

# HAMILTON LIFE.

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Vol. IV.

CLINTON, N. Y., SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1902.

No. 28.

## Rev. William Rogers Terrett, D. D.

Over the past week has hung a clouded sadness which thickened into gloom. On Sunday morning the college was roused to a sorrow of which on the previous night they had not even dreamed. It was known that Dr. Terrett's health was a bit impaired, but the disorder was supposed to be of a transient nature. With the growth of the days of indisposition our thoughts had sobered more, but still we felt no alarm. With the ruthless speed of lightning came the news which startled and beclouded every house upon this hill. The intelligence was so unthought of, so far beyond belief, that its effect was terrible. We could scarce believe it. We said it could not be. It was unnatural, yet it was the awful truth. It grew upon our senses as the minutes came and went. We crept up the hill on our wonted mission to the Chapel, dazed and wondering, battling with our tumultuous emotions. We had expected on that morning to hear Dr. Terrett conduct the service in the absence of President Stryker. But his address was from a silent pulpit. The chair reserved for him was empty of its expected and beloved occupant. "Bill Nye" was gone, and we first began to realize that our dread privation was peering at us from the far forever. Its stretch we could not sense. By an almost tragic coincidence Dr. Stryker was then discoursing to the college body of Williams, in whose members' hearts must have reposed a mourning tribute, but little below our own. Dr. Taylor of the local clergy had been requested by Dr. Terrett but the day before, to preach in his stead. The rumor which had startled us that morning had sounded in his ears while on the way to service. With our knowledge of this thought upon us we could but revere the venerable old man. Our hearts, heavy and palsied, fled to his text of comfort and advising consolation. His words of counsel won our dull and sick-

ened ears; in silence our hearts spoke our gratitude.

As the day progressed our realizations were undulled and we could better grasp the solemnity of our loss and the terror of the occasion of the needs which it enveloped. Our sympathies went toward the bereaved wife, sister and daughter, and we felt that our grief was common.

On Monday morning, faculty and students assembled in the usual order. Pres. Stryker remarked in broken sentences his wishes as he could collect them. All college exercises were suspended until the last was done, save morning chapel. A few desires as to what should be followed were mentioned and a college meeting was called. After a brief prayer by Scoville, of the senior class, beautiful in its simplicity, the meeting opened. It was voted to refer the sad task of drafting resolutions to a committee of five men. It was agreed that all further athletic efforts be suspended until the ceremonies had been completed.

By Tuesday morning details were arranged. Dr. Root advised the college with minute instructions as to the plans, the execution of which we were to share. The forenoon of Thursday, between 10 and 11 o'clock, the college and other friends were privileged to take a final view of the face which had endeared its every feature to our eyes and hearts.

### THE FUNERAL.

The offices at the home, at 2 o'clock p. m., were performed by Dr. Stryker in a simple, sweet, directive manner. The hearse with its precious charge toiled slowly up the hill, while after it climbed the sorrow-laden mourners and the friends. The casket with its burden was taken from its vehicle at the junction of the walk and highway on the campus, where it was borne by the assistant bearers toward the chapel, preceded by an escort of the students, in rank and file by classes. The swaying line of somber black approached with funeral tread the chapel steps, seniors in

caps and gowns van-most. At this point the lines side-stepped twice and counterfaced, thus forming for the passage of those dear remains a student and a pupil avenue, so loved by him we homaged. The relief body from the senior class bore the body to the steps, where the bearers proper resumed their places and moved it slowly up the chapel aisle. While the procession drew along the aisle the choir rendered the beautiful requiem and funeral march, "Tranquilly, Slowly." As the body entered, followed by the family and immediate mourners, ushered by this solemn hymn in which were echoed all the depths and breadth of our emotions, the gathered sympathisers rose one and all and remained in standing posture till the casket was placed on the reserved half of the lower rostrum. What chord of the heart's harp was not touched at the sight of that coffin? What breast did not breathe its stifled response? We all could have sighed our souls to where his trysts. The thrill was one to sound upon life's masterchord. How like a gem the casket seemed! What a gem with lustre lost did it enclose! How easily it rested beneath that bank of blossoms. As we observed the last of Dr. Terrett within that box, surrounded with the antithesis of life and bloom, each head drooped a little, each eye dimmed, every throat throbbled. We could but realize how poorly and how pitifully did the groups of calla lilies, the beds of roses, and the wreaths of ivy interlaced with purest white, expressed our sorrow and our paralysis of thought, and yet those lilies bloomed along a vale similar to that through which his way had borne him. They, like he, had been severed from their life. They were but counterparts, as he, of what they had been, and been known to be.

How inadequately and pitifully suggestive of our bereavement was the senior floral tribute substituted in that faculty seat, which must unto eternity be vacant of its all-honored tenant!

Shall we ever lose remembrance of



that pleading prayer of Dr. Hudson's? How it solaced, stirred and subdued us! After this invocation of his God, our God, the entire body of loyal students and steadfast friends sang with a united and unanimous voice, "The son of God goes forth to war"; and then the reading of the writ by Dr. Stryker, and most of all his address. With every sentence and expression in that sermon our every heart beat time and tune. Our notes were of like pitch and fervor, but could not be of equal depth or volume. How he included all that Dr. Terrett was and yet how short he fell in reaching its altitude! Could he say too much? None could have voiced too many of his virtues and done his nature truth. He was the best and strongest limb upon our tree. He was well-nigh its trunk. The hand of all-wise rule had topped it. How gently, noiselessly, it fell. It did not fall. It is but severed in the matter. Its sap will flow in spirit and bear as wholesome fruit to us, who ever thirsted for its food, as ever.

After singing in unison the swelling melody of "Sunset and evening star", the college body defiled from its place and marshalled in line walked slowly to the grave. Here in paralld lines as before, with every form of duty paid with far more feeling, we waited. The bearers, alternately as before, conveyed the treasure lost yet still retained, to its bed of loam. At the grave the college body, drawn up on the upper side, followed the president word for word through the prayer. At its conclusion we sang that rolling hymn "Nearer my God to Thee," to the close. After the brief committal service, we marched away an orphaned college, leaving in that plot one of our best and bravest parents, for he was father to us all. He was paternal from his deepest nature, and we felt ourselves his sons. Our apprehension of our untold loss will slowly, surely grow upon us. The grief but girds us now which as the days and years unfold, will slowly draw its folds the closer and be for us a mantle and a tent. Good-bye, "Bill Nye," good-bye! May we grow worthier of the regard you ever bore us; may our lives be lessoned by your influence and may we at last be able to return the love which you gave to us and in that present gave yourself. "We shall meet, but we shall miss him." But his flawless character in its impression will forever dwell in our home, our friend, our fortress. We shall memorize his manhood and the sweet beauty of his soul until the

the final day, when our immortal selves will join his and the other souls emparadised.

The bearers proper were made up from college, faculty, alumni and the other friends. Drs. Brandt and Fitch represented the faculty; Charles B. Rogers, of Utica, the trustees; Campbell, '02, the college; Dr. Taylor, of Clinton, and Rev. C. S. Barrett, of Waterville, his classmate at Princeton Seminary, were honored with the representing of his legions of community lovers. The other bearers were Marvin, Warren, Signor, J. Van Allen, Moody and Collins, of the senior class. The ushers chosen from the juniors were McLaughlin, Maxwell, Root, Hunter and Carmer.

The attending friends had crowded the chapel to its limited capacity long before the cortege had filed between the student lines in livery of black. Among those in attendance from town, community and distance were: Charles C. Kingsley, '52, George E. Dunham, '79, Joseph Rudd, '90, H. J. Cookinham, '67, H. J. Cookinham, jr., '96, George M. Weaver, '60, G. M. Weaver, jr., '91, E. L. Hockridge, '89, F. J. De La Fleur, '95, H. M. Love, '83 and wife, F. H. Gouge, '70, C. J. Gibson, '94, Rev. C. C. Frost, '97, Dr. W. H. Maynard, '54, Rev. Dwight Scovel, '54, Prof. A. G. Benedict, '72, Clinton Scollard, '81, P. M. Hull, '76, G. W. Wood, '96, Mrs. P. V. Rogers, Hon. H. J. Coggeshall; Dr. R. C. Hallock and Rev. Oliver Owen, of Clinton. Utica was well represented among the mourning visitors.

#### PART OF THE SERMON.

Dr. William Rogers Terrett came to this college in 1889. Thirteen little years! Never robust, always brave, he was too frail for that intense burning and eager sympathy that lived behind that delicate and massive brow. The stem was too fragile for the blossom that it upheld. The heart was too slightly built for the tense purpose that strung its quivering strings and smote them into strong music. The hull was not equal to the engines that drove it and to the batteries that it bore. But after all, spending himself so rarely and so lavishly, not rashly, and yet with an intensity of purpose that brooked no reserve from the limitations of the flesh, can any one of us say or can we think it was not well? Such a bravery became him who had made all the powers of his body the servants of his manly soul.

And he was ours! On the fair campus of Williams College, where he was graduated in 1871, and just after the evening service, and at the very chapel door last Sunday, the bitter and heavy tidings first came to me. Right where he was known and loved, where he had so often spoken and so willingly as a messenger of Jesus Christ, it was my strange luck to tell the news. They loved him there; they mourn him there. But he is ours. We own him; we cherish him; we keep him, and that honor in which long years ago and before he came to this place, this college recognized what many others had long before discovered, was but a poor and trivial honor, relatively, and yet a token of that honor in which his name will ever stand in this college, in which he filled the longest, largest chapter of his life as the true doctor of divinity. He was a student, in sympathy with all students as such and with all loyal effort for knowledge. He was hungry for knowledge, and loved to mine and dig for the ores thereof that he might bring them to their highest uses. His long vacations were only longer terms of study for the work that was so wonderfully dear to him. And he was a scholar. If scholarship be resolute, constructive wisdom, great eagerness to see things in their constructive relation, then he was a scholar. And he was a teacher. Don't you know that? He was not a great pamphleteer. He was not the maker of many books. I know not if he was the maker of any; but all the wealth that he gathered, all the sheaves of knowledge, as the great creaking wains in October bring the harvests to garner, he brought to the classroom, and he lavished it on you all. He was eager to impart, to serve, to effect and to transmit. Do you not think of all the collateral inspirations, of all the large sympathies, of that which made even that accuracy which he exacted and yet which he so generously recognized. Here was an interpreter among a thousand. The tree of his instruction stood fair and tall and broad in the landscape of his life. He was a man, fine and delicate of limb, and yet his whole heart was such living heroism there was in him that splendid mental vigor which made him sympathetic. Is there anything more pathetic than high moral courage? And when the sorrow came that so bit into exactly into his heart he was silent and steadfast, and then we knew of some of the lessons that bravery teaches. And he was so full of consideration, so just, so



afraid, if afraid of anything, of not doing the right thing. And he was a preacher. This room knows that. I believe there are many in this house today who will carry till they lay down all their burdens, the memory of some of the sharp, smiting, searching, blessed admonitions in these walls that shall echo them no longer, which fell from his sanctified lips. Here and there and all abroad he was welcomed as a preacher of righteousness. He was able to drive a nail and clinch it fast. He had the power of persuasion and to impress his very soul on his hearers. It was the hypnotism of a determined will. He never spoke with one false note or any falsetto tone. It rang true and always so. Though his wit and humor ministered to they never mastered his argument, and the moral key of righteousness rang as true in political speech or literary argument as in the word of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was a good citizen. He loved civic honor. The thing that was dearest to his mind and seemed to tinge all his life, was the great ideal of a Christian state. He believed that the power of the Son of God was both a program and a prophecy and should be manifest in all the affairs of this wide world. So nothing was alien to him. With the strongest pulse of love in his hand, he was a gentle and a generous friend, giving himself unstintedly to any one who asked. And he was good, and a good man. He had mastered himself. He drove his body, and never his body him. The chastity of the intellect and of the heart, the purity of the masculine nature, high honor, strong self-control, broad, quick and powerful convictions, these were his, and they were the corona and the diadem of all the rest. He wore the white flower of a blameless life. The aspiration simply to be a good man was to him the holiest and profoundest passion. And he was in all things so modest, so self-depreciating, so self-underestimating, that he never seemed to know that we were watching him and bowing our heads with blushes and with prayers as he passed. Mercifully the curtains and the vista were not announced, but had he known, do we not know that with exalting and with exultant faith we would have heard him say: "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." It does seem a great deal to say, doesn't it? Is it too much? Your hearts tell you it is

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WITH a sorrow that rends its heart-strings, and a grief akin to that felt in the loss of a father, the college mourns for the man to whom alumnus, undergraduate, and every friend of Hamilton, has been proud to point, and has delighted to praise. The one to whom it has so often listened with the deepest interest in sermon, with kind affection in the class-room, with absolute confidence in counsel, has laid down the burden which he carried and is resting where sorrow never enters. So implicitly did all of us trust him, so accustomed were we to turn to him as our ideal and our example, that to lose him seems little less than to have lost a father.

We never needed to be chastised by him; the very fact of his presence seemed to lend a hallowed reverence for him which was so apparent that each man thought that to show disrespect to Dr. Terrett was the worst crime that college men could commit. We loved the man, and he knew it. Born to lead us, he was so delicate to the trust that he sacrificed all, that his example might be worthy of the belief we had in him. Generous, open-hearted, fair, modest and simple man, his life rebuked every cowardly feeling that we knew, and the pangs of conscience were never so great as when we stood in the presence of this man who never used harsh words to rebuke bad conduct; pity and sympathy were written in his countenance, and he knew how thoughtless we were. No need of a discipline committee for Dr. Terrett. His example was a punishment to wrong-doers and his chastisement was love and pity.

His burden was never so heavy but that he found time to loan his services

to student affairs. We cannot express in the feeble language of words how our hearts went out to this great man. We always felt that he understood us and that he delighted in seeing that we were happy. Unable to participate in any athletic exercise, he still was our most regular attendant at the games. How proud he was and how triumphantly he would raise his hat when we won a great victory. Can we realize that no longer shall we see that slight form cheering and smiling when good plays were made? How tragic seems his death after that noble, eloquent, and touching speech in our college chapel concerning athletics. And how proud of him all of us were that day! Can we ever forget that smile of pleasure and approval as he observed that not a single man voted against his wishes? That speech was a moral lesson.

So great did we think him to be that never to have heard of Dr. Terrett was to us the worst confession of ignorance. No need to ask why so many press notices were sent home to parents and family; they all knew who "Bill Nye" was, and their reverence for him was little less than ours. The tributes to his memory which every organization sent in its floral remembrances was indeed most touching. The stalwart sons of Hamilton realized how little these expressed, how unlike what we wanted to do, and the painful attempts to find something worthy of "Bill Nye" was one of the most pathetic sights that this hill will ever witness. Young hearts and old throbbed manfully in this old college as we heard those glowing words of truthful tribute to our dear, beloved and much esteemed professor and friend. Farewell, dear Doctor, student, gentleman and scholar! Farewell, our own "Bill Nye!"

THERE seems to be a feeling among some of the candidates for the track team that work and training are not necessary to a certain few. Hamilton is small and there is not an abundance of material for the track. And yet the principles adhered to in larger colleges should hold as well here. Heretofore men have been allowed to grow careless, not only in their daily work but also in their training. Two weeks ago an occasional evening at the Majestic did no harm. Now that our own meet is in sight and an important college contest coming within a few days, it is positively wrong and harmful. No man can now

attend the theater in the evening and not break training. The season is too far advanced to allow a continuation of this constant disregard of all rules of good training. Drastic measures must be taken to prevent any further infringement of this principle. There are but three weeks left. If a man cares for the athletic success of the college sufficient to get out and work, surely he should be ready and willing to give up his pleasures for such a short time. There is no question but what it is wrong both to himself and his fellow athletes, and every man upon serious thought will see that it is best for the college to enforce strict training rules. We hope it will not be necessary to disqualify any man for such a cause. However, coach and captain are firmly convinced that from now on the hardest and strictest kind of training shall be done by every man who remains on the team. This is only right to the college whom the men represent and to the men themselves.

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all true. With our hearts in our hands we place the palm and the rose where they belong. Blessed be God who gave and has taken. We need no necromancy to persuade us that if he is not here he is there. The thing that made that life was his absolute confidence in the word of One who said: "If it were not so, I would have told you." Not husband, father, or brother, or dearest earthly kin, may come between us and the one in whom we trust and who said: "Lo, I am with you always." "He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him."

### HISTORY.

William Rogers Terrett was the son of Rev. John C. Terrett. He was born in New York City, July 19, 1849. For two years his life was despaired of. Gradually he became stronger and entered Williams College in the third term freshman in 1868 and graduated from that college in the class of '71. He then entered Princeton Theological Seminary and was ordained June 10, 1871, by the Presbytery of North River. He was for two years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Amenia, Dutchess County. In 1877 he removed to Saratoga Springs and was called to the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church of that place. He gained such wide distinction as a scholarly thinker and earnest pulpit orator



that in 1899 he was called to succeed Prof. Francis M. Burdick in the Chair of History and Jurisprudence in this college. Dr. Theodore W. Dwight had brought to this department much honor and distinction and it seemed almost impossible that a man could be found to take his place. Dr. Terrett, however, was one who could do it.

This was previous to the endowment of the Publius V. Rogers professorship of American History. But Dr. Terrett soon amply fulfilled the prophecies of his friends as a genial, thorough and inspiring teacher. He devoted himself to such wide-reaching historical research that his power and charm in the pulpit soon became only a reflection of his power and charm in the class-room as an inspiring and thorough teacher. While he was independent and servile to no man's authority, he was unselfish, lovable, and quickly won the hearts of his associates and students. The apparent frailness of his physique only added to the vigor and inspiration of his utterances. Hamilton College has won its historical eminence by such large-hearted, wide-minded teachers as Dr. Terrett. How his place can be worthily filled is a question that leaves keen and sorrowful regrets over what seems a premature departure.

**In Memoriam.**

We, the undergraduates of Hamilton College, deeply mourn the death of our beloved professor and friend, Dr. William Rogers Terrett. While we recognize and submit to the decree of Almighty God in removing him from out this bourne of tears, knowing that he has a higher life and immortality beyond, we yet are beginning to realize keenly that we have lost, each man of us, a firm and steadfast friend, whose earnest and devoted life is worthy of our emulation; for we loved Dr. Terrett as friends love.

We as a college have lost a most able and exemplary instructor, who has been without a flaw in the class room; a man who has been inspiring to us in our athletic efforts; who has stood before us as a preacher with power; who has pointed us constantly and steadfastly to the noblest and purest ideals of living, physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual.

We will miss his love and sympathy beyond measure, for to all of us he was as a father, and we felt toward him as

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### Spring Field Meet.

Today the annual inter-class athletic games will be held under the management of the Track Association. If you are interested in athletics come out for your own satisfaction. It will pay you. If you are not interested in these things, come out this time and show you are interested in the college. These men who have been working since March have not labored day after day because it was a pleasant recreation, nor because they had no other work to do. Don't think that it's wrong. Track work is the hardest kind of athletic labor and reaps the least pleasure. They have trained and worked for the college, for you. Now come out and tell them you are with them in spirit if not in muscle. They need your support. You need theirs. And next Wednesday when you stand on the side lines to cheer the winners you will be glad that these men have had your support, that you, even if you could not don a spike, could make them feel they were not alone. It's your duty. Come out.

Those who have watched the progress of the men on the track know the nature of the work that will be done. It is premature to speak of this now. The men are saying nothing, but the mood they are showing is of a fine quality.

### The Rochester Meet.

The first collegiate track meet of the year occurs on Wednesday, May 14. This will be the first opportunity the men will have of trying their metal with another college. Rochester will enter some fast men and in order to win we must work hard.

It is not necessary to remind the college that the team needs your support. It needs every man on the field Wednesday afternoon. This will be our initiation game with that university alone. What is done Wednesday will determine to some extent our chances on the 30th.

### Interscholastic.

The second annual interscholastic athletic meet of the Athletic Association will be held on Steuben Field, Saturday afternoon, May 17. It is held in conjunction with the interscholastic prize speaking contest which has in all probability now become a permanent fixture in college affairs. Inasmuch as

the meet will be unusually large and great care must be used in running the events off, the management has decided to call the first event not later than 2 p. m.

There were entered in 1901 in the interscholastic, six schools, Utica, Potsdam, Lockport, Clinton, Waterville and Walton, each finishing in the order named.

Utica carried off the banner by more than twenty points. Next Saturday nine schools will be represented. They are: Utica, Potsdam, Syracuse, Walton, Auburn, Binghamton, Lockport, Ballston Spa., and Mt. Vernon.

As a matter of fact there are men in these schools who would do credit to many college teams, and unless unfavorable weather prevents, the records of last year will undoubtedly go; and any one who desires to witness good performances can not afford to miss the meet. The company is fast; the sport will be clean and enjoyable.

The management purposes to entertain all visiting athletes during their stay on the hill, and in view of this fact the several crowds are requested to volunteer their hospitality. A pennant will be awarded to the team scoring the greatest number of points, the winner of each event scoring five, the second man three, and third man one.

The purpose and good of an interscholastic on our grounds every college man recognizes. It is a splendid opportunity to open to the college men of the future the beauties and advantages of a life at Hamilton. Here is the chance, accept it.

The events will be identical with those of last year, with the exception that the 2-mile run has been substituted for the 1 mile bicycle. Thus the program will be made up of all the runs, both hurdles, the jumps, weights, pole vault, and 1-2 mile bicycle.

Following is a list of the officers of the day:

Referee—Prof. W. H. Squires.

Starter—John Crosley.

Track Judges.—Prof. Henry White, R. H. Jones, G. E. Miller.

Field Judges—E. D. Webster, S. B. Blakely, V. C. De Votie, D. T. Hawley, S. M. Lambert, T. D. McLaughlin.

Timers.—C. G. Signor, E. Root, J. D. Hunter.

Clerk of Course—J. W. Van Allen.

Assistant Clerks—F. M. Barnes, F. A. Grant.

Announcer—N. L. Drummond.

Scorers—D. K. Peet, F. S. Child, F. T. Owens.

Interscholastic Management—A. H. Naylor, chairman; H. M. Tuthill, P. Remington.

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children. In a word, we feel that we have lost one whom we were proud to know and claim as a friend. His life truly was the grandest sermon he ever preached, and if we will but "be still and know," we will learn the lesson. Christian gentleman, true friend, inspiring teacher, God-filled soul, he has gone; but we are thankful to be able to say that we had the privilege of hearing his words, of following his steps, and of loving him.

Dr. Terrett was all this to us. What must he have been to those who were nearest him? We extend to them our heartfelt sympathy: to his relatives and friends who mourn with us his death; and especially to his immediate family, upon whom—sister, widow and daughter—we know this sorrow falls heaviest. We pray for them the steadfast care and comfort of the Father, Who knoweth our frame, and Who doeth all things well.

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