lumbia College
Mass. School of
field Scientific
College, Western
Fisk University,
versity, Cal. State
mouth College,
lege, Polytechnic
delphia.

ALL WHO DESIRE TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

“Review”

should notify us at once, in order that they may receive copies regularly and promptly. Those who wish to further the interests of Delaware College and the REVIEW should subscribe for the REVIEW and induce others to subscribe.

Advertise in the REVIEW. Patronize its advertisers.

Contribute articles and items of intelligence.

ADVERTISE IN

THE APPEAL,

ELKTON, Cecil county, Md.

IT HAS A LARGE CIRCULATION. \$1 A YEAR.

THE APPEAL PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE LEDGER.

BOWEN BROS., Publishers and Editors,

NEWARK, DEL.