10-1890

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THE VOICE

of

THE PHI SIGMA CLASS

by

Clarence M. Converse, George A. Smith.

October, 1890.
THE VOICE.

A journal devoted to anything except the politics of the day and live religion.

Contributors please note that it is bad form to talk shop.

This is about the way in which we imagine the stereotyped heading would read--- as nearly as we can judge from the oral traditions we have been able to gather.

The time-honored custom of pairing a prentice hand with one of the older members, on the editorial staff, is a good one; it insures a wise guidance of the policy of your journal, a faithfulness to the standards which years of experience have proved; the editor's assistant ranking, quite naturally, about as that personage most useful in a small way in newspaper establishments, the "printer's devil".

It is proper to call your attention to the fact that this shocking word does not appear in its naked simplicity but is decorously draped in quotation marks and is used under the authority of the author's license, issued by the Brooklyn Board of Education.

The editorial staff for October was made up, as usual, of the Editor, familiar with the dignity that doth clothe the office and the then youngest of your members, who might perhaps wield the
Shears and paste-brush under careful supervision, but whose editorial ambitions had not begun to sprout even the pin feathers.

He looked with awe on even the furniture of the Editorial Sanctum and waited patiently for orders from his chief; at last they came—"Prepare for a paper on Japan".

The poor devil at once became active—full of zeal as his great prototype—he had the floor of the Sanctum carpeted with matting, the old Editor’s Chair of leather replaced with one of rattan, the walls repapered in the latest Japanese design, hung a large red paper umbrella over the Editorial Desk, secured for himself one of the Boston Store’s 15 ct. Japanese silk handkerchief’s, and took to drinking Japan tea three times a day in order that his mental faculties might be strung to the correct pitch.

But still the Editor in chief came not; a mystery hung over the office; one day the storks on the wall paper seemed to be alive and to be passing some word from one to another; there was a rustle of wings from away in the west and far overhead trailing clouds of glory from the sunset, came the Storks’ Express, with one little passenger: as the eager gaze of the would-be editor strained to catch the destination of the train there flew over his head, out through the window, all the flock of Japanese associations and fancies—and the next morning the Court Journal announced the advent of a girl-baby at the Wagner home.
Sounding the depths of despair for encouragement there came to light a line from Mrs. Browning:

"Get work! get work! be sure it is better than what you work to get." and comforted by this assurance and reinforced by the substantial backing of the Superintendent, a host in himself, we beg to present you the October number. G. A. S.

Following the example of our illustrious contemporaries in journalism we first have a bit of

SHOP TALK.

Who of us that has talked with our Mechanical Expert, whom we miss here tonight, but will recall the sparkle in his eye and the eager tone in his voice as he explained the relations of cog and gears which were to accomplish his cherished idea in machinery.

Listening to him one evening, the Rubber Man, thinking of the need of fire under the pot in which his supper should boil, suggested that a rubber spring might be useful in a certain place in the machine under discussion; but, said our Mechanical Expert, a rubber spring has no place in a perfect machine—its presence there indicates a waste of power, needlessly employed, which must be allowed to expend itself on the elasticity of the rubber to avoid a constant wearing and jarring of the metal parts— if the adjustment be perfect, only enough power will be employed to do the work.
no rattle nor jar will need to be counteracted and there will be no place for the rubber, no need for its services.

And so the Rubber Man's supper must be eaten cold; yet if the fire of his friend's enthusiasm burned with a flame too lofty in its aspiration towards the perfect to help much in heating a kettle of mush, still it left a glow in the blood that has quickened the Rubber Man's brain and fixed a luminous portrait of himself in memory.

Whom of the men of our class could this noble impatience of imperfection better grace? earnest, sincere and willing -- his very face a frank appeal for a whole-hearted response-- there is no doubt of his perfect adjustment to all the principles of a noble life in whatever surroundings he may be placed. 

G. A. S.
THE SPANISH CAVALIER.
If we are to trace the influences that have flowed into our national history from Spain we must look back among her hills for the springs in which they had their birth.

Conquered by the Saracens early in the eighth century, the very nature of the country, composed of fertile valleys and rugged ranges, favored the existence and gradual growth of families that had not submitted to the Moorish yoke, but had maintained their independence among the fastnesses of the western mountains; the Pyrenees, too, in the north, formed a refuge for a remnant of the Christians and at last favored by the fancied security of the Mohammedans a union of Castile and Leon gave a sufficient force to reclaim the less firmly held portions of the country, and in the twelfth century to confine the invaders to the province of Grenada.

But it is worthy of note that no strong national sentiment bound together these dismembered fragments of the natives of the land; a pride of liberty, indeed, gave a sort of democratic flavor to their councils, and under the banner of some great leader, wise enough to see that only by the sacrifice of petty personal ambitions could he win the glory of the founder of a state, Spain might have led the van-guard of modern civilization.

Something was lacking in the subsoil of national character from which a Cromwell, a Gustavus Adolphus or a Washington must spring.

Their love of liberty was a selfish independence— a personal pride— and as is evidenced by the dishonorable quarrels,
the murders, the splitting up of families, the sacrifice of all obligations for personal ends, had little of that moral force that comes from a noble consciousness of the dignity of man as a free moral agent responsible to his Maker alone.

In one of the legislative enactments of Aragon, in 1451 we read, "We have always heard of old time, and it is found by experience, that seeing the great barrenness of this land, and the poverty of the realm, if it were not for the liberties thereof, the folk would go hence to live and abide in other realms and lands more fruitful."

Here for two hundred years, personal liberties and property rights had been better protected than in England—civil and criminal justice was administered by judges elected in most cases by the community in which they were to serve— the levying of taxes and the granting of money was done only by the consent of the people by their deputies, as witnesses a remonstrance sent to the King in 1420, asserting "the good custom, founded in reason and in justice, that the cities and towns of your kingdoms shall not be compelled to pay taxes or requisitions, or other new tribute unless your highness order it by advice and with the grant of the said cities and towns, and of their deputies for them," because "there remains no other privilege or liberty which can be profitable to subjects, if this be shaken."
It is significant that this struggling national life, which appears now as we look back upon it, to have contained the promise of a republic, was given over by one of its earliest rulers to the tender care of the Romish Church, just at the time when she sat in all the glory of ancient Rome, mistress of the world, with kings for her vassals.

The Pope at this time, (13th. century) was drawing from England, a sum yearly, greater than the income of the crown, and Germany and France were growing restless under the burdens laid upon them by the Pontiff; everywhere the arrogant pretensions of the Church were being pushed to the extreme, and in Spain a fruitful field was found: education had been neglected for the ruder art of war, and now the darkness of superstition was to fill the minds of all who might avail themselves of educational privileges; monasteries dotted the hills and absorbed like sponges the fruits of labor throughout the kingdom.

A natural indolence of character and the lack of that moral stimulus which a corrupt church could not supply, allowed the Moors to hold the choicest province of Spain until the union of Ferdinand and Isabella; the surrender of the city of Granada, in January, 1492, raising the cross above the crescent and opening the doors of the Alhambra to the Jesuits, who flocked to the feast like vultures.
The plan of action by which the Moors had been gradually forced into narrow quarters had made a nation of soldiers, each family governing and holding against the common enemy its share of acquired territory, but this was an element of weakness as soon as the common danger grew less; if there were no Moors to fight the dulness of peace might be relieved by a neighborly or a family feud, with the same prospect of spoils, and extended possessions.

The military orders now here else attained such perfection of organization as in Spain at this period.

The Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John wielded authority over vast possessions, and three great Spanish institutions, modelled after them, enrolled the flower of manhood of the nation.

A hundred years before men had looked out to the west from Europe in the twilight, and seen a wall of mystery which in the dawn of science had gradually resolved itself into a curtain through which some claimed they could catch a glimmer of the eastern light; and when at the approach of the Genoese sailor the draperies of doubt had vanished into thin air there was opened an outlet for all this spirit of military conquest which for eight centuries had been fostered and trained and was now chafing at the restraints of the peace it had conquered.

Fleet after fleet of knights militant followed in the wake of the "Santa Maria" with full authority from the Pope to
subdue and convert the heathen; the soldiers of the cross, gentlemen of chivalry, subjects of the proudest sovereign of Europe, filled with holy zeal— they came to those who received them as gods; fair to look upon, gentle and confiding in nature, the very savages of the new world could have taught their conquerors the lessons of the Nazarene, while the records of the civilization of Mexico and Peru show a moral and intellectual development needing only the grafting of Christianity to bring the fairest of fruit.

But the Spainard, with cross in his left hand, bore in his right a naked sword; beneath the flaunting religious zeal which was displayed as a banner, marched the rank and file of purpose which carried him through danger— which steeled his heart against pity, and nerved his arm to unprovoked and unparalleled cruelties— the passion for power, the greed of gold.

Fair, fertile fields had no charm for him, his eye flashed only in response to the gleam of the yellow metal.

"The natives, before they could reach any conception of the nature of the Divine Being of the Catholic Creed, soon came to the understanding of the real object of their worship; as a chief plainly set forth to a group of his trembling subjects, when, holding up a piece of gold, he said, "This is the Spanish God".

All the baser passions, kindled by the lust of selfishness, transformed, (shall I say), the soldier of Christ into
the fiend incarnate? No— it is but the development of the Spanish Caválier—the grapevine, transplanted into richer soil produces no thorns, and the fig tree bears no thistles.

To the student of history there can be no sadder lesson than this, disclosing the direful possibilities that lie in our human nature.

Reliable authorities estimate that hundreds of thousands of the natives were killed or carried into slavery to die a lingering death in the short space of twenty years; the tortures of the Inquisition were invoked to extort hidden wealth—thousands died in the mines, of starvation; the Christians' hell became a paradise to be sought as a refuge from Christian cruelty.

The first report of these outrages moved the heart of Queen Isabella, but the arguments of her counsellors and the suggestion of Columbus, himself, "that as many as possible of the natives should be caught for the good of their souls and then sold in Spain for payment for cargoes of livestock, provisions and goods which were much needed in the islands", served to stifle her pity and prevent any decisive measures of relief, even though it is recorded, "that she first, and then a council of divines and lawyers at Burgos and King Charles in 1533, had declared that all the inhabitants of the new world had been born free".

The most extraordinary arguments for the necessity of slavery were gravely advanced, among others the incapacity of the Spainiards to work in the debilitating climate and the advantage
of the absolute dependence of the natives in the efforts put forth to convert them.

The fact that the Roman Bishop Fonseca, titled "Patriarch of the Indies", president of the council having absolute control of the colonial affairs, was the owner of vast estates in Hispaniola, with a large number of native slaves, goes far toward explaining why no action was taken to suppress these abuses.

But while we are condemning these deeds which justly excite our horror, 400 years ago, there rises in the nearer past a spectre whose outlines reproduce in some features the form of Spanish Slavery; 400 years had softened a little the cruelty of the institution, but from Christian pulpits the very arguments of Fonseca were thrown back at Garrison and Phillipps, thirty years ago; how much of this do we owe to the Spaniards?

The introduction of Negro slavery was allowed in Cuba on the plea that the natives were becoming extinct through their inability to endure the hardships of servitude.

How many thousands of American lives has it taken to wash our shirts from the stain of this inheritance? and how many centuries must elapse before the scar of this scrofula shall cease to remind us of the taint in our blood?

Are we safe, as a nation, with the remembrance fresh in our minds of injustice to the Indians—first stripped of their lands and then starved to death through the dishonesty of the Government Agents—when slinking away in the South West, under the
shadow of the Spanish Curse that hangs over Mexico like a cloud to this day, the Mormon professes outward subservience, while the New York papers chronicle the arrival of 200 female immigrants - recruits for the Mormon settlements?

Cropping out continually, here and there, we can trace the old spirit, but at no time has it showed itself more plainly than now as identical with the crafty greed of the bigoted selfishness of the Spanish Cavaliers - a lust for power that would destroy our American Institutions as it blasted the fair promise of Spain; the blows which are aimed at our educational system strike at the heart of the hope of our land.

The attempts to conceal from our children the full history of the past, that guide for the future - to divert school funds to the use of religious sects - to exclude even the teaching of morals from our public schools - to allow ignorance and crime to perpetuate themselves at will by a neglect of education - where are we to look for the evil genius that prompts and directs them?

The same keen eyes which saw in Spain, 600 years ago, the rising power of the world, are today coolly calculating the forces of our national life, and finding in our public schools the bulwark which protects our liberties from the clutch which throttled those of Aragon and Castile.

It is the enlightened conscience of the people which insures the safety of our institutions; it is the truth that makes
men free— and only by insisting that every child in the land shall know the truth, of the past as well as of the present, and of his relations to his fellows and to God, can we be sure of holding fast the inheritance of American freedom, our birthright.

In dealing with this subject tonight I have not mentioned the great forces for good that lie locked in Spanish History; the history and literature of any people become great only when they enter into the lives of the many, and up to the present time only a very small minority of the Spanish nation have felt the inspiration of those worthy to be their leaders.

Today with the primer in her hand, Spain takes her place in the line with her old colonies to learn the A B C of the self-government of nations, the self-government of the individual citizen, a man erect before God.

It is best that the old Spain should leave a small mark on the forms of our national life;

except in the far south west, in the local municipal organizations, nothing is left save an occasional name to show where she once held control.

May the New Spain, on both sides of the Atlantic, gain from us courage and hope in the new life that opens before her.

G. A. S.
The Glib manner in which our good friend, the new chief Editor of the Voice speaks of his present position and its importance, and the utter disregard shown by him of anything that might be mentioned as being good in connection with his former place (but now occupied by the present speaker) leads me to regret the absence of that truly good quality in him which always recognizes the importance of filling well a humble position and not forgetting the day of small beginnings. The Great Oak from little Acorns grow. The new broom sweeps clean but the old one knows the corners etc etc. With the small voice which was heard necessitating a call for him to a higher position has come to him I fear a feeling of the greatness of the Editor in Chief's Chair with all of the elaborate and the littleness of the place, filled by your humble servant and called by him the post of the Printers Devil with such a noticeable absence of fixtures that there is not even a peg for the poor devil to hang his hat on. I would however crave your indulgence and ask that you at least give the devil his due, little realixing perhaps what would really be the result for both of us if this were literally carried out.
- IMPRESSIONS & SUGGESTIONS -

It seems fit that the "Voice" should note our losses as well as our gains. Our lives are practically what we make them, in so far as we are honest with ourselves and note our weak points which appear to us in various ways, and learn to profit by them; in just so far will our lives be strengthened and the character building go on in ourselves and those about us. Just so with our Class. If we meet with losses, as we have recently done, we must close up the Ranks and apply ourselves all the more earnestly until they are again filled up and the literary and social wheels are working without friction. We must as a Class take no step backward, holding our own must be nothing short of a forward movement. It should be our aim to continually advance along the entire line, endeavoring to use our misfortunes as stepping stones upward if possible rather than to allow them to block the wheels. While this may all be true, it is wise for us to consider how great has been our recent loss in order that we may be the better able to meet it.

Coming among you as I did, almost an entire stranger, I would naturally strive to read if possible your natures, and get at the strong points (and possibly note in passing some of the weak ones) in the lives of my new found friends. I have noted with no small amount of satisfaction and pleasure what appears to me to be a very strong feature in most of your characters, surely so far as your connection with this Class is concerned, namely a willingness, Yes' more than that, a desire to fit in where ever it seemed you -1-
might best serve the Class, and in that service (which is always the result of going for others) broaden and strengthen your own characters. Miss Zimmerman, who has recently left us, appeared to me the first evening I had the honor of being with you, and the only evening I have had the pleasure of seeing her, as being one who exemplified these points just mentioned in no limited measure. I remember the music she gave us that evening in such a willing, simple, unassuming, yet cultured and artistic manner charmed and I believe gave me an insight into her life regarding its possibilities for this Class that leads me to think that our loss of this member will be keenly felt. My life out side of business lines has been for many years largely given the the interesting of others in a work for others in the building of character; so you will not wonder that a sympathetic cord is struck and feelings of admiration exercised when one meets such a character as Miss Wilcox, whose appointment to an important position in another state leaves a vacancy in our ranks which will not be easily filled. Our experience with her in Camp life showed a large amount of tact and business ability which is always admired in a lady when coupled as it was in her case with so many fine qualities which go to make up perfect womanhood. I remember my impression of her was confirmed when she visited Armour Mission Sunday School, and I saw her hold, interest and inspire with right thoughts a class of particularly restless boys, whom her sympathetic heart would not allow to go without a teacher even though she were deprived of...
visiting the various Departments of our Mission for which she came. Would that we all might cultivate these qualities in our lives and thus it might be said of us as it was of a faithful S S teacher when she left by some of her Class, and as we can say of Miss Wilcox "it is too bad to have her move away, she helped us so much and it seemed easier to be good when she was with us".
We often speak of the Puritans and Pilgrims as the same using the terms as synonymous; but the Pilgrims never called themselves Puritans and were never known as such by their contemporaries. In fact Puritan Devines preached against them in England, assailed them in Holland, and attempted to destroy their settlement in Plymouth.

Puritans were the low church Episcopalians of the 16th day; the party taking form in 1564 during the early part of Elizabeth's reign and disbanding as a party in 1644 five years before the execution of Charles 1st. During the long reign of James 1st they formed a majority in the House of Commons, a body in which only communicants of the church of England could take part. But the Separatists from whom the Pilgrims sprang renounced the Church of England not its essential doctrines, but its control, holding that every congregation of believers was a complete church in itself. As writing in opposition to the church service prescribed by the crown was treason, many pious and learned Separatists; clergemen and laymen were sent to the gallows like common felons or thrown into prisons and jails to die of hunger and pestilence. Before this fearful persecution they fled secretly to Holland, but the Dutch while welcoming Calvinists, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Catholics, fearful of offending King James ignored the Separatists, but did not persecute them.

To the pleasant city of Leydon came a more moderate congregation
of the Semi-Separate tests and under the care of their pastor John Robinson, formed themselves into a new sect—Independents—now know as Congregationalists. Robinson was a graduate of Cambridge University; had been ordained a Deacon in the church of England, was a learned, studious and polished man, also a thoughtful and progressive theologian. Wm Brewster, their elder, was also a Cambridge man. For eleven years they remained in Leydon, but finding their life there not altogether satisfactory, they determined to remove to America. A tract of land near the coast of New Jersey was conveyed to them by the English Corporation, the Virginia Company; King James would not officially recognize them only hint if they gave not public cause of offense he would not trouble them. They embarked from Delft Haven, and a picture in the Capitol at Washington represents Robinson kneeling amid the little company on the deck of the Speedwell in the final prayer. The whole Company could not go at once so Brewster accompanied the Emigrating party leaving Robinson with those who waited till the ships should return for them. Before that time he had been borne to his burial in the Cathedral church of Leydon. The Dutch merchants had decided if the Pilgrims would not become a colony of Holland they must be kept away from the district between the Con. and Delaware rivers, they therefore bribed the Capt. of the Mayflower to land his passengers further North. On the 21st of Nov the Mayflower dropped anchor in the harbor that is now Providence off Cape Cod. The vessel lay there a month, while they made the
necessary explorations for a place of settlement. When they left Delft Haven they numbered 102, but while in that quiet harbor six of their number entered their final rest, and there also occurred the birth of the first child of English parents in New England. They prepared a little shallop in which to make their exploring tours. Little could they have found to reward them for their perilous journey, the low sandy beach stretching away for miles with only forfathers rock waiting to be the threshold to Christian liberty, dense forests unbroken save by the wild beasts, or the more to be dreaded Indian. "The Ocean eagle soar'd foam from his nest by the white waves, And the rocking pines of the forest roared, This was their welcome home". When they found themselves off the shore of Cape Cod, beyond the limit of their English patent, outside of any organized district they met in the little cabin of the Mayflower and organized their form of Government, based upon the idea that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed. The first successful government of the kind the world had ever known, the Republics of Greece and Rome were outrages upon the right of humanity, the Swiss Republic was an aristocracy of birth and Holland of landowners. In that little cabin they held the first of all our Elections; electing John Carver Governor of the Colony. They spent a month in searching along the sandy coast of the Cape, and on Monday Dec 21st 1620 they landed bringing their boat up to the Rock that is now famous. Though
exiled from their native land, that she was dear to them for the 
graves of their Ancestors, as the home of their fathers and of 
their own birth—we know for they named their new home Plymouth in 
memory of the one they had left beyond the sea. They laid out 
Leydon St and began to build, for in the words of another—Freedom’s 
Ark had found its Ararat. Their little cottages were built in the 
rudest manner of logs, oiled paper serving instead of glass for 
windows. As their little street grew with equal proportion at the 
foot of it grew their cemetery, for at the close of the next 
summer their colony numbered 51 living and 51 dead. With great 
tact they smoothed the graves that they might sow corn above them 
and thus disguise their awful loss, fearing if the Indians knew of 
their weakness they would attack them; but in their darkest days 
we have no record that they regretted the path they had chosen. 
They bought of the natives every acre of their land at price mutu-
ally satisfactory. Aided by the advise and labor of Tisquantum, 
the only survivor of the tribe, who had formerly occupied Plymouth 
and who had conveyed the territorial rights of his tribe to the 
Pilgrims. They prepared their land and sowed their seed in faith 
and hope. The first Autumn brought them an abundant harvest while 
the sea and the forest yielded their treasures; then a festival 
of Thanksgiving was ordered, which for 269 years has been with few 
if any exceptions observed and honored, till now through out the 
wide expanse of our prosperous Union from the Atlantic to the 
Pacific it is celebrated with devout thankfulness. Longfellow has
immortalized their first marriage and made John Alden say—his wife should not walk like a peasant to her new home, but should ride like a queen; while by the brook, over the ford, and through the forest onward the bridal procession passed. But Plain History tells us it was three years after this before any Domistic animals were introduced into New England except two dogs. As there was but one short street in Plymouth the bridal trip could not have been very extended or it would have lead them into the wilderness. Their sufferings from persecution had given them a spirit of liberality and charity for others. When over the whole Christian world the dark cloud of Superstition hung, England slaughtered and Scotland burned and drowned men by the thousands for being witches, Mass. Bay colony was guilty of the death of nineteen, Plymouth seemed to be enlightened beyond her contemporaries and instead of hanging the two women brought before the Authorities upon the popular charge of witchcraft they promptly discharged them and in one case fined the complainant. Baptists fleeing from the persecution of Mass. Bay Colony found in Plymouth not only a dwelling place but a welcome, Rogers Williams living for three years with them.

While in the Younger Sister Colony the right of sufferage was extended only to church members, Myles Standish, who was never a member of their church constantly held offices of trust both civil and military. In dress each wore what they chose, provided they could obtain it. Had Alice Flint lived in Plymouth instead of
Boston she might have worn not only a silk hood, but have been clad entirely in silk without being called before the Magistrate to answer for extravagance. The only portrait there is of the Pilgrims is that of Edward Winslow, this represents him with hair flowing to the shoulders, imperial on chin, and moustache; while he was sitting for this portrait Mass. Bay colony was passing a law compelling their men to wear their hair short. Though they left over the Seas the comforts and elegancies of life, they brought the taste and culture of the old world with them. Their scanty libraries contained Homer, Caesar, and among their choicest privileges they counted that of studying the scriptures in Hebrew and Greek. After 70 years of struggle the younger but stronger, Mass. Bay absorbed the little Plymouth colony. Bitterly they mourned the loss of their individual liberty and so entirely do they live in History as one, that few remember that they were ever separate. The little church of Plymouth still lives to see its own faith not only wide spread over our own land but in Syria, Africa, India and the Islands of the Sea. The Pilgrim Fathers and the Pilgrim Mothers, as we trace their history and see the earnest, self denying, enthusiastic cheerfulness with which they bore their trials as pioneers- laying in poverty and sickness but never in despair, the foundation which should result in the freedom of a Nation; we do well to honor them. The flood of years has rolled over them and they are gone, but the principles of Liberty, of conscience and equality of man for which they dared to cross the
ocean and plant in an unknown wilderness their standard for the right has borne its myriad fruits. At Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill it never faltered, till England's flag was furled and American Independence acknowledged. "And we doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose seems; That which they have done is but earnest of the things that shall be done.

"Ay call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod
They have left unstained,
What there they found
Freedom to worship God."

Last year was erected to the memory of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth a monument over eighty feet in height, surmounted by a magnificent figure of faith 36 Ft in height said to be the finest piece of Granite Statuary in the world.