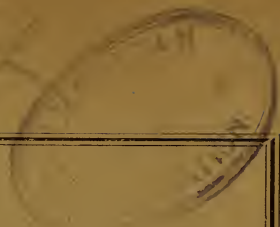


LD 2171
1874



BACCALAUREATE SERMON,

AND



ORATION AND POEM.

CLASS OF 1874.



CAMBRIDGE:

PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.

1874.

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Harvard university. Class of 1874



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HEBREW, GREEK, AND LATIN.



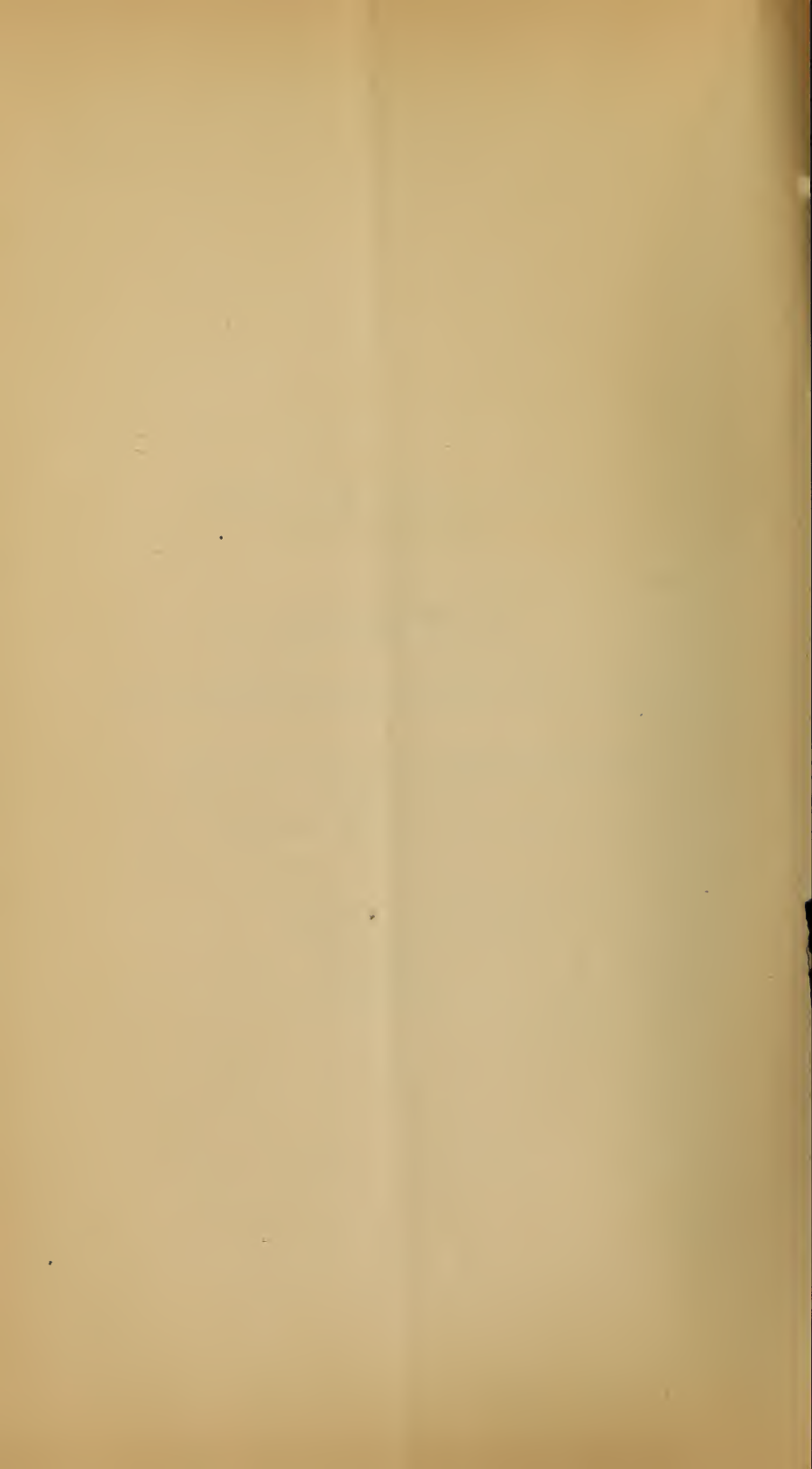
A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF HARVARD COLLEGE TO THE

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1874,

BY

ANDREW P. PEABODY.



S E R M O N .

“HEBREW, GREEK, AND LATIN.” — John xix. 20.

THE inscription over the cross was written in these languages, as representing the three cosmopolitan nationalities of the time, — the Jews, most numerous, indeed, in their own metropolis, yet swarming everywhere; the Greeks, their states conquered and dismembered, themselves — whether as slaves or adventurers — carrying their arts, humanities, and vices through the whole extent of Southern Europe and Western Asia; the Romans, in civil and military occupancy of all important posts in the civilized world. These languages were and are typical of the nations that employed them, — emblematic of their several styles of culture: the Hebrew, though harsh, sonorous; though rude, grand; though meagre, lending fit utterance for the loftiest thought and feeling; — the Greek, the counterpart to the ear of the fairest scenes on which human eye has ever rested; — the Latin, terse, rigid, and intense, with no loose joints or feeble idioms. Thus we have the Hebrew people pre-eminently religious; even when idolatrous, in sad earnest; and, except in those early episodes of false worship, loyal to the God of their fathers as no other nation has ever been; — the Greeks, in art, taste, and elegant culture unequalled in their own time, unsurpassed in all time; — the Romans, until foreign grafts outgrew the native stock, law-giving, because law-abiding; conquerors, because self-mastered; kingly, because loyal.

Most fittingly were these languages united over the cross; for the cultures which they represent are blended and unified in the character formed under the shadow, or rather in the guiding light,

of the cross. I have named them for my text, as indicating the scholar's true aim and culture.

I. The Hebrew leads, and must lead. Religion must be queen, or she has no place. She must rule the house, or leave it. In a merely intellectual aspect, it is no small loss that he sustains who neglects the records of our religion; for in the Scriptures, if nothing else, we have the exhaustless repository of great thoughts, the feeder of lofty imaginings, the mine where one always unearths more than he seeks, — gold when he digs for silver, — rubies, emeralds, and diamonds when he looks for gold. What surpassing genius has the Sacred Word nourished and fructified! Bunyan's prose-epic of *Pilgrim's Progress* — in some aspects the greatest work in our language, probably more read, oftener re-perused, and by a larger range of ages and conditions, than any book but the Bible — draws from the Bible all its forms and colors, its imagery, its sweetness, its strength. Nor do we less feel the pre-eminence of our sacred source of inspiration, when Milton, in the only other English epic worthy of the name, blends from his affluent learning an untold wealth of classic lore with Christian thought and imagery, only to show how thin and feeble is the flow of *Castalia* and *Helicon* compared with the rush and swell of the waters of *Zion*.

But the scholar needs more than the literature of the Bible. He has his providential mission as exemplar, instructor, guide of the less privileged. His culture, for good or for evil, raises him above his fellows. His light, whether with baleful or benignant ray, is set where it cannot be hidden. His tone of thought and feeling is diffused farther than he can trace. In many of our New England villages, and in special circles even in our large cities, you will see the foremost mind reproduced on every hand, its opinions unconsciously imbibed, its moral sympathies and proclivities spontaneously imitated, its tastes made dominant. Such a position many of you, my friends, will hold. Are you fit for it, if you lack God's best gifts? If religion be not a name, but a divine and eternal reality, can you fill your due place in society without its consecration and its power?

Our age demands more in this direction than was ever before required of leading minds. There is an intense and pervading secularism. We can account for it, indeed; but it none the less

needs to be counteracted and overcome. It is owing, no doubt, to the vast material progress of our time, to steam and telegraph, to the awakening from their age-long slumber, and harnessing to human industries, of giant world-forces. The living spirit in the wheels, the living, shaping spirit of God in the works of man, is ignored by the multitude, and craves to be recognized, enthroned, adored. It is for the master-minds of the age to redeem our culminating civilization from the godlessness which will be its ruin, to make men feel the power of a higher life than that which lives by bread alone, to convert the multitudinous clangor of the world's industry into a sublime rhythm of praise to the All-Inspirer and All-Giver. We want Christians, not only as professional teachers of religion, but even more, in the walks of active service,—men who shall show a working piety; who shall be thoroughly in the world, yet as thoroughly above the world; who shall demonstrate the possibility of the life of God in all the ways of man; who shall reverse the sacrilege of the Jewish hucksters, and make even the house of merchandise our Father's house.

Our age has, also, strong sceptical tendencies; due, I believe, not, as it is often alleged, to its science, but to its materialistic habit of thought and feeling, and thence imported into science, whose true spirit is that of reverential awe before the realm of the yet unknown, which only grows as knowledge grows, and expands as the area covered by man's research enlarges. There is nothing in the ascertained truths of science which militates against the Christianity of Christ and his Gospel; nor yet, as seems to me, is there necessarily an anti-Christian element in prevailing theories that have not grown, and perhaps may never grow, into science; though, if there were, these theories would have no validity against a religion which has its double witness in impregnable historical testimony, and in the undeniable consciousness and experience of a multitude of believing souls that no man can number. Yet there is scepticism in the air. There are vague doubts afloat. There are new departments of inquiry and investigation that still lack and crave Christian baptism. There are fundamental questions at the basis of all belief and knowledge, with which the mind of the coming generation must wrestle. To such work Christian scholars alone are competent. The pulpit can no longer keep to the old paths. Respectable ignorance and

the humdrum repetition of antiquated formulas will do more toward unsettling than toward establishing faith. There are needed for the sacred office skilled and trained minds, that shall add to their faith knowledge,—that shall see all round and through falsities and fallacies,—hospitable minds, too, that are not afraid to entertain strangers, and can recognize in them angels, if angels they be.

But, if Christianity is to be defended, it cannot be solely or chiefly by professional champions. The work must be fully shared by educated minds in every sphere of life. The faith of the coming age is contingent on their attitude. The prestige of their belief alone can avert infidelity on the part of the many who cannot try the spirits for themselves, but always lean on authority. Above all, Christianity will have its impregnable defence, its irrefutable argument, in the consecrated lives, the exalted Christian virtue, the beauty of holiness manifested by those whose extended culture gives them commanding influence, and makes them the creators of opinion, belief, and character in an ever-widening circle.

My friends, if it be not a mere farce that you are enacting in these sacred valedictory rites; if you mean them and feel them, as I know you do,—they have for you a mandate of imperative duty. For your own sakes, religion should be the rock-foundation on which the fair fabric of your honorable and useful lives shall be built. Think not that the corner-stone can be inserted in later years, before the winds and rains beat upon the house. They will never beat more fiercely than in the next ensuing period of your lives, as you enter on your career, under God, artificers and arbiters of your own destiny; and the house on the sand stands always at their mercy. Nor is your obligation to society less sacred than that to your own souls. Gifts to Christ and the Church of saints long since passed on to heaven have been lavished on your nurture here. You are heavily in debt to their prayers and offerings. You can be worthy of their benefactions only by giving your best service to the truth of God and the establishment of his reign among men.

II. The Grecian element of culture next claims our regard,—second only to religion in its worth to the individual soul, the inseparable ally of religion in the progress of the community and

the race. The scholar should be a man of taste, of refinement, of gentle nurture. There have been prodigies of boorish erudition, of immense book-learning with no æsthetic training, out of gearing with society, rude in manners, coarse in speech, brutal in controversy, — men whose scholarship, indeed, has towered up into undue eminence because there was nothing else of them, as a hill may seem a mountain when it rises from an unbroken plain. Such men were Bentley and Porson; and what have they left but their names? Possibly the settlement or the more hopeless unsettling of some disputed text in an ancient author, or the resolution of some supposed fact of Greek or Roman history into a myth; while, so far as their personal influence could go, like guardian mastiffs, they warned off aspirants from the height on which they stood. Compare with such men Thomas Arnold, who had enough of mere learning to give him fame, yet was not celebrated for it, because he so won all who knew him by the grace and beauty, the fair humanities incarnated in his mien, intercourse, and influence; by the charm he gave to whatever he said and did and wrote; by his genial spirit, with its outgoings in every form and way in which he could minister to human happiness and well-being. His spirit multiplied itself in all directions, and is still working in unnumbered minds and hearts, in men of the widest diversity of condition, — men whom his learning would not have made wiser, nor his talents impressed, nor his virtues attracted, but for the Hellenistic culture superadded to the Hebrew.

Prime importance should be attached, under this head, to personal refinement, not in the superficial sense in which the word is currently misused, but to purity, delicacy, gentleness, and grace in thought and feeling, and thence in mien and manner. The scholar falls below his calling, if he fails to be a Christian gentleman; and it is only by the traits that belong to this highest style of character that his advanced intellectual culture can become an intenerating and elevating influence in the society around him.

The scholar should also cultivate his æsthetic capacity by such conversance as he may have — if not by direct observation, by paintings, models, and engravings — with the fairest monuments of ancient and modern art. He should study proportion, sym-

metry, and harmony in form and color. He should know the beauty that dwells in simplicity. He should learn to abhor shams in architecture, ostentatious incongruities in ornament, the substitution of cost and glitter for fitness and grace, that he may bear his part in diffusing purer tastes and a more genuine love of the beautiful. I lay stress on this culture, not for its own sake alone, but on higher grounds. It was not without reason that Plato identified the true, the beautiful, and the good. Coarseness and tawdriness are demoralizing. Mean tastes and low pleasures are near kindred, and love to dwell in the same house. On the other hand, conversance with fair forms and just proportions indicates or creates a style of character congenial with all that in soul, speech, and life, is lovely and of good report.

Nearly akin to art-culture are simplicity, ease, and grace in written style. The art of expression is too little studied among us. We who write are too prone to content ourselves with words that will embody and convey our meaning. We forget that there is a double passage to be forced by what we write, beyond the reader's outer mind, his mere apprehensive faculties, to the inmost shrine of reflection, imagination, conviction, feeling, sympathy. What is rudely, though clearly written makes its way only through the outer wall, knocks in vain at the inner, proves without convincing, appeals without striking an answering chord, besieges the soul without breaching or mining it. The thoughts that breathe demand words that burn. The sword of truth that pierces to the marrow is not a bowie-knife, but a Damascus blade.

The best culture for style is to be obtained by familiarity with the classic models. Were it only for our English, we should maintain our familiarity with the ancient tongues. The versatile grace of the Greek, the directness and force of the Latin, are efficiently welded in our own language, which in its Norman elements has an exhaustless wealth of beauty, and, in its incisive Anglo-Saxon forms, a vigor, precision, and point unequalled among the other modern tongues.

Be ambitious to write, not much, but well, — and much only if it can be written well. Put the best that is in you into whatever you utter or print; and you will most efficiently serve, not only your own reputation, but — what is of much greater importance —

whatever cause you advocate, whatever truth you expound, whatever aim you pursue. Study the art which in its simplicity at once conceals and reveals the labor it costs, the elegant diction which adorns whatever it clothes, the mellifluous flow of words which hides strength in its sweetness, convinces by persuading, storms by sapping, conquers without show of arms.

III. The Latin element, the Roman culture, is pre-eminently that of law, order, citizenship, patriotism. Its essence is best comprehended in that one word, *loyalty*, which denotes not, as it is often employed to mean, subservience to rulers, but submission to impersonal law, — and, if in any sense to men, to them only as the representatives and trustees of law. What we need in our country more than all else is reverence for law as divine and absolute. In a republic we bear a double part, as sovereigns and subjects, as ordaining law and amenable to it, as the sources of the power to which we owe profound submission and unreserved obedience, — obedience, except in the rare case of an actual conflict with conscience, and then the acceptance of the penalty attached to disobedience.

It is in the separation of these functions that lies our chief danger, our besetting sin. There is no tyranny so severe and so galling as republican tyranny, when those who make and execute the laws assume independence of their fellow-citizens; for because the despotism is impersonal, many-headed, and vague, the governed know not where or how to direct their protest and resistance, — because it is changeable and may be reformed by change, the governed wait and hope. For the last fourteen years or more, there have been multiplied in the administration of our revenue-laws the grossest enormities of extortion and oppression, such as would not have been dared or endured under any (so-called) absolute government in the civilized world, but which have here been borne and smothered till the darkness would no longer hide them. At the present moment, there is no other government this side of Turkey that would venture to rule so exclusively for its own interest, and with such supreme indifference to the claims and needs of its subjects, as this very government under which we live; nor is there any other government under which the rulers can command so complete immunity from the laws which they make and administer.

One chief reason for this state of things is that our scholars, our educated men, those who ought to lead opinion and give tone to sentiment, except when they have themselves aspired to official stations, have gradually withdrawn from their political trust and duty. While our educated men have multiplied faster than our population, and the standard of education has been continually rising, the average culture of our legislators is much lower than it was a generation ago. While in our colleges there is no small amount of instruction in finance and public economy, the first rudiments, the very axioms of financial science, are, for the most part, unknown by our officials and law-makers. The greater part of our men of high culture not only shun all public charges, but hardly concern themselves with the candidates to be presented for their suffrage, and furnish a larger contribution to the list of non-voters than all other classes together.

Scholars, let not this reproach rest on you. So far as you have leading minds, you are preordained to rule in the republic, if not by office, at least by suffrage and by influence. You have no right to evade this trust. The exercise of the functions of a citizen, openly, constantly, conscientiously, is a duty to which you are born, and from which only exile or death can discharge you. Office, indeed, you are not bound to seek; and in our time it is only they who seek that find. But if men of large intelligence, broad culture, and honest hearts, would only be as truly loyal citizens as they are foremost men, there would be some hope of the return of those good old days, when, like Cincinnatus from the plough, men were forced into office because their country needed them, and filled the highest trusts as literally posts of service.

But the Christian scholar, the man of cultured and forceful intellect, the patriotic citizen, will be true to his obligations as a subject no less than as a ruler, not overriding law in the delusive chase after justice, not converting his right into wrong by his wayward autonomy in pursuing it, not seeking to reform evils and abuses by desecrating the sole legitimate fountain of reform and renovation, not vitiating worthy ends by abnormal and harmful means. The more he feels the dignity which compasses him as a king in a nation of kings, the more true and firm will be his allegiance to the sovereignty which he shares, the more constant his obedience to the rightful authority in which he bears part.

I have termed this Roman culture, and with good reason. Until the declining days of the republic, so long as Rome retained her integrity free from foreign admixture, there is nothing more admirable than the position of the Roman citizen toward the state, — answering every call to her service, whether in war or peace, to a subaltern place or to supreme command, — if in an exalted position, yet obeying with punctilious exactness the laws which he was bound to execute, returning to private life poorer than he left it, and resuming the charge and duty of an ordinary citizen as if the *fasces* had never been borne before him. Scholars, familiar as you are with these models, you can do your country no better service than to reproduce them. In this steadfast loyalty was the invincible power of the Roman Republic. Its might was in its law-abiding spirit. By this it grew; by this it overcame; by this it culminated. When this declined, the pillars of its strength shook in their sockets. When this decayed, Rome became a mere glorious name in history.

Hebrew, Greek, Latin, — holiness, beauty, strength, — the triad unified in Him whose kingship they inscribed over his cross. Scholars, make them one in your aim and endeavor. They belong together in your culture; see that they be blended in your character and your life-work. Hellenize your religion by the grace and beauty which alone can give it a shrine worthy of itself. Hebraize art, taste, and literature by that ineffaceable *corban* which shall consecrate all that you have and are to the praise of God and the good of man. Romanize piety, genius, learning, eloquence, æsthetic culture, by loyalty to your country, your conscience, and your God. Thus, as in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin was written the inscription of mock-royalty over the cross, — over your lives, as the title of Him whose sole sovereignty you own, shall be written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin the name which the seer of Patmos saw on the Saviour's vesture, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

BACCALAUREATE HYMN.

TUNE, — "DENNIS."

I.

THY servants come, O Lord,
Before Thine unseen throne,
To give Thee praise with one accord,
For countless mercies shown.

II.

We humbly ask Thine aid,
Our unknown journey through.
May all life's varied work be made
Noble and high and true!

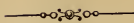
III.

Then whatsoever lot
Thy Love may choose to give,
We gladly take it, doubting not
We thus most truly live.

CLASS-DAY EXERCISES.

JUNE 19, 1874.

Order of Exercises.



I.

Music.

II.

Prayer.

By REV. A. P. PEABODY.

III.

Music.

IV.

Oration.

By RICHARD HENRY DANA, 3d,
Of Boston.

V.

Music.

VI.

Poem.

By ERNEST FRANCISCO FENOLLOSA,
Of Salem.

VII.

Ode.

By GEORGE RIDDLE,
Of Charlestown.

CLASS-DAY ORATION.

CLASS OF SEVENTY-FOUR, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS OF THE
CLASS OF SEVENTY-FOUR :

TO-DAY, this day of strange mixture of sorrow and pleasure, the gladdest, yet saddest day of the whole year, we come together as a class to bid our friends good-by; and it is my duty, and no unpleasant one either, to tell, only too imperfectly, the praises of our class in plain prose, to take a look into the future, and withal to say the formal farewell to those of our friends who, by their presence here to-day, express their *bon voyage* to us.

I have been told that it is hard on this occasion to avoid saying what has been said over and over again in other class orations. The difficulty I do not deny. But I confess it, not because new ideas and new phrases cannot be found, but because there are some things the feeling of the hour so strongly demands, that, though they had been said as often as once a year since the year 1636, I should as soon part with my best friend without a grasp of his hand as leave them unsaid. Therefore, I make no apology for beginning in the good old-fashioned way, and asking you to look back with me over the past four years.

It is customary to speak of the four college years as very short. Short, indeed, as the time may be in some respects, and although out of it Procrastination may have had his full share of plunder from many of us, yet when we call up these four years, and begin to tell story after story, we find the time so well packed with incidents, and so much to say, that one could go on and on, pushed by a crowd of pleasant recollections, until he had material enough to fill a book. What a book, too, it would be, and how greedily we would read it!

It has often occurred to me that a plain narration of our college days, a "Tom Brown" at Harvard, told with a simple adherence to the truth, would be very interesting, not only to all college graduates, but to many others beside. Such a book would be an object by no means unworthy of the time and intellect given to it by any member of any class; but how especially gratifying, to us at least, if the happy author should be one of the class of Seventy-four! Not only has he a class to draw his characters from, which have had unusual success in all that requires the exercise of the most manly and interesting talents, — a class which have pulled hard, and pulled together with unusual harmony; not only has he a great variety of incident and character, and a large number of bright, pleasant men to pick from, — but also think what a deep interest we individually should take in such a book; how in reading it we should recognize one classmate and then another; — how we should tell our friends, and perhaps our children, that this great student and scholar was our classmate; that that noble, generous character was our friend; that this Drysdale was our companion; and that that Hardy rowed in our crew; that this boat-race was won by our class; that that ball-match was won by our class Nine; that it was our class which was always the football champion, never being beaten by any class in a single game; that it was our class which furnished seven of the Harvard Glee Club, six of the Pierian Sodality, eight of the University Foot Ball Ten, six of the Harvard Cricket Eleven, four of the University Six, and four of the University Nine, at one time; and, in fact, that all the glorious deeds described therein were the glorious deeds of Seventy-four!

Lest I should infringe on the rights of such an author as I hope to see from our class, and lest the class poet should think I was trespassing too much on his ground, I shall limit myself to a few spots in the rich field of the class history. Beginning, then, four years ago, when we met in University for the first time as a class, and when we experienced the first thrill of class pride as we heard it announced that our class was to be the largest that ever entered Harvard; beginning with these days, not likely soon to be forgotten, when we received our first impressions of our classmates and made our new life-long friendships, and reluctantly turning away from many incidents which have impressed me as less important, — I would point out a few as deserving special notice.

Passing over our various successes in boating and ball in our Freshman year, I would call your attention to the fact that out of 178 men we had 91 on the rank-list, that of these a large number stood high in positive merit, and that it was, I am told, not only the largest number, but also the largest proportion of men obtaining so high a rank in the Freshman year for many classes past. Such a fact as that speaks for itself.

In the summer vacation, as you all know, our class crew won at the Ingleside Regatta. It is not that, however, which I wish to recall to your minds, although that is nothing to be ashamed of; but what I do want to call up is the exhibition of class feeling, as it is called, — that sympathy and interest in all class work, and that loyalty to the colors of '74 which has ever since been a leading characteristic of the class.

It was the crowd of classmates who had taken the trouble to come from home and witness the race that warms my heart to-day, it was their cheer upon cheer which greeted the crew as it came down the course which then put nerve into our failing spirits, which then and there for all the privations, loss of vacation, and all the hard work of months, repaid us to the full, and which here and now fires me more than I can tell, — it was the cries of "Harvard! Harvard!" and the "Rah! Rah! Rah!" that more than once has sounded in our ears. As the crew was nearing the end of the course, I recognized the voices of some individual classmates; and, to tell the truth, I have ever since regarded them with a peculiar feeling of affection, as somehow inseparably connected with the very idea of class sympathy. Of course, this enthusiasm seems wild and fanciful to many persons. They say it is a very simple, common thing for college friends to go and see their class boat win a race, — it is no more than natural. But it is its very naturalness which makes it of all the more worth. It is the natural expression of a feeling which, if not natural, could not exist at all. It was the first open and public expression of that impulse which has made this place more than a mere tread-mill for grinding out learning, and of which, I think, I do not say too much, when I call it the secret of much of our success here; and I think I do not hope too much when I hope it yet may be the secret to still greater success elsewhere.

This same strong sentiment in our class again showed itself in a more remarkable way.

For a long time back, perhaps for two hundred years or more, it had been a custom for the whole of each Sophomore class to meet together and hold a class supper. For several years before we arrived at the dignity of being Sophomores, this good old custom was interrupted on account of college society quarrels.

The class, seeing that that was both very foolish and worse than useless, knowing that if they admitted the wedge once, the gap would but widen between these who ought to be friends, and believing also that in unity alone is strength, were determined to break up, once for all, any such feeling; and therefore, putting aside all small jealousies and discords, they had a most successful gathering, of which we hold the pleasantest recollections, and in which all members of different societies, and men of no societies at all, joined together in perfect harmony and mutual confidence.

This social and moral victory was, I think, of more vital importance to our college life than any thing else that could have been done, by us at least.

We can, I imagine, get training enough in personal politics and factious intrigue after we leave college, without desiring to obtain honors in that excellent department of instruction while here.

Our example has been followed by succeeding classes, and thus we seem to have pulled up by the root that evil principle of society polemics,—polemics based on the smallest and pettiest distinctions, rarely arising from any great question, but springing out of the politics of cliques and personal jealousies.

But so far are men likely to be blinded by such prejudices, so much is action hindered and success impaired by it, and such examples have we had in other colleges of men so moved by society feeling and so gangreened by petty jealousies, and, more than all, college honor and character so lowered and cramped by them, that more than once have I thanked my good fortune that at Harvard we have little or none of that; and, above all, that to this class belonged the credit of being its destroyer ere it showed but its head above the ground.

At the beginning of our Sophomore year, the boat and ball clubs were in a low condition. The ball Nine had lost many of its best players, and the boat-club both missed its old oarsmen and was heavily in debt.

The class has supplied from time to time no less than nine players on the University ball Nine; and the boat-club has not only had new life and energy instilled into it, and a supply of new oarsmen from our class, but it is to-day my pride to be able to state that, mainly and almost entirely through the efforts of this class, the club is nearly free from debt.

This, however, is transitory. The ball-club will very soon lose some of its good players; on the river some familiar faces will be missed, and the boat-club may again fall into debt; but as the glory of a great statesman is not so much to have carried on the government well, and kept the State from loss and harm, but rather to have established such institutions and made such laws as will be a permanent benefit after he is dead and gone, so after we have left Cambridge, and long after we have gone through this our funeral service, perhaps the time will come, when, naming over those who have not only increased the interest in boating, but developed the system, subdivided and arranged the labor of carrying it on, and enlarged its facilities, the class of '74 may be recalled with no unthankful praise.

Although our class has had its full share of renown in the manly exercises, yet that has not, I am glad to say, prevented her from obtaining honors in the literary field as well; and perhaps the greatest monument to her energy and ability is that it was the first class that has ever been able to carry on two college periodicals at once.

It used to be hard enough to edit but one; and yet, while that one, which was of long standing and acknowledged success, was at the height of its fame, the second was started by men of our class alone. This has often been mentioned before, as something rightly to be proud of.

It must be difficult enough to start a new periodical at any time, and in any place. It must be especially difficult to start and carry on one with the success that has attended the *Magenta*, in a class out of which had already been chosen for the other paper as large a share of the best literary ability as was supposed to be in an average class; but, perhaps the hardest of all, and the most to be proud of, is that these two papers have gone on side by side without conflict or discord.

It seems to me that, as articles must be written at short notice,

as an editor cannot let his passion cool, cannot with Horace let his works lie hid nine years, and inasmuch as newspapers ever since the "Examiner" and the "Medley," the "Postman" and the "Postboy," including the "Independent," and "Gazette" of Pickwickian fame, and down to the present day, are notably the fields of bitter strife, — it seems to me, I say, of no less credit to the editors of both papers, and through them to the class, that they have made the gentleman spirit and the generous tone prevail, that they have produced twice the amount of poetry and prose, and interested twice as many readers as any year before.

The class has had the disadvantage of living, in one respect, in an inverted order of things. There exists an anomaly in college, which it may perhaps, one day, be in the power of some of those who have shown ability in journalism while here partly to correct.

The object of the founders of this University on the one hand, and of all thoughtful men who enter it on the other, is, I suppose, that they may be fitted for the greatest usefulness in the highest fields, by a most perfect education and wise habits of study. The chief end, therefore, of our being here, aside from the higher duties which follow us everywhere, the "Veritas," the "Christo et Ecclesiæ," is culture.

The manly exercises, the boating and ball, are but the handmaids to knowledge. They hold, indeed, an important and even necessary place, as strengthening the constitution, as increasing the supplies of energy, and as drawing attention to the observance of the laws of health.

They are, however, useful, only in order that we may be able to employ to better advantage and for a longer space of time the results of scholarship; and yet all must acknowledge that in point of exciting public attention the physical exercises have an undue share.

To be sure, too much stress laid on mere rank in college is perhaps more to be dreaded than too little; but still, why forget the great scholars altogether?

Columns of the newspapers are devoted to the accounts of the crews contending at the races, and every one knows the names of the six representing his favorite college; but how many, pray,

know as well the six best scholars of the graduating class? In the papers appear again and again the weights of the University crew, their ages, heights, and the girth of their chests; but when have we read of weight of learning of the head scholar, where do we find stated the maturity of his thought, the depth and height of his mental capacity, or the circumference of his stock of learning, filled with something else than empty air?

Yet, notwithstanding this wrong cast of the balance, the almost total absence of public incitement to scholarship, it is in my power to repeat some high compliments paid to the class at large for their intellectual standing, and, without making any odious comparisons, I shall say, and that from the best authority, that the class has shown unusual interest and worked with no ordinary success in the philosophical studies, that the themes and forensics have been of an uncommonly high character, showing clear and well-arranged ideas, careful and original thought, and, in general, that there has been a great deal of that wise kind of study which is done not for the sake of rank, but for knowledge itself.

There is one circumstance in the class history which I cannot pass over without mention, as showing as much as any thing I remember the pluck of the class, and yet not likely to be generally known. Although not myself personally engaged in it in any way, I had a good opportunity for observation.

Some of you perhaps read in your morning "Advertiser," about thirteen months ago, that the class races had taken place on the Charles, and that the first prize was won after a hard struggle by the crew of '74; but how little did you know of the difficulties and obstacles to be overcome, in order to get the head of the river?

Of our proper class crew, four were rowing on the University crew, one was unable to row for private reasons, and the only one left, who was then rowing stroke, had to give up just as the crew began regular work. What a state of affairs! Yet, notwithstanding all that, they plucked up courage, put another man in stroke, broke in another green hand, and were getting on as prosperously as could be expected as the day of the race drew near, when this third stroke-oar unluckily fell and dislocated his arm. Then, of course, they must give up. It was too near the

races to get any one else into form and condition to row, and the other crews were doing admirably. But no! Not so for the class of '74. It might do for others, but not for them. They put another man in as stroke, got still another new hand, broke him in, and worked harder than ever; and then on the day of the race, after many a long discouraging row, they entered as much to show the pluck of the class as in hope of gaining that victory which in my opinion was the most creditable among the many we have had in the way of boating. It was a victory not only over competing crews, but over opposing circumstances.

With this story of pluck and determination I close what I hope may be but the beginning of a still longer list of triumphs in moral and mental fields to each and all of us; and with reluctant eyes do I turn away from the history of a class which, without boast, I believe I may say holds no mean rank among those classes that have left a fair name behind them.

However delightful it may be to dwell thus on our past history, yet for us the future is more full of real, intense concern. We must let the dead past bury its dead, but we who are full of life and hope must prepare for to-morrow.

The future which naturally is so bright to us is sometimes painted in very dull colors. We are told of good old times in the past, but are informed that the present age has degenerated; we are left to enter, without hope, a losing race, and to know that after all our struggles we are to make no headway against wind and tide. This picture is enough to take away all heart for any effort; and we would at the outset be discouraged indeed, had we not a gleam of hope furnished in a quiet way by some of our old friends, Horace, Cicero, Lucretius, Juvenal, and Aristophanes. They let us into the good old times, as they are called, and show us what they really were. They talk, strangely enough, of the degeneracy of their times, as we do now of ours.

Yes: it is but the same old story. Always disparaging the present and future, and pointing back to an age which itself in its turn pointed back to another; and so on do we find them pointing back, until we come to the golden age, when men were wise enough to leave no records behind them to betray their failings to after-generations.

Although with all its ups and downs there is progress, and al-

though it is possible for this generation to leave the world a little better than they found it, yet it does sometimes seem as if we were on a receding wave of the advancing tide.

Without being one of those who desire a cheap and easy applause by decrying public men, and with all due praise to a few bright exceptions, I think when we hear of the dreadful disclosures, to which we have almost grown hardened by their frequency, in the highest political bodies, and when we see the corruption thence steadily flowing down all through public life, we may begin to cry out with good reason, and above all to dread lest, as in the lowest periods of French history, the public roguery will not keep in its own channel, but ooze out into private life.

But why should such a state of things exist?

We have certainly enough good men in this country who ought to keep up a different state of affairs, and who have shown themselves ready on great emergencies. Not only has the better class aroused itself in some of our cities and thrown off corrupt city officers; not only is there a great number of honorable, high-minded men in private life, only too likely to be overlooked, but remember that we have just carried on a long war, so lately that it needs no epithets to describe it now to you, on pure principle. These considerations should furnish us encouragement in the gloomiest hours.

Perhaps none of the class have forgotten a few words spoken to us, during our Freshman year, in the Upper Hall of Massachusetts, by Mr. Hughes, — Tom Hughes I mean. Some were, doubtless, then stirred by him with a determination to give attention to their public duties, and do what they could for country.

While appealing to us in a thrilling manner to take more interest in public affairs, — an appeal, which, had I his power, I would again doubly impress upon you here, — he said that the difficulty with our country seemed to be that the educated and best people disliked entering politics.

There is no necessity, I am sure, for repeating to-day what was so earnestly and well said to the class on the same subject, in the Baccalaureate Sermon last Sunday.

It is only too true that too many educated men do hold back from political life, that they do not attend the polls and nominat-

ing meetings as they ought; but that is not the bottom of the matter. There must be some sufficient reason for this lack of interest, and it is our duty to ask ourselves that reason.

I cannot make myself believe that our education has unfitted men for such work on the one hand, nor on the other that questions of state are not a field large enough for their capacities. I cannot believe that men whose habits of study have taught them interests outside of themselves, and whose knowledge shows them the necessity of purity in public life, have of their own accord lost interest in the good of the country.

No: there is a radical difficulty in the working of the political machinery. The reason that the better men do not much appear in politics is that this great machinery is so arranged that men of high principle and honor work at an immense disadvantage compared with the less scrupulous.

The best of the community are at the short arm of the lever; and when a truly good and great man does appear, it is only because he has borne up against enormous odds.

There is in the United States a great body of men who have gradually become to be improperly used in our political machine. This body makes up a sort of Feudal System. The leading portion of these men hold office, with salaries and perquisites, at the personal will of representatives of the people, and their subordinates hold their positions literally, and only on the same abject tenure; so that the whole body, from beginning to end, and including hundreds of thousands of men, are really in total subservience to the private wish of elected rulers.

Not many years after the establishment of the Constitution, this army of civilians began to be used not only for party purposes,—that would be bad enough,—but for personal political warfare. When once the fruit was tasted, it began to be devoured. This body has steadily increased in numbers ever since; and the practice of using the power of displacing from office for purposes of private promotion, and of considering office as the reward for personal electioneering services, has also grown, until now this is left to be treated as an unguarded field of plunder.

It was far from the intention of the framers of our Constitution that such a use should be made of these officials. When people talk of keeping to the spirit of the Constitution, let them look to

this. This custom, unjust from its nature, already having led to bad results and apparently coming to worse, is continued and recognized every day; and yet, if any thing can be unconstitutional in spirit, this is. •

But yet its great evil is not that it is unconstitutional, — it is worse than that.

This body of men, much larger than necessary, is for the most part irregularly and illegally paid. It is a fraud on the public. Their salaries are nominally small; but while congressmen are making popular harangues on frugality, and are obtaining great credit at home for their careful economy of the public funds, while they reduce the pay of the army and hinder promotion in the navy, and try to under-pay the judges, — these on whose integrity, learning, and prudence, in this country more than in any other, depend personal freedom and happiness, — while they proverbially under-pay these, I say, they continue old laws, or quietly pass new laws, authorizing an increase, not of salaries, — oh, no! for that would become known to the public, — but of perquisites of the purely executive offices under their appointment.

These legalized leagues of the public funds form twice, thrice, and often ten times the nominal salaries, in many cases five or eight times the salary of the Chief Justice of the United States, and yet paid out for work requiring little education or ability.

Yet the great evil is, again, not that this body of men is an unnecessary expense to the government, or even that there is irregularity and injustice in their payment. If that were all the evil, I would not have mentioned the subject here to-day. Such economy is better preached to those who have the public funds under their control. Nor is the greatest evil that no small part of this money thus received is given out, as an understood thing, for sustaining the most objectionable features of our election campaigns.

I do not bring up this subject to-day, because the members of this body under our present system are appointed not for fitness for office, but for fitness for electioneering services, not because some in office have been bullied into changes of position, not because outcryng injustice has been done to others determined to vote according to their sense of duty and refusing to assist in packing caucuses. No! the evil is still greater and deeper.

In ancient Rome, the republic fell, to be sure, as its best men lost their interest in public affairs; but the best men began to lose their interest only when the armed force of Sulla appeared at the city gates. What we have now to fear is that this large body of paid retainers are becoming, and have already become, a great Pretorian Guard to the politicians of each party as it comes into power. They do not do their chief work at the polls, or by influencing voters, or even by fraudulent counting of votes. Their power is at the preliminary nominating meetings and at the caucuses. It is an acknowledged fact, that is becoming more and more felt, that those who are called the people's choice are, with a few exceptions, not their choice at all.

Is it then very strange that the most honorable men do not *much* appear in political life, when we consider that they cannot, from their high principles, make that use of this body of men which the less scrupulous can, nor offer the salaries and perquisites of office as a reward for electioneering service? Is it strange that not only the highly educated, but, what is still more ominous, the best part of the working men of middle and humbler station of life, who really form the back-bone of the country, alike keep away from caucuses, which are managed by a disciplined, paid body, before whom other men have about as much chance of success as an unarmed populace before a regular army? Are such people greatly to be blamed for not attending the caucuses and polls, when they so well know that they are to cast a vote only too often on but a choice of evils? Experience has shown that there is no lasting benefit from periodical purifications in politics, nor will a change of party produce any better effect. The outs as well as the ins intend to make use of the same means. The outs may make fair promises at first, but when they come in power they are no better than the late ins.

What, then, are we to do? Are we, like Sisyphus, all our life long to be constantly rolling up with great labor the huge stone of political virtue, only to see it come thundering down again to its former level?

Αὐθίς ἔπειτα πέδονδε κλίνδετο λῆας ἀναδές.

There must be a great and radical reform.

Possibly the vast experiment of political freedom, which is

being tried on this continent, may one day fail, to the intense disappointment of all lovers of liberty, if its whole success is to depend on the ceaseless untiring efforts of its best men, made all the time only at great disadvantage.

And yet we are told by a certain one of the people's choice, that the civil service needs no reform — that it could not be better.

Here is the very point. It is because it is so particularly well suited to the politicians of each party as it comes in power, that I bring up the subject here to-day. It is because this reform, unfortunately called the Civil Service Reform, but which rather deserves the name of a National Reform, as it is not so much a change in the civil service as the virtue of the whole country that we wish to secure ; it is because this reform cannot be expected to be made by those whose whole prospect of a career depends upon the present state of our system ; it is because it must be started almost without aid from those engaged in politics, because it is an interest of great import to all men of all professions and all kinds of business, and a reform which can only be brought about by being forced at the polls by the universal uprising of all good men in the country, that to-day I make the suggestion, which I hope will meet your approval, that the graduates of this year make it their special work to do their utmost for this reform.

The means, as usually considered, for bringing it about, are to open the civil service to competitive examinations, to have length of faithful service considered as a means of advancement, and to prevent removal except for incompetency or misconduct. Such a reform, as you all know, has been made in England and has worked with great success.

To study this reform, make the necessary changes to adapt it to our government, so thoroughly to understand it as not to be blinded or satisfied by any pretence at reform, are parts of the work to be performed by just such educated men as you, my classmates ; and thus can every thing be so prepared, when the movement begins, that persons will be found ready to take advantage of that tide in men's affairs which must always be taken at the flood.

Each class orator is said to believe that his class is going to reform the world, and some old cynics take a quiet sort of pleasure in seeing how silently every thing goes on after the

class has graduated, how surely their high ideals come down, and how soon they are contented to keep in the ruts made for them by others.

Although I am not so sure that this youthful hopefulness is so entirely out of place, — for how stale and flat the world would be without it, — yet it is indeed a healthful piece of knowledge to remember that it is but little that can be done by us.

The influence of one hundred and eighty educated men scattered over the country may form in time an atom of the public opinion, but hardly more.

But what is it I am saying now? Let us look back one hundred years, and whom do we see before us but John Adams, Samuel Adams, Josiah Quincy, John Hancock, James Otis, Joseph Warren, all graduates of Harvard. They were then but unknown graduates of an unknown college, in an oppressed province in a remote quarter of the globe; and they had to contend against the greatest of the five powers of Europe.

Is it possible that there is any less chance of successful work to be done by some of the class who are here to-day?

To be sure, it is hardly to be expected that such great leaders will come from this particular class. It is not that, however, which is required of us. We can do a great deal of good merely by working in unison. That crew wins the race, not which has a Samson at an oar, but every man of which pulls together.

I remember seeing Mr. Sumner a short time before his death, and hearing him say that his generation had been but laying foundations of liberty and returning purity in this country, and that to us belonged the duty of finishing the work; and again he said that he looked to the young men of the country for help, and that on us must come the heat and burden of this strife.

Purifying, as a National Reform will be, and however much our public bodies will be improved by it, yet we cannot expect to be entirely free from corruption. There often looms up before us a fear of the great power of money, and the iron roads are forming that kind of net-work over us which is as much to be our dread as our boast.

You will, I feel sure, all agree with me when you hear the familiar platitude that the great aristocracy of wealth can only be counteracted, or rather led in the right direction, by culture and

education; and that this work must be done, for the most part, by graduates of our colleges. But to come to the rub. Will you, members of the class of '74, give up some of your time for ease and pleasure to regular study and improving reading, will you attend lectures, learn to love the highest art, and keep up with science and philosophy, — in fact, will you go through the drudgery? And that, too, not in the indefinite future; but will you begin this very next fall before the habits of application are lost? I am afraid I know only too well how it will be. Not far different from the old story. Coming back in fifteen years, we shall, perhaps, meet some old friend whose wit, good looks, and talents we formerly admired. His face will be round and smooth, and his eye have lost its light. We shall feel, though glad to see an old friend, yet somehow disappointed in him. Then again we may meet another whom perhaps we thought rather dull and slow in college. But what a difference now! His bright eye, his firm mouth, and his speaking face convey an unexpected pleasure. An indescribable change has come over a familiar face. Yes; for on his features culture and character, the best of nature's artists, have been moulding and chiselling for fifteen years.

We have lately been often asked whether we were not glad that we were so nearly through our college course. On the contrary, the feeling has been far different, with most of us at least. The very familiar types of joy and pleasure in poetry and song, the budding leaves, the springing grass, and the well-known note of one bird after another, have had this year a touch of sadness they never had before. They were the signs of parting from these old scenes and kind friends.

And now before the last few words, and while still clinging to the past, let me say that it is not the least of our blessing to be thankful for, that the class have met so little loss by death, — the only one, so early in the course that we hardly knew how kind a heart, how hard a student, and how steady a friend we were deprived of by the loss of Adams.

In the name of the class, I bid farewell to the tall and stately trees, the oft-trodden paths, the familiar walks, — good-by to the river, the foot-ball ground, and Jarvis Field.

In the name of the class, I bid adieu to the unappreciated en-

forcers of parietal discipline, to the tutors and professors who have opened broad fields of knowledge and thought to our view, and to the ever successful head of the University.

I bid farewell to the college-rooms, which, filled with old memories and associations, are soon silently and sadly to look on their unappreciating, unknowing, new occupants.

In the name of the class, I bid farewell to the old and homely buildings, and to those new and more tasteful, soon to miss — who knows for how long? — some cheery, familiar voices.

And lastly, in the name of the class, I utter the wish for peace and prosperity to the college walls. May her storehouses burst with plenty, and may she ever sit a fair queen, looking fondly on her loyal and loving children.

One word more to the class. If the time should ever come to any of us, as indeed it may, when the highest motives fail, when love of country, home, or kindred does not keep away despondencies nor give refreshing zeal, then try, as not perhaps the least effective, the thought of friends in the class of Seventy-four.

P O E M.



I.

I ONLY sing the song we all are singing,
For each man is a poet here to-day,
And each a wreath of memories is bringing
Upon the tomb of four dead years to lay.

And as I strike my lyre to wake the feeling
Which is, perhaps, unconsciously your own,
I hear through all its joyous measures stealing
The sad key-note in restless monotone.

And this is well ; for otherwise our pleasure,
Now so intense, would be a senseless void :
'Tis honest work alone which finds a treasure,
And sweetness is not such when unalloyed.

A million years may change the hosts of Heaven,
Through centuries vast nations rise and fall ;
But only once on earth our life is given,
And in its briefness is contained our all.

Then do not underestimate, my brother,
The difference between the Now and Then.
We came untutored boys before our Mother,
She waved her wand, and lo ! she finds us men.

Yet let us not of Future trouble borrow ;
Our friends should sympathize alone with joys :
To-day a thick veil hangs before To-morrow,
And let us still believe that we are boys.

The pleasant sun is smiling bright above us,
 As when we first ran through the daisied field ;
 And in the happy eyes of those that love us
 Old home associations are revealed.

Here in our second home about the portal
 A family of brothers we remain,
 Whose lives are one from mortal to immortal,
 Although we all may never meet again.

For, as the tiny bodies of the coral
 Are nurtured by their fellows' mutual play,
 So we our mental sustenance, and moral,
 Have drawn from one another day by day.

To-day both ties of family are round us ;
 And let us linger in their dear embrace,
 Forgetting stern Necessity has bound us
 To make our home with the whole human race.

II.

How vividly we can recall
 The looks almost funereal
 Of those who stood four years ago
 Beneath the sympathetic trees
 Which lent their own fresh verdant glow,
 All ignorant of the mysteries
 Which each dark building might conceal
 And which the future would reveal.

The new-fledged Soph stalked bravely by
 And scanned us with bloodthirsty eye,
 As ancient priests their victims did,
 Or Brighton butcher does his sheep.
 And then a bell rang overhead,
 Which, strange no more, has oft from sleep
 Called many an unrepentant soul
 Still dreaming of the flowing bowl.

But, like a set of painful dreams,
 That long examination seems
 Half shrouded in forgetfulness,
 As all its various subjects do.
 For who could now correctly guess
 The longitude of Timbuctoo,
 Or translate the Anabasis,
 Or scan a page of Virgil through?
 And who could now in Mathematics
 Extract cube-roots or solve quadratics?

Bright scenes come crowding thick and fast
 From out the bosom of the Past.
 And Memory only shows the roses,
 But covers o'er forgotten thorns;
 And reckons not of bloody noses
 Or battered shins or trodden corns,
 But only how we rushed the Soph,
 And hats as trophies carried off.

About our rooms, which tales might tell
 Of madcap pranks and joys, still dwell
 Affectionate remembrances.

 And we forget the midnight grind,
 Forgive the goody's carelessness,
 And, to our chum's ill-nature blind,
 Think of our life as happy play,
 From which we sadly pass away.

How pleasant in our fragile boat
 Upon the winding Charles to float,
 And watch the evening clouds grow red,
 And feel cool breezes round us blow,
 As o'er the mirrored sky we sped,
 Our pulsing blood with health aglow,
 And when the shades of night came down,
 Stronger and fresher, seek the town!

Our crews an honorable place
 Have won in almost every race ;
 And, even if the wrath divine
 Of river-gods o'erturn their boat,
 They swim with it across the line,
 And dripping seek the friendly float,
 Where laughing crowds the heroes greet,
 And cheer their unexpected feat.

The champions of the Harvard Crew
 With pride among our ranks we view,
 Each year more celebrated grown,
 The giants of each summer's course.
 And as this year we watch the sun
 Flash from their quickly dipping oars,
 May no diagonal's deceit
 At Saratoga bring defeat.

But other sports the warm days yield
 Upon the turf at Jarvis Field.
 Far out the anxious fielder sees
 A white ball quivering 'gainst the sky,
 And swerving sidelong with the breeze.
 A catch, a throw, the umpire's cry !
 Another victory over Yale !
 Nay, e'en the Boston champions fail !

Forget we not the Football Club
 With whom McGill had quite a rub.
 No doubt the valiant members hold
 Each bruise an honorable sign
 They did their duty, strong and bold ;
 And, time permitting, many a line
 'Twould take to tell the charms of Cricket,
 The valiant contests at the wicket.

Of course there never was a class
 Which could in scholarship surpass

The record of our Seventy-four,
 So many on the rank-list know,
 So many candidates before
 For honors in all branches show.
 And none could ever boast like us
 A triple-headed Cerberus.

A second College paper, too,
 Our class may boast of "putting through,"
 Which amicably holds its place
 Beside the Harvard Advocate.
 The Reading Room its birth must trace
 In future backward to our date.
 The French and German Clubs shall be
 Our gift to all posterity.

But while the stalwart Gods we woo,
 And homage to Minerva do,
 The Muses we do not forsake,
 Euterpe and Polymnia.
 Sweet sounds at night the students wake ;
 And busy voices sound afar
 The Harvard Glee Club's well-earned fame,
 The honor of Pierian's name.

Ah! sweet to stand at evenfall
 And sing beneath the elm-trees tall,
 Through whose soft rustling leaves the moon
 Glances with melancholy beam,
 While the delicious air of June
 Turns life into a fairy dream,
 And in the shadows grouped around
 The students listen to the sound!

Yet turn we from these higher themes
 To one which seldom comes in dreams.
 With us the ancient glory dies
 Of Commons we so well have known.

No more the stinging snow-ball flies,
 The hats shall now be let alone,
 No president shall grow irate
 When Freshmen dodge the flying plate.

And here just gliding from the shore
 We greet our gallant Seventy Four.
 Her canvas now shall be unfurled,
 And every port be opened wide,
 And to the evil of the world
 Defiance bidden with broadside.
 And ne'er her flag shall cease to wave
 Till all her crew are in the grave.

III.

LET voices be subdued within these walls
 Before an audience of unseen dead,
 Who even now perchance adown the halls
 Pass and repass with ever-noiseless tread,
 And in our faces look, and list to what is said.

When life was brightest, and their years in bloom,
 They rushed a-field to meet their country's foes ;
 With their own hearts shut out the impending doom,
 And with their blood, a price no human knows,
 Bought for a down-trod race immunity from woes.

The nation, on whose fate the whole world hung,
 Faced her inevitable problem then, —
 The dreaded problem shunned while she was young ;
 And in that hour she found her sons were men.
 They died, but in their death we all breathe free again.

But by their graves in some neglected spot
 Their great and noble spirits could not stay.
 They came to see if they had been forgot ;
 And, lo ! they find yon massive Hall's array,
 And would inspire the class that graduates to-day.

There in the shadow of the solemn tower
 Which stands at night with all the stars alone,
 'Neath arms of oak, the symbol of that power
 Which great men wield who break a tyrant's throne,
 The visitor with awe shall scan each marble stone.

No more the martial trump to battle calls ;
 And with the fiery test we are not tried,
 Like those who live in yon memorials ;
 And yet methinks there is a field as wide,
 Wherein we must defend the prize for which they died.

The gathering storm a century ago
 Upon the trembling air sent signs before.
 Men braced themselves for the last overthrow ;
 And all advantages we have in store
 We owe alone to those stout hearts of Seventy-four.

Yet do not think their victory is won
 While still the hosts of tyranny and wrong
 At work beneath the dome in Washington
 Would drain the country's blood, which once so strong
 Flowed busy through her veins, and commerce whirled along.

As long as sits Corruption on high thrones,
 And but in name the people's choice is free,
 And Congressmen fill offices with drones
 And vote themselves increased back-salary,
 And men the State and Church united fain would see,

So long the blood of slaughtered brethren cries,
 So long the fathers of our land implore,
 "Young men, with whom her destiny now lies,
 Take up the arms which we have used before
 And stern defend the heritage we hand you o'er."

But 'mid the inspirations of the Past
 The freshest is of him but lately gone,
 For years the Ship of State's most stanch mainmast,

Who fell asleep with his great victory won,
America's and Harvard's loved and honored son.

We saw the solemn train pass silently
Which bore him to his final resting-place.
And though, when we are called upon to die,
We may not be thus mourned by all our race,
Each leaves upon the world his everlasting trace.

A little pebble falling in the sea
Ruffles the ether to its outmost star.
And so our influence, whate'er it be,
Shall stretch into the misty Future far,
And that which men shall be result from what we are.

What eminence our country shall attain
In culture or in useful arts or power
Is ours to say; for we are like the grain
Of mustard-seed, or leaven within the flour. —
And the great end shall come in some unreckoned hour.

We have a standard of high aim to set,
A native literature to put in form,
A school of art it may be to create,
At least make culture and true friendship warm
Our frigid worldly rules into some higher norm.

Make men feel greater earnestness in life,
A childlike reverence for all they see.
Show the whole world with love and beauty rife.
Hope well of that which is through God to be,
And teach a steadfast individuality.

The sea is swayed by worship of the moon.
The mountains stand aghast before the storm,
Or gaze upon loved valleys nestled warm
Under their shoulders. Birds their sweetest tune
Pour forth in praise. So let us love and sing, —

For all things full of wondrous beauty are, —
 And reverence the lustre of a star,
 Be it in heaven or be it in some dear eye.
 So may the love of every man and thing
 Possess our souls, that we may not decry
 The meanest of God's creatures. World, thou art
 That mystery of which we are a part.
 And each event the years bring as they fly
 Is eloquent unto our listening heart.

E'en as this earth for countless years hath rolled
 About the sun in orbit of her own,
 With independent pride and all alone,
 Save one sweet page that doth her sleep behold,
 Yet bound by laws omnipotent of old
 To every swinging star that studs yon zone,
 The centre of an influence unknown,
 A unit free, controlling and controlled,
 So is the man of great and noble deeds
 Bound by the gravitating force of Right,
 Uninfluenced by those who feel his might,
 Holding his own amid all thoughts and creeds,
 Though reverent of all, a unit still
 Of social force, an independent will.

The years are stepping-stones by which we rise
 To dreamed-of regions. Like a distant peak
 Whose snowy top the mountaineer must seek
 By passing o'er the ridge that 'neath it lies,
 The misty Future looms before our eyes ;
 And longing for its beauty spurs our weak,
 Slow steps with hope we hardly dare to speak,
 And soon the goal is won to our surprise.
 No progress on this earth was ever wrought,
 No grand nobility of soul was seen,
 Where no strong wish disturbed the course serene
 Of men who were contented with their lot.
 Hoping, we grasp the hand that God extends,
 And in our own complete his perfect ends.

The dreamed-of Golden Age would come again,
 Nor stifled Virtue longer darkly grope,
 If we could teach our sordid countrymen
 Their hearts unto this Trinity to ope,
 Reverence, Individuality, and Hope.

IV.

WHENE'ER each business-driven dog
 Looks o'er the Harvard Catalogue,
 The papers which he finds therein
 Will quick recall what erst has been,
 And fresh before his eyes will loom
 His well-known recitation room,
 The ghosts of authors he has read,
 Examinations, squirt and dead.

Our much-revered professors too
 In memory's glass we oft shall view ;
 And Wisdom shall before us flit,
 Upon a mental black-board writ.
 Oh, had I a blue book once more,
 Such as we bought at Sever's store,
 How quick my loyal hand should fly
 To scribble on its page, or die !

O well-proportioned polygon !
 O parallelopipedon !
 In fancy's strange prismatic light
 You flash again upon my sight.
 O tangent, secant, and cosine !
 We've sung your praise o'er ruby wine ;
 And even sometimes made a note
 Of conjugate or asymptote.

Thank Heaven ! we have been taught to speak
 The native pure accented Greek.
 And those who study Latin know
 Rome's orator as Kikero.

Farewell, old Aristophanes,
 Euripides and Sophocles !
 The upper shelf, sirs, if you please,
 Where you shall be allowed your ease.

O horrid thoughts of Boylston Hall !
 My blood grows cold as I recall.
 A friend of mine, upon my word,
 Who water on some powder poured,
 Was driven down the stairway clean
 By a Phenylamylamene !
 The Chloropropionic there
 Delights, 'tis said, to make his lair.
 Beware the Pseudoporporine,
 The Ethomethoxanodine !

Come hither, pure Philosophy ;
 Press your Platonic lips to me,
 And sing the transcendental strain
 Sweet and familiar o'er again.
 Far, vague, and dim, strange spirits come,
 With wizzled forms and faces glum.
 'Tis Fichte's ghost astride the wind,
 With Kant and Hegel on behind !

Say, dwellers with the Noumenon !
 Where have the Categories gone?
 Leaves on your memory no trace
 This nightmare world of Time and Space?
 Mighty Trichomistic seer,
 Unto the Absolute Idea
 Our best respects take back with thee,
 And let it be assured that we
 All hope it isn't kept awake
 With Dialectic stomach-ache.

But all these forms are hid from view
 By History, and Physic too ;

And modest in the foreground is
 A sister troupe of Ologies.
 While timid Music ends the train
 With one low solitary strain.

V.

Look back upon the distant plain,
 From which your weary feet
 Have climbed the livelong day with pain.
 Glance o'er its pleasant groves again,
 And all its meadows sweet.

Now, at the setting of the sun,
 The mountain shadows fall.
 Dark lines across the picture run,
 And all the elm-trees one by one
 Come out distinct and tall.

Afar behold a smoky wreath
 Rise slowly and serene.
 Your ancient cottage lies beneath,
 And all your childish playgrounds with
 Their carpeting of green.

I see the furrows where our plough
 All day we used to guide,
 And clearings in the forest now
 Where our stout arms made tall trees bow,
 High up the mountain side.

There flows the crystal river still,
 In whose luxuriant flood,
 When through our haying on the hill,
 We tumbled at our own sweet will,
 And cooled our heated blood.

Thus, comrades, stay your course awhile,
 And thoughtfully look back.
 I see upon your lips a smile,
 As if regardless of the toil
 Before you on the track.

High overhead the bare peaks loom
 Whose summit are our goal,
 To Heaven so near, although a tomb
 To find thereon must be the doom
 Of each aspiring soul.

Turn back, and with a tear, O friends,
 The map unrolled review.
 An added charm the distance lends,
 And all its features memory blends
 Into a picture true.

Up from the ocean creeps the mist ;
 And Night with hurrying wing
 Hangs out her lanterns in the East.
 Quick ! fore the vision shall have ceased,
 And mark each fading thing.

Farewell, dear homes of bygone years !
 Sweet life of youth, good-night !
 Your fairy land is drowned in tears.
 Look up ! for now above appears
 Our only hope of light.

Look up ! for through the drifting night is gleaming
 A glory brighter than our earthly day,
 And all the toilsome rocks before are seeming
 To beauty softened in its holy ray.

The bow of promise arches o'er the Heaven.
 Glory and Love and Duty bid us come.
 Bright forms there are we have not dreamed of even,
 Ready within our hearts to make their home.

Our ways diverge, as up life's journey pressing
We set our feet toward the final goal.
Companions, brothers, give each other blessing,
For the last time let soul commune with soul.

Often shall we recall familiar faces,
And on these happy years delight to dwell.
But now the hour draws nigh with stealthy paces,
Which bids us grasp each hand and say

FAREWELL.

O D E.

MIGHTY Fount of our Knowledge, twice blesséd thou art,
Blessed with gifts of old age and glad youth,
Guided still by the deeds of those gone long before,
Moving on with the great living truth.
Works of honor all frosted with winters of time,
Shade the fruits that in spring-time will bloom.
'Tis the toil of the past which still strengthens our growth,
And makes light out of darkness to loom.

As the drops from the rain-clouds descend to the earth,
Pouring vigor and life all around,
Giving growth to the plants and upswelling the streams,
And imparting fresh green to the ground,
So, great Source of our Knowledge, instil thy pure drops
In the ground of our learning's poor store,
That, refreshed, we may join the great stream of the world
As glad off-shoots of Seventy-Four!

Alma Mater, receive a deep heart-felt farewell
From thy scions as onward they glide,
Floating gently to meet the swift ocean of life,
Looking on at the quick-coming tide.
Deep oppressed by the feelings that now we must part,
As the stream grows as broad as can be,
We but gaze at our sun sinking slow in the West,
Sure to rise clear from out our great sea.

CLASS SONG.

AROUND the flower-wreathed tree we stand
To sing our last, our farewell song,
Again to feel hand clasping hand,
And glad hearts beating full and strong ;
And spirits from the shadow land
Through memory's golden portal throng,
To tell us of the days of yore,
And bid farewell to Seventy-four.

The past is vanished like a dream ;
Before us, viewless to our eyes,
A silent-flowing, misty stream,
The dark, uncertain future lies ;
But peering through the gloom we seem
To see dim, beckoning forms arise,
Which hold our destinies in store,
And greet the class of Seventy-four.

And now our voices high we raise
To bid these classic shades adieu,
Forgetting not the vanished days,
But pressing onward to the new ;
Each going in divergent ways,
But every one remaining true
To the dear old class of Seventy-four.
Farewell, farewell, dear Seventy-four.

CLASS-DAY OFFICERS.

—♦—
ORATOR.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, 3d, *Boston.*

POET.

ERNEST FRANCISCO FENOLLOSA, *Salem.*

ODIST.

GEORGE RIDDLE, *Charlestown.*

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ARTHUR LITHGOW DEVENS, *Cambridge.*

ASSISTANT MARSHALS.

WILLIAM GORDON McMILLAN, *New York, N.Y.*
JAMES LAWRENCE, JR., *Boston.*

CLASS DAY COMMITTEE.

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ROBERT ALEXANDER SOUTHWORTH, *Charlestown.*
WILLIAM ROYALL TYLER, *Brookline.*

IVY ORATOR.

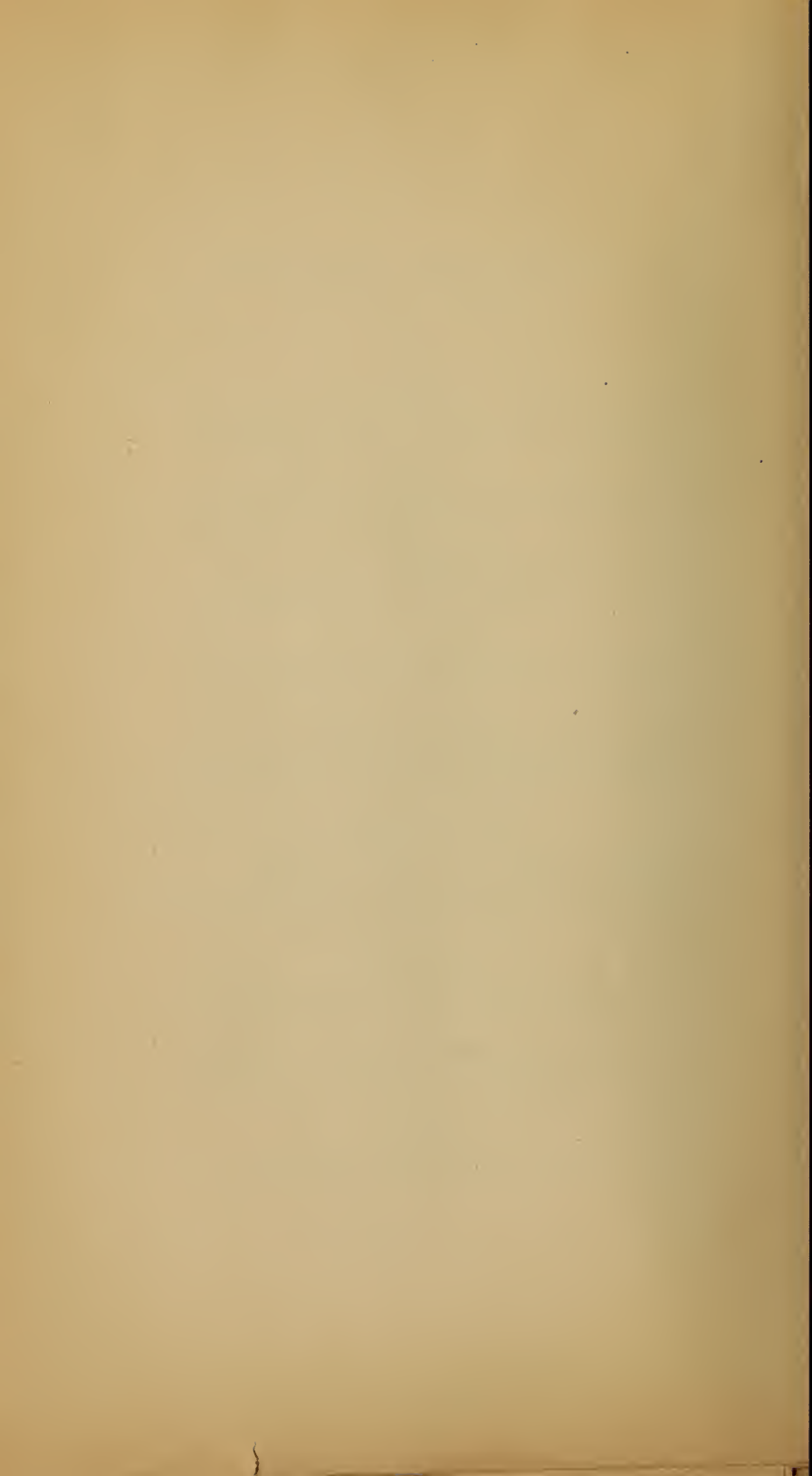
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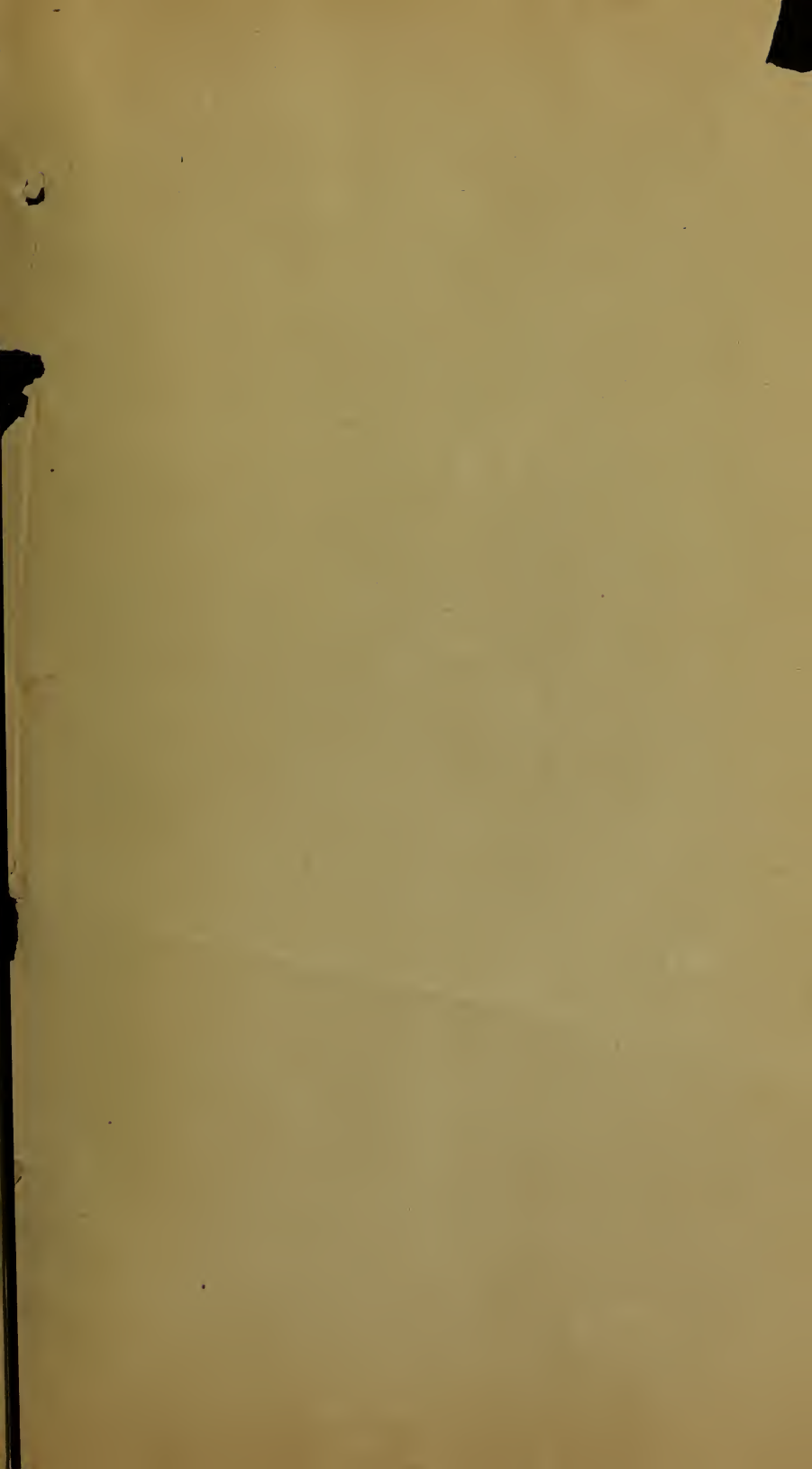
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