

Sheiburne Historical Society

ARMS

STUDENT



DESIGNED BY A. C. H.

JUNE, 1888.

F. H. AMSDEN & CO.,

6th Grand Fall and Winter Opening of Dress Goods and Trim-
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G. W. JENKS,

SHELBYNE FALLS, MASS.

ARMS STUDENT.

VOL. IV.

SHELBOURNE FALLS, MASS., JUNE, 1888.

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WILLARD F. BOYDEN, '88,	EDITORIALS.
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E. GRACE WING, '89,	EXCHANGES.

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Address To Graduates.

Members of the class of '88, your course at Arms academy is finished.

No more at morning and at afternoon will the school bell summon you to your daily tasks.

The days have grown to months the months to years, even as the mountain stream grows into the mighty river. In days to come your thoughts will often revert to the happy time of your youth. Again in fancy the dear old bell will give its warning strokes, the morning hymn, the Sacred Word, the Lord's own prayer, the songs of memory and

of love, the bright smiles and the loving words of many a comrade, softened and mellowed by the gentle touch of Time, with all the associations of faded flowers and all the freshness of vernal bloom, will come to you amid the mists of Memory.

Yet we must not linger too long in the past.

You stand at the parting of the ways. One road leads to death, the other to life. Before the first I would say with Dante:

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Before the second:

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The Spartan mother said to son departing for the war: "Return, my son, with your shield or upon it." I say to you departing to the battle of life. "Sons and daughters of Arms, return with your honor, or only as the immortal spirits of those to whom honor was far dearer than life."

Remember these words of the great Tuscan:

"For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won,
Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,

Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth
As smoke in air or foam upon the wave."

Make "life worth living" for some one else, you will find it worth living for yourself. Choose the highest ideal and strive to reach it.

A great poet has said:

"Four daughters were there born

To Raymond Berenger, and every one
Became a queen."

Young ladies' of the class of '88, foster-daughters of Arms, it depends on you to make it possible for some future poet to say:

"Eight daughters had the class of '88
And every one became a queen."

Young gentlemen, Emerson has embodied in four short lines a thought I wish you to consider to-day. He gives the stanza the title "Excelsior:"

"Over his head were the maple buds,
And over the tree was the moon,
And over the moon were the starry studs
That drop from the angel's moon."

In ancient times men sought to learn their fates by the stars. The positions of the heavenly bodies were eagerly scanned. Astrologers declared to the credulous and inquisitive their horoscopes.

Dante has said:

"If thou follow but thy star, thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven."

Shakspeare with keener insight declares: "Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

Astrology may be wrong and astrologers may be deceitful, yet this much truth is in the science: there is one star under whose benign influence and radiant lustre the rich, the poor, the high, the low, are guided to immortality. No jar of colliding worlds can dim its brightness, no "fervent heat" shall ever meet it. I care not what planets were in conjunction at the time of your birth, whether you entered the race of life under the influence of Jupiter or Saturn, or the "red planet" Mars, if your eyes and hearts are turned towards the "Star of Bethlehem," your horoscope is better than that of an unchristian king and is gemmed with the jewels of immortality.

Accept these diplomas, the rewards of perseverance and industry and if, as you take them, you seem to hear the farewells of your *fellow-undergraduates*, listen more closely and you will hear amid the farewells, shouts of hearty welcome as you become Alumnae and Alumni of Arms academy.

FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

Class Poem.

To-day we stand at life's gay portal,
A world wide sea before us spread,
A bright sun shines our voyage to gladden,
A cloudless sky smiles over head.

We hear no angry billows roaring,
The wind and wave are all asleep,
It is with trustful heart we enter
Upon the calm but treacherous deep.

The waters murmur sweetest music,
Our hearts throb like the throbbing wave,
We think of joys that may be ours,
Between our launching and the grave.

We venture out to deeper waters,
As ships sail proudly from the bay,
All staunch, by tempest yet unshaken
So we depart from Arms this day.

Farther and farther out we'll venture,
As ships from sight of friendly shores,
Yet Arms we ever shall remember,
And come with gladness to her doors.

What if the sea for us be roughening,
And thunders peal, with threatening roar,
And smiles of sky, to frowns be changing,
And clouds on darkest pinions soar?

Though waves against us soon may battle,
And winds play rough against our sail,
Though clouds should gather black and threatening,
We'll meet them all, and never quail.

The golden rule is on our banner,
And wisdom's hand holds firm the helm;
With such a motto, and such seamen,
No storms our barque can overwhelm.

Fear neither boisterous wave nor tempest!
Sail boldy out upon life's sea!
Nor wind, nor wave can overwhelm us,
If ever thus we guided be.

Sail on! Our mission to perform,
To do for others while we may,
Each signal of distress to answer,
Unfurled by ships in danger's way.

To aid, disheartened shipwrecked sailors,
To warn of rocks and shoals unseen,
To labor for some noble purpose,
To love the high, and scorn the mean.

Some day we'll reach the heavenly harbor,
Some day shall see on Heaven's strand,
Him who doth hold both land and ocean,
As in the hollow of his hand.

Thou, too, sail on, our Alma Mater!
Thy youngest child bids thee farewell!
Fulfil the purpose of thy founder!
The ranks of education swell!

In future years may'st thou think proudly,
Of this year's class beloved of fate,
A loyal class, that loved thee dearly,
The class of eighteen eighty-eight.

We, too, dear Arms, will thee remember,
Thy teachers also long and well,
Those who to us have been so faithful
In memory's halls shall ever dwell.
Each other we'll remember class mates,
Each of these names we love too well
To take them from the page of memory,
Where fond associations dwell.

In far off year of distant future,
Each name shall with a magic spell
Recall the scenes of our past school days,
And all at Arms we love so well.

And when the tree we just have planted,
Its leafy branches shall out spread,
Some future day in far off June time
To this loved spot may all be led.

And standing 'neath its shady branches,
While thinking of this youthful time
The breezes through its leaves, shall whisper
The music sweet of "Auld Lang Sync."

And we'll take up the swelling chorus,
O! may our band unbroken be!
When we shall sing dear "Auld Lang Sync."
Around our well loved, old class tree.

EDWARD COKE BILLINGS.

History of Class of '88.

When the traveller, after a long journey, has at length arrived at his destination, he lays down his burden, and for a time busies himself with the varying landscape, through which he has so recently passed. In the same manner do the members of this class, as they stand at the dawn of a new era in their lives, lay aside their burdens and cares, and looking back over the few short years so swiftly flown, render thanks to an all wise Providence, for having so safely kept them together.

We, the class of '88, having profited by the large amount of advice, left by the preceding class, as a reward of our kindness towards them, now stand ready to show a record, both in scholarship, and deportment quite equal to theirs.

The first meeting of the class of '88 was held Sept 22, 1884, at which time Edward Prouty was chosen president.

The class then numbered twenty seven the largest number it has ever reached. After much disagreement, and discussion, the class decided to choose bright blue and white, as their class colors, which have since been changed to the more recent shade, heliotrope.

Shortly after our entrance here, we held our first sociable, and we prepared so elaborate, and enjoyable a programme, that we were unanimously voted Champions.

Note should be made of the Field days of '85 and '87. The '88's, being few in number, took scarcely any prizes, but we must remember they were developing their mental faculties instead of their physical.

As a class, we have been very accommodating, having willingly aided the class of '87 in publishing the ARMS STUDENT one year, and for the last year, with the help of the other classes, we have endeavored to keep up its standard.

The Anniversary week of '87 still lingers in our memory, for at this time we made our first public appearance and were left the onerous burden of being seniors, an honor, which we have borne in as dignified and humble a manner as the other classes.

During the Fall of 1887, believing we must follow the example set by our illustrious predecessors, after many noisy meetings we decided to present the Drama "The Stolen Will" and the farce "A Love of a Bonnet."

These plays, with kind help of fellow-students, we performed with great financial and social success.

During the winter, the class held the An-

nual. Masquerade sociable, which needs only to be mentioned to recall pleasant memories to all.

While attending school here, many social events have brightened our paths. Who can ever forget the pleasant evening spent at Miss Crittenden's, and the equally pleasant one spent with Miss Wilcox, or the New Year's sleighride to Miss Andrews', with the bountiful repast after our arrival, and the souvenirs to remind the young ladies that it was Leap Year?

May 22, while the other classes were studying hard in the warm schoolroom we planted a young maple, and with it, a small portion of the class funds.

Among the former members of this class are Mark Brown, Edward Prouty, Albert Davenport, Will Davis, Fannie Gleason, Emma Stiles, Lizzie Burrington, Fannie Russell and Nettie Carley. Some are teaching, others farming, and one is studying dentistry.

Edward C. Billings, our president and orator is 19 years old and weighs 134 lbs. Previous to his coming here, he attended the Conway High school. He has attended A. A. three years, and during this time, he has endeavored to teach the improved way of spelling, as taught by "Josh Billings." His future occupation is to be the undertaker's trade, as he has already had some experience in burying the class wealth.

Minnie E. Basse is 19 years old, five feet two inches in height and weighs 108 lbs. She has attended A. A. seven terms, and Northfield Seminary four terms, and has taught school a short time. She is educating herself to become a missionary to the Fejee Islands. It is an established fact that she has an exceedingly mild temper and was never known to like her own way.

Marion E. Crittenden, the smallest pupil in the class first looked upon this world of sorrow and disappointment Nov. 19, 1870. She is a graduate of the S. F. Grammar

school, and has attended A. A. 12 terms. Her favorite study is German, and her favorite amusement violin playing. She has never taught but is preparing herself to teach "The Theory of Long Life," after her education is completed.

Daisy E. Severance, lightest in weight but not intellect, is 17 years old, and has attended A. A. 12 terms. She, also, is a graduate of the S. F. Grammar school, and intends to study telegraphy. She has never allowed any one to get the best of her until recently, when forgetting herself, she allowed the opposite party to gain the score.

Madeliene Mary Wilcox, class secretary and treasurer, is 17 years old, and on account of having to carry the burden of the class funds has diminished in weight to 110 lbs. She is to be a school teacher.

Mary S. Long is a resident of Shelburne and has attended A. A. 8 terms. She has light hair, blue eyes and weighs 125 lbs. Like many of her classmate she likes variety even in programmes. Her favorite amusements are gum chewing and playing croquet during school hours. Her future occupation is unsettled.

Anna C. Carpenter, a resident of Blackinton, is 18 years old, and weighs 120 lbs. She has attended A. A. 3 years. Before coming here, she attended school at Winsted, Conn. She believes in originality and humor, but is a little absent minded at times, as was shown at a recent class meeting, and said "Mr. President; I move we graduate from the Baptist Church." Her future calling is school teaching.

Eliza M. Anderson is 19 years old and weighs 105 lbs. Previous to her coming here she attended Greenfield High school besides studying much at home. Her favorite study is Moral Science. She is to teach school in the future.

Last, but by no means least is Willard F. Boyden a native of Conway. He has atten-

ded Deerfield academy, and Conway High school previous to his coming here. He is 21 years old, weighs somewhere between 175 and 100 lbs, and intends to vote a straight Democratic ticket next Fall. He says his matrimonial prospects are very good, as he has already received one proposal.

During the last year one of our number was taken from us. While to-day we mourn the loss of so beloved and active a member, we have faith to believe we shall all meet again in that higher school where all is happiness, and where sorrows never come.

"Her memory brightens up the past.
As when the sun concealed.

Behind some distant cloud that near us hangs.

Lights up the distant field."

During our brief stay here we have had our share of disagreement, and quarrels, but they were all settled in due time with good will, and contentment. Now are paths lead us in different directions, and to different callings. Some may be bright and flowery others rough and stormy, but wherever we are, and in whatever position in life we may be, our love for this institution, its teachers, and surroundings shall never waver.

EMMA M. HAIGIS.

'88.

Class Will.

We, the members of the class of '88 of Arms academy, being conscious that the time of our departure from this institution is near at hand, and being in good bodily health, and of sound and disposing minds and memories (notwithstanding the severe mental strain which we have of late undergone) deem it to be "in accordance with the fitness of things" that we hereby make, publish and declare our last will and testament disposing of our Arms academy possessions in the manner following, to wit:

Firstly, to our dearly beloved '89's as a class, we do unreservedly bequeath, for one school year, the back row of seats in the school-room of said Arms academy, on condition that they always conduct themselves therein as "dignified seniors" even as we ourselves have done.

We do herein nominate and appoint Mr. F. A. Tupper to be sole judge as to whether they so conduct themselves, and if in accordance with his wise judgment their deportment is contrary to proper school decorum, and unbecoming the dignity of seniors, we vest him with authority to *depose* them therefrom, and to chastise them with due chastisement.

Secondly, we give and bequeath to our beloved '89's as a class, the management and proprietorship of Vol. V, of the ARMS STUDENT and the responsibility of editing the same, on condition that the young ladies of said class will not allow their minds to be so engrossed with the attentions of certain young men of this village, as to unfit them for such a responsible and influential a position.

Thirdly, we give and bequeath to the several teachers of Arms academy in manner following, to wit:

To our dearly beloved teacher, Miss A. T. Andrews, a work on analytical mechanics interspersed with duplex quaternions in the German tongue.

To our dearly beloved teacher "Professor" S. E. Brown the sole custody of the post-graduate student, who got shut up in the closet, with the understanding, that she relinquish the authority thus vested in her, when said student shall be claimed by another woman promising to cherish and protect.

To our dearly beloved teacher Mr. D. M. Spaulding a sleigh that will not tip over.

To our dearly beloved principal Mr. F. A. Tupper, a library consisting of the following volumes:

"Peck's Bad Boy and his Pa," "Peck's

Bad Boy and the Grocery Man," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Bad Boys' Diary," Ten volumes of dime novels morocco bound. "Life and Adventures of Jesse James," "Adventures of Buffalo Bill," also 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents where-with to pay his fine for breach of promise of marriage, 1 cent having been already contributed from Easthampton.

Fourthly, we bequeath to our dearly beloved janitor (Mr. Mark M. Brown) the sole care and custody of the Academy mice, and in case he neglects to care well for the same, we authorize the trustees of Arms Academy to discharge him, and employ another to act as janitor, who, shall have first taken a solemn oath or made a solemn affirmation to protect and cherish said mice to the best of his ability.

Fifthly, we as a class give and bequeath to our several members as follows:

To Mr. W. F. Boyden a work on "The Fitness of Things," with the hope that it will reform his villainous character.

To Miss Anna Carpenter a treatise on "Dancing."

To Miss Minnie E. Basse a work on the "Essence of happiness" hoping that she will "impress it on her mind."

To Mr. Edward C. Billings a box of soft-wood tooth-picks and a stick of mustache wax.

To Miss Anderson a text-book on logic.

To Miss Severance, "The Complete works of Mark Hopkins" and a work on "Antinomianism."

To Miss May E. Crittenden any number of violin bows, but deeming it to be "in accordance with the fitness of things" and knowing her liability to have too many beaux of another sort, we thing it best hereby to limit her number of gentlemen beaux.

To Miss Mary Long a bottle of "Pain's Celery pills."

Lastly, we herein nominate and appoint Mr. F. A. Tupper to be sole executor of this our last will and testament. ANON.

Prophecy of the Class of '88.

One beautiful day in May I was wandering through the fields gathering wild flowers, my thoughts the meantime, busy with my classmates.

The words of an old song arose to my lips.

"Flowers have bloomed, and flowers have faded. Since we first us class-mates met. [ed Happy scenes have passed before us, Memory whispers 'ne'er forget.' Now the future lures us onward All unknown in what it brings. Brighter hopes perchance it wakens Sadder songs perchance it sings. But the life we see before us Is all bathed in fairy light, Like the purple flush of morning Or the roseate clouds at night."

At length I heard a voice and looked about me to see whence it came but could see no one. Soon I again heard the same voice and this time it seemed close by my side.

Glancing into my basket I saw a jack-in-the-pulpit standing erect amongst the other flowers. It was he that had spoken to me; as I stared at him in amazement, he said: "I cordially greet you, my friend."

Now if you would know what the future brings forth to your class-mates; go to yonder sturdy oak. There at its base imbedded in moss, you will find a pair of rose-colored glasses, "Put them on and tell me what you see." I did as I was bid, went to yonder tree and found the beautiful glasses among the moss and flowers.

I raised them to my eyes; when lo! the massive gate of time swings back on its hinges and the future is spread out before my vision.

O Jack! Shelburne Falls is now a large beautiful city. Its growth is due to several manufactories that located there in 1889.

The streets are lighted with electricity and paved with stone.

The city contains many elegant residences

and public buildings. But the most beautiful building of all is constructed of white marble and located on the hill back of where Arms academy still stands, and commanding a charming view of the winding Deerfield and surrounding hills.

This Institution is a Young Ladies' Seminary and one of its principle aims is to promote true politeness.

I notice every young lady says "excuse me," if she commits the slightest offence.

This Seminary has become one of the best in America under the direction of its fine principal, Miss Eliza Anderson. Jack, I am proud to own this successful lady as one of my former classmates. Long life and continued prosperity to her.

It is evening in Naples. The streets are filled with people on their way to the Grand Opera House, for to-night a new star is to appear in the musical world. The house is soon filled to overflowing, and at length a slight figure robed in sea-green satin embroidered with pearls, glides on to the stage. She gives the audience a graceful bow and commences to play on a dainty ebony violin. Strains of beautiful music, accompanied by a pure sweet voice fill the room. A perfect shower of bouquets greets her and she is encored time after time. What is there in the expressive brown eyes of the beautiful singer that is so strangely familiar? Can it be possible that this lady is Marion Crittenden?

Yes it surely is the May I used to know.

For several years she is Queen in the musical world. I next see her happy and contented as the wife of a great orator. In the beautiful city of Shelburne Falls all is excitement, for the people are being stirred to the very depths of their natures by a series of lectures given by a noted lady, who has been heard in nearly every American city.

Last evening her theme was: "The vast superiority of woman to man, and to-day the men of this city are so thoroughly convinced

that woman is superior to them, that they have decided to vote for a lady who has been nominated for president for the coming term. Behold a fair type of the good Emma Haigis has wrought, for the world renowned lecturer is none other than she. Although the programme gives her name as Mrs. Emma Parsons Warner Jenks Carley Loomis Von Gibbon. Parsons, Warner, Jenks, hated themselves to death because their wife was so much their superior. Carley died of overeating, Loomis skipped to Canada because his wife most severely reprimanded him for eating peanuts. The last husband Mr. Koomernauf Parates Von Gibbon will probably be outlived by his noble wife, whose deep brown eyes are as lovely as ever, her cheeks as rosy as in her school days, and, I'm sorry to say, she is just as fond of chewing gum.

After graduating from Arms, Mr. Billings studied law, was admitted to the bar and practiced for a time. At length growing weary of this he went into the undertaker's business. Happening to settle in a locality where three of the '87 doctors practiced, he was kept so busy, that he was obliged to give up this work on account of his failing health.

One day he was lying in a hammock under the shady trees. All at once a huge eagle swooped down and caught Mr. Billings up in its strong talons and carried him far, far up into the blue. He hears the spirits of the air murmuring all about him and soon they become more familiar. One wee little spirit puts to him this question: "When you went to school did your professor ever send you to your seat, because you didn't have your lesson in Moral Science and were you vexed?" Mr. Billings promptly answers, "Yes he did just once, and all the rest of the class as well. . But it wasn't in accordance with the fitness of things."

Now a wiser spirit asks him if he thinks ambition is a desirable trait of character?

This starts Mr. Billings to talking and very soon he is surrounded by a host of spirits that hover about dumb-founded at hearing so much wisdom expressed.

When he has "orated" for about twelve hours without pausing once, the huge eagle returns and carries him back to his frightened friends.

Soon I see him again and this time a graver orator than ever was Demosthenes.

Let me tell you about the first one of the '88's who decided a single life was not a happy one and so took a partner. This young lady always declared when at school, that she never should meet the person she would care to marry. Never the less she changed her mind and one day not many years after she graduated from the Academy every one that had ever been a member of the class of '88 received an invitation to the marriage of Miss Anna Carpenter to—to—well, Jack, perhaps you will excuse me from mentioning the gentleman's name, as it might be embarrassing. The Wedding Ceremony was to

take place at eleven o'clock in the Baptist church, North Adams. The day dawned bright and beautiful. At the appointed time the bridal party arrived at the church, the groom and his "best man" come forth from the vestry and wait at the Altar. As the organ peals forth in melody, the beautiful bride comes up the isle leaning on her father's arm. Her shimmering white satin falls in graceful folds about her slender form, opals shines on her neck and arms. The misty bridal veil is held in place by a crown of orange flowers. Upon arriving at the altars the father stands to the right and the bride and groom kneel for a moment in silent devotion. The words are spoken that make them one, and the groom places on the bride's finger the marriage ring. After receiving congratulations they go from the church.

On either side of the walk leading to the street, stands the members of the class of '88, and, as the happy couple pass, beautiful white

flowers are strewn in their path and showers of rice fall about them. May their matrimonial sea, ever be calm.

One afternoon in the spring of 1893 I attended the graduating exercises at Oberlin college. I am much pleased with the beautiful music, and deeply interested in the essays that are being read. Somehow it carries me back to the time I was graduated from Arms.

Time seems to pass very rapidly and ere I am aware of it, the valedictorian has appeared on the platform. She is a tall girl and has an earnest, pleasing face about which clusters wavy golden hair.

Her essay is entitled "Something Beyond" and she holds the audience spell bound with the grandeur of her rhetoric. Jack, imagine my surprise when I behold in the valedictorian of the class of '93 Oberlin College my class mate Mollie Long.

Her life from this time is the most varied of any member of the class. She studies music at Boston, for a time; then having a desire to become an artist goes to Italy.

After two years of diligent study several beautiful pictures are produced. The most interesting one of all to me is a school-room scene. By one of the desks stands Mr. Tupper with a sarcastic smile on his face. He is pointing toward the waste paper basket and watching the dogged movements of a line of young gentlemen who are on their way to deposit their gum in the said basket. Miss Long has devoted a great deal of time to this grand painting. Another represents the interior of the Baptist church at Shelburne Falls, brilliantly lighted with gas. On the platform stands James Connell in the act of delivering his oration.

In '96 it being leap year she proposed to a young Reverend. He calmly informs her that it is his painful duty to decline, as he already has thirty candidates waiting. Filled with hatred toward the whole masculine sex,

she resolves to spend the remainder of her life as a missionary in the Cannibal Islands.

Daisy Severance was invited to spend the winter of '89 with her aunt in New York. She accepted the invitation with much pleasure and scarcely five weeks had passed before Miss Severance was acknowledged the belle of the city.

I see her now standing before the mirror, where she has stood for the last two hours. She is to attend a grand ball this evening and is very desirous to surpass all the other beauties. Strange—but the hair that was a soft brown, is now as white as the "driven snow."

Possibly it has been bleached. Her cheeks are unusually rosy but surely Daisy hasn't become so giddy as to use artificial bloom? The expression on her face reminds me of music heard afar off in the night. She turns away from the mirror now with a languid air to take her pet poodle rat up in her arms and talk to it in a most affectionate manner.

Every evening for the last two weeks, with the exception of Sunday evening, Miss Severance has danced till very late, or rather, early in the morning more truthfully speaking.

Her waltzing is divine, people say.

To morrow she will give a green dinner and it will doubtless be the success of the season. Every thing is to be green, except the food.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the enchanted glasses call me to penetrate the future still farther and three seasons from the one which acknowledge Daisy Severance the undisputed belle of New York, I see her travelling in France with the descendants of the family.

Her name did not have quite the aristocratic sound she fancied so she has changed it to Daisyretta Severentiar. The papers state that she is soon to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Fetzkanitz Fetzdoodle an English lord.

Quite a distance from the heart of the busy city of Conway there stands an elegant brown stone mansion in the midst of beautiful grounds.

An odor of June roses pervades the place just now and the liquid music of the fountains greets the ear. Stretching to the east in a large park in which the deer roam at will, and songs of birds gladden the heart. This place is known as the Willard Mansion and is owned by a fine looking dark-eyed gentleman. By one of the low French windows sits a lady engaged in painting a spray of hyacinths.

It seems as though I had met this lady somewhere before, but I cannot see her face very plainly, as it is nearly hidden by the beautiful lace drapery about the window. Opposite her is seated a gentleman in a large easy chair. He looks up from the paper he is reading, and asks his wife: "Shall we go to the opera this evening? you know the popular violinist Marion Billings is to appear."

There is rather a romantic story connected with this couple, perhaps it might interest you, Jack. In 1888 Madeleine Wilcox graduated from Arms academy and then took up music as a specialty. One summer evening she was strolling in the grounds about her home, when a stranger came up the walk and rang the bell. Soon her brother came out and said, a gentleman would like to see her in the parlor. On entering the room the stranger rose and extended his hand; "Miss Wilcox, do you not know your class-mate?" "Why, Mr. Boyden, is it possible this can be you?" "Certainly it is I, and now Madeleine, why don't you say you are glad to see me?" "O, I am very glad to see you, but how changed you look, with that heavy mustache."

Before he went away that evening he asked her to become Mrs. Boyden. She told him she never could, unless he sacrificed his mustache. This he vowed he should not do, although he loved her dearly. If he was

obliged to part with either it must be her, for he never could part with his mustache. Time passed by. Mr. Boyden has become immensely wealthy by the manufacture of false mustaches. But he is not quite happy, for he often thinks of Miss W—and desires to see her once again. She is abroad now and is not expected to return for years. One afternoon Madeleine Wilcox sits by the river Rhine listlessly gazing into its blue depths. She is softly humming the familiar song—“I’m dreaming now of home among my native hills, I’m dreaming of home and of mother.” “Yes home, mother and Willard Boyden,” she says half aloud. “I will make preparations to return home on the morrow.” It is summer again four years from the summer Mr. Boyden parted from Madeleine. He heard of her return and decides to call. Again, he asks her the same question, will she change her name to Mrs. Boyden? Her answer this time is, “If you will sacrifice your mustache and become an Episcopal rector,” “I will agree to your last request but not to your first” replies Mr. B—So they a compromise; He becomes an Episcopal minister and is allowed to retain that precious mustache.

To-day I see them as I described to you sitting in their beautiful home a happy, couple.

Suddenly the beautiful rose colored glasses vanish in a most mysterious manner and my vision of the future fades away. The roseate hue turns to the less romantic color of every day sun light.

VALEDICTORY.

The Problem of Life.

In this world, with all its varied and picturesque beauty, the most grand and noble object is man.

Man, although enveloped in grandeur and crowned with the insignia of authority on earth, finds it hard to exist and conducts himself in accordance with the laws of God and of his fellow-men.

The Omnipotent sent His creative spirit over a formless and chaotic mass of elements, through the realms of mist, to bring light out of darkness and to form a fit habitation for the human family. This magnificent earth, rising out of chaos, was, at its completion, dedicated to man.

Ever since man assumed the possession of his dominion he has been trying to render a just solution of the problem of life. From the buoyant youth to the venerable heads that are crowned with silver locks all are puzzled with the question: How can I best live to make the most of life, to be at peace with my fellow-men, and have it right with me hereafter?

Death is a necessity of nature; so it has been in the past, so it will continue to be in the future. It is whispered on every side. The verdure that clothes the fields flourishes for a little while and fades away. The mighty herds of buffaloes which were once kings of the western prairies have become extinct, and can only be traced by the huge bones that are bleaching in the sunshine. Rivers become brooklets; lakes barren deserts; and the very rocks and mountains crumble and disappear before the powerful destroyer, nature. Yet, amid all this change and dissolution, nature smiles on man and obeys his commands. He uses the wind and the water for his servants. He plays with the giant electricity as lightly as the moonbeam plays with the spray of the mighty cataract. He deals with the many and powerful elements of nature to quiet his imagination and satiate his curiosity. He is hurried on by the ambition of heroic men, and inspired by the lofty examples of noble predecessors.

Yet, amid all this glory and splendor, his works, too, are subject to the inevitable hand of destruction. The antique castles, representing generations of toil and untold suffering, that once stood in bold relief against the blue of heaven have crumbled and fallen

away. The monarchs of those stately edifices, who were proudly robed in regal glory, are mouldering beneath the wild flowers which blossom in profusion over their unkept graves, and the solitude of their resting places is only broken by the songs of the birds and the sighing of the wind. Years are spent in accumulating fortunes that fade away at a breath. Nations rise out of the wilderness to towers above their neighbors only to fall. The very culminating point of prosperity is but the stepping stone to dissolution and ruin. A person may be a respected, honored citizen to-day and an outcast to-morrow. Although darkness and gloom enshroud the realm of man, yet life is worth living, worth striving for, and the noblest efforts will surely be rewarded:

“Life is real! life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;
‘Dust thou art to dust returnest,’

Was not spoken of the soul.”

The spectacle presented to the human race now is far superior to that presented in ancient times. Then the cast in which one chanced to be born and nurtured shaped his destiny. As the quaint hieroglyphics of Egypt are deciphered, we learn of the atrocious crimes committed among the old Egyptians, and rejoice that our lot was not cast with theirs. Later on, history informs us of that cruel mode of ostracizing and petalizing just men, and we feel grateful that we were delivered from that age. Trace the course of civilization down to the Dark Ages, when the connection between light and darkness was held, as it were, by a mere thread, and be thankful that we have escaped that terrible era. In vain we search the annals of history, in vain we try to find a period when the circumstances, the conditions offered to man eclipsed those of to-day. We now enjoy the privilege of living in a land free from despotism; free from those bigoted ideas of the past; free from the misery and torture

that were once inflicted upon man because of the religious sentiment expressed; and abounding in free educational institutions and places of worship. What prevents man in this era from making his own road and attaining the true ideal of excellence? The world of to-day is truly equipped with all those facilities essential to a correct and noble solution of the problem of life. All that is lacking is men possessing resolution and sincerity backed by a spirit that is satisfied with no low ideal.

Life is not a mere game of chance in which some have their paths festooned with flowers, while others grope in darkness over the narrow and slippery passage. It is true fortune seems to smile on a few, while it appears to frown on others; but, as a usual thing, if man gets anything worth having, he works for it, and the costlier the labor, whether mental or physical, the more will he enjoy that which is obtained.

Stand on the shore of the Atlantic on a calm, clear day; the broad expanse of water stretches as far as the eye can reach. How gentle and peaceful those smiling waters seem, the ships gliding majestically to and fro unmolested. One would little dream of the peril, misery and even death which that harmless appearing sea could cause. We look again, the whole aspect is changed; the mighty waves come rolling in; the ships are tossed hither and thither like so many leaves before the autumnal gale, every moment the billows threaten to dash the frail boats to pieces on the rocks; and the roaring of those angry waters, caught up and borne by the wind, grates harshly on the ears of loved ones on the sea washed shore.

So in life, when the course flows smoothly, when the path is clear and there are no obstructions to discourage, how peaceful, how pleasant, and how beautiful the view seems! but when the clouds hang heavy overhead, when misfortunes come bearing down and discouragements threaten to over power

Shelburne Historical Society

how dreary and how irksome life is! Yes, "the bitter must be mingled with the sweet." But as the roughest sea is followed by a perfect calm, so it is possible for the most bitter life to blossom into one of loveliness; and may every one who directs his gaze on the remote peaks of the lofty mountains, on the radiant tints of the golden sunset, or on the brilliant lustre of the stars that stud the heavens as with gems experience the thought of him who said:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like a quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

To-day our turn has come to say farewell to dear associations and sweet memories of the past; to leave our pleasant surroundings, and begin a real solution of the problem of life. It is not until the hour of parting arrives that we are led to feel the full force of separation. To-day we realize now firmly the ties of school friendship can become entwined around the heart.

To you the people of Shelburne Falls: we take this opportunity to express our thanks for all your assistance and the interest which you have manifested in our public affairs.

Respected Trustees: to you who have so generously and ably directed the welfare of this institution, belong the hearty thanks and best wishes of our class. It is a pleasure to acknowledge the services of those who are concerned in promoting the search for truth and the blessing of learning, to those who aid in drawing out occult treasure and developing

those faculties which would otherwise lie unimproved. We tender our respect and thanks to you.

Teachers: as we turn to you, we feel that our utterances are feeble and far from awarding you a just tribute for your kindly labors. You have made the path of knowledge a path of pleasure, for you have led the way and with a gentle hand beckoned us to follow. To-day we pass out from your care; we go, but we carry with us your teachings, the examples you have held up, and your influence stamped upon our hearts. At present we can give but little in return for your services, and for all the evidences of your kindness; but accept our gratitude and our sincere thanks, and let us trust that our future lives and characters may form a just recompence for your never ceasing toil and anxiety. And may you, (Principal) who have taken especial pains in directing our footsteps, in imparting true principles, and in setting a noble example, ever be successful in your labors, and may true happiness be yours here and hereafter.

Class-mates: it is with sorrowful hearts and deep regrets that we sever the ties which bind us together. Happy recollections cluster around the old school days; those walks are dearer, and the fragrance of those flowers sweeter than those of other days. During our course of study here the angel of death has visited us. A dear sister member has taken her joyous flight from the shadows, the sorrows and the tears of this earth to witness the dawn of that perfect day.

Although her place is vacant, yet her image is enshrined in our hearts; and in our fond imaginations we picture her standing where the placid waters break with gentle murmur on that celestial shore ready to welcome us home. A few years of social intercourse, and of labor have formed a friendship that cannot be easily broken. Yet a little while and we part. Our paths diverge. We go from a cloudless sky to be lost in the mist. In after

year, when we recall those faded names, those beautiful pictures and those pleasant gatherings, may we cherish tenderly the friendship formed at Arms.

Friends, teachers, and class-mates, we part as the little brooklet leaves its source even to drift wider and wider to the sea; but as every stream finds a home at last in the mighty ocean, so may we, after we have all solved the problem of life, meet in one unbroken band on the golden shores of God's eternal sea.

WILLARD F. BOYDEN.

"Like Lucifer, never to hope again."
But "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

The eternal years of God are hers.

But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

Truth has inherent qualities of endurance
It never shudders at the sight of an adversary. In the face of evil fallacies, and false principles, it is as calm and serene as the sky above us, but firmer than the everlasting hills.

Charles Sumner succeeded Daniel Webster in the U. S. Senate after the Missouri compromise measures had been passed. By this compromise, it was thought by a few unphilosophical statesmen that the great question of slavery in America was forever settled. Such a one had told Mr. Sumner that he had come upon the field too late—that the great questions had all been settled.

His memorable reply was an ethical truth; "Sir, no question is ever settled, until it is settled right." The self-evident truth enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created free and equal, at this time, seemed crushed to earth, but, true to the lines of the poet, it rose again, and the eternal years of God are hers, but slavery wounded writhed in pain and died among her worshippers.

That right should triumph over wrong is a Divine law, and human legislation is powerless to stay it.

The United States Supreme Court once decided that the negro had no rights as a citizen which the Constitution was bound to respect. But there was a higher tribunal than the Supreme Court of the United States, in the consciences of the people; the decisions were conflicting, and the clearer conscience of the people ruled.

The remark of Sumner that "no question is ever settled until it is settled right," is true so far as it respects broad and general prin-

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

"Tiens a la verete."

Error, like the house built upon the sand, has no foundation. Falshood is laid bare and perishes from the exposure; sophistry is shattered as by a thunder-bolt; heresy is trampled under foot and expires.

Truth alone is immortal! Assail it, and it rises in imperial majesty with no breast plate, no hemlet, no shield. It lays bare its invincible arm. At every advance of the enemy it rises in mighty indignation. The stronger the opposition, the greater its opportunity. It is like the house built upon the rock: when the floods come, and the winds blow, and the storm beat upon it, it falls not, for it has foundations like the foundations of the City not made with hands. Says Milton: "Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensing, to make her victorious: those are the shifts and defences that "Error against her power."

Error is of man's device. It is temporal and artificial. It has no inherent quality of endurance. It may "flash like a meteor and go out." It does not shine steadily on through the ages like the sun, and when it falls, it falls

ciples, such principles as contribute to the ultimate freedom and happiness of the race. Individuals and nations have suffered wrong without redress; but it is evident that many of the high crimes against humanity have but contributed to the progress of truth in the world.

Every student of history knows that truth from the earliest date of recorded time has marched forward to the song sung by the angels at Bethlehem, "peace on earth good will to man." It has battled superstition, refuted heresy; overthrown tyranny and despotism, and established democracy. It has brought man to an equality, and has let the "oppressed go free." It has snatched the sceptre from tyrants, and crowns from the heads of kings to place them upon the heads of the sovereign people. Even now it is looking forward to the time when war shall cease, and international feuds be settled by just principles of arbitration.

The time when men triumphed by sheer force of arms is rapidly giving place to the time when right, not might shall rule.

The higher we rise in the scale of civilization the more do we fight our battles by reason. When civilization, which now is only in the bud, develops into a "bright consummate flower, we shall conquer not by the shedding of blood, not by stratagem, not by sophistries and browbeating, but by the might of truth, by the intrinsic worth of our argument.

Man in the nineteenth century is growing reasonable; he is breaking the chains of superstition; he laughs at signs and omens of which the ancients stood in awe.

To seek the truth is the intellects' noblest effort. To act in accordance with it is the highest aspiration of the soul.

Freedom of speech and a free press are the decisive battle ground whereon truth and error grapple. All reform is due to agitation, and the freer the agitation the more speedy

the reformation. In America unrestricted agitation is and has been an immeasurable blessing. Other nations have writhed under the hand of despotism, but tyranny is incompatible with free speech and a free press. These are the potent hands that reared the massive column of this temple of liberty; that struck the shackles from the slave and set the Copestone upon it. They have taken up the cause of temperance and ere long Liberty will stand robed in the temperance *garb of white.* "Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,

Or a drop from the fearless pen,
And the chains accursed asunder burst
That fettered the minds of men!
O, these are the swords with which we fight,
The arms in which we trust,
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time cannot dim or rust!
When these we bore we triumphed before,
With these we'll triumph again,
And the world will say 'No power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen.' "

EDWARD COKE BILLINGS.

Prize Speaking by class of '89, at Academy hall, was witnessed by a large audience, on Monday evening, June 4th, at 8 o'clock. The programme was as follows:

1. Mona's Water,	E. Grace Wing.	Anon.
2. How He Saved St. Michael's	Edward C. Bradford.	Staushury.
3. The Hero Woman.	Florence A. Russell.	Lippard.
4. The Widow of Glencoe.	Sadie E. Reed.	Aytoune.
5. The Fireman's Prayer.	Music.	Cornwell.
6. Legend of the Organ Builder.	Edward W. Fuller.	Julia Dorr.
7. The Famine.	Grace E. Canedy.	Longfellow.
8. The Women of Mumble's Head.	Lou L. Goodnow.	Scott.
9. Mount Tabor.	Herbert A. Russell.	Headley.
	Music.	
	Award of Prizes.	

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

"*Tiens a la verite.*"

1. Music.
2. Oration. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." Edward C. Billings.
3. Class History. Emma M. Haigis.
4. Music.
5. Class Poem* Mary S. Long.
6. Address to Undergraduates. Willard F. Boyden.
7. Music.
8. Prophecy. Minnie E. Bassee.
9. Class Will† Madelaine M. Wilcox.
10. Music.

* By Edward C. Billings,
† Anonymous.

'88's Ode.

[TUNE "LONG, LONG AGO."]

Soon we must part from the scenes that we love,
Dear Eighty-eight, dear Eighty-eight.
Ever we'll strive for the mansions above,
Dear Eighty-eight, Eighty-eight.
Long have we lingered as Students at Arms.
Now we must leave her "endearing young charms,"
Soon to encounter the world's rude alarms,
Dear Eighty-eight, Eighty-eight.

What though the battle of life must be fought,
Dear Eighty-eight, dear Eighty-eight,
Surely for this we have wisely been taught,
Dear Eighty-eight, Eighty-eight.
Let the loud billows rush in on the shore,
Loud let the surges tumultuous roar,
Firm for the right let us stand evermore,
Dear Eighty-eight, Eighty-eight.

Yet once again ere we part let us say,
Dear Eighty-eight, dear Eighty-eight,
Ever we'll keep in remembrance this day,
Dear Eighty-eight, Eighty-eight.
Time shall not weaken the love that we feel,
Change shall not lessen our fondness and zeal,
Arms e'er will find us as true as tried steel,
Dear Eighty-eight, Eighty-eight.

F. A. T.

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CALENDAR.
Fall Term begins, - - Friday, Aug. 30th, 1887.
Fall Term ends, - - Friday, November 18th, 1887.
Winter Term begins, Tuesday, December 7th, 1887.
Winter Term ends, - Friday, February 25th, 1888.
Spring Term begins, - Tuesday, March 13th, 1888.
Spring Term ends, - Wednesday, June 6th, 1888.
Anniversary Exercises, - - June 3d, to 5th, 1888.
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