

**THE VOICE**

**E. W. Ballentine**

**Read Oct 4<sup>th</sup> 1881**

**at**

**F. H. Pott's Residence**

**604 W. Monroe St.**

**Vol IV No. 1**

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## EDITORIALS

It is with peculiar sensations of regret that we arise tonight to present to the Phi Sigma Society this edition of the "Voice". None know better than we its defects and no one will have a hard task to criticize the author of any article as at the present writing, it appears that an individual will be obliged to be reporter devil, composition and editor of the papers entire contents. However in the dim distance there arises a piculiar scintillation of light. Let us examine it. Test it by the many sided prism of intense desire. So! It comes forth, broken and separated, it is true, into different hues, according to the degrees of intensity it assumes, but nevertheless its nature is forever. It is a ray of hope, glimmering upon the editorial fraternity in the form of a promise from Mr. Potts that he will send in an article for this edition. May it come to ??? May we have the pleasure of inserting the fruits of his mental cogitations before the time expires to conclude the writing of this paper and the opportunity is clean gone forever. This last expression may not be elegant, but it is very exhaustive. However, we were not born into the ranks of the chronic grumblers. We do not complain. We do not wish to utter a single thought to the disparagement of any grand ideas the members of Phi Sigma may have with reference to the future articles, but for the success and enjoyment of this part of the literary program of this evening we could have wished a greater number of contributions. We cannot always control our circumstances nor command our time, but as a class it behooves us to give each to the extent of his ability and comencience ?? his hearty earnest support to the most endurable and important of our exercises the Voice.

### We Mourn Our Loss

It is with feelings of regret that we think of our decimated numbers, in the loss in the moving away to different associations and new surroundings of two of our most energetic and influential

members. Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Whitman. They leave a vacancy in our ranks that will be hard to fill.

We will not soon forget the calm, deliberative and very thoughtful manner of Mr. Sawyer when handling any subject from a question of expediency to the class to the grave questions affecting state or society. Nor will Mr. Whitman's manner soon pass from our memory. His brilliant ridicule, his forcible demonstration, his extent of imagination and the deep individuality with which he stamped every subject he treated will not soon fade from our minds. There is only one recourse we must bow to the inevitable. We must submit with the best grace possible. As after the deadly cannon ball has sped through thick ranks of courageous humanity, leaving on its course a furrow along which are the dead and dying, the brave men close up the gap, presenting a solid front to the next flying missile that would decrease their numbers so must we with shoulder to shoulder, brain to brain, will to will, close up and lessen the first great threatened effect of circumstances and prepare to meet such other attacks upon our working force as may be in store for us.

### Hero Worship

The most important topic on which the two great literary English minds Carlyle and Dickens differed was that of hero worship. Carlyle strong in its favor, Dickens equally opposed. If this subject was so important to attract the attention of England's accomplished scholars, may it not be sufficiently important to engage the thoughts of the Phi Sigma society, especially as in the terrible experiences of the last three months, it has been brought home to men's businesses ??? and bosons ??? in a way that has never before been witnessed on the side of the Atlantic. These experiences have also taught us that this noble sentiment implanted in the human breast by the hand of Divine wisdom, is not diminishing that it is as strong in this age of civilization and advanced thought as it was when Alexander, the Great led his

devoted followers to victory upon the broad plains of India, or when Caesar, firing the hearts of his men, by his own enthusiasm, obtained such a devotion among them that they would gladly have followed him to the ends of the earth to assist in establishing his conquests. The more we study this subject of hero worship, the greater becomes our conviction that it is not a passing experience, a trivial attribute of the moment to flame up like ignited powder, to as suddenly die away. But we realize that is a deep, abiding controlling principle, whose foundation rests upon our recognition of noble attributes, wherever they are to be found. It is one of the universal principles of human nature, confined to no zone, , limited to no nation, bound to no class, it exercises its sway alike over the wild Hottentot, bowing before the fetich representing some fabled hero and the untutored savage of the western plains, following his chief to bloody deeds of warfare. Alike exhibited in the Old Guard of Napoleon standing by him until death in all his dangerous undertakings and in the old patriots of the Revolution, who endured the terrible experiences of bleak Valley Forge, through a severe winter without food, clothing or shelter, sufficient for them , stimulated by the example of their great leader George Washington. We have thus recognized the fact of the common impulse of man, to bestow his attention upon great objects, but glancing back over the history of the world how few and far between are the heroes it presents to our notice. Among the many millions of people who have lived and passed away leaving no trace of their existence, yea ??? scarcely remembered by their own associates, the few who have by their merits, risen above the engulfing ocean of time, shine through the ages like the scattered light houses along an unbroken shore. This leads us to the evident fact that the mass of humanity is willing to be lead, but nevertheless it makes demands of the aspirants to the position of leader that must be complied with, stern, exciting requirements that is the applicant refuses to lead he will be more ruthlessly shoved aside than ever disabled warrior in the line of march to battle. Some Cagliostro may inflame the minds of his followers for a short time

until extremely ??? reveals his true nature when he is left alone as a blind pilot would be deserted when his affliction is discovered. Different phases of human nature like different positions in a battle field require their special commanders, and he best lead who has studied his situation the most. The martial hero is he best fitted by nature and art for the position. There must be inculcated in him the knowledge of men and of motives. He must possess instant decision, lightening execution, far reaching discernment. These attributes combined with a knowledge of the laws of war and intense earnestness in accomplishing their desired object have made the military heroes of the world. Have made the Alexanders, the Caesars, the Narmibals???, the Chat Martels. The Williams of Orange and those two shining lights from Sweden's bleak mountains, whose names have been immortalized in the hearts of their countrymen. Chat the XII and Agustavus Aldolphus. The religions and intellectual parts of mans nature make demands upon the claimants to leadership in the spheres, no less exciting, just as uncompromising as that of war. As we search the world to investigate the teachings and their results of it's founders of religions, we discover that most of them have been men of sincerity, of deep earnestness, living in close communion with nature and her laws, striving to impress upon the minds of their fellows what they felt to be realities concerning the mysterious problems of life and death, present and future exillence, and whose teachings, because many of them were natures meanings in their listening ears, have all more or less truth in them, have gained them adherents and moulded them minds of millions. Yes, whatever may be said of their theology as a whole, whatever, we with enlightened consciences and the pue teachings of Christianity for ages may think of the teachings of Confucuis, Budha Mohammed or the Norse Eddar there is truth in them, truth much associated with error and superstition it may be, but truth that is the foundation of the religious structures, in which millions have lived and died. All honor to the religious heroes who taught the best

truths they knew in spite of the oppression persecution and personal peril at the start.

The literary field presents heroes to our notice. Men who tower in the height of their genius far above all their competitors whose thoughts have had a living influence for ages after the ladies of their originators had mouldered to the dust, whence they came, whose opinions have swayed the minds of millions, and left their impress upon each generation since they were first given to the world. Of such a class of heroes are Homer, Aristotle, Plato, Virgil, Pliny, Dante, Shakespeare, Dickens and some great authorities in science and history and Bacon in Philosophy, men whose influence cannot be estimated, who are the connecting links of past present and future, whose works reflected the past, illuminated the age in which they lived, and like the parabolic light on a locomotive, sent their gleams flashing through the future, far in advance of their time. It is well for me to revere such men and to the extent of giving them preeminent regard with reference to smaller minds in the same channel to worship. Such an estimate of these men ennobles its possessor. It excites an emulation to a certain extent which cannot but be beneficial in its effect. It was a happy thought of J.G. Saxe in describing the untiring perseverance, the intrepid energy, the undaunted will amid all the discouragement of Cyrus W. Field in laying the Atlantic cable he said

And teach our sons to make them brave

Now Cyrus laid the cable.

We have noticed hero worship in its three principal lights, embracing the military commander, the religious leader, and the literary giant. We have uncovered the graves of the past in search of our examples. Does the present age furnish no bright light to admire, at the mention of whose name future multitudes will be thrilled with applause. Being "giants in the land in those days", are there no great men now? Yes, looking around us we perceive one whose light has just gone out. Did I say gone out? I meant been intensified, made radiant to all future generations of this glorious



republic, by the recent national calamity. One upon whose fate the whole civilized world has been gazing with intense interest and anxiety during his nearly three months struggle with death.

We mentioned three classes of heroes, military, religious and literary. It is rare to find a combination of three characteristics well developed in one individual, but in him who has just been called from the leadership of the American people was found that union of attributes which made him dear to every American heart. Selfish military ambition for private ends was not found in him, but that lofty courage and patriotism, which made his sword leap forth at his country's call to avenge the insult to the flag made him a natural hero in the battles hottest blaze. That deep religious sentiment implanted in his breast by his careful mother enabled him to successfully fight the temptations of his boyhood and college life, to stand by his principles yes and preach them whenever opportunity was presented, showing an example of the religious hero that all would do well to imitate. His deep love of learning that no force of unfavorable circumstances could put down, and developed to its highest capacity by his determined will and method of study made him the intellectual hero and leader in an assembly in which were congregated the brightest intellectuals of the nation. His character presented no sharp angles to public gaze, but rather was of the nature of a sphere, every point of which was equally distant from the center, so well balanced, so well rounded, that the shafts of criticism, hurled at him, only glanced to the greater confusion of their users. His pure life has silenced the tongue of slander and made even his enemies to respect him. Future ages will embalm his memory and speak of him as of Milton.

"Thy soul was like a star and burst apart", Fathers will teach their sons to say with reference to the exhero of the present age. All honor to the name of James Abram Garfield.

## From Provincetown to New York

A barren and uninviting stretch of land presents itself to the view as one approaches the harbor of Provincetown” a headland of high hills of sand overgrown with shrubbre funce, hurts and such truck, says Captain John Smith in his New England. Such was the land that the Pilgrim fathers, (and others too) for their name ought to be held dear by every American for to their bravery and sterling character is due the noble sons and daughters who helped to lay the foundation of these United States) such the land that first greeted their eyes, after their thirty-six day voyage across the Atlantic. And such too was it’s appearance to us a short time as we glanced back from the stern of the steamer that was bearing out of Provincetown Harbor on our way to Bostom.

Three weeks had quickly and pleasantly passed in this “jumping off” town with the roar of the Atlantic at it’s back and the gentle ripple of the bay at its feet. Although unattractive in appearance if one has aquantances in the town and seeks for pleasure, it can quite readily be found. We found it boating, bathing, wandering over the hills, or sitting on the sea shore where we were lulled into reverie by the roar of the breakers. How quickly the moments spred into hours as we sit and gaze upon the vast ocean

On whose awful face Time’s iron feet can permit no ruin trace.

Calm, serene, a gentle murmur only is heard, but hark! What mighty war disturbs our slumberswhat leviathon is roaring in search of his prey, a shrill piercing cry comes to us above the awful din, it is heard but a moment and then a tempestuous sea has swallowed its victim. Such is this vast monster at whose feet we sit and while away the time in reverie, tranquil and harmless when stroked by a gentle breeze, wild and tempestuous when lashed by a furious wind. Cape Cod the right arm of Massachusetts, some one has said crooks its elbow at Malabar and closes its fist at Provincetown. But the hand is only partially closed, the town is in



the palm and the fingers enclose the harbor. Cape Cod has well been named the right arm of Mass. for from her rugged sand hills and ocean washed shores, she has sent forth noble men and women, many of whom have attained honored positions in society though few have garnered what the world calls fame. It was a clear bright morning that we left Provincetown. There was a strong east wind that caused us to fear a rough voyage, and our fears were not amiss for with the wind in that quarter the ocean swell struck us broadside and caused our small steamer to roll uncomfortably. One after another began to show decided symptoms of seasickness. No Sir. You need not smile, your correspondent did not succumb but we felt rather uncomfortable and were not at all sorry when we came in sight of the gilded dome of the state house in Boston and soon set foot on the terra firma on a pleasant day with a gentle breeze blowing a sail across the bay is delightful. Our stay in Boston is short, arriving in the afternoon we left the next evening. But we were there long enough to visit the New England Manufacturers and Mechanics Institute fair. No place that we have visited since we left Chicago has reminded us so much of the city as this fair. It took but little exercise of imagination to suppose ourselves once more traversing the aisles of the exposition. On entering the building there was the same dazzle of exhibits, the same noise of machinery, the same throng of people, but we looked in vain for the fountain – there was no meeting place. The building was about the same in width but not so long as the exposition building in Chicago, we should judge if the lapse of two years has not effaced from our memory the appearance of that building. The shoe manufacturers, the wood turners, the glass blowers and the showmen of whatever craft plied their several trades to the wondering gaze of the country rustic and the that's-very-fine-but-I've-seen-it-before-glance of the city people. Yes the "fellow" from the country and "girl" were there to see the show and there was very little that escaped their attention. You have seen them at the exposition. Oh, Yes! They attend all such places. He stops before some patent washing machine. He calls to his Juliet

“Say Sal’ see that gal washin” blarst my senses don’t she make them suds fly”. The exposition differs little from those you have seen many times before we will not burden you therefore with a description. The amount of travel between Boston and New York is surprising. Several steamboat lines make nightly trips between the two cities. Would that we could say daily trips for a trip through Long Island. Sound by day light would be very enjoyable, but no, the traveling public must travel by night to save time. The steamers are always full and often crowded and the railroads have their share of patronage. To avail ourselves of a trip by water, a ride on the cars more or less long as to the line chosen is necessary. We came by the line having the least travel by rail. At 6 P.M. we boarded the train at Boston. At 7:30 we had reached the wharf at Fall river and were among the passengers thronging the decks of the “Pristol”. Tis steamer and its companion the “Providence”, are says the “New York Nautical Gazette” the largest in the world and it is not exaggeration the say they are the finest on the globe without exception. It is needless to say that we enjoyed a delightful trip on board this “floating palace”. Although the sky was overcast by dark clouds that hid the stars from our view, yet no storm broke upon us. Although the moon shed not its mellow light upon the water to add its romantic enjoyment, yet we found pleasure in watching the phosphorescent glow upon the dark water and in noting the various lights that shown bright in the darkness to guide us on our way. We were not alone as we sat on the deck enjoying this somber scene. Other passengers had lingered to enjoy the fresh air before retiring for the night. Some had been lulled to sleep by the ripple of the waters and were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus some were wrapped in the arms of each other. After a nights rest in the comfortable berth we went on deck to find that we were rapidly nearing our journey’s end. Passing through Hell gate we steamed slowly down East river to the pier and were soon hurrying to our home in this longest and narrowest, richest ??? oonest, most Christian and most heathen city west of the Atlantic.

## First English Settlement in America

Bartholomew Gosnold sailed from Falmouth England March 25<sup>th</sup>, 1602 in a small vessel called the Concord. Bartholomew Gilbert being his second in command. He took with him twenty and twelve persons, the twenty being chosen to form a colony on the Northwest coast of Virginia, the whole country being then known by that name from the thirty fourth to the forty fifth parallel of latitude. Sailing from Cape Cod their first landing place they spent about 60 days in exploring the outer coast of the cape passing many places that seemed to bid them welcome by the abundance of vines, fruits and fertile soil. They sailed at last into Buzzards Bay where they landed on an island now known by its Indian name Cullytrunk and there determined to plant the colony. They traded with the Indians for tobacco and the seeds of various kinds of grain planted as an experiment sprang up in fourteen days to a height varying from six to nine inches. Had the expedition been better provided this might have been the first English colony on the American coast, but when they considered the facts that their stock of provisions would only last them six weeks, the uncertainty of the time of procuring more and the hostility of the Indians, they wisely concluded to abandon this spot. In April 1606 letters patent were granted to some wealthy and influential English noblemen conveying to them all the land between the thirty fourth and forty fifth parallels of latitude and all the islands within one hundred miles of the coast. Our companies were formed. One called the first or Southern Company and the other the second or Northern. The jurisdiction of the southern company whose council was chiefly composed of London gentlemen therefore called the London Company, extended from the thirty fourth to thirty eighth parallel of latitude. The council of the other company being appointed from Plymouth took the name of the Plymouth Co. with its limits of jurisdiction assigned at the forty first and forty fifth parallels of latitude. Each territory was governed by a resident council of thirteen, appointed by the king. Each council selected

its president from its own body, clergymen being excluded from this office, and chose their own officers to fill vacancies. The people had no part in making the laws and jury trials only were granted in cases of capital crime. Lesser crimes were tried before the council, who fixed arbitrary sentences for offences. During the first five years all property was held in common, a general store supplying all the requirements. The established religion was that of the English church. The people were enjoined by the president, and compelled by the law to kindly treat the Indians and were advised to use all proper means to draw them to the true service and knowledge of God. In the summer of 1606 the Plymouth Co. dispatched two ships for England. One was captured by the Spaniards, but the other reached port safely. Soon after the remainder of the company sailed for England. The first permanent settlement was made by the London Company in Virginia. The company consisted of one hundred and five men. Of these only one fifth mechanics, the remainder consisted of soldiers, servants and gentlemen unaccustomed to work and looked upon labor as a degradation. The London Co. had given orders not to break the seal of their letters of instruction until they landed in Virginia. They were delayed four months by contrary winds. The uncertainty of leadership, aggravated by this delay caused jealousy and ill will among the main men in the expedition. Just before landing the seal of instructions was broken and it was known who were the seven councilmen. The seventeen days succeeding were occupied in finding a suitable place to plant a colony, a subject about which there was much disagreement. They finally selected the present site of Jamestown, which they thus made in honor of the king. Wingfield had been made president of the council from which captain John Smith was debarred from taking his seat. Twenty four men under the command of Capt. Newport explored the James River for a distance of about one hundred fifty miles. They were kindly received by the Indians who treated them to venison, turkeys, strawberries and tobacco. One of the tribes they visited was governed by a woman, who is described as being a fat,

lustie, manly woman, wearing a copper crown and necklace and deer skin girdle, she was not as much frightened at the discharge of a gun as the men. On their return the manner of the Indians toward them had greatly changed and they found when reaching Jamestown that an attack had been made upon the settlement during their absence. One boy was killed and the president narrowly escaped, an arrow having been shot through his hat. In the fall of the same year Smith began further explorations in the interior. He sailed up the Chickhominy to find its source. Near which two of his men were killed and he taken prisoner, his guide saving him from death. He was a second time captured, being half dead from cold and hunger and taken before king Opechanchacough. He sought to buy his freedom by a round, double dyall. The savages were greatly perplexed at the workings of the needle Smith explaining to the Indians the movements of the sun, moon and stars, the shape of the earth and many other subjects of wonder to them. The Indians all stood amazed, but never the less tied him to a tree and were about to make a target of him, when the king holding up the compass stayed the execution. Smith was then released, fed and well treated. This clothed and bearded white man was a strange spectacle to the Indians. Men, women and children crowed to see him as he was led from one tribe to another. At last he was taken before the great king Powhattan on the north side York river and only fifteen miles from Jamestown. After a brief consultation between the king and his chief advisors, two great stones were brought in to which Smith was dragged and his head laid upon one. The executioner stood ready to beat out his brains with a club, but at this critical moment Pocahontas, the kings dearest daughter threw herself upon him to shield him, which act induced the king to pardon Smith. The authority for this romantic story is Smiths General History. But Wingfield who recorded with such accuracy all the essential facts of Smiths capture and returned to the fort by Powhattan says nothing of Pocahontas. Strachey, who speaks in highest terms of Smiths service and his great expedition among the Indians, makes no

allusion to such a romance. Even Smith differs with himself in different publications concerning his treatment at the hands of Powhattan.

F. H. Potts