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BARBARA FURLONG

Volume II

Number 5

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**THE VOICE
of the
Phi Sigma Class**

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Editor G.H. Beard

Note: The Editor has been surprised more than once, by hearing two or three of the members suggest (ironically or otherwise we do not know) that this issue of The Voice would be unusually elaborate. If this has been said in good faith, he is at a loss to know on what ground the gentlemen base the suppositions. However he would merely say that he has only a very ordinary paper to offer, necessarily much below the standard of his predecessors, so far as the Editor's work goes. For the two contributions, one from Mr. Hulin and the other from Mr. Small, he is greatly obliged - especially as he thinks over the misfortunes in this direction of the last Editor.

Editorial

Several weeks have elapsed since the Voice of the Phi Sigma was last heard.

Silence has reigned over our class, or perhaps more correctly speaking silence has reigned instead of our class. But the world at large has not been silent, for in the days that have come and gone, many a "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" have sounded pleasantly in our ears, and the joys which such occasions bring have not been one whit less than usual.

The merry din and confusion of preparing for the Holidays, - the cheerful firesides, around which, at Christmas times we love to gather, the many tokens of love and friendship which come and go hither and thither, - and the pleasant interchange of greetings on the first day of the New Year, all serve to make our hearts warmer - our faces brighter, and the inspiration which they bring, the happy memories which they leave, we cannot too highly appreciate.

Surely then our silence has not been out of place. - But now we stand across the threshold - now we gaze in wonder thinking what the year shall be.

Members of the Phi Sigma! As we look back on '79, are there no misgivings as to time wasted? -no regrets for opportunities unimproved? -We are not given much to moralizing, but it does come very much into our thoughts that as a class and as individuals we shall miss, if we are not careful, an opportunity which comes to boys and young men but once, viz: that of preparing ourselves so that our lives will prove unmistakably that "life is worth living". -What then of 1880? We can make it, to a large extent, what we will. The answer must come in our actions. -In such a case, they alone are to be relied on. However, there is one rule we would remind our members of as being of primary importance viz: that in taking up our studies, we, to a much greater extent than heretofore, make all else subservient to them.

Duties of course we all have which cannot be overlooked, but at the same time we are quite convinced that there is much which might - nay, which must if we would be successful - be put aside when necessary to our thorough mastery of a task.

With the publication of this issue, our new officers take upon themselves their respective duties, and we take this opportunity of extending to them a hearty welcome, sincerely trusting that their reign may be glorious.

The best tribute that can be paid to those whose term has just expired, is their own efficient management. -We know of no Chairman of the Phi Sigma who has been so successful in satisfying all the members of the class as Mr. Wilson, and we think -if we may mention one thing over another, -that we especially owe to him our thanks for his close attention and promptness in executing the duties incumbent upon the office.

Of the studies before us we can hardly say much now, but we await with interest further developments

Although not one of the projectors of the plan, we honestly hope it will prove eminently successful and beneficial.

We close our remarks with one more suggestion and that is that we all - while in the class especially -be more careful of something as easy to lose as a one dollar gold piece.

Gentlemen, it is TIME.

(Editor)

OIL REFINING

In the northern part of Pennsylvania there is obtained, by boring deep wells into the earth, a thick, greenish, oily liquid known as Petroleum (from petra rock, oleum oil). It is from this petroleum, or crude oil as it is commonly called by refiners, that several useful substances are obtained. For the purpose of seeing how anything so apparently useless is made to yield that which can be utilized, we paid a visit to an oil refinery situated about ten miles south of Jersey City.

Our first impression upon arriving at the refinery was, what a dirty place and what disagreeable odors. But we soon became accustomed to this; or, perhaps, more correctly our thoughts became absorbed in what was going on about us. It is difficult to describe to you the appearance of the refinery, but you may, perhaps, be able to gather some idea of it, and the magnitude of the work carried on there, as we proceed with this subject. Our attention was first called to several iron tanks capable of holding about 1200 barrels of oil built above large brick furnaces. Into these tanks which are called "stills" the crude oil is run, a fire built in the furnace and by the heat from these the oil is reduced to a vapor. This vapor is conveyed into coiled pipes called "worms", passing through large wooden tanks, called "condensers", filled with water jumped from an arm of the ocean on which the refinery is situated. The vapor thus coming in contact with the cold water is reduced in temperature and becomes a liquid again, but of different composition. This is conveyed away in pipes a short distance to a brick structure where we proceeded to take a look at it. We ascended a short flight of stairs and found ourselves in a small, oily looking room on one side of which was a row of large, round iron pans, into these there was flowing a slightly colored liquid. This we were told was what had just passed through the condensers. When the heat, as we have stated, is applied to the crude oil, and it begins to evaporate, passes through the water

and is condensed, the first that flows into the pans is a little water found in the oil, next a light liquid called "naphtha", and then unrefined oil or "distillate" as it is called. These liquids flow in the same pipe i.e. one pipe from each still - one after the other with no apparent difference to an inexperienced eye but an expert can quite readily tell when one liquid ceases to flow and the other begins, and he thus adjusts his pans: while the water is flowing he allows it to pass out of an opening that conducts it away; when the naphtha appears he closes the first opening and opens another that allows it to pass off through a pipe into the naphtha tank, where it is ready for the market; when the distillate appears he closes the second opening and opens a third through which the oil passes into a tank to await further use. There is drawn off from the stills, after the above named parts have passed off in vapor, a thick substance, called "petroleum tar", which is used in certain manufactures.

This that we have thus far seen is the process of "distillation" which you will see is necessary before the oil can be refined - in a word it is by this process that an oil that can be refined, is obtained. If you will now bear with us a little longer we will look at the operation of refining proper.

The distillate, mentioned above, is drawn off into a large vessel called an "agitator", where a strong blast of air is forced up through it. This blast is so arranged as to carry with it an acid that takes from the oil the impurities. As we looked at the oil thus agitated it appeared to us to be boiling at a tremendous rate. This agitation is continued for about twenty minutes, when the blast is turned off and the oil allowed to settle. The acid, settling to the bottom with the impurities, is drawn off and sold to the manufacturers of fertilizing material. The oil is next washed by playing a stream of water upon it: and further treated with an alkali (caustic soda) to remove all traces of the acid. It is then drawn off into "settling tanks" where it is allowed to settle for about twelve hours. If the oil is then found

to be "up to the test", that is if when measured by the proper meter, the point at which it ignites is found to be 110 degrees Fahrenheit, it is ready for the market; if not, it is treated with steam until it is brought to the proper test.

The oil is now run into barrels ready for shipment. A large quantity of it is put on board of vessels and carried to Europe; we saw a vessel taking in a cargo to be carried to Bordeaux, France. They fill and ship about 4000 barrels per day.

This, without going into the details, is all that is done to the oil from the time that it is brought into the yard until it is carried out.

Thus we saw the crude oil, so unpromising, transformed and stowed away, a clear, colorless liquid, in the hold of the ship to be carried across the ocean to fill the lamps that will light up the family circles as the people gather around them these long winter evenings; or taken to fill the lamp of some light-house that will warn sailors from the rocky coast.

C.H. Small

After these pages of dry, yet oily description, you may like something a little different, we will therefore append the following, perhaps familiar lines, which came to our notice not long since:

"The brewers should to Malt-a go, the loggerheads to Sicily,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles, the furriers to Chili;
The little squalling, brawling brats, that break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon, to Lapland or to Brest.
Spinsters should to the needles go, winebibbers to Brundy,
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles, wage in the Bay of
Fundy.

Lovers should hasten to Good Hope - to some Cape Horn is pain,
Debtors should go to O-hi-o, and sailors to Maine.
Let gardners go to Botany Bay, and shoe-blacks to Japan.
Thus emigrants and misplaced men will then no longer vex us,
And others, not provided for, had better go to Texas."

C.H.S.

They were in the boat together and as it cleared the waters' edge, she sprang lightly out, exclaiming with considerable assurance, 'Oh! Georgel How glad I am to be on "Vice Versa" again'".

Sensational Literature

There seems to be an inborn desire in many if not most persons, especially in the young, for writings of a sensational nature.

So broadcast is this desire that no daily paper dare be without its columns devoted to news of this character. In our own city we plainly see this; one of our papers especially is an example, where whenever there is the least shadow of a chance for a sensational article, particularly about any prominent personage, the paper avails itself of the opportunity and dispenses a large amount of the vileness for the eager throng of its readers. Even the best of our papers are not free from perading before the public the murders, robberies and other criminal deeds of for the most part low and notorious characters.

In addition to newspapers there is a great number of such weeklies as the "New York Weekly", "The Fireside Companion", "The Boys' and Girls' Weekly" and the like, the names of which by the very fact of their general distribution are known to us all, which may be placed in the same general class of writing.

Lately there has sprung up a number of periodicals whose entire object is to obtain news of this description from all over the country and to rehash it for the readers, accompanying the written matter with wood-cuts intended to attract the notice of the passer. In this way the "Police Gazette" and other papers of a similar nature, have sprung up, and no doubt from the fact that they seem, to be always kept by the newsdealers, they must have a very large circulation.

Quite recently also another paper, whose only boast can be freedom from decency, has sprung up, with the object of ridiculing everything, especially religion.

Many more books with like intention but of different appearance have grown up alongside the old Dime Novel, which so long had the credit of being the only channel by which this

literature was diffused. These latter day novels have like the rest of the train a great circulation. The writer himself is acquainted with persons, who have had perhaps twenty or thirty of them at a time and by making exchanges with others have been enabled to read scores of these stories during that incalculably valuable time when they should have been training up their minds and bodies in readiness for their not far distant manhood. Scarcely a young man of today were he to own up honestly to the fact would deny that he had a period in his life in which he was much interested with reading of this description, obtained from papers, magazines, books or what not, that contained these startling and often to him infatuating accounts of mean and even low actions of vulgar and notorious persons.

One fact is noticable in this connection, namely, that this morbid desire, as we may call it for this low class of writings, among adults, is not confined to the criminal and ignorant masses. We see continually persons of highly respectable positions in society reading these sensational stories in one form or another. The larger part of these persons do not read such periodicals and books as we have mentioned - they feel it far beneath them to do so - yet how eagerly do they read the columns of their daily paper devoted to this purpose.

When we come to analyze this desire for sensational reading we are at first at a loss to determine its origin and are prone to lay it (to quote from the truly good Presbyterian Catechism) to "the natural depravity of the Human race", but upon fuller examination we are forced to believe that it springs from the passionate emotions of man together with what was so well brought forth some time ago in "The Voice", under the title of "Imaginations", namely, the desire all persons have to read and hear about wonderful and exciting events which naturally leave play for the imagination. This desire is then twofold: in the first place, a desire for thrilling and even impossible

stories which is the result of men's desire, the world over, for the pleasures of the imagination, and secondly, the desire for accounts of unlawful and base deeds, which springs from man's passionate or perhaps more forcibly speaking from his animal nature. Every human being has more or less of this nature within him, which is ever ready to show itself when it has the temporary mastery of the man, and which is overcome more and more as he becomes educated and refined - education here referring to his moral as well as his intellectual being.

The effect of this reading is most marked in the young, where the imagination is strong and the intellectual forces not yet powerful enough to fully maintain their authority. The circulation of this trashy literature is very general among the youth of today. Those who have not had an opportunity to investigate would be surprised to know how very generally these vile stories are read by the young. We might mention to the class several young boys, known to most of us, children of prominent merchantile and professional men, who all the time are devouring this "literary garbage" as Joseph Cook would call it. Of course the more the young are permitted to read such books and papers, the more this animal nature gains control. Besides all of this there is great loss of time. Every one of us has had a portion of his life devoted to the acquiring of knowledge and to harmless pleasures which tend to strengthening of the mind and body, if there is any portion of this time squandered we lose proportionately. A year or two ago we read an article in one of the daily papers in which the writer maintained that a person obtains three-fourths of the knowledge which determines his future course before he is eighteen years of age and argued from this the consequent necessity of improvement during the years of childhood and youth and the injurious effects of reading anything but good substantial books.

When we consider all the evil effects of this literature, we may be very thankful that the worst part of it is not read by

one half of the human race anyway, it being confined mostly to male beings, in whom the animal nature is stronger and more marked than the other sex. Though even the gentler sex is not entirely free from this passion.

Having considered some of the main points in regard to the evil of this Sensational Literature, let us conclude with a word in regard to the possible methods of expelling the worst of it from decent society. We find that the greater portion of these publications are printed in New York City and by one or two leading houses. This being the case it seems as if now that all these great forces of vice are concentrated, that they might with persistent effort be met and vanquished. Now that various societies for the suppression of vice, cruelty to the young, etc. are being formed, could not a society for the suppression of such papers as the "Police Gazette" and others of like nature, as those of Frank Leslie and George Munroe, be formed, which would uproot this evil from the land? Public opinion must first be brought to bear against the printing of these low and vile sheets and then may we hope for the best. In order that this may be brought about there must be constant agitation of the subject by the press and public generally, and when the whole nation is brought down against it we will have at least accomplished our end, namely, the exclusion of the readers of this literature from society and the ultimate entire suppression of this purely sensational literature. It seemed remarkable that so foul a blemish to decency should have been permitted to exist so long, and now that it has grown to such gigantic proportions - of late years increasing with the rapidity of the Classic Fama - the struggle against it must be strong and constant. A victory of this kind, however, would be of so much value to the world, that we can afford to lend it our full support and persistent effort will bring a sure reward.

Wm. Hulin

Since of late we have so often heard Mr. W.H. Beard retailing sayings and sentiments as the manufacture of others who know less about them than he himself, -we have come to the conclusion that he is Sheridan's "right Hon. Gentleman - who is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts!

Ed.

Sketch of the Life of the Duke of Wellington

There has been no man perhaps to whom England is more indebted than to the Duke of Wellington. - In a day when such a patriot seems to have been most needed came this colossal specimen of a true Englishman and by a life of untiring devotion to his country, rescued not only her but all of Europe, from a thralldom which hung like a cloud over the fair horizon; -hailed by multitudes as their deliverer -and honored by every loyal heart. -But this is not all.

His lofty character -his brilliant genius are patent alike to a friend and foe, and command for him the respect and admirability of everyone aspiring to the dignity of man. - Surely then we cannot afford to know nothing of his career.

Arthur Wellesley was born in Dangan Castle, Scotland on May 1st, 1769, being the third son of Edward Garrett, Earl of Mornington. It is interesting to notice that the Emperor Napoleon and Marshall Soulb were both born in the same year. - As with the majority of great men, his boyhood days evinced no particularly remarkable characteristics. -His father having died when he was quite young, he fell under the care of his elder brother, to whom he was indebted for a good education., first at Eton and afterward under the Rev. H. Mitchell at Brighton.

With a view to his profession, he entered the military college of Augers and in 1787 enlisted in the 73 reg. in which he was shortly after raised to a lietenancy. In 1790 Wellesley was elected to Parliament and appointed to an Irish office under the Viceroy. In 1793 he was made Major and the next year saw active service under his brother, -caused by that mighty upheaving, the French Revolution. Here it was that he underwent his first experience of the calamities of war. -Being appointed to a Colonelsy, he was ordered with his regiment to India in 1797, where his brother was Governor General. -Here his regiment with others, gained a decisive victory. -Soon

after, having as a General won the famous battle of Assaye against the Mahrattas, he was returned to England where great honors awaited him.

Sir Arthur's next service was in Spain against the French armies where he gained repeated victories over Junot and others.

Returning again to his own country, Parliament passed a special vote of thanks to Genl. Wellesley, and in 1808 he was made Secy. of Ireland. As Commander-in Chief of the army of the Peninsula, he won many great battles against Soult and Victor, among them that of Valaderra.

The next year Wellesley was raised to the Peerage and as Lord Wellington won the battle of Salamanca which has been well described by a Frenchman as the beating of 40,000 men in 40 minutes. - In the campaign of 1813 he defeated the French over and over again until by Napoleon abdicating he was able to despatch his troops for service in America and to return home - when he received the title of Duke.

We next find this warrior-statesman sitting as Plenipotentiary for England at the Congress of Vienna, where on the return of Napoleon from Elba, he was at once appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Netherland and on June 18, 1815 attained to the summit of his renown by his glorious victory at Waterloo. From that time on his career was chiefly political, holding the office of Premier at different times. -In 1827 the Duke was made Commander-in-chief of the British Army, which position he held at the time of his death which occurred Sept. 14, 1851.

We have thus briefly sketched his life. -or rather have given a short summary of the principal positions he held and victories he won. But we must not think that all this glory was unearned.

Never was man placed in more difficult circumstances than he -never was character more bitterly and unjustly attacked than his.

In Spain he was harassed by insufficient troops and supplies as even Napoleon had never been. Fighting to liberate an oppressed people he was at all times surrounded by jealous and treacherous allies. -But what was far worse -there were not wanting men in the Opposition Party at home mean enough to use every possible effort to sully his rising fame or cast a shade over his honor. -Time after time, when a vote of thanks to Lord Wellington was moved these low spirited men brought charges innumerable against him, -but were met as often with an inglorious defeat.

Where in History shall we look for such an example as we find in the Great Duke? Where is the soldier in ancient or modern times, whose character will compare with his, as described by Lord Eglinton? -"A Caesar without his ambition - a Pompey without his pride - a Marlborough without his avarice - a Frederick without his infidelity, he approaches nearer to the model of a Christian hero, than any commander who has yet appeared among men." -All honor to the life worthy of such a tribute!

Whether defending the good old constitutional principles in Parliament or yielding his own party interests when it became necessary to save his country from civil strife: -whether subduing the savage Mahrattas, or resisting the armies of that hitherto irresistible conqueror, -Wellington ever evinced the most remarkable forgetfulness of self -the most magnanimous interest in others.

As an instance of this we read that at one time when offered a higher office than he held, he wrote "Lord Wellington considers that such an office would give me greater credit -but I think that entirely out of the question and leave it wholly with the Earl to decide as to which will best suit the public convenience."

The moral grandeur of such a life cannot be easily estimated and especially is it wonderful as that of a soldier. From Private to Commander-in-chief -in whatever position he

held - it was a constant enforcement of discipline that virtue might conquer the vices so naturally wedded to the army life. Wellington's one watchword was DUTY. Other warriors have won renown - other leaders have carried victory with their standards - other conquerors have astonished the world by their mighty genius - but Wellington stands far above them all as "the one that caught but Duty's iron crown".

The motive of his endeavors was the resistance of tyrannical oppression - the result of his successes was the prosperity and peace of Europe. No selfish ambition ever stained his sword with unnecessary bloodshed. Allison describes him as a prodigal of his own labor - careless of his own life, he was avaricious only of the blood of his soldiers.

With a heart as tender as a woman's - he was firm almost to severity. - To illustrate this: Dr. - tells us that the morning after the Battle of Waterloo, on hearing the death list read, he exclaimed with emotion, "were it not for the good of the nations, what victory is not too dear at such a cost? Believe me, nothing except a battle lost, is half as melancholy as a battle won!" On the other hand, his reply to a soldier under orders for India, who asked for an extension of his furlough, when the Duke thought it unnecessary, - was simply, "sell or sail". - His character is remarkably summed up in a few lines of Tennyson's Ode on his death -

Oh voice from which their omens all men drew
Oh iron nerve to true occasion true
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew
Such was he whom we deplore
The long self sacrifice of life is oer.
The great World-victors's victor will be seen no more!

But we must bring this imperfect sketch to a close. -His death occurred, as we have said in 1851, from a sudden attack of apoplexy when he was 82 years of age.

His life has been remarkable for its simplicity, -but the gratitude of the public decreed to him a public funeral, conducted in all the mournful dignity due his exalted rank.

Among the many testimonies to his character, is this by the London Times: "If aught can lessen the grief of England upon the death of her greatest son, it is the recollection that the life which has just closed leaves no duty uncomplete and no honor unbestowed. -There lived not a man, either among his countrymen or his antagonists who could say that the Great Duke had wronged him."

Costly and magnificent monuments have been raised to his memory, but they vie not in beauty, -match not in grandure, the glory of such a tribute. Ever let it be ours to honor a life in which goodness and greatness were so splendidly combined.

"Victor on Assaye's eastern plain,
Victor on every field of Spain!
Welcomel Thy work of glory done,
Welcomel - from dangers greatly dared,
By nations vanquished - nations spared,
Unconquered Wellington!"

G.H. Beard